

Weavers

Story by MJ Johnson & Travis Olson

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First Five pages of the Pilot

EXT. RUIZ NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGHT

Snow covers the street and houses; neighborhood isn't festively decorated.

RUIZ Car, economical, turns down the street and stops before the Ruiz House.

EXT. RUIZ HOUSE- NIGHT

The garage door opens as the car pulls up the driveway. As the car enters the garage, SNOW ANGEL steps from beside the garage and enters. The car's lights go off as the engine stops, the garage door begins to close with Snow Angel inside.

INT. RUIZ GARAGE- NIGHT

Suburban Garage; yard tools and storage boxes on shelves line the walls.

The car door opens and MONICA RUIZ, 25, Short, Latina, exits while talking gibberish to the unseen passenger in the backseat hidden by the grocery bags. Monica closes her car door and steps to the backdoor but stops as she sees SNOW ANGEL (His face is never seen) towering silhouette, he looks bigger as he is wearing green hiking poncho.

Monica looks to car backseat but then quickly back to Snow Angel; her face hardens.

MONICA

Get out!

Snow Angel doesn't stir and Monica stands up straighter.

MONICA (cont'd)

I said go!

She eyes the yard tool rack, there are clippers, hand tools, shovels and rakes, but then eyes Snow Angel. The moment last too long, she lunges but he has already begun to move. He advances upon her and grabs her sideways as her hand wraps around the handle of the sledgehammer.

In a show of might, Snow Angel lifts her to the air as she has the sledgehammer in hand and it bashes the driver's window of the car. Snow Angel holds her back across his chest, as the unseen baby begins crying in the backseat.

The first sign of panic crosses Monica's face as she cannot get out his grasp and her baby is crying.

MONICA (cont'd)

...no...

Snow Angel adjusts his grip to allow the Celtic bracelets on his wrists to touch, the moment they do, Monica disappears into a spray of blood that covers Snow Angel and cascades against the wall behind him-

INT. RUIZ GARAGE- DAWN

The garage has been converted into a crime scene; the garage door is open revealing POLICE OFFICERS protecting the scene and cordoning off the ONLOOKERS and MEDIA CREW that have arrived.

The blood-spattered wall leaving a clean silhouette that is the calling card of the "Snow Angel" Killer; DETECTIVE RYERSON and DETECTIVE WONG are looking at the wall while FORENSIC TECHNICIANS are working on and around it. Wong has just given his theory.

RYERSON

(skeptical)

...I don't know. S'plain it more.

WONG

Alright. You'd have to have like an oil drum, suspend the person in the drum and...

(mimics cutting throat)

...So that's the blood. Then you prop up a paint sprayer on a tripod with the tube going into the oil drum and then stand in front of it as it sprays.

Ryerson now gives Wong the skeptical look.

WONG (cont'd)

What?

RYERSON

It's just too labor intensive... and too many moving parts... this guy travels light and fast.

Wong's shoulder sink.

WONG

Yeah... I rented a paint sprayer and there's an extra spritz that would leave a trail across the ground if he used one.

Ryerson doubletakes to Wong.

RYERSON

If you know it's wrong, why'd you say it?

WONG

Figure if I say it enough times, the right thing will get annoyed enough and present itself before us.

Wong and Ryerson stare at the wall for a beat. CAPTAIN ASHCROFT is in the outside background walking up.

RYERSON

I still think it's some kind of pressure manifold he attaches into the person, like all over their body... then uses some kind of air pump to build enough pressure until it pops the vic.

WONG

(reflecting)
God, I hope that's not it...

RYERSON

It's not... there'd be more chunks if a person popped.

Forensic Technician stops working and gives a contentious look to Ryerson.

RYERSON (cont'd)

What? You got a theory?

ASHCROFT (O.S.)

Where's the Lieutenant?

Ryerson and Wong turn and see Ashcroft; they respect the rank but are friends with the man.

RYERSON

Sir.
(nods)
He's gone to the hospital with the Husband.

ASHCROFT
Husband was here when?

RYERSON
No, he found the bo... he discovered
the scene...

ASHCROFT
(intrigued)
There's a body?

RYERSON
Sorry, no, I misspoke.

Wong steps up to help Ryerson.

WONG
Victim is Monica Ruiz. Wife, and new
Mother, got off work early, went
grocery shopping before she picked up
her baby from her Mothers'. Timeline
that she is missing is only Three
hours. Husband came home and
discovered this, found the baby still
in the car with the groceries...
(walks to point of entry)
Perp was waiting beside the garage
and probably entered the same time as
the victim came home... We got
footprints in the snow up to the
house...

Wong begins wringing his hands, Ashcroft knows.

ASHCROFT
Nothing leaving... We get the fucking
mural and then he houdini's?

Wong and Ryerson nod reluctantly.

ASHCROFT (cont'd)
What's left here?

WONG
Dotting the I's...

ASHCROFT
(sighs)
...Alright.

Ryerson feels implied annoyance at this.

RYERSON

(frustrated)

Hey, we're working the case. Not our fault this freak is invisible and doesn't leave evidence!

Ashcroft raises his hands gently to mean "calm down".

ASHCROFT

I know you are. You guys are working hard. I know what this kind of case is like... If I seemed... I'm just frustrated same as you, something's gotta break this thing open...

WONG

If I may, sir?

(beat)

How'd it break before?

INT. MORGUE- DAWN

Clean, sterile room. Closed save a lone gurney and work light.

HOPE is standing beside an exposed MAULED CORPSE on a gurney in the closed morgue. She is reading information off a tablet, a yawning ORDERLY is sitting in the distance waiting. She reflects on something she reads and then looks back to the Orderly.

HOPE

I'm done. Thanks.

Hope picks up her backpack as she exits the morgue; the Orderly begins to collect the gurney to put it away.

-We're going to stop right there but thanks for reading this far. For any inquiries or more information on 'WEAVERS', please visit the contact section.-