

SLEEPY HOLLOW

"Come and See"

PILOT

Written by

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K/O Paper Products

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DARKNESS. Everything MUFFLED, like we're underwater. Men YELLING, HORSES, a THUD THUD... of thunder? A DATE appears:

1776

Then a RUSH of SOUND, like an approaching ROAR as BA-BOOM! A MORTAR EXPLODES IN THE DAYTIME SKY -- we're in A BATTLEFIELD TRENCH, brimming with blue coat AMERICAN SOLDIERS -- TRACK FAST down the line of FIRING TROOPS, BODIES DROP around us as we come to... A MAN. 30's. Forget everything you think you know about **ICHABOD CRANE**. Handsome, but hard -- like he's been to hell and back. And maybe he has, but he doesn't know his kinship with hell is only getting started. We can't quite tell the rank of his uniform, but he seems in COMMAND:

CRANE
RELOAD! FAST AS YOU CAN!

Another EXPLOSION. A TERRIFIED NINETEEN YEAR OLD KID falls in next to Crane. RECOGNITION:

YOUNG CONTINENTAL SOLDIER #1
Professor?

Crane glances over between MUSKET BURSTS, doesn't know him --

YOUNG CONTINENTAL SOLDIER #1 (CONT'D)
I-- I was your student.

ANOTHER SOLDIER beside them looks up at Crane:

CONTINENTAL SOLDIER #2
You're a teacher, Captain
Crane?

CRANE
... Was. Things changed.

Crane grabs his rifle, readying it:

CRANE
(to all his men)
Now hold the line and COVER ME!

And with that, CRANE LEAPS OUT OF THE TRENCH and RUNS INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE BATTLEFIELD!

YOUNG CONTINENTAL SOLDIER #1
What is he doing!!?

The other soldier shakes his head wide-eyed --

As Crane runs further into harms way, we RISE UP to reveal we're near the HUDSON RIVER BANKS, up which a wave of RED COATS in the distance charge on foot and horse, a SECOND WAVE deploying from the FLEET OF BRITISH SHIPS off-shore and... TWO ARMIES COLLIDE.

Crane FIRES on the enemy soldiers near him as he charges. Makes it clear: for a professor, he's one helluva BADASS.

Shots spent, he drops to his knees beside a fallen Redcoat. Though he's dead, Crane does something odd: he grabs the soldier's limp hand and PULLS BACK HIS SLEEVE, looking for something -- a MARK?

Crane drops the soldier's wrist when he finds nothing, moves to the next casualty. Again he checks the wrist for marks but finds none as bullets fly around him. Sensing movement in the periphery, Crane looks up to see:

SLOW MOTION, A MASSIVE RIDER ON A WHITE STEED. Looks different than the enemy soldiers -- A HESSIAN MERCENARY WEARING A REDCOAT, his uniform ornate, loaded with MEDALS (we FAVOR one: a Lion & Sword insignia).

He locks eyes with Crane, KNOWS Crane is looking for him. The Hessian reaches for his weapon and we SEE A SYMBOL ON HIS HAND! Crane stands, knowing he has found his target.

The Hessian SPURS HIS MASSIVE HORSE FORWARD AND CHARGES TOWARD CRANE, blade ready to strike --

-- Crane holds his ground, reloading his rifle as fast as he can as the Hessian's stallion approaches at FULL SPEED, almost on top of him --

-- And with a second left, CRANE locks the barrel AND FIRES! BULL'S-EYE! The shot tears through The Horseman's torso, HURLS him from the saddle crashing into the mud.

Only now does Crane think to take a breath until the Hessian rises to his feet in a flash -- A CLEAR HOLE WHERE HIS HEART SHOULD BE, AND YET HE'S STILL COMING AT CRANE -- HOLY SHIT! IMPOSSIBLE! He picks up his axe and comes down on Crane. His axe SLASHES through Crane's chest, who drops to his knees, MORTALLY WOUNDED, now getting a good look of the SYMBOL on the Hessian's hand. As The Horseman SPINS his axe for the death blow, Crane manages in a last surge of strength to grab a FALLEN SWORD and SLASH!

WIDE: silhouetted through the smoke, The Horseman's head ROLLS off his shoulders. The corpse DROPS to its knees, PITCHES FORWARD, toppling into the MUD beside Crane and --

Young Soldiers #1 and #2 look at each other in horror.

SOLDIER #2
Quickly, get word to the General!

Soldier #1 takes off in a dead sprint as we rise into:

A HIGH ANGLE: Looking down on the two fallen bodies, side-by-side. As we DESCEND, we see BLOOD pooling from them both... as the two bloodlines MERGE INTO A SINGLE POOL...

And we now cut SUPER WIDE, taking in the enormous battle from a higher vantage point... When suddenly our VIEW is revealed to be a mysterious POV as it is disrupted by the switching of a GLASS LENS. We are looking through a TELESCOPE. Someone spying on the event below. Focusing on the decapitated Hessian and fallen Crane.

We reveal the FIGURE. HOODED. SINISTER. And on his hand THE VERY SAME MARK SEEN ON THE HORSEMAN. Something otherworldly about him. The figure collapses the scope and moves out of frame...

CLOSE IN ON CRANE'S DYING EYES, as he loses consciousness and -- **SLAM TO BLACK**:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

THE BLACKNESS SPLITS revealing the inside of a CANDLE LIT TENT as Soldier #1 is escorted in by a battle hardened COLONEL who stops our young conscript a few paces back from a COMMAND DESK. Behind it stands a MAN, his back to us, barely in the light. His head turns slightly to give a glimmer of an unmistakable SILHOUETTE --

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON... but just in case:

SOLDIER #1
General Washington? Sir... I have
a report from the front.

HOLD... then, ETHEREAL LIGHT flutters into frame, revealing... ANGELS. We're looking at a CEILING FRESCO in:

INT. CHURCH - SUNRISE

Crane is lying on a cot somewhere, in BAD SHAPE. We're in a CHURCH filled with wounded soldiers, SURGEONS in bloody aprons scramble about with NURSES, triaging men. One of the nurses is **KATRINA CRANE**, 30, stunningly beautiful -- she looks up, SEES CRANE and RUSHES to him -- barely able to breathe as she realizes the terrible truth: HE'S DYING.

KATRINA
 -- Ichabod, nonono --
 (calls out)
Doctor! Please, help him!

A DOCTOR rushes over, examines the wound... then shakes his head gravely. Katrina breaks, TEARS flowing. Crane fights to anchor himself to the world a little longer, as the doctor rushes off to the next victim.

She pushes hair back from his face with trembling hands:

He manages to wipe a TEAR from her cheek:

CRANE
 We always knew Freedom was worth
 dying for...

And though it breaks her heart, Katrina nods...

CRANE (CONT'D)
 Whatever secret you wished to tell
 me... better tell me now...

ON KATRINA. Holding onto something so big that here, now, it feels impossible to say. Looks at him, her heart in her eyes. Debating some CHOICE. Finally, she leans down and KISSES him, so gently... then WHAM: puts her hand ON HIS WOUND -- he GASPS and again, **SMASH TO BLACK:**

INT. CAVE - DAY

These come in FLASHES from Crane's POV: IMAGES OVERCRANKED -- candlelight -- a HAND dips into a jar of WHITE GREASE PAINT -- fingers draw SYMBOLS on his chest -- we're SUSPENDED above a MUD PIT by a STRETCH OF LINEN lashed around wooden posts -- the weird CHANTING comes from HOODED FIGURES all around us as our body's LOWERED, disappearing into the THICK MUD. The WHISPERING BUILDS IN VOLUME until it reaches a CRESCENDO and:

QUIET... What just happened?

INT. CAVE - DAY - SOMETIME LATER

PUUUUUH! CRANE'S EYES SNAP OPEN AS HE GASPS AIR, FINDING HIMSELF CAKED WITH MUD. Tearing free, he finds he's wearing linen breech pants but no shirt, torso slick with goo.

We're in a VERY DIFFERENT SPACE.

And his wound? HEALED AND SCARRED. He tumbles out onto HARD GROUND, knocking over JARS filled with WEIRD ITEMS placed ritualistically around the mud grave... murky liquids, a BIRD FETUS... Where the hell is he? How'd he get here?

He stammers up -- NO SHOES. We RISE UP HIGH ABOVE HIM to find... the grave's in the CENTER of a CHALK-DRAWN PENTAGRAM. He squints at LIGHT BEAMS cutting through rotted WOOD PLANKS boarded over some kind of EXIT ahead. Begins weakly to stagger up a set of STONES -- makeshift STEPS. Puts his SHOULDER into the planks -- SLAMS until they GIVE and:

EXT. FOREST - VARIOUS - DAY

CRUNCH: RUSTED NAILS uproot as the planks PRY OPEN. Crane EMERGES to find himself on a small FOOTBRIDGE; a forgotten landmark deep in the forest. He shields his eyes -- hasn't seen light for what feels like years.

JUMPCUT: CRANE'S HANDS sweep into a RIVER, he drinks VORACIOUSLY. The water clears away some MUD on his face --

JUMPCUT: CRANE'S BARE FEET walk over dirt, twigs SNAPPING underfoot. And then... the texture of the ground CHANGES...

His feet STOP. Because it isn't forest floor anymore...

IT'S ASPHALT. Dumbstruck, Crane looks down like he's just found himself walking on the moon. AND SUDDENLY SOMETHING MASSIVE EXPLODES THROUGH THE FOG:

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONK!!! AN EIGHTEEN-WHEEL MACK TRUCK RIPS PAST CRANE AS HE LURCHES BACK IN SHOCK! He's stumbled into the MIDDLE OF A BLACKTOP HIGHWAY, a very MODERN highway -- and then **SCREEEEECHHOOONK!** ANOTHER CAR SWERVES TO AVOID HIM AND BARRELS OFF THE ROAD, CRASHES THROUGH THE GUARD RAIL AND SLAMS HARD INTO A TREE!

Then... SILENCE. SMOKE pours from the hood. Crane's 18th century brain tries to process this insane turn of events. Terrified, he comes around the car to find A WOMAN slumped against the airbag, half-conscious. A VOICE from the GPS:

VOICE

This is OnStar Emergency Response,
we have your location and we're
sending help --

And Crane is suddenly confronted by the existence... OF ONSTAR. He STUMBLES back -- TERRIFIED -- CONFUSED -- past a ROAD SIGN that reads:

"WELCOME TO SLEEPY HOLLOW, POP. 210,060"

AND WE SMASH TO:

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW TRAIN YARD - DAY

A BREATHLESS, HANDHELD FOOT CHASE: we're in a TRAIN YARD as a GUY in a HOODIE comes tearing around a corner, followed by **DETECTIVE ABBIE ARCHER** -- early 30's, smart, tough, and beautiful -- but there's something she carries, a history she wishes belonged to someone else. We'll get to that later: for now, she RUNS between train cars as a POLICE CRUISER tears in, SIRENS screaming -- cuts off Hoodie Guy -- he vanishes behind a train -- clears an opening when.... HE'S TACKLED BY ABBIE, they go down hard. She climbs onto the perp's back, digs her knee in, HANDCUFFS him:

HOODIE GUY
OWWW! GET OFF ME!

ABBIE
Sorry, that's what happens when you steal from the Kwikie-Mart: a woman with a gun sits on you --

She searches the guy's pockets, pulls out... a bottle of STRAWBERRY YOO-HOO:

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Are you kidding me?

And turns him over revealing... a pimply 17 YEAR OLD KID:

ABBIE (CONT'D)
KYLE?

KYLE
... hi, Officer Archer...

The cruiser SKIDS IN and out comes **SHERIFF AUGUST GREY**, 60's, kind but tough. Levels his GUN but she signals: *it's okay*. Hauls KYLE to his feet, SLAMS him against a train car:

KYLE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry! My friends dared me!

ABBIE
You need to get some new friends, Kyle. You used to be that cute kid who picked his nose in church. How old're you now?

KYLE

S-seventeen -- My mom's gonna kill
me --

Abbie's eyes dart to Grey and an unspoken understanding
passes between them. This moment, this kid, seems to have a
resonance that mirrors something in their relationship:

ABBIE

I don't know, Sheriff, what do you
think? Seventeen, theft...

GREY

Hm. Tough call. He'll probably be
tried like an adult -- that's state
prison.

Despairing, Kyle starts to CRY --

ABBIE

... Kyle. Kyle. Look at me:
I know this town seems small, but
trust me -- you can be whoever you
wanna be. Astronaut? Cowboy?
President? I'm offering you a
chance at rebirth. We all dream of
it -- I know I do. Fact, in a
week, I'm outta here too. So in
the spirit of fresh starts... I'm
letting you go.

(off Kyle's SHOCK)

Run, Dummy!

With a grateful grin, he RUNS OFF. Abbie looks to Grey,
smiles:

GREY

Sure you really wanna leave all
this excitement?

ABBIE

Told you, Quantico takes 240 people
a year, only 20 get picked for
Profile Management. It's the FBI's
only feeder program.

GREY

I'm not asking if you're qualified.

As they reach the door, he stops over the hood of the car:

GREY (CONT'D)

I'm asking if you're running away.

She looks off, the TOWN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW in the valley below:

ABBIE

I'm thirty-two years old. If I don't leave now... I never will.

GREY

If you're hoping to find answers out there you won't find here... Honey, that's not gonna happen. Trust me. You'll just keep on running.

Something CHANGES in her face. Whatever he's referring to, it's her deepest mark, one he knows better than anyone. Then -- TSSHT: they're interrupted by a VOICE on his walkie --

DISPATCHER VOICE

Charlie 101 to COM.

GREY

(answers)

Go ahead Charlie 101.

DISPATCHER VOICE Got a call from the Fox Hill Stables, horses are spooked by something. Probably coyotes again.

GREY

Alright... we'll be right over.
(as they get in)
This is why I got into police work.

ABBIE

Maybe I should drive. You drive like you're pushing a damn stroller.

He GRINS and GUNS the engine, they LEAVE FRAME and we BOOM DOWN over the valley peak, INTO THE TOWN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW:

EXT. TOWN OF SLEEPY HOLLOW - MAIN STREET - DUSK

Big enough to be called a "city," small enough to still be called "intimate." We come to MAIN STREET, onto which CRANE appears, walking along, shirtless and shoeless. People see him and move aside. The normal flow of life here is ABNORMAL, DISORIENTING, and FRIGHTENING to him -- as he takes in strange sights and sounds, his orientation of the PRESENT is INVADDED by sporadic flashes of SLEEPY HOLLOW'S PAST:

A group of KIDS exit a Starbucks on CELL PHONES, hop on skateboards and -- *FLASH: the Starbucks suddenly becomes an 18TH CENTURY BLACK SMITH'S SHOP, four horses tied beside it* --

HONK! Back to PRESENT, Crane WHIPS AROUND to see TRAFFIC crossing the TAPPAN-ZEE BRIDGE, a LIGHTHOUSE in BG as -- *FLASH: SAME VIEW in the 1700's: the Hudson's alive with SAILING VESSELS but NO BRIDGE YET* --

THE SOUND OF ROTOR BLADES draws Crane's attention up to a NEWS CHOPPER overhead. He stops, stunned. The sound of CHURCH BELLS shifts his focus to something ELSE reflected behind him and we RACK TO...

A CHURCH. The sign out front: "GOD WELCOMES ALL."

INT. CHURCH - DUSK

He enters. Empty. Moves down the aisle, *sensing something about this place*. A beat... then his look goes UP: ON THE CEILING IS THE SAME ANGEL FRESCO FROM THE WAR. This is where he was brought during triage!

A VOICE
Sir? Can I hel--

STARTLED, Ichabod WHIRLS rattlesnake-fast, hand LASHING OUT in self-defense pinning A MAN to the wall by the throat -- It's a REVEREND: ALFRED KNAPP, 60's, HEAVY SCOTTISH ACCENT:

REV. KNAPP
There's -- money -- in the tithing
box -- it's -- all there is --

ON CRANE, adrenaline pumping, CLARITY lands: a reverend's collar is something he recognizes. Instantly lets go --

CRANE
For-- forgive me, Father...

But now Knapp looks at Crane's face -- seems to RECOGNIZE it?

REV. KNAPP
Wait... I can help you--

But Crane's already OUT the door. Off the stricken reverend:

INT. FOX HILL STABLES - NIGHT

The cruiser pulls up. Abbie and Grey get out, hear the HORSES braying in the stable barn. Abbie looks to the MAIN HOUSE. PITCH DARK. Strange. Grey flicks on his FLASHLIGHT:

GREY
Go see if Jimmy's home.

She nods and they SEPARATE: Abbie to the house, Grey to the stables. WITH ABBIE, AS SHE APPROACHES THE DARK BACK PORCH. Puts a hand on her pistol grip and calls in:

ABBIE
Mr. Oglevie? It's Detective Archer...

Nothing. Now she NOTICES an old PICKUP TRUCK parked beside the house, the driver's side door has been left WIDE OPEN...

INT. STABLE BARN - INTERCUTTING:

Grey enters to the sound of FEAR: horses are VIOLENTLY KICKING against their confined spaces. Hanging TOOLS above CLANK and CLACK -- it's LOUD and SCARY in here --

EXT. MAIN HOUSE - PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Abbie's FLASHLIGHT sweeps the empty pickup. She steps back and CLUNK, her foot hits something METAL: a SHOTGUN left fallen in the mud. Shit. She draws her gun, keys her RADIO:

ABBIE (INTO WALKIE)
We got a weapon on the ground --

INT. STABLE BARN - CONTINUOUS

Grey tries to hear that over his walkie, but it's MUFFLED by the THRASHING HORSES -- keys back:

GREY (INTO WALKIE)
Abbie, say again, over --

Her voice cuts IN and OUT over the walkie --

ABBIE
I-- weap-- somethin-- wron--

Suddenly Grey REACTS to a NOISE: someone's inside the barn -- through the SLATTED STALL, Grey sees a FIGURE by a WHITE HORSE -- STEALING IT -- WHISPERS URGENTLY into the walkie:

GREY (INTO WALKIE)
Standby, 484, suspect's in the barn... stealing a horse...

EXT. FOX HILL STABLES - CONTINUOUS

Abbie HEARS that... and then, ROCKS to a sudden HALT as her flashlight beam catches a TERRIFYING SIGHT: the BODY of the STABLE OWNER limply arched over a barbed-wire fence. She approaches what should be his HEAD, but sees something THAT WE DO NOT -- STAMMERS, AGHAST:

ABBY
 ... oh my God...
 (into walkie)
Grey, I found Oglevie --

INT. STABLE BARN - CONTINUOUS

ABBY (OVER WALKIE)
 -- someone cut off his head!

As Grey REACTS, so does the MYSTERIOUS FIGURE through the slats, hearing her voice ECHO -- Grey levels his weapon:

GREY
 This is the sheriff! Step outta
 the stall where I can see you, now!

As the MYSTERIOUS FIGURE emerges from behind the wall, we go CLOSE ON GREY -- seeing what WE DO NOT SEE, his eyes BULGE:

GREY (CONT'D)
Jesus God...

MOVING ANGLE: AN OVER-THE-SHOULDER SHOT OF THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE BECOMES AN OVER-THE-NECK SHOT BECAUSE... HE'S HEADLESS (and from now on, that's exactly what we'll call him) -- but we DON'T see him in full, NOT YET, as Grey FIRES at Headless to no avail -- a double sided AXE spins upright INTO FRAME:

EXT. STABLE BARN - CONTINUOUS

As Abbie rushes up to the barn double doors -- SHHHHHTING! The axe blade comes PIERCING THROUGH from the other side, INCHES FROM HER FACE. As she FLINCHES back, we HEAR the unmistakable sound of a HEAD THUMPING to the ground inside --

ON ABBIE -- SHOCK -- HORROR -- the blade DISAPPEARS as it's YANKED out of the door, RETRIEVED -- then WHAM: the doors FLY open as a HUGE WHITE STALLION EXPLODES FROM THE BARN, knocking her BACK -- her gun skips across the mud --

Headless steers the horse back around, AXE still in hand. Stops and "stares" down at her... and from ABBIE'S POV, WE BEHOLD HEADLESS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FULL, TERRIFYING GLORY.

Same military uniform he wore in 1776, now decrepit and tattered. Like he was buried in it. That LION/SWORD MEDAL prominent on his chest. He assesses if Abbie's a threat, quickly determines not, SPINS the axe and SHEATHES it in a back scabbard, and gallops into the mist. Gone.

MIND IMPLODING, Abbie races to GREY'S BODY. Drops to her knees, breaking down, snapping out her walkie:

ABBIE
OFFICER DOWN... OH GOD... OFFICER
DOWN... FOX HILL STABLES...

INT. OFFICER DUNN'S POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

OFFICER ANDY DUNN, likeable, 30's, is hearing this over his radio in SHOCK -- instantly hits the SIREN and pulls a SCREECHING U-TURN in the middle of main street --

ANGLE, THROUGH WINDSHIELD: as the cruiser swerves around, CRANE IS SUDDENLY REVEALED IN THE HEADLIGHTS! Looking every bit a suspect as he emerges from an ALLEY -- Dunn SLAMS the brakes as Crane starts to BACK AWAY, panicked -- Dunn leaps from the car, gun up:

DUNN
POLICE! GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES,
INTERLACE YOUR FINGERS AND PUT 'EM
ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD!

Crane's smart enough to know he has NO CHOICE. So he does, as Dunn PUSHES him to the cement, ROUGHLY CUFFS HIM --

INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

Stillness. A glass of water on a desk... and then ABBIE'S TREMBLING HAND picks it up, she gulps it. Only beginning to know the grief she'll come to feel. She's seated, surrounded by fellow COPS. Across from her is Dunn with a kind smile:

DUNN
Abbie... I need you to try and
focus. Just for a minute, then
we'll get you home. You saw the
man who killed Grey and Oglevie?

She blinks, wishing her traumatized mind were playing tricks.

DUNN (CONT'D)
We might've caught him. Picked him
up fleeing on foot a mile from the
farm. He's in the other room.
(MORE)

DUNN (CONT'D)
 We need to know if it's the guy,
 can you do that?

Off Abbie, wide-eyed --

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

KA-CLINK: a door opens and CRANE, in a cell, looks up at us through bars. Abbie and the cops enter an outer area. ANTICIPATION. She meets eyes with Crane. A STRANGER. Beat:

ABBIE
 It isn't him.

Voice EMOTIONAL. Hard for them to tell if she's losing it...

DUNN
 You're sure. Take a closer look...

ABBIE
 Andy. I'm sure.

DUNN
 What'd he look like? Can you describe his face? We'll get a sketch artist.

Uh... Abbie just looks at all the cops looking at her:

ABBIE
 I didn't really... get a good look.

DUNN
 Then how d'you know this isn't him?

What's she gonna say: *a headless horseman killed Grey?* And for reasons we'll understand, she doesn't want to believe it.

ABBIE
 ... I just know. The man I saw was wearing some kind of... old military uniform. All red. There were medals --

DUNN
 -- Medals? What kind?

ABBIE	CRANE
Military. Crosses and... a lion with a sword...	(interrupting) -- Did he carry a broad-axe?

His voice SNAPS them around. What? Abbie and Crane LOCK EYES. She moves closer to him behind the bars, faces CLOSE:

ABBIE
How did you know that?

Crane's mind tumbles, trying to make SENSE of this...

CRANE
It... can't be...

ABBIE
What can't be? You know who he is?

CRANE
(a beat, then)
The medal you described is the
"House-order of the Golden Lion."
A Hessian badge of honor awarded
for multiple kills. But...

ABBIE
Hey: who is he? Where's he from?
When's the last time you saw him?

He looks up at her. LONG beat. And finally...

CRANE
When I cut off his head.

ON ABBIE. Holy. Shit. They look at each other, BOTH trying to understand the insanity of what's happening...

ABBIE
Who are you?

AND WE **SMASH TO:**

CREDITS -- Johnny Cash's "THE MAN COMES AROUND"

CASH
(spoken)
And I heard, as it were, the noise
of thunder. One of the four beasts
saying 'come and see.' And I saw.
And behold... a white horse.
(music up; singing)
*There's a man goin' round takin'
names, and he decides who to free
and who to blame. Everybody won't
be treated all the same. There'll
be a golden ladder reaching down.
When the man comes around...*

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. HOLLOW PRECINCT - PROCESSING AREA - MORNING**

FLASH! CLOSE ON CRANE as a PHOTO is taken of him: he blinks, disoriented. He's never seen a CAMERA. He's FINGERPRINTED, handed NEW CLOTHES. Looks at the strange threads.

INT. PRECINCT - GREY'S OFFICE - DAWN

Abbie enters, hasn't slept, her head SWIMMING LIKE MAD. Sits at Grey's DESK, seeing FRAMED PHOTOS. One of Grey and Abbie; she's younger, a new cadet. Abbie stares, fights everything to just keep it together... a KNOCK and she looks up, wipes her eyes: DUNN in the doorway, compassionate:

DUNN

I know what he meant to you. To all of us, but... especially you.

She stares, torn. Wants to tell him the truth. Quietly...

ABBIE

In high school, when... everything happened. With me and my sister. You were the only one who believed me.

DUNN

(beat, confused by the non-sequitur)

I still do. Why're you thinking about that now?

ABBIE

What if... I am crazy?

DUNN

... Hey: you're not. And you're not your sister. You wouldn't've made it all the way to The Academy if you were.

She nods a little, so lost. He moves CLOSER... and maybe we sense his feelings for her run deeper than friendship:

DUNN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not telling you to ignore all this. How could you? I'm just saying, as a friend who knows where you came from... you can't let it stop you from where you're headed.

ON ABBIE. Suddenly her drive to leave feels a lot less sure:

CRANE (V.O., PRELAP)
I've done nothing wrong --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Crane sits in his new clothes, CUFFED to the table, pissed, a man used to fighting authority -- as OFFICER TEDDY PRICE, 30's, preps a completely alien LAPTOP POLYGRAPH MACHINE:

CRANE
I need to get word to my wife --

PRICE
 First I need to ask you some questions. This is a polygraph machine. It knows if you're lying or telling the truth.

CRANE
 The machine knows? What the hell kind of place is this? Are you an elected magistrate? Is this an Admiralty Court? By what right are you holding me against my will? And what is that?

He's looking at the CCTV CAMERA in the ceiling corner, off which we **MATCH TO THE "BULLPEN" OUTSIDE**: Officers watch the CCTV monitors, including ABBIE, laser-locked on his every twitch, trying to read him:

PRICE
 We're holding you by authority of the New York State District Attorney on account of you being a murder suspect in the death of Sheriff August Grey --

CRANE
 I had nothing to do with that man's death, weren't you listening? My head's still intact, the killer shouldn't be difficult to spot --

PRICE
 Sir, I can't force you to take the test, you have a right to decline. But if you pass, you have a better chance of walking outta here.

Crane stares. Weighs options, of which he has none. PRELAP:

MAN'S VOICE
I'm Lieutenant Luis Mendez,
Westchester Sheriff's department...

And we begin CROSS-CUTTING back and forth in time (so don't
be confused when we see Abbie in two locations at once):

INT. HOLLOW PRECINCT - "THE PEN" - MORNING - INTERCUTTING:

Officers in rows, Abbie included; at a podium, **LT. LUIS
MENDEZ**, as serious as his reason for being here:

MENDEZ
... I've been transferred here to
coordinate the investigation into
last night's double homicide. I
know you all worked with Sheriff
Grey... my condolences. Given the
brutal and unusual nature of this
crime, the press won't be able to
resist talking about cults and
devil worshippers. I don't want
any of you engaging in that kind of
speculation. I won't tolerate any
nutty conspiracy theories...

CRANE (V.O., PRELAP)
My name is Ichabod Crane...

BACK TO CRANE, wires strapped to his arms, mid-polygraph:

CRANE (CONT'D)
I was a professor of history; now I
serve in the Patriot Militia with a
rank of Captain under the command
of General Washington.

PRICE
(incredulous)
General... George Washington.

CRANE
(brightens a little)
Do you know him?

PRICE
(uhuh)
You believe you're a soldier in the
Revolutionary War...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM/ BULLPEN

Officers shake their heads at Crane's outlandish claims...

CRANE

What's your magical machine telling you?

Price checks the laptop: NO SPIKE. This is weird.

PRICE

Where exactly do you think you are now?

CRANE

Dreaming? In hell? I've seen no Redcoats, no dispatches... have the British retreated?

PRICE (checks: no spike)

Tell me about this... "Horseman."

BACK TO MENDEZ IN THE PEN:

MENDEZ

Although we have a suspect in custody, we're not taking chances: if that bastard's still out there, we'll use every resource we have to stop him before he kills again...

BACK TO CRANE:

PRICE

And you freely admit to cutting off his head, yes or no?

CRANE

I don't know what etiquette of war you subscribe to, but when you're attacked by a six foot Hessian whose sole aim is to cleave you in two... I consider my response appropriate.

PRICE

(jots a note, dry)
Then what happened?

CRANE

I was brought to a church. I was dying... or so I thought. That's all I know...

(MORE)

CRANE (CONT'D)
now I want to see my wife. She's a
civilian nurse in the 37th
Regiment, I need to find her.

ON ABBIE. Reacting. His longing, along with everything else he's saying, seems painfully real. Price placates:

PRICE
 (patronizing)
 I understand. How'd you end up here?

CRANE
 I could answer if I knew where the hell "here" is. Now I have questions, several thousand questions, but I'll spare you the indignity of strapping you to this damn machine! WHERE AM I?!

Price stares. At Crane, at the spike, which hasn't moved.

PRICE
 The question isn't where... it's when. Good news is, you won the war. Bad news is... that was almost two hundred and fifty years ago.

ON CRANE. Falling down the rabbit hole, trying to accept the IMPOSSIBLE. Price pulls out... A DOLLAR BILL. Slides it across the table to Crane, who picks it up, seeing GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FACE there. Disbelief. Words that DON'T COMPUTE: "THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA." Looks up at Price, who stares back skeptically:

PRICE (CONT'D)
 Welcome to the 21st century, Mr. Crane.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM/ BULLPEN - MORNING

Price exits to a waiting Mendez. Abbie on the periphery, looking for her moment to intervene:

PRICE
 Not one spike. He's either delusional or has some kind of amnesia -- could be setting the table for an insanity defense.

MELENDEZ

Hold him for 72 hours at the psych unit, I want a full e-val.

In a RUSH, Mendez begins to walk away, Abbie quickly FOLLOWS him down the corridor --

ABBIE

Sir? Sir? I'm Abbie Archer, I was Sheriff Grey's partner.

He registers that, but continues on into **THE BULLPEN**:

MELENDEZ

Yes, I'm very sorry for your loss.

ABBIE

Thank you, Sir, but if I could ask: before we send that man to the psych unit, may I have a chance to interrogate him myself?

MELENDEZ

Absolutely not --

ABBIE

Sir, prelim forensics found no trace evidence connecting him to the farm, and he described the appearance of the man I saw in perfect detail. He could be helpful.

MELENDEZ

-- or he could be the killer, we both know the polygraph's trickable and he just admitted to beheading someone. He needs professional attention, which you're not qualified to give after the trauma you've just suffered, for which, as I said, I am very sorry. But the answer's no. Go home and get some sleep.

He moves on. Instantly she calculates options -- smart as hell -- shifts gears into "appeasing" and pursues tactfully:

ABBIE

May I at least be the one to transport him, Sir? My questions'll be limited to the 20 minutes it takes to get there. What can that hurt?

(MORE)

ABBIE (CONT'D)
 (then, the kicker)
 If nothing else, maybe it'll help
 give me some closure... please.

He pauses, looks at her, debating -- an AIDE approaches:

AIDE
 Sir, the Command Center's ready --

MENDEZ
 (nods; then, to Abbie)
 You wanna be this guy's chauffeur?
 Be my guest.

And off he GOES, as we PUSH IN ON ABBIE, with another agenda in mind -- bridling like a horse at the starting gate --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Crane sits, processing his new reality. As Abbie enters:

ABBIE
 Mr. Crane, I'm Detective Abbie
 Archer.

He stares, tries to lift his cuffed hands, confrontational:

CRANE
 How do I remove these damn
 manacles?

ABBIE
 Well, you could break your thumb
 and try pulling your hand through,
 but there's about 25 cops out there
 who'd shoot you.

The look between them HOLDS. He adds it up:

CRANE
 You want my help. Which suggests
 you have no options.

ABBIE
 I'm not gonna say I believe you...
 but I'm the closest thing to it
 you're gonna come across.

He just stares at her. Into her:

CRANE
 I can't say I believe you either,
 Ms. Archer.

ABBIE

Detective. I haven't told you anything.

CRANE

You've told me everything.
Everything you aren't telling your colleagues.

Abbie's eyes flick anxiously to the CCTV CAMERA. **IN THE PEN** we find DUNN watching, concerned: what's that mean?

ABBIE

(to Crane, challenging)
And what exactly would that be?

CRANE

What you already know: the killer was a headless horseman.

ABBIE

That. Isn't. Possible.

CRANE

Oh, really? That's wonderful news. Thank you for the clarification -- and here I thought I'd actually awoken in the future! That my wife hasn't been dead nearly two hundred and fifty years. I'm glad to know everything I'm hearing, seeing, and touching is impossible... because that would mean it's not actually happening. So am I free to leave?

ABBIE

No: I have orders to take you to a mental institution.

CRANE

(a beat, fuck)
Excellent. This day continues to bear gifts. Will we be sharing a cell... "Detective?"

ABBIE

Alright, up, time to go --

Buttons pushed she undoes his cuffs from the STEEL LOOP on the table, freeing one of his hands --

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Hands behind your back.

She turns him around, CINCHES his wrists back together, as:

CRANE

It can't be mere coincidence The
Hessian and I arrived in this place
at the same time -- you're clearly
too bright to believe otherwise.

But she PUSHES him out the door --

EXT. ABOVE THE FORESTS OF SLEEPY HOLLOW - DAY

SOARING over the majestic Hudson, we find a POLICE CRUISER:

EXT. HIGHWAY/ INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Abbie drives; Crane's mind races, processing his first car ride: POLICE CHATTER on the radio, GPS, scenery racing by. Hands cuffed, he keeps toggling the door lock button. Up. Down. Abbie glances over, mildly irritated but mostly fascinated by the consistency of his act. Now he tries the window. Up. Down. Finally, she hits the CHILD LOCK. Thwarted, he looks over. TENSION between them...

ABBIE

So you were asleep for about 250
years. Civil War didn't wake you?
Noisy neighbors to the south?
(he just stares)
You get up to pee? I don't know
about you, but I'm gettin' up to
pee every 75, 80 years, that's just
me.

CRANE

(beat, deadpan)
Are you done? Or does it not
concern you that most of what you
say is unintelligible gibberish to
me? Like watching a chicken cluck.
And when did women start wearing
pants?

ABBIE

Hey, it's a free country thanks to
you -- women wear pants, men wear
dresses, it's a whole new day in
America, so live it up.

(beat; off his stare)
You're just... not gonna break
character, huh?

He turns away. Cold shoulder. She sighs:

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's say I did believe you.
You said you woke up in a cave?
Show me.

He turns back. Eyes narrow. An OPENING here...

EXT. HIGHWAY ROAD/ INT. ABBIE'S CRUISER - DAY

THE "WELCOME TO SLEEPY HOLLOW" SIGN. Abbie's cruiser pulls up. Beside the sign is a SMALL DIRT ROAD leading deeper into the forest. He NODS: *there*. As she turns off the main road, Crane senses this was, in fact, her plan all along:

CRANE

You're violating orders.

ABBIE

The convenient part for me is if
you tell anyone, no one'll believe
you.

He looks ahead, sort of SMIRKS. Sort of. She drives on:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

They get out. Eerie woods. She pulls out her KEYS --

ABBIE

Gimme your hands.

He does. As she unlocks his wrists, his eyes go to her gun:

CRANE

I take it the weapon on your belt
is a distant cousin to the
revolver. And if I were to attempt
escape, you'd fire on me.

ABBIE

Wow, you learn quick. Which way?

He looks around -- orients -- points toward the bridge. Abbie opens the trunk, filled with POLICE GEAR. Grabs a camera, pulls out her iPhone, hits "talk," starts walking:

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Siri, open "dictation" app.

SIRI (V.O.)
 Okay, Abbie, what would you like to
 call the file?

ABBIE
 Case number 2013-1.

Off Crane's look:

ABBIE (CONT'D)
 It's a phone. You can talk to
 people, even if they're far away.

CRANE
 And... where is Siri?

ABBIE
No, no, it's not a real person --

CRANE
 That's what they say about slaves --

ABBIE
 Not anymore, slavery was abolished
 a hundred and fifty years ago.

CRANE (reacts, a
 SMILE)
 I'm pleased to hear it.

She moves on. Confused as hell, he follows:

EXT. FOOTBRIDGE / CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

BOOTS step across rickety planks into:

INT. CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

THUD! Abbie's boots DROP DOWN into the cave. Her MAG-LIGHT
 sweeps the walls, she hands another to Crane:

ABBIE
 Follow my footsteps so our shoe
 prints don't contaminate the scene.

-- he follows as their beams move across STRANGE WALL SYMBOLS
 FLASH! She SNAPS a picture, it DISORIENTS Crane. Abbie
 DICTATES, approaches the MUD PIT he woke from, the jars:

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Entering from the north end,
there's a chalked white circle with
a pentagram -- some kind of pit
filled with clay... suggests some
kinda ritual... Mendez is not gonna
want to hear this...

She moves to the WALL where something catches her eye:

A STONE PANEL covered by a layer of COBWEBS. She clears the
webs to see the panel is actually composed of a rather
beautiful mosaic of RECTANGULAR STONE TILES of various sizes
and orientations.

Crane turns his light on Abbie, sees what she's seeing -- A
flash of recognition crosses Crane's face -- HE ALMOST
SMILES. That is until Abbie reaches out to touch the panel --

CRANE

Detective, NO!!

But it is too late as Abbie already has her finger on a tile
which slides a bit under her touch, ACTIVATING A MECHANISM
BEHIND THE WALL --

-- Crane bolts toward Abbie, pulling her back as, from above,
a MASSIVE STONE PENDULUM SWIVELS through frame, SMASHING
AGAINST THE SIDE WALL where Abbie stood only a moment ago --

-- Crane and Abbie land on the floor in a heap, Abbie falling
practically in Crane's lap. They watch in awe as the
pendulum begins to retract mechanically, back into its lethal
hiding place.

Crane helps Abbie back to her feet.

ABBIE

How did you know that was going to
happen?

CRANE

I didn't, exactly.

ABBIE

Then how did you --

CRANE

-- Better than telling you,
why don't I show you?

Crane approaches the panel:

CRANE (CONT'D)

It's a Freemason lock... But you have to move the tiles in the right order to release the key. Like a puzzle.

ABBIE

Freemasons -- you mean like secret societies and animal sacrifices?

Crane moves the tiles, sliding them across hidden tracks behind the stone, clearing the way for a SINGLE TILE SHAPED DIFFERENTLY THAN THE REST to fall into Crane's hand. He then pushes the irregularly shaped tile into a 'KEYHOLE.'

Hear LOUD SOUNDS of mechanisms turning and moving behind the wall as a section of the floor DROPS DOWN MECHANICALLY revealing a HIDDEN STAIRWAY!

INT. SECRET "MASON" LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The room is a Terry Gilliam dreamscape, ringed by SPIRAL STEPS. As Abbie and Crane move through, in AWE, we see the 'walls' are not so much walls, but rather STONE SHELVES packed with dusty BOOKS, LEDGERS, SCROLLS, MAPS of all sorts.

She moves closer to the shelves, seeing each section's organized by YEAR... He begins scanning books. She traces the many bookcases back to the VERY FIRST SECTION, dated "33 B.C." Overwhelmed:

ABBIE

Some of these go all the way back before Christ, there's gotta be a hundred thousand books here...

(beat)

My God... what is this place?

CRANE

It's a Freemason archive.

ABBIE

(incredulous)

How do you know that? How did you know how to open that lock?

CRANE

Because I was one of them. I didn't tell your lie machine everything.

Crane moves as he scans the titles on the shelves.

CRANE (CONT'D)

The Freemasons started as a guild of craftsmen -- masons. Builders and engineers. But it grew into something much bigger during the war -- a society of learned men who wanted to accumulate all the knowledge of the world. Including the forbidden secrets: the black arts, witchcraft, the occult... all in service of protecting the world.

ABBIE

Clearly not important enough to share with the world. All this has been kept secret.

CRANE

Yes. Because knowledge is a powerful thing and can be misused in the wrong hands. The Masons' secrets were worth protecting, even from their own. Not until achieving the highest levels of the organization, could you learn all there is to know.

ABBIE

And how far did you get?

CRANE

Not far enough, I'm afraid. General Washington inducted me in just before the war started. But some of his most trusted men had been lifelong Masons -- men you've probably never heard of. Benjamin Franklin, Paul Revere, John Hancock, Samuel Adams.

ABBIE

(sarcastic)

Those names ring a bell.

CRANE

The General gave me specific orders: to hunt for a man with a symbol on his hand. The same man we are hunting now. I didn't know why.

ABBIE

What sort of symbol?

And now Crane STOPS, finding what he was looking for on a spine of one of the books: THE SYMBOL OF THE HORSEMAN.

CRANE
(pulling the book)
Here... This is it.

He DROPS it on a dusty table. Abbie looks up at him, WIDE-EYED.

ABBIE
This is crazy.

AND WE UPCUT TO A MATCH IGNITING AN OLD OIL LAMP. The book is OPENED. Crane READS, Abbie beside him, the words accompanied by HAND-DRAWN ILLUSTRATIONS:

CRANE
'I watched as the Lamb opened the first of the seven seals. Then I heard one of the four living creatures say in a voice like thunder, "Come and see!" '

This makes Abbie blink for reasons we'll find out shortly.

CRANE (CONT'D)
(still reading)
'I looked, and there before me was a white horse! Its rider held a bow, and he was given a crown, and he rode out as a conqueror bent on conquest.'

ABBIE
That's 'Revelations,' isn't it.
The Bible.

CRANE
...Before I cut off his head... I shot him. A shot that would've killed any man. But he got right back up. As though nothing had happened.

ABBIE
What are you saying?

CRANE
We may be chasing one of the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

Crane and Abbie share an incredulous look, neither wanting to believe what is right in front of them.

EXT. FOREST OF SLEEPY HOLLOW - DUSK TO NIGHT

WHITE HOOVES RIP ACROSS THE UNDERBRUSH, POUNDING HELL-FOR-LEATHER THROUGH THE FOREST. CLOSE ON THE HORSE'S EYES: RED AS HELL. The steed, we now see, is RIDERLESS. As we CUT TO:

A BODY OF WATER. The FULL MOON reflected in glassy water... it RIPPLES AWAY as BUBBLES surface. Something's RISING up from below. The horse emerges through the fog and STOPS at the muddy banks. Waiting. As... SHOULDERS EMERGE FIRST FROM THE WATER, WITHOUT A HEAD. HEADLESS rises from the depths. The steed REARS and SCREECHES and we SMASH TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH - NIGHT**

SLAM TO: Knapp's CLOSING UP the church, when suddenly -- the votive candles BLOW OUT. He turns, seeing something STRANGE out the stained-glass... moves CLOSER for a better look...

IT'S THE WHITE HORSE. Standing alone outside the church, hooves clawing at the road. And in that same POV, WE GET A SUDDEN AND BIG FRIGHT AS HEADLESS APPEARS RIGHT AT THE WINDOW -- he needed to lure the priest close enough to -- CRASH! -- stab his hand THROUGH and GRAB Knapp by his cloak! BUT THE HORSEMAN'S ARM IMMEDIATELY STARTS TO SMOKE, a subtle trace of fire -- he's crossed the threshold into God's house. Knapp BREAKS FREE as Headless retracts his SMOLDERING ARM:

REV. KNAPP

This is God's house, Demon! You cannot enter here!!!

And suddenly The Horseman has DISAPPEARED from view. Knapp hears FOOTFALLS outside -- HEAVY BOOTS moving around the side of the church, COMING UP the front steps. In a shocking display of force, Knapp WAVES HIS HAND and WHOOSH: a CHAIN from the light fixtures on the ceiling SNAPS FREE -- spirals across the room and WRAPS THROUGH THE MAIN DOOR HANDLES, LOCKING THEM TIGHT. HE'S A WARLOCK!!!

SILENCE... maybe that WORKED... then **BOOM!** THE HORSEMAN'S AXE SHATTERS THROUGH THE DOOR AND CHAINS AND THEY'RE FLUNG OPEN! Knapp, terrified but DEFIANT, SPITS his words:

REV. KNAPP (CONT'D)

I'll never tell you where it is!
You will never win this war!

Headless considers, then... STRIDES RIGHT INTO THE CHURCH, HIS BODY INSTANTLY IGNITING IN FLAME! Fire GROWING with each bold step, but Headless doesn't give a fuck. Knapp stumbles back in horror, PINNED against a column... and we GO TO:

KNAPP'S POV: The burning demon SWINGS HIS AXE RIGHT AT US! THUNK! IT DISAPPEARS BELOW FRAME... and then... CAMERA TILTS HORIZONTALLY AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR WITH A THUD! OUR DISMEMBERED POV begins to FADE as we DIE watching a pair of BURNING BOOTS EXIT THE CHURCH... then, **BLACK:**

INT. SECRET "MASON" LIBRARY - NIGHT

Abbie snaps photos of texts and drawings. Both she and Crane jump when her radio blares:

ABBIE

Excuse me...
 (everyone turns: the
 chains)
 ... what're those?

OFFICER DUNN

Part of the lighting system. Looks
 like someone tore them down --

ABBIE

That ceiling's gotta be thirty feet
 off the ground -- no way someone
 could get up there.

MENDEZ

You offering a theory, Detective?

ABBIE

This wasn't random -- he came here
 for Knapp.

As that LANDS, Abbie doesn't realize that out the door BEHIND
 HER... CRANE APPEARS, walking across the graveyard:

MENDEZ

I never authorized his release!
 What the hell is he doing here?

She turns. Ohhhhhh shit. Uh...

ABBIE

Crane was in my custody when
 this happened, which means
 he's not the killer --

MENDEZ

You didn't answer my
 question.

Dunn, concerned for her, gestures to the rest of the team:
everyone walk away. They do, leaving Abbie and Mendez:

ABBIE

Sir, we have three DOA's and no
 viable leads. Someone's on a
 killing spree and that man's our
 best chance of catching him --

MENDEZ

That man needs a straight jacket,
 and you violated a direct order by
 bringing him here --

ABBIE

Maybe he is crazy -- or maybe, as you know, witnesses of a violent crime sometimes enter a dissociative state that breaks them from reality as an emotional response to trauma. Either way? He saw something, something that might help us --

MENDEZ

What're you suggesting, that we give the Founding Father a Glock and send him into the field with a pat on the back and a thumbs up?

ABBIE

I'm suggesting he might recognize details we wouldn't even know to look for.

Mendez considers. Tense. It could go either way. Then:

MENDEZ

Forget the asylum, just take him back to his cell immediately, or you are suspended until further notice. End of discussion.

With that, he goes, leaving her there. Dunn approaches....

DUNN

You're hanging yourself with this guy, Abbie, it's a big mistake. What the hell're you doing?

And she exits, leaving Dunn to watch her go, concerned...

AT AN ORNATE HEADSTONE: Crane already there, eyes fixed.

ABBIE

I told you to stay in the car --

CRANE

(without looking up)
Yet as you know, I'm insane, and therefore impervious to simple commands.

She follows his gaze to the NAME and INSCRIPTION... and what she sees STUNS her: "*Here lieth the duft of MATRON KATRINA CRANE, BURNT AS A WITCH...*"

To himself, his head swirling...

CRANE (CONT'D)

A witch...?

Abbie SWEEPS foliage off the bottom of the nameplate to reveal -- "...SURVIVED BY HER BELOVED SON THOMAS CRANE."

ABBIE

"... her son, Thomas Crane,
1779..."

He just stares at the name, stunned, EMOTIONAL.

CRANE

... she was... with child...
(eyes well; the first time
he's said it out loud)
... Thomas...

FLASHCUT: Crane, dying, in the church with Katrina:

CRANE (CONT'D)

*Whatever secret you wished to tell
me when I returned from the
front... please, tell me now...*

Abbie's voice brings him back to **PRESENT**:

ABBIE

... Crane? Are you okay?

Crane nods stoically. Abbie watches him suffer, unsure if she can console him without fully believing him.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, we should both get a few
hours of sleep.

CRANE

Sleep? I've been asleep for two
centuries. A lot of good it's done
me. What more do you need to
believe me?

ABBIE

It doesn't matter what I believe.
How the hell am I supposed to
explain it? I've identified the
killer, and he just happens to be
the First Horseman of the
Apocalypse -- trust me, it's all in
this dusty book we found in a cave
library..."

CRANE

You witnessed your partner's murder
with your own eyes --

ABBIE

Even if I thought what I saw was
possible, I will be... alone.
Again. Arguing a case I don't
understand, based on something I
thought I saw, with evidence that
makes no sense --

CRANE

-- what do you mean, "again?"

ABBIE

(fuck, said too much)
... Nothing, nothing --

She starts moving toward the car again -- he REALIZES:

CRANE

Something happened to you,
didn't it... something that's
made you doubt your
perceptions.

ABBIE

(shaking her head)
-- don't --

CRANE

We have more in common than you
think: I come from a world where we
took our cues by looking someone in
the eye. I suspect it's what makes
you a skilled investigator, but
this act of controlling the
unexplainable is a desperate one
rooted in fear. Perhaps that's why
you're leaving this place --

ABBIE

Hey: I don't need to be
psychoanalyzed or-- whatever your
version of it is -- brain leached --
by a man who thinks that only
yesterday he was fighting for
George Washington in the
Revolutionary War.

He's hit a NERVE. She arrives at the car, opens the door.

ABBIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but I need more.

And he gets in...

INT. COUNTY JAIL - NIGHT

A magnetically locked DOOR is opened, through which Crane is led by a GUARD into a small, barred cell. Abbie behind him, a growing sense that she doesn't want to leave him here:

ABBIE

(to the guard)

Give us a minute, would you?

(as the guard EXITS)

I got you your own cell. It's the best I could do.

CRANE

(looking around)

Well. It's a measurable step up from a cave.

ABBIE

(beat, guilt mounting)

Look... I'm sorry I got mad. I don't know how to get my head around any of this. And I get that no matter what happened to you, this must all be... a scary place.

Their look HOLDS. He sits on the cot, exhales. The first moment he's had to pause... and feel the weight of it all...

CRANE

Yesterday I was fighting for the freedom of a nation that didn't exist yet. I had a wife and... I didn't know she was accused of being a witch.

(beat; harder)

And my son... I don't know if he grew to manhood... or what he did with his life...

And for the first time, she's letting herself feel the pain he's feeling. With Grey's loss, she's needing to connect. Turns to go, turns back... WE SLOWLY MOVE IN ON HER...

ABBIE

You asked what happened to me.

(beat)

Back in high school, me and my sister, Jenny... we were, uh...

(beat, this is hard)

Walking home one night. In the forest. And... we saw something...

FLASHCUT: *images -- in the dark forest -- TERRIFYING FLASH FRAMES intercut with Abbie's story, so fast we can barely decipher them -- the ground seems to be OPENING UP -- what comes out is more IMPRESSIONISTIC than literal -- DEMONIC FEATURES -- EYES? -- CLAWS? --*

ABBIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I couldn't see it clearly. It was more like... a feeling. And I heard a voice say...

We HEAR A GUTTURAL RUMBLE -- the scariest voice imaginable says "COOOOEEEE... AAAAAANNNND... SEEEEEEEEEEE...."

BACK TO ABBIE IN THE CELL, haunted. Crane listens, rapt:

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Everyone said we were crazy. After awhile Jenny started believing it.

Beat. Quietly:

CRANE
Where is she now?

ABBIE
In and out of institutions.

He nods. Understands:

CRANE
She's... battling demons.
(Abbie nods)
... And you?

ABBIE
It was pretty bad for awhile. Did a lot of stupid things. Drugs. Me and this guy I was seeing end up breaking into a pharmacy. Cop car pulls up, guy bolts -- just gone -- and this sheriff steps out of the cruiser... and I'm thinking: that's it, I'm going to jail. My life's over. And he puts me in the car...
(beat)
But instead of taking me to jail... he takes me to a diner... and he orders apple pie. And says:

FLASHCUT: *A piece of STEAMING APPLE PIE A-LA-MODE is set down in front of SHERIFF GREY, 12 years younger, sitting across from a YOUNGER, STRUNG-OUT ABBIE, at McCABE'S:*

GREY (*RIGHT TO CAMERA*)

You know what I love about apple pie a-la-mode? Where the hot, crispy crust comes together with the smooth, frozen ice cream.

(beat)

You know what I hate? Five minutes later when the ice cream melts and it's just a warm soupy mess.

(readies his fork)

When that happens? We're leaving. So you got five minutes to decide if you're gonna change your life... or if I'm taking you to jail.

And takes a BITE of pie, savoring it. We PUSH IN ON YOUNG ABBIE (*SLOW MOTION*), profoundly affected, as Grey eats...

ABBIE (*V.O.*)

... so I changed. Right there. Because Sheriff August Grey believed in me. I got more fathering in that five minutes than I got my whole life...

BACK TO ABBIE AT PRESENT, tears in her eyes.

ABBIE

And now he's gone.

(beat)

But at that same moment... you came. And everyone said you were crazy.

(then)

And I guess I just... knew. What that feels like.

The look between them HOLDS. It takes a broken soul to recognize a fellow traveler. The guard RETURNS:

GUARD

It's lights out.

She nods, okay. Hating this.

CRANE

Will I see you again, Detective?

ABBIE

... I hope so. And you can call me Abbie.

CRANE

I'm sorry about your partner...
Abbie.

An emotional look, then she goes. The lights GO OUT, bathing him in moonglow from a small window. A lonely image...

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - LATER

Crane sleeps RESTLESSLY, eyes flutter open onto the heavenly MOSAIC of the church CEILING as it comes in and out of focus. Is he dreaming? Is this a memory? Something else?

Katrina enters the frame above him. There's something ETHEREAL about her. She almost FLOATS. Confusion rolls across Crane's face as he sees how worried his wife is...

KATRINA

It's all my fault.

CRANE

What happened? What's wrong, my
love?

KATRINA

...The Horseman...

CRANE

-- I thought I'd killed him. I cut
off his head.

KATRINA

You can't let him find it,
Ichabod. If he becomes whole again
it begins.

CRANE

What begins?

KATRINA

The End...

Crane sits up, reaching for his wife... and now it's like he's woken from a dream -- he finds himself alone in a darkened cell.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. ABBIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Abbie stares at her clock -- **2:36 AM.**

IMAGES spit from a printer: the PICTURES Abbie shot. HIGH AND WIDE -- the symbols FROM THE CAVE FLOOR and the ARCHIVE, Abbie standing over them, trying to understand...

JUMPCUT: COMPUTER SCREEN: Abbie runs a SEARCH -- links scroll: "**FREEMASONS** -- HISTORY OF" -- and that connects us to "ILLUMINATI." DIVINATION. OCCULTISM. The IMAGES that accompany that: PENTAGRAMS, THE VITRUVIAN MAN, SKULLS, and of course, **THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE.** On Abbie, TAKING COPIOUS NOTES though it's all creepy as hell...

She finally comes across several portraits and paintings of **GEORGE WASHINGTON** -- including the famous one of him crossing the Delaware... that's when it catches her eye... but it can't be... she enlarges the image -- We don't know what she's seeing yet as she searches, pulls up a picture of Reverend Knapp from the online reports of his death and overlays it on the portrait and it matches!

IT'S REVEREND KNAPP CROSSING THE DELAWARE WITH WASHINGTON!

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - MORNING

Crane's eyes SNAP OPEN with a start just as CLANG! The cell door OPENS and in comes a Guard... followed by ABBIE, with GRAVE URGENCY -- he sits up, disoriented --

CRANE

What are you... doing here?

ABBIE

I think I believe you. But I need your help first.

Off Crane as he nods, grateful...

CRANE

What a difference a day makes.

EXT. SLEEPY HOLLOW ROADS - DAY

WHOOSH: Abbie's cruiser RUSHES through the verdant valley:

EXT. OLD COLONIAL CAMPUS - LATE AFTERNOON

The cruiser pulls up to an old Dutch Vernacular building with adjacent New England edifices. ON CRANE, as he RECOGNIZES:

CRANE

This is Union College. I was a professor here...

ABBIE

Well now it's Tarrytown Museum. They have a replica of the painting I saw online, which I didn't trust not to be photo-shopped.

CRANE

Photo-shopped?

ABBIE

Nevermind. I just have to see this thing with my own eyes...

(beat)

... and yours.

INT. TARRYTOWN MUSEUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Abbie and Crane MOVE through the colonial museum past a third grade CLASS ON A FIELD TRIP. Their teacher leads them on the guided tour --

SCHOOL TEACHER

-- and when his father asked him, 'George, did you chop down that cherry tree?' Washington replied, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie.' And he admitted to chopping down his father's tree.

Overhearing this, Crane can't contain himself as he moves past them --

CRANE

Forgive me, ma'am, but there is no credence in that...

Abbie shakes her head, as they round the corner arriving at a PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AND REVEREND KNAPP crossing the Delaware...

ABBIE

Here. Look at this one...

Crane leans in for a closer look.

CRANE

This is a portrait of General Washington crossing the Delaware.

ABBIE

And I guess it's my turn to sound crazy. Look at the man standing next to Washington... he's in several portraits with him. I think that's Reverend Knapp -- the man The Horseman killed last night.

CRANE

Because he thought that the Reverend knew where it was.

ABBIE

Where what was?

CRANE

His head.

ABBIE

His head?

CRANE

He's looking for it. And if he finds it, rumor is we may be in for some of the unpleasantness we read about.

ABBIE

Where are you getting this?

CRANE

The General told me my mission was more important than the war itself. I wasn't merely ordered to fell a man in battle, I was ordered to return with his head.

ABBIE

Washington didn't want his head for bragging rights. Washington meant to keep it hidden to stop the Apocalypse.

CRANE

He must've found quite a hiding place.

ABBIE
 (gestures to the other
 paintings)
 C'mon...

They move through the George Washington exhibit to other paintings.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
 (conviction growing)
 Look, there he is again, right next
 to Washington.

And sure enough, the next painting portrays someone who looks just like Knapp next to Washington.

They continue on, finding Knapp in a handful of paintings by Washington's side.

Moving past another painting, Crane stops, noticing something:

CRANE
 Wait. Look here --

ON THE PAINTING

It depicts Washington and the man who looks like Knapp standing in front of a colonial house.

CRANE (CONT'D)
 -- his right hand...

CLOSE -- In Knapp's right hand: A BIBLE WITH THE SIGN OF THE HORSEMEN.

CRANE (CONT'D)
 This is a portrait of the Elijah Miller House. The General used it as a command center during the Battle of White Plains.

ABBIE
 Yes, but unlike you, Washington died, two centuries ago. If not the Reverend, who would he have entrusted to keep such a powerful thing safe?

CRANE
 The General would've entrusted no one. That's the kind of secret a man like him would take to the grave.

ABBIE
Maybe he did.

This gives Abbie pause... as she notices something else in the painting.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
I'll be damned...

She reaches into her pocket and pulls the NOTEBOOK filled with her notes. Flipping through:

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Did you say the 'Elijah Miller House'?

Crane nods -- she finally finds the page she was looking for.

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Washington was buried at Mount Vernon, but his body was moved on...
(reading her notes)
... October 10, 1837.
(gestures: the painting)
Look at the address on the porch of the house --

CLOSE ON THE PAINTING -- Indeed it looks like an address... only the numbers are "101037!"

CRANE
(nodding)
Tenth day of the tenth month. That can't be a coincidence.

ABBIE
His body wasn't moved to another crypt in Mt. Vernon --
(gestures to the painting)
-- it was moved here.

CRANE
Agreed. That was a cover. Very much how he liked to operate. He must've left instructions for Knapp.

ABBIE
And if you're right, what we're looking for is buried with him.

Our duo forming before our eyes --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A Ford F-150 pulls INTO LENS, through the windshield is ANDY DUNN, just off his shift, tired, on the phone with Abbie:

<p>ABBIE (V.O.) Look, I just need you to trust me and call an "all units" to 140 Virginia Road, the Elijah Miller House with air support --</p>	<p>DUNN</p> <p>-- whoa whoa: and you know the killer's on his way there now... <u>how</u>? From that whack job?</p>
---	---

INT. ABBIE'S CRUISER - SUNSET - INTERCUTTING:

Abbie behind the wheel, driving FAST -- Crane shotgun --

ABBIE

I'll explain everything later,
okay? If I go through Mendez,
he'll ask for proof I can't give
yet. The department's spread thin
as it is --

-- Dunn gets out, heads into his apartment building --

<p style="text-align: center;">DUNN</p> <p>-- no kidding, I just worked a 36 hour shift --</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ABBIE</p> <p>-- I'm telling you, that's where he's going. We're gonna miss him --</p>
--	--

The sound of an ENGINE rises and we SLAM TO:

INT. DUNN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dunn moving down a hall, pulling out his keys --

DUNN

-- and if you're wrong? It's on
both of us.

ABBIE

Andy... you always trusted me.
Please don't stop now. There's no
time.

A moment of HEAVY CHOICE. Finally:

DUNN

Alright, I'll call it in... I'll
meet you there.

ABBIE

Thank you.

They hang up, but we STAY WITH DUNN as he reaches the door to his apartment. STOPS. Because he sees... the lock's been HACKED OPEN. Shit. He pulls his gun and ENTERS...

INT. DUNN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tense. Dark. The first thing Dunn sees is a LOCKED STEEL CABINET broken open, where he keeps his spare POLICE STUFF. Finds a gun rack with a SHOTGUN missing. Approaches the LIVING ROOM, but nobody seems to be there. He turns, gun raised, about to head into the next room when, BEHIND HIM...

HEADLESS RISES UP from a high-backed chair: only now do we realize HE WAS SITTING THERE ALL ALONG, the chair obscuring him from view. Alert, knowing someone's behind him now, Dunn slowly turns to see...

Headless has helped himself to all the modern gear: a police belt and gun, and the SHOTGUN held in his hand. And we assume THIS IS WHERE POOR DUNN MEETS HIS END...

Except that Dunn DOESN'T look scared. Instead, he says:

DUNN

I know where it is.

A beat: Headless swings the shotgun up and -- SHUUNCK -- holsters it into his back scabbard. READY. As we realize... THESE TWO ARE WORKING TOGETHER. And -- BLACK.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

SOARING over a dark forest below, we pick up the headlights of Abbie's cruiser racing up a desolate road that winds its way towards a LARGE ABANDONED HOUSE tucked deep in the trees.

INT. ABBIE'S CRUISER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As Abbie parks... another pair of HEADLIGHTS FLASH across the forest. Abbie keys her radio:

ABBIE
Andy, that you?

DUNN (V.O. OVER RADIO)
It's me, Abbie. Backup's on its way, but my damn car's stuck and I jacked my arm pretty bad trying to move it. You got a med kit?

She looks out at the misty grounds. Not ideal.

ABBIE
... okay, stand by.
(unbuckles belt, to Crane)
Stay here, and I mean it this time. In about three minutes an armed SWAT team's gonna be swarming this place looking for something to shoot, you're my responsibility --

CRANE
-- you're going out there with a Headless Horseman on the prowl and I'm the disturbed one? I'm coming.

She looks at him. Sighs, indicates the GLOVE COMPARTMENT:

ABBIE
Alright. There's a gun in that compartment. You'll need it.

He reaches out to open the glove box, but it's LOCKED. In that instant, she SNAPS A CUFF onto his wrist -- before he can REACT, she SNAPS the other end to the steering wheel --

ABBIE (CONT'D)
Sorry. I need you in one piece.

As she gets out, he STRUGGLES against the cuffs, FURIOUS:

CRANE
This is-- unacceptable!

ABBIE
We can talk about it later.

CRANE
Release me!

ABBIE
(tosses a WALKIE on the
seat)
Press the button here to talk if
you need me.

She CLOSES the door. Pops the trunk, grabs a med-kit and a SHOTGUN. He STRUGGLES with his cuffs as he watches her walk off, disappearing into the FOG...

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Abbie approaches Dunn's cruiser through the fog, flashlight held against her levelled shotgun. He's NOWHERE to be found:

ABBIE
Andy?

Silence. What's happening? She pans the shotgun/flashlight around the dark forest -- NOTHING. Tense as hell --

INT. ABBIE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Crane sits in the cruiser, weighing something in his mind. Finally grabs the walkie:

CRANE
Abbie! --

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - YARD - CONTINUOUS

Abbie, shotgun still level, hears Crane's VOICE, keys back:

ABBIE
Standby, Crane --
(beat)
-- saw who?

CRANE
There's something I didn't
tell you. I think I saw
Katrina --

SUDDENLY -- A FIGURE BEHIND ABBIE -- BEFORE SHE CAN TURN, WHACK: the BUTT OF A GUN cracks her skull -- she DROPS out of frame, revealing... DUNN!

INT. ABBIE'S CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

CRANE

... Abbie?

No response. Crane knows something is way off -- starts struggling with his cuffs, trying to get out... REMEMBERING something she said. Last resort: he takes hold of his thumb and, one, two, CRACKS IT BACK, BREAKING IT AT THE BASE -- WINCES IN AGONY -- starts to slip his hand through the cuffs - - UNBEARABLE -- finally manages to PULL HIS HAND FREE, leaving the cuffs dangling from the steering wheel -- BOLTS out the door:

INT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT

Crane enters, alert, adrenaline spiking. Weathered, greying furniture. The interior from a forgotten 18th century era.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Ichabod...

CRANE

Abbie? Where are you?

But it's Crane's WIFE who STANDS THERE -- she's clearly not a dream or an illusion. Impossibly, she is right in front of him. Crane's heart SOARS:

CRANE (CONT'D)

...Katrina... are you really here?

Katrina shakes her head, wishing it were so...

KATRINA

No, my love... not in the way I would wish. Only my spirit remains now. But it won't remain much longer.

Her slightly unearthly voice is nearly all that gives it away. Crane realizes he's talking to an APPARITION, and despite a moment of hope, they will never be together again. Crane's heart breaks.

CRANE

But why was my life spared through time and not yours?

KATRINA

*When you beheaded The Horseman,
your blood merged on the
battlefield, binding you together.*

FLASH: Our opening battle, CRANE'S WOUNDED BODY lies beside the HEADLESS HESSIAN, their POOLS OF BLOOD merging...

KATRINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*His blood is the only thing that
 saved you from death. And it was
 also his undoing...*

She moves to him. Faces close. Her heart in her eyes...

KATRINA (CONT'D)
*The Masons asked my coven's help to
 put a spell on you... to keep you
 between life and death...*

AND NOW HERE'S WHERE ALL OF CRANE'S MEMORIES ADD UP:

FLASH: In the church, Katrina puts her hand ON HIS WOUND -- he GASPS and now we see what comes next: she WHISPERS STRANGE WICCAN LANGUAGE --

KATRINA (CONT'D)
*Knowing the spell would also keep
 The Horseman from riding again for
 as long as you were asleep.*

FLASH: In the cave, Crane's lowered into the mud, surrounded by the chanting hooded figures... as Crane DISAPPEARS, one of the hooded figures looks up -- KATRINA. A tear leaks. And we MATCH off her young face to --

KATRINA (CONT'D)
*They buried his body in a watery
 grave...*

FLASH: DAY: on a cobblestone bridge, A CASKET is pushed off the back of a WAGON, CRASHING and SINKING into the Hudson:

PRESENT: KATRINA'S FACE, as he finally understands:

CRANE
You put me in that cave.

KATRINA
*Acting on General Washington's
 orders. He took possession of The
 Horseman's head and hid it here...*

She gestures, wracked with TERRIBLE GUILT...

EXT./INT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - SAME

POV, BLURRY, UPSIDE DOWN -- Abbie coming back to consciousness as she's being CARRIED somewhere by DUNN...

ABBIE

... And--dy.... What're you...

THUD! She's dropped in his TRUNK -- HARD. Tries to move but she's too weak. He looks down at her, quietly demented:

DUNN

I tried to get you to leave, I triiiied, but YOU. DIDN'T. LISTEN. You just... had to be you. Don't you understand what's about to happen here? What's coming?

And now we begin to CROSSCUT:

ON CRANE, the puzzle taking shape:

KATRINA

I searched the world for a way to sever your bloodlines... so I could wake you, without awakening him... but I failed.

CRANE

Then you didn't bring me back?

KATRINA

It's The Horseman who was resurrected...

FLASH: NIGHT: against the full moon, HEADLESS suddenly explodes from beneath the water's surface:

KATRINA (CONT'D)

...and you along with him.

ON KATRINA. Real fear:

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Even if you defeat The Horseman tonight, this is only the beginning...

CUT TO DUNN, looking down at Abbie in the trunk:

DUNN

"'Come and see.' And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on it was Death..."

ON ABBIE, hearing the words "Come And See." Her worst fears:

DUNN (CONT'D)

That's why I always believed you --
I heard the voice too. We were
chosen to be its servants, Abbie --
to prepare the way. A war is
coming...

CUT BACK TO KATRINA AND CRANE:

KATRINA

*I'm sorry, Ichabod... but you've
traded one war for another. Except
this time, its soldiers are hidden
among the faces of this town.
Knapp isn't the only soldier in
this war who remains from long ago.
There are many on the other side.
Sleepy Hollow takes its name from
the hallowed ground on which it
lies, a long-dormant sanctum of
good and evil... and it's been
rudely awakened.*

BACK TO DUNN, as the CRY OF AN INCOMING HORSE echoes through
the forest. He grins:

DUNN

Once he's whole again, he'll join
the others. There'll be no turning
back -- events will unfold that
none of you can stop...

He reaches up and SHUTS her in the trunk, but... CLACK:
oddly, it doesn't close all the way. Lifts the trunk to see
what's blocking it: A TIRE IRON held upright by Abbie! She
CLOBBERS him in the head, his GUN falling free. Dazed, she
tumbles out, blood covering her ear and neck. Dunn on the
ground, barely stirring. She swipes his gun and cuffs, makes
her way to the driver door... weak, dizzy... grabs the RADIO:

ABBIE

Metro, Officer needs help, request
SWAT team and air support, 140
Virginia Road... use extreme
caution...

BACK TO KATRINA AND CRANE:

ON CRANE, taking in the weight of that -- the mantle of epic
responsibility --

CRANE

And what of our family? What happened to Thomas? What happened to our son?!

Her eyes WELL. This may be the very worst part of all...

KATRINA

Ichabod... I think our son is the one who resurrected The Horseman.

Before we can understand what that MEANS, the POUNDING HOOVES BUILDING -- Katrina TURNS --

KATRINA (CONT'D)

He's here.

CRANE

Abbie...

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SLAM: Abbie shoves a half-conscious Dunn in the backseat of his cruiser, LOCKS the door, CAGING HIM. Then -- the sound of HOOFBEATS snaps her around -- she sees THE HORSEMAN RIDING toward the vault. As she readies her gun, a SUDDEN THUD and GLASS CRACK whips her back -- DUNN has SMASHED his bloody head against the window causing it to SPIDERWEB, like a mental patient in a cell -- GRINNING at her:

DUNN

You can't kill him... he is death.

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The HORSEMAN'S BOOTS DROP from the saddle and march up to the house --

INT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A WAVE OF KATRINA'S HAND and BOOM BOOM! All the SHUTTERS SLAM SHUT around them like a domino horror show. A LARGE CABINET SCRAPES across to BLOCK THE DOOR!

KATRINA

We must hurry.

Another targeted gesture of her hand and a HEAVY TRUNK on the floor SLIDES AWAY, followed by FLOORBOARDS that now RIP OPEN, controlled by her will.

And there, below the house's foundation, lies a SHALLOW GRAVE with a single STONE COFFIN. And etched upon it:

'HERE LIES GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THESE UNITED STATES.'

He marvels at her power, but only now realizes the toll that using it is taking upon her. A nearly imperceptible ripple through her specter, as a paleness overcomes her:

KATRINA (CONT'D)

It's up to you now. I must go--

CRANE

NO!!

KATRINA

SUNRISE WILL DESTROY HIM! HE'LL TRY TO RETURN TO THE WATER BEFORE DAYBREAK, HE CAN'T HIDE FROM IT!

(then, desperate)

Please... keep it safe, My Love...

I'm sorry...

And she VANISHES INTO THIN AIR...

CRANE

KATRINA!!

The house begins to shudder from the force of The Horseman trying to unblock the entrance. Crane knows he has to keep going, turns toward the marble coffin and THROWS HIS FULL WEIGHT INTO PUSHING THE HEAVY STONE LID OFF --

KABOOM! -- A SHOTGUN BLAST rips open a large hole in the BLOCKED DOOR. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN HAS ARRIVED.

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abbie SPINS at the SOUND of the blast, keys her walkie:

ABBIE

Crane?! Crane, do you read me?

Nothing. Wounded, she makes a run for her squad car --

INT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Crane manages to push the lid off, dust swirling, lightly obscuring what's inside:

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BODY, in his MILITARY UNIFORM, hands in repose on his chest, and resting on top of them:

THE HORSEMAN'S SKULL!

Torn, Crane sees DAWN BREAK between the shutters as -- BOOM! The cabinet CRASHES OVER, revealing HEADLESS -- Crane spots an AXE next to the wood-stacked fireplace. SWIPES the OIL LANTERN -- HURLS it at the door and it EXPLODES! Buying him time to GRAB the axe as Headless enters the room with the shotgun and -- CLANG! Crane's axe clashes with the shotgun barrel as it FIRES WILDLY... SKULL falling at their feet as the enemies begin a REMATCH.

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Abbie, in pain, arrives at her car to see the other WALKIE on Crane's empty seat. Turns to the house... oh no. A POLICE CHOPPER roars in overhead, SEARCHLIGHT sweeping across a swarm of POLICE CRUISERS and SWAT racing in. She WAVES down a police car as others ZOOM past --

ABBIE
I'VE GOT A CIVILIAN INSIDE, TELL
THEM TO HOLD THEIR APPROACH! DO
NOT FIRE!

INT/EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - SAME

The CHOPPER SEARCHLIGHT bleeds through the window shutters, backlighting the VICIOUS FIGHT as Crane PUSHES Headless into the wall, dropping him in a heap and sending the shotgun skidding across the floor. Headless, ADVANCES toward the shotgun, cocks it expertly, and FIRES, just missing Crane as he SWOOPS out the door DISAPPEARING into the OPEN GROUNDS, skull in hand.

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - PRE-DAWN

Crane comes RUNNING out of the house as, suddenly, DOZENS OF GUN-MOUNT LIGHTS converge on him, one of which is Abbie's:

ABBIE
DON'T SHOOT, HE'S OKAY! HE'S OURS!

Crane, amped and out of breath, delivers a call to action:

CRANE
We've got to slow him down!
CHARGE!!

A failed beat follows... then Abbie translates:

ABBIE
FIRE!!

And the police line UNLEASHES HELL on the house:

INT./ EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Windows SHATTER, shutters SPLINTER OPEN, walls ERUPT -- Headless is peppered with bullets, but only mildly deterred as he recovers his shotgun, takes aim, FIRING back:

Police take cover behind vehicles -- metal and glass explode! Headless RELOADS from his AMMO BELT when a back door BANGS OPEN -- three SWAT TROOPS OPEN UP, shredding Headless' back --

Headless turns. Irritated. Then, WHOOSH, he FLIPS the shotgun like a BAT and comes at them SWINGING. Hard. Brutal. Quickly dispatching the three troops. Looks at their fallen machine rifles. Picks one up. LIKES it.

Picks up the OTHER ONE. Two-fisting them. When suddenly --

His arm begins to SMOKE. A faint hint of SUNLIGHT has found him. He WHIRLS, SEES two things outside: DAWN! And: CRANE has the skull. Headless holds a 'look' on Crane, debating between him and the horizon's glow... fuck! Turns and RACES out the back, using the twin auto rifles to CUT A SWATH through police -- his HORSE arrives and he MOUNTS UP:

EXT. ABANDONED ELIJAH MILLER HOUSE - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

BAM! THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN COMES FLYING OUT OF THE HOUSE, QUICKLY DISAPPEARING INTO THE MIST BEFORE ANYONE HAS A CHANCE TO SEE HIM IN FULL-- Crane SHOUTS to Abbie:

CRANE
We must keep him from reaching the waters. We need to ride! Now.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - EDGE OF FOREST ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

HEADLESS rides like hell, dawn threatening to overtake the darkness. As the horse's HOOVES thunder past us, ABBIE'S POLICE CAR SKIDS INTO FRAME in violent pursuit. HEADLESS makes it clear of the forest -- arrives at the RIVERBANK, uniform SMOLDERING under the rising sun. BAILS off the horse, hitting gravel in full tumble. We feel his PANIC as he staggers INTO the river and WHIP BACK TO THE SHORE WHERE: SCREEEECH -- Abbie's patrol car skids in, nose to the water --

INT/EXT. ABBIE'S CRUISER

A last glimpse of Headless as he disappears below the surface... Crane HITS the dash, ENRAGED -- leaps out:

CRANE
Open the rear hatch --

ABBIE
The trunk?

CRANE
YES, the trunk!

HARD CUT TO: THUNK! Abbie POPS it, Crane digs urgently through gear for NYLON ROPE. Hands one end to Abbie --

CRANE (CONT'D)
Tie this --
(her BUMPER HITCH)
-- to that.

Before she can ask a question, SPLASH: he DIVES into the Hudson, the rope coiling out behind him. GONE. Stunned, Abbie quickly realizes his play here -- she TIES her end to the hitch -- hops in, THROWS the gear in REVERSE, engine REVING -- turns and looks back:

PUSH IN ON THE WATER... nothing... Abbie's WORRIED, this is taking TOO LONG... then: PUUUUHHHH! Crane SURFACES shouting:

CRANE (CONT'D)
NOW!!!!!!!!!!

She PINS the pedal and the cruiser SURGES BACKWARD, the rope goes TAUT -- wheels CHURN in the mud but win the fight... and we now SEE what's tied to the other end as AN ANCIENT COFFIN drags out of the lake!

Abbie stops the car, flies out, joining Crane as he rushes from the water and TEARS open the coffin to reveal... HEADLESS CONVULSING INSIDE AS HE'S HIT BY FULL SUN! Tries to LEAP OUT, his body SMOKING MADLY, but Crane SLAMS him back down, PINNING him until... HEADLESS GOES UP IN FLAMES! Crane recoils as The Horseman BURNS and MELTS into a blackened SKELETON before finally giving up in a death rictus...

And it all ENDS. Abbie and Crane COLLAPSE, exhausted. Out of breath. They MEET EYES, having just run this impossible gauntlet together. Despite it all, he manages a weak smile:

CRANE (CONT'D)
Did you see the look on his face?
I think we surprised him.

And Abbie GRINS...

ABBIE

We're gonna have to have a real
long talk about staying in the car.

As POLICE VEHICLES rush in behind them, we RISE UP above the scene... over which, MENDEZ'S VOICE:

MENDEZ (V.O.)

I went over the report you filed
after Grey's death. To say there
are egregious gaps would be an
understatement...

EXT. FOREST BY THE HUDSON RIVER - MORNING

Aftermath: SLOW-MOTION, Abbie and Crane are being treated by EMT's, wrapping his broken thumb. She sees DUNN, in the back of the police car, as it's driven away. He looks at her through the spiderwebbed glass and does the CREEPIEST THING: reaches up and points to his EYE. As in "Come And See..."

ANOTHER ANGLE: MENDEZ, on the scene, watches a Forensics Team carry the open coffin filled with the HORSEMAN'S BONES right past him, toward an SUV marked "S.I.D" (Scientific Investigation Division):

MENDEZ (V.O.)

... and now I'm staring at a
charred headless corpse in a casket
you just pulled out of the Hudson
River. Not one damn thing about
any of this makes sense. So my
question to you, Detective, is
this:

And now we CATCH UP TO MENDEZ AND ABBIE, mid-moment:

MENDEZ

What aren't you telling me?

Abbie looks at him, playing the cipher: too smart to get trapped into an answer that might be used against her. So:

ABBIE

It doesn't matter, Sir. The truth
has a way of coming out...
(then, meaningfully)
... whether we accept it or not.

He considers her. With newfound respect.

MENDEZ

Well then, this is interesting timing... I'm told you're leaving for Quantico next week.

PUSH IN ON ABBIE. In this moment, after an incredible first step on a long road to come, her purpose is finally CLEAR...

ABBIE

... not anymore.

MENDEZ

(beat; then, a nod)

Good.

Last look, and Mendez WALKS OFF. Abbie watches him go, then joins Crane with the EMT's.

ABBIE

We have to find a good hiding place for that little souvenir of yours.

Crane gives her a coy and knowing look. She smiles. Both turn to see the rising sun over The Hudson. So much unresolved, so many questions...

ABBIE (CONT'D)

Dunn said a war is coming.

CRANE

(beat, a nod)

"A war with many faces." Far worse than his, I fear.

(beat)

And my son... may be responsible for starting it.

(all the feeling rises to his throat)

I have to find him. No matter how long it takes.

(beat)

Maybe... that's the reason I am here now.

She looks at him. In it together:

ABBIE

Maybe it's the reason we both are.

And those words break through. He smiles:

CRANE

Thank you, Abbie.

ABBIE

For what?

CRANE

(a beat)

Believing.

The look between them HOLDS. Intimate connection, promising more to come. And this is where we leave our heroes, standing together by the water, watching the sunrise... and just when we think our pilot's OVER...

We CUT TO the Forensics Techs loading, using a rope to pull The Horseman's coffin into the back of the S.I.D. vehicle...

EXT. ROAD - MORNING

WE CRANE UP and away from the scene, music SWELLING as we hit an aerial WIDE SHOT, a gloriously traditional ending when, suddenly --

The SOUND of an ANGRY HORSE'S SCREAM overtakes our sound track, followed shortly by SCREEECH as we SLAM TO:

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MORNING

THE FORENSIC VEHICLE CARRYING THE COFFIN, TIRES SKIDDING TO A DEAD STOP on pavement as our CAMERA sails past the FORENSIC VEHICLE to witness THE HORSEMAN'S PALE HORSE galloping right toward it at full canter:

INSIDE THE VEHICLE: The DRIVER braces himself as the horse TRAMPLES UP and over the car, HOOVES shattering the windshield! The man snaps around in terror to see the horse landing behind the vehicle --

RACK FOCUS FROM THE DRIVER TO HIS SIDE WINDOW -- barely a split-second to glimpse a fast approaching HOODED FIGURE (the same cloaked figure we saw in 1776 overlooking the battlefield) -- SMASH! The window EXPLODES as the intruder CLAMPS its INHUMAN HAND around the driver's face -- TWIST-CRACK, and he's DEAD.

ANOTHER ANGLE: the back door PULLS OPEN to reveal the WET COFFIN in back. The cloaked figure SNATCHES the COILED ROPE still tied to the coffin's edge, MOUNTS the pale horse, KICKS OFF -- and the coffin's YANKED from the back of the SUV:

CAMERA stays in back of the empty vehicle as the mysterious rider DRAGS the coffin away, down the highway, past SWERVING CARS, disappearing into the mist while we HEAR the scratchy SOUND TRACK of JOHNNY CASH'S VOICE once again:

CASH

*And I heard a voice in the midst of
the four beasts...*

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING SLEEPY HOLLOW - MORNING

Where the horse-pulled coffin comes to rest... at the feet,
or rather, hooves, of THREE MOUNTED HORSEMEN.

CASH (CONT'D)

*...and I looked and behold a pale
horse, and it's name that sat on
him, was Death...*

With a conspiratorial bow, the cloaked figure stalks off into
the blackness of the woods.

CASH (CONT'D)

...and Hell followed with him.

MUSIC KICKS IN HARD and CREDITS ROLL.

END OF PILOT