

FADE IN:

INT. WESTEROS FINANCIAL - DAY

RESTROOM

HARPER EVANS (late 20s, auburn-hair pulled into a bun) stares into large mirror of the ladies room.

She takes a deep breath. A smile forms but soon fades.

88TH FLOOR

A slick investment banker named CHUCK WESTMORELAND rushes past an empty slew of cubicles. A maintenance worker vacuums while listening to music on his headphones.

Chuck stops in the elevator bay where Harper waits in a long black skirt and horn-rimmed glasses. He checks his watch.

HARPER

These things take forever
sometimes.

WESTMORELAND

Yeah, they shut down all but one
after 6. Cheap bastards.

She smiles at him.

The elevator arrives.

ELEVATOR

As the door starts to close, a female ACCOUNTANT calls out.

ACCOUNTANT

(rushing to elevator)
Hold the door.

Westmoreland pokes the 'door close' button repeatedly.

The door closes.

WESTMORELAND

Aw, shoot. Guess I pressed the
wrong button.

He turns to give Harper a sly wink. She smirks back at him.

WESTMORELAND (CONT'D)

I don't think we've met before.

HARPER

I'm Harper. Doing some consulting work for the legal team.

WESTMORELAND

Charles Westmoreland the third. Everyone calls me Chuck. Pleased to meet you, Harper.

HARPER

I bet.

WESTMORELAND

What's that supposed to mean?

She bobs her head from side to side.

HARPER

I've heard some things about *Charles Westmoreland the third*.

WESTMORELAND

Oh yeah?

HARPER

A couple friends of mine: Liz Connors, Brenda Albright.
(cold)
They say you've got a secret.

He looks confused.

The emergency stop engages itself.

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

HARPER (CONT'D)

Well I've got a secret too.

Westmoreland turns to find the girl has vanished, her purse lies on the ground. He starts to laugh.

He gets tripped onto his back. Harper stands over him, pressing a silver staff against his chest.

WESTMORELAND

Let's play, witch.

Westmoreland's skin begins to shift and squirm. His skin turns a grey-green color as his hands morph into claws.

The GREEN DAEMON now pushes the staff away and stands up.

Harper watches as it grows and grows until it's over 8 feet tall, head almost bending the roof of the elevator.

She slides the staff over her shoulder; it shrinks to a quarter of it's original length. She assumes a combat stance.

A stone-like hand grabs Harper's throat and lifts her off the ground.

Harper clasps her hands together and a blast of energy leaps from her knuckles.

The two of them fly apart, the monster tearing through the metal siding of the elevator.

Harper slams into the wall behind her, then follows the beast into the shaft.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

Harper balances on a beam between elevator tracks. She looks around.

The shaft is filled with shadows with the occasional streak of light.

Harper closes her eyes and takes a breath.

ASTRAL PLANE:

- Harper's vision leaves her body. She hovers around herself for a moment, glancing around. She can hear daemonic whispers and thoughts nearby and turns to a shadow up above.
- Her vision zooms into show the daemon gripping a metal beam in the darkness.
- She can now see through the daemon's eyes as it leaps down towards her. Harper can see herself open her eyes which are glowing white for a split-second.

END OF ASTRAL PLANE

Harper sidesteps the blow and begins counter-attacking with her staff.

The two of them exchange a quick flurry of blows on the beam before the daemon lunges forward and shoulds her off.

She lands on an adjacent elevator car. She catches her breath and then hurls another ball of energy at the daemon who flies backwards into the wall of the elevator shaft.

88TH FLOOR

The maintenance worker is oblivious, listening to his music, as a picture falls off the wall behind him.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

The daemon recovers and dangles from a nearby beam.

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

It then uses the wall to launch itself towards Harper who tries to dive out of the way.

One of it's talons grabs her by the ankle and it proceeds to fly up and out of the elevator shaft.

EXT. WESTEROS FINANCIAL ROOFTOP - DAY

The daemon breaks through the ventilation shaft to the roof with Harper still in it's grip. It begins soaring upwards.

An arrow made of blue energy pierces the daemon's back.

The daemon turns to see it's attacker and notices Harper dematerializing from between it's feet.

She reappears on the rooftop standing next to the female accountant from the elevator, AIKO TANAKA (early 30s, dragon tattoo covering her left arm) holding a black longbow.

Aiko pulls back her bow once more as an energy arrow forms in her hand.

The arrow strikes the daemon in the chest. It begins to plummet.

The daemon crashes into the rooftop with a smash.

Harper and Aiko gather in front of it silently as it takes its final breath.

HARPER

Think you can cover for me. I have,
uh-

Aiko smirks.

AIKO

Go ahead. Give loverboy my regards.

HARPER

Love you.

Harper gives her a quick hug and vanishes. Aiko turns to the daemon's remains.

AIKO

This is what happens when you don't
hold the elevator for people.

INT. WESTEROS FINANCIAL - DAY

RESTROOM

Harper stands in front of the mirror, hands resting on the counter.

As her eyes open, they are glowing white for a moment before turning natural.

She takes a deep breath.

She stares at herself in the mirror before looking back down at a positive pregnancy test.

EXT. SHADOWCREST - DAY

The sky is grapefruit pink with three suns overhead: one orange, one green and one red.

An ancient fortress of cobblestone buildings and ramparts protrudes from the side of a snow-capped mountain.

Sentries wearing padded leather, holding a variety of weapons, are posted on the towers which dot the perimeter.

On one edge of the fortress, a large cathedral appears to be carved out of the mountain face.

A ceremony is being held on it's steps.

APEX COURTYARD

In front of the cathedral, three men and two women stand in a line, their hands by their side and shoulders pinned back.

Each is wearing a formal black and red uniform with glowing orange patterns slithering over their left breasts.

At the base of the stairs a dozen teens in identical outfits but grey.

Two of them, MAYA LOWELL (19) and QUENTIN BLACKWELL (19), are standing nervously, eyes forward.

One of the women steps forward, ARCH-HUNTRESS VENJI ASAHD (late 50s), and addresses the formation.

VENJI

Let me be the first to commend you for your hard work and dedication; studying and training for the past three years to learn our craft. And now, for your final year, you will leave the classroom behind and practice our craft in the field beside real Hunters. Not all of you will succeed. Not all of you will survive. But those who do will become the next generation of Hunters and Huntresses. I hope you are ready.

She looks over each of the newcomers faces.

VENJI (CONT'D)

When you are ready, come and join us in the Apex.

The large doors of the cathedral slowly swing open.

Maya and Quentin turn to each other.

MAYA

You think we're ready?

QUENTIN

Hell yeah.

INT. APEX ENTRANCE - DAY

The Initiates enter the cathedral to find it barren and empty. Unlit sconces line the wall with cobwebs gathering on them.

The Arch-Huntress stands at the front of the room with the other mages.

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

VENJI

Now you learn our first secret. The Hunters have not operated out of the Apex cathedral for decades.

She waves her hand and the pulpit along with the floor beneath it vanish. A dark stairway leading down with ropes of blue pure light lining the walls.

VENJI (CONT'D)

As you know, Shadowcrest was built upon the Daemon Lord's lair after the Archmage defeated him 400 years ago. This served two purposes: 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 where we eat, sleep, train and work.

She guides them down the staircase.

INT. APEX COMMONS - DAY

They enter a large chamber bustling with warmth and activity.

Large rooms line with walls filled with mages working on various tasks.

VENJI

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

Maya and Quentin are enamored.

VENJI (CONT'D)

Ah, bless the Cosmos, it seems we have a visitor. The Arch-mage himself.

Up walks a tall, sturdy man with white hair wearing gold and white plate mail: ARCHMAGE ARTHUR BLACKWELL (60s).

ARTHUR

Ah, pay me no mind. Just having a look at the new Initiates.

VENJI

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

Maya turns to Quentin whose lips are sweaty.

The Archmage turns to the Initiates.

ARTHUR
Make us proud.

He walks away gracefully.

Maya leans over.

MAYA
Afraid Daddy would embarrass you?
Quentin looks her in the eye.

QUENTIN
Shut up.
She smirks.

VENJI
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. That is all Initiates.
Venji turns around and notices Aiko, still in her Earth
clothing, ducking behind a pillar.

VENJI (CONT'D)
Huntress Tanaka, a word please.
Aiko approaches her with her hands folded.

AIKO
Please don't, ma'am. I beg of you.

VENJI
Don't worry, Aiko. You don't have
time to take on an Initiate.
Aiko pumps her fist in joy then looks confused.

AIKO
Why not?

VENJI
The Archmage has asked for your
help specifically in regards to a
special assignment.
Aiko looks even more confused.

AIKO
Is that good?

VENJI

Could be. Who knows. He may be testing you. There is a seat open on the Council.

AIKO

Yeah, right. Me, a Guardian. That's a good one.

VENJI

You never know.

AIKO

Harper maybe.
(shaking her head)
But me?

VENJI

Speaking of which, where is she. I was hoping to debrief about Westeros.

AIKO

You know where.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A man, DANTE EMERSON (30s, dark-skinned) is sitting alone at his table.

He's covering his mouth with one hand while the other fiddles with the lid of a jewelry box. Inside the box is a diamond engagement ring.

He's staring at the diamond, deep in contemplation. He looks morose.

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

He puts on a smile and turns.

HARPER

Hey, babe. 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

Same old, same old.

He pulls out her chair for her and then takes a seat.
He stares at her oddly. It takes her a moment to notice.

HARPER (CONT'D)

What?

DANTE

So, first off, I dig the hair.
Second, 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 kind of have to know her to
understand.

Dante nods.

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 kinda
down lately.

HARPER

(struggling)
It's...

DANTE

Is it your friend? The one whose
brother died.

Harper nods.

HARPER

I don't know. She's been so distant
lately. You know, after Matti died
I was worried for her. She didn't
eat or sleep or do anything. Then
it seemed like she turned a corner,
you know. But now, I don't know.
(MORE)

HARPER (CONT'D)

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 and pain. Sometimes I wonder if it will ever leave. If it even can.

Dante nods silently.

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

EXT. SHADOWCREST - DAY

In the center of the compound 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 midair.

A flat stone rests underneath. Three white-haired ENCHANTRESSES in red robes standing a triangle around it. Hands crossed, as if in prayer.

Venji enters.

A fourth enchantress approaches her, this one much younger. She bows her head.

ENCHANTRESS

(soft, flat voice)

She is arriving now madam.

The other enchantresses begin to chant in an ancient tongue.

The energy grows more chaotic and turbulent.

There is a violent burst and Harper appears beneath it.

Harper takes a breath and steps off.

HARPER

Ladies.

Harper notices Venji waiting for her.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Ma'am.

VENJI

I have an assignment for you.

Harper turns to the orb and then back to Venji. She makes a strained face.

VENJI (CONT'D)

Lina is reporting Blight on Terra and requesting backup. I thought you would want to go.

Harper nods.

HARPER

Just let me grab a few things to take with me.

VENJI

Speaking of which...

She turns to the side to reveal MAYA and QUENTIN standing by the doorway behind her.

EXT. SHADOWCREST - DAY

GROUNDS

Harper and Venji are walking along the pathway between two manicured lawns.

Maya and Quentin are a few paces behind.

HARPER

(whispered, upset)

Why two?

VENJI

Only until Aiko is finished with her Guardian assignment.

HARPER

So I get no say in this?

VENJI

No.

HARPER

Things are kind of weird, right now. An Initiate is a big commitment.

VENJI

A commitment you agreed to when you became a Huntress.

They stop walking.

VENJI (CONT'D)

Look, I'm happy that you have found someone. But just because your life on Terra is going well doesn't mean you can neglect your responsibilities here.

Harper sighs and nods.

VENJI (CONT'D)

Now, get them equipped and ready to go. Time is of the essence.

HARPER

Yes, ma'am.

Venji leaves.

Harper walks over to the Initiates.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You're Quentin, right? The Archmage's kid?

Quentin gives a small nod.

HARPER (CONT'D)

And you are?

Maya extends a shaky hand.

MAYA

Maya Lowell, Huntress.

Harper shakes.

HARPER

(curious)

Any relation to a Marshall Lowell?

MAYA
My grandfather, ma'am.

HARPER
Oh.

Harper shows a tinge of sadness.

HARPER (CONT'D)
He was a fine Hunter. It's a shame..

Maya nods.

Harper changes topics to lift the mood.

HARPER (CONT'D)
So, what kind of skills you punks
wielding?

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

QUENTIN
(sarcastic)
Be ready to be amazed.

Maya, concentrating deeply, sticks out her arm. An ethereal hawk starts to form.

She opens her eyes and the bird takes flight, circling around overhead.

HARPER
That's pretty cool.

Quentin chuckles.

QUENTIN
Yeah, so she can distract the bad
guys while she runs away.

Maya frowns and the hawk disappears.

HARPER
What about you then, Chuckles?

Quentin grins.

His skin begins to sparkle and shimmer. Gold begins to pool over his skin like a liquid.

His entire body, clothes and all, appear to be made of gold.

QUENTIN
Pretty sick, huh.

HARPER
Gold. Seems like you might think a
little highly of yourself.

QUENTIN
Never rusts or corrodes.

Harper looks at the two of them.

HARPER
Well can you guys fight?

QUENTIN
Just give me a weapon and see.

HARPER
Sure thing.

INT. APEX COMMONS - DAY

ARMORY

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

QUENTIN
The hell is this?

HARPER
Your weapon.

Maya chuckles from the corner.

QUENTIN
Really? This is ridiculous.

Harper then walks over and hands Maya a similar dagger and
also a crossbow.

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

MAYA
I got a 98 on my ranged weapons
assessment.

HARPER
Awesome.

QUENTIN
Oh this is some bullshit.

HARPER
What?

QUENTIN
How come 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 into
the field but I feel like your
power doesn't need that much help.
(turning to Maya)
The bird is nice but you might need
to protect yourself out there. This
will help with that.

Quentin sucks his teeth.

Maya smiles.

HARPER (CONT'D)
Alright, let's go.

INT. THE CONDUIT - NIGHT

Harper, Maya and Quentin stand underneath the giant swirling
vortex while wearing camping gear.

A flash of light as the Enchantresses utter their
incantations and the three 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.

Aiko sits on a bench, nervously staring into the darkness.

A male voice comes from behind her.

ARTHUR
Thanks you for coming.

She starts to rise.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Please, stay seated.

AIKO
Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

He takes a seat beside her, enjoying the view as well.

ARTHUR
Please, call me Arthur.

Aiko gives an awkward nod.

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

AIKO
No, si- Arthur.

ARTHUR
Harper says you're a good person.
Honest. Loyal. Brave.

AIKO
Don't believe everything you hear.

Arthur grins.

ARTHUR
And modest too. She once told me
she trusted 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.

AIKO
I've heard.

ARTHUR
Forgive me if I dawdle, tendencies
of an old man. And I'm older than
most.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

They say the average mage lives to be 150 years old. I'm now approaching 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

Why?

ARTHUR

Call it intuition. Foresight, maybe. Probably just fatigue.

AIKO

Is that why you brought me here, sir?

ARTHUR

Are you familiar with this place?

Aiko looks around.

AIKO

Not very well, no. A friend showed it to me once during my training. I remember being fascinated but never inquiring further.

ARTHUR

I've never understood the magic that rested here. But I've always found it beautiful, mysterious. Inspiring, even; how light still thrives amongst the darkness.

Arthur shakes his head.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Which is why I buried my darkest secret beneath it.

She turns to him.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
If I should perish before I find
the courage to, I need your
assurance that the truth will see
the light.

He faces her.

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

Aiko is overwhelmed.

AIKO
Sir, I don't mean to be rude but
isn't this something you should be
asking the Council?

ARTHUR
The Guardians are bound by sacred
codes, duties that would conflict
with this task. And besides, I have
other concerns regarding my
Council. No, I need someone not
bound to our arcane laws who will
do what is right and good, no more
and no less. Harper tells me that
is you.

AIKO
Okay, why can't you just ask
Harper? She's not a Guardian.

ARTHUR
I fear Harper may be leaving us.

AIKO
What?

ARTHUR
Again, call it intuition. But I
suspect she'll want to start life
anew on Terra. A husband. A family.
Which, of course, means she'll have
to cut ties to this life, this
world.

Aiko looks upset.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Had you not considered it?

Another long pause. 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...
(shaking his head)
I shudder to think.

AIKO
Revealed to who?

ARTHUR
That will become apparent at the
time. I need your word, Aiko.

AIKO
You have my word.

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

They both stand.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
But you've now roused an issue in
my mind. As I said, I have other
concerns regarding my Guardians. A
matter best addressed discreetly. I
wonder if an old man may ask
another request.

AIKO
As a Huntress, my job is to serve
the Order. If the Archmage needs
help, I'll help. Whatever I can do
to help.

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.

EMMETT CALVIN (30s, nerdy) and MORGAN BLACKWELL (19) crouch down to observe it.

EMMETT

(whispering)

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

MORGAN

Intriguing.

EMMETT

They serve as a sort of analogy for the Humans themselves.

HARPER (O.S.)

Same could be said about us.

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

HARPER (CONT'D)

And it's fly, not flea.

EMMETT

(smiling)

Harper. I suspected they would send you.

HARPER

Well, you and Lina can't have all of the fun.

She gives him a big hug.

EMMETT

Let me introduce you to my
Initiate-

HARPER

Morgan and I go way back.

She steps forward and gives her a hug too.

HARPER (CONT'D)

We should head back to camp. Sun's going down soon.

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 drink hot chocolate.

EMMETT

So, I imagine you must come out
here a lot with Dante.

Harper smirks.

EMMETT (CONT'D)

What?

HARPER

Well, we're in Venezuela. Dante
lives in Manhattan. It's a bit of a
trek.

EMMETT

Ah, Terran geography was never a
strength of mine.

HARPER

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

EMMETT

That's debatable.

Harper shakes her head.

HARPER

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

EMMETT

Maybe...

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

HARPER

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

Emmett smiles and nods.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Speaking of which?

She looks at him.

EMMETT

She's doing well. 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.

MAYA

...and then she showed us the Apex which we can't really talk about. But it was awesome.

MORGAN

I've been inside...
(turning to Quentin)
Our father took us there once when we were younger.

Maya turns to Quentin.

QUENTIN

What? You seemed excited. I didn't want to spoil your fun.

MAYA

Perks of having a powerful dad, I guess.

Morgan and Quentin look at each other.

QUENTIN

It's not all it's cracked up to be.

MAYA

So I'm curious. Since your Dad's like 500 years old, does that mean you two are also going to live forever?

Morgan shrugs.

QUENTIN

He's not immortal. He can die. Just like the rest of us. He's just got a lot of magic in him. Magic can keep you alive for a long time but not forever.

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. LOREMAGE CAMP - DAY

The camp is asleep.

Emmett is sitting in a folding chair by the snuffed out fire, head hanging off his shoulder with marshmallow and chocolate residue on his cheeks.

Maya is curled tightly inside her tent, next to Maya who is stretched out widely next to her.

Quentin's feet stick out from the top of his sleeping bag.

Harper bangs her staff against the end of the metal posts of Emmett's chair.

The Initiates stick their heads out.

Emmett is so startled, he falls backwards, taking the chair down with him.

HARPER
I'm scouting ahead, linking up with
Lina. Meet us at the dig by noon.

A barely coherent Emmett nods as everyone else tries to get their bearings.

EXT. ANCIENT TOMBS - DAY

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

Dammit.

Behind her is LINA MACHADO (21, Hispanic) who has failed to sneak up on her. The two of them hug.

HARPER

How have you been?

LINA

Just dandy. Getting my ass eaten by mosquitoes. Emmett was bugging the shit out of me so I had to scout ahead.

HARPER

Well him 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?

HARPER

Too early to say. You were in the Academy with them. Was wondering if you had any insight.

LINA

Maya's cool. Quiet but strong. Q.
(shaking her head)
The boy's a wildcard.

Harper grins.

LINA (CONT'D)

What?

HARPER

Nothing. Just. That takes me back.
(smirking)
Esta loca.

They smile but Lina begins to gaze off into the distance.

LINA

I really miss him sometimes.

Harper pats her on the shoulder.

HARPER

I don't.

Lina is startled.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Cuz I see him in you constantly.
Matti would be so proud of you and
so jealous of me because I get to
see the powerful woman that you're
becoming.

LINA

(smiling)

He'd be proud of you too.

A bush rustles nearby.

Lina and Harper both draw their weapons and investigate.
Nothing.

As they turn around they are charged by a small JUNGLE CAT.

Harper extends her staff and knocks it several feet away. As
it recoils, it's eyes begin to glow purple.

The cat turns and scurries through the arched mouth of the
tomb. A loud rumbling noise follows.

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 rips through the woods.

The two run towards the campsite when the teens emerge from
the bushes, soon followed by Emmett.

QUENTIN

Quit freaking out, ya big baby.

MORGAN
I swear I saw someone.

HARPER
What happened?

EMMETT
Ms. Blackwell thinks she saw
someone watching us from the brush.
I checked, and no one was there.
Probably all the sugar from last
night, playing with her
imagination.

Harper scans the brush.

LINA
C'mon, let's get this over with. I
have a weird feeling about this
place.

HARPER
There's Blighted. Where there's
Blighted, there's probably a
daemon. So everyone stay together,
keep your eyes open and call out
anything you see.

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. Stoop. 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. 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 eyes begin to glow
white as he speaks.

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.

(MORE)

GREGOR (CONT'D)

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.
(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

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 Loremages 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.