

Abide Pilot Episode PREVIEW

written by

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INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The air is tense.

The soft sounds of crying, whimpering, and panicked breathing fill the air.

Two large groups of people sit cross-legged on the floor of what was once an ordinary bank.

Their wrists are zip-tied.

Standing above both groups are two figures wielding guns and wearing masks that conceal their identities. Each mask is unique.

One of the robbers, JULIUS (late 20s to early 30s - sharp, regal features, but no light behind his eyes), sits on a teller's stool - his legs crossed and a pen and paper in his hands.

He reads aloud:

JULIUS  
Noble eagle, swift as wind; With  
glistening feathers, cries to them.

Julius' RIFLE sits on the desk beside him as he addresses the terrified captives.

Julius continues the poem:

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
Talons sharp, beak shining bright;  
Blinding to all, a pillar of light.

The second robber, HASON (early to mid 20s, rough jawline, couple scars, but with an underlying youthfulness), holds the button on an EARPIECE resting on the side of his head.

HASON  
(Whispering)  
I thought you talked to him about  
this?

INT. BANK STOREROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLICK CLICK CLICK...

The third, and final, masked figure, ASHIA (same age as Hason. Cute, but has bags under her eyes. Slightly gaunt, hasn't had enough to eat), holds her head against a safe, listening intently to the tumblers as she turns the dial.

She sighs, then taps her earpiece as well.

ASHIA

I did. He said this was the best place to get some "serious feedback."

HASON (V.O.)

Deranged lunatic. Hope he knows I'm not putting up with this much longer.

ASHIA

Come on, it's just poetry. That group of kids liked it during the last job, remember? Helped calm them down? Now shut up and let me listen, doofus.

She turns her mic off.

Turns the dial a bit more.

CLICK CLICK CLICK...

INT. BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Hason turns off his microphone.

HASON

(Muttering to himself)

There're no kids here. He looks like a nutcase.

One of Hason's hostages (HOSTAGE #2) eyes an ALARM BUTTON on the wall nearby.

Their eyes subtly dart back and forth between Hason and the wall.

Tensing up...

Hason sees, points his rifle at them.

HASON (CONT'D)

(Normal)

Hey. No funny business. We're not here to kill any of you, but we'll do what we've gotta do, alright?

Hostage #2 meets his gaze, wavers for a moment, then shrinks back to their seat, their eyes settling on the ground.

HASON (CONT'D)  
 That goes for the rest of you. The  
 bank will reimburse you, you'll be  
 fine. Don't die for something  
 stupid.

He glances back at Julius.

JULIUS  
 - Wings of gold, though cannot fly;  
 The cheering crowd lifts it high.

Julius looks up from the paper at the terrified hostages. His  
 face remains neutral.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 So, what did we all think? Please  
 raise your hands and wait to be  
 called on before providing  
 feedback.

The group all quake in their seats, their attention glued to  
 the madman addressing them.

A beat.

HOSTAGE #1 hesitantly raises their hand.

JULIUS (CONT'D)  
 Yes. You there.

HOSTAGE #1  
 (Stuttering)  
 Um. I-I thought the bit about the  
 eagle, uh, wanting to hold  
 somebody's hand was p-pretty nice.

Julius scrawls on the paper.

JULIUS  
 Interesting. Care to elaborate?

HOSTAGE #1  
 It sounds like the eagle was l-  
 lonely. I thought that was kind of-

They trail off as Julius looks up from his paper, shooting a  
 look.

Hostage #1 looks down.

JULIUS  
 Well, you'd be wrong, but thank you  
 for your input anyways.

MYSTERIOUS MAN (mid to late 40s, perfectly ordinary features, to the point of being slightly unnerving. Far too calm. He will be important far later in the story) speaks up.

MYSTERIOUS MAN  
Isn't art supposed to depend on  
individual interpretation?

JULIUS  
Yes, it most certainly is.

MYSTERIOUS MAN  
Then how were they wrong? Isn't  
that how they interpreted the poem?

Julius returns to jotting on his paper.

He sighs despondently.

JULIUS  
Art is supposed to depend on the  
individual, yes, but it must also  
have a deliberate meaning, or it  
has no purpose. The purpose behind  
the piece is what makes art  
beautiful, you see. They were  
simply too stupid to understand  
what the purpose of this poem was,  
I'm afraid.

MYSTERIOUS MAN  
Then clearly it wasn't very well-  
written, since the average person  
wouldn't ever be able to figure out  
what the point of it even was.

Julius' head snaps back up.

The mysterious man gives him a look.

JULIUS  
(Calm facade)  
Insult it all you like. Not  
everyone can truly understand art,  
plain and simple.

He looks back down.

Suddenly, the mysterious man DASHES towards a nearby alarm!

BANG!

He crumples to the ground.

The tip of Julius' gun - now resting in his hand - points right at where the man's head once sat.