

F O R S A K E N

Written by
Andrew Aguirre

One-Hour Pilot
"Sins Of A Nation"

FORSAKEN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A line of toy metal French American War Soldiers stand on the edge of a desk, their soft pewter interior peeks through chipped and dented paint.

In the middle of the desk:

An "EXECUTIVE MANSION LETTER" to the "UNITED STATES ARMY".
The Execution Order of Thirty-eight Santee Sioux Warriors.

TITLE UP: *December, 1862*

A MAN'S hand trembles in hesitation, reaches for a quill.

The quill's ink flows like blood as it scribes on the letter:

A. Lincoln

GENERAL SIBLEY

Mid forties, robust, handlebar mustache watches LINCOLN.
Lincoln stands, hands the order to Sibley with reservation.

They stare at each other with compunction. Sibley nods
exiting the OVAL OFFICE.

Lincoln, peers out the window with remorse. The sun glares.
He squints and shields his eyes.

He turns away and steps on something...

PRELAP:

Governor Ramsey(O.S)
By the Executive Order granted by
the President himself...

Lincoln picks up a metal toy figure. A crushed INDIAN WARRIOR
CHIEF.

DISSOLVE TO:

We GLIDE over tree lines, mountain peaks and vast forests.
We take in the majestic beauty of endless frontier.

America... the beautiful.

GOVERNOR RAMSEY(O.S)
... the death warrant of these
savages has been signed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TOWN OF MANKATO - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Snow falls on a small Midwestern town.

TITLE UP: **MANKATO, MINNESOTA.**

WOODEN PLATFORM -

A MAN stands behind a podium.

GOVERNOR ALEXANDER RAMSEY

Forty-one, portly, balding man with gray mutton chops.

GOVERNOR RAMSEY
These men are guilty of the rapes
and murders of a hundred American
settlers.

We pull back to REVEAL:

Hundreds of UNITED STATES ARMY SOLDIERS standing in formation
around a wooden square platform. In front of them:

Thousands of WHITE AMERICAN SETTLERS, in winter coats, watch
gleefully while others picnic.

Ramsey drips with zeal.

GOVERNOR RAMSEY (CONT'D)
These acts will not be tolerated.
The Sioux Indians must be
exterminated or forever driven from
this fine state we call home.

The crowd claps. We PULL BACK to see: Nooses around thirty-
eight SIOUX WARRIOR necks. They stand on the wooden platform
facing the crowd on all sides.

A nosed Sioux looks to a distant bluff, SOMETHING MOVES along
the ridge --

BLUFF RIDGE -

NUKPANA

A lone shaman. An august man, ageless. Outlined eyes in white
war paint. Long black hair beaded with animal bones and blood

stained twine.

His body draped in black buffalo pelts. Adorned around his neck and shoulders raven's feathers. He crouches and watches the spectacle intently.

WOODEN PLATFORM -

Vibrations of military DRUMS break the crowd into silence.

DRUMMING stops.

POV of Sioux Warriors eyeing the hateful crowd.

WOODEN PLATFORM -

GOVERNOR RAMSEY

Colonel Reece will be doing the honors.

The crowd claps enthusiastically.

BLUFF RIDGE -

Nukpana sneaks down the bluff and jumps onto a black steed. They ride into the wilderness.

FOREST -

Nukpana and the beast race towards a cave opening.

WOODEN PLATFORM -

COLONEL BROCK REECE

Blue blood bred, late twenties, Germanic, broad and sturdy. Brock kisses his wife Rose.

He steps from the crowd and looks back to her.

ROSE REECE

Late twenties, Scandinavian beauty. Six year old TWIN GIRLS in each arm. She nods to Brock with advocacy. He nods back.

She makes her way towards town. Brock looks to the settlers. His face says it all. Disgust and disappointment.


He grimaces at the men he's about to execute. His privilege life has not spoiled his humility. So many. He tries to speak... he forces out the command. Drums, play.

BROCK
 (yelling)
 Ready!

Soldiers place white sacks over the heads of the Sioux.

CAVE - INTERCUTTING

The cave's ceiling is painted with strange organic symbols. Hundreds of small dead forest animals hang from wooden poles.

Nukpana stands over a fire pit. He holds something wrapped in deer skin. He unfolds it. A cracked half of a slate tablet with etched symbols:  The Yin to a missing Yang.

He places the tablet on the ground. He pulls a knife from his belt and cuts down the center of his palm. Blood pools.

He chants a prehuman language. His blood drops and flows over the tablet. The symbols start to glow.

Nukpana jerks forward, his eyes now milky white.

WOODEN PLATFORM - INTERCUTTING

Brock motions to a soldier to commence. They cut the control rope with an axe, hinged boards quickly drop under the Sioux.

Loud CRACKING of necks. Women GASP! Small CHILDREN'S eyes covered by some parents.

CREAK... CREAK... CREAK. The noose ropes twist.

Flailing, jerking legs, leaking urine.

Mournful, Brock closes his eyes. The crowd is now silent, then:

A THUNDEROUS CRACK!!! The crowd REACTS.

In the horizon, a veil of black inky clouds roll and bellow at a rapid speed towards the execution site.

Brock looks to the sky, then past the crowd.

BROCK
 Rose!

In the far distance Rose and the twins on the edge of town.

The darkness spreads over the field. A choir of WHISPERS, in an indistinguishable language, crescendos through the air.

Brock jumps onto a saddled Army horse. He races to Rose.

Winged "ANGEL" like creatures fly out of the smoke.

The crowd SCREAMS and runs. Soldiers FIRE their guns into the sky. CHAOS ensues.

A Soldier reloads and misfires through Brock's chest.

Brock, still mounted, slumps forward,. The horse gallops away from the town... away from everything.

The Angles swoop down. Their faces reveal their true nature. DEMONS with glossy black skulls fixed with spiny horns jetting from their temples.

THEY ATTACK.

Rose looks for Brock. The twins CRY. Settlers race towards her in a stampede of pandemonium --

ROSE
Brock! Brock!

The demons swoop down. They HISS. Their fingers morph into razor claws. They slice through men, women and children.

Multiple curtailing SCREAMS echo into silence.

BLEED TO WHITE:

HOLD ON WHITE --

A HOWLING WIND. Shutters and doors CLAP back and forth.

SNAP IN:

EXT. MANKATO - EXECUTION SITE/TOWN OF MANKATO- LATER

A series of shots:

The town -
Main street -
Houses and buildings -
The field and execution platform -

All abandoned.

A fly BUZZES down inside a deep crevasse of a boot imprint. It crawls to a single droplet of blood. BUZZ! BUZZ!

ARIEL VIEW - Thousands of Settler footprints, horse tracks and wagon wheels trail off in all directions from town.

What the fuck happened here?

BUZZ! BUZZ! The fly feasts on the blood droplet.

...CREDITS...

ACT ONE

The Sun dots the sky, RACK FOCUS into its core.

INT. DINING HALL - DAY

The whiteness of Sun becomes: Sunbeams filtering through Irish laced curtains. SWOOSH! Velvet drapes are pulled shut.

DARKNESS.

TITLE UP: *Three months later...*

SOUND OF A MATCH being lit. A hand lights a squat candle in the middle of a round table where three men and four woman sit.

They stare at each around the table. All aristocratically dressed, all middle aged but one. A WOMAN in her 60's, Romanian descent, colorfully dressed with a turban.

They all place their palms down on the table, each touching the next to form a connective circle of hands.

The seance begins.

MEDIUM

(French accent)

Let us commence.

The MEDIUM nods to a veiled PLUMP WOMAN at the table.

MEDIUM

We are here to talk to those who have passed. Those who left us prematurely. We shall start with you, Madame.

The Medium closes her eyes. The others follow.

MEDIUM

Tell me the name of the deceased you wish to contact, Madame.

PLUMP WOMAN

(soft, trembling)

William... Willie. My son.

MEDIUM

(theatricality)

Willie. We call upon you from beyond our realm. Let us know you are here with us. Speak through me only. Give us a sign you are hear.

The Medium frowns. Nothing.

MEDIUM (CONT'D)

(sternly)

Your mother is here, Willie. She misses you dearly. Please let her speak with you. You want to be a good boy and not disappoint her.

The Plump Woman lets out a WHIMPER.

The Medium's eyes dart back and forth under her lids.

The candle light starts to flickers.

A ghostly MOAN fills the room. The Medium's eyes flutter then pop open white and lacking pupils.

MEDIUM

(child's voice)

Mother? Mother, I'm here...

INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Lincoln sits in a chair outside a room. He holds a small photograph of a boy about eleven.

His solitude is broken by a door CREAKING open.

The men and woman from the seance exit. TWO SERVANTS usher them away down a hall.

The Medium exits. She looks to Lincoln with dolefulness. She quickly looks down and leaves.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln enters. The Plump Woman sits alone at the table. He rests his hand on her shoulder. She caresses it. She lifts her veil.

MRS. MARY TODD LINCOLN

Looks to her husband.

MRS. LINCOLN

I spoke with him. Our dearest boy, Willie. He truly was here, Husband.

Lincoln, relieved, gets overwhelmed with emotion and kneels next to his wife. He lovingly cups her face with his hands.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Tell me he is not in pain, Mother.
Tell me he is happy and unafraid.

MRS. LINCOLN

He... told me... a darkness is
coming. He... said we will all pay
for what we did.

(hysterically)

What are we going to do, Dear
Husband?! What are we going to do!?

Mrs. Lincoln WAILS.

OFF Lincoln --

INT. IRISH TAVERN - NIGHT

A fiddle player entertains a packed house of rowdy patrons.

Two drunken men in their twenties gulp down full glasses of
ale, they stagger off their stools. They walk arm over arm
out to the street.

EXT. STREET -

DRUNK MAN #1

(Irish accent)

I'll be paying for this in the
mornin', Boyo. I'm bloody locked.

DRUNK MAN #2

(Irish accent)

Quit your complainin' You only had
six pints.

They both laugh uncontrollably leaning on each other.

DRUNK MAN #1

Only six!?

CRACK!!! A THUNDEROUS RUMBLE. The sky flickers. It starts to
rain. The men open their mouths and take in the rain.

DRUNK MAN #1

It's God's way of tellin' us we
havn't had enough to drink tonight.

The laugh and stumble. The two part ways.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Drunk Man #1 sways along a market street. He stops at a haberdasher's storefront window.

CRASH!!! CRASH!!! Lightning flickers above him.

His reflection in the glass is cast upon a mannequin dressed in a tailored three piece suit. He smiles and salutes himself.

A CRY down the street gets his attention.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Drunk Man #1 makes his way to the cry. Drunk Man #2 lays in the street moaning. A finely dressed WOMAN stands over him. She holds a closed cane type parasol.

DRUNK MAN #1

Hey! What are you doing there?

The woman looks up. She's beautiful and haunting. Creamy pale skin, silk raven hair pulled tightly in a bun. Her eyes dark brown, almost black. This is: VIVIAN GREEN

VIVIAN

He just slipped and fell. I come to his aid.

Drunk Man #1 goes to Drunk Man #2. A deep lesion runs down the side of cheek.

DRUNK MAN #1

Boyo! Get up! You're in the middle of the bloody street!

Drunk Man #2 starts to come to. He points to the woman.

DRUNK MAN #2

She... she...

DRUNK MAN #1

What's that, Boyo?

DRUNK MAN #2

She attacked me...

Drunk Man #1 looks to Vivian. She grins and swings her parasol cracking it across Drunk Man's #1 face. He falls to the ground.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! She beats both men unconscious.

RUUUMMMBLE! CRACK! CRACK! The sky flashes. The rain pours.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

In the reflection of the haberdasher's storefront window, we see Vivian superhumanly drag both men by the collar down the street.

The sky flickers. Vivian's true nature reflects in the window for a split second. Her face a glossy black skull fixed with spiny horns jetting from her temples.

INT. PINKERTON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Six year old twins, Son Robert and Daughter Joan chase each other. Their giggles echo through the house as we follow them into a bedroom.

BEDROOM -

The twins jump onto a bed with a sleeping man.

ALLAN PINKERTON

A handsome bearded man in his late twenties awakes. He grabs his twins and engulfs them in bedsheets like a ghost. The twins scream and giggle.

ALLAN

(Scottish brogue)

RAWWWR! The sheet monster eats
little boys and girls for breakfast
when they wake up their daddy too
early.

Allan peppers his twin's faces with small kisses.

MOTHER JOAN (O.S.)

(Scottish brogue)

Robert! Joan! Go get your father
up! Breakfast is almost ready!

KITCHEN - LATER

Allan brings the twins in under each arm. He's dressed in a black three piece suit.

JOAN

A busty Scottish beauty, late twenties makes breakfast.

ALLAN

You minions of sleep depravity.

Allan puts down the twin and hugs his wife from behind.

DAUGHTER JOAN

Mommy, Mommy. Daddy gave us money
to ride the ponies in the park
today.

MOTHER JOAN

Allan? We are to go to mass.

ALLAN

I forgot my love...

Allan kisses Joan.

MOTHER JOAN

That it was Sunday?

ALLAN

That I had to work.

MOTHER JOAN

Who works on Sunday? I'm not liking
the new hours this job is demanding
on you. It's a day of --

ALLAN

Rest. I know. There will be many
more masses. I promise you. But you
know what I didn't forget?

Allan places a small wooden box in Joan's hand.

MOTHER JOAN

What's all this?

Joan opens the box, a silver ring inside. Joan is flush.

ALLAN

It's just like --

MOTHER JOAN

The one we lost when we come on the
ship to America.

ALLAN

Happy Anniversary.

INT. UNION INTELLIGENCE H.Q.- HALLWAY - DAY

Allan shuffles through the post. He walks down a long
desolate hallway to a door that reads Union Intelligence
Service. Under it, added in different paint, reads R&D TOP
CLEARANCE TO ENTER.

Allan frowns at the added phrase on the door.

INT. ALLAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Allan enters.

LOTTI(O.S.)
(Cornish English accent)
 Allan?

A voice comes from a large room cluttered with file boxes and walkways that zig zag around blind corners.

ALLAN
 Oh, you're here?

Allan passes a dozen oak filing cabinets against a wall. A few desks, work benches, bookcases and modern tools of invention are spread over tables.

He throws the mail onto his desk next to pile of opened letters with family photographs and portraits of men and woman.

LOTTI MAXWELL

An out of place beauty, spunky and modern. Eight-teen, red hair in a loose bun. Smudges of grease dash across her freckled face.

She fusses at a workbench lined with small tools, gears and gizmos.

LOTTI
 I had to come in. An idea attacked me in the middle of the night and I just couldn't rest.

ALLAN (O.S.)
 I see you added a new title on the door. What is R and D?

LOTTI
 Research and Development. Do you think it sounds too presumptuous? I mean, that is what we do down here.

He opens and reads a telegram with a family photo attached, addressed URGENT. Our daemon lady with the parasol. VIVIAN GREEN hand written under the portrait.

LOTTI
 Allan?

ALLAN

We got another one, Lotti. Friends of the family say she was last sighted right here in Washington. The ship yards.

Allan goes to Lotti.

LOTTI

That's four in two months. I feel a gathering storm.

ALLAN

It's close enough for us to investigate this one on our own. We seem to be their families only hope in finding them.

Allan hands Lotti the telegram and photo. She reads.

LOTTI

Hope can be a powerful thing.

ALLAN

Could be a goose chase like the others but worth looking into.

LOTTI

Agreed.

She looks over the top of her glasses to a wall with a map of MANKATO, MINNESOTA.

Mankato is the hub to a spoked wheel of lines with all lines spanning to different locations on the map of the United States.

Lotti pins Vivian Green's photo next to Washington D.C. She draws a line with an ink pen from Vivian to Mankato.

KNOCK at the door.

ALLAN

Are you expecting someone?

Lotti shakes her head.

The door opens and President Lincoln enters with four official looking men in black suits.

Lotti shoots Allan a glance of curiosity and stands erect.

ALLAN

Mr. President.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
Miss. Maxwell. Mr.Pinkerton.

ALLAN
It's an honor, Sir.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
I have been very pleased with your method on trying to find the missing Soldiers and Settlers of Mankato. Getting the public to help in these efforts was ingenious.

Lincoln looks over the letters and photographs for a beat.

ALLAN
You can thank Miss Maxwell, it was her idea for the advertisements in all the national newspapers.

Lincoln smiles at Lotti.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
You have received many queries?

LOTTI
Letters and photographs from the missing families members have poured in.

ALLAN
We have yet to find any of the survivors from the Mankato site though, Mr. President. Mostly rumors, larks and sightings from individuals who seek payment for their information...

LOTTI
... Charlatans wanting to make a fast... "buck" if you will, Mr. President.

Lincoln touches some of photos with deep thought.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
There has been a new development from those missing from Mankato. This information comes to me from... an unconventional source. If it is to be trusted... If it's real...

(MORE)

PRESIDENT LINCOLN (CONT'D)
 you will question everything you
 ever thought you knew about this
 world.

ALLAN
 I'm afraid I don't understand Mr.
 President...

Lincoln becomes sullen and introspective.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
 We are dealing with something dark.
 Foul... unnatural.

AND WE NOW BEGIN TO CROSSCUT:

CLOSE ON A MAN'S HAND. It draws manically with black
 charcoal.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN (O.S.)
 It is responsible for all those who
 disappeared that December day.

The hand draws black bellowing clouds over a horizon.

ON LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
 If those people from Mankato are
 alive they pose a dangerous threat.

Lincoln puts his finger to the map on Mankato. He traces it
 along the line that leads to Washington DC.

CLOSE ON: Vivian Green's photo.

CLOSE ON: the hundreds of photos of the missing men, woman,
 children and soldiers.

Lincoln loses himself. He spots an Army photo of COLONEL
 BROCK REECE pinned to the center of the map of Mankato.

Handwritten under the photo: *Only Survivor?*
Institutionalized.

CLOSE ON MAN'S HAND drawing horns on a skull. We pull back.
 The man stands around hundreds of drawings. Images of what
 happen the day the demons attacked Mankato.

ON LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I may have agreed to let a man be put away for what we thought was lunacy. Everything he said just might be fact.

ON THE DRAWING MAN. It's Brock Reece. Pale haggard and unkept. He's escorted away from his drawings by asylum staff.

ON LINCOLN.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Allan, you saved my life once when I was a common man. There is no one I trust more. I now ask you, as your President, to save our nation.

OFF Allan and Lotti --

INT. - THE RED CAT - POKER DEN - NIGHT

Bourbon is poured to the brim of a shot glass.

A tawdry dressed SALOON GIRL grabs the shot. She wades through tables of two dozen or more unsavory GAMBLERS and a veil of cigar smoke.

Saloon Girl places the shot in front of:

ARCHIBALD BLACK

Twenty-eight, roguish, raven haired, handsome gypsy with a troubled past. Impeccably dress in a black suit and leather gloves.

He fans his cards.

Archibald winks at the Saloon Girl then eyes the MEN he's playing.

He spreads a full house next to a pile of cash on the table.

Four GAMBLERS toss down their cards in disgust, except:

GRESHAM NEELY

A.k.a "Ham". A massive, pot bellied brute. He cracks a toothless grimace.

HAM

(cockney accent)

That be four wins in a row tonight... Mr. --