

"Fate 1x13: Vow"

by

Roonblah

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

TITLE: 1976, NEW YORK

The church may once have been grand, but boards have long since shuttered the smashed windows. Weeds and litter have obscured what tiny garden it once had. The church is an alien in a concrete jungle - the CONDEMNED and DEMOLITION signs seem completely in place.

There is a flicker of light behind the boards and filthy stained-glass windows.

INT. CHURCH - SAME

The church interior evidences the same squalid decay as the outside. The same can be said for almost all the occupants of the church. There is a small chorus of unintelligible whispers.

SAVORTES stand alongside MEN and WOMEN, who have a detached, stoned look on their faces, like they haven't had their recommended eight hours in about a week. They dot the entire church, forming lines that angle into a circle, a circle marked by FOUR ROBED FIGURES.

Each figure stands an equal length apart, one for each main point on a compass. In the centre, a shimmer of GREEN LIGHT. The figures are the source of the whispers.

One of the robed figures pulls the the hood of her robe back.

MELARNA, fortyish, is both beautiful and chilling. Her hands move below her robes.

She lifts her fist, covered in blood. In the other hand, a wicked knife.

MELARNA

And the thirteenth rite begins.

Tendrils of the green light snake toward the blood, slipping around it lovingly.

MELARNA

The blood of the worthy. The blood
of the master.

One of the robed figures sounds a bell.

MELARNA

The hour dwindles. The First Day
is born again with the light given
in the old.

She nods at one of the robed figures to her side. The gibberish chanting starts again - two identical male voices in identical time. Melarna stares ahead at the robed figure directly opposite her. A robed figure, hidden in shadow, bows slightly.

Slowly, demons and man alike nearest the circle move forward toward the light. They move uniformly and without thought or hesitation. One man, let's call him HORACE, stops as he approaches the light - there is an angonised look on his face, but no discernible reason. It seems a great feat, but he tries to step backwards.

Melarna glares ahead again. The shadowed figure turns slightly toward Horace. Though his face mirrors greater anxiety, he continues forward with the others.

As they reach the inner circle, charges of electricity stretch between the four robed figures. The green shimmer grows in height and intensity and wraps threads of itself through the light.

Horace seems in great pain, though he does not open his mouth.

The lightning sparks become chains linking the four figures. Each spike of energy pushes through the sorry souls within the circle, CONSUMING THEM quickly and wholly.

Melarna sways backward.

MELARNA

I feel it. I feel it. More energy.
More!

More people shuffle forward without thought or care into the circle.

Melarna closes her eyes, lost in the throes of some sort of ecstasy, swaying to the chanting as though it were a beat.

Her eyes twitch. There is another sound beneath the chanting and the energy: a BUZZING. Interference.

Melarna opens her eyes to find the source. At the far edge of the circle, an old, frail PRIEST, holding a shepherd's staff, and a younger NOVICE walk fearfully, but steadily through the crowd, reading from a book.

She can't make out the words over the din, but she can guess their intent. It amuses her. The other figures do not pause in their chanting or ritual.

MELARNA

Unless you plan on shepherding a new heaven on earth, your faith is of little use or consequence here.

OLDER PRIEST

(over the novice's chanting)

Vile heretic! Wretched intruder. You dare bring your filth into the house of the Lord.

MELARNA

Don't blame me if God's children forsook the spit and polish.

(looks at the squalor)

I think it suits. Humility is a virtue of your game, is it not?

(chilly)

As is interference. This is not the walls of your circus. You have no power here.

The priests continue forward. Still reading, the youngest priest steps near the circle first. The energy reaches out and plucks him into the circle, consuming his scream as well as his body.

MELARNA

(smiling)

And such is the world as it such be. Destruction begets creation. Darkness before light.

The priest raised his staff. Melarna laughs.

MELARNA

Look at the fool. Do you not know it yet? I am god here.

OLDER PRIEST

You are nothing.

He slams his staff into the circle. It SHATTERS.

Melarna continues to laugh.

MELARNA

Is that all? You, spring from
greatness, but that time is...

Melarna glances to the side. The GREEN ENERGY EXPANDS; but the room only brightens in WHITE LIGHT. The robed figures and priest have to shield their eyes. The crowd does not seem to see it.

Melarna's features are obscured by the light. She holds a hand to her face, but beneath it, she is staring into the green energy - seeing something else--

MELARNA

What is... who are you?

One final GASP of LIGHT, then--

DARKNESS

The priest blinks, adjusting to the gloom. The robed figures shake their heads as if stunned.

The green and light storm is gone. Melarna with it.

Instead, a pin-prick of green light, a mere shadow of what it once was, hovers high above AN INFANT BOY.

It's a heavy moment of silence. No one knows what to do.

The priest acts first. He rushes forward, ducks down and TAKES THE CHILD. He pushes past the crowd who do not react at all.

Removing the cowls, CZAR and CAESAR walk into the centre of the circle. They are calm, though worried. No one follows the priest and boy.

Beneath the hood of the last robed figure, finally moving out of the shadows, NADYA WATCHES HIM GO--

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Nadya smiles as bare flesh moves across her vision. She lies back against the covers, thoroughly pleased with herself. Positively glowing, she looks toward--

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

JASON leans over the sink and looks at his reflection in the mirror. For a moment, he stares at himself - his reflection - as

though there were something there, something else, something not right.

He shakes it off and turns on the faucet, waiting for the water to warm. He ducks down to rinse his face. As he straightens, he stares in the mirror again.

There is a A MARK on his shoulder. He moves closer scrutinizes it in the mirror. It looks very much like--

THREE SCRATCH MARKS

They're almost too perfectly placed.

He starts to laugh.

JASON

You know, I think you've marked me.

NADYA (O.S.)

Mmm.

She snakes her arm around his shoulder, lightly feathering the mark before pulling his arms around her. She leans into him.

NADYA

Do you mind terribly?

He smiles, but looks back into the mirror - something isn't kosher. She notices.

NADYA

What?

He shakes it off.

JASON

Nothing. I guess I'm tired of feeling that something's wrong. I just want it to be done.

Nadya nods and moves back to lean against the sink.

NADYA

That is the problem with rare, mystical ingredients. They tend to stay, well, rare.

(reaching out for him)

But Samuel is working on my plan

B. I don't think it'll be long now.

In the meantime-

(MORE)

NADYA (CONT'D)
(she nibbles his neck)
- how would you like it if I
distract you?

He laughs, letting her. He catches his eye in the mirror.
There's worry beneath the surface.

INT. ROOM - DAY

SAMUEL scribbles in a well-used notebook on his lap. In front of him, a large desk buried beneath OLD BOOKS and a large STAR CHART. Atop that is another more artistic rendering of the star chart - complete with diagrams of demons, elaborate and illegible scrawlings, and several pentagrams linking certain star clusters together.

He looks between his notes and the charts - equal parts frustrated and confused.

SAMUEL
What can't I see?

Shaking his head, he sharply stands and starts rolling up the charts.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Nadya and Jason lie in bed, appropriately covered by the sheets. She lies across him, tracing the marks she's given him with her fingers. Jason stares at the roof.

NADYA
What are you thinking?

JASON
Not much. Nothing at all really.
I wish there was something I could
do.

NADYA
Well, there is.

He looks down at her. She smiles and trails kisses on him as she speaks.

NADYA
You can be a big, strapping hero
and get me the keys so I can help
Samuel. I know it'll be over soon.
It all comes down to the right time.

JASON
What about place? I thought it
was important too.

NADYA
I already have the place.
(off him)
Here.

She smiles.

NADYA
(cont.)
It doesn't matter where you are,
as long as you know when the bus
you want will arrive and what
price the ticket is.

JASON
(laughs)
So that's what the complexities
of the keys boil down to. Public
transportation.

She playfully smacks his shoulder.

NADYA
Something like that, but buses
don't have fifteen or twenty-five
year gap between journeys. Those
are the trips worth making. That's
why we have The Key.

JASON
You really love this stuff. What
are you going to do when they're
gone?

NADYA
(wriggles)
I'm sure I'll think of something.

JASON
Okay, okay.
(seriously)
Do you really think you and Samuel
can find a faster and better
solution than some magical fire
if you use the keys?

She nods casually. He looks at a clock next to the bed.

JASON
He should be here soon.

Nadya shrugs as though she it doesn't matter either way. She moves away from him, and sits up at the edge of the bed, her back towards him.

NADYA

I think I can do something, but
it has to be your choice.

Jason considers. He moves to get out of his side of the bed.

JASON

Well, it sure beats waiting around
for the next disaster.

Nadya watches him through veiled eyes.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

HUGHLY and DAWN leisurely walk up the passage way. Dawn, munching on an open packet of junk food balanced within a grocery bag; Hughly, arms full of similar bags.

HUGHLY

I know. I can't believe it either.
I'm not sure how I could have
survived all these years without...
erm...

DAWN

Tootsie rolls.

HUGHLY

Of course. I will correct that
oversight immediately.

He seems perfectly sincere. Dawn gives a great big smile - she's so the diet diva.

They near a door. Hughly starts to fumble around with the bags in order to pull some keys out of his pocket.

DAWN

Oh wait.

She adjusts her single bag and grabs the keys, unlocking and opening the door to--

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - SAME

Dawn motions for Hughly to go on without her as she retrieves the keys and closes the door behind her.

She makes it a little into the apartment when there is a knock at the door. Frowning, she heads back to it.

DAWN
 (loudly)
 Secret password?

SAMUEL(OS)
 (not amused)
 Dawn.

She opens the door.

DAWN
 Hey, you're-
 (sees him)
 -prepared for a lecture.

Samuel rushes in, overloaded with charts and a full bag of scrolls, books and papers. Dawn watches him go, heading for the nearest table. She shuts the door and digs her hand into her bag of junk food.

DAWN
 I'm in no way suddenly very worried.

She shrugs - whatcha' gonna do? - and walks across the open-plan apartment to the kitchen section. She dumps the bag next to the others.

Hughly is already unpacking his bags. He sees Samuel.

HUGHLY
 Would you care for a cup of tea
 Mister Zabuto?

Samuel looks up distractedly as he unrolls maps and scrolls.

SAMUEL
 Uh. No, thank you.
 (he looks around)
 Do you know where they are?

DAWN
 The lovebirds? We haven't...
 (sees something)
 Never mind.

She nods toward Jason as he exits the training room. He wears a sleeveless T-short, tired eyes and a bed-head. He also carries a BAG.

JASON
 Heya, what you all doing here?

DAWN
 We're checking-in.
 (off his confusion)
 Because it's our check-in time.
 You know, scheduled and regular.

JASON
 (pulling a face at
 her)
 Yeah, I remember. I just... guess
 I lost a day or two there.

DAWN
 (under her breath)
 Not coming up for air will do that.

Jason is distracted by Samuel's determined behaviour to cover as much as the table in paper as he can.

JASON
 Sam, are you okay there?

Samuel doesn't seem to have heard him. Jason raises a questioning eyebrow at Dawn. She shakes her head.

Jason heads toward Samuel, trying to make sense of everything he's laid out.

JASON
 Do we have a problem?

NADYA (O.S.)
 Problem?
 (smiling)
 I'm sure I don't like the sound
 of that.

She descends the staircase, looking down upon them all.

NADYA
 I've given you everything. Have
 you still not been able to
 calculate the correct time?

SAMUEL
 Yes I have. But we can't do this.
 I can't think why I ever agreed
 to thi.

NADYA
 When is it?

SAMUEL
 No. You have to listen--

NADYA
(a command)
Tell me.

He looks at his watch.

SAMUEL
A few hours from now. The window
is open for the next three days
in the minutes between days end
and night's beginning.

NADYA
(whisper)
Sunset. So soon.

Samuel realises what he's said. It's more than he meant to.

SAMUEL
No! We can not do this.

NADYA
(comforting)
Without your little ritual, there
is no means to expel the keys'
energies so that they can never
be reforged again. This is one
surefire way they won't have the
power to be used again.
(harder)
Or would you rather wait until
our enemies have them? I can't
protect them forever.

He shakes his head in growing confusion.

SAMUEL
No. Something is wrong here.

NADYA
Samuel, I think you're tired. You
should probably--

SAMUEL
No! I don't want to hear what you
think. I want to hear the truth!

Shocked silence fills the room. Nadya and Samuel stare-off.

Hughly quietly stops what he is doing and leaves the kitchen
area.

DAWN
Guys...

Samuel calms down. Nadya gives no indication of what she is feeling.

SAMUEL

Nadya. We must end this the right way. We're so close and we must not risk the...

(he notices what Jason is holding)

What is-- are those the keys?

JASON

(remembering he has them)

Yeah, I thought we'd get ready for Nadya.

Samuel turns slowly toward Nadya: a scary thought forming.

SAMUEL

You have no intention of waiting.

NADYA

I've waited long enough.

She looks dead-ahead as--

JASON ELBOWS SAMUEL IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD

FADE OUT.

END ACT I

ACT II

FADE IN:

MUSIC: ABBA - DANCING QUEEN

EXT. SUNNY STREET - DAY

Birds are singing. Sun is shining. What a beautiful day.

PINK BOOTS hit the asphalt in time to the music, while an equally pink short-skirt sashays along too.

ON NADYA

Big hair. Big make-up. Big smile.

She's taking in the world around her, and loving what she sees. She walks beside a small park bordered by hedges and trees. On the other side of the street is a thriving, growing city community, not yet spoiled by crime and decay. Think Greenwich Village.

A tiny CINEMA lords the poster of CARRIE next to a ticket booth.

Some CHARACTERS in conservative garb hand out buttons to random PEDESTRIANS. They hold patriotic signs that read: VOTE JIMMY CARTER

Nadya smiles at this, but her attention is more notably drawn and fixated to a COUPLE ON A PARK BENCH, making out like there is no tomorrow. Nadya is clearly fascinated, and a little envious.

MOVEMENT to her side startles her--

Melarna, Caesar and Czar join Nadya from a side-street. They are like a triumvirate of grace and perfection. Nadya stands out starkly against them in her colourful and fashionable attire.

Nadya immediately bows her head, submissive in every gesture.

MELARNA

Well?

NADYA

It is done.

Melarna simply raises an eyebrow. Nadya looks to the park beside her. Horace, from the teaser, stumbles out of the hedges. He's glazed over, staring straight ahead, seeing nothing.

Melarna isn't terribly impressed, but isn't terribly surprised either.

MELARNA

Daughter--

NADYA

He has never spilt innocent blood.
His soul is untainted.

MELARNA

I will never understand your pity
for these creatures.
(utter disgust)
Nor your desire to be like them.

Nadya just takes it; it's an old argument. Sighing, Melarna steps away from the brothers. She strokes Nadya's hair - it's almost affectionate.

MELARNA

Darling, I've already had to
destroy your father because you
were born weak. You should be
beyond all this.
(sing-song sigh)
Pray, I never have another child
to replace you.

She smiles without malice at a stricken Nadya.

MELARNA

We've had to find another location.
(laughing)
This city has a slayer.

CAESAR

Food for demons.

CZAR

No real reason to hide.

MELARNA

It is not wise to tempt the fates,
children.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

MELARNA (OS)

Fate is an unforgiving mistress
to those who forget her power.

Dawn yelps as Jason punches Samuel again, who drops to the ground, out cold.

DAWN

Samuel!

She rushes forward, pausing when she sees the three SCRATCH MARKS ON JASON'S SHOULDER GLOW white. She knows what it means and turns to Nadya--

Forgetting to watch for Jason's fist--

He scoops her up as she falls, then stands impassively waiting for Nadya.

Nadya looks at the charts and notes laid out on the table.

NADYA

Five hours.

She starts to gather the charts up--

HUGHLY

Contego!

Hughly wields an open JAR OF POWDER, last seen in episode 10. He spins it above his head in a circular motion. Red powder emerges and magically congeals in a shimmering circle around Hughly, Samuel and parts of the table and the objects upon it.

As the circle glides slowly to the floor, Hughly's eyes dart between Nadya and Jason.

Nadya isn't terribly concerned. She reaches out toward Hughly and isn't surprised when her hand touches a barrier that shimmers on touch.

NADYA

What a good idea.

Hughly waits for some kind of reaction from Jason - there's nothing, not even a blink.

HUGHLY

Why are you doing this?

NADYA

Because it has to be done.

Nadya pulls the charts on the table. They resist, magically bound by the circle. Nadya considers for a moment.

Her eyes BLACKEN.

SPARKS flicker from her hand. The charts catch fire, but the flames veer away from the boundaries of the circle. She's impressed.

NADYA

So... while we were all risking our lives and jumping into the unknown, he had this? Here? Not with us where it would have been more help?

She shakes her head and smiles at Jason.

NADYA

Adorable. Not too bright.

Swiftly, she turns and heads toward the door. Jason follows, carrying Dawn.

Hughly watches; frustrated. But not helpless. He pulls his cellphone out of his inner jacket pocket.

OFF THE PAPERS ON THE TABLE BURNING

INT. THE CITADEL, UPPER FLOOR - DAY

The building hasn't changed radically since it was last seen. There are no workmen. The project gives every sign of being abandoned. The building, however, is not.

SAVORTES mill about lighting torches and candles. The circuit breakers are still burned out from the building's last encounter with Devon.

One demon speaks in its own language to WARCRY.

WARCRY

Assume nothing. The window only opens in eight days. The brothers may yet return.

NADYA (O.S.)

They won't.

She stands in front of the circle of altars. Jason places Dawn on the floor beside them, quite close to the edge of the drop, then stands next to Nadya.

NADYA

Cancel your plans for next week.
We have a date for tonight.

Warcry thinks she's a flaming loon. The Savortes start to move in with nasty intentions.

WARCRY

Why should we care what you think
or listen to what you say?

Nadya smiles. She glances over the Savortes--

They stagger to a halt--

Then all BOW reverently.

Warcry is astounded, but quick to realise-

WARCRY

If that's a family trait then...
(starting to laugh)
The brothers' enemy was their
sister? They never told me. Your
family likes secrets. Wasn't your
mother the greatest sorceress
this world never knew?

NADYA

(touchy subject)
There' a time for secrets. And
then there isn't. What else do
you think you know?

WARCRY

(holding up a hand)
I have no desire to quarrel with
a creature like you. I only wish
I'd known of your status last
time we met.
(considers)
Though I suppose it does explain
why I didn't gut you.

NADYA

("don't care")
Lucky me.
(looks at Dawn)
Do you have any chains?

Warcy nods at a nearby Savorte, who gets off its knees and goes elsewhere.

NADYA

I have a lot to do and short time
to do it in.

Warcry approaches her and studies Dawn.

WARCRY

I'm making a guess. You have no
intention of freeing your mother
and letting her rewrite the
world's history, present and
future in her image?

(off her silence)

Well, I suppose the billions of
souls she would have consumed to
achieve that should be thanking
you. What is your plan? You need
four to permanently rewrite reality.

NADYA

I'm not going to rewrite this
world.

(turning away)

I'm going to save it.

She walks away with Jason as a Savorte chains Dawn to the
railing within the circle of the altars. Warcry watches Nadya,
amused.

WARCRY

(to himself)

And who will come to save the
world from you?

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Hughly sits in the circle beside Samuel, who is coming to.

The papers on the desk have finished burning, little more
than ash. A half-moon of the papers are untouched by flame.

Samuel sits up. Hughly moves to help him, but Samuel holds
up a hand - he's sore, but okay.

SAMUEL

Nadya did this?

Hughly somberly nods.

SAMUEL

Where--

Hughly shakes his head.

HUGHLY

I think you'd best wait for the full story.

SAMUEL

And who is going to tell it?

There is a knock at the front door. Hughly gets up.

HUGHLY

Cesso.

The circle disintegrates with an IMPLOSION of red light. Samuel struggles to his feet. He's more than a little woozy.

Hughly looks through the peephole of the front door. He opens it--

DEVON PAYNE enters, heavy bag slung over her shoulder. Hughly follows her, not particularly surprised.

To say that Samuel is shocked is an understatement.

Devon dumps the bag on the table. She frowns at the burnt papers.

DEVON

She's early.

Hughly clears his throat. Devon looks up and notices Samuel rubbing the back of his head. She seems uncomfortable and unsure for a moment.

DEVON

Are you okay?

SAMUEL

I think I am confused.

He makes his way unsteadily to the couch and sits down. He gathers his thoughts before looking at her again.

SAMUEL

You knew she would betray us.

Devon waits for the storm: a silent rock.

SAMUEL

You knew. And you left.

He stands up, anger moving under his skin.

SAMUEL
 When did you know?
 (off her non-reaction)
 How long?

Devon doesn't look at him.

DEVON
 You never needed me to get the keys.

Samuel has trouble staying calm.

SAMUEL
 Did it ever occur to you to tell
 us? Did you ever think... did you
 think?

Devon looks up sharply.

DEVON
 I made a choice. I chose to fight
 it.

SAMUEL
 Fight what?

DEVON
 Whatever the hell I am. Whatever
 it is the world wants me to screw-
 up.

Samuel is confused. Devon breaks eye contact again.

DEVON
 What if she's meant to win? What
 if I'm meant to help?

Samuel is still shooting blank looks.

DEVON
 The first day I met Dawn, I had a
 Watcher tell me that I was a giant
 pair of scales. Look at the world.
 There are two vampires with souls
 fighting the good fight. There's
 an army of thousands of slayers.
 Dawn herself is a huge power that
 stills growing.

(quiet)
 Bad things happen to good people
 around me. What if I'm meant to
 undo everything people have fought
 and died for?

(MORE)

DEVON (CONT'D)

I made a choice to fight it. I
don't want to be... fate.

Samuel softens. He looks over at Hughly, who uncomfortably waits. Samuel holds Devon's shoulders. She braves looking at him openly.

SAMUEL

I once believed that to save the world, one needed to stand alone against the darkness. I don't believe that anymore. There is so much darkness. When you look at the world, do you see enough good that fate needs it to be undone?

He squeezes her shoulder.

SAMUEL

(cont.)
Cruelty is one thing that is never in short supply.
(sigh)
Next time, just try and confide in one of us.

DEVON

(small smile)
I did.

She nods at Hughly then suddenly moves with a nervous energy. She pulls vials, powders and herbs out of the bag. Samuel inspects them.

DEVON

I have everything. For the ritual.

She holds one bag of black herbs.

DEVON

(shamed)
It's just not enough.

Samuel takes the bag from her; considering.

DEVON

I've been waiting for the rest...
I thought she'd follow through their plan later.

HUGHLY

Whose plan?

DEVON

The brothers. The ones we've been trying to out-race. But I guess she has something else in mind.

HUGHLY

Why Jason? Why would she make him... why wouldn't the potion I've been giving us work on Jason? Samuel finally started questioning things, maybe if Jason--

DEVON

It wouldn't have made a difference. Her control over him is a lot more than just memory alteration. I've got nothing for that. Maybe that's why she's made a move now. She knew Samuel wasn't listening anymore.

SAMUEL

No. She has an ultimate plan. It occurs in a few hours.

They stand in silence; taking stock of their meagre preparation time.

HUGHLY

What about Dawn? You told me not to give her any of the uh...

DEVON

Fog of the clouded mind.

HUGHLY

Yes, why not? Maybe she could have helped or...

DEVON

Dawn's entire existence is an altered memory. We can't risk the kind of memories she might be left with, but she still might be able to interfere with--

Samuel hasn't really been listening.

SAMUEL

I can make this work.

He nods to himself and rushes over to one of the many art pieces displayed. Grimacing apologetically at Highly, he SMASHES the glass with his cane.

He pulls out a SMALL SHEATHED CEREMONIAL DAGGER.

SAMUEL
I can make it work.

DEVON
How much time will you need?

SAMUEL
As much as I can get.

He tosses the dagger into the bag on the table.

SAMUEL
Assuming we even know where
they've gone.

He leans on the table, thinking.

SAMUEL
It would need to be close. The
timings I gave her were specific
to this locale. The times will
work anywhere within a...
(calculates)
I'd say, roughly five mile radius.
A completely different location
would require calculations she is
not capable of doing.

DEVON
How bad will it be if she...?

SAMUEL
There will definitely be
consequences she can't foresee.
She plays with something she does
not understand; with power she
hasn't earned.

DEVON
I think I have an idea where they
could be.

HUGHLY
Then let us arrive prepared.

He stands ready with a sword in one hand, and two more sheathed and under his other arm. The old guy holds the scary powershot. Don't piss him off.

INT. THE CITADEL, UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Dawn groans, waking up. She sits up and tugs at the restraints on her wrists. She is chained to one of the semi-circular altars. They circle her. She scooches backward to try and see over them.

NADYA (OS)

I'd look behind you before you went any further.

Dawn does. It's a moment of vertigo when she realises she is sitting at the edge of the huge circle cut into the floor within the centre of the altars. The sharp drop is scary to behold.

Dawn scuffles back to the altar. She peers around the curvature.

DAWN

Why do crazy people keep taking me to high places?

NADYA

(matter of fact)
Astronomically large holes in the sky.

Nadya's stares down; her eyes hover over one of the keys. A field of energy volcanoes outward from the key, folding over itself until it forms a protective dome around the key. It looks very much like a stretched portal.

Dawn sees that almost all of the keys are within a similar cocoon.

Jason stands to one side seeing nothing at all.

Dawn has no clue what the hell is going on.

NADYA

I suppose it's symbolic.
(looking at Dawn)
The big giant shaft down the building. She'd perform the ritual up there. Your blood would drip down and your power would destroy and create the world as she saw fit.

DAWN

Who?

NADYA

My mother. Melarna.

DAWN

Your...

Dawn is a little taken back. Nadya steps away from the keys for a moment.

NADYA

She was going to be the greatest sorceress the world had ever known. Well at least, whoever was left in the world would have revered her.

She turns away from Dawn and walks to another key.

NADYA

Do you know why no one knows her name?

(doesn't really wait
for an answer)

Blind luck. A twist of fate. Something that should never have affected her magicks, somehow... brought something else, someone else, into contact with her. She lost to a superior power.

Nadya creates another dome to shield the last unprotected key. Dawn has heard enough.

DAWN

What are you doing?

NADYA

I don't think you're strong enough yet, but I don't like to leave anything to chance.

She lifts up a crystal ball. She stares at it intently. A SIGIL glows in the centre. Satisfied, she places it on one of the alters.

NADYA

And I'm counting on an uninvited guest.

DAWN

No, I meant... Nadya?

She holds up her hands; the chains scrape along the floor.

Nadya is uncomfortable - guilty.

NADYA

I never wanted it to be you. It shouldn't have been you.

She steels herself.

NADYA

But this is what I have to do.

Dawn swallows bile.

DAWN

And Jason? Is this what he has to do? Is that why you're not giving him a choice?

Nadya looks at Jason. He stares ahead, unaware of the conversation.

DAWN

Nadya, please. You have to know that this is wrong. You can't control the ones you love and still call it that. You can't take who he is. He loves you. Please--

NADYA

(quiet)

Love doesn't happen the way it's supposed to.

(growing anger)

I did everything right. I said the right words. I was strong and I did things that nobody else could do. But it wasn't enough.

She turns to Dawn.

NADYA

It's never enough.

DAWN

I don't understand.

NADYA

This world is cruel. Everything is so random. Failure; victory; friendship; love; power. Each waits on the edge of a coin. Imagine if they didn't. Imagine if you could choose. Nothing left to chance. No such thing as fate.

DAWN

It's not possible. That's the point.

NADYA

There's so much about yourself
you don't really know, do you?
You change things. You can make
things real, even if they are not
meant to be. You can turn shadows
and light into flesh and blood.

DAWN

Wait. Shadows and light--

NADYA

You showed me where they were.
I'll take care of the rest.

Nadya makes to walk away. Dawn yanks hopelessly at the chains,
trying to get up.

DAWN

No, you can't do that. You don't
know what will happen.

NADYA

(venom)

I know exactly what will happen.
There won't be any more accidents,
no serendipity or bad strokes of
luck. The one you want won't fall
in love with someone...

(spits out)

less than you. Children will be
born equals. Fathers won't have
to die. Mothers will be proud.

Nadya considers, trying to sound reasonable. She kneels down
and touches Dawn on the shoulder.

NADYA

Your sister might even be allowed
to save the world. Don't you
understand Dawn? With your
sacrifice, you could build a
better world for everyone. A world
where good could actually triumph.

DAWN

Oh. A good death. That makes it
all right? Is it easier for you
that way? Thinking of murder as a
noble sacrifice.?

Nadya stands up; the guilt is etched right there, but she can't let it win.

NADYA

I can't murder you Dawn. You're not real.

DAWN

I have a sister. I have friends. I'm real.

NADYA

And what's inside you, Dawn? We had our own Key once. Do you want to know what happened to it?

Dawn blinks; she wants to know.

NADYA

It built a prison made of flesh and bone. A boy child that looked and felt real, it probably sounded real when it grew up too, but it was just a thing. A meat-cage for a fallen god. Is there a god in you?

Dawn tries to show no fear or emotion. She turns her head away from Nadya.

Nadya watches her for a moment; real guilt and sadness wrestling on her face.

NADYA

(quietly)
You might not die.

Dawn glares at her.

NADYA

Our Key regenerated before it was taken. Maybe you'll come back, just as you are, in a decade or two.

DAWN

(cold anger)
I really hope so. I really hope you'll be waiting too.

WARCRY

It's time.

He stands beside a small army of Savortes. He wears his warrior's uniform; sword strapped to his back.

The sun hangs low on the horizon. It's before the time of no return.

Nadya and Dawn have a stare-off. Nadya is almost wavering.

NADYA
Take her chains off.

WARCRY
What?

NADYA
Do it.

He shakes his head and approaches Dawn, kneeling as he unlocks the chains.

Dawn stands up unaided. She watches Nadya - dare she be relieved? Nadya steps toward her and gives a small, sad smile.

NADYA
I promise... it won't hurt at all.

DAWN
No!

Nadya waves a hand over Dawn; the same energy that covers the other keys balloons out around Dawn, encasing her in a rippling cocoon. Dawn no longer moves, as though frozen inside.

Nadya's eyes are black. She heads up the closest staircase to the platforms above. Jason and Warcry follow.

The Savortes move around the altars, finally kneeling before them.

The cocoon rises, rotating until Dawn faces downward. It floats into the centre of the four platforms, directly above the deadly drop. The cocoon settles in the air, at least four feet away from each platform point, below Nadya's eye-level.

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

Nadya deliberately avoids looking at Dawn, keeping her eyes on the inanimate keys below her. All thirteen shimmer under their cocoons.

She steps onto the edge of one of the four platforms. Jason and Warcry wait on the walkway behind her, forming a triangle. Nadya closes her eyes.

The other three platforms each hold some of Nadya's "power" spheres and the linking crystals. They glow and vibrate.

There is pain on Nadya's face.

NADYA
I need...

The pain grows more intense.

NADYA
(cont.)
More.

Lightning shoots from her in a circular arc. It connects with each sphere and linking crystal, SHATTERING them. It's not enough. The energy divides and criss-crosses, punching into the chests of many of the kneeling Savortes. They scream in agony as, one by one, they are consumed by the energy, leaving nothing but ash.

Warcry's eyes widen, seeing the army be decimated.

WARCRY
(to himself)
We'll run out of the help.

Nadya YELLS in pain.

The energy CONGEALS AND ARCS into the keys on the altars. They glow with a connected lucent energy before--

A LARGE LANCE OF WHITE LIGHT HITS DAWN

For a moment, there seems to be no reaction, until--

GREEN LIGHT BILLOWING FROM DAWN PYROCLASTICLY BLANKETS THE ENTIRE LANDSCAPE

Once the light clears, everything is as it was before - less quite a few Savortes. There are a handful left.

Tired, Nadya smiles - satisfied.

Short-lived.

NADYA CRASHES AGAINST A SUPPORT PILLAR and CRUMBLES to the walkway.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - SAME

Devon, flanked by a bag-toting Samuel and Hughly, move forward onto the floor without hesitation.

FADE OUT.

END ACT II

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. OPULENT PAD - DAY

Nadya, looking very much like a GOTH, leans back with eyes closed. She's pleased.

In front of her, TWO KEYS rest in her lap. Her hand rests on them both.

BRIGHT LIGHT and a SOUND LIKE ZIPPING startles her. She opens her eyes and glares at--

Caesar and Czar step out of a JAGGED TEAR that seems to cut through the fabric of the surroundings. Once through, the tear closes, leaving everything around it intact and untouched.

Both smiling, Caesar tosses another key beside Nadya.

NADYA
(not impressed)
Wow. This one only took two years.

She holds up the key to inspect it, then places it in her lap with the others.

The twins frown at this.

CAESAR
You are meant to keep them safe.

CZAR
Not play with them as trinkets.

NADYA
I can shield them in my sleep. If
you'd let me protect the master
key, we'd still have it.

The brothers are unconcerned.

CZAR
We will reclaim it.

CAESAR
We have time.

NADYA

Why waste it?

She takes up the keys and walks across the room, placing them into a ornate chest.

The twins share a look - here it comes.

NADYA

While you've been following your noses, I've been following the power. If you listen to me, we'll find them all within a year.

The brothers circle her as they speak.

CAESAR

Is there a need to hasten?

CZAR

The next doorway to our mother opens in fifteen years.

CAESAR

Your enthusiasm is commendable.

CZAR

But your way is flawed and unacceptable.

Nadya restrains her temper - barely.

NADYA

The same old argument.

(mimicking)

My ways are less than your ways.
I'm not as strong. Not as pure.
Not as full of hot air.

She pokes a finger in their direction.

NADYA

I am every bit as powerful as you are. You're so stuck in ritual and rule that you can't even see that the world is shifting and leaving you behind. I'm leaving you behind.

CAESAR

The world is changing.

CZAR

This much is true.

CAESAR

But you are not its herald.

CZAR

This is what you do not know see.

CAESAR

What you have never seen.

CZAR

You advocate the use of borrowed power.

CAESAR

Power that is not yours.

CZAR

Is seductive and deceiving.

CAESAR

Mother forgot this.

CZAR

You would do well to remember.

CAESAR

If you depend on power that is not your own...

INT. UPPER FLOOR - DAY

Nadya pushes herself up so that she can see--

DEVON

Stands waiting; she doesn't take her eyes off Nadya. Behind her, the last light of the day is fading.

CZAR (OS)

You will never understand true power.

Nadya starts to get up slowly - not breaking eye contact either.

Samuel and Hughly race past Devon. Hughly brandishes a sword; Samuel has the bag over one shoulder, his cane waving in another hand before him. Hughly attacks the nearest Savortes - hugely depleted in numbers. He fights well for an old guy.

Samuel looks up and sees Dawn.

SAMUEL

Oh my god.

He joins the fight with vigor.

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

Warcry watches amused, as the two older men successfully take on the remaining demons.

WARCRY

This is a very good reason not to
kill your minions.

He nods at Jason as though looking for agreement. Jason doesn't even blink. Warcry shrugs, grabs his sword and

LEAPS

from the platform onto the lower floor level, in front of the altars with the keys. He bows neatly to Hughly, who holds his sword in front of him.

HUGHLY

(to Samuel)
Continue.

Samuel rushes around the two men.

NADYA

walks out to meet Devon. She's poised and unaffected despite the earlier fall.

NADYA

I was sure you'd show up
eventually. You're a bit late.

She brushes her hand against a pillar. The SIGIL from earlier glows upon it, and other pillars all across the floor. The crystal ball glows similarly. It's not lost on Devon.

DEVON

("don't care")
New trick?

Nadya smiles - quite chuffed with herself.

NADYA

That's the beauty of travel.
Someone out there is guaranteed
to have done the work for you.

(considers)

Maybe it's a little unfair making
sure I'm the only one of us
allowed to use our superpowers...

(darkly)

But then, you did take something
that belonged to me, so I'd say
we're even.

Devon shrugs and gives an honest-to-god cheeky smile. She
nods over Nadya's shoulder--

THE SIGIL BALL rises in the air

Nadya stares in shock. She glares at Devon.

DEVON

(spelling it out for
the umpteenth time)

I'm not a witch. You can't cut me
off from borrowed power.

The ball SMASHES to the ground.

DEVON

(cont.)

This is me.

ALTAR

Samuel touches one of the keys. The portal cocoon shocks him.
He pulls his hand back in pain. He looks down at the handle
of his cane in his other hand.

WARCRY AND HUGHLY SCUFFLE IN AND OUT OF FRAME BRIEFLY

Samuel WHACKS the portal with the cane. It too, ricochets
off, hurting his other hand.

Samuel glances to the side irritably.

SAMUEL

Devon? A little help please.

DEVON

Raises an eyebrow and tries to peer around--

NADYA

Who is amping up to full strength. Her eyes are blacker than sin. It will be the greatest chick fight ever!

Without much thought, Devon splashes her hand against the air in front of her.

Nadya is hit by an invisible wall. She PROPELS backward, crashing painfully against a pillar. Knocked out cold.

Devon steps over her.

DEVON

You never knew me at all.

She walks forward - a gal with a mission - stopped abruptly by Warcry and Hughly dueling into her path. She regards them for a moment. Hughly is holding his own against an increasingly annoyed - and bigger, stronger, younger - opponent.

DEVON

Hi.

He elbows Warcry in the face.

HUGHLY

Hello.

DEVON

Do you want me to..

She pushes against the air. He blocks and ducks around a heavy blow.

HUGHLY

No no. I'm fine thank you. I haven't given a lesson like this in a long time.

She shrugs.

DEVON

Okay.

She steps around them.

Hughly rushes Warcry off-screen.

PLATFORM

Jason slumps his shoulders as though relaxing them for the first time in hours.

He sees the long drop from the platform, and steps back quickly.

He struggles to get his bearings. At first, he isn't sure what to make of the portal-like light hovering some distance in front of him, until he looks closer.

JASON

Dawn?

Within her cocoon, a second MORE ELECTRIC PORTAL is bleeding out from her skin, pushing up against the first like water in a fishbowl.

Frantic, he looks around for anything that could help her. He sees Devon reach Samuel at the altars below.

ALTAR

Devon stands beside Samuel and regards the domes. Eyes already WHITENING, dust and grit spirals over the cocoons.

Samuel squints as the wind kicks up more dust past him. Devon's hair moves about her face as she concentrates further.

Bits and pieces of the altar BREAK OFF, invisibly chiseled and eroded. Larger chunks SMASH and SHATTER against the floor as they hit it, skidding across the room.

The domes remain unchanged. The keys unaffected.

Samuel places a hand on Devon's shoulder. It's useless.

She startles slightly at the contact. The wind dies down immediately. She glances at him.

SAMUEL

If these are the same as the one surrounding Dawn...

JASON

Don't give up yet! We can't give up.

Jason rushes over to them.

SAMUEL

We aren't giving up, but none of us are a match for Nadya or what she knows.

JASON

There has to be a way.

He looks to Devon. She can't quite make eye-contact.

JASON

(quiet)

I did this.

(louder)

There has to be a way.

Frustrated, he punches the nearest dome. He grunts and yanks his arm back in extreme pain, but not before something SKITTLES across the floor-

A KEY

Jason stares at it.

The DOME COLLAPSES ON ITSELF.

SAMUEL

How...

He sees the three claw marks - Nadya's mark - on Jason's shoulder. He exchanges a glance with Devon.

DEVON

She always underestimates the little things.

Jason snaps out of it.

JASON

I can fix this. I can fix it.

He starts attacking each dome with his hands. It hurts like seven kinds of hell, but he keeps on doing it. Manic.

Samuel and Devon can only watch, completely helpless.

ON DAWN

The second liquid portal FILLS THE SPACE within the cocoon. With nowhere left to go--

THE COCOON CRACKS OPEN

The liquid portal ERUPTS in the air, blossoming around DAWN.

Energy like LIGHTNING SHOOTS FORWARD past Devon and Samuel into the horizon - STRIKING THE AIR outside in two places MULTIPLE TIMES.

Jason ignores the chaos, mind completely bent on freeing all the keys. He's halfway there.

Devon peers ahead into the night sky ahead.

DEVON
It's too late.

EXT. DIAMOND BUILDING - NIGHT

Two HOLES RIP open the horizon. Small at first, but exponentially increasing.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - SAME

Devon and Samuel are transfixed as they watch the portals grow. The energy from both creating a wind.

JASON
It's not too late. We can still stop it.

He doesn't stop. His hands are bloodied; his eyes are watering; but he doesn't pause or look.

DEVON WATCHES--

EXT. DIAMOND BUILDING - SAME

Something can be seen within both portals.

In the one, everything looks identical to the horizon they already see, but the light is green and shadows and light dance frantically near the portal.

In the other, STARS and BLACKNESS and--

A GIANT CLAW

ALTAR

Devon involuntarily jumps back, hitting her back against the nearest altar.

SAMUEL
Oh dear lord.

Even Jason stops and gawks.

A HUGE ROAR shakes everyone.

ON WARCRY AND HUGHLY

They stop fighting and just goggle-eye the landscape.

WARCRY
What has she done?

He's allowed a moment to think on that, before Hughly charges him again.

ON THE TWO PORTALS

As both grow, more of the claw and its owner can be seen.

It is a mammoth DEMON - a PENANCE DEMON.

It manages to get it's entire clawed hand out of the portal. It's massive snout follows suit.

JASON
(swearing at himself)
Don't be useless. Fix it.

He knocks a few more keys free, there is only one that isn't free. Samuel tears himself away from the growing horror in front of him too. He flusters toward the bag he left to the side, pulling out ingredients.

SAMUEL
The ritual... maybe if we start
it...

Jason nods, jittery and flustered, he starts gathering up the keys; dumping them on the intact altar.

Devon hasn't taken her eyes off the portals.

THE GREEN WORLD

With its whispers and lights holds her complete attention. The lights move fast and furious, like they know what's coming.

In the centre of all that turmoil, there is a space with no light or shadow at all. Devon stares at it - it seems to grow - almost into the shape of someone. The whispers almost overshadow the growling of the demon.

Devon looks around her.

Jason and Samuel talk, circling the keys, throwing herbs and powders, but she cannot hear them.

Hughly and Warcry clash beneath Dawn. There isn't a sound.

Only the whispers.

And the shape. Growing closer and closer.

DEVON'S EYES

The shape of a woman rushes forward into the reflection of her eye.

GENTLE VOICE

(whisper)

Fate is what you make it.

BACK TO SCENE

Devon startles, shutting her eyes tightly. Opening them, there is no shape anywhere to be seen. The whispers are simply a buzz beneath the roaring.

Pained, Devon looks down at her hand. It is within the last dome. She pushes the last key along the table and steps away from the altar as the dome collapses. She looks at her hand, then back at the shadows and light, nodding.

SAMUEL

holds a book open in one hand, and holds a glass jar of finely ground herbs in another hand. Black candles surround the keys.

SAMUEL

Light them when I signal.

Jason holds a lighter and nods. Samuel flicks small amounts of the powder over the keys as he speaks.

SAMUEL

When there is darkness... light shall shine.

Jason looks over Samuel's shoulder.

JASON

Uh no. Keep going. Maybe think of a plan B.

He drops the lighter and rifles through the bag they brought with. He unsheathes a short SWORD. Assessing the situation that only he can see, he grabs another short SWORD - one for each hand.

Samuel looks behind him - the slim reinforcements have arrived.

Half a dozen Savortes stream in through the stairwell.

Jason advances to meet them.

Sword meets claw.

Claw is no match for an incredibly pissed-off Jason, who uses his swords to appease his guilt. One skilled slash, swoop and feint after another.

Samuel tries to ignore it all. He hurriedly empties all the powder over the keys, dumps the bottle and starts to light the candles while he reads.

SAMUEL

When there is cold... warmth shall spread.

JASON

stabs a Savorte, and kicks another away. It trips over another downed comrade, and plunges off the ledge of the building.

HUGHLY

criss-crosses Jason. Jason nods as the older man continues to duel Warcry. Hughly gives a relieved smile.

JASON

continues to fight multiple opponents at the same time. The Savortes are attempting to gang up on him, but he cuts off any advantage they try to gain - and that includes the use of their limbs. He's absolutely brutal.

HUGHLY AND WARCRY

Warcry falls to the floor, but he holds his sword aloft. Hughly takes a massive swipe at it with his own sword.

It shoots out of Warcry's hands and lands on the PLATFORM ABOVE.

WARCRY

How is this even possible?

Hughly tilts his head toward Jason.

HUGHLY

Who do you think taught him?

WARCRY

I don't care. You are not meant to be my equal.

Hughly puts the tip of the sword to Warcry's throat.

HUGHLY

With a sword, I'd agree.

Worried, Warcry doesn't see the kick to his head coming.

HUGHLY

But you should see me with a hammer.

He turns away from the unconscious man, smiling briefly at Jason having brought his opponents down to two.

Looking up, he sees Dawn hanging motionless with the amoeba-like portal. He also sees something else--

DEVON stands on the platform, staring at Dawn, dead ahead of her.

HUGHLY

Miss Payne? Devon? What are you doing?

SAMUEL glances up from the book at the panic in Hughly's voice. Jason turns around too.

SAMUEL

Devon?

PLATFORM

Devon ignores them.

DEVON

(small smile)
Plan B.

She takes off in a run.

ALTAR

Samuel drops the book.

SAMUEL

Devon no!

Jason can't move for the shock of it.

DEVON

reaches the end of the platform.

She leaps.

Hands outstretched.

Her fingers touch the portal.

RIPPLES resembling WAVES move through the portal from her fingers - she's using her power within the portal.

The waves HIT DAWN moments before Devon truly enters the portal.

The FORCE PROPELS DAWN FROM THE PORTAL and onto the platform on the other side.

She skids and rolls, but is most definitely conscious again. She shakes her head and looks at--

THE ENERGY OF THE PORTAL YANKS DEVON BACK--

Her face is SQUEEZED IN PAIN, she might even be screaming, but no sound comes from the portal. The portal disappears. DEVON DROPS through the massive hole below.

DAWN'S EYES WIDEN IN TERROR

FADE OUT.

END ACT III

ACT IV

FADE IN:

INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

There's an almost physical silence. Hughly and Samuel stare above the altars - not seemingly to believe that the portal is gone. There is no sign of Devon.

Behind them, outside the building, the crackle and roar of demon and portals growing larger are only disturbed by a sickening squelch as Jason brings his sword up. Another Savorte dead.

Samuel is the first to turn away. He returns to the altar and shakily picks up the book. He is subdued.

Jason falls bag sluggishly. He heads up the stairs.

SAMUEL

(reading)

Fire of spirit. Cleanse this plane
of all memory and whisper.

He takes another vial and throws the contents on the keys.

NADYA (O.S.)

I really wish you would stop doing
that.

She stands upright.

NADYA

I hate seeing you waste your time.

She stalks toward him.

NADYA

Devon killing herself was almost
noble, but it won't stop what
I've started. Neither will your
archaic ritual.

She laughs, proud and almost giddy.

NADYA

You can't conceive the power it takes to do what I have done. To undo the bonds of fate. To change the way the world works. My will is being done. There is not enough blood in the world to end this. So why don't you just forget--

A HUGE AND PAINED ROAR makes her turn.

EXT. DIAMOND BUILDING - SAME

The PENANCE DEMON RETREATS into its portal. It tears at the edges of the portal in frustration and pain.

The GREEN WORLD grows smaller. The lights and shadows within it move less frantically.

NADYA

What!!--

She looks up.

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

DAWN concentrates on the portals. Her eyes are almost ELECTRIC with the multi-coloured ripples of a portal.

EXT. DIAMOND BUILDING - SAME

The portals grow much smaller. The whimpers of the demon can still be heard.

Nadya stands at the edge of the floor.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Nadya clamps her jaw shut.

NADYA

Fine. There's more than one way to drain a key.

She turns sharply--

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

Dawn relaxes. She's hellova tired, but she's done good.

JASON

Dawn, are you okay?

She smiles up at him.

DAWN

Yeah. Could do with a snuggly
blankie and to sleep for a week.
I'm glad you're back.

He offers a hand. She takes it and he helps lift her up.

JASON

Let's just get this over--

He lets go of her hand, and brings up his sword.

She falls to the floor with a startled yelp.

He bears down with the sword-

She rolls before the sword impales her.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - SAME

Nadya smiles at the one-sided fight happening above.

Samuel grabs his cane and quickly, but quietly, moves behind
Nadya. He brings up the cane--

SPARKS HIT HIM flat in the chest and he is thrown backward.
He skids along the floor and has to scramble forward and
claw at the ground to stop himself from toppling over the
edge of the building. His legs are partially there already.

PLATFORM

Dawn ducks and dives, but Jason's bigger, armed and a better
fighter. Her only advantage is how small and fast she is.

Salvation is just around the corner. She spots Warcry's
abandoned sword and runs toward it. She dives just as Jason
swings at her head.

His sword hits a metal support beam. He brings it back and
plunges down--

SWORD HITS SWORD

Dawn's arm jolts under the pressure. That hurt. A lot.

She lies on her back and tries to hold her steel against his.
Her legs push against his chest, but he puts his full weight
into it.

Jason continues to bear down. He shows no emotion and doesn't
hear the strain in Dawn's voice.

Dawn's face is twisted in the struggle. She knows she's going to lose in this fight.

DAWN

Jason please. Fight it. You great... big... idiot.

She pushes with every bit of strength that she may have hidden deep in her reserves. It's only enough to momentarily push him back.

Dawn braces herself to take the strain off another hit--

ANOTHER SWORD BLOCKS JASON'S

Hughly stands beside him, stopping him.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - SAME

Samuel swings his legs back onto the floor and scurries to his feet quickly.

NADYA

I don't really want to hurt you, but you do have a habit of questioning me. Why is that?

Samuel tries to stand tall against her, no matter how winded he is.

NADYA

You seem to think you're wise and that I should listen to you, but what do you actually know? Nothing. Just like you do nothing. Isn't that the reason for your repeated failures? You sit back and say meaningless words while others die. At least I'm doing something. Perhaps you can say thank you later.

SAMUEL

I do have something to say.

Nadya waits, amused.

SAMUEL

You are a delusional, silly girl and it is no small wonder that you have to control someone for them to bear you.

That's not what she expected to hear.

NADYA
Are you trying to make me angry?

SAMUEL
I think you were angry before we even met. It was your choice to stay that way.

Nadya purses her lips to stop them from opening.

SAMUEL
And just so we're clear. You will never touch Dawn or Jason ever again.

With that, Nadya laughs.

NADYA
Oh, you're going to stop me, are you?

Once more, SHE IS SLAMMED INTO A PILLAR. She stumbles away from it - only winded - it wasn't as hard as the previous time. She turns toward--

DEVON
Hey bitch. Not done yet.

Devon looks like hell - if hell had actually eaten her, gotten sick on her and thrown her back up. She already seems defeated, but she glares at Nadya with a stone-cold intensity.

Devon moves to stand in front of Samuel. Samuel bows his head to her. Glad to see her, but worried.

NADYA
What the hell does it take to kill you?

DEVON
Wanna find out?

Nadya weighs up Devon. It just seems too damn easy.

NADYA
You're not going to try and talk me out of my wicked ways?

DEVON
Like he said, you made your choice.

NADYA
So did you.

Devon moves her head in Samuel's direction, but keeps her eyes on Nadya.

DEVON

Go.

Samuel hesitates. Nadya's eyes are already turning black.

DEVON

Go!

Samuel starts to run--

A rush of LIGHTNING streaks toward them both--

The majority of it BREAKS against an unseen shield. Samuel still has to dive forward to avoid getting toasted.

Devon flinches under the strain off keeping the lightning away from her and Samuel. The energy of the flows around the rounded sides of a shield like water over rocks.

With a cry, she pushes back with her hands. The lightning REBOUNDS on Nadya, who has to jump out of the way quickly. She runs toward a pillar and hides behind it - all manner of pissed.

SAMUEL

Stumbles back to his feet.

HIS POINT OF VIEW

Nadya flings LIGHTNING BALLS toward Devon from behind the pillar. Devon PUSHES THEM BACK taking chunk by chunk out of the pillar. Nadya yells in frustration.

Samuel looks up. Jason is dueling both Hughly and Dawn on the walkway above.

There is nothing Samuel can do to help either party. He does the only thing he can-

He rushes to the altar, and fumbles with more vials of ingredients. He throws liquid over the keys.

SAMUEL

(whispering)

Fire of spirit. Accept this offering. Accept my worthiness and my spirit.

He pulls the small ceremonial knife from the bag and unsheathes it. He makes a cut on the palm of his hand.

He holds it over the keys. The blood drips, mingling with the other elements. As it hits, tendrils of smoke begin to form.

With his other hand, he lifts a candle.

SAMUEL

Fire of spirit. Fire of all fires.
Burn clean this unholy thing.

He dips the candle flame toward the keys--

WARCRY tackles him to the floor.

WARCRY

I'm sorry old one. I expect she'll
need those when she's done. It is
not long to go now.

Samuel stretches to see--

DEVON TUMBLE ALONG THE GROUND

She lies in a heap, winded.

Nadya is no longer hiding. She walks confidently across the floor.

NADYA

All that bluster and I'm still
better than you.

Devon struggles to lift herself on her elbows. She faces Nadya head-on.

NADYA

Why did you think you could ever
win?

DEVON

Because I'm not afraid.

She SLAMS her fist down on the ground - instead of a dull thump it is a mighty roar. Nadya stumbles as the floor CRACKS APART AND DROPS.

INT. FLOOR BELOW - SAME

The mostly intact SEGMENTS of floor CRASH onto the next floor, pulling apart metal framework and smashing open the ground below it. The floor segments lurch upward as parts of the ground give way to the next floor.

The two women tumble from the floor segments, heading for the great circular opening in the building. The deadly drop looms closer as the floor segments increase their sloping angle upwards. Both women try to slow their descent by leaning into the floor segments and using their hands--

Nadya fires off another volley of lightning at Devon.

Devon pulls her arms inward and lets herself drop faster.

She reaches the edge--

Over she goes.

Nadya barely has time to be elated. She reaches the edge just as quickly--

She's gone.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - SAME

WARCRY waits for some sort of sign. He stares intently at the broken floor.

Samuel struggles to move with Warcry pinning him down. He hasn't noticed the dagger in Samuel's other hand.

With one burst of strength, Samuel yanks up with his arm and STABS Warcry in the back.

WARCRY YELLS.

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

Dawn grunts as she falls on her ass. It looks like she has taken a lickin'. There is a cut on her cheek and some blood flowing from a wound on her arm.

Hughly pushes forward against Jason. They perfectly counter each others moves - master and pupil. It's a fight that will never be won fairly.

BOOM

Something loud and scary makes the building and platform shake.

It's just what Jason needs. He kicks Hughly's legs from under her and pushes him off the platform.

DAWN

No!

She jumps forward; her outstretched hand a futile gesture.

FINGERS POKE through the grate of the platform. Hughly managed to grab hold.

Dawn leans back, unable to decide between relief or despair. She has time for neither. She jerks out of the way just in time as Jason's sword comes down again.

She quickly gets up to her feet. Sword ready. Standing on her own. She grips the sword tighter.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

Nadya stands dead-centre of the room. Above her the shaft encircled by a dozen or so floors. Each looking like they are falling apart. It looks very much like an arena. She is surrounded by all huge pieces of rubble and metal.

She is covered in concrete dust, her clothes are torn and her hair is a wreck. A good reason for her psychotic-level anger.

Glaring straight-ahead of her with pitch-black eyes, her entire body spasms as it release a 360° wave of lighting balls. As they connect with solid matter, the entire building shudders to the massive BOOM.

To the side of her, Devon leans against a pillar, hidden for the moment. She too is covered in concrete dust, making the cuts along her hands and face stand out more vividly.

She waits for the inevitable.

INT. UPPER FLOOR - NIGHT

Warcry stumbles around, trying to remove the dagger from his back. He stares incredulously at Samuel, who merely watches somberly.

WARCRY

I will not die this way.

Warcry yanks the dagger out. He holds it in front of him, pointing it at Samuel.

WARCRY

But you will.

THUD

Hughly falls on him from above, either knocking Warcry out or killing him.

HUGHLY (OS)

I'm all right.

INT. PLATFORM - SAME

Dawn is putting all her concentration into not dying at the end of a sword. She meets his blows and counters, trying to conserve as much of her energy as possible.

DAWN

I don't want to hurt you Jason.

She fakes a lunge, redirects his sword then takes a nick of blood from his shoulder where Nadya marked him.

DAWN

(hopefully)

Unless it'll work.

Jason didn't even flinch. He swings. Her tactic failed and he has the advantage again. He's a battering ram and it's all she can do now to hold on just a few moments longer.

INT. ARENA - NIGHT

Devon takes a deep breath and pushes against the pillar as she runs a silent count-down in her head.

Zero.

She races out from the pillar.

Nadya spots her immediately and whips her hand to follow.

CONCENTRATED CHAIN LIGHTNING chase Devon as she runs, following the path of the room in a circle. She passes pillar after pillar as she tries to outrun Nadya's damage path. The pillars are taking more of the damage, but Nadya can see she is getting closer to Devon, or perhaps Devon is slowing.

Lip curling over her teeth, Nadya forces more power down her line-

Devon is directly in its path--

She leaps--

The LIGHTNING BLAST EDGES HER, sending her crashing along the floor, out of the way of--

A PILLAR COLLAPSES as it takes the full weight of Nadya's power. Metal framework from the floor above comes SHOOTING DOWNWARD.

Nadya barely reacts as she is HAULED BACK AND VIOLENTLY PINNED to the wall behind her, beneath a tangle of metal.

NADYA FACE

Her breath is quick and her eyes dart around. She doesn't seem to understand what just happened.

Devon limps slowly toward her.

Nadya turns her eyes toward her. The shock and disbelief are still there, but fading away as surely as her life.

DEVON

Almost seems sad.

Nadya is dead.

Devon turns away.

INT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Jason batters Dawn's sword away. She crumples, holding her arm in pain. He lifts the sword--

She looks away and shuts her eyes--

Nothing.

Dawn peeks through horror-movie eyelids, until finally she looks up at Jason.

He is completely lost. He stares at her and then his sword--

He THROWS it from him as though it burned. Staggering, he drops to his knees. His eyes could be close to tears. He can't look at her for the shame.

JASON

I thought I was stronger than that.

Dawn gets to her feet.

JASON

I thought I was stronger.

She reaches out her hand to him - he can't ignore it. She gives him a small smile and moves her hand again.

MUSIC: LISA GERMANO - FROM A SHELL

He takes it and lets her help him up.

INT. ALTAR - LATER

Samuel chants and throws more herbs onto the keys. Dawn and Devon stand to one side, just watching. Hughly gathers up weapons and places them into his bag.

Devon turns as Jason arrives. He carries Nadya, wrapped in a jacket to hide her wounds. It looks almost intimate. Devon looks away.

Samuel steps aside as Jason places Nadya on the altar. He smooths over her hair, then snatches his fingers away. He turns to Samuel who motions to the candle. Jason takes it and lights the keys.

A FLUORESCENT WHITE FLAME SPARKS INTO LIFE

Jason steps back and watches the flames quickly grow larger and spread. His eyes don't move from the flames.

Samuel stands beside Dawn.

DAWN

This can't happen again.

He turns to her.

DAWN

Not to me. Not to anyone.

She turns back to the flames.

DAWN

I can't let it happen again.

Devon is the only one not lost to the fire. She glances at Jason. His stony profile is trying to fight pain, but notices little else.

Sad, perhaps for him, Devon turns and walks away. The night colours grow colder as she leaves the fire and the others behind. She rounds a corner and is out of sight and earshot.

It is then that she stumbles.

She grips the nearest wall and rakes her, already-bloody, fingernails over it. She is fighting intense pain. Physical pain. Clutching her head in her hands and covering her mouth, she falls to her knees. She rocks herself, stifling whimpers.

MUSIC ABRUPTLY ENDS

She brings her hand away from her face. Fresh, red blood appears starkly against her ghost-like hands.

Reaching up she finds the source of the blood. Blood streams from her nose as intensely as the pain she closes her eyes against.

OFF THAT

FADE OUT.

END SEASON ONE