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ZECYRA



EPISODE 1.01

"PILOT"

Written by

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ZECYRA
"PILOT"

TEASER

FADE IN:

1. EXT. BELLE'S HOUSE - WOODLAND CLEARING - AFTERNOON

Smoke bellows out the chimney of the 1900s American woodland cottage. The building stands in a forest clearing as birds fly overhead, squawking.

At the tree line stands figures dressed in similar black and gold Ancient Greek armour. Behind their backs, golden angelic wings rest. Both are red-eyed with warpaint tattoos directly under. ZECYRA (26), the sceptical but persistent one, looks to her left, meeting the gaze of, OTIPOLIES (34), the logistical, loyal leader of the Erinyes.

ZECYRA
What case did mother give you?

Otipolies looks to her bracers. A engraved display magically changes as she reads:

OTIPOLIES
Belle Guinness. Killed 14 people.

ZECYRA
(Confused)
Wait, that seems easy, especially
for you. Why am I here?

Otipolies lowers her arm and smiles to Zecyra.

OTIPOLIES
(Playfully)
Can't I spend time with my little
sister?

Without hesitation, Otipolies walks towards the house.
Zecyra follows.

2. INT. BELLE'S HOUSE - LIVING/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Early 1900s. The home's interior is cosy and well-lived in. BELLE (48), the aforementioned serial killer, happily hums to herself as she arranges her dining table centre-piece flowers.

Otipolies and Zecyra enter through the front door. Belle, unaware of their presence, continues. The Erinyes stop by the entrance; Otipolies looking at Zecyra.

OTIPOLIES

(gesturing forward)

I'll let you lead.

Otipolies leans against the side, crossing her arms with a straight face, as Zecyra sighs with a small nod. She steps forward, her eyes fixating on Belle; who hums as she potters around. Zecyra's eyes narrow, concentrating on the killer, her hands raise slightly.

Around Belle, three decaying corpses covered in dirt rise from the immaculate floorboards; pulling their way out of black void-like cracks that weren't there before. Belle, startled, gulps and begins to breathe heavily. She shakes her head, looking away and moves into the living room.

Otipolies' eyes fixate on Belle.

OTIPOLIES (CONT'D)

Why are you only taking low profile cases?

Zecyra's eyes go wide, as her hands drop. Her head turns slowly to Otipolies, who doesn't look. Zecyra hesitates.

ZECYRA

(Stunned)

I... er... well

Otipolies head tilts sideways as she watches Belle being pursued by the now upright, stumbling corpses. Belle looks around for an answer, trying to keep a distance between herself and the undead.

BELLE

(mumbling; reassuring)

Nothing is here; Everything is fine. They're just in your head, Belle.

Otipolies, disappointed, looks to Zecyra.

OTIPOLIES

(Commanding)

Try something else.

Zecyra, with a sigh of relief, nods, turning her attention back to Belle, as does Otipolies. Zecyra breathes in, narrowing her eyes again as her hands raise.

Dissonant inaudible whispers fill the room. Belle immediately jumps in fear. She frantically turns, trying to find it's source. The corpses stand disjointed by her as she continues to move away from them towards the fireplace. She picks up a poker, arming herself.

Otipolies, with a smile, turns back to Zecyra.

OTIPOLIES (CONT'D)

So?

Zecyra doesn't move, but her head looks around slightly as she hesitates. She snaps forward.

ZECYRA

I prefer them; the lower cases.

(Turning to Otipolies)

I don't have to fight Alex, Meg or Tiff for them.

OTIPOLIES

(Disappointed)

Isn't that part of the fun? Part of the game?

Zecyra turns back away, watching Belle fight the undead.

ZECYRA

Points add up over time and-

The poker flies across the room, hitting the front door. Otipolies dodges quickly, unfazed, and snaps her head towards Belle whose eyes begin to fill with tears. The corpses don't move as Belle pushes past them, racing towards the Erinyes. Zecyra steps aside.

As Belle's hand grabs the handle, twisting it open, Otipolies flicks her wrist with a smile. Belle exits the house but Otipolies' head looks towards the bedroom door. Zecyra's gaze follows.

Exiting the bedroom door, Belle enters the living room again and quickly stops, fear washing over her as she looks back towards the bedroom door and then to the front door. Otipolies watches with a smile.

OTIPOLIES

The higher profile cases are more fun though.

The corpses by the fireplace turn slowly towards Belle, following her again. Noticing them, she drops to the floor, covering her ears and cowering.

As the Erinyes' watch Belle, a void-like circle appears on the floor. Long, black spindly fingers reach out, pulling out an inhuman woman's figure of darkness. Towering the winged humans, white hollow eyes fixate on Belle. Otipolies, looks up to MARA (30), the quiet and introverted inhuman Ker.

OTIPOLIES

(playfully)

I thought the Keres were never late, Mara?

Expressionless, Mara snaps her head to Otipolies who gives a wide, playful grin. The creature turns back to Belle, passing Zecyra as she walks closer.

Inches from her face, Mara kneels in front of Belle, her head twitching as Belle sobs amongst the whispers and corpses. The creature mouths words, unheard aloud.

BELLE

Okay.

Belle stands, wiping her tears as she looks to the open door of the kitchen. Mara stands with her, following as Belle walks into the kitchen. The Erinyes follow too, staying outside, peering in through the doorway.

3. INT. BELLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Belle walks towards the counter, immediately taking a knife from the knife block and turning back around. Mara passes her, lifting herself onto the counter, crouched with her long arms beside her, gripping onto the ledge.

Mara cocks her head as Belle brings the knife to her own throat. Otipolies and Zecyra watch intently as the whispering around the room gets louder.

Mara lifts one of her hands, the long 5 fingers stretched wide. Belle's hand tremble, nicking her skin. A single drop of blood rolls down her neck as she takes in a deep breath of defeat. Mara begins to place them slowly down one by one. 5, 4, 3, 2. Belle takes one last breath, gripping the knife tighter. 1-

4. INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

LUNA (35), blonde-haired, olive-skinned woman, wakes up in her messy king-size bed with a sombre start.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5. INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

The lights are dim in the master bedroom as sunrise seeps through the slightly ajar curtains. In the king-size messy bed, Luna props herself moving her dishevelled hair from her face. Her sad expression adjusts as she blinks.

Looking up, she sees RACHEL (37) half-dressed at the foot of the bed putting on a button-up blouse. An empty holster is already clipped on her formal trousers. Luna, confused, picks up her phone from the nightstand; 5:48am. Rachel turns to her, walking to the side of the bed and leaning in with a smile.

RACHEL

Good Morning.

She kisses Luna, who smiles weakly. Rachel stands back up, her face showing concern as she cups Luna's cheek.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You look stressed. You have a nightmare again?

Luna nods into her hand. Rachel caresses her cheek sympathetically. Luna's eyebrows furrow.

LUNA

You getting ready for work?

Rachel removes her hand, turning back and walking across the room to the end of the bed again, buttoning her shirt. Luna sits up properly, leaning forward.

RACHEL

They called me in, something urgent apparently.

Rachel walks to the vanity desk, looking in the mirror as she removed her silk head wrap from her hair.

LUNA

What's so urgent that it starts before 7?

Rachel turns back, playfully disappointed.

RACHEL

Someone came in this morning and won't talk unless it's with a woman, so they've asked me.

She looks to the vanity, pinning loose strands of hair and styling it; fixating on the tiny details.

LUNA

This is why I love being in homicide. Dead people don't need talking to. Not much, anyway.

Rachel rolls her eyes jokingly. She pins back the final strand and stands, checking her outfit in the mirror. She leans over, opening the bottom draw of the vanity, and opens a box. She removes a pistol and her police badge.

Standing tall, she turns to Luna, catching her staring. Luna snaps out of it quickly, acting if nothing happened; giving a mischievous smile. Rachel, laughs, holstering the gun and secures the badge to her belt.

Rachel laughs, walking back to Luna's side of the bed, and kissing her. As she turns away, Luna takes her arm, prompting her to look back with a questioning look.

LUNA (CONT'D)

You're going to be home before your parents get here, right?

Rachel gives her an incredulous stare, sighing.

RACHEL

I hope to be.

Luna pouts, giving a silent tantrum like a child.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

They're only here for one night.

Luna's fake tantrum turns into playful defeat.

LUNA

Fine...

Rachel begins to walk away.

RACHEL

Get up, you don't want to be late.

(At the bedroom door)

I don't want Weis pestering me.

Rachel exits the room, walking out towards the front door. Luna flops back into the bed, listening to the footsteps, snuggling into the blankets. The footsteps stop and a set of keys echos through the house.

LUNA

I love you!

RACHEL (O.S)

I love you too!

The sound of the front door opens and closes. Luna closes her eyes for a moment before begrudgingly kicking the covers off of her and getting up.

6. INT. ARSIDE POLICE DEPT - ORGANISED CRIME - MORNING

The lift dings and the doors open. Inside stands Rachel, smiling, stacks of folders under arm. She walks passing a sign: "Arside City Organised Crime Department".

The sunrise over the city skyline illuminates the male dominated bullpen. Inside, a few well-dressed detectives lean against desks, pointing to boards scattered with faces of crime gangs. EDDIE FOX (46), A loud and energetic man, leads their discussion.

As Rachel passes, they all stop and wave. Rachel waves back. They go back to their conversations. JACOB BAILEY (32) walks from his desk, files in hand, to Rachel.

JACOB BAILEY
Captain Tulsa!

RACHEL
(stopping)
Jacob, everything alright?

JACOB BAILEY
I was wondering if you could help
look over my case?

He looks at the files in her hand.

JACOB BAILEY (CONT'D)
(quickly)
Only if you have time, I know
you're really busy and-

RACHEL
Happy to. Give me...

She moves the folders from one arm to the other, looking to her watch and thinking.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
20 minutes.

JACOB
Thank you Cap!

Jacob walks back to the group. Eddie pauses, taking the folder from his hand, opening it and giving it a look over.

Rachel walks to a side room with blacked out glass. Taking a moment to compose herself, she enters. To the side, a sign says: "Interview room".

7. INT. ARSIDE POLICE DEPT - INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rachel walks into the interview room. The table sits in the centre with one chair on one side, and two on the other. Rachel places the folders down, looking at YELENA (22), the scared runaway in tattered clothing. She has a distressed look in her eye.

RACHEL
Good Morning, I'm Captain Tulsa;
but you can call me Rachel.

Yelena doesn't look up, she keeps her head low and plays with her nails. Rachel sits on the opposite seat; pulling the top file from the pile and looking briefly before glancing up.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
I want to get things right before
we continue, is that alright?

Rachel waits. Nothing. She looks back down.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
It says your name is Yelena Asenova
from Balchik, Bulgaria.

She glances up and leans forward.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Thank you for trusting us.
(BEAT)
My team might come across
intimidating, but I can promise you
that nothing will happen while I'm
around. I promise I just want to
help you.

Yelena looks to the wall. Rachel sits back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
The woman who brought you to us
said that you were locked away?

Yelena twitches at the last words, looking back down.

YELENA
(Whispering)
They'll find me.

RACHEL
(Reassuring)
No, No. You're safe here, we can
place you somewhere safe from those
who hurt you.
(BEAT)
You just need to tell us some
information. Who are they?

Yelena looks up, her eyes meeting Rachel's.

YELENA

(Whispering; teary)

They'll find me. I can't let them.
The others, they tried. I can't
fail them.

She looks to Rachel, tears fall down her cheek.

YELENA (CONT'D)

I want to stay here. Please. I need
to help them.

RACHEL

It's better for you to go to a safe
house, we can help your friends,
but first we need to help you.

Yelena's nerves increase. She scratches her arm, her
sleeve lifting. Rachel notices a tattoo. Along Yelena's
forearm are faded Greek symbols and a bold, black laurel
around the girl's wrist.

Yelena notices Rachel's intrigued gaze and quickly pulls
back, yanking her sleeve down and looks down in shame.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(Softly)

Yelena, what is that tattoo?

Yelena looks to the side, trying to avoid Rachel's eyes.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Could I please see your arm?

(BEAT)

I can see about letting you stay
here, but only if you cooperate.
Please, can I see the tattoo?

Yelena hesitates, slowly presenting her arm. Rachel leans
forward, trying to read. Rachel reaches out for her arm,
but Yelena retracts quickly. Rachel pulls back.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Sorry... Could you turn your wrist
please?

Yelena puts her arm out, turning her wrist. The symbol of
Eros shows at the laurel's link.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do you know what it means?

Yelena lifts her head slightly, looking at the tattoo
with an upset expression.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Yelena, it might help me protect you. I need to know what the people wanted.

Rachel waits again, Yelena's eyes meeting hers. She takes a breath, looking away as another tear falls.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(defeated)

Can I take some pictures of the tattoo? And then I can see about getting you some clean clothes.

Yelena stays silent but keeps her arm out. Rachel takes her phone from her pocket, readying up the picture.

8. INT. ARSIDE POLICE DEPT - RECEPTION - MORNING

Luna, her hair now neatly tied into a half-up pony tail, with round glass and a black blazer over a jumper, walks into a busy police lobby. Police officers walk back and forth, escorting criminals and visitors around.

Luna passes the reception desk, which the receptionist smiles and waves. Luna waves back.

Luna arrives at the open-door lift, stepping inside. She leans forward to press a button.

JULIAN (O.S)

Hold the lift!

Luna sighs, moving to hold the doors open.

Through the crowds, JULIAN (25), Luna's new detective partner, appears holding two coffees and enters. Luna pulls back, letting the doors close and pressing a button.

9. INT. ARSIDE POLICE DEPT - LIFT - CONTINUOUS

Julian, hands Luna a coffee, smiling.

JULIAN

Mornin' Luna! I've got your coffee. Skimmed latte with 2 shots of honey syrup, right?

LUNA

(blankly)

Mhm. Very observant. But you might want to focus less on my coffee order and more on work. Sucking up won't guarantee a good report to Weis.