

Fate 2x01 "Friends & Stranger"

By

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Based on Joss Whedon's Buffy The Vampire Slayer and Angel

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CAVES, CORRIDOR - DAY

A FLAME burns in the darkness, illuminating the claustrophobic corridor the bearer of the TORCH must duck and twist through.

DAWN SUMMERS, determined, ducks beneath a chunk of rock, switches the torch to the hand in front of her before she turns to look back at-

SAMUEL ZABUTO, breathing heavily, also stooped to avoid a nasty bang to the head, nods at her to continue. He is sans his cane but seems to be managing with his TORCH.

Behind him, JASON MANDRAKE looks like he is decked for war. He wears a scowl, a CROSSBOW around his chest and a leather scabbard with a serious HUNTING BLADE strapped to his leg. He too holds a TORCH.

DEVON PAYNE, with her usual bag slung around her, brings up the lead. She doesn't need to duck, her ever-present indifferent slouch is enough.

INT. CAVES, CAVERN - SAME

Dawn enters the cavern and stands on a small platform. Her torch is not enough to light the chasm that is a few steps in front of her feet.

The others join her and spread out to peer into the darkness.

Jason swings his torch around. He finds a narrow path winding around the cavern.

Without hesitation, he soundly plants his feet on it and starts to walk.

Dawn takes a breath and follows.

Samuel grimly regards Devon - finding no change of expression there - he very carefully steps onto the path, free hand held to the ragged wall of the cavern.

Devon stares into the pitch-black centre of the chasm.

The light from the torches begin to fade. Devon moves toward the path and steps into the darkness.

The group spiral around the cavern on the narrow path.

Samuel slips.

An INVISIBLE FORCE pins him back to the wall.

He turns his head to look back at Devon. Gives a grateful smile.

She stands, waiting.

Nodding, he shakily gets back on track.

Jason swings his torch in front of him as he steps up to a rocky ledge. He stares ahead at something before him/

Dawn steps up beside him, full hero pose.

Samuel shuffles up beside.

Devon doesn't bother to step up, just tilts her head up.

In the centre of the chasm, a lone pillar of rock reaches up from nowhere. Heads cock to the side as they squint at the top of the pillar.

There's nothing else there. Just a flat nothing.

Everyone squints, reassesses, frowns. In disbelieving silence. Finally broken by--

JASON

Did that seem anti-climactic to anyone else?

FADE OUT.

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. CAVES, RIVER - LATER

Dawn squeezes out from a tiny gap in the cave wall. She takes a deep breath of air, and jams her torch into some rocks.

She's on one side of a wide, but serene river.

The light of the torch is no longer needed. A thin gap at the top of the cave lets a shaft of sunlight through. The gap decreases in intervals so that it is much darker upriver.

Not too far from where they are is a narrow bridge over the river.

Jason pushes himself out of the hole next. He immediately pulls his crossbow up and uses it to search the open space around them.

Dawn points at an opening on the other side of the bridge.

DAWN

We're almost home free. Do you really think they're going to show up now?

Visibly he ignores her and continues to scope their surroundings.

JASON

You wouldn't say that if you knew what they were like. With their little teeth and their little hands and their little pointy sticks and their little beady eyes and their horrible crazy laugh--

Dawn coughs.

Off her look, Jason lowers his crossbow to the side and tries to give the appearance of being relaxed.

Samuel makes his way out of the hole in the wall. He takes a few steps forward and reaches the edge of the river.

SAMUEL

Oh good. We made it back. Here.

The other are amused at that.

DAWN

You know, I think you should have a little fun this time. Face your fear, or in this case, face the fear of falling head-first into a raging river of doom.

JASON

(trying to see)
It's raging now?

DAWN

When you have a telekinetic at your back, it's okay to walk on the wild side.

SAMUEL

I'll try. But I think I might skip the cartwheels.

DAWN

But they were the best part.

Samuel looks around him.

SAMUEL

Speaking of people defying gravity, where is Devon? She was right behind me.

Jason gives no indication that he actually gives a crap about the answer. They both stare at him in question. He shrugs.

Samuel ignores the slight and heads back toward the hole. Dawn inches toward Jason and cuffs him on the back of his head.

JASON

What?

DAWN

Sorry. Thought there was an ass growing out of the back of your head. My mistake.

SAMUEL

Devon?

INT. CAVES, CORRIDOR - SAME

Devon hears the voice, but isn't in much condition to do anything about it. She leans against the corridor wall, a rocky outcropping hides her from prying eyes near the hole.

The flame from the torch jammed into the rocks at the cave entrance give her just enough light to see by.

Her hands are fumbling to get into her bag. She keeps squeezing her eyes shut as wave after wave of pain hits her. BLOOD is beginning to drip from her nose.

Finally, her fingers fumble with a black stoppered bottle, wrapped in cloth that has dark stains of dried blood.

She opens the stopper and takes a deep drink. It takes a moment for her to open her eyes again and breathe.

Under control again, she methodically unwraps the cloth and wipes away the evidence under her nose.

SAMUEL (O.S)

Devon?

He's close. She's out of time. She stuffs the bottle and cloth into one of her pockets. She rounds the rock, head held low so that he can't fully see her face.

DEVON

Sorry. Needed to tie my shoe-laces.

Samuel looks at her boots as she passes. They are zip-ups.

EXT. CAVES, RIVER - SAME

Dawn and Jason stand waiting at the mouth of the narrow bridge across the river. It really does resemble a tightrope in some areas.

DAWN

I'm not saying you should marry her. Just that it wouldn't kill you to be civil.

JASON

I thought you said we didn't have to talk about this.

DAWN

Yeah, and I thought you were going to stop being a jerk. You can't keep blaming her for...

JASON

Killing my evil ex-girlfriend.

DAWN

I wasn't going to say that.

JASON
You don't need to.

Devon and Samuel emerge from the hole. Devon grabs the torch as she passes it, and holds it to obscure her face from a prying Samuel.

Jason keeps his voice low and watches the others as they near.

JASON
I appreciate that you're for group unity and all, but I don't have to like the people I work with. Let it go.

Dawn isn't angry, just disappointed.

DAWN
We all set?

Devon hands Dawn the torch and nods.

Dawn takes the lead. She stops before setting foot on the narrow bridge and regards Samuel cheekily.

DAWN
Unless you want to go first this time?

SAMUEL
Oh, but I know how much you love your acrobatics.

Dawn laughs and strolls onto the bridge, not seeming to care about the significant drop below.

Taking a deep breath, Samuel steps onto the bridge.

He notices the swirling waters beneath his feet. He quickly focuses on Dawn taking a leisurely walk in front of him and follows. So intent on staring ahead, he doesn't notice when his foot falls off the bridge.

His feet continue as though the very air were a level floor.

Devon stares intently at Samuel's feet until he steps back onto the platform. She relaxes, but doesn't take her eyes from the two in front of her.

Jason moves toward the bridge. Devon doesn't give any indication that she is aware of him. She simply waits for him to cross.

JASON

After you.

DEVON

It's easier for me to watch you
if you're in front.

JASON

And it's easier for someone to
spear you from behind if no one's
there to watch your back. Since
you have our lives in your hands,
I think I'd rather have some
insurance.

She regards him for a fleeting moment and heads onto the
bridge herself. Jason sweeps the area around them one last
time before heading out himself.

DAWN

Hey, Samuel. Do you want me to
try walking on my hands?

SAMUEL

Please don't.

Dawn breaks out in a peal of laughter.

DAWN

Or maybe I'll just--

A loud BOOM shakes the walls around them.

Dust falls down from gaps in the rocks.

They all freeze.

DAWN

That wasn't ominous.

She starts moving forward again.

A second BOOM rocks the entire cavern.

Even the bridge - invisibly bolstered as it is - seems to
jump under everyone's feet.

SAMUEL

Dawn.

DAWN

Yes.

SAMUEL

Move faster.

She nods and starts shuffling forward on the increasingly
unstable ground, not as confident now.

A HISSING sound comes from upriver.

Devon stops, looks upriver, peering through the dark.

She whips her hand out--

Samuel's torch flies from his hand and goes hurtling up river--

Gets snuffed out as it hits a wall of RUSHING WATER.

There's only time for shock.

Devon flings up her hands towards the water at the same time as the others lose their balance.

Dawn quickly grabs Samuel and gets him back onto proper footing.

Jason is able to find his own balance.

All of Devon's concentration is on the WALL OF WATER staggering forward like a STOP-MOTION PHOTOGRAPH.

BLOOD begins to drip from her nose.

Her eyes FLICKER between white and their natural state. She's losing this battle. And she knows it.

Her hands flick out to either side of her--

Dawn and Samuel are THROWN FORWARD onto the right side of the river.

Jason is propelled backwards onto the other side.

The wall of water CRASHES into Devon, taking her and the bridge with it.

The water has made the cave walls and ceiling unstable. The roof above the exit begins to COLLAPSE.

No time to stop and think about it. Samuel grabs Dawn and pushes her forward.

They take off running toward the exit as large pieces of rock comes crashing down above them.

Jason, also swept along by the edges of the water manages to grab the hole in the wall and holds on for dear life.

INT. EXIT CORRIDOR - SAME

Dawn and Samuel keep running with arms held up to protect their heads from the falling rock.

In the confines of the corridor, the rumble is deafening. Stumbling, bruised and bloodied, they reach the light.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - SAME

Dawn leaps out of the cave mouth.

And promptly slides over the edge of a narrow pathway that leads up to the cave entrance.

She grabs rocks, grass, anything within reach and jams her feet against the steep mountain edge.

A plume of smoke EXPLODES out of the cave mouth.

Dawn squeezes her eyes shut, trying not to cough.

Her bloodied hands are slipping=

Samuel grabs her forearm.

With his help, she pushes herself back up the surface.

The dust clears.

They both resemble dust farmers.

DAWN
(whisper)

No.

She pounds her fist on the rocks that have now blocked the entrance to the mountain. Small rocks are packed tightly around several larger ones.

DAWN
Jason! Devon!

She presses her ear against the rocks. Listens.

DAWN
Come on!

She slaps the rocks. Some fall down at her feet.

She searches the mountain side. It just looks like a jagged rock-face with weathered grooves much higher up.

Eventually, her eyes settle at the bottom of the valley, at least a couple of miles away.

A JEEP is parked at the bottom of the mountain. Sunlight reflects off it.

DAWN

Wait here!

She takes off running.

Samuel, out of breath and running low on hope, moves to the cave and starts moving the smaller rocks from the top and drops them down the ravine.

EXT. CAVES, DOWNRIVER - DAY

Jason wades through knee deep water.

He's drenched and has lost his crossbow.

There's almost enough light poking through the gap between trees and shrubs high above the river for him to navigate.

Small green and white LUMINESCENT LIGHTS - vials of Devon's strange concoctions - bob up and down in the water as they drift away. They direct his attention to--

DEVON propped up between a few rocks, her bag open at her side, spilling its contents into the river.

Jason tramples through the water to get to her.

He kneels down and lifts her into his lap to listen for her breath. She's breathing.

There's a stream of blood on the side of her temple.

JASON

Devon. Devon. Wake up.

He taps her gently on the side of her face.

JASON

Come on Miss-Can't-Die, prove me right.

That doesn't seem to do the trick.

JASON

I swear Devon, if we survive this, I'm teaching you how to swim.

He mops up some of the blood with the bottom of his shirt.

Shifting position so that he can reach into his inner jacket pocket, he pulls out a GPS phone.

The face is smashed. It's dead.

JASON

Dammit.

He tosses the now-useless junk into the river. Now what?

He looks around. There is a small landing back on the wrong side of the river. It's not much, but it's dry.

He hefts her up with him as he gets to his feet.

Devon groans at the movement. She manages to open her eyes.

Jason has never been more pleased.

He gently lowers her to her feet.

JASON

Hey. Welcome back. Can you walk?

He may as well have asked her if she was qualified to fly a space shuttle.

It takes a few moments, but she does register what he is asking and gives a half-hearted nod.

He guides her toward the landing.

She stumbles when he tries to let go of her.

He wraps an arm around her as they start walking upriver.

Devon keeps her head down, concentrates on keeping one foot going after the other.

JASON

It's okay. Not that far to go. We just need to get back to the entrance and wait. Dawn and Samuel will use the Jeep's satellite phone to get help. You just need to keep walking. Okay. Can you do that?

She sort-of nods her head.

JASON

Are you listening to me?

DEVON

Yeah. Walk. Entrance. Wait. Got it.

JASON

(more to himself)
They'll get help.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Dawn skids to a stop beside the Jeep.

She yanks open the trunk.

DAWN
(disgusted)
What kind of lame adventurers
don't bring along rescue
equipment?

She has a choice between a crowbar, food, water and the spare GPS phone lying in a cradle connected to the car charger.

She grabs the crowbar and slams the trunk shut.

She takes off running up the mountain again.

EXT. CAVES, RIVER - DAY

Jason helps Devon up some large rocks to reach the platform overhead.

JASON
Almost there. You can rest at the
top.

Her complete lack of response punctuates the awkward silence.

JASON
Well, at least we're on the right
side of the river now. What do
you think caused it?
(off her look)
The river.

He pulls her to the top of the platform. She immediately heads to the nearest semi-comfy spot to sit. She seems drunk on exhaustion.

JASON
Do you think someone did it on
purpose? Do you think some thing
did it on purpose?

He unconsciously lets his hand move to his sole remaining weapon - the large blade strapped to his leg.

JASON
(continued)
Maybe we should find somewhere
better to hole up. Somewhere less
exposed. I don't like this. Your
luck's twisted, but...

DEVON
You don't have to talk to me.

JASON
What?

DEVON
This is the most you've ever said
to me since...

She lets it hang there. He looks away uncomfortably.

DEVON
You don't have to pretend to be
civil just because we're stuck
together.

JASON
So in life or death situations,
you'd prefer I just ignore you?

DEVON
I'd prefer it if you just be who
you are. And if that means hating
me, I'm fine with that too.

That gives Jason something to chew on.

JASON
I think you're lying.

He sits beside her.

JASON
You're also wrong. I don't hate
you.

It's a quiet admission. A heart felt moment.

Interrupted by the sound of a something small creating the
sound of a rapid vacuum near them - a sucking zap. They
look around for the source.

Jason spots it--

JASON
Oh I knew it.

He holds up a TINY SPEAR - hardly bigger than a toothpick.

Almost child-like GIGGLES echo through the caves.

More spears start zapping around them.

JASON
Frikk'n' pygmy demons.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

Samuel is still in the process of moving smaller rocks out of the way, but the larger ones jammed in front and behind makes his actions seem futile.

Dawn reaches the blocked cave entrance.

She jams the crowbar in between the nearest large rocks.

She gives a good heave--

The crowbar goes flying, narrowly missing Samuel, as it flies over the edge of the mountain and clangs all the way down.

Dawn stands at the ledge looking down.

Samuel wisely says nothing.

No less determined, Dawn fiercely faces the blocked entrance.

She places her hands on the rocks. She takes a deep breath. Her forehead furrows. Her eyes narrow. Her face contorts into a mask of concentration.

DRAMATIC MUSIC announces that something big, something amazing, is about to happen--

SAMUEL

Dawn, are you all right?

The music cuts off. Her shoulder's slump. The moment was a dud.

DAWN

You know, in hindsight, maybe we shouldn't have burned every single key into a big pile of useless dust.

SAMUEL

We must have other options.

DAWN

The town. We'll just have to do it the ol' fashioned way. With civilians.

Samuel tries to appear supportive.

DAWN

What?

SAMUEL

I know we haven't said it yet,
but what if they're no longer
there to be rescued.

DAWN

You think they found another way
out?

He lets it sink in. She gets his other meaning.

DAWN

They're still here. Devon always
survives, and no way would she
let anything bad happen to Jason.
They just need a helping hand.

Samuel nods, buffeted by her conviction.

SAMUEL

All right. Next problem. How do
we get to the town? I can't
drive.

DAWN

(cheerily)

No sweat. My sister taught me.

JEEP - LATER

GEARS GRIND LOUDLY as Dawn merrily changes them.

Samuel grips the door and his seat. One might assume he is
holding on for dear life.

The Jeep goes FLYING over a bump.

Dawn corrects the steering wheel making the Jeep seem as
though it is dancing along the rural road.

She's completely relaxed, even giddy.

Seeing something ahead that damages her bliss, she slams
on the brakes.

The engine STALLS.

Samuel seems almost relieved.

DAWN

Did we come from the left or the
right?

Samuel pries his eyes open and regards the fork in the road before them.

SAMUEL

Left.

DAWN

Thanks.

She starts the engine again.

Samuel strengthens his grip.

INT. CAVES, RIVER - DAY

Jason shields his eyes as he runs along the narrow path.

He drags Devon behind him, who at least manages to stay upright.

Spears fly all around them, more than a few meet their targets.

Moving, giggling shadows follow them from above, crawling along the cave walls.

They reach where the original cave exit was.

Jason yanks Devon into it.

EXIT CORRIDOR

They can't go very far into it.

It's wet and the rocks have completely dammed up the way out. It's blocked only a few metres in, but it does offer them some protection from the spears.

Jason starts pulling little spears out his arms, legs and back. Devon doesn't have any.

JASON

Annoying little critters aren't they?

He nods over the rocks.

JASON

Can you move them?

Devon doesn't really look like she wants to try, but she obliges.

She raises her hand, concentrates--

The only result is her losing the stiffness in her knees.

Jason catches her.

DEVON

I can't.

JASON

That's okay. We'll just have to... wing it.

He glares at the entrance to the corridor. The giggles are getting louder. The shadows closer.

JASON

I really hate them. Horrible, squeaky, grinning, biting, nipping, scratching, laughing, little...

Devon appears a little worried about his mental health. He notices.

JASON

I want to stomp on them. That doesn't make me a bad person.

The first SPINDLY HAND appears at the ceiling above the entrance.

A large, smirking head is followed by a small humanoid body, dressed in tribal garb with a quiver of the small spears strapped to it.

The demon doesn't advance - it laughs at their situation. The giggles around them grow louder.

JASON

That's it!

He lets Devon go and draws his knife from its scabbard and waves it in front of him.

JASON

Time to do something I've wanted to do for a long time.

He races to the corridor entrance. The pygmy demon crawls backward warily, but still laughing.

CAVES, RIVER

Jason rushes out, knife in hand, all kinds of riled up.

The pygmy demons all around him - on the platforms and clinging to the wall - lift their heads, more curious than afraid.

Devon unsteadily totters along to the corridor entrance. She leans against the wall for support.

Jason glares at each group of demons. Their giggles grow into a cacophony.

They inch ever closer, many pulling spears out of their quivers.

He gives an almighty WARRIOR'S YELL. An extended yell that demonstrates impressive lung capacity. It doesn't appear to have much affect until-

The giggling abruptly stops.

The pygmy demons stare in Jason's general direction, before giving a terrified squeak and taking off upriver.

It is not the reaction Jason expected. He smiles anyway.

JASON
That's the first time that's
actually worked.

He slips his blade back into its home.

Devon takes a few slow steps away from her supporting wall to look upriver.

The steady, growing BEATING of what sounds to be a DRUM begins to distinguish itself from the gurgle of the river.

Devon and Jason look downriver as the glow of YELLOW LIGHT grows in the distance.

Voices in BATTLE-LIKE CHANTING accompany the beat - which sounds less like a drum and more like many FEET MARCHING IN TIME.

DEVON
Jason.

JASON
Yeah.

DEVON
I think we should follow the
annoying little creatures.

JASON
I think you might be right.

Hand in hand, he's already pulling her upriver.

EXT. VILLAGE, GENERAL DEALER - DAY

Dawn and Samuel head down the hardware aisle.

Dawn keeps angrily handing shoving various items at Samuel who struggles to keep a grip on them all. He has a couple of pick-axes, a shovel, some rope, netting and for some reason a rain jacket.

She picks up a regular hammer, considering it.

SOMEONE WATCHES as Dawn works up quite a verbal steam.

DAWN

What ever happened to helping your fellow man? Twenty-four to thirty-six hours! Really? Is it so hard to just get off you asses and help move some rocks?

SAMUEL

To be fair Dawn, it is nearly evening and a well trained rescue team from a larger city is probably a better bet than village folk whose main livelihood is selling trinkets to tourists.

DAWN

Yeah, what's with that? This place is like the town that cool forgot. Why would tourists come here?

She regards what Samuel is carrying and dumps the hammer back.

DAWN

Whatever. We're done. This is the best we'll get.

She leads to the way to the general dealer's cash register where a bored SOUTH AMERICAN CLERK, stares at her without much interest.

She starts retrieving each item one at a time from Samuel, dumping it on the counter as the clerk rings them up.

SAMUEL

We should just be thankful that they didn't detain us here for entering their sacred mountain without permission.

DAWN

Yeah. Woops. I forgot Mother Earth was the most bureaucratic planet in the Universe. Oh shoot.

She bends down to try and lift the MEDICAL AID KIT she has just dropped.

There is MOVEMENT in the corner of her eye.

She shoots upright.

No one there.

SAMUEL

What is it?

DAWN

Uhm. Nothing.

She places the final items on the counter, still distracted.

DAWN

Did you bring the emergency card?

Samuel smiles, pulling a GOLD CREDIT CARD from his to top pocket.

DAWN

Least Jason was dumb enough to leave that in the car.

EXT. GENERAL DEALERS

Samuel and Dawn head out, both under the weight of their various inadequate rescue gear.

Dawn drops the medical aid kit again.

She tries to bend down to get it without dropping anything else.

A HAND reaches toward it first and lifts it.

Dawn jerks upright and faces--

CONNOR RILEY, early twenties, dressed like the boy next door, deceptively skinny in frame - a very familiar figure for those in the know.

He looks very much like someone trying to look cool and impressive.

Dawn, however, is not impressed. Just impatient. She holds her hand out.

He holds onto the medical aid kit, ignoring her gesture.

CONNOR
You about to make war?

DAWN
No. Science experiment.

CONNOR
Really? Sounded like a rescue mission.

Dawn is incredulous.

DAWN
Eavesdrop much?

She abandons any pretence of politeness and grabs for the medical kit.

Samuel is quite flummoxed by her reaction.

CONNOR
Need help?

Dawn gives him the once over again - no evidence that he'd be any actual help.

SAMUEL
Thank you, that would be-

DAWN
No. We're good.

Samuel thinks Dawn has lost her senses.

Connor takes it all in good stride.

CONNOR
I'm actually a lot stronger than I look. Plus, I have extensive experience in this area. I'd advise saying yes.

Samuel starts to nod.

DAWN
Wow. Aren't we lucky? We just happened to stumble across a genuine, full-blown hero. Right here in Nowheresville. At exactly the right time. What are the odds?

CONNOR
Pretty good if you'd had prior knowledge that my girlfriend was
(MORE)

CONNOR (cont'd)
going to abandon me for Pablo the
Peruvian Pool Boy halfway through
our trip.

SAMUEL
Uhm Dawn-

DAWN
You sound really broken up.

CONNOR
Well, I've been using my time
alone to become really zen about
things that don't involve the end
of the world. Or my dads.

DAWN
Okay. That's real nice. We've got
to go now. Buhbye.

Samuel raises his hand in an attempt to stop Dawn, who is
already turning away and stepping onto the dusty street.

CONNOR
(calling after her)
You sure you don't want to change
your mind? There's pygmy demons
in that mountain.

DAWN
Urgh. Not you too. What is it
with men and teeny tiny demons.
(stops)
Wait. You know about demons?

He gives a wide smile.

Samuel moves beside Dawn.

SAMUEL
Dawn, we do need help, and well,
perhaps there's a reason for
this... luck.

DAWN
(annoyed)
There's still such a thing as
coincidence.

Samuel waits.

DAWN
Fine.
(to Connor)
You can come.

Connor is quite amused as she hands him a pick-axe.

DAWN

Just remember, we call the shots.

She twirls away, head held high.

Samuel sidles up to Connor.

SAMUEL

(quietly)

Uhm. If I may ask, do you
perhaps... drive?

Off Connor's confusion.

DAWN (O.S)

I heard that!

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

EXT. CAVES, UPRIVER - DAY

Jason and Devon are still moving as fast as they can.

The torch-light from the unseen crown light up the curve of the river behind them.

The light is a lot closer than it was before.

JASON

Here.

He's found another hole in the wall of the cave.

INT. TUNNEL - SAME

It's a lot darker in here.

Jason fishes out a lighter from his jacket and flicks it on. The light is paltry, but it will have to do.

Devon somehow looks worse in this light.

JASON

Are you okay?

DEVON

Perfect.

JASON

I know you're tired and it sucks that we're here, but there might be a light at the end of this tunnel.

DEVON

We're not going to find a way out. We're heading further into the mountain.

JASON

Well aren't we in need of a good dose of chocolate? There could be a way out.

Devon pushes herself forward.

DEVON

Fine. Let's go find a rainbow.

She stumbles down the passage.

JASON
(to himself)
Now she gets funny.

He easily reaches her, without much effort, and puts his arm under her to steady her walk.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - EVENING

Dawn switches on her HEADLAMP.

The trio stand in front of the collapsed entrance.

CONNOR
I don't think we're going to get through that without some heavy machinery.

DAWN
I'm not waiting forty hours and doing nothing.

She hefts up a pick-axe.

DAWN
Maybe it's enough that they'll hear us coming.

Dawn starts to slash at the wall of rock.

Samuel doesn't see any other option and begins to do the same, with a little less vigour than Dawn.

Neither one is paying much attention to Connor.

Connor grabs one of the ropes and loops it around himself. He studies the darkening rock face, before taking a leap and quickly scrambling up the wall. He's preternaturally fast and silent.

Some small rocks clink on the path beside Samuel.

He stops and notices the absence of Connor.

SAMUEL
Where'd he-

CONNOR
Hey! Need a hand?

Connor waves down at them from another pathway a fair distance away.

Samuel and Dawn gape for a moment.

Connor tosses down rope for them.

Samuel happily begins picking up the rest of their gear.

DAWN
(under her breath)
Show-off.

Connor's smile widens. Almost as if he could hear her.

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

Jason holds the meagre light up high as they enter another cavern.

Jason spots something.

He lets go of Devon and rushes over to something ahead of him.

Devon leans against the wall.

Light FLARES into life.

Jason stands beside a rather ORNATE TORCH attached to the wall.

The light shows off more TORCHES, large rocks in the centre of the room, as well as RED AND WHITE GLYPHS painted on the walls.

JASON
That was lucky.

DEVON
Depends on how you define lucky.

Devon is looking intently at the glyphs. Jason nears her.

JASON
Is it just me or do these
markings seem kinda recent?

Devon runs her fingers along the nearest glyphs. Some of the colour comes off onto her fingers.

DEVON
I have a bad feeling about this.

Jason rubs his palm against one of the glyphs. The colour rubs off.

Devon wobbles to her feet. They both look down the tunnel as--

An echo comes from the other end of it.

They share a look, then look around for something, anything, to help them.

DEVON

There!

She points up above another outcropping of rocks.

There is a slit in the cavern wall. It's small. No time to waste, they rush toward it.

Jason boosts her up.

He jumps to grab hold and quickly scrambles up.

INT. ALCOVE - SAME

It's a tight fit. It's wide enough for two people to stand abreast and deep enough for two people to comfortably face each other.

Jason squeezes in and stands beside Devon.

JASON

Crap. The light.

He's about to scramble out of the hole, but Devon catches his arm.

Her eyes GO WHITE. She whimpers.

BLACKNESS

The light is extinguished.

It's just the sound of their breathing for a few moments.

The MARCHING draws nearer.

Light from the glow of TORCHES enter the alcove through the entrance and a small light beside Devon's head - ANOTHER CRACK IN THE WALL - this one the size of a fist.

Jason shifts closer to Devon, the more the light from the torches enters the alcove. Eventually, they are standing face to face.

Devon leans her exhausted head against the wall behind her. She shuts her eyes.

Jason stares through the peep-hole over her shoulder.

JASON'S POV

HUMANOID DEMONS in black robes fill the cavern, forming a circle around THREE central figures in RED ROBES.

The chanting is a low murmur now - an accompaniment to the central figures' swaying.

One of the Reds, pulls out a BOOK from its robes, another pulls out a scary BLADE, the third pulls out something that resembles an HOUR GLASS.

JASON

Oh crap.

He keeps his voice low.

DEVON

What?

She tries to look but doesn't get very far with him in the way. It's a tense "could-lead-to-something" moment.

JASON

Sorry.

He turns a little, so that she can move as well. They both peer through the hole.

DEVON

That's...

JASON

The potentially world destroying key we came looking for. They must have snagged it before we did, but why the hell did they wait until now?

DEVON

Full moon tonight. Venus is also probably swimming with Mars or having a fling with Pluto.

JASON

Wow. Another joke. I guess you really did hit your head hard.

He reaches up to touch her clotted head wound. She's too tired to do anything but let him.

JASON

I can't decide if it's good or bad luck that we're here. I don't exactly have an arsenal in my pants.

(off her look)

I'm the only one allowed to read something else into that. Got a plan?

DEVON

We've got time to think of one. There's probably an hour of obligatory chanting, some

(MORE)

DEVON (cont'd)
posturing, gloating followed by
the standard blood sacrifice and,
finally, the end of the world.

Jason peers out the hole again.

JASON
I don't see any captives for a
sacrifice.

DEVON
If they're apocalypse demons,
they'll just kill each other.

JASON
Apocalypse and demon. Two words I
don't like putting together. Dawn
could probably close whatever
portal they open.

DEVON
Assuming she's anywhere near
here.

JASON
They'll be here. We wouldn't be
here if there was no chance we
could stop it.

DEVON
You starting to rely on luck now?

JASON
Maybe I'm just starting to rely
on us. Have some faith. They'll
be here.

EXT. MOUNTAIN-TOP - NIGHT

The moon is full and low.

The mountain is flatish at the top, covered in bushes,
large rocks and trees.

Dawn peers over a GAP. They can hear the river below.

DAWN
Hello? Devon. Jason.

She turns her head to hear any reply.

DAWN
I can't see the bottom. Do you
think we have a long enough line
to get down there?

Samuel holds a coil of cable. Connor stares off into the distance - roughly upriver.

SAMUEL

I think so.

CONNOR

They're not here. We should follow the river.

He doesn't really wait for their response. He takes off quickly, dodging the flora growing along the edge of the ravine.

DAWN

Wait. How do you even know that?

CONNOR

One of them is bleeding. And they're not alone.

Dawn and Samuel still hesitating.

CONNOR

Look, I promise you, we don't have time for this. Just trust that you're damn lucky I'm here.

He takes off.

Samuel glances significantly at Dawn, and follows, pick-axe held like a weapon.

Dawn

INT. ALCOVE - NIGHT

Devon still rests against the wall with her eyes closed. Jason watches through the hole.

JASON

I think the chanting is almost over.

DEVON

How can you tell?

JASON

The one with the big scary knife has started waving it around. And they look kinda hungry.

He thumps the wall behind him.

JASON
There's gotta be something we can do.

DEVON
Not we. Me.

Her eyes open. They are WHITE.

JASON
I thought it wasn't working. What if it's dangerous?

DEVON
Guess we'll find out now.

A sound like cracking ice directs Jason's attention back to the mob through the hole.

The demons stare up at the cavern ceiling in confusion.

LARGE CRACKS move along the surface until--

A large circular section of the ceiling COLLAPSES.

Several large pieces of rock and shrub crash into the middle of the cavern, CRUSHING one of the red robed figures and a few of the followers.

EXT. MOUNTAIN, RAVINE - NIGHT

Connor and Dawn spy the DUST SPAY from the collapse. It's about a mile away.

CONNOR
There weren't any tremors.

DAWN
Devon. Come on.

Dawn races ahead, taking the lead.

INT. ALCOVE - SAME

Jason pulls back from the hole, pleased as punch.

JASON
If that doesn't slow them down--Devon? Devon!

Devon, eyes closing, is slumping down the wall. Jason grabs her and holds her upright. He tenderly checks her forehead.

JASON

No no no no. Open your eyes.
Devon. Open your eyes. H

er eyes flutter.

JASON

You did good, now all you need to
do is stay awake. Easy, right?

She's drifting. He grabs her face.

JASON

No. Stay with me. Okay?

DEVON

Just let me sleep.

JASON

I'm sorry. It's not time for that
yet.

DEVON

(a funny joke)
I can sleep when I'm dead.

JASON

Don't talk like that.

DEVON

Why not?
(sober)
You hate me.

JASON

I don't hate you.

He moves his grip to get a more comfortable hold on her.
He doesn't really look at her as he considers his answer.
She can't take his eyes off his face. She needs to know.

JASON

I just don't remember you.
There's a hole where you were.
Dawn and Sam... they look at me
like I'm supposed to be your best
friend. But I look and you, and I
see her...

He shakes his head, trying to shake away the idea.

JASON

I can't--

Two loud THUMPS sound from behind Devon.

Jason tries to reason what it is, just as--

THE ALCOVE WALL COLLAPSES.

Devon and Jason TUMBLE into the cavern.

The surviving demon mob surround them.

Two demons drop the ROPES AND HOOKS they used to tear the wall down.

Jason and Devon know they've just landed in the frying pan.

OFF THEM

FADE OUT.

ACT IV

FADE IN:

INT. CAVERN - NIGHT

A red-robed demon charges forward and roughly yanks Devon to her feet by her arm.

She gives a startled yelp.

Jason jumps to his feet, but wisely decides not to reach for his blade seeing the number of demons itching for him to give them an excuse.

The demon runs a rough, calloused hand down the side of Devon's head, causing the wound to open again. She only has enough strength left to stay upright.

JASON

Let her go!

The demon laughs at him and licks his hand, now bearing some of Devon's blood. He likes how it tastes. Their voices are low and guttural.

DEMON

Special.

JASON

I'm special too, Bumpy. Why don't you give me a try and just leave her alone.

The demon laughs.

He tosses Devon across to the remaining red-robed demon and cracks his neck at the other demons.

They begin to advance on Jason.

He draws his blade - small and pitiful as it seems against the odds he's now facing.

The red-robed demons drag Devon to one of the large pieces of collapsed ceiling, now forming a crude altar on top of the central rock-pile.

Two other demons hold one of her hands in the bowl shape of one of the rocks.

The demons begin to chant again - one pulls the Hour Glass Key out of its robes, the other the sacrificial knife.

Jason waves his short blade around him, hoping to stave off the advancing demons.

A quick slice of Devon's hand and blood begins to pool.

The key is lowered onto her hand.

It connects with blood and--

The KEY flares into life.

MYSTICAL ENERGY COAGULATES and starts to run through the hour-glass.

Ignoring Jason, all the demons turn to watch the energy spill out of the Key.

They ROAR in triumph.

Jason takes the opportunity to stab one in the chest and hack through another's neck on a quest to reach Devon.

The demons no longer care.

They all bow and kneel to the powers of the Key as it grows like a pale, opaque Kraken.

A strong wind blows from the Key.

Light flashes blindingly.

The red-robed demon swings the blade toward Devon's chest--

Jason bashes into him, knocking him away from her.

He reaches Devon and pulls her away to one of the edges of the cavern.

They crouch together, unable to do anything in the maelstrom the Key is causing.

The tendrils of the Key RIPS OPEN a hole in the fabric of the dimension.

The tear is still small, but it shows a red, burning world beyond it. An edge of the tear touches a demon.

It SCREAMS as the tear consumes it, increasing in size exponentially.

Jason and Devon watch in absolute horror, helpless. It's safe to say, they're holding onto each other for dear life.

One of the red-robed demons THROWS ITSELF into the tear, burning up and causing it to grow. The last remaining red-robe laughs triumphantly--

Until a heavy weight from above crushes him.

CONNOR
(lecturing the downed demon)
Don't play with portals. It never
ends well.

Connor stands atop the unmoving demon, pick-axe in hand.
He's not wearing any climbing gear.

DAWN (O.S)
Yeah, well. Maybe you're damn
lucky I'm here then.

Dawn propels down her line. She detaches herself as soon
as she touches down and heads toward the portal.

She stands in front of it, eyes doing their magic portal
swirly thing, hair whipping wildly from the portal
energies.

Connor stares - what does she think she's doing?

The demons start to get restless. They don't know what
she's doing, but they don't like it.

They make a move toward her--

CONNOR
Woops.

He takes his eyes off Dawn and jumps into the fray,
pick-axe finding several new friends as he keeps them away
from Dawn.

JASON
You be okay here?

Devon nods.

Jason rushes in to tackle another group of demons moving
in on the other side of Dawn.

Dawn is in complete tune with the portal.

Nothing else exists. No fighting. No noise. No time.

The strands of the tear reach for her. She isn't afraid.

A demon rushes forward--

Connor dives for it, catching it midriff and propelling it
over his shoulder.

CONNOR
Heads up.

The demon goes hurtling into the dimensional tear.

The portal jumps in size.

Dawn glares at Connor.

CONNOR

Uhm. Oops.

The magic and moment lost, Dawn turns her anger onto the tear.

One of the strands reaches for her--

It CONNECTS with her hand--

A BRIGHT LIGHT and EXPLOSIVE FORCE rockets out, shocking all and sundry into stand-still.

The tear is GONE.

The Key clunks on the ground, completely inert.

Dawn has a very self-satisfied look about her. She rules.

She's now also facing a half-dozen or so demons who are not happy to have their apocalyptic plans thwarted.

Without a weapon.

DAWN

Uhm.

CONNOR

Here.

He tosses her the pick-axe, its head now covered in some demonic... something.

Dawn grimaces in what could pass as thanks.

DAWN

What about you?

CONNOR

Nah. I don't need it.

A demon tackles him from the side and pushes him OUT OF FRAME.

Dawn regards her new weapon distastefully.

JASON

Dawn.

He gestures at his blade.

With a nod, they toss their weapons across the distance - a seamless swap.

Dawn holds the blade far more comfortably.

Jason holds the pick-axe like a quarterstaff.

Back to back, the pair are positioned to cover each other from the multiple demons that attack them.

It's a well-coordinated defence.

Dawn and Jason defend from the inside, while Connor picks out the stragglers.

More than a few of the demons retreat down the corridor.

One brave soul attempts to duck past all the fighting and retrieve the fallen Key.

He gets conked over the head with a large rock.

Devon lets the rock fall from her fingers.

She shakily bends down to get the Key, not noticing the demon, claws ready, coming at her from behind.

Clear across the cavern, Connor does.

He grinds the nose of a demon into the dirt as he uses it to give him lift for an almighty leap across the cavern.

Landing in front of Devon, he grabs the demons head and snaps its neck.

He wipes his hands together, a job well done.

With a smile, he turns around--

Devon regards him blankly.

Jason, pickaxe-staff halted mid-thump, frowns at him.

Dawn glares, arms folded.

The demons stare at Connor in a new light. Turn tail. Run for the corridor.

Dawn throws up her hands.

DAWN

I stopped the end of the world
with my mind. He does a little
jump and twirl and he's the
second coming.

CONNOR

(self-conscious)
I thought it was a little more
than a twirl.

DAWN

Please. My sister could do that
in her sleep.

Connor has had enough of her snippiness.

CONNOR

Oh yeah... maybe your sister
should meet my dad. Then we'll
see who's got the better gene
pool.

JASON

Kids. Play nicely or I'm turning
the car around.

Jason shakes his head as he walks toward Devon.

Dawn and Connor look appropriately chastised.

Jason reaches Devon. She stuffs the Key into her bag.

JASON

How you doing?

DEVON

Fine.

JASON

Devon-talk for let's all go home.

He looks around, missing something.

JASON

Where the hell is Samuel?

SAMUEL (O.S)

Hello? Is everyone all right down
there?

They all look up. Samuel waves down and lowers a coil of
rope for them.

DEVON

I guess that's Samuel-talk for
let's go home.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Samuel, Dawn and Connor are at the top of the chasm caused
by the ceiling collapse. They help with the two remaining
lines of rope.

A hand reaches over the top of the rock. Connor reaches
down and scoops Devon up to her feet.

CONNOR

Hi. We weren't actually introduced. I'm Connor. Devon, right?

Devon is like a rabbit in the headlights of his megawatt smile. She detaches herself and clumsily tries to untie the rope harness.

CONNOR

Oh, I can do that.

He steps forward. She takes a small WTF step back. He retreats.

Samuel approaches Connor.

SAMUEL

Connor, I wonder if I might trouble you with some questions about your extraordinary abilities.

Dawn shakes her head.

She finally notices a hand waving up from the hole in the ground.

JASON

A little help.

Dawn drops down and gives him a hand up.

JASON

Thanks.

((stretches))

Man, I feel like I've been hit by a truck. I'm not a fan of demon hordes.

He gives Devon a look. She's still shaky.

Connor smiles at her in between his discussion with Samuel.

Dawn notices Jason's frown at Connor and Devon.

The two start collecting and coiling the ropes.

DAWN

Yeah, our newest superest friend either has a thing for injured ladies or he's into older women. We wait with held breath. Think she'll be okay?

JASON

I think it'll be a good idea to get her back to base so she can see a doctor. What time is the helicopter gonna get here?

DAWN

Uh. Helicopter?

JASON

You know, when you phoned Hughly from the...

DAWN

Spare phone in the car. About that.

Jason laughs.

JASON

We're on planet Earth now Dawn. We don't need to do everything alone.

DAWN

To my credit, Samuel didn't remember either.

JASON

That's okay. I still haven't gotten used to not having our patented quick getaway. Have you ever thought that in hindsight--

DAWN

Don't even go there.

There is the sound of laughter from Samuel and Connor. Dawn watches for a moment.

They each sling a coil of rope over their shoulder.

JASON

For what it's worth... you saved the world today. That makes you spectacular. Demon fighters, we're a dime a dozen.

She bumps shoulders with him. He loosely wraps an arm around her shoulder.

DAWN

Let's get out of here.

They start heading back along the mountain under the moonlight.

The others fall in line behind them.

The silence is soon broken by the start of a GIGGLE.

Jason and Devon both groan.

Tired as she is, Devon doesn't wait to start moving faster.

DAWN

What? What is it?

JASON

Just remember I told you so.

He takes off after Devon, slipping an arm under hers to help her along.

Connor turns, battle-ready.

CONNOR

Ow.

A tiny spear gets him right on the noggin. He rubs the spot it hit.

Samuel ain't no fool.

He runs after the other two.

A stream of pygmy demons crawl out of the cracks and holes in the mountain.

Connor fights the spears as best he can, but let's face it, everyone hates pygmy demons for a reason.

He kicks one before he turns tail. It goes sailing through the air with a high-pitched laugh.

Connor soon catches up to Dawn.

CONNOR

Do you guys do this often?

DAWN

All the time-- ouch.

She slaps at her left buttock.

DAWN

Oh that does it.

She brakes and whirls.

DAWN

Stop it! Stop. Right. There.

Surprisingly, they do. They bob up and down in front of her. Dawn points her finger behind them.

DAWN

Go to your ... hovels!

They regard her for a moment, look amongst themselves, and dart off the way they came.

Connor is impressed. She sees this.

DAWN

Yes. I am the Man.

DEVON (O.S)

Samuel. Samuel!

Samuel drops to his knees, something is very wrong.

Jason and Devon race to his side. He collapses on the ground, eyes open, breathing heavily.

JASON

Sam. Where does it hurt? Can you hear me?

Dawn drops beside him. Samuel's eyes close.

DAWN

Are the spears poisonous?

Jason shakes his head.

CONNOR

It's his heart. It's... it doesn't sound right.

Jason immediately starts chest compressions.

JASON

Dev! You got anything that can help him?

Devon is already digging in her bag.

DEVON

(despairing)

I've lost everything... I...

She pulls out some bottles of SWIRLING BLACK LIQUID. She's not sure if she should offer them. Jason recognises it.

JASON

That'll buy his heart time, right?

DEVON

Maybe, but--

JASON

No buts. Dose him up. It'll keep him alive until we get him some help.

Devon still hesitates.

DEVON

He wouldn't want this.

DAWN

If it'll save him...

DEVON

It's wrong. Dawn you saw how much the Watcher's Council hated Death's Bane. Remember when we were in Sheffield?

Dawn is totally confused.

DAWN

I'm gonna take your word on that, but we have to try. I vote yes.

DEVON

He'll hate us all.

Jason takes the vial and opens it. He pauses just a moment, regarding each of the ladies in turn.

He pours the liquid into Samuel's mouth.

They all watch Samuel.

His chest rises.

Falls. Rises. Falls... stops.

He opens his eyes.

They're YELLOW, like a vampire's.

FADE OUT.

END SHOW