

UNEARTHED

Pilot: "Up"

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Story by

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Pink Script (01/22/15)
Blue Script (01/15/15)

FADE IN:

1

INT. SECRET LAB, CADAVER PREP ROOM - DAY

1

The sound of a hand SHUFFLING METAL TOOLS; a man (O.S.) HUMS ABSENTMINDEDLY.

Patchy lighting reveals a dark bioscience laboratory. The equipment, cabinets, and countertops are run-down, but every object is clean and meticulously organized.

Damp earth clings to a shiny coffin. An old computer HUMS on a countertop; a chair is nearby. On a table lies the body of AMELIA VANGUARD (20), dead, wearing a tacky funeral gown.

Beside her, SHORTY (30), a small but strong lab assistant wearing an ill-fitting, dirt-stained white coat, puffs hot air onto a pair of safety scissors he polishes with a cloth. *

Shorty inspects the scissors and smiles. He toddles over to Amelia's feet, and pauses to smile wistfully at this pretty, dead stranger. He tugs her gown's hemline to tension the cloth for cutting. He opens the scissors' jaws. *

Amelia takes a DEEP BREATH.

Shorty notices Amelia breathe in, and he steps back, taking a DEEP BREATH of his own. Shorty SCREAMS in horror as: *

- Amelia's eyes flick wide open and she SCREAMS.

- Amelia sits up, still SCREAMING.

- Amelia and Shorty make eye contact, BOTH SCREAMING.

- Amelia continues SCREAMING and clumsily hops down from the table, placing it between herself and Shorty. Amelia stops screaming.

Shorty stops screaming. He looks terrified.

Amelia sees Shorty as a blur. She rubs her eyes and blinks, and Shorty falls into focus, out of focus, and back into focus.

AMELIA

Where - what's happening?

SHORTY

(hands up)

I'm sorry. I thought you were dead.

AMELIA

You kidnapped me.

SHORTY

No! I - I can put you back.

Shorty gestures to the coffin. Amelia becomes alarmed.

AMELIA

Where's Tim?

SHORTY

I don't - I don't know a Tim.

Amelia looks around for a weapon. She sees a large knife lying beyond the table, and glances at Shorty as she prepares to run for it. Then she begins to digest what she's seen.

AMELIA

What kind of place is this?

SHORTY

Well, it's um, a... hm.

Amelia notices the cute kitten patch ironed on to Shorty's lab coat. Shorty gestures helplessly and MUMBLES as he repeatedly tries to figure out how to explain the lab to her.

Amelia wonders if Shorty will harm her. She looks around the lab for more information. She sees a small knife lying next to the large knife, and she considers it. She also sees a "Don't Stop Believin'" unicorn poster hanging on the wall, lit by a flashlight duct-taped to a makeshift stand.

Amelia looks at Shorty - his smile is guilty and apologetic - and she realizes he's not going to harm her. Amelia relaxes a bit, but tenses up again when -

CHARLES (40), a clever, blunt scientist who is taller than Shorty and Amelia, STRIDES in. His white lab coat is quite spattered with blood, and he is upset at being interrupted.

Amelia PIVOTS AND DRAGS the table so it protects her from both Shorty and Charles.

CHARLES

Shorty, who is this?

SHORTY

Charles, I -

AMELIA

What kind of idiots kidnap someone they don't know?

SHORTY

"Kidnap"?

CHARLES

"Idiots"?

SHORTY

She - she was dead.

CHARLES

Well, she's not now.

(notices coffin)

You got her from the cemetery?

SHORTY

The morgue is out of stock.

Shorty points to a corner where, on the floor, three bodies lie under stained sheets, below a sign on the wall that says "PLEASE RECYCLE". Amelia raises an eyebrow.

CHARLES

Embalmed cadavers invalidate
my research. How many?

SHORTY

Maybe... one?

2 FLASHBACK - THE QUITE RECENT PAST

2

We see Shorty's memory of HUMMING and walking by several coffins in the lab, each hidden under a unique, grungy sheet.

3 BACK TO PRESENT DAY

3

Charles glares. Shorty's guilty puppy-dog face begs for forgiveness. Charles frowns and sighs. Shorty looks grateful.

Amelia shoves the table aside - the table SCRAPES LOUDLY across the floor, startling both Charles and Shorty. Amelia glares, and steps toward them.

Charles and Shorty back away from her.

AMELIA

You two are going to help me.

Shorty looks to Charles for confirmation, but Charles is busy glaring at Amelia.

CHARLES

Miss...?

AMELIA

Amelia. Amelia Vanguard.

Shorty silently mouths "Amelia Vanguard". Avoiding conflict, Shorty edges over to the computer and begins typing a search.

CHARLES

Amelia? My research occupies all our time, and I'm afraid -

AMELIA

I can see, it's very important research - and very illegal.

Amelia closes on Charles. He shrinks back involuntarily and clenches his jaw.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Charles? I'll keep my mouth shut about your "research" - if you two help me out.

Charles and Amelia glare - neither one is backing down.

SHORTY (O.S.)

It's you.

Shorty, smiling, turns the screen so Amelia and Charles can see it better, and steps in so he can see it, too.

Amelia glares at Charles, walks up to Shorty, and looks at the screen.

The computer's web browser displays an article featuring Amelia and her taller boyfriend, TIM (20). In the photo, they wear the same big-toothed, too-white smiles as the other rich folk at Amelia's extravagant 20th birthday party.

AMELIA

(smiles)

It's me. Oh my, that dress.

*

SHORTY

(smitten)

It's beautiful.

Shorty sees that, in the photo, Tim has his hand around Amelia's waist; the caption contains "boyfriend Tim". Shorty looks at the photo with sadness for himself and fondness for Amelia.

Charles STEPS behind them and peers at the screen. He sees "orphan heiress", expensive jewelry, and "will receive control of the trust on her 21st birthday".

Charles looks around the dingy lab and back at the screen. He begins to think about how he can get some of Amelia's money.

Charles compares the date on the article, to the computer's month and day - it has been about 49 weeks since Amelia's last birthday, and it's currently February, her birth month.

CHARLES

(stiffly)

Well. Happy Almost Birthday.

Amelia's eyes go wide. She steps back and her knees go weak. Shorty catches her, and he helps her sit in the nearby chair.

AMELIA

What if someone's trying to
kill me before I turn 21?

SHORTY

I bet it's Tim. Ya can't trust
tall people.

(off Charles)

Uh, no offense, Charles.

Charles goes down on one knee and tries to take Amelia's pulse. Amelia snatches her wrist away.

AMELIA

(to Charles)

I'm alive!

(to Shorty)

It's not Tim. He has his own
money. Plus he's the first guy
who's ever loved me for me. I
need to know if he's OK, or...

(looks at
coffin)

...or not OK.

Amelia tries to stand. Shorty helps her up, then he uses the puppydog look on Charles.

Charles put on his best "concerned" face and stands.

CHARLES

(pretending the
decision is
Shorty's)

So, Shorty, what do you think -
should we help Amelia?

SHORTY

(sincere)

I think we should, Charles.

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CHARLES

Well, that settles it. Amelia, until we can identify your "killer", you may trust no one - except us. Please, accept my hospitality, while Shorty goes out to investigate Tim.

AMELIA

(to Shorty)

Will you do that for me?

SHORTY

(off Charles)

I will.

Amelia smiles and pats Shorty twice on the shoulder.

AMELIA

Thanks for digging me up.

SHORTY

Anytime. C'mon, let's get you upstairs. We have a couch!

Shorty walks Amelia across the lab.

AMELIA

I sure could use a snack.

CHARLES

It's no trouble at all.

Charles gazes at Amelia's picture on the web page. A clever smile creeps across his lips as he considers his impending good fortune.

4

INT. SECRET LAB, STAIRS TO FIRST FLOOR - DAY

4

Shorty helps Amelia up the stairs.

AMELIA

"I can put you back"?

SHORTY

I thought you were a vampire.

Amelia grunt-laughs. Shorty grins.

FADE OUT.