

SCRIPT TITLE

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Teaser

DUMPY DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

A warm sunny day in the city of angles. Maybe have a shot of the Wilshire grand in the background leading onto the current street where the action is taking place. The street is in downtown, one of the dingier areas in LA. Spray painted on a wall in the background is a graffiti style blood red fist. A dilapidated car rusts in peace by the curb. A beat, then a cop (Officer Ruiz) runs down the street. He's hauling ass which is no surprise because a split second later the rusted car is crushed by another car that plunges out of the air. This new car is on fire by the way. This is followed by a half a dozen cops, some in riot gear, running from whatever tossed the car.

OFFICER RUIZ

Where is that backup I called for?  
Things are getting outta hand down  
here!

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Backup is arriving shortly. He  
advises containment till arrival.

OFFICER RUIZ

Containment!?!? I...  
(to other cops)  
LOOK OUT!

Ruiz hits the ground as a street lamp pinwheels over his head plowing into another car in the background.

OFFICER RUIZ (CONT'D)

There is no containment to be had  
here! We need heavy firepower,  
now!

Ruiz looks up at the sound of screeching tires. A car has just come to a halt behind the police blockade. Stepping out of the driver's seat is **Art Hawkwood**, Male, early 30's biracial, handsome in that police detective way. He's not super ripped but has muscles; "strong" and "fast" would be the first two words used to describe him. He looks like he's dressed for dirty work, literally. He wears his badge on a chain around his neck. Hawkwood strides past the police cars up to Ruiz and offers him a hand up.

HAWKWOOD  
Detective Hawkwood of Rampart  
precinct. Slayer third class.  
Dispatch says we got a 2305?

OFFICER RUIZ  
We got...

There is a roar. A big angry roar, it is unlike any roar a normal animal makes. Ruiz head twists around, fear screwing up his face.

REVERSE SHOT LOOKING DOWN THE STREET

The rest of the cops are approaching Ruiz and Hawkwood at a full run. Down at the end of the street a fireball careens from a source around the corner. It blasts an innocent car parked across the street. The car explodes.

Then the source turns the corner, the ground shakes with each step it takes. The beast is at least twenty feet tall, emerald green scales, leathery wings, reptilian poise and pissed off!

OFFICER RUIZ  
A dragon!

BACK ON HAWKWOOD AND RUIZ.

Hawkwood looks irritated. He's obviously not rattled by the presence of this mythic creature.

HAWKWOOD  
Yeah, a 2305.

Hawkwood turns and, in a brisk walk, goes to the trunk of his car. Ruiz follows.

OFFICER RUIZ  
What are we supposed to do here?

HAWKWOOD  
Well, your men are doing the right thing...

There is a smashing sound and explosion then another roar.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
I'll be charitable and call it getting out of the way.

RUIZ MAKES THE SIGN OF THE CROSS. HAWKWOOD LETS A HALF SMILE SLIP.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
Old school, I see.

OFFICER RUIZ  
Have you ever fought a dragon  
before?

HAWKWOOD  
No... well not a green one. Color  
just tells what breath weapon,  
really. So the principle is the  
same.

Hawkwood opens the trunk. Nicely arranged in slots carved out of foam is an impressive arsenal of guns, swords, a crossbow and other items like a few different medallions, vials of colored liquid, a crystal skull with glowing eyes and a small cloth bag with a radiation warning but with tentacles added. Hawkwood selects a machine gun with an RPG attachment, ammo and one of the medallions with a small fire red gem in the center.

Ruiz reacts to the sight of the amulet.

OFFICER RUIZ  
A necklace! Detective, he's  
tearing up and burning down the  
whole block!

Hawkwood dons the amulet.

HAWKWOOD  
Sergeant, I do have a machine gun  
too. Look, slaying a dragon is a  
pain in the ass. Having a  
magically modified M4 with a RPG  
attachment helps... but not much.

Hawkwood heads into the fray. Ruiz stays right where he is.

OFFICER RUIZ  
He's at least twenty feet tall!

HAWKWOOD  
Twenty five and it's not a he!

End of teaser

ACT ONE

Hawkwood strides down the street, right in the middle.

The dragon is roaring and smashing a car with what is probably the dragon equivalent of enthusiasm. It stops its pummeling, sniffs the air and starts looking carefully in the windows of the buildings. It sniffs again then lets out another roar.

HAWKWOOD

(to himself)

Had to be Orctown, didn't it.

(To dragon)

Ok, girl, easy now. This is no place for a dragon, so... shoo!

The dragon considers Hawkwood.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

Look, I don't want to hurt...

The dragon breaths a torrent of fire on Hawkwood.

Ruiz and the other police react. Ruiz crosses himself again.

The street is ablaze with a wall of flame. Hawkwood walks out of the chaos closer to the dragon without so much as a scratch. He cocks the M4 which now has glowing symbols all along the barrel.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

Fine, the hard way.

Hawkwood fires the gun at the dragon. The bullets burst on the creature's hide. It reels back in pain and roars. The bullet shots run a trail up to its head.

The dragon responds with another burst of fire.

Hawkwood braces for the strike. It looks like the fire breaks around him like he's holding a shield. When the attack stops he unleashes another salvo of bullets.

The dragon staggers back from the hits, drops to all fours and looks around. She swats a car at Hawkwood.

Hawkwood leaps out of the way as the car tumbles like a toy across where he was just standing.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

(yelling at dragon)

It's only an amulet of fire protection, not... car protection!

He fires another round and then dodges a direct strike from the dragon. The street crumbles under the assault. A car alarm goes off from the impact.

The dragon scans the street, she doesn't see Hawkwood. She rises up on her hind legs and flaps her wings. The force of the flapping blows out some of the car fires revealing Hawkwood hiding behind the formally burning frame of a car. He is about to squeeze off another round when both he and the dragon are distracted by a whooping noise and car horn blaring "Onward Christian soldiers".

Tearing around the corner that the dragon originally came from is a high end, shiny pick-up truck with a lift kit. There are four guys in the bed all holding different types of guns. The truck skids to a halt. The guys jump out dressed in what can only be described as "armed militia meets fantasy cosplay"; armor and cammo, plate mail shin guards over cammo cargo pants... Their faces are painted in cammo colors (forest colors, tellingly, not urban). The driver steps out of the cab, the height of the lift kit forces him to drop down to the ground. He recovers then draws a sword.

He is Hammond Lundy, white, mid to late-fifties with a beard. He wears chain mail under a white tunic that has a red cross on it. He also has a baseball cap on with the white shield and red cross embroidered on it. He announces, to no one in particular...

LUNDY

We are the brotherhood of Saint  
George! The lord God has chosen us  
to slay this beast!

BACK ON HAWKWOOD.

HAWKWOOD

(beyond irritated)  
Not these clowns.

The dragon is distracted by Lundy. She considers him with cold reptilian eyes sniffing the air. Lundy approaches the creature.

LUNDY

I am Sir Hammond Lundy, Knight of  
the brotherhood, Beast, and in the  
name of the one true God I shall  
kill you!

HAWKWOOD

Hey, Sir idiot! You're interfering  
with an official LAPD operation!  
YOU leave or I shall have to arrest  
your ass!

The dragon looks back at Hawkwood.

LUNDY

We answer to a higher authority  
than that of the state! We've come  
to this fell place to do God's  
bidding!

The dragon looks back at Lundy. It sniffs again.

Lundy charges at the dragon with his sword. The rest of the brotherhood charge too while shouting. They start hacking and slashing at the dragon's tail. Doing no damage whatsoever. Finally one of the brotherhood draws his machine gun and fires at the dragon's midsection.

The bullets ping off the dragon's hide with no harm to her. But she doesn't like the guns. She charges up for a fire attack, mouth glowing with firelight.

HAWKWOOD

(To himself) Like I don't have  
enough on my plate!

Hawkwood pops up from his cover and fires several rounds.

These magic bullets actually hurt the dragon. It spins around, furious. Her tail sweeps sending the brotherhood hurling off the street. She roars and breaths fire at Hawkwood.

The amulet protects him but it throws him off balance enough to allow the dragon to attack directly. Hawkwood jumps back from the attack, which is the dragon crushing the burning car. He slams against a building wall and gets the wind knocked out of him.

The dragon slithers in closer opening her mouth to take a bite out of Hawkwood.

Hawkwood levels the gun, cocks the RPG launcher.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

Sorry.

He fires the grenade right into the dragon's mouth, half way down her throat. The dragon rears back, sounds like she's choking and then the grenade goes off inside her. The explosion wracks her body. She shudders and bucks forward.

Hawkwood scrambles out of the way just in time to avoid being crushed under her head.

Hawkwood, smoke rising off his clothes, approaches the dying dragon. He crouches by her head. Gently, he touches her ear.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

Don't worry, girl, I'll find it.

He watches as the dragon huffs her last breath and then the fire glow fades in her mouth.

Hawkwood stands up, pulls out his key fob and kills the car alarm. He is seething mad! This is enhanced by the smoke rising off his clothes.

Some of the citizens of Orctown peek out their windows. Watching and waiting for what comes next.

Lundy staggers into the middle of the street. Views the destruction; buildings and cars on fire, wrecked store fronts, crushed pavement and spreads his arms.

LUNDY

The beast is dead but not before  
doing God's work! Praise the lord  
for bringing cleansing fire to this  
foul place!

Hawkwood spies Lundy, that tears it! He marches toward Lundy with fury in his eyes.

HAWKWOOD

What foul place is that, jack-ass,  
Orctown? Cleansing fire! People's  
homes!

LUNDY

These vile creatures certainly  
aren't people, Detective.

HAWKWOOD

According to the law they are! Oh,  
yea, the law, right. You're under  
arrest Mr. Lundy.

Hawkwood pulls his handcuffs and spins Lundy around. The other members of the brotherhood tense up, one starts to raise his weapon.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

(to the brotherhood guy  
raising the gun)

I would seriously reconsider that  
action, squire! I just slayed a  
dragon and I'm not in the mood!

Lundy makes a calming gesture to his men. They stand down.



HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
First smart call today, Lundy.  
(yells)  
Hey Sergeant Ruiz, I need some more  
handcuffs down here!

LUNDY  
(lower, just between him  
and Hawkwood)  
You know we wanted to wait till the  
beast burned Orctown to the ground.  
Do our work for us.

HAWKWOOD  
A confession. Please tell me that  
was a confession so I can add  
conspiracy to the obstructing a  
police officer charge.

Ruiz and the other cops arrive and begin cuffing the  
brotherhood. Lundy turns around, he's smug.

LUNDY  
You think you can keep us down,  
we're growing in strength. More  
every day are seeing the light.

HAWKWOOD  
I'm sure. Your "higher authority"  
better have a good lawyer on  
retainer.

Lundy smiles. Hawkwood nods for Ruiz to take Lundy away.

LUNDY  
Be seeing you, Detective.

HAWKWOOD  
Superior court of Los Angeles, I  
know.

Hawkwood is over that little exchange. He's on to something  
else. He surveys the damage.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Orctown.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DUMPY DOWNTOWN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

THE STREET IS A MESS, NOW THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IS ON TASK. HAWKWOOD IS SITTING ON THE CURB, RUIZ STANDS NEXT TO HIM. HAWKWOOD'S CLOTHES ARE STILL SMOLDERING.

HAWKWOOD

Fire trucks? I guess all our pyromancers are dealing with the wildfires. How's your first dragon feel, Ruiz?

OFFICER RUIZ

Terrifying.

HAWKWOOD

That's the right feeling. I know the training classes fall short.

OFFICER RUIZ

What, where I study how to arrest fairies and those stupid eyeball monsters.

HAWKWOOD

They prefer Fey Americans. Also be happy it wasn't one of those "eyeball" monsters. That would've been a lot more than I could handle alone.

Ruiz gulps at the implication.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

What I'm wondering is why. Why does a dragon, a green one at that, just drop in and start trashing the place.

OFFICER RUIZ

Forget it, Detective, it's Orcetown.

Hawkwood scans the apartment buildings. Lots of blinds and curtains rustle as his gaze falls across the windows. Except one, a corner apartment a few doors down. On the window is a veterans of foreign wars logo but with orcish writing included. Barely visible in the dark room beyond an old scarred face nods to its right. Then the curtain drops back into place. Hawkwood casually spies an alley next to the building. He stands up and brushes himself off. Smoke still drifts off his clothes a little.

HAWKWOOD

Sergeant can you finish up those  
ass-hats for me. I'm gonna take a  
breather.

OFFICER RUIZ

Sure what you gonna do?

Hawkwood walks away. Wisps of smoke still coming off him.

HAWKWOOD

I'm gonna grab a smoke.

EXT. CRAPPY ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

It's a crappy alley. Junk litters the sides. Newspapers  
tumble by in the wind. About halfway down is a stairway  
leading to a metal door. Probably for maintenance access.  
Hawkwood walks to the railing, leans against it. He pulls  
out his smart phone, pops one of the ear buds in, dials up a  
file and hits play. He chills for a moment, waiting.

There is the sound of the metal door behind him opening.  
Bash-Kor, an older Orc, tall but a bit hunched, grey skin.  
There is a scar that runs diagonally across his face.  
Tattoos run all across his left side but one tattoo stands  
out; an ax made of bone against a field of fire. He's  
Dressed in a junk Wife beater t-shirt and sweat pants.  
Visually there are only hints of him as he stays in the  
shadows at the bottom of the stairway. He leans against the  
wall below Hawkwood.

HAWKWOOD

I know you're taking a risk doing  
this, that's why I'm casting a  
silence spell. No one can hear.  
What's your name?

BASH-KOR

Bash-Kor.

HAWKWOOD

I couldn't help notice the decor, a  
veteran, eh?

BASH-KOR

Sergeant. Grim riders, 3rd  
division, based out of Crisana.

HAWKWOOD

Bone and Fire riders! Wow!

BASH-KOR  
You've heard of us?

HAWKWOOD  
My dad saw you in action. Talked about you guys. He said two things about Bone and Fire; you fought with honor and he was glad you were on our side.

BASH-KOR  
(a soft chuckle)  
Your father lived with open eyes. And you, detective, what do you see?

HAWKWOOD  
I see something that doesn't make sense. Green dragons don't hang out in Southern Cal. Too arid. She had to have come a long way, knowingly, into hostile territory. I'm sure old Diablo wouldn't take kindly to a green or any other uninvited dragon on his turf.

BASH-KOR  
Indeed.

HAWKWOOD  
And why of all places Orc-town? I'm doin the math here and it's adding up to one thing; an egg.

BASH-KOR  
(nods, then considers what he says next)  
Have you heard of the Bloody Fist?

HAWKWOOD  
I punch in on West 6th street. I've heard. Haven't seen much, though. They're in on this?

BASH-KOR  
Their errand boys.

HAWKWOOD  
Where?

Bash hesitates.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
Bash?

BASH-KOR

The Bloody fist, thugs, no honor in their war waging, but...

HAWKWOOD

But, I get it. I do. But Bash, you know better than most about how the sides are chosen. Remember; the Mazzgoth, the freaking "enemy of life" didn't care what species he controlled. As long as he controlled. A thug is a thug, Bash.

BASH-KOR

(after a moment)

Two blocks in the direction of the rising sun.

HAWKWOOD

Thank you.

BASH-KOR

Don't go alone.

HAWKWOOD

No intention of it.

Hawkwood makes a small gesture with his fingers a whisp of smoke drifts out of his fingers curls down to Bash-Kor and congeals into a business card at his fingertips.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

If those St. George morons come 'round making noise, let me know.

BASH-KOR

Help Orcs? Why?

HAWKWOOD

Cause the brotherhood are backwards racist ass hats. I don't like 'em. And there was a reason my dad knew about Bone and Fire; one of 'em saved his life. Right on the Transylvanian border. Every dim sum on Saturday morning, every Dodger game... every... moment I had with my father after the war, I owe to your people. Be careful.

Hawkwood walks away. He pauses to see the same image from the first shot, this time on the alley wall - The graffiti fist, bloody red.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

The entrance to a nice office building downtown. Waiting at the entrance is **Sophie Damascus, female**, mid-twenties, attractive, mid-eastern and something else. She seems more mature than her age dressed smartly in modest business attire and a messenger bag. She glances at her phone, seems a bit anxious.

A voice breaks her concentration.

STANTON (O.S.)

Miss Damascus, hope you haven't  
been waiting long?

Enter **Jeremy Stanton** mid-50's, neatly trimmed beard, looks like a very professional businessman but he seems a bit looser in his movements... Comfortable in his skin. He has a warm, avuncular smile.

He is accompanied by **Miss Beverly**. A chilly, efficient blonde with short cropped hair and glasses. She has a ramrod straight poise, unreadable face and cradles a tablet.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Traffic was completely borked on  
the ten. Supposedly there was a  
dragon in Orctown.

SOPHIE

I guess that explains the smoke.

STANTON

Odds are. Thank you for joining us  
on such short notice. This is Miss.  
Beverly she does my nefarious  
bidding. Any questions before we  
jump in?

SOPHIE

Just one, what do I bring to the  
table?

STANTON

Your skill set. When Professor  
Arneson showed me your research it  
felt like divine providence. Shall  
we?

Stanton gestures to inside. Miss Beverly takes the lead, Stanton follows. Sophie pauses.

SOPHIE  
What did you say?

Stanton turns.

STANTON  
Only that I felt lucky to find you.  
Are you coming?

Sophie shakes it off and follows Stanton in.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby is of the downtown LA business district variety - glass and steel. There are plenty of humans in business suits. A few other species too; a Dwarf with a neatly trimmed beard, lots of jewelry and a pinstripe suit. A tinker bell like fairy flutters by. A green skinned man with jet black hair and glowing face piercings walks by in a smart business suit. Miss. Beverly walks briskly across the lobby to the security desk (an Orc is in a security uniform). Stanton and Sophie are talking.

SOPHIE  
I'm a comparative religion post doc.

STANTON  
And your language skills! Professor Arneson says you're one of the few humans who "gets" High Elvish.

SOPHIE  
So I'm here to do translation?

STANTON  
No, well, not yet at least.  
Language is brilliant don't you think? It defines the universe. Think of how you feel when you hear the word "home" or "dragon". Hell, my use of language makes me a lot of money.

They stop at the guard desk, Miss. Beverly clips passes on their lapels.

SOPHIE  
I get that aspect... But what does religion have to do with marketing?



STANTON

That's the new wrinkle, now isn't it.

Beverly takes off again for the elevators. They follow.

STANTON (CONT'D)

I need to remind you about your non-disclosure. A breach leads to legal action and possibly Miss Beverly devouring you.

Sophie looks at Beverly who looks back smiles and winks.

SOPHIE

I can't tell if you're joking.

STANTON

I get that a lot.

They stop at the elevator. Miss Beverly hits the up button.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Anyway, religion, some great marketing there. Wrote the book, in fact. But I think it's time for a flip. Here's what I have in mind...

The door opens and they shuffle inside.

INT. MAGIC SNAX OFFICES, ELEVATOR CORRIDOR. - CONTINUOUS

The doors open. Sophie looks incredulous at Stanton. Miss Beverly is smiling behind them. They step out.

SOPHIE

You can't be serious?

STANTON

I get that a lot too.

Miss Beverly heads off down one corridor. They follow.

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A meeting room with eight executives. two women, the rest men with an older alpha type sitting at the far end. Miss. Beverly enters and holds the door open for Stanton and Sophie. Sophie and Beverly take seats and Stanton stands at the end of the table.

STANTON

Ladies and gentleman of Magic Snax executive board thank you for your time. These are my associates Sophia Damascus and Miss Beverly.

Stanton tosses a coin onto the table. The Coin erupts in a burst of light and suddenly there is a fierce looking Dwarf in old school battle garb standing on the table. Some of the executives are startled. Miss Beverly just smiles.

STANTON (CONT'D)

We all know how weird and challenging marketing has been since the white light incident. Thank god Dwarves like corn chips.

The image fades into the same dwarf but now he's in a t-shirt and jeans, his battle ax is now a hedge trimmer.

The executives laugh.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Or is it thank gods? Every race has pantheons, the human race itself has several. Think of the power and influence someone like Zeus or The Orc's Grathor has over their followers. Now think of that influence used for Magic Snax.

Sophie scans the executives for reactions. She sees one guy (**Meadows**) across the table clocking her.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Every God needs followers, every god want's more market share, just like Magic Snax. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I am talking about working with the gods, literally, for co-branding campaigns.

This causes a stir among the execs, except for the one clocking Sophie. Stanton grins, he's got them.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Miss Damascus how many gods of corn do just humans have?

SOPHIE

(Pulled away from her focus on the exec) Um, about a dozen, but...

STANTON

A dozen deities all representing corn. Imagine just one commanding their followers to purchase Magic snacks corn chips.

Sophie gets antsy starts to get up.

The exec that had been watching Sophie starts twitching spastically. Everyone turns to look at him. Sophie runs to the door. It locks by itself. Sophie pushes on the handle but it won't budge.

STANTON (CONT'D)

Sir, are you OK?

Light starts streaming out of Meadow's mouth, then his eyes. He rises up out of his chair like a puppet. He continues to rise into the air till he hovers above his seat. His skin starts glowing like he has a lamp on inside him.

Meadows points at Sophie. When Meadows speaks his voice is deep with an echo; he sounds godlike.

MEADOWS

Sophia Damascus. I am the avatar of The great god Plutus. My God brings you great tidings.... and an offer.

It's at this moment Sophie's demeanor changes completely. She's not straining to open the door anymore. You can tell something has switched over in her and it's not nice. Sophie turns to face the avatar of Plutus. There is determination and more than a little cold anger in her face.

SOPHIE

Let me guess; I've found favor with the "great" God Plutus. The offer is... let's see, Greek god of money... riches beyond imagining. All the money I could ever want. If only I pledge my life to your service.

MEADOWS

You accept the offer then?

Sophie chuckles, with some bitterness.

SOPHIE

You gods never get sarcasm. That's so odd.

(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'll tell you exactly what I've told every other "God" that's come round with an offer; No DEAL! Leave. Me. Alone!

MEADOWS

You dare spurn the great god...

SOPHIE

I'm not buying what you're selling. If you could pass that on to the rest of your little club it'll save us all a lot of time.

MEADOWS

If you are afraid of angering your betrothed, the great god Plutus can protect...

This is something new to Sophie.

SOPHIE

Betrothed? I'm not engaged.

MEADOWS

What of Locair?

Sophie thinks for a moment. She recalls.

SOPHIE

Locair, a Elvin deity, the threshold, the fierce storm... A God of war. Why would you think I'm marrying him?

MEADOWS

You claim no knowledge of the arrangement?

SOPHIE

Yeah, zero.

Meadows smiles a fiendish smile.

MEADOWS

Then it is not for me to tell you. I'm not selling such things.

SOPHIE

Wait, what...

Like a switch being cut Plutus leaves Meadows. The avatar drops to the floor, out cold.

Sophie levels a scowl at Stanton.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Divine providence! Really!

She storms out.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Sophie rushes out of the meeting room. She is shaking with rage and a onslaught of emotion. She runs to the elevators.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Sophie is sitting outside the office building. It is obvious she has been crying. She wipes tears from her eyes.

From off to the side of the screen a cup of coffee is offered to her.

STANTON (O.S.)  
I didn't know.

Sophie looks at the coffee then at Stanton who enters frame.

SOPHIE  
You expect me to believe that?

STANTON  
If I were you, no, but I'm me. And I had nothing to do with that light show up there. Honest.

Sophie reluctantly takes the coffee offering.

SOPHIE  
I should've seen it when you said divine providence.

STANTON  
How so?

SOPHIE  
They.. The "gods"... can manipulate coincidence. How'd you meet Professor Arneson?

STANTON

A restaurant, I got his order  
accidently...

SOPHIE

Yep.

STANTON

Divine manipulation through  
risotto, diabolical.

SOPHIE

(a slight laugh) Diabolical? Nobody  
says that, geeze.

Stanton takes this as an opening to sit next to Sophie.

STANTON

What's happening to you?

SOPHIE

About ten years ago they just  
started showing up. Mostly avatars  
like that mope up there but  
occasionally a talking raven or a  
cloud of smoke. One time I was  
taking a shower and the water  
became gold coins.

STANTON

That's more than a little creepy.

SOPHIE

And painful. One minute warm water  
the next, ouch! Gold coins hurt  
when they hit you.

STANTON

Never thought of that.

SOPHIE

Always the same routine; they come  
on strong, big showy magic act and  
all of them pretty much offer the  
same deal.

STANTON

Any idea why? This pre-dates your  
studies.

SOPHIE

It's the reason why I got into  
comparative religions.

STANTON  
And the marriage part?

SOPHIE  
New one to me. I'm going to look into that. Anyway, I'm sorry I ruined your pitch.

STANTON  
Oh, you didn't ruin it, in fact Magic Snax couldn't wait to sign us on because of that display.

SOPHIE  
Serious?

STANTON  
As a heart attack.

SOPHIE  
Wait, us?

STANTON  
I'd like to keep you on retainer as a consultant.

SOPHIE  
Mr. Stanton, I can't...

STANTON  
Jeremiah. Hear me out. You won't be in the field with us, just available by phone and back-up research, translations too. I wasn't lying about your skill set.

Sophie is conflicted, it's written on her face.

STANTON (CONT'D)  
I know it's tough being a grad student, despite gold coins from your shower head. (sweetening the deal) Maybe we can figure out why you're a god magnet too. I do have my own resources in that department.

Sophie does the math in her head, seems to be swayed.

SOPHIE  
Ok, I accept your offer, thank you...

Stanton picks up on her reticence.

STANTON

But?

SOPHIE

But I have to give you a word of warning about dealing with gods.

STANTON

What's that.

SOPHIE

They always, always demand a sacrifice.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT 3

EXT. ORCTOWN STREET - DAY

A different street in Orctown. Think Ghetto; run down apartment buildings, litter in the streets, bars on windows. Hawkwood, dressing down in a hoodie, ambles along the sidewalk till he gets to an Orc (**Garn**) dressed like a homeless person (or homeless Orc, you know) sitting on a stoop. Hawkwood stops near the Orc, dials up a spell on his iPod and pulls out a smoke. He offers it to the Orc who takes it.

HAWKWOOD

Any movement?

GARN

Nope, all exits are covered and the detection spells have been quiet. They could've moved the egg as soon as the dragon dropped.

Hawkwood looks at his phone.

HAWKWOOD

Nah, it's in there. Got a warrant for special detection spell; it's in the building.

Hawkwood and Garn see movement; A beat up van rolls down the street. It stops across the street, in front of the building Hawkwood and Garn are clocking.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

Maybe not for much longer.

He keys a hidden mic.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

They're on the move, be ready.

Hawkwood checks his gun.

Across the street the building door opens and four orcs dressed in a cross between fantasy Orc garb and current gang banger attire exit. Two are team lifting something covered by a blanket the other two are very much in outlook positions.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

Here we go.

Hawkwood walks away from Garn across the street towards the Orc gang. He gets a few steps away, just on the opposite side of the van. The Orc crew stops dead.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
Hey fellas, That looks heavy,  
thought you might need some help.

Hawkwood pulls out his badge from underneath his hoodie.

One of the guard orcs pulls out a wand and shoots a fireball right at Hawkwood. It burst across him. For a moment he disappears in the flame then he walks out of it unharmed. His gun is drawn now. He fires, wounding the wand Orc in the hand. The other Orc draws a snub nose machine gun and opens fire.

Hawkwood is already dodging behind the van. He sees the driver aiming at him till a bullet hit pings off the door (fired from Garn) causing the Orc to duck for cover.

Police sirens are wailing now.

Hawkwood looks under the van and sees all the Orc feet shuffling around. He pulls a small plastic disc out of his pocket and slides it under the van.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
Kolo-sa... FE!

The plastic disc bursts in a directed swirling jet blast of air. The exploding whirlwind shoots the van straight up into the air. An Orc falls out of the passenger side door slamming into the ground. With instant precision Hawkwood aims his gun and shoots the unwounded guard Orc square in the head and hits the other guard in the shoulder, dropping him. The two orcs carrying the Egg have just finished putting the egg down and are drawing on Hawkwood.

Hawkwood rolls into a ball and covers his head.

Just before they can squeeze off rounds the van crashes back to the ground (right on top of the passenger Orc that fell out of the van) The concussion of the smashing van blows the Orcs off their feet slamming them into the apartment wall behind them.

Now the police cars are coming in from either end of the street. Garn is covering the back side of the van and Hawkwood is up and around the front. He peeks around the edge of the van seeing the Orcs still dazed by the impact.

Hawkwood runs up to them and kicks their guns out of the way.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
LAPD hit the ground! I mean stay on  
the ground!

Officer Ruiz comes up to Hawkwood, gun drawn. The rest of the  
cops move in to cuff up the surviving gang members.

OFFICER RUIZ  
Insurance companies must love you.

HAWKWOOD  
So does the quartermaster. Another  
typhoon blast spell used.

Hawkwood pats Ruiz on the shoulder and heads to the egg. Garn  
is already standing by it, still on alert.

GARN  
You should have the honors.

Hawkwood crouches down and unwraps a part of the blanket.  
Underneath is a giant egg with a faint green glow to it.

HAWKWOOD  
(To himself) Told you I'd find it.

He keys his mic.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)  
Dispatch, anybody from acquisitions  
not parting out the dragon? We got  
a live 2305E.

DISPATCH  
Copy. New orders are to secure the  
2305E till feds arrival. Estimate  
two minutes.

HAWKWOOD  
Come again, dispatch?

Hawkwood catches a black SUV coming around the corner. It  
parks inside the police line. The driver and a passenger exit  
the vehicle. One is a human: **PRICE**, male, white, lean, square  
jawed, crisp haircut. The other is Elf: **Coldwind**, male - pale  
almost translucent, slicked back longish blonde hair, about  
as elongated as possible, pointed ears. Both are dressed in  
FBI standard black suits, ties, dark aviator sunglasses and  
earpieces. Coldwind has a understated ear cuff on his right  
lobe. Price approaches Hawkwood, hand extended.

PRICE  
Detective Hawkwood, I'm agent  
Price, this is Agent Coldwind.

Price takes in the scene, lands his sight on the egg.

PRICE (CONT'D)

A dragon egg! Excellent work!

Hawkwood shakes Price's hand but he seems dubious.

HAWKWOOD

Thanks for the compliment, I guess.  
Didn't know the Feds were already  
scoping this.

Coldwind betrays a small amount of confusion.

COLDWIND

We haven't been using scopes of any  
kind. Do you think we've been  
deploying snipers?

Hawkwood just half smiles, casually points at the elf and  
nods.

HAWKWOOD

You I'll miss the most scarecrow.

PRICE

(Surprising a smile) We're part of  
a bigger operation. We've been  
watching these clowns for a minute.

HAWKWOOD

Well thanks for pitching in.

Pierce smiles.

HAWKWOOD (CONT'D)

... And you want the dragon egg.

PRICE

We've been tracking it since  
Ecuador. I hope that's not a  
problem.

HAWKWOOD

What're you going to do with it? I  
did kill it's mother earlier today.  
I feel a little responsible.

COLDWIND

The egg will be taken to a  
facility, hatched and the dragon  
will be raised amongst it's own  
kind.

HAWKWOOD

Yeah, I hear the government is big  
on that nowadays.

There is a kinda tense moment that passes between Hawkwood  
and Coldwind. Price intervenes.

PRICE

Detective if we could talk, just  
you and me?

HAWKWOOD

Sure amigo.

Price and Hawkwood walk away together. Coldwind and Garn eye  
each other with cold disdain.

PRICE

I get your concern.

HAWKWOOD

Good, you know the value of a  
dragon egg out there? How many  
really very bad spells use  
ingredients from...

PRICE

The value of a trained from birth  
dragon far outweigh any other use.  
My department isn't in the weapons  
of mass destruction business.  
Which, I can tell you, is exactly  
where this dragon was headed before  
you stepped in.

HAWKWOOD

What division DQ you belong to  
agent Price?

PRICE

Despite upsetting our timetable, a  
division that has been quite  
impressed with your work.

Hawkwood smiles knowingly.

HAWKWOOD

I'm not for sale.

PRICE

I know. One of the reasons we're  
impressed.

Price removes his shades. He drops the federal agent act.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Look, it's a good thing. What would you do with it anyway? The city of LA already HAS a dragon and you know Diablo is not fond of sharing turf.

HAWKWOOD

Yeah yeah, I grok you. You're serious about raising the thing?

PRICE

Already doing it with others. If and I hope to the universe that it remains an "If", if somehow the Mazzgoth came back or something like it ever popped up again... we're not going to be caught unprepared. You were a kid, but...

HAWKWOOD

I know the stories. How close the enemy of life got to ending everything.

PRICE

So you understand that we can never allow such a thing to take root again. And we need to use every resource we can get to make sure of that.

HAWKWOOD

So, to be clear, we are talking a biological WMD. Just on our side.

PRICE

A better word is deterrent.

Hawkwood gets the dubious look again.

PRICE (CONT'D)

I've studied your record, Detective, how you work in the field. I think you get what I'm talking about.

Hawkwood considers his options. He sizes up Price and decides.

HAWKWOOD

Alright, it'll be smooth.

PRICE

Thanks. Of course you and your team  
get the collar.

HAWKWOOD

Damn straight we will.

PRICE

Our presence here needs to be kept  
quiet.

HAWKWOOD

Because of the bigger operation,  
right. Fine. How 'bout you do me a  
solid.

PRICE

If I can.

HAWKWOOD

Brotherhood of Saint George;  
ringleader by the name of Lundy.

Price smiles and nods.

PRICE

I'm aware of him. I doubt I can  
keep him locked down permanently  
but I can significantly delay his  
release.

HAWKWOOD

Tabs?

PRICE

Unofficially. I have a feeling that  
you'll be giving me more info  
though.

Price extends his hand. Hawkwood shakes firmly this time.

PRICE (CONT'D)

What do you have for a card  
exchange?

Hawkwood snaps his fingers and the smoke drifts to Price and  
congeals into a card in Price's hand just like with Bash-Kor.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Nice, classy.

HAWKWOOD

And yours?

PRICE

It's already in your pocket. Let's  
get back before my Elf and your Orc  
decide to disembowel each other.

Hawkwood reaches into his pocket and pulls out Price's card.  
He's a little impressed. The card has the federal seal on it  
and reads Matthew Price and his info. On the top are the  
words "Department 23".

Hawkwood keys his mic.

HAWKWOOD

Garn, it's been one of those days.  
The Blue Dragon, I got first round.

END OF ACT 3.



ACT 4

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - NIGHT

Downtown industrial district, LA. The kind of area that is really busy during the day and utterly empty at night. Warehouses, distribution hubs, empty streets of uneven pavement lit by sodium vapor and LED. Not everything is quiet, though, one of the buildings, a broken down boxing ring/gym has lights on and the sounds of activity from inside. An second floor patio shows a guy leaning against the ledge smoking a cigarette. A half a block away (out of sight of the lookout) is a car and a cube van parked behind it.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I dunno, Frank, why's it gettin so much harder? Now we got Feds working with Elves!

REVEAL TWO MEN SITTING IN THE CAR

The two men are **FRANK SONOS**, male early to mid-forties, white with muted Italian features. Think Harvey Keitel in reservoir dogs as far as demeanor; professional, reserved but smart and a bit cagey. He's watching the building through binoculars. **JIMMY DOVE**, male younger, early thirties. In contrast to Frank he's twitchy and can barely contain himself. Very animated when he talks. He takes a sip off a can of energy drink and snacks on a bag of pretzels in his lap.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car looks ratty and old school. Around the rear view mirror is an odd charm along with an generic pine tree air freshener. Jimmy pops another pretzel.

JIMMY

Elves! Those bastards creep me out the pointy ears? They're like Vulcans or something!

Frank lowers the binoculars.

FRANK

Elves don't care 'bout guys like us, Jimmy. They're looking for the next Mazzgoth. We don't even count. As long as the business don't get stupid enough to try necromancy elves won't notice.

Jimmy takes another hit of energy drink.

JIMMY

How 'bout those Bloody fist bastards! Freggin Orcs movin on territory! What the screw!

FRANK

Jimmy, ya talk to much.

JIMMY

All I'm sayin is it's getting harder for a crook to make an honest living out there. Magic and crap... you know what they say about this cat we're hitting?

FRANK

Diachi? Yeah he's a good shot, maybe got some bullet warding going on too. We got it worked out.

Jimmy pops a cigarette. He snaps his fingers and his pointer finger pops fire like a zippo lighter.

JIMMY

That ain't what I heard.

Frank sees what Jimmy is doing and swats him.

FRANK

Jesus, Jimmy you wanna set off any detection spells? What the hell is wrong with you?

JIMMY

Relax Frank.

FRANK

And light discipline, damnit!

Jimmy spies something outside; a large bird soars past.

JIMMY

Oooh, here we go! Frank, ya gotta chill, this isn't Transylvania...

Jimmy reaches by his feet an pulls up a shotgun.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's LA dog!

He cocks the gun. Frank scowls but cocks his handgun.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Jimmy are standing at the back of the cube Van. Frank unhooks the door. It rolls up; inside are a half a dozen other goons dressed in black with machine guns and other weapons. The crew start to exit the back. Everyone is quiet and tense. Frank moves back to the car where Jimmy has the binoculars.

FRANK

Boys are ready, Jimmy. How bout  
that lookout?

Jimmy raises his pointer finger.

CUT TO:

P.O.V

The lookout is still chilling. There is a hawk shriek and the large bird Jimmy spied earlier swoops into the lookout, knocking him out of sight for a moment. Seconds later a different guy pops up. He gives a quick flash with a flashlight at the p.o.v.

BACK TO

Jimmy lowers the binoculars, looks at Frank and nods.

Frank walks to the hood of the car and pulls a charm out of his pocket (The charm looks like a larger version of the one around the rear view mirror) and places it on the hood.

JIMMY

You sure this'll work?

FRANK

Mitch knows how to whip this stuff  
up right. You might want to stand  
back.

Frank places his hand over the charm and starts to murmur an incantation. As he says the words the car's headlights flick on and the motor starts up. A red glow fades up to a unnatural intensity inside.

Jimmy tries to look casual as he backs off. Frank moves to the side of the car which now seems demonic and angry. Its engine revs. He still has his palm facing the car and murmuring the incantation.

The rest of the team stands ready, a little freaked out by the demon car.

Jimmy and the other guys pull ski masks over their faces. Frank has finished the incantation. It seems like the car is ready to take off. It lurches like a strong parking break is on. The back wheels start to spin. The headlights now turn red.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get ready guys!

Frank closes his open palm into a fist and the car shoots off like a thing possessed (which it is).

The whole team breaks into a run.

The car screeches around the corner out of sight. Then there is the sound of a big crash and yelling over the screeching of tires. Then screams.

Frank and his team run across the street to the entrance of the building. In the background there is light pouring out of a hole in the building. The demon car is backing out with a guy on the hood. It speeds forward again as it drops out of camera view and there is more sound effects of crashing and now, gunfire.

Frank and Jimmy get to the door of the building. Jimmy snaps his fingers and a flash of light hits the door knob. Nothing happens.

JIMMY

Ok, old school! Guys.

Two of the team have a door smasher like the cops. They hit it full on smashing the door to pieces. They enter.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There is a small reception room and a hall heading off in one direction. There is also a stairway going up. The cacophony of the demon car vs thugs can be heard a few rooms away. Down the hall the wall shatters into dust a body is hurled into the opposite wall. Through the hole is the front of the car,, red headlights glaring. It backs up out of sight, followed by more gunfire and engine revving. Three of the team head off down the opposite hallway, three head towards the carnage caused by demon car. Frank and Jimmy head upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Jimmy reach the top of the stairs to the office. It looks a little dingy with boxing posters and gloves hanging on the wall.

There is a desk off to the side and a nice wooden floor. At the far end of the room is another door, closed.

The muted sounds of the fight downstairs has become different gunfire (Frank's men mopping up from the car attack), less squealing tires and things being smashed.

Frank quickly scans the room and heads for the door. Jimmy brings up the rear.

Frank stops right up at the door and presses his ear to it. He can hear someone talking in Japanese on the other side.

Jimmy holds in the middle of the room scanning for threats.

JIMMY

You think this Diachi cat would have more protection.

What Jimmy doesn't see is a part of the floor rising up behind him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Is he that much of a bad-ass?

The floor morphs into a hand and grabs Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

AHHHHHHHHH!

Frank turns to see Jimmy in the giant hand.

Just then a bullet pierces the door narrowly missing Frank.

FRANK

Damnit!

Frank dives out of the line of fire and scrambles for something in his pocket.

JIMMY

Frank HELP!

FRANK

It's a wood elemental! Use your fire spell!

Frank pulls a gnarled stick out of his pocket. It has string tied around it and a small feather.

Another bullet bursts through the door.

Jimmy snaps his finger and it does the zippo thing.

There is an unholy shriek and the hand releases Jimmy.

Frank throws the stick at the wood elemental. It spins into a sphere. Frank is pointing at the big ball of wood monster, it hovers in the air for a second. Frank then points at the door and the wood elemental careens into the door smashing through. There is a gunshot, a crash and sounds of breakage. Then silence.

Frank runs up to the edge of the door. He looks in

FRANK'S P.O.V.

INT. DIACHI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The office was nice a few moments ago. Now things are pretty smashed up by the elemental. Decor is Japanese themed with a modern edge.

On the floor, crushed under the wood elemental, is the man known as Diachi. He is Japanese. He is also bloody and broken. He strains desperately for a gun on the floor just out of his reach. Near that gun on the back of a tipped chair is a dual holster with another gun. Frank moves in quickly. Diachi ignores him and keeps trying to reach the gun. Frank regards Diachi.

FRANK

Still got some fight left.

Jimmy runs in. He goes to the desk and sticks a thumb drive in the laptop there.

With Diachi's last breath he still strains for the gun. He goes limp, a moment later, dead.

JIMMY

Frank what gives?

Frank crouches down to examine the gun. It's a bit showy; the body is stark white with a blood red grip and a gold Chinese dragon inlaid. It's the kind Chow Yun-Fat used in "Hard Boiled"; a Norinco Type 54 Model 213.

Frank lets out a low whistle.

FRANK

Sweet.

Frank looks to the holster, grabs it. There is another gun just like the one Frank is holding in one of the holders. Frank looks at the one in his hand.

He thinks about it for a moment. Then he puts the holster around his shoulders. Jimmy shoots him a questioning look.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's not like he'll be needing them.

The holster is a perfect fit. He's a little surprised. Frank slips the first gun into the open holder.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Funny, he doesn't look my size.

Jimmy nods nervously while looking at the computer. After a second he smiles.

JIMMY

Got the goods. Drive time, boss?

Frank scans the room.

FRANK

Yes, I think the message is clear. Let's jet.

Jimmy takes off as Frank walks around the destruction. He stops and looks at the dead Japanese gangster.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thanks, I'll take care of them.

Frank leaves.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

INT. EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

A run down empty apartment. The walls are a bit cracked there is a doorway leading to a bedroom off to the side. A decent sized window is on one wall. Outside the landmarks of Hollywood glitter in the night. The front door swings open and in runs **Cassandra Stone**. She is an attractive African American woman, a darker complexion. She looks mid to late twenties. She is wearing a leather jacket, jeans, a t-shirt and a beanie on her head. She is carrying a purse. She looks around nervously, like she is expecting something or someone to pop out on her. She moves to the middle of the room and dumps the contents of her purse on the floor. The contents are six different knives, a few small sticks and an empty shotgun shell. She quickly arranges the knives into a rough circle then places the shotgun shell in the center and tee pees the sticks over it. She looks around nervously again and starts to murmur in a low volume.

CASSANDRA

I stand before the threshold and  
send prayers to the fierce storm.

The little tinder of sticks catch fire by themselves.  
Cassandra's eyes grow wider in the firelight.

SINISTER FIGURE 1 (O.S.)

Prayer to the elvin gods are a  
waste of breath, little one. They  
turned their backs on us long ago.

Cassandra stands up and backs away from the sinister figure standing in the corner. The figure is tall. It is wearing black robes and a hood which completely hides the face in darkness. Even the small flickering light from the burning sticks can't seem to penetrate the cloaked face. The figure takes a step forward. The firelight does cast shadows behind the figure. Shadows that seem to move on their own, twisting, stretching, reaching...

CASSANDRA

Mighty Locair; God of war hear my  
call!

The figure steps further into the room as Cassandra retreats back.

SINISTER FIGURE 1

No help shall be given, not from  
Locair, not from Nortal... None!



CASSANDRA  
I seek your help in fighting my  
enemies...

The figure is almost in the middle of the room now.

SINISTER FIGURE 1  
Return what you have stolen from us  
and your death shall be... Mostly  
painless.

Cassandra Looks down and sees that the figure has now stepped next to the circle of knives. She looks back up, a hard look on her face.

CASSANDRA  
Accept this sacrifice!

She quickly whips out an automatic pistol and shoots right into the hood of the figure. The sinister figure lurches back from the impact, black oily blood arcs out from inside the hood and splatters the little altar. The fire is extinguished. The figure falls backwards to the floor And lands with a thud.

Cassandra looks around and puts the gun back in her jacket pocket.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
That'll work exactly once.

She is reaching into her other pocket and pulling out some odd items. The shadows in the room spread of their own accord. They creep across the wall and the original shadows in the room grow darker. The shadows join and spread. Whispers echo around the room. Seemingly surrounding Cassandra.

WHISPERS (VARIOUS)  
Return... The darkness commands...  
No help... Return to us... Return  
to darkness!... Traitor!... Thief!  
Return!...

While all this creepy shit is happening Cassandra is wrapping a small piece of wire around a white sphere. She is also speaking in a low voice, while fighting back a growing panic.

CASSANDRA  
Sumar, leko, luminat...

The dark shadows seem to condense into another four cloaked figures; one at each side of the room.

The figures move towards Cassandra, the shadows pull at their cloaks like the figures are walking through black gossamer.

Cassandra is back in the middle of the room. She has finished wrapping the wire around the sphere. The figures are still whispering their litany over and over.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
...activar, gra!

Cassandra slams the sphere into the floor. There is a huge explosion of white light, filling the room. The robed figures shriek and are hurled back by the light. One smashes through the window, another bursts through the bedroom door. The third is hurled into the kitchen and the fourth is blasted through the front door. Cassandra bolts out of the apartment, sprinting down the hallway.

EXT. APARTMENT FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Cassandra practically leaps out of the apartment complex entrance. She pauses for a second to look off to her side. On the sidewalk is one of the robed figures. It's arm shoots up revealing a hand that is jet black in color with blood red fingernails. The hand curls into a fist. Cassandra tears off down the sidewalk away from the figure.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Cassandra runs down a nearly empty city street. The street is rows of apartment complexes only lit by streetlights. She stops at the corner to catch her breath and looks back.

CUT TO: POV

EXT. APARTMENT FRONT - CONTINUOUS

The robed figure that got blasted through the window is now standing, behind it are the other three figures, standing on the sidewalk. The lead one is raising its hand.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Cassandra takes off down the street. In the distance, in the direction Cassandra is running, is the busy street of Hollywood boulevard.

The V.O. All play like a montage over Cassandra putting distance between herself and the figures.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
The Threshold...

SINISTER FIGURE 1 (V.O.)  
No help!

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
The Fierce storm...

SINISTER FIGURE 1 (V.O.)  
Return...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Cassandra skids along the busy sidewalk from her side street. The denizens of Hollywood are walking and laughing. A few step back from the running crazy girl that almost slams into them.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
Hear my prayer!

SINISTER VOICES (V.O.)  
Thief!

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
Locair, God of war.....

SINISTER FIGURE 1 (V.O.)  
Your death...

SINISTER VOICES (V.O.)  
Traitor!

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
The Threshold...

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
The Threshold...

CASSANDRA AND SOPHIE (V.O.)  
The fierce storm...

SINISTER FIGURE 1 (V.O.)  
Return to us... The darkness...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD, FURTHER ALONG - CONTINUOUS

Cassandra pushes her way through a cluster of people standing outside a club.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
Hear my prayer...

SINISTER VOICES (V.O.)  
Return... Thief...

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
They manipulate coincidence...

EXT. FRONT OF "THE BLUE DRAGON"

In the foreground is a sign hanging out over the sidewalk. It's similar to the "ye olden tavern" types. It nicely carved wood and the image on it is a dragon in a police officer's uniform. The name reads "The Blue Dragon". In the background Cassandra has rounded the corner and is running towards the entrance.

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
Hear my prayer, Locair....

SOPHIE (V.O.)  
... Always, always require a  
sacrifice...

Cassandra's V.O. Is slightly out of sync with Sophie's so both end saying "Sacrifice"

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
Accept my sacrifice...

CASSANDRA IN A MEDIUM RUNNING DOWN THE STREET. SHE IS LOOKING BEHIND HER TO SEE IF SHE IS BEING PURSUED.

SINISTER VOICES (V.O.)  
Return, thief! To darkness...

She runs right into Detective Hawkwood who has just stepped out of The Blue Dragon.

HAWKWOOD  
Whoah, Whoah! You ok, miss?

CASSANDRA (V.O.)  
I seek your help.

CUT TO: BLACK

TO BE CONTINUED...