



HOPEWOOD

SCREENPLAY EPISODE 1 DRAFT 001

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SUPER-TITLE: HOPEWOOD

FADE IN.

INT. FRONT SEAT OF THE TRUCK - NIGHT

Inside of the truck, which is only lit by lights from the instrument panel and center console, BLAKE leans back with his eyes closed and his hands resting on the back of LANA'S head, which is bobbing in his lap.

BLAKE

(Moaning)

That's it. That's it. Oh, baby, yeah, that's it!

Blake pulls Lana up by her hair, and then he begins to kiss her on the neck and grope her breasts.

LANA

(Moaning)

Blake... Oh... Blake...

BLAKE

(Softly but clear)

Yeah, baby?

LANA

(Softly but clear)

Please don't leave a mark.

BLAKE

(Softly but clear)

I won't, Lana. I never do.

LANA

(Softly but clear)

I don't want Dan to find anything.

Blake backs away from Lana, and she looks at him curiously.

LANA

What?

BLAKE

Really, Lana? You're serious? We are here, maybe, ten or Twenty minutes, and you gotta throw out your husband's name like that. You know, it's like this every time. A total

mood-killer, I tell you.

Lana looks in the visor mirror as she wipes her mouth, while Blake in the driver's seat struggles to button up his blue jeans.

LANA (CONT'D)

We both knew this going into it. I am a married woman.
That's not new information.

BLAKE

No, it's not. But do you have to bring him up all the time?
I'm not trying to compete with the guy. Hell, he clearly ain't
getting the job done at home, anyway.

LANA

No, I guess he's not. But we don't need to be careless. No one
in this pitiful town needs to find out.

BLAKE

Find out what? That I've been banging the school nurse for the
last four years, since before I finished high school?

LANA

I swear, sometimes, you really make me nervous.

BLAKE

Relax. Ain't nobody ever gonna know that unless you tell 'em.

While he reaches for his seatbelt, Blake uses the right hand to press the truck's ignition button.

EXT. THE BLUFF – NIGHT

The lone truck is parked at the guardrail along the bluff overlooking a starry sky and the darkness below it. Only the truck's lights poorly illuminate a strip of the lake and distant trees beyond the rail. Across the lake, the faint dots of lights shimmer from a small patch of residences.

The truck reverses from its parking space and drives off along a dark and secluded road.

INT. THE TRUCK – NIGHT

Blake is driving as Lana looks on.

LANA

I guess I should apologize to you. I didn't mean to ruin
anything.

BLAKE

It wasn't ruined. That's just how it is when you're on the DL. Shit doesn't always work out.

LANA

I feel bad that I even got you into this. I never wanted you to get caught up in my mess or end up feeling like you do.

BLAKE

You mean, me feeling like a side piece, right? Nah, I shouldn't complain, because I knew what I was getting into a long time ago. And besides, I am the one with the better benefits in the deal. I get off, and then just drop you off at your car. You can go home to an unhappy marriage, while I just go home to my bed. We both knew there couldn't be more.

LANA

No, not here, not like things are.

EXT. A WINDING ROOM THROUGH THE DARK WOODS – NIGHT

The truck rounds a curve in the road, just as a shadowy figure enters its path.

BLAKE

(Shouting)

What the -?

LANA

(Shouting)

Oh my God! Blake, look out!

Blake swerves the truck to miss the silhouetted figure, only to lose control of the vehicle.

The truck crashes, nose down, in a ditch alongside the dark, wooded road.

For a moment, every is still and completely silent.

INT. THE TRUCK – NIGHT

Blake unfastens his seatbelt, and he leans over to check on Lana who was not wearing her own and, consequently, suffered a gash to her forehead.

BLAKE

Hey, babe, look at me. Are you okay?

LANA

(In a confused tone.)

What happened? What was that?

Blake grabs a shirt from the backseat, and he uses it to wipe away the blood on Lana's forehead.

BLAKE

I need you to hold this on your forehead for a minute, until I can get to the first aid kit under the backseat.

LANA

But...

BLAKE

I think it was a man. I might have clipped him. I don't know.

Blake reaches for his mobile phone, which is still affixed to a device on the dashboard. Upon unlocking it and checking for a signal, he hands it to Lara. Then he retrieves a flashlight from the glovebox.

BLAKE

I need to find out who that was and make sure he's okay. Go ahead and call 9-1-1.

With the flashlight in hand, Blake climbs out of the truck, leaving the driver's side door open behind him.

Still dazed, Lana watches nervously. She dials the numbers on the phone's screen, but then she closes her eyes and lowers her head, as she cancels the call.

EXT. THE ROAD – NIGHT

The silhouette of a man's body stands erect against the light from Blake's flashlight. Blake proceeds to approach the figure, which is turned away from him.

BLAKE

Hey, dude, are you okay? Are you hurt?

Blake slows the pace of his approach. He is now afraid.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing out here like this? Look, we're gonna get you some help.

Against the light of the flashlight, the figure's hands curl into tight fists, and the figure turns to Blake.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(Gasp)

Oh God...

INT. THE TRUCK – NIGHT

Lana, who began collecting her possession in the vehicle, is interrupted by Blake's spine-chilling scream.

LANA

Blake? Blake?

Lana moves closer to the open door of the truck, just enough to peer back to the road. What she sees terrifies her.

Then she screams.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH OF A HOUSE – NIGHT

In the darkness, ALLEN, a grey-bearded man of muscular stature, stands near the edge of the porch with his arms crossed.

PATRICIA, a woman of comparable age, steps out onto the porch from the house.

The moonlight gives faint detail to a truck and trailer, the lake in the distance beyond his yard, and the dark forest on the opposing shoreline.

PATRICIA

Al, it's late. What are you doing out here?

ALLEN

You didn't hear those tires screeching a few minutes ago?
It sounded like it might have been an accident.

PATRICIA

It was probably kids racing and toying around, up there, on the bluff.

ALLEN

I thought the sheriff's department got that mess under control

months ago. They must be slacking with their patrols up there.

Patricia approaches Allen and takes his arm.

PATRICIA

Are you nervous about tomorrow?

ALLEN

I guess I am, Pat. I'll admit it. It just seems like the whole world is upside down now.

PATRICIA

I know.

ALLEN

Honestly, there are not a lot of things that scare me. I've faced enemy bombardments on the battlefield, and I've even taken a bullet on the streets here. But I wasn't afraid then – not like I am right now. I don't know what I will do if I lose you. I cannot lose you.

PATRICIA

Well, every visit to the oncologist scares me, too. I mean, my mind races with so many questions. What will we do if the treatments aren't working? How are we going to afford the medical bills? And then, what will we do if they are working well? Are you prepared to be stuck with me for a few more decades?

With smiles, Allen and Patricia look into each other's eyes.

ALLEN

Are you kidding? You'd better plan on sticking around.

PATRICIA

We will figure everything out, Al. We always have, and we always will.

ALLEN

I love that you're always more optimistic than me.

PATRICIA

Someone in this marriage has to be.

ALLEN

I talked to the kids earlier today. Blaine said...

The conversation is interrupted by a strange and loud series of whooping and yakking sounds echoing through the forest. The couple is instantly startled.

PATRICIA

What? What was that?

Allen grabbed his wife's arm.

ALLEN

(Shouting)

Pat, get inside the house!

The couple race to the front door, with only Allen looking back towards the lake.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Go! Go! Go!

INT. THE HOUSE – NIGHT

Once inside the house, Allen opens a gun cabinet, and Pat stands nervously near the staircase.

PATRICIA

Al, what was that? It sounded like...

ALLEN

Like a jackal! Yeah, I know!

PATRICIA

But, that can't be, can it? Is it possible? Is it happening again?

Allen loads a clip into an assault rifle, and then he hands the weapon to a terrified and reluctant Patricia.

ALLEN

If anything comes into this house, I want you to start shooting. Okay?

PATRICIA

(Crying almost hysterically)

I... I... I cannot, Allen...

ALLEN

Listen to me. Start shooting. I am going to be right here with you.

Allen reaches into the gun cabinet for another assault rifle, and he loads that one, too. Without warning, the power goes out, plunging everything into darkness.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, it's not coming in here without a fight!

Allen stands ready, aiming his gun at the door, and his nervous wife follows suit.

Suddenly there is a deafening crash, and the entire house shakes violently enough for Allen to fall to the floor.

EXT. PANAROMIC VIEW OF THE MOON-LIT LAKE FROM THE BLUFF – NIGHT

The distant lights of the homes twinkle in the darkness, until each one simply disappears, one at a time.

The loud whooping and yakking continue to echo through this darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIMLY LIT LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

The room looks a bit disheveled. Clothing and soda cans rest on the furniture and tables.

Lying face down on the sofa is SHERIFF WAYNE DOYLE.

On the coffee table near him, a mobile phone begins to ring.

Still lying in place, Sheriff Doyle only shifts his head to stare at the phone. After a moment, he sits up and answers the call.

SHERIFF DOYLE

(Groggy voice)

Yeah. What's going on?

THE CALLER (V.O.)

Sheriff, I'm so sorry to call so late, but we have a situation up at the bluff on Lake Russo.

SHERIFF DOYLE

(Groggy voice)

What time is it?

THE CALLER (V.O.)

1:31.

The sheriff sighs with frustration, while he rubs his eyes. Then he looks over to a console table of framed photographs of his family and of himself in uniform.

THE CALLER (V.O. CONT'D)

I know it's late, sir. I'm sorry, but this is bad. We already have one body.

SHERIFF DOYLE

(More alert)

A body at Lake Russo? Okay, I'm on my way.

INT. THE BATHROOM – NIGHT

While Sheriff Doyle leans over the countertop, he stares solemnly in the mirror, noticing how drained he is beginning to look physically.

EXT. THE FRONT YARD – NIGHT

The sheriff climbs into the patrol car parked in the driveway of his one-story ranch home.

The patrol car rolls through a dark street in the neighborhood, passing a yard sign that reads RE-ELECT WAYNE DOYLE FOR SHERIFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT – NIGHT

A sheriff's deputy, LENNON, sits on the back of an ambulance, while other deputies mull about the area.

The sheriff's car pulls up to the scene.

Sheriff Doyle approaches Lennon.

SHERIFF DOYLE

What do we have here, Lennon?

LENNON

It is bad, man. Gruesome – and I’m not exaggerating.

Lennon walks the sheriff over to Blake’s truck, which is still resting in the ditch along the side of the road.

LENNON (CONT’D)

At about 10 p.m., Dispatch got a call from Valley Power notifying us of multiple power outages down by the lake. They were supposed to be working for a while. Then, just a little after midnight, a crew drove up the bluff to inspect transition lines. They found this truck. It is registered to Blake Fischer – yeah, as in Mayor Corinne Fischer’s son.

Using his flashlight, the sheriff observed the grisly murder scene inside of the truck. Lana’s appears to be torn to pieces.

LENNON (CONT’D)

According to the identification found in the truck, the woman’s name is Lana Alvarez.

SHERIFF DOYLE

Any ideas how this happen to her?

LENNON

Honestly, no, sir. She looks like she was mauled to death. It obviously isn’t consistent with any car crash.

SHERIFF DOYLE

No, this is not from the car crash. Someone did this to her. Where’s Fischer?

LENNON

We don’t know. We sent a unit to his home. No one was home.

SHERIFF DOYLE

What about the mayor’s home?

LENNON

We have a unit outside now, but, ugh...

SHERIFF DOYLE

But what?

LENNON

Well, we gave another pool of blood and torn clothing, up here, where the driver lost control of vehicle.

The two men proceed to the spot where a forensics expert is already collecting evidence on the road.

SHERIFF DOYLE

Where's the body? Do we know anything about this victim?

LENNON

We don't know yet. Honestly, we don't have the resources to work this alone. We have called in the state.

SHERIFF DOYLE

Something's not right. I don't like this.

LENNON

I agree. I worked homicide for eight years in Kansas City, and I've never seen anything like this.

The sheriff's mobile phone begins to ring loudly, but he does not answer it immediately. Instead, he looks to Lennon.

SHERIFF DOYLE

We ought to go ahead and wake the mayor. Find out if she's seen her son tonight. And we need to call everyone in and get into these woods to see what we can find.

The sheriff walks away from his deputy and turns his attention to the phone ringing in his pocket.

SHERIFF DOYLE

This is Doyle.

THE CALLER (V.O.)

Sheriff, this is Allen Patterson on Lake Russo. I know you guys are busy.

SHERIFF DOYLE

Mr. Patterson, this isn't a good time. I am aware of your electrical outage, and Valley is working on that. Right now, though, we have a real issue, up here.

THE CALLER (V.O.)

That's why I'm calling you. I see your lights, up there, on the bluff. Listen. Patricia and I think you're really gonna need to come down here, too.

SHERIFF DOYLE

Is this related to our investigation, Allen?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE YARD NEAR THE PORCH OF THE PATTERSON HOME – NIGHT

With his mobile phone pressed against his face, Allen stands over a track of large, three-clawed footprints, leading away from a collapsed section of the house's porch.

ALLEN

Yeah, Wayne, I think it does. It's all happening again.

PAN OUT FROM THE HOME TO REVEAL MORE DAMAGE TO THE FARM.

CUT TO BLACK.

OPENING CREDITS

DISSOLVE TO:

FADE IN.

EXT.