

THE DYNAGYN CHRONICLES
EPISODE 1X01: "PILOT"

Written by

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Based on
"The Dynagyn Chronicles"
Book Series
By Ashleigh A. Haynes

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A pair of bright, brilliant eyes shoot open. Their owner, ASHLYN Star (18), lies in a plush bed, surrounded by pillows and under a comforter.

She brushes a hand across the sweat beading on her forehead and sits up with a heavy, exhausted sigh.

The light in the room suddenly flicks on, and Ashlyn jumps.

EMMY (O.S.)
You look like death.

Ashlyn turns toward her bedroom door, met with the sight of her own face and body standing there. EMMY (18), Ashlyn's identical twin, is already dressed for the day in jeans and a nice blouse. Ashlyn shoots her sister a rueful frown.

ASHLYN
And you look too put together
for...

She trails off and clicks her cell phone on her nightstand awake, checking the time.

ASHLYN (CONT'D)
Five-thirty A.M.? What is wrong
with you, you monster?

EMMY
Berkshire's an hour drive. I don't
want to be late for my first class.

Ashlyn collapses back against her pillows.

EMMY (CONT'D)
You going to be okay getting to
school today?

ASHLYN
Will's taking me.

Emmy scoffs at this.

EMMY
Yeah. Good luck with that.

A cell phone DINGS, and Emmy pulls hers from her pocket. She smiles at the notification and types out a message.

EMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I gotta go. Love you.

Emmy switches off the light and hurries off down the hall. Ashlyn responds far out of Emmy's earshot.

ASHLYN
Love you, too.

After a moment, she flops back onto her pillows.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

A locker door SLAMS shut. Ashlyn, eyes shut and leaning against the wall of metal doors, groans at the noise. Her best friend, WILLOW (18), stands beside her, immaculate and color-coded binders for each subject in hand.

WILLOW
You look like death.

ASHLYN
So I've been told.

WILLOW
Wild party last night?

ASHLYN
Yeah, because there's a such thing
as a wild party here.

She rubs at her temples and peels her eyes open to look at her best friend.

WILLOW
Your nightmare again.

Ashlyn nods.

ASHLYN
Yeah.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Your nightmares are back?

Ashlyn turns around, beaming as her boyfriend, MICHAEL (18), joins the girls from down the hall. Ashlyn reaches for his hand and pecks him on the cheek.

ASHLYN
Hey. You were supposed to call me
when your flight got in.

MICHAEL
We got delayed. I'm here straight
from the airport.

He leans down to kiss her, far too deeply for a school hallway. Willow fake-gags at the sight.

When they finally separate, Ashlyn holds onto Michael's arm.

ASHLYN
I'm glad your back.

WILLOW
Speaking of unwelcome blasts from
the past.

Michael glares at her, then turns his attention to Ashlyn.

MICHAEL
I thought they were gone.

ASHLYN
They are. Were. It's no big deal.

MICHAEL
Why didn't you tell me?

She shrugs.

ASHLYN
You were in London. I didn't want
to worry you. There was nothing you
could have done.

MICHAEL
Well, I'm not in London anymore.

He kisses her on the forehead. Willow scoffs at the gesture.

WILLOW
I just ate breakfast, guys.

Michael ignores her and steps off down the hall to his locker. Ashlyn and Willow follow closely.

ASHLYN
One of these days, you two might
pretend to like each other. Just to
change it up.

Michael laughs and opens his locker. He quickly stuffs his backpack inside sets to sorting through his belongings.

WILLOW
You might want to settle for
"tolerate." Otherwise, I think
you'll be waiting a while.

Michael knocks a notebook from his locker to the ground. Several loose papers fall from within the pages and scatter around the floor. Willow bends to pick them, nearly colliding with Michael as he moves to do the same.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I got it.

Michael stands reluctantly. Willow gathers the last few pages, slips them inside the notebook, and hands them back. Michael nods at her suspiciously and takes the book.

Willow smiles at Ashlyn.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

See? At least we're civil.

Michael places the notebook back in the locker and shuts it.

MICHAEL

So these dreams.

He turns his gaze back to Ashlyn.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Still in the woods?

Ashlyn nods.

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING

Emmy stalks through trees and undergrowth like a mountain cat. Occasionally, she glances over her shoulder.

ASHLYN (O.S.)

It's not a trail or anything. I'm really deep in the forest. I can't even hear cars or the ocean.

From behind a tree, someone watches Emmy walking.

ASHLYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I don't know where I'm going, but I'm not lost. And I know I have to get somewhere.

Emmy pauses, as if sensing her stalker.

ASHLYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But there's *something* following. Something wrong. Evil. Something that doesn't belong here.

Emmy spins suddenly, examining the treeline thoroughly. A moment later, she continues on her way.

ASHLYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Whatever it is, I can't see it. Not
 until it's too late. And by then,
 there's nothing I can do.

A twig SNAPS and Emmy comes to a stop. A look of determination crosses her face. She takes a deep breath, not turning, not moving. Her eyes slip closed in concentration.

Her hands twitch at her sides and there, at her fingertips, veins of electricity crackle like lightning. When Emmy opens her eyes, they glow emerald.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Ashlyn shakes her head and looks up at her friends, both of whom are staring at her with intrigue - and a bit of fear.

ASHLYN
 Anyway. Told you. Same as always.

The class BELL rings.

ASHLYN (CONT'D)
 I'll see you guys at lunch.

She kisses Michael on the cheek and then scurries off into a surging crowd of students. Michael goes to follow, but Willow puts a hand on his arm to stop him.

WILLOW
 What's in Glasgow?

MICHAEL
 What?

Willow pulls a slip of paper from her back pocket. A plane ticket. Michael sighs in irritation.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 That's called stealing, you know.

WILLOW
 What were you doing in Scotland?
 Especially when you told Ashlyn
 you'd be in London.

He doesn't answer.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

What are you up to, Michael?

Michael snatches the pass from her and backs into the melee of students rushing by. She watches him go with a cool, calculating stare.

EXT. STAR HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Ashlyn and Willow hop out of an older car in the driveway of Ashlyn's house. The former glances into the garage on their way to the front door.

ASHLYN

Emmy's not home yet.

The girls step up the stairs on the front porch.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Ashlyn unlocks the front door and steps inside, followed closely by Willow.

ASHLYN

This whole dual enrolled thing has me tripped up. Do you know how weird it is not to see her in the halls? Or at lunch?

WILLOW

Or at study buddy movie night?

The girls move into the --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They drop their backpacks on the couch.

ASHLYN

Her loss. More popcorn for us.

She heads toward the adjoining kitchen, while Willow plops down and lays back.

WILLOW

And more couch space.

Ashlyn throws a pillow from a decorative chair in the corner at Willow.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Hey!

ASHLYN

On second thought, you get the popcorn. I'm going to head up to Emmy's room and grab the movie.

Willow tosses the pillow to the side with a groan.

INT. EMMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashlyn pushes the door open carefully and checks to make sure it's empty. When she steps inside, she walks as if on eggshells over to a bookshelf full of DVDs. She glances through, and then selects one and pulls it from the shelf.

She turns from the shelf and her foot gets caught on something in the floor. She glances down at the huge plush throw blanket there, wadded up at her feet.

ASHLYN

That's where that went.

She reaches down to pick it up, tossing it over her shoulder. She grimaces as something on the blanket squishes.

ASHLYN (CONT'D)

If you got jelly on my god damned fluffy blanket...

She holds her hand up and gasps at the sight. Blood, still fresh and bright red. She looks back at the floor where she first found the blanket.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Willow sets a bowl of popcorn on the coffee table.

Ashlyn's blood-curdling SCREAM ricochets around the house. Willow glances up at the stairs and runs toward them.

EXT. STAR HOUSE / BACK PATIO - EVENING

Red and blue lights from a parked police cruiser flash against the side of the dimly lit house. Willow stands outside, hands shaking as she dials her phone and holds it to her ear. She waits for a moment, then speaks into it.

WILLOW

Answer your phone, you idiot. It's important. Something's happened.

Willow takes a few breaths, runs her hands through her hair. Begins again.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Meet me at the Barracks when you get this. Go straight there.

Will looks through the window into the living room, where a shell-shocked Ashlyn sits on the couch, barely listening to a female POLICE OFFICER talking to her. A hand-made afghan is thrown around her shoulders.

An older woman, GRAN STAR (late 60s), hands Ashlyn a cup of steaming coffee.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

I think she's in trouble.

She hangs up, her eyes never leaving her devastated friend.

EXT. WOODS - EARLY MORNING (EARLIER)

Emmy stands again the woods, right after we left her. Her hands and eyes glow. She takes a steadying breath. Then she turns, raising her hand toward her attacker.

TRISTAN

Hey! It's me. Chill!

She stops cold, electricity and eyes fading immediately upon seeing her stalker. TRISTAN (20) stands with both hands in the air, surrendering. Emmy drops her hands with a sigh and visibly relaxes.

EMMY

What are you doing? I thought we were meeting there.

TRISTAN

Wanted to make sure you didn't get lost.

EMMY

I was fine. You nearly scared me to death. I could have killed you.

Tristan smirks at her and drops his hands into his pockets.

TRISTAN

It's cute that you think so. Really
it is.

Crossing her arms, Emmy pouts at him. Tristan takes a step forward and raises a hand to cup her face. He drops a quick kiss on her lips.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Ready to put your magic where your
mouth is?

Emmy's smiles wickedly, yet playfully.

EMMY

Are you?

Tristan holds out a hand. As he does, his own fingers illuminate with a brighter, more intense electricity. Emmy takes it, completely unbothered. The two of them step hand in hand into the dense, ancient forest of trees and foliage.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Willow paces back and forth in a rustic hunting cabin. A huge fire burning in the hearth serves as the main room's only lighting source. She speaks to herself under her breath, eyes closed in deep thought.

A KNOCK sounds at the door.

Willow stops pacing and opens her eyes, revealing the fading glow of irises the color of dying embers.

She stalks to the door and throws it open. On the other side, someone stands in a hoodie and jeans, completely cloaked in shadow. Willow looks the visitor up and down, and then steps away from the door to allow him entry.

WILLOW

Where have you been?

She paces again, barely casting another glance at him.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

Emmy's missing. They found blood at her place. Not a lot, but enough to worry. Cops are searching for her all through the woods. You weren't followed, were you? No one saw you?

Silence. Willow glances up, confused. The visitor still stands in the doorway, looming in the darkness like a wraith.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Hey. Were you followed?

No answer.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
What's wrong with you?

She steps forward, snapping at him.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Michael!

Upon hearing his name, Michael shakes his head, finally free of his stupor. He enters the cabin, the firelight falling on him and his dripping clothing.

MICHAEL
Willow. I think I screwed up.

Willow takes a step back.

WILLOW
Why? What's wrong? And why are you soaking wet?

Michael hesitates, and then raises a hand to push back his hood. Even in the dim light, the crimson color of the fresh blood streaked on his face is unmistakable.

Willow gasps at the sight.

WILLOW (CONT'D)
Oh my god.

MICHAEL
It's not mine.

Silence falls in the room, broken only by the crackling fire. Willow thinks for a moment, then answers, considering every word carefully.

WILLOW
Whose?

MICHAEL
I don't know.

She opens her mouth to ask more, but he interrupts.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I don't remember what happened. I have as many questions as you, believe me.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But there's only one answer we both
need right now. The blood. There's
too much of it.

He holds up his shaking hands, still glistening with scarlet.

WILLOW

Too much for anyone to survive
without.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

What were you saying when I got
here? About Emmy? The blood at her
house?

Willow sinks onto the old sofa nearby with a distant gaze.
Too many thoughts seem to run through her head.

After a moment, tears flow down her face.

END OF EPISODE