

FADE IN:

INT. WESTEROS FINANCIAL - DAY

88TH FLOOR - RESTROOM

HARPER EVANS, late 20s, stares into the mirror. She's gorgeous but it's hard to notice; she always appears to be solving a difficult problem in her head.

She straightens her horn-rimmed glasses and pats down her blouse before taking a deep breath.

A smile creeps through but soon fades.

88TH FLOOR - OFFICE

A slick investment banker named CHUCK WESTMORELAND bobs past a slew of empty cubicles. A MAINTENANCE WORKER vacuums while listening to music on his headphones.

Harper waits in the elevator bay as Westmoreland turns the corner and stops. He pops in a stick of bubble gum before approaching.

He checks her out while checking his watch.

WESTMORELAND

These things take forever
sometimes.

She gives him a subtle nod.

WESTMORELAND (CONT'D)

Yeah, I hear they shut down all but
one after 6.
(laughing)
Cheap bastards.

She doesn't respond. He sucks his teeth.

ELEVATOR

They enter. As the door starts closes, a plain-looking female ACCOUNTANT calls out from the hall.

ACCOUNTANT

(rushing)
Hold the door.

Westmoreland jabs the 'door close' button.

The door closes.

WESTMORELAND
(sarcastic)
Oops.

He sticks out his hand.

WESTMORELAND (CONT'D)
I don't think we've met. Charles
Westmoreland the third.

Harper watches the numbers on the indicator showing what
floor they are passing.

WESTMORELAND (CONT'D)
What's your name, gorgeous?

Still holding his hand out.

HARPER
Not important.

WESTMORELAND
What?

She tilts her head from side to side.

HARPER
My name isn't important.

She turns to him.

HARPER (CONT'D)
But your name is *Charles*
Westmoreland the third.

He pulls back, confused.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Liz Connors, Brenda Albright. They
tell me things about Charles
Westmoreland the third.

She grins.

HARPER (CONT'D)
They say you've got a secret.

The emergency stop engages and the light's dim.

A pair of lips press close to Westmoreland's ear.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Well so do I.

Westmoreland notices the girl has vanished, her purse lying on the ground.

He starts to laugh before spitting his gum onto the floor.

WESTMORELAND

I'm gonna rip you into a thousand
little pieces. Dump your bones
where I dumped their's.

Something hits his leg and he falls onto his back.

Harper stands over him, pressing a silver staff against his chest.

WESTMORELAND (CONT'D)

Let's play, witch.

Westmoreland's skin begins to squirm and turn sage green. His hands morph into claws. He is now the GREEN DAEMON which pushes the staff away and rises to it's feet.

Harper slides the staff over her shoulder as the daemon grows and grows until it's head bends the roof of the elevator.

It's stone-like hand grabs Harper by the throat, lifting her off the ground.

She closes her eyes and presses two fingers to her forehead.

The daemon lets out a painful scream as she penetrates it's mind.

The monster casts her against the wall before tearing through the metal siding of the elevator car.

Harper follows it into the shaft.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

Harper balances on a I-beam between elevator tracks as she looks around.

Nothing but shadows and the occasional streak of light.

Harper closes her eyes and focuses. When she opens them again they are glowing orange.

START OF ASTRAL PLANE:

- Harper's consciousness leaves her body. Glances around for a moment before she hears whispering in the daemon tongue, thoughts from the beast's subconscious, coming from a shadow above her.

- Her vision zooms into the daemon gripping a metal beam in the darkness.

- She can now see through the daemon's eyes as it leaps down towards her. Just before it reaches her, her eyes turn normal again.

END OF ASTRAL PLANE

Harper sidesteps and begins swiping the monster with her staff.

From the beam, the two of them exchange a quick flurry of blows before the daemon lunges forward, knocking her off.

She hits the wall before landing on an adjacent I-beam.

The daemon lets out a horrendous screech as a pair of black wings sprout from it's back.

It launches itself towards Harper who dives out of the way. It misses her and slams into the wall behind it.

88TH FLOOR - OFFICE

A picture falls off the wall as the whole floor rattles. The maintenance worker continues to clean, completely oblivious, listening to his music.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

Shaking off the blow, one of the beast's talon's grabs Harper's ankle and it proceeds to fly up and out of the elevator shaft.

EXT. WESTEROS FINANCIAL ROOFTOP - DUSK

The daemon crashes through the ventilation shaft with Harper.

A yellow light pierces the daemon's back. It turns and notices Harper dematerializing.

Another yellow light flashes above.

As the daemon flies upwards, the plain accountant from the elevator bay is diving towards it with a white compound hunting bow in hand.

She pulls back the bowstring and yellow energy pours from her hand, taking the shape of an arrow.

The arrow pierces the daemon's skull, causing it to the plummet to the rooftop with a smash.

The accountant disappears in a another flash of yellow light.

As the daemon takes it's final breath, Harper walks up with her cohort appearing right next to her.

Her friend is AIKO TANAKA, early 30s. She has a neck tattoo of a dragon and a pleased with herself grin, both eager to burst out of the formal attire she was in.

AIKO

This is what you get when you don't
hold the elevator.

They both laugh.

A small sac on the daemon's chest bursts, squirting green pus in the air. Aiko plugs her nose.

AIKO (CONT'D)

Oh god.

Harper smirks.

HARPER

Think you can you cover for me?

AIKO

Of course. Give loverboy my
regards.

Harper gives her a hug and dematerializes again.

INT. WESTEROS FINANCIAL - DAY

88TH FLOOR - RESTROOM

Harper's glowing eyes turn back to normal. She is still standing in front of the mirror, hands resting on the counter.

She takes a deep breath and stares in the mirror. In front of her is an over the counter pregnancy test with a little blue plus sign in the window.

EXT. SHADOWCREST - DAY

The world of HYDOR has a distinctly different feel than Earth due to the sky being more green than blue.

An ancient cobblestone fortress sits on the side of a snow-capped mountain.

Sentries in black and blue padded leather uniforms patrol the perimeter and watchtowers.

On one edge of the fortress, a large CATHEDRAL appears to be carved into the mountain itself.

A gathering is taking place on it's steps.

APEX COURTYARD

At the top of the steps, a small group is conferring amongst themselves.

Each is wearing a similar uniform to the guards, more formal. There are glowing orange patterns slithering over their left breasts.

At the base of the stairs a dozen teens in identical grey tunics stared up at them with rigid posture and hands by their sides.

One is MAYA LOWELL, 19, a plain girl who never seemed to run out of fingernails to bite. Her calm, neutral expression was betrayed by her loud, anxious breathing.

To her left stood QUENTIN BLACKWELL, also 19, a wiry teen who couldn't look more smug if he tried. And he was trying. Despite its lack of size, his chest seemed to poke out more than some of the girls.

At the top of the staers, one of the woman steps forward. MISTRESS ALANA KERISS, early 30s, is sweet and maternal. Her voice puts everyone at ease.

KERISS

Let me be the first to commend you on your hard work and dedication; the past three years have not been easy. And now, for your final year of training, you will leave the classroom behind and practice our craft in the field beside real Hunters. Not all of you will succeed. Some may not survive. But those who do will form the next generation of Hunters and Huntresses. I hope you are ready. Now, she's a woman of few words, the overseer of all battlecraft, Arch Huntress Venji Asahd.

A short, frail looking woman steps forward. ARCH-HUNTRESS VENJI ASAH, early 70s, has dark, wrinkled skin yet had a commanding presence despite her age.

She looks over all of their faces before stating in a booming voice.

VENJI

By becoming Initiates, today, you
have proven your courage. Now you
must prove your strength.

There crowd waits in anticipation.

The Arch Huntress takes a step back.

Quentin leans over to Maya

QUENTIN

(whispering)
Seriously?

Keriss steps forward again.

KERISS

Thank you Arch Huntress. When all
are ready, please come and join us
in the Apex.

The large doors of the cathedral swing apart.

MAYA

(whispering)
She really is a woman of few words.

INT. APEX ENTRANCE - DAY

The cathedral is cold and empty. Unlit sconces line the wall with cobwebs gathering on them.

Mistress Keriss and the Arch Huntress stand at the front of the room with the others.

As the Initiates gather in front of her, she continues.

KERISS

Throughout your training as
Initiates, you will become entitled
to learn many of our Hunter's
Secrets. The first we share with
you today. Hunters have not
operated out of the Apex cathedral
for decades.

She waves her hand and the pulpit along with the floor slowly vanish. A dark stairway leads down with streams of blue light lining the walls.

KERISS (CONT'D)

Our Order was built on top of the remains of the Daemon Lord's fortress over 400 years ago. This has served two purposes...

The teens gather in a line to enter the stairway.

KERISS (CONT'D)

Depriving our enemies of their stronghold while also gaining access to their secrets. The intricate network of tunnels and chambers buried within the mountain itself is Shadowcrest truly lives.

She guides them down the staircase.

INT. APEX COMMONS - DAY

They enter a large busy chamber filled with mages working on various tasks. Some are in the same cloaks and tunics as the others, while others are wearing normal clothes.

A large representation of two planets hover in the middle of the room, pathways and halls curving around them.

KERISS

Welcome to the Apex Commons, your new home. This is where all Hunter operations on Terra and Hydor originate. We coordinate with agents scattered across both worlds to fight real threats in real time.

The Initiates are amazed.

KERISS (CONT'D)

Ah, bless the Cosmos, it seems the Arch-mage himself has graced us with his presence.

Up walks ARCHMAGE ARTHUR BLACKWELL, late 60s, a sturdy man with a trimmed white beard and golden plate armor. He didn't have the face of someone who had lived over 500 years, although he spoke like he had countless tragedies etched into his memories.

ARTHUR
Pay me no mind. Just wanted to
inspect the new Initiates.

KERISS
Yes, a large lot this year. We
sense a few extraordinary picks in
the bunch.

The Archmage turns to the Initiates.

ARTHUR
I'm sure you'll all make us proud.

As he turns to walk away, Quentin throws him a brief wave.

QUENTIN
Hey, Dad.

The Archmage gives him a slight nod and smile.

ARTHUR
(nodding)
Son.

He then ducks away gracefully.

Quentin, deflated, glances towards the floor.

MAYA
He's probably really busy.

Her looks up at her.

QUENTIN
(with scorn)
Obviously.

He shakes his head.

KERISS
Alright. Well that's enough from
me. The constables will guide you
to the living quarters where you'll
find your new uniforms. Later this
evening we will give you
assignments. Here's some final
words from the Arch Huntress.

The little old woman steps forward again.

VENJI
Make us proud.

Another long pause.

KERISS
That is all.

The others start to guide the teens towards the barracks.

Keriss and Venji turn around and find Aiko, leaning against a pillar.

KERISS (CONT'D)
Huntress Tanaka.

AIKO
Doing the whole "woman of few words" routine?

Venji smiles.

VENJI
I enjoy it. The look on their faces when they report in. It catches them off-guard hearing me stay more than three words. You remember?

AIKO
Yeah, freaked me out. So twisted, I love it.

Keriss grins and walks away.

They begin to walk down a large hallway.

VENJI
Oh, before it escapes my mind, the Archmage has asked for your help on a special assignment.

AIKO
Is that good?

VENJI
Could be. Who knows. Could have something to do with the Council. There is a open seat, y'know.

Venji smiles at her suggestively.

AIKO
Armor doesn't really suit me.

VENJI
Well, it's always good to keep an open mind.

AIKO
Me, a Guardian? Nah. Harper, maybe.
(shaking her head)
But me? Pssh.

VENJI
Speaking of which, where is
Mistress Evans. I was hoping to
debrief about Westeros.

AIKO
You know where.

Venji lets out a sigh.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A romantic candlelit spot with low lights and a live string quartet on weekends.

DANTE EMERSON, early 30s, is sitting alone at a table. He's calm and oblivious. His dark suit hangs quite loose but he doesn't wear it enough to bother getting it brought in. He might after tonight though.

One hand rests on the table while the other holds open the lid of a jewelry box. Inside, a diamond ring.

He's staring at the gem, deep in somber contemplation.

He quickly snaps the box shut and covers it with his napkin.

Putting on a smile, he turns.

HARPER
Hey. Sorry I'm late. Got held up at work.

Dante gets up and kisses her.

DANTE
Not a problem. Nothing too stressful, I hope.

HARPER
Stress comes with the job.

He pulls out her chair for her and then takes a seat.

He stares at her oddly.

HARPER (CONT'D)
What?

DANTE

Since when do you wear glasses?

Harper touches her face.

HARPER

Oh, yeah. Um— Since we're gonna be out on Halloween, the school decided to do a dress-up day for the kids. I decided to go as Mrs. Raleigh, one of the other teachers. You'd kind of have to know her.

Dante nods. She takes off the glasses.

DANTE

I'm sure the kids loved it.

HARPER

Yeah, it was fun.

There is silence and her smile soon fades.

DANTE

Something wrong. You seem distressed lately.

Harper struggles to find the words.

DANTE (CONT'D)

Is it your friend? The one whose brother died.

Harper nods.

HARPER

I don't know. She's been so withdrawn. You know, after Matti died I was really worried. She wasn't eating or sleeping for so long. Then it seemed like she had turned a corner, you know. But now...

(shaking her head)

I don't know. She's still got a lot of pain, more pain than I could ever imagine. And I'm just worried about what she'll end up doing because of it.

DANTE

You think she'll hurt someone? Hurt herself?

HARPER

No— I don't know. She's had a rough life. So much darkness. Sometimes I wonder if she can ever put it behind her. If she even can...

Dante nods silently.

The waiter comes and asks for their drinks while Dante slips the jewelry box back into his pocket.

EXT. SHADOWCREST - DAY

In the center of the fortress lies a tower known as THE CONDUIT; crafted from marble it pierces upward from it's wide base and tapers off to a fine point.

INT. THE CONDUIT

There is a hollow chasm inside.

A swirling ball of red energy, twice the size of a house, floats in the air.

A flat stone lies underneath. Three white-haired ENCHANTRESSES in red robes stand in a triangle around it. Hands folded, as if in prayer.

Keriss enters.

A timid young enchantress named ISLA, late twenties, approaches and bows her head.

ISLA

She is arriving now Mistress.

KERISS

Thank you, Isla.

The other enchantresses begin to chant in an ancient tongue. The energy grows more chaotic and turbulent.

There is a violent burst and Harper steps off of the pad.

HARPER

Sisters...

Harper notices Keriss and Isla waiting for her.

HARPER (CONT'D)

To what do I owe the honor.

KERISS

Sorry to ambush you like this. But the Arch Huntress has an urgent assignment for you.

HARPER

(slightly peeved)
Really?

KERISS

Normally, she'd wait for you to settle in but Lina is reporting Blight on Terra and requesting backup. We thought you would want to respond.

HARPER

(nodding)
Just let me grab a few things to take with me.

VENJI

Speaking of which...

She steps to the side to reveal MAYA and QUENTIN.

EXT. SHADOWCREST - DAY

MAIN GARDENS

Arch Huntress Venji is drinking tea on a patio overlooking a training yard.

Harper walks in, Keriss behind her.

KERISS

She insisted on seeing you ma'am.

HARPER

I'm sorry to interrupt, Arch Huntress. But I can't take on two Initiates, right now.

Venji sets down her cup and looks at Harper.

VENJI

Why is that Mistress Evans?

HARPER

Now is just not a good time for me.

VENJI

It would seem.

She stands up and approaches her.

VENJI (CONT'D)

Now, I've always had high hopes for you Harper. You've been one of my most loyal and disciplined Huntresses. There was once a time when I deemed you a worthy successor for my position.

Keriss, still lurking in the background, shifts uneasily.

VENJI (CONT'D)

But lately, you've been lax with your responsibilities, neglecting your duties.

HARPER

Ma'am, I've bee—

VENJI

There is no room for excuses in the life of a Huntress. Now, I'm glad you've found love and I wish you the best. But you made a commitment upon joining this Order. A commitment not to be taken lightly. If you can't honor those duties here, then maybe it's time you consider Uncoupling.

Silence envelops the patio. Harper wipes away a tear.

VENJI (CONT'D)

With Aiko away on assignment, we're down a trainer and I need you to double up. Can you do this, Mistress Evans?

Harper nods.

VENJI (CONT'D)

Good. Get them equipped and ready to go. Time is of the essence.

HARPER

Yes, Arch Huntress.

GROUNDS

Quentin and Maya wait outside the Garden Gates as Harper exits.

She forces a smile and approaches them.

HARPER (CONT'D)
You're Quentin, right? Archmage
Blackwell's kid?

Quentin nods.

HARPER (CONT'D)
And you are?

Maya extends a shaky hand.

MAYA
Maya Lowell, Mistress Evans.

Harper shakes.

HARPER
(curious)
Any relation to a Marshall Lowell?

MAYA
My father, ma'am. Adopted.

HARPER
Ah. He was a fine Loremage. It's a
shame...

Harper shows a tinge of sadness.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Call me Harper.

Maya nods.

HARPER (CONT'D)
So, we have an assignment so I need
to do a quick assessment real
quick. Show me what you guys got.

She looks at Maya who nervously pulls her hands out of
pockets.

QUENTIN
(sarcastic)
Be ready to be amazed.

Maya sticks out her arm. With much concentration, a fuzzy
shape of cyan energy appears on her arm and then morphs into
a hawk.

The translucent bird takes flight, circling around overhead.

HARPER
That's pretty neat.

Quentin chuckles.

QUENTIN

Yeah, she can distract the bad guys
and then run away.

Maya frowns and the hawk disappears.

HARPER

What about you then?

Quentin grins.

His skin begins to sparkle and shimmer before a metallic
liquid spreads over his entire body. He appears to be made
out of gold.

QUENTIN

Pretty sick, huh?

HARPER

Not bad.

Harper looks at the two of them.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Can you fight though?

QUENTIN

Just give me a weapon and see.

INT. APEX COMMONS - DAY

ARMORY

Harper slaps a four inch dagger into Quentin's palm.

QUENTIN

The hell is this?

HARPER

Your weapon.

Maya lets out a chuckle. Quentin shoots her a dirty look and
she stops.

Harper grabs a crossbow from the wall and hands it to Maya.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I assume they taught you how to use
one of these.

MAYA
I got a 98 on my ranged assessment.

HARPER
Awesome.

QUENTIN
Oh this is some bullshit.

HARPER
What?

QUENTIN
So she gets a weapon and I get
dick.

Harper tilts her head to the side.

HARPER
Look, all Hunters are required to
bring a supplementary weapon but
let's be honest, you can't really
beat metal skin.
(turning to Maya)
On the other hand, the bird is nice
but you'll need something to
protect you out there.

Maya smiles while Quentin sucks his teeth.

INT. THE CONDUIT - NIGHT

Harper, Maya and Quentin stand underneath the giant swirling
vortex. The Enchantresses chant and the three of them
disappear.

Panning down, we see a room underneath...

INT. THE DARK GARDEN - NIGHT

Incandescent flowers and vines illuminate a small patch of
grass inside a vast chamber. A few scattered trees cast
shadows which blanket the walls.

There is an oddly placed bench where Aiko sits and looks at
the flowers.

A male voice comes from behind her and she wipes a tear away.

ARTHUR
Thank you for coming, Huntress.
Please stay seated.

AIKO
Yes, Grandmaster.

ARTHUR
And please, call me Arthur.

Aiko gives an awkward nod as he takes a seat beside her.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Do you know why I've asked you
here?

AIKO
No, Gran- No, I don't.

ARTHUR
Harper tells me that you're a good
person. Honest and loyal.

AIKO
(grinning)
I wouldn't trust anything she says.
She's a habitual liar.

ARTHUR
And modest too. She says she trusts
you with her life.
(gazing off)
I've known Harper since before she
was born. Her father. And her
grandfather as well.

He turns to Aiko.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Her family has a long history with
the Order, dating all the way back
to it's inception. When we lost
them, I was wracked with grief.

Aiko looks at him, nonplussed.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Forgive my dawdling, tendencies of
an old man. And I'm older than
most. Few mages live to see one
hundred and fifty years. By some
chance, I'm now encroaching on
triple that.

AIKO
A true miracle, they say.

ARTHUR
(laughing)
Don't make me feel any worse.

He looks out at the plants.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
But I fear this miracle may soon
come to an end.

AIKO
What? Is something wrong?

ARTHUR
No, just... Call it intuition.
Foresight, maybe. Perchance just
fatigue.

AIKO
Is that why you brought me here?

ARTHUR
Are you familiar with this place?

Aiko looks around.

AIKO
Kind of. A friend brought me here
once. It's kind of haunting yet
beautiful.

He nods in agreement.

ARTHUR
I never understood the magic that
rests here but I've always found it
inspiring; light still thriving
amongst the darkness.

Arthur shakes his head.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Which is why my darkest secret lies
beneath it.

She turns to him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
If I should perish before I find
the courage, I need your assurance
that it shall be unearthed.

He looks her in the eye.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Can you promise me that?

AIKO
(surprised)
Sir, I don't want to be rude but
that sounds like something the
Council should take care of or the
Arch Mages?

ARTHUR
The Celestial Guardians are bound
by a sacred code, their duty may
conflict with this task. Besides, I
have other concerns regarding my
Council. And in the event of my
demise, the Arch Mages will have
their hands quite full; this is of
too great importance to let fall
through the cracks. No, I need
someone trustworthy to do what is
right and good, no more and no
less. Harper tells me that is you.

AIKO
Okay, why not Harper then?

ARTHUR
Because I fear Harper may be
leaving us soon.

Aiko is taken aback.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Do you not sense it? She's pulling
away, spending more and more time
on Terra. Eventually, I suspect
she'll want to start life anew. A
husband. A family. Which, of
course, means she'll have to cut
ties to this life, this world.

Aiko looks upset. A tear rolls down her face.

AIKO
I guess I just didn't want to think
about it.

She wipes her cheek.

AIKO (CONT'D)
So what kind of secret is it?

ARTHUR

A box. The contents of which I've kept hidden for over four centuries. If I should perish and those contents have yet to be revealed...

AIKO

Revealed to who?

ARTHUR

That will become apparent. Aiko, I need your word.

Aiko ponders for a moment before replying.

AIKO

You have my word.

ARTHUR

Thank you. This means more to me than you could ever know.

They both stand.

AIKO

So, is that it?

ARTHUR

I'm afraid not. That was not your assignment but merely the humble request of an old man. Although we have roused the issue.

Arthur begins pacing.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

As I said, I have concerns regarding the Celestial Guardians. A matter which requires discretion.

AIKO

Point me to the problem.

Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR

I'm beginning to see why Harper speaks so highly of you.

EXT. SPOOKY JUNGLE - DAY

A butterfly lands on a wild flower. It's being observed from nearby.

EMMETT COOLIDGE, early 30s, is much more vibrant than the salt and pepper locks would suggest. His left arm is covered in a black neoprene sleeve and is giving off a strange red glow.

MORGAN BLACKWELL, 19, has not a single hair out of place despite being in the middle of nowhere. She watches in fascination as the insect feeds on the plant's nectar.

EMMETT

(whispering)

Look here? I believe they call this one a butterflea. Humans consider it beautiful but you'll notice it's actually quite grotesque up close.

MORGAN

Intriguing.

EMMETT

Sort of an analogy for humanity itself.

HARPER (O.S.)

Same could be said about us.

Harper appears behind them as Emmett and Morgan turn around startled. The butterfly flutters away.

EMMETT

(smiling)

Harper. I suspected they would send you.

She gives him a big hug.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

Let me introduce you to my
Initiate-

HARPER

Oh I've known Morgan for years.

She steps forward and gives her a hug too.

EMMETT

Ah, indeed. The Archmage's
Debutante Balls.

MORGAN

I still have nightmares about that music.

EXT. LOREMAGE CAMP - NIGHT

A small campfire sits surrounded by two tents and a set of camping chairs and chests.

Emmett and Harper sit on a log and drinking out of green mugs.

EMMETT

You must come out here a lot with Dante.

Harper giggles.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What?

HARPER

Well, this is Venezuela. Dante lives in Manhattan. Not exactly around the corner.

EMMETT

Ah, Terran geography was never a strength of mine.

HARPER

You should spend some time here. It's pretty fun.

Emmett shrugs.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You never know, Em. You might find a nice Terran girl and settle down.

EMMETT

I doubt it.

He stares at the side of Harper's face in the firelight.

HARPER

Matti used to say *never let happiness slip by you*.

Emmett smiles and nods.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Speaking of which?

They share a somber look.

EMMETT

You know she doesn't talk to me.
Except for what food not to eat and
what not to wear. She understands
this world so much better than I
do.

HARPER

That's not saying a lot.

The two of them laugh.

BY THE CAMPFIRE

Maya, Morgan and Quentin are gathered around the fire.

MORGAN

It's horrible. We're three days
behind schedule and that'll hardly
give us time to catalogue and
sample before the next expedition
launches.

QUENTIN

They're rocks. Not like they're
going anywhere.

MORGAN

Fontana just announced a new
expedition on the Nuusem ice
caverns. If we don't finish this
site soon, they may give that to
someone else.

MAYA

Figures, only Morgan would be upset
about not having *enough* work to do.

Quentin and Maya share a laugh while Morgan pouts.

MORGAN

(to Quentin)

So have you spoken to father or
mother since your graduation?

QUENTIN

He stopped by as we were touring
the Apex.

MORGAN

What did he say?

QUENTIN

You know. Typical dad stuff. How he's proud and all that.

MORGAN

Sounds like him.

Maya gives him a forlorn glance. He shrugs it off.

MAYA

Since your he's like a million years old, does that mean you two are going to live forever too?

Morgan shuffles the rocks with her feet.

QUENTIN

He's not immortal. He can die. Just like the rest of us. The Blessing just slows things down for him.

Harper and Emmett approach.

HARPER

Alright, so I brought a surprise.

She reaches into her bag and produces a bag and two boxes.

HARPER (CONT'D)

It's an mystical Terran treat the Humans refer to as S'mores.

EXT. ANCIENT TOMBS - DAY

The next morning, Harper treks through the forest.

She enters a clearing and sees the moss-covered stone structure in the shape of a human skull.

A twig breaks nearby.

HARPER

One of these days.

A female voice comes from behind her.

LINA

A year ago I wouldn't have gotten this close. Getting pretty sloppy.

Behind her is LINA MACHADO, early 20s, with two hatchets tucked in holsters over her abdomen. She was full of energy and speaks to Harper like a sister.

The two of them hug.

HARPER

How have you been?

LINA

Just dandy. Getting my ass eaten by mosquitoes.

(looking around)

Where are the others?

HARPER

I decided to scout ahead. Em and Morgan are on their way. Along with Maya and Quentin, my new Initiates.

LINA

Really?

HARPER

(joking)

Yeah, I did such a great job with you, they decided to give me two this time.

LINA

What do you think of them?

HARPER

Too early to say. You were in the Academy together. You have any thoughts?

LINA

Maya's cool. Quiet but strong. Q.

(shaking her head)

The boy's a wildcard.

Harper smiles.

LINA (CONT'D)

What?

HARPER

Nothing. Just... That's what Matti used to say about you.

Lina begins to gaze off into the distance. Harper pats her on the shoulder.

HARPER (CONT'D)
He would be so proud of you of the
woman that you're becoming.

LINA
(smiling)
He'd be proud of you too.

A bush rustles nearby.

Lina and Harper draw their weapons and investigate. Nothing.

They turn around to find a small HOWLER MONKEY charging at them.

Harper extends her staff and prods it away. The animal's eyes turn black and grey. It lets out a low rumbling shriek and flees through the arched mouth of the ruins.

HARPER
That thing was Blighted.

LINA
Ya don't say.

HARPER
How'd a daemon end up all the way
out here?

A high-pitched scream tears through the woods.

They run towards the campsite when the Initiates emerge from the bushes, followed by Emmett.

MORGAN
I swear I saw someone.

QUENTIN
Quit freaking out, ya big baby.

HARPER
What happened?

EMMETT
Ms. Blackwell thinks she saw
someone in the brush. I checked,
and no one was there. Probably just
all the sugar from the s'mor-ays
last night.

Harper scans the brush.

LINA
(concerned)
C'mon, let's get this over with.

HARPER
Everyone stay together and keep
your eyes open.

They enter the tomb.

INT. ANCIENT TOMBS - DAY

OUTER CRYPT

The Huntresses lead the pack as they advance through dark
tunnels, flashlights strapped to their shoulders.

MAYA
(covering her nose)
Cosmos, what's that smells?

QUENTIN
What sme- Holy hell.

Emmett kneels down and rubs his fingers across a streak of
gray blood on the floor.

EMMETT
Wounds of Blighted are known to
give off noxious fumes.

LINA
You'll get used to it.

A rock falls behind them, followed by skittering footsteps.

A trio of BLIGHTED JAGUARS emerge from two side halls behind
them.

Quentin rushes forward when Harper's staff slaps across his
chest.

HARPER
Rule #1 when dealing with the
Blighted?

MAYA
Don't let them touch you.

LINA
Bingo.

Lina crosses her hatchets. The flashlights begin to flicker as electricity dances in her eyes.

She casts her arms forward and a surge of lightning shoots forward, knocking each of the jaguars down.

They quickly rise to their feet and find Harper standing over them. All three cats pounce and begin ripping her to pieces.

A few yards away, the real Harper watches as the Jaguars viciously tear each other apart.

Morgan, Quentin and Maya turn away as fur and blood fly into the air. The last cat howls loudly and then perishes.

HARPER
(reluctant)
Let's move.

INNER CRYPT

They are now deeper into the tomb.

MORGAN
So those animals drank Daemon
blood?

EMMETT
Most likely.

MORGAN
Poor things.

MAYA
So how would a Daemon get to Earth?

HARPER
Same way we do, dimensional
portals.

QUENTIN
But I thought we destroyed all the
Daemons in the war.

LINA
Not by a long shot.

EMMETT
After the death of the Daemon Lord,
most scattered and went into
hiding.

HARPER

Most of what a Hunter does is
dealing with the remaining Daemon
threat.

Harper notices Blighted blood tracks leading down a long
hall.

Following a long hall, they enter a small crypt with a large
stone sarcophagus.

HARPER (CONT'D)

The tracks die here.

The party begins to scour the room.

EMMETT

Must've been important for them to
build such a big tomb for one
person.

LINA

Dead is dead. What difference does
it make the size of the box they
throw you in.

Emmett ponders.

MAYA

Hey, guys.

Maya pushes back an overgrown mass of vines to reveal a small
passageway.

INT. SECRET CAVE - DAY

On the other side they find a cavern that lies adjacent to
the tomb.

Maya grabs her nose.

MAYA

It's worse down here.

MORGAN

What's wor-

Morgan gags.

LINA

There.

Across the chamber they find the gigantic corpse of a Daemon, lying in a pool of it's own blood, overtaken by vines and foliage.

HARPER

Well, we know how they became
Blighted.

Lina and Emmett examine the body.

EMMETT

Hmm. Strange.

HARPER

What?

EMMETT

Cut marks.

LINA

Had to die someday.

EMMETT

No. This corpse has been here for
ages, decades probably. But these
cuts are fresh.

(turning to Harper)

Someone sliced this thing open
recently.

QUENTIN

Guys, you hear that?

A muffled voices comes from beyond a small rock formation.

MORGAN

(whispering)

There is someone else here.

Harper draws her staff.

HARPER

Stay behind me.

As they approach the rock formation, GREGOR walks out from behind it, oblivious to them.

GREGOR

(crazed, muttering)

I must...I mussssttt. End. The end.
The ending. Ending. It all ends.
Stop. Stooop. STOOOP!

EMMETT

Gregor?

He stops.

GREGOR

Guests? What a pity. They don't
even know what's going to happen.

Lina is clenching her hatchets so tightly that her knuckles
turn white.

Harper looks her in the eyes and she relaxes.

Gregor turns to Harper.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

I know you. We tried to kill each
other once. Would you like some
tea?

EXT. MOUNT ARETHE - DAY

The peak of Mount Arethe sits above the clouds.

Hovering above, a stone building carved from white marble.
The three suns of Hydor reflect brightly off of the golden
columns that line the entrance.

INT. MOUNT ARETHE - DAY

COUNCIL CHAMBERS

Braziers hang from the ceiling made from the same stone as
the exterior.

Arthur Blackwell sits at the head of a long table with six
chairs on either side. Two chair lies empty while the other
ten hold figures all dressed in the same magical armor as
Arthur.

On the right: 1 Dwarf, 3 Humans, 1 Dark Elf, A Dragon (in
scaly humanoid form).

On the left sat: 1 Gorgon, 1 Imp, 1 Ogre, 1 Golem.

They all sit in silence, looking distressed.

The Dwarf (HAVERN MOREHAVEN SATINE) speaks first.

SATINE

This is an outrage!

ARTHUR

I understand you are upset, my de-

SATINE

Upset? Disappointed is more like it.

Now the Dark Elf (LARKFOOT BAEN) adds.

BAEN

I was under the impression this council was formed to operate as a unit, not serve the whims of an aging megalomaniac.

The Dragon (FAEDRIS) growls.

FAEDRIS

Watch it.

Arthur waves him down.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry you feel this way Baen.

The Gorgon (MANTISA CALIPHA) speaks.

CALIPHA

What about the other seat? Since you've made the decision for one, can we at least be trusted to promote a candidate of our own.

ARTHUR

Of course, dear. And know, this is not a matter of distrust. But a matter of urgency. The balances on the human realm are most in disarray.

SATINE

But we already have four mages on the Council. We even added another to replace your last mistake. Why another? And why not let us vote on it unless you distrust us.

ARTHUR

Four mages trained and suited for maintaining order in this realm. With a Huntress, we will have the means to operate on Terra without complication.

SATINE

This is no good Arthur.

The dwarf slaps the table.

The Golem and the Orge begin to argue. Soon most of the table is shouting and the room is swallowed in a castrophony.

Faedris barks and a loud boom fills the room.

FAEDRIS

Enough!

The room quiets.

The dragon rises to his feet.

FAEDRIS (CONT'D)

Need I remind you this council would not exist were it not for the sacrifices made by this man. He was chosen by the Cosmos and we were ALL chosen by him.

SATINE

By process though!

BAEN

Yes, chosen by our peers.

FAEDRIS

Many of you are too young to remember the days of olde, the beginnings of this council. Nay, before there even was a Council...

Arthur extends his hand.

ARTHUR

Faedris, dear friend, let them speak.

The dragon sits, a puff of smoke exiting it's nostrils.

CALIPHA

How is this any different than Ry'naughk's Court then?

ARTHUR

It's true. This council was formed as a balance to the unhinged autocracy that it once fought.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And, while I value all of your
opinions and wish to hear your
dissent, know that my decision
today was not made out of arrogance
or haste but out of sheer
necessity. I don't expect you all
to agree with it but understand
that it this decision is final.

OUTSIDE THE COUNCIL CHAMBERS

Aiko stands beside the Council doors, arms folded and eyes
closed. She appears to be meditating.

The doors are burst open by the Orge. She's startled.

The Council members march past her, some giving disapproving
glances.

Finally, Arthur emerges along with Faedris.

The dragon looks her up and down before leaving.

AIKO

How did it go?

ARTHUR

Terrible. Which was quite better
than I expected.

He places both hands on her shoulder.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

But regardless, it's official.

He steps back.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You know what must be done?

AIKO

I do.

ARTHUR

(leaning in, whispering)
Remember: trust no one.
(regular volume)
And welcome to the Guardian
Council.

Aiko looks nervous and excited.

INT. GREGOR'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Gregor leads Emmett and Harper into a small crevasse-turned-hideout. A poster of a Venezuelan soccer team is stretched over a rock, three parallel slashes running through it.

There is an assortment of trinkets and junk spread across the dirt.

Gregor walks over to a porcelain tea pot with caked-on grey stains.

EMMETT
(looking around)
My god? What has happened to you?

GREGOR
Tea?

EMMETT
No, thank you.

GREGOR
It's oh so refreshing.

Harper silently declines and turns to leave.

INT. SECRET CAVE - DAY

Harper joins Lina who is pacing nervously while the Initiates fiddle with their walkie-talkies.

LINA
You're leaving him alone with Em.

HARPER
Gregor's barely lucid, I don't
think he's much of a threat.

LINA
Maybe. Don't know if I buy it.

Harper places a hand on her shoulder.

HARPER
You okay?

Lina shakes her head.

LINA
20 feet. He's 20 feet away.

HARPER

There's a right way and a wrong way to handle this. And no matter how much you want to want to, walking in there and putting a blade in his head is definitely the wrong way. But trust me, he's going to pay for Matti.

Lina looks at her.

LINA

You think he's really crazy? Because if he is, I don't see how he could.

Emmett leaves the hideout.

HARPER

It looks like he's become Blighted.

LINA

Blight doesn't do that.

Emmett pauses briefly on his way over to the Initiates.

EMMETT

(interrupting)

To be fair, we don't truly understand *what* the Blight does. We've never been able to do an effective study on Blighted Mages. It's simply too dangerous.

HARPER

And Gregor used to be a Guardian. How the Blessing of Light interacts with the curse, Symius only knows.

LINA

(shaking her head)

Look, all I know is he deserves to suffer for what he's did.

Harper tries to comfort her. Lina pulls away.

LINA (CONT'D)

I need some air. I'll call for containment and a Guardian to pickup Mary Poppins.

HARPER

Let me go with you, it's not safe.

LINA
I'll be okay. Stay here and watch
after the kids.

HARPER
(gesturing towards her
walkie-talkie)
Call if you see anything.

Lina nods.

INT. GREGOR'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Harper enters to find Emmett and the Initiates scouring every
inch of the small nook.

They are sifting through old books and other collected junk.

MAYA
What's this?

Maya picks up an old vinyl sleeve and an aged brittle record
falls out and shatters on the floor.

GREGOR
No! You're ruining my treasure.

Everyone tenses up and stares at him.

Gregor jerks his head to the side and starts to whimper.

Emmett shakes his head and continues searching.

EMMETT
It looks like he's been down here
for months, surviving solely off of
a Daemon's blood.

MORGAN
So he's become Blighted, like the
rest of the monsters. Is that why
he's so...

She twirls a finger by her head.

EMMETT
Presumably, Ms. Blackwell... Although
I've never head of such a
presentation before, there is very
little we-

Without warning, Harper grabs Gregor and flips him over onto a table. He falls through and lands hard on the floor, her boot being driven into his neck.

With a clean punch to the face, she knocks him out.

Emmett turns and screams in protest.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Harper reaches into the splintered remains of the table and pulls a long, curved blade from his hands.

HARPER
You almost became a folk tale,
Emmett the Headless.

They all turn to look at the unconscious Guardian.

EXT. ANCIENT TOMBS - DAY

ENTRANCE

Lina exits the cave and glances around at the treeline around her.

Taking off her backpack, she rests her knees on the ground and draws a runic symbol in the dirt.

She closes her eyes.

INT. THE CONDUIT - DAY

In a dark quiet room at the back of the Spire, the young Enchantress sits in a prayer pose.

She lifts her head and opens her eyes to find Lina kneeling in front of her.

ENCHANTRESS
Greetings, Huntress Machado.

LINA
Isla, I have an urgent message for
the Arch-Huntress...

Lina's head turns to the right.

EXT. ANCIENT TOMBS - DAY

Lina is still kneeling and Isla the Enchantress has appeared in front her above the sigil.

Her focus is on the treeline where the DARK MAGE is standing.

ISLA

Ma'am?

Completely still, she continues.

LINA

Tell her we need a containment team here right away. We've found a Daemon corpse on site. And also, bring a Guardian detail. We've found Gregor the Prescient. He seems to carry the Blight.

ISLA

Is that all, ma'am?

LINA

Yes, that's all Isla.

ISLA

I'll convey the message right away.

LINA

Thank you.

ISLA

Tis my duty, ma'am.

Isla fades away.

Lina rises to her feet and starts toward the Dark Mage.

INT. GREGOR'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Gregor awakes to find his arms bound behind him.

Harper and Emmett stare from across the room, her arms crossed.

HARPER

Look whose awake.

GREGOR

I needed a nap. The last few months have been sheer exhaustion.

Harper unfolds her arms and steps closer.

HARPER

I should have known you weren't to be trusted.

GREGOR

We live and we learn. Can't beat yourself up forever, especially considering how close the end is.

HARPER

How true, for you at least. The end is coming. So I won't beat myself up about it.

She kneels down a few feet in front of him.

HARPER (CONT'D)

The Guardians are on their way, Gregor. And when they get here, they aren't going to be happy with what you've done. They know your crimes and you know they aren't the forgiving type.

(looking puzzled)

I don't know much about your rules and customs but I'm pretty sure a betrayal like yours earns Banishment to the Void. The way Arthur describes it makes it sound like a fate worse than death. So how does it feel knowing there's nothing but still, quiet, empty blackness in your future.

She takes a step closer.

HARPER (CONT'D)

After what you did to Matti, I can't think of any punishment worthy of you. But that comes pretty close. So I'll accept it, and happily go about my life knowing that your mind is slowly tearing itself apart as your body tries to grasp the emptiness that has swallowed you whole. It's not justice but it's close enough. It'll be a small comfort and, I hope, some type of closure.

Gregor begins to smile at her.

GREGOR
Where's the girl?

EMMETT
(angry)
None of your business.

Gregor laughs.

GREGOR
Your ignorance is understandable.
Vision is a burden but also a gift;
a gift not given to many for they
would squander it. One of these
days, while I'm withering away in
that Void, you'll realize what a
terrible mistake you've made. The
Void may actually be preferable to
what she'll bring down upon you
all.

Harper and Emmett look at each other.

EMMETT
What are you talking about?

GREGOR
What? Did you think I was trying to
kill you? You are of no
consequence, Loremage. But that
girl...

Gregor looks Harper in the eye.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
She's trouble. I've foreseen it.

Harper stands up and turns away.

HARPER
Desperate words from a doomed soul.
I'm through with him.

GREGOR
Believe me or not, the future has
been written. Blood will be shed
either way. By spilling her's now,
we prevent that of billions later.

Emmett stops Harper from walking outside.

EMMETT
Shouldn't we hear what he has to
say?

HARPER

If you want to have your time
wasted, sure. I have better things
to do.

Gregor shouts from across the room.

His tattered clothes are soon replaced with golden and pearl
armor as his eyes begin to glow.

GREGOR

(booming voice)

The kin of Ry'naughk's slayer will
resurrect the Daemon Lord and bring
upon the Apocalypse. So it is said,
so it is written.

His eyes turn back to normal.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

You called her Blackwell, correct?
The daughter of my former master,
Arthur Blackwell, slayer of the
Death Cosmos himself. I remember
him mentioning his precious
Morganna. I doubt even he knows the
suffering she will inflict upon the
worlds.

HARPER

And here I thought the lunacy was
an act.

GREGOR

Oh I'll admit, my mind comes and
goes. The voices, they never cease.
But this is no rambling. This has
been foretold and unless someone
acts to stop it, it will come to
fruition.

HARPER

Well aren't we so fortunate.

GREGOR

There was a reason I was chosen to
join the Celestial Guardians. My
prophecies were able to prevent
countless catastrophes. You'd do
well to remember that.

EMMETT

That may be. But clearly, the
Blight has tainted your mind.
You're too far gone to be reliable.

GREGOR

I don't expect you to believe me. I
know what I saw. I know it is
coming. And I'll do what I must to
prevent it.

HARPER

Well, good luck with that.

GREGOR

Luck is unnecessary. As you said, I
have been touched by the Blight.
Combined with the strength granted
to me by my Blessing, there is
nothing you can do to stop me.

HARPER

Sorry, pal. Anti-magic rope. Easy
to talk trash with your hands tied.

GREGOR

You think this can stop me?

HARPER

If it's so ineffective, why haven't
you broken free yet?

GREGOR

Waiting.

HARPER

For the ropes to wither from age?

GREGOR

No. For my loves to come join the
party.

A scream comes from outside the cave.

Harper turns to Emmett who immediately runs outside.

INT. SECRET CAVE - DAY

Emmett enters to find Morgan kneeling behind a boulder.

Quentin and Maya are in the center of the cavern with
countless purple glowing eyes staring back at them from a sea
of shadows.

Emmett stumbles to the ground.

EMMETT
Kids, get over here.

Quentin cracks his knuckles.

QUENTIN
This is what we trained for.

Maya loads a bolt into her crossbow.

MAYA
Remember, don't let them bite you.

QUENTIN
No, don't let them bite you...

Quentin's skin turns to metal.

QUENTIN (CONT'D)
I hope they break their teeth.

Emmett joins a panicked Morgan behind the boulder.

EMMETT
You remember defensive training?

She nods and takes a deep breath, closing her eyes. Her palms start to glow red-hot before she opens them.

She looks at Emmett and nods.

EMMETT (CONT'D)
Just like in training.

INT. GREGOR'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Harper grabs her staff with a twirl.

Gregor's hands snap free and he rises to his feet, eyes glowing blood red.

GREGOR
The kin of Ry'naughk's slayer will resurrect the Daemon Lord and bring upon the Apocalypse. So it is said, so it is written. I shall rewrite it.

HARPER
Over my dead body.

GREGOR
Fair enough.

He rushes forward.

She swings her staff and he catches it mid-blow.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
Oh, it really is nice to have
company. I've been ever so lonely.

INT. MOUNT ARETHE - DAY

ARMORY

Mongre Calipha stands before a single brazier in the middle
of an dark, windowless library.

She lights the flame and the room fills with light.

The shelves, instead of books, are lined with a collection of
unrelated objects.

Aiko stands be the door, next to an Orc named OLAR JA'PHAEEL.

Calipha turns to them.

CALIPHA
(hissing)
This is the armory. Before your
initiation, you must select an item
to serve as your talisman.
(waving her arms around)
But be careful, some are quite
immense in their power.

The Orc glances at Aiko nervously. She smiles and nods.

CALIPHA (CONT'D)
Let the talisman choose you.

Aiko begins scouring through the shelves.

AIKO
Where did you get these?

CALIPHA
Some are artifacts we've collected
over the years. Others are
trophies. Powerful totems we've
gathered from foes the Council has
defeated conquered, too powerful to
fall back into civilian world.

Ja'phael touches a large helmet and lets out a howl.

CALIPHA (CONT'D)
Careful. Like I said, these items
are powerful.

Aiko runs her hands across a long spear with an obsidian tip.

AIKO
This is amazing. Things like these
could save Hunters lives.

CALIPHA
As I said, these are too powerful
to fall back into the civilian
world. The selection process for
your Order allows too many unstable
individuals in. They could never be
trusted.

AIKO
It's good to know the Guardians
have never let any bad apples in.
(grinning)
Oh wait...

Calipha turns, the snakes on her head hissing loudly.

Ja'phael lets out a grunt. On the shelf in front of him a
stone shield with a cracked gemstone in the center.

JA'PHAEL
This! Ma'go Shield. Belong in
ancient legend. Lost to fates long
ago. But here all along.

CALIPHA
Indeed. There is a strong, proud
Orc history with that shield. Try
it out, see how it feels.

He grabs the handle and snorts.

JA'PHAEL
This. Ma'go shield. Olar, talisman.

CALIPHA
Excellent. By returning that shield
to your people, I hope in some way
that can go even further towards
mending the relationship between
Orcs and the rest of the world.

JA'PHAEL

It start.

Calipha nods and turns to Aiko.

CALIPHA

And what about you?

The Huntress sucks her teeth.

AIKO

Nothing's really jumpin-

Aiko stops in her tracks.

Sitting in front of her, an ornate longbow crafted from a translucent material.

She places her hand on it and the stock shimmers a bright white.

CALIPHA

The Bow of Lyaris.

The Gorgan steps closer.

CALIPHA (CONT'D)

They say the Cosmos Lyaris forged this weapon and sent it to our world in the heart of a comet as repentance for the evil her brother Ry'naughk had wrought. They say even among the Guardians, only a select few have ever been able to wield it properly.

Aiko grabs the string which glows and emits an odd tone as she pulls it back.

CALIPHA (CONT'D)

It would seem Arthur may have chosen wisely with you. Try it out.

The Guardian raises a hand and a target appears across the room.

Aiko looks at her and then back at the bow.

She pulls the string back and forms an energy arrow in it's place. As she lets go an eerie droning noise accompanies the arrow and turns to a small boom as the target shatters to a million pieces.

Ja'phael's jaw drops.

Calipha looks surprised as well.

Aiko smiles.

AIKO

Dibs.

COUNCIL CHAMBERS

The room has been filled by the Council again, along with the new arrivals of Aiko and Ja'phael.

Everyone stands in front of their respective chairs.

Arthur gathers their attention and the room quiets.

He reaches down and grabs a goblet from the table. The other Guardians and Aiko do as well. Ja'phael rushes and grabs his a moment later, looking embarrassed.

ARTHUR

Today marks an auspicious occasion.
Today we induct two new members
into our ranks.

He turns to the new arrivals.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Beyond that, it's a privilege to
welcome our first Orc in the entire
Council's history.

Arthur smiles.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

For too long, the Orcs have
suffered from prejudices held from
the Daemon Wars. I'm ashamed to
say, I'm guilty of it as well. It's
been far too long but no more. And
I hope that in time, we can build
up the great Orcish people who
we've treated so poorly.

He locks eyes with the Orc.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

So welcome, Olar Ja'phael. I'm
certain you'll make a great
addition to our Council.

The group cheers.

A gold light fills the room. It soon subsides and Olar is now donning the same pearl and gold armor as the rest of them.

Aiko is amazed.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

And finally, last but certainly not least. In a decision I know was unpopular but I hope many of you will come to respect, I have chosen to add a talented and honorable Huntress to our Order. In the short time I've known her, she has proven to be brave and honorable. I believe she possesses all of the abilities needed to excel on our Council. I hope you all will give her a chance to as well. Welcome Aiko Tanaka.

The light flashes again.

The room returns to normal and Aiko is in armor.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Now, let us toast the Cos-

As Aiko looks over her armor, a loud banging comes from the door.

Another set of loud knocks.

Arthur lowers his glass and opens the door.

On the other side a thirty foot FLAME ELEMENTAL stands.

Olar drops his goblet and grabs his shield from his back, preparing for a fight. The others look at him wildly.

Aiko smirks.

The flame elemental shrinks down until it's the size of a human. Its features morph into that of Venji Asahd.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You've caught us at a rather unfortunate time, Arch-Huntress.

VENJI

(in elemental form)

I'm sorry, Archmage. It could not wait. It's Harper's team.

Arthur turns and faces Aiko who has now put down her drink, a concerned look on her face.

ARTHUR
What is it?

VENJI
They've found Gregor the Prescient.

The chamber snaps to life with murmurs and whispers.

FAEDRIS
Finally, the traitor shall pay.

SATINE
(shouting)
To the Void with him!

Arthur quiets his men and turns back to Venji.

ARTHUR
We shall send someone at once.

With a nod, the flame Venji elemental disappears.

He turns back towards the Council.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
It would appear festivities will
have to wait.

CALIPHA
I'll fetch the fool.

ARTHUR
Might I suggest you bring Aiko
along with you. Her experience as a
Huntress may prove useful in
navigating through Terra and the
Order.

Calipha looks at Aiko reluctantly.

Aiko nods.

INT. SECRET CAVE - DAY

The burnt remains of a jaguar disintegrate in a cloud of smoke as it slams against the rock face.

Morgan lowers her hands, flames dancing from her palms.

Emmett yells from behind.

EMMETT
A little help!

Three more beasts surround Emmett, kept at bay by three mini-tornadoes under his control.

Quentin is wrestling with a large jaguar, his metal hands pulling either side of the cat's mouth.

QUENTIN
(struggling)
I'm a little busy here!

One of the three surrounding Emmett falls to the ground, an arrow sticking out of it's side.

Maya loads another bolt into her crossbow.

A green hawk screeches past Morgan's face. She turns just in time to dodge another jaguar leaping towards her.

Electricity crackles through the beast as a hatchet blade pierces it's skull.

Lina helps her to her feet.

MORGAN
Great timing.

LINA
I always strive to make an entrance.

Emmett grunts across the cavern. Lina heads to his rescue.

INT. GREGOR'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Gregor has Harper in a bear hug, gripping her tightly against his chest.

In a bright flash, his golden armor disappears and he falls to his knees.

Harper sweeps his legs from underneath him.

HARPER
About time.

GREGOR
No matter. I'll still defeat you.

Gregor rises to his feet as a red aura envelops him.

Her eyes begin to glow as 11 more Harpers appear in front of him.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
Funny girl.

A surge of red energy knocks all 12 Harpers backwards.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
Let's play.

INT. SECRET CAVE - DAY

Quentin is on the ground, being overwhelmed by two beasts. The metal armor is showing cracks and scrapes, revealing his own skin underneath.

The others are battling even more beasts.

A wisp of red lightning strikes one of the animals in the side. An arrow catches another.

A small pack get caught in a vortex of fire cast by Morgan and Emmett.

MAYA
They keep coming.

Lina surveys the situation for a moment.

LINA
Everyone back up.

She crosses her blades together as electricity begins to arc between them.

She slams them down into the dirt and a giant wall of electricity shoots out. They yelp and screech and run away as the lightning hits them.

Lina tries to stand but collapses. Emmett helps her to a nearby rock.

LINA (CONT'D)
(out of breath)
Gimme a second.

EMMETT
I hope Harper is faring better with Gregor.

He turns to look at the hideout entrance.

INT. GREGOR'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Gregor and the Harpers are brawling. They each appear to be getting winded.

He lets out two pulses of energy which knock each Harper onto the ground.

11 Harpers fade away leaving the real one, knocked out on her back.

GREGOR
No more games...

He walks past her, shaking his head.

INT. SECRET CAVE - DAY

Gregor exits his hideout.

GREGOR
Where have all of my pets gone?

Before he can react, a stream of lightning hits his chest.

LINA
Die you piece of crap.

Gregor turns and laughs, the lightning being absorbed into his Blighted energy aura.

The lightning becomes surrounded by a vortex filled with rocks and pebbles. Emmett focuses on him.

Morgan casts flames from her hand which join the air vortex making a FLAME TORNADO.

Gregor laughs as he pushes through the tornado and lightning towards Lina.

As he closes in, her electricity starts to arc and jump chaotically.

GREGOR
Game over.

The electricity surges backwards and strikes Lina in the chest. She flies back, landing on the dirt unconscious.

The others stop their spells and look.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
I've been merciful.
(pointing at Morgan)
No one, aside from the girl, has to
die today. But that choice is
yours.

Harper appears behind him, blood streaming down her forehead,
and swings her staff.

He blocks it without looking. He then turns and grabs her by
the throat before tossing her clear across the room.

Gregor walks over and punches Emmett square in the face,
knocking him out.

Quentin and Maya are now forming a protective barrier between
Gregor and Morgan. All three are badly scuffed. Patches of
Quentin's real skin are bloody and exposed beneath his metal
skin.

Gregor trots toward them.

MORGAN
What do you want with me?

GREGOR
It's the prophecy.

QUENTIN
The hell are you talking about?!

GREGOR
Arthur Blackwell's child will cause
the Apocalypse. I'm merely
preventing that.

The Initiates look at each other.

MAYA
You're insane.

GREGOR
Yes. But that doesn't change my
prophecy. I'm so sorry it has come
to this.

Gregor is closing in now.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
There are no more options. You
cannot win.

Maya and Quentin look at each other, perplexed.

Morgan places her hands on their shoulders and pushes past them.

MORGAN

Okay. Just let them go. Please.

Gregor stops and smiles.

GREGOR

Indeed. A brave choi-

QUENTIN

(interrupting)

Hey, dipshit. Our Dad has TWO kids!

Quentin pushes Morgan out of the way as he lunges towards Gregor with his dagger.

The blade pierces his ribs and he lets out a snort.

Maya charges him with her blade as well.

Gregor smacks them both to the ground, Maya's dagger slides away, but they both rise once more.

Maya swipes him with her bare hands, leaving a large set of lacerations on his exposed abdomen.

The metal on Quentin's body focuses onto his fist as he starts punching him in the body.

Morgan watches from the dirt, wind knocked out of her.

GREGOR

So you must be Quentin. The old man's other cherub.

He lets out another pulse of energy and they fall again.

He walks over to Quentin who is writhing in pain.

A red and black spear materializes in Gregor's hand. He raises it with a smile.

GREGOR (CONT'D)

Excuse my mirth, I take little pleasure in this. But I always did find your father detestable. Causing him sorrow is just intoxicating.

Morgan looks at the knocked out Huntresses and Emmett. She sees Maya struggling to stand up.

A tear rolls down her eyes and she crawls away.
Maya grabs Gregor's leg, failing to do more than annoy him.
He kicks her away, knocking back his last bit of opposition.
He looks down at Quentin whose bloodied face scowls back at him.

QUENTIN
Go ahead, you idiot. My Dad'll kill
you.

GREGOR
That may be. But the world will
thank me.

Gregor starts to lunge when a giant ball of dark red energy
slams into his chest.

He sees Morgan, eyes glowing red, grey and black liquid
dripping from her lips.

MORGAN
(daemonic voice)
Enough!

The chamber begins to shake as energy surges uncontrollably
from her body.

QUENTIN
(to himself)
No. Morganna, what did you do?

GREGOR
Her link with the Daemon Lord has
been forged.

Gregor tightens the grip on his spear.

A sword and shield form from dark energy in Morgan's palms.

GREGOR (CONT'D)
This shall be interesting.

Gregor lunges at her.

She dodges and counters his strikes effortlessly.

From behind glowing red eyes, she smirks.

INT. ANCIENT TOMBS - DAY

INNER CRYPT

Gregor crashes through the wall, crushing the sarcophagus inside. Morgan floats in through the hole he created.

Their weapons morph into balls of energy which begin to pulse with each breath that they take.

GREGOR
(daemonic voice)
This ends now.

MORGAN
(daemonic voice)
This ends now.

Their orbs turn into a giant stream of energy which they hurl at each other, meeting in the middle.

They each grimace and strain as the streams clash. Sweat rolls down each of their faces.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Can't hold on.

A HOODED FIGURE appears in the middle of the room, next to the streams of energy.

INT. SECRET CAVE - NIGHT

Lina wakes up to Harper's face hovering over her.

HARPER
Are you okay?

Lina sits up and looks around.

LINA
Where'd he go?

She spots Emmett, unconscious on the ground nearby.

They rush over to him.

Lina pulls bandages out her backpack. She checks her watch.

LINA (CONT'D)
Support team should be here by now.

Harper turns to head outside.

Quentin and Maya lay on the ground in front of her.

She checks their vitals and then wakes them.

HARPER
Where is Morgan?

Quentin is groggy.

QUENTIN
Oh no...Morgan...

He struggles to his feet but loses his balance. Harper catches him.

HARPER
Calm down. What happened?

Quentin begins to cry.

MAYA
Up there.

Maya points out a hole in the cavern wall. Light is peeking through.

INT. ANCIENT TOMBS - NIGHT

INNER CRYPT

Harper enters.

Morgan and Gregor are both lying on the ground, unconscious. The room is empty.

OUTER CRYPT

Harper is walking through the tunnels when she notices a light ahead.

She pulls out her staff, preparing for a fight, when she recognizes Aiko's face atop a mass of glittering armor.

EXT. ANCIENT TOMBS - NIGHT

A half dozen Mages are gathered around the entrance of the tomb while another half dozen are filing in and out. Mostly Loremages with a couple Hunters.

A pair of CLERICS are tending to the wounds of Maya and Quentin.

The Arch Huntress stands in the circle with Harper, Lina and Aiko.

VENJI

...And so he'll be returned to the
Council where he will face
tribunal.

She nods to Calipha who leads a shackled Gregor away, his
eyes white and his expression blank.

Harper nudges Aiko.

HARPER

(excited)

Guess it's time for you to go,
Guardian.

Harper glances at her with curious eyes and smiles as she
walks away.

The Arch-Huntress turns to Harper and Lina.

VENJI

Sounds like things got out of hand.

LINA

That's an understatement.

HARPER

No kidding.

Emmett walks over, bandaged and limping. He walks toward
them.

HARPER (CONT'D)

I just want to know what the hell
happened in there.

VENJI

We'll have to ask the girl when she
wakes up.

EMMETT

(sighing)

We'll be waiting then...The clerics
say that she's in a coma.

They look down in despair.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

They don't know when or if she'll
wake up.

Harper turns to Quentin and Maya in the distance, laughing
amongst themselves.

VENJI

That's unfortunate. We must find
out what happened to that daemon.

INT. SECRET CAVE

The chamber is filled with Loreimages and Hunters. The pool of
daemon blood remains but the corpse is missing.

INT. DARK ROOM

We see the daemon corpse, vertical slash marks with blood
still oozing out of it.

Standing above is the hooded DARK MAGE.