

COOLSVILLE

"Pilot"

written by Keeley Bell

EXT. BLACK SWAMP, 11 PM

BEAMS OF LIGHT cut through the pitch black.

The FLASHLIGHTS scan steadily, illuminating trees that border the Black Swamp.

 DAPHNE (V.O.)

 You only need one thing to be murdered: A beating heart. Your best friend, your sister, your father, your mailman...they all have the potential to be murdered. And what do we call those with the ability to kill? Monsters.

BUSTER, an aged Great Dane, sniffs furiously at the ground, leading a pair of BOOTS deeper and deeper into the forest.

 DAPHNE (V.O.)

 Serial killer Albert Fish had been nicknamed The Werewolf of Wysteria, the Brooklyn Vampire, the Moon Maniac, and the Boogeyman. I like to think that it's just because human condition just can't accept that a human person could kill over a hundred people.

Buster stops at a spot under a large tree. He barks wildly.

POLICE OFFICERS react, flashlights moving frantically as they call for backup.

FADE TO:

INT. AIDAN'S DORM ROOM — DAY

CLOSE-UP ON:

A pair of perfectly-glossed lips.

 DAPHNE

 But at the same time, how well do you know your mailman? Your best friend? Your sister? Your father? I think Albert Fish is a perfect example of a real-life monster, because he hid in plain sight. There's nothing scarier than knowing that the person sitting next to you on the train might have a body in his trunk.

AIDAN (O.S.)
If he's on the train, what does it
matter what's in his trunk?

DAPHNE BLAKE, 19, and AIDAN MURPHY, 20, sit on the bottom
bunk of his dorm, a laptop and two microphones between them.

DAPHNE
I meant trunk as in like, suitcase?
We're cutting all of this.

AIDAN
Cutting out my genius? Come on, I'm
the funny one, you're the spooky-
serious babe, babe.

DAPHNE
Spooky-serious? True crime is more
than just spooky-serious,
it's...interesting. It's
psychological, it's an examination
of human nature as we know it.

AIDAN
It's...! Depressing, which is why I
bring the laughs.

Daphne sighs affectionately before realizing the time.

DAPHNE
I have to get to class. We'll
finish this tomorrow – no goofing
off next time, please!

They kiss. She goes to leave, but Aidan stops her.

AIDAN
Wait! First date party of the year
tomorrow. You coming?

DAPHNE
Your Sigmas have been prowling for
dates all week, it's gross and
predatory. And why the pressure to
have a date at all if frats aren't
just about preying on women?

He just smirks at her.

DAPHNE (CONT'D)
What?

AIDAN
You know I love when you get all
passionate and hot.

Daphne glares. Aidan grins.

She looks away, stifling a grin herself. Then:

AIDAN (CONT'D)
You don't want me to have to take
some random do you?

DAPHNE
Of course not.

AIDAN
I promise there'll be plenty of
Zetas to keep you company.

DAPHNE
You're all the company I'll need.

They kiss again. Aidan goes in for another, but Daphne coyly
leaves him wanting more as she dips out of the dorm.

AIDAN
Oh, and Daphne?

She pops back into the room, eyes hopeful for...something.

DAPHNE
Yeah?

AIDAN
Can I steal your critique on Greek
life for my Gender Studies midterm?

She rolls her eyes and closes the door.

INT. CPD STATION, DETECTIVE DINKLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

VELMA DINKLEY, a petite glasses-wearing 18, carries a stack
of files and into the room. She plops the stack down.

DETECTIVE MARCIA DINKLEY, 40s, glances up at her.

VELMA
So it wasn't a body?

MARCIA
Velma, for the last time, stay out
of this case. I don't want you to
have anything to do with it.

VELMA

Mom, I work here, how am I supposed to stay out of it?

MARCIA

By staying in your office and not asking any questions.

VELMA

Sure, I'll just sit in my glorified broom closet silently with my headphones in, listening to podcasts on conspiracy theories and how we're all in a simulation like some Gen Z. Is that what you want?

MARCIA

Yes. For once in your life, be anything like the other kids.

Silence. Velma formulates her next words carefully:

VELMA

Just tell me – is it a body?

MARCIA

No.

VELMA

Then what did they find?

MARCIA

DNA.

VELMA

Blood?!

MARCIA

Velma –

VELMA

If it's blood then we've got a homicide investigation on our hands! Or at the very least, signs of a struggle.

MARCIA

True. But we don't know yet. It hasn't come back from the lab. If it is blood...I highly doubt we're looking at a kidnapping. State Senators don't just go missing.

VELMA

A political murder. Some rightwing,
gun-toting, bible-thumping,
bootlicker murdered Senator Mendoza
or paid someone to do it, all
because she dared to think
differently -

MARCIA

Velma, take a breath.

She breathes.

MARCIA (CONT'D)

Nothing has been confirmed. We all
just need to take a step back and
appreciate the fact that there's
still no body.

VELMA

Just because there's no body
doesn't mean she isn't somewhere
suffering.

MARCIA

True. But it doesn't do any good
for you to just sit here and jump
to conclusions. That's my job.

She kisses Velma on the forehead.

VELMA

Maybe. But when have I ever jumped
to a conclusion that has been
incorrect, Mom?

They share the silence.

Velma turns to leave. Detective Dinkley clears her throat.

Velma turns back. Her mother gestures to the stack of files.

Velma rolls her eyes and picks them up.

INT. CPD STATION, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Velma staggers down the hall and runs into A PERSON.

The stack of files falls to the ground.

SHAGGY

Zoinks! My bad.

It is NORVILLE "SHAGGY" ROGERS, 21.

Velma seems unimpressed by his very existence.

VELMA

Oh, Norville, get out of here. It's so not smart coming to a police station smelling like you should be arrested on-sight.

Shaggy helps her pick up the fallen files, glancing around.

VELMA (CONT'D)

He's not here today, I already checked for you. I think he and his handler are taking the day off after...last night.

SHAGGY

Wait...that was Scooby?

VELMA

Buster. You know he doesn't respond to that stupid nickname. But yes, Scooby found the —

SHAGGY

Body?

VELMA

— DNA.

SHAGGY

That's good, right? No body no kill?

VELMA

No kill yet. I've just got a bad feeling. All of the statistics say she would not come out of this alive.

SHAGGY

Ah, yes, statistics. Maybe if I hadn't failed that subject three times, I'd be as pessimistic.

Velma chuckles as he helps her move the files to her office.

EXT. SIGMA KAPPA PHI FRATERNITY HOUSE — NIGHT

Daphne and Aidan walk arm-in-arm toward a RED BRICK COLONIAL HOUSE with the Sigma Kappa Phi logo proudly displayed.

Crowds of co-eds mingle outside as loud MUSIC blares.