

TRANSMIT

"Pilot"

by

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TEASER

CLOSE ON:

A pair of gloved HANDS...

One grabs a leather satchel.

The other clutches a gnarled stick, the tip of which has been sharpened into a fire-hardened SPEAR.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS, RUSTIC CABIN - DAY

Nestled among tall, quiet pines. The cabin looks rotten, like it might collapse any second..

The front door CREAKS open. Out steps...

THE HERMIT, age unknown, wearing a tattered overcoat, his face hidden beneath a large hood.

The hermit takes out a pair of EARPLUGS and sticks them in his ears. We never see his face.

The hermit sets off from the cabin using his spear as a walking stick.

EXT. MIDDLE OF THE WOODS - DAY

The hermit moves swift and silent through the dense forest.

He carefully steps past a series of BEAR TRAPS half-hidden among the leaves.

Continues walking.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - DAY

The hermit leaves the shady forest and starts down an empty dirt road.

EXT. PINE BRUSH TOWN - DAY

The hermit arrives on the outskirts of a small town. Passes a hand-painted sign: PINE BRUSH, Pop. 12,301.

The buildings of Pine Brush haven't been updated in decades. Most are abandoned, businesses closed and boarded up. A few old, beaten-up cars scattered about.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The hermit walks down a cracked sidewalk. A FAMILY coming from the opposite direction crosses the street to avoid the scary-looking individual.

A group of KIDS watch the hermit from afar, snickering.

YOUNG KID 1
(pointing)
Look. It's him.

YOUNG KID 2
Shh...He'll hear us.

YOUNG KID 3
He eats children, ya know. Sleeps
on a bed made of their bones.

YOUNG KID 1
You're lying.

YOUNG KID 3
Know why he always wears a hood
over his face?

Young Kid 1 shakes his head "no."

YOUNG KID 3 (CONT'D)
Cause it got burned off in a coal
fire.

Young Kid 3 pulls back his eyelids in an attempt to gross out the others.

YOUNG KID 1
Ewww.

Suddenly the hermit pauses and looks in the kids' direction. They scatter like rats.

INT. CRAPPY GENERAL STORE - DAY

The place is empty except for BOB: 30s, balding, fat. He sits behind the grimy counter reading a hunting magazine.

DING!

The hermit enters. Bob looks up from his magazine, smiles.

BOB
Howdy stranger. Been a while.

The hermit doesn't speak. Sets his leather satchel on the counter. Grabs a few items from the shelves: bars of soap, Aspirin, tissues, candy bars.

The hermit opens his satchel, pulls out a stack of musty old bills. Roughly \$10.

BOB (CONT'D)
That'll just about cut it my
friend.

Bob bags up the items the hermit grabbed when the phone RINGS. Bob picks it up.

BOB (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Bob's General Store, how can I hel--

BOB'S POV: *An eerie, high-pitched SQUEAL emits from the receiver.*

This is THE SIGNAL.

Bob's mouth falls slack. Spittle drips from his lips. His eyes dim in color. His skin pales.

The hermit backs away from the counter, but Bob grabs the hermit before he can escape.

Bob rips the drifter's hood off, revealing...

MICHELLE, late 20s, cute but weathered, bangs covering her forehead.

Bob smiles. When he speaks, his voice is strange, metallic, as if coming from a phone speaker.

BOB (CONT'D)
Oh Michelle, You look terrible.

Michelle hits Bob's arm, causing him to let go of her coat. She points her spear at Bob, backing towards the exit.

Bob drops the phone and lunges over the counter with inhuman strength. He charges Michelle, knocking her flat on her back.

She drops her spear. It slides down one of the aisles of the store.

Bob crawls on top of Michelle, pinning her to floor beneath his immense weight. He reaches for Michelle's ears.

He wants to pull out her ear plugs.