

Fate
1x02: "Et tu Chaos"

by

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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon

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TEASER

FADE IN

EXT. MARKET - DAY

A bustling market amongst smooth, sandy walls. It's a mecca of merchandise, all mystical and exotic in nature.

JASON has one heavy bag slung around his shoulder and a rucksack on his back. SAMUEL carries his satchel and another carpet bag. NADYA has a petite carrying bag and DAWN has a satchel around her shoulders. Obviously, they haven't found a place to drop off their gear.

Samuel and Nadya walk down the crowded street together. Nadya has her arm around Samuel's as if she were his daughter guiding him along. Samuel is sans his walking cane. They both smile and look around. The market is filled with demonic looking PEOPLE; no other 100% humans in sight.

Nestled in between the stalls of potions, food and delicate artwork, are tables where weird, trippy DEMONS sit with cards, crystal balls and all manner of fortune telling devices. It's a regular gypsy faire.

SAMUEL

I've imagined worlds like this, but
to actually see such a... diversity
and richness of...

He drifts off in awe, just letting it all sink in.

JASON

(helpfully)
Treasure.

Jason taps a very bloated satchel around his neck. Nadya smiles widely at him. He notices and lets his eyes do some talking.

JASON

(cont.)
Least I hope that's what Devon is
hoarding.

The quartet look down the street at DEVON, completely covered from neck to toe in black again, bartering with one of the demonic MERCHANTS.

DAWN

How does she even know the lingo?
We've been in this world for what,
an hour, and she's already turning
into a local.

(to Samuel)

Do you have any idea what she's
saying?

SAMUEL

The signs...

(motions at the walls)

... are in a derivative of ancient
Akaddian, but I must confess the
dialect they speak is unfamiliar
for the moment. It seems to be a
hybrid of many different demonic
languages, which in the context of
this place makes sense. I'm sure if
we remain a short time in this world
I will learn it.

DAWN

I don't mind staying here a bit
longer than that last place. That
was creepy. But this place looks
pretty neat. No magic, no weapons.
I wish my life was this peaceful.

NADYA

(laughing)

This is peaceful?

She waves over the hustle and bustle of the market.

NADYA

(cont.)

It will probably take a while to
find the next key. If this entire
dimension looks like this, we could
even be on the wrong side of the
world.

DAWN

We're not.

NADYA

How do you know?

DAWN

I would...

(looks at Devon as if
remembering something)

Devon said so.

Nadya shrugs and lets it slide.

Devon takes a VIAL from the merchant, looks at the bottom, and then hands the merchant another vial in return.

She makes her way back to the others and opens the bag Jason is holding without acknowledging him. She shuffles the contents around - MORE VIALS - before adding the vial one to the collection.

Jason waits for her to look up at him. She snaps the satchel shut and turns away. His eyes register a moment of frustration, before they shift into wicked mirth.

He lazily slings his arm around Devon's shoulders.

JASON

So Dev. We've been talking. About you. We know your secret. Come on admit it. You've been here before huh?

Devon whacks his arm off her, gives him the death glare and sidesteps away from him. The others share looks and smile. This is no strange occurrence to them.

JASON

(cont.)

You know. I can just see it. Dev in a fetching little number. Her wares proudly on display. Bright smiling face.

(falsetto)

Please sir demon. Buy my-

Devon rounds on him. He isn't afraid, but his eyes widen in bemused astonishment. His smile grows wider, annoying her further.

DEVON

Don't you ever get tired of listening to your voice?

JASON

No. Not really. It's deep and manly, and on occasion, a lot deeper. Am I turning you on yet?

DEVON

Urgh.

She throws her hands up and stomps off out of hearing distance. The others lazily follow.

NADYA

(laughing)

You really have to stop teasing her so.

JASON

Why? Devon having more than one facial expression is not a bad thing. 'Side it's fun.

DAWN

Yeah, fun until someone gets flung into a lake of smelly demon goo.

SAMUEL

(seriously)

Now that was fun.

JASON

Hey. I smelt like a Varvar demon for days. Telekinetics shouldn't be allowed during verbal sparring. It just means my revenge is going to take careful planning. Speaking of, what's our plan? Unless my eyes deceive me, one of the suns is going down.

SAMUEL

With a market this rich in otherworldly imports and exports, I suspect there are many forms of lodging to cater for the diverse species we've seen. I'm in no rush to leave. There is such a wealth of information here.

DAWN

I am all for that. R and R and a healthy tan. What could be wrong with that?

They do not notice that they have caught up to Devon. She stands and stares at a CARVING on one of the walls. It is an insignificant carving, merely a few lines branching from each other, but it holds Devon's complete attention. The others walk past her, talking as they go.

Devon looks down the street. The vendors sell their wares. She peers at them more closely. Then she sees it.

The nearest vendor has an identical TATTOO on his wrist. And so does the next and the next.

The carving is marked on them all.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. LODGINGS - DAY

A PINK SUN faces off against TWO MOONS. Its glow is not bright, but the market is now blanketed in a soft, ethereal light.

Devon walks out of the building. Her hand clutches something tightly.

She reaches the others waiting outside and opens her hands. There are three different colored crystals.

DAWN

Neat.

She plucks one, as do Samuel and Jason.

DEVON

There are only three rooms available.

JASON

(pseudo-concern)

Oh dear.

(eureka!)

Oh I know. You and Dawn. Me and Nadya.

(bright smile at her)

Samuel can have his own room and not have to deal with the annoyances of youth.

Devon's eyes narrow.

DEVON

How thoughtful.

She grabs his crystal from him and hands it to Nadya.

DEVON

She doesn't need a babysitter. You on the other hand...

Dawn snorts under her breath. Jason looks at Nadya. She shakes her head and tries not to laugh.

JASON

How long do you think we have before
the second sun sets?

SAMUEL

It looks like another hour or two.

JASON

Great! Who's with me for a little
tour of the town that doesn't
involve looking for keys, bottles
or anything vaguely interesting?

DAWN

I'm in.

NADYA

Oh yes please.

Jason rubs his hands and quirks his eyebrows at Devon and
Samuel.

DEVON

We shouldn't be out after dark.

JASON

Blah. Boring. Samuel?

SAMUEL

Not tonight I'm afraid, I think my
leg needs a rest.

JASON

All right.

He quickly dumps his bags, turns to Dawn and Nadya and holds
out both arms.

JASON

Ladies?

They also shed their bags and each take an arm and meander off.

DEVON

(loudly)

Remember what I said.

JASON

(over his shoulder)

Yeah yeah, we know-

DAWN

Don't eat...

NADYA

or drink...

JASON

Anything.

Devon and Samuel stand like two lost lambs, with a pile of luggage at their feet.

INT. BAR AREA - LATER

Devon and Samuel sit at a table. There are a few other demons at the tables, but nothing too busy.

A DEMON WAITER puts two organic-looking plates on the table with an array of interesting food. He also drops off two cup-like objects with a steaming liquid in them.

Samuel wrinkles his nose over everything; the smell doesn't seem too pleasant.

Devon reaches down into the bag Jason was carrying for her earlier.

SAMUEL

I thought you said we weren't allowed to eat here.

Devon pulls out TWO GREEN VIALS.

DEVON

Not until you've had this.

He takes it and regards it curiously.

DEVON

(cont.)

It makes food, liquid and, in extreme climates, air safe for human travellers. We're lucky this was the world with the next key. This potion master is the best.

She downs her vial.

SAMUEL

(fishing)

So, how did you come to be familiar with all of this?

DEVON

(evasive)

I pick things up. Here and there.

She tucks in with her strangely shaped EATING UTENSILS, changing the subject with silence. Samuel opens the vial and drinks up.

SAMUEL

I never thought I'd see anything quite this extraordinary once I left the Watcher's Council.

DEVON

They let you leave without a fight?

She asks as though it is in passing, but she seems eager for his answer.

SAMUEL

There were some rumblings, but mostly they accepted my decision, particularly since I wasn't as useful as I was before.

DEVON

(gently)

Before losing your Slayer.

He nods.

SAMUEL

Your head knows that it is inevitable, but it is never that easy to account for the heart.

DEVON

(genuinely
understanding)

No. It isn't.

SAMUEL

Still, I suppose I should be thankful. My leaving the Council probably spared me its fate.

DEVON

You mentioned something like this before. What happened?

Samuel plays with his food.

SAMUEL

A great evil was hunting the Chosen and their Watchers. It culminated in the complete destruction of the Council. Many lives were lost. Texts blotted from existence. Entire generations of work extinguished.

Devon has become more se

DEVON
And the Slayer Line?

Devon waits, an intent and complete focus on his answer. He sees this and carefully considers that question.

SAMUEL
The evil was defeated.

Devon returns to her meal. Samuel reaches for the food, but not before letting his own worry show. The worry is directed at Devon.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Dawn, Nadya and Jason sit on a bench watching the festivities. The area is teeming with all manners of DEMONS; most are also sitting on benches in a circle staring at the entertainment in the centre.

It's like a demon circus. There is a DEMONIC FIRE-BREATHER with more than one head. Each head breathes a flame in time to symphonic music generated by another demon without any instruments.

A jittery bug-eyed DEMON pops up next to them.

DEMON
(bobbing its head)
Humahn. I know humahn talk. Need signs read? Future telling.

JASON
Uh no th-

DEMON
Very accurate. The Vaah family used me once.

JASON
No, really-

DEMON
Never wrong with the signs.
(concedes)
Well just that one time.
(quickly)
But, I wasn't the only one. Never happened before. The signs are always right. Signs everywhere. I read them.

JASON

Great!

(pulls a vial out of
his pocket)

Here. Go read something over there.

The demon almost salivates in delight and runs off.

DAWN

Isn't that one of Devon's?

JASON

(unconcerned)

Yeah. But she won't mind. It's not
like my money actually works around
here.

(looks back at the
entertainment)

They seem to like trading potions.

NADYA

Which is strange considering all
those signs outlawing weapons and
offensive magic.

A GREEN DEMON juggles round jars. One CRASHES. Smoke comes
out, hiding the demon.

POOF.

The demon TURNS PINK and carries on juggling. The crowd
laughs. Dawn and company join in.

There are an array of other demons who perform without the
use of any magic. Gymnastics, stilts, creature features.

JASON

(to Nadya)

Looks like magic to me.

Nadya stretches over and takes a couple of small vials from
the INSIDE of Jason's jacket. He likes her subtle flirtation.
She examines the vial.

NADYA

I must admit, potion-making has
never appealed to me. It requires
more knowledge than power, and more
patience than I have time for. I
don't have a single idea what any
of these potions do.

JASON

Hmm, well at least commercialism is alive and well. Devon's been trading for potions made by the same guy.

NADYA

How do you know?

JASON

Look here.

Jason leans over, a little closer than he needs to. She turns slightly into him. One could presume she knew what her question would lead to.

JASON

See. A trader's emblem.

Nadya nods her head, keeping her eyes on him like he's just told her something profound. He smiles, knowing her game.

Dawn rolls her eyes.

DAWN

(a little too false)

Sure is nice here though.

(Jason and Nadya break it off)

I hope all the worlds we go to are like this.

JASON

I wouldn't object to that. I don't object to the company either.

He eyes over Nadya again. She bites her lip.

DAWN

(laughing)

Oh get a room.

JASON

Tried that already.

NADYA

Incorrigible.

The performances in the centre end. The performers round up and bow to the crowd.

JASON

Speaking of mother Devon spoiling my fun, we'd better get back. It's already past dark. Not that I can see a reason to be worried.

They get up and walk slowly around the circle of demons.

NADYA

(waves over the crowd)
It does seem a harmless place, especially with only the most rudimentary of magic.

JASON

And none of my weapons.

DAWN

You say that like it's a bad thing.

She playfully bumps into him from the side.

DAWN

(cont.)
Another day or two and we'll have the key, and then we can find you another world. Full of yummy violence.

JASON

(like a kid)
You promise!

They laugh and carry on joking as they leave.

The performers turn and bow to a balcony shrouded with a translucent curtain.

BALCONY

The curtain is pulled back. From this vantage point, Dawn, Jason and Nadya are the centre of focus as they walk away.

The viewer focuses on the gang closely.

A strong hand pulls the curtain shut.

INT. DEVON AND DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is reminiscent of a harem. There are no individual beds, but a large cushioned section of floor with dozens of brightly-coloured, different-sized shimmery pillows and throws. It looks large enough to comfortably bed Jabba the Hut and his entire entourage.

Dawn covers the open, rounded windows. Candles flicker on ledges on the walls.

Devon sits cross-legged on the cushions. Dawn joins her. They are both wearing pajamas. Devon's is typically non-revealing, matronly even. Dawn opens her rucksack and pulls out another smaller bag. From this, she extracts two smaller objects. The key from episode 1 and another.

She sniffs the new one and grimaces.

DAWN

Urgh. It stills smells like that
ucky demon goop you dumped Jason in.
(smiles at the memory,
then considers)
Though, if you hadn't, we probably
wouldn't have found it in that awful
smelly bog, so it's lucky he pissed
you off.

DEVON

(ignores the tale)
Are you ready?

DAWN

Define ready.
(off Devon's look)
Okay, I'm ready.

Dawn watches without enthusiasm and some dread as Devon lays the keys at forty-five degree angles on either side of Dawn.

DEVON

Close your eyes.

Dawn does so.

DEVON

Take a deep breath. Clear your mind.
Remember the feeling of that day
when you opened the portal.

Dawn nods and concentrates.

DEVON

Can you sense them?

Eyes still closed, Dawn stretches her hands until they hover over the keys.

DAWN

I think so. Yes.

Devon twitches a finger and one of the keys moves further left. Dawn's hand automatically follows. The key moves again, and once again Dawn's hand moves with it.

DEVON

Good. Faster than last time. Now, try and ignore these two. Follow the same feeling to the one we're looking for.

DAWN

(concentrates)

It's near. But I can't... I can't see it.

DEVON

You will. It'll take time. Now for something harder. Clear your mind again.

Dawn grimaces, she knows what she has to do next. Devon places the first key directly in front of Dawn.

DEVON

Focus like we practiced. Imagine a thread. Build it. Stretch it from your mind to the key. Can you see it?

Dawn nods, her head furrowed with intense concentration.

Devon pushes subtly against the air with an open palm. The key shoots across the room and lands gently on the floor in the middle of the room.

DEVON

Follow the thread. Imagine you're a spider using it to get from one place to the next. Hold onto it. Climb until you reach the end. What do you see?

DAWN

A ball of thread. Energy. It glows. It feels warm.

DEVON

Reach out. Unravel the threads. Make it a straight line.

Dawn concentrates harder. Her entire body is tense with the effort.

Devon looks away from her, to the key. It begins to SHIMMER. Like air bubbling up from tar, a SMALL BALL OF ENERGY tries to grow above it. It can barely be seen, but one would suspect if it reached full size, it would be a portal.

Dawn groans and the energy disappears. She opens her eyes.

DAWN

I can't do this.

DEVON

Of course you can. You did it that day and you almost did it now.

DAWN

I don't know how I did it then. It just happened.

(throws up her hands)

I've been me for over four years. No cosmic connections. Maybe the last time was a fluke. Maybe I have no power over them. It was Jason who opened the last portal when he manhandled the key.

DEVON

Yes, but we ended up back in our own dimension, instead of taking us to the next key like when you activated the portal.

DAWN

Yeah, arriving in Cleveland was unexpected. Weird place to expect a key. Weirder place to end up considering these portals can dump us on a gazillion different worlds.

DEVON

Objects of power will find their way back to their place in the universe.

DAWN

Still. Cleveland?

(jokes)

It's just as well these keys have reset buttons, because otherwise we'd be like Xena and Gabrielle and have to wear the same clothes all the time.

She grins and points at their pajamas. Devon stares without blinking at Dawn.

DAWN

Can't we just let Nadya keep
activating them and using spells to
find the next key?

DEVON

(firmly)

No.

(shakes her head)

Magic can be just as easily
influenced and corrupted by whatever
or whoever was powerful enough to
track these down the first time.
You need to be the one in control.

DAWN

Me in control? Of anything? I spent
my entire existence as a green blob
of energy. And now I'm just... Dawn
Summers. Sister of the Slayer and
bunking college to go on a joyride
across undiscovered universes.

DEVON

No. You're Dawn Summers. Powerful
individual with the key to those
universes in her hands.

DAWN

Boy, no pressure there.

Devon retrieves the keys places them in the bag.

DEVON

You'll be fine. It's why we're here.
Get some rest. We'll keep trying.

Devon flicks her hand. The candles all start GOING OUT BY
THEMSELVES.

Dawn moves about in the growing darkness and finds a spot on
the huge cushion pile to sleep. She lies down, clutching a
cushion to herself.

DAWN

(quietly)

Thank you.

Devon says nothing. She lies down.

DAWN

Is this how you learned to do ...
your thing?

DEVON

No. Every person needs to find their own way.

DAWN

How long did it take you to find yours?

The silence stretches. Dawn moves her head in Devon's direction, waiting.

DEVON

(finally)

A lifetime.

The last candle goes out.

JASON AND SAMUEL'S ROOM

The room is similarly outfitted to the girl's. Jason comes out of an alcove. His hair is damp.

JASON

Have you tried that floating smoke? I want a shower like that back home.

Samuel sits on a bench near a window. He looks outside and sketches the stars in one of his books.

SAMUEL

Fascinating.

He gives the impression he's not talking about Jason's floating smoke.

SAMUEL

(off-hand)

Have you taken Devon's-

JASON

Rancid voodoo?

He moves over to a ledge and picks up a small vial. Bearing a grin that resembles a grimace, he downs the lot.

JASON

(urgh)

How do we even know this crap works?

Samuel holds up another oddly-shaped drinking container.

SAMUEL

(casual)

Because I've been drinking this for an hour and I haven't burst into flames or had green polka-dots sprout on my skin.

(takes a sip)

For poison, it's pleasantly refreshing.

Jason throws himself on the pillow bed. He glares at the bright colours. Rummages through the pillows, tossing aside the pinks and reds, until he finds a blue one. He continues to bring all the blues, blacks and greens to the top for himself.

JASON

You'd think this world would cater more to human travellers. I must have seen a hundred different species of demon today.

SAMUEL

Most demons are of the opinion that humans are an inferior species with no significant power or use in the grand scheme of the universes.

JASON

They haven't met Nadya.

(afterthought)

I suppose Devon qualifies as a higher being too. Which isn't actually fair. Technically, they're walking weapons, while we had to hide ours. How you handling it without your stick?

SAMUEL

Just fine, thank you.

Jason reaches over and takes a food cube. He regards it suspiciously, then pops it in his mouth and chews. He swallows and waits. After a short time, he shrugs and takes another.

JASON

Damn. I could have used some of that potion on my last trip to India. There's a hotel bathroom I was glad to leave.

(thoughtfully)

How do you think she knows about all this?

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Nadya said she didn't know what half of the potions Devon picked up today were.

Samuel's attention moves away from the stars. His face registers the same thoughtfulness it always does when looking at Devon.

SAMUEL

Mister Giles and I are in agreement that she has spent time in other dimensions. This is possibly one of them.

JASON

Because she's some Key. Key person. Key thing. You know I'm really foggy on this whole Key spiel.

Samuel is deliberately vague.

SAMUEL

As are most who have studied the history of the keys. It's not something worth knowing, it's just something worth protecting.

JASON

Yeah. Well. Best of luck to us. G'night.

Not caring that there are candles happily blazing around the room, he hugs the blue pillow to himself and closes his eyes.

Samuel finishes off his drink, stares out the window, then closes off the window.

Jason seems to be already asleep.

NADYA'S ROOM

There are less candles flickering in her room. It makes the room appear less like a harem and more like a schoolgirl's romantic dream.

Nadya wears a more "appealing" night dress than Devon's. She leans on the window ledge and stares out at the city.

Flat sandy roofs stretch out before her as far as the eye can see. Two moons take up the sky. One reflects the eerie pink light from the second sun. Orange and yellow shadows flicker against the shadows of the buildings where the merchants still sell their wares.

It is both vibrant and peaceful.

She smiles, drinking in the beauty. She becomes a part of it.

EXT. LODGINGS, NADYA'S ROOM - SAME

Below her room, a MAN IN A BLACK TURBAN watches her. He stands in shadow, his eyes dark and watchful.

She steps away from the window, but leaves it uncovered.

The man steps forward. Light catches his face. On his forehead, the BLACK CARVING is etched on his skin. He moves away.

FADE OUT.

ACT II

BANG

FADE IN:

INT. DEVON AND DAWN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dawn leaps up at the noise.

JASON AND SAMUEL'S ROOM

Jason springs to his feet.

HALLWAY

Devon and Dawn exit their rooms, as do Jason and Samuel. A few other demons poke their heads out. Dawn stops short when she sees Jason with his bed head and bare chest.

DAWN

Glad to see you're okay.

Judging from where her eyes are roaming, one can almost imagine she isn't talking about his safety.

DEVON

That sounded magical.

SAMUEL

Where's Nadya?

Jason runs to her door, raps it loudly. He gets impatient with waiting and rams it with his shoulder, to no effect.

DEVON (O.S.)

And now that we've established that
brute force doesn't work against
magically enhanced doors...

Jason squeezes his eyes and fists shut, moves out of the way.

Devon's eyes WHITEN.

JASON

(stung)

Nice outfit.

Devon clenches her jaw and ignores him. She directs her eyes at the door. It WHIPS OPEN, BANGING against the wall behind it.

Jason rushes in.

NADYA'S ROOM

The room is empty.

There are SCORCH MARKS on the wall. Jason ignores those and runs straight to the window. He scans the street outside.

Devon kneels on the floor and prods some powder. Samuel bends over her shoulder to look.

SAMUEL
A teleportation spell?

DEVON
Think so.

Jason pushes himself away from the window. Dawn stands helplessly at the door. Devon looks back at her.

DEVON
Get dressed. All of you. Stick together.

JASON
Where are you going?

DEVON
To ask around.

JASON
I'll come with you.

Devon gets up.

DEVON
No. I won't get answers if you're with me. Just stay put.
(looks out the window)
I'll be back when the first sun rises.

INT. PALACE SUITE - NIGHT

Nadya is lying asleep in the lap of luxury. Think Sultan's delight. Her eyes flutter open and she gets the first glimpse of her prison. She is wearing a silk dress and a richly decorated robe; borrowed clothes.

She's in a bed, bordered by wisps of opaque silk. Through snatches of it, she sees an opulent chamber. The carvings from the city are present here too-

There's movement.

A flash of skin. A shadow on the silk.

Nadya peers through the veil.

MALE (O.S.)
You're very beautiful.

NADYA
(still trying to see
him)
Thanks. I owe my mother a lot.

MALE (O.S.)
I just had to meet you.

Silk ruffles close to her.

NADYA
Well, next time, politely invite me
around for coffee.

She curls her hand as if holding a round ball.

The veil lifts back. Nadya hurls her hand.

NADYA
(latin)
Flammae!

Nothing happens.

VAAJ'N, late twenties, close enough to human to look damn good, showing off enough skin to prove it, grabs her hand.

Nadya stares at their intertwined hands in astonishment.

VAAJ'N
Such beauty and power. But this
world knows power.

He strokes her hand.

VAAJ'N
Knows it and controls it.

She is taken aback by his familiarity. She stares at his hand as it continues to explore hers. He curls his fingers around hers and gently leads her up and out of the bed.

NADYA
So you've bound me.

VAAJ'N

I've bound everyone. And everyone is bound to me. As you will be. My queen.

He continues to lead her out of the chamber.

NADYA

I'm afraid I'll have to decline. My life is a little more important than that.

VAAJ'N

More important than the world I can offer?

He pulls back a veil and they step into-

PALACE THRONE ROOM

It's huge. It's beautiful. It's a Sultan's paradise.

Peacocks wander around the place. Fountains and plants adorn corners of the room.

There are harem GIRLS in silky togas bringing goblets of liquid and plates of food. Male SLAVES wave large feather fans about. It's the perfect example of sitting on one's ass and letting everyone else do the work. Each slave bears a TATTOO of the carving.

Nadya sees two ornate THRONES. Vaaj'n watches her reaction at seeing them and smiles at her. Nadya appears perplexed. Biting her lip she glances around for anything that offers an escape. The throne room is almost open plan. The bed chambers are hidden by a veil on one side, on the other is a lush little garden. Ahead of the thrones--

A COURTYARD

With a GIANT STATUE displaying a blue crystal in the centre. To one side there are METAL RAILINGS, man-height. Beyond that a heavy-set door. Many GUARDS walk around.

No escape.

Nadya's face shows a reluctant acceptance of the situation. She squares her shoulders.

NADYA

(boldly; too brave)

I don't see what you could offer me that I couldn't earn for myself.

VAAJ'N
Then I will show you.

INT. HOVEL - NIGHT

It is dark, but the light of the candle is enough to show rows of coloured vials and potions lining the shelves on the walls. The light reflects off them, casting a strange multi-coloured glow everywhere.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

RARGAR, a tall, hunched demon with a missing arm, looks up from a home-made clay bowl of mush.

Another knock, and Rargar gets up and hobbles to the door. He opens it.

RARGAR
My child. My sweet child. You are returned.

Devon steps inside. She smiles genuinely.

He towers above her.

DEVON
You're hard to find. Your potions are not. You're still the best.

She tips her head at an emblem on the wall; the trader's emblem of the vials she's been collecting.

The demon gives her a toothy grin. He shuts the door behind her.

RARGAR
I did not think you would come back.

DEVON
I didn't want to.

She reaches up and lets her hand hover near the shoulder of his missing arm. He shrugs her hand away smiling, and puts his remaining hand on her shoulder to usher her toward the table.

RARGAR
Don't be saddened. I would pay it again.

They both sit.

RARGAR

You are so old now.

She shrugs. Rargar uses his one hand to mix some liquids into a couple of crude mugs. He hands one to Devon and takes the other for himself. He holds it in his hands.

RARGAR

You found... your kind?

DEVON

Eventually.

RARGAR

It is good. Your kind will make you happy.

She looks away. He places the cup in front of her on the table.

RARGAR

I wished to see you again. But never for you to come back here. Why?

DEVON

It's what my life wants now.

RARGAR

Still blessed. I am sorry. That was the one ail of yours I could not cure. I want to know all of your life since you left. But I know you will not tell me.

(reaches for her hand)

Your fear is worse.

She lets her eyes drifts back to his. He beseeches her silently; squeezes her hand. It almost looks like she wants to speak to him, to confess. A moment passes, and then another, she deadens her eyes and retains the face of one who cannot care. She puts both her hands in her lap.

He nods slowly in understanding and waits, as if knowing she has something to ask.

DEVON

Why would Vaah want a human witch?

RARGAR

Vaah wouldn't. But Vaaj'n would.

DEVON

Vaaj'n?

RARGAR

Vaah died. Vaaj'n inherited the throne.

DEVON

Still, this world has many pure magicians. Why an unpure sorceress?

RARGAR

There are no magicians here now. Vaaj'n was afraid. Afraid they would align with her.

DEVON

(realising)

Varjen.

RARGAR

His sister is powerful now. Very powerful. She will move by year-end. The signs point to this. He must control a greater weapon by then.

(gets up)

Though, curious Vaaj'n has chosen one of your kind. Perhaps the signs have aligned with her. Perhaps she is Varjen's equal.

DEVON

Maybe.

Devon lifts her drink.

INT. PALACE GARDEN - MORNING

Vaaj'n and Nadya stroll through the lush garden.

NADYA

Why me?

VAAJ'N

You are what I've been searching for. Waiting for.

He plucks a flower from a tall bush and hands it to her. She regards it momentarily and twirls it with little thought.

NADYA

Okay. Why me?

Vaaj'n moves a strand of hair out of her face.

VAAJ'N

I sense the greatness you will become. I sense that those who have kept you below them will finally see your true beauty.

Nadya seems strangely affected, touched even.

VAAJ'N

(cont.)

I wish to be there to aid you. To bring this power to fruition.

NADYA

(sniffs the flower)

Do you know what I need to become this bright flowery light?

VAAJ'N

You need only name it.

He takes the flower from her and threads it through her hair. He sensually moves his fingers over hers.

VAAJ'N

(cont.)

I am an ally that most would gladly welcome. My family's reach is across entire worlds. There is nothing we cannot accomplish, cannot envision, cannot find. I can give you anything. Objects, people, power. Choose, and it's yours.

NADYA

So what would the catch be? Why would you really help me?

He leans close. Whispers low.

VAAJ'N

Because power is merely a secondary want.

She places a finger on his lips as he leans closer.

NADYA

(whispers)

I'm not convinced.

She swirls away from him and into-

THE COURTYARD

The courtyard is well lit by beautiful lanterns. The jewel in the statue glows somewhat subtly as one of the suns begins to rise. She still looks for an escape. Still sees none.

VAAJ'N

(about the statue)

The heart of our city. The Eye.
With it, we see beyond time and
chance to know what is there to be
known.

He grabs her arm and reels her back. He runs an hand down her side, it's vaguely hypnotic. He is looking at her like she's the only person in the entire world.

VAAJ'N

I see so much in you. You are more
than you are.

Her eyes flutter at his words; it's what she most wants to hear.

It's the Mills and Boon moment when the heroine stares deeply into the dashing cad's eyes and realizes there is more to him.

She moves closer.

Their lips meet. Eyes close. S

he wraps her arms around him and allows him to breathe into her neck. She looks over his shoulder as he occupies himself.

Her eyes narrow like a cat's, and she looks down at him with something more akin to hatred than lust.

OFF her.

FADE OUT.

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. JASON AND SAMUEL'S ROOM - DAY

Jason stares out the window at the sky lightening. Paces. Stares out the window. Paces again.

Samuel and Dawn look at each other.

SAMUEL

Perhaps if you were to eradicate the carpet in another area you'd feel better?

Jason stops.

JASON

I hate waiting around.

DAWN

Really? We couldn't tell.

Jason tosses himself on the pillow bed, and then proceeds to glare at the door instead.

Almost at once, there is a KNOCK at the door.

He's up before anyone else entertains the thought, and yanks it open.

JASON

Where the hell have you been? It's hours past first daybreak.

(sees some vials in her hand; quirks an eyebrow)

You went shopping? Why didn't I think of that?

DAWN

Did you find anything?

DEVON

She's at the palace.

DAWN

The where now?

DEVON

This world has a monarch. A Sultan.
It's the big building in the East.
(to Jason and Samuel)
You two won't miss it.

She goes over to the bag Jason was lugging around and shoulders it. Starts sorting through the vials, and places her new ones in there.

Jason enters Devon's personal bubble.

Dawn and Samuel just sit back and watch like it's a bad horror movie. One they've seen a dozen times, but still find scary.

JASON

Why's she still there? Is she hurt?

DEVON

No. Her power will be bound until he can control her.

JASON

Control... like brainwashing?

DEVON

(offhand)

Probably. Or he could threaten to sell her.

DAWN

He can do that?

DEVON

Yeah. People that run afoul of the Sultan are often sold as concubines or sacrifices.

JASON

What-

DEVON

But I'm guessing he'll just seduce her into giving him what he wants.

JASON

And what exactly is that?

DEVON

Power.

(to Dawn)

Okay, you're with me. We'll find the key, while you two rescue the damsel in distress.

Jason stops her as she's about to head out the door.

Dawn and Samuel grab their gear - Dawn with the bag of Keys, Samuel with his bag of texts - and head to the door without question.

JASON

Better plan, Miss forgot-the-democratic-vote. We all rescue Nadya, then we get the key.

DEVON

Oh yes. Because annoyed Sultans often let people that piss them off stroll along the market place.

Everyone can see that Jason knows she's right. He doesn't like it.

JASON

Fine. But you're the second power hitter we have. Can you tell Dawn and Samuel how to find the key without you?

DEVON

Not a chance.

JASON

What about this crap?
(points at the bag)
Anything in there going to help us rescue Nadya?

DEVON

Not right now.

JASON

Of course.

He makes a swift about-turn and leaves the room.

SAMUEL

Good luck.

He smiles warmly at them both and follows after Jason.

HALLWAY

Dawn and Devon head off in the opposite direction.

DAWN
Do we really think we'll find the
key in time?

DEVON
Yes.

DAWN
But I still don't- oh crap. We
didn't tell them where we'd meet up
afterwards.

She stops and looks behind her as if making to run back.

DEVON
Don't bother. We'll meet them at
the palace.

DAWN
How do you know they'll still be
there?

DEVON
Because we'll need to rescue them
once we're done.

Dawn stops and gawks at her. Devon keeps walking.

DAWN
Wait!

She races after Devon.

EXT. LODGINGS - SAME

Dark eyes follow Dawn and Devon as they disappear down a
street.

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - DAY

Nadya and Vaaj'n each sit on a plush throne.

SERVANTS rush forward laying food and drink on two small
tables in front of them.

Vaaj'n looks significantly at one SLAVE, who nods.

The servants retreat to the other side of the room and wait.

Vaaj'n waves over the food. Nadya tentatively reaches for an exotic-looking FRUIT.

Vaaj'n stares at it expectantly.

She lifts it to her mouth.

Vaaj'n watches the moment, you can almost see a satisfied smirk forming. Without noticing his reaction, she puts the food in her lap. Vaaj'n frowns but quickly recovers as she reaches for a small KNIFE to peel the fruit.

VAAJ'N

So the objects you seek are spread
over many different dimensions.

NADYA

(blinks in surprise)
Interesting guess.

VAAJ'N

Guesses require little actual
thought. I prefer using the intellect.

Nadya says nothing. Vaaj'n smiles at her poker face.

VAAJ'N

How do you hope to find them?

NADYA

You're not the only one who has an
intellect.

VAAJ'N

Mmm, but it isn't you.

Nadya appears affronted. He lets out a vibrant laugh.

VAAJ'N

I do not meant to insult you my
queen. I have a gift, you see, and
I know, as powerful as you are, you
are not connected to what you seek.

Nadya doesn't look too pleased about the accuracy of his intellect. Vaaj'n loves seeing her at a loss.

VAAJ'N

I suspect it is one of your
companions. I will have my people
bring them here.

NADYA

That's really not necessary.

VAAJ'N

But it is. They will lead my best men to everything you want. I will bring you these things as a gift.

It is apparent that Nadya is thinking about the offer.

NADYA

I... couldn't.

VAAJ'N

It is no imposition to me. You can ask of me anything. If it is important to you, it is important for me to make sure you succeed.

For a brief moment, Nadya squeezes her eyes shut as though making a tough decision.

She wipes all expression off her face, continuing as though he were a charming host.

NADYA

This place is so beautiful.

She nods over some slaves at the other side of the room.

NADYA

What are those markings for? Do they have some symbolic meaning in your culture? I noticed them on the walls of the city and this palace too.

Vaaj'n shakes his head. He waves over the food.

VAAJ'N

Let us eat first.

Without hesitation, she reaches out and takes a goblet. He watches her closely. She drinks deeply. He smiles.

VAAJ'N

They are binding spells. There is no magic permitted in or around this city.

Nadya places the goblet back on the table and picks up one of the pieces of fruit she has peeled and quartered.

NADYA

(without malice)

Do you invite many guests like me?

VAAJ'N

No. I usually bind my guests, bend them to my will and sell them to other worlds.

He waits for a reaction from her. There is none. She carries on eating.

NADYA

(unconcerned)

Are you going to do that to me?

VAAJ'N

Of course not. You are much too special. I did not lie, my queen. I have been searching for one like you.

NADYA

One who is great and powerful. Someone strong enough to stop an enemy?

VAAJ'N

Your intelligence increases your perfection.

(he takes her hand)

Yes. I have a powerful enemy and one I feel you can relate to.

She tilts her head.

VAAJ'N

My sister wants this throne. She does not deserve it.

NADYA

But I do?

VAAJ'N

Yes. I see inside you. I know it is your rightful place. She is impulsive and easily led by her cause. She would not make a good ruler. There is no profit in her ways.

Vaaj'n waves to the male slave to fill Nadya's goblet. The slave rushes forward with an urn. He fills her goblet. A green-coloured smoke puffs out briefly.

VAAJ'N

Drink. This matter will not concern you for a time. The signs give us half a year to prepare for her.

NADYA

What if your signs are wrong?

VAAJ'N

Your world is full of inexact prophecies. Here, they are unchanging and precise.

Nadya takes another sip from her goblet.

VAAJ'N

They are never wrong. Come let me show you.

He stands and holds out a hand for her. She complies immediately, smiling demurely and placing her goblet on the table.

They walk out into-

COURTYARD

Vaaj'n leads her to The Eye. In the daylight, it is radiant. She can't quite hide her curiosity at it.

Two BEINGS (Lyrindhi) GLIDE in front of it. The Lyrindhi are tall, wispy creatures whose bodies seem like gathered bunches of silk flowing in the wind; they have moon eyes and innocent, childlike faces that are like porcelain masks.

They coo in a musical voice as Vaaj'n and Nadya approach.

VAAJ'N

Yes, she is everything you foresaw.
(to Nadya)

These are Lyrindhi. In all the worlds, the moments they see are infallible. You can trust in their wisdom and sight. You are the one who will defeat my sister.

One Lyrindhi glides in front of Nadya, dipping its face to look at hers, then zips around and floats off.

VAAJ'N

A difficult species to control, but I have persuaded them.

Nadya looks to the side as she hears CHAINS CLINK. Some guards DRAG in some SLAVES and chain them up to the metal railings. They struggle, but the railings are designed to hold them still.

VAAJ'N

Aah excellent. These are for my next sale. The Kressah worlds need workers for their kressian gem mines.

An overseer GUARD pulls a metal rod, almost like a cattle prod, out of a bubbling pot over a fire. The smoke is green. The overseer heads over to the first slave, who SHOUTS and tries to pull away.

The brand SIZZLES as it touches the slave's skin. The overseer starts on the other slaves. Nadya sees the brand glow green for a moment, before fading to the same black tattoo on the other slaves. The slaves immediately stop struggling; they appear docile. The guards unhook the slaves and lead them away with no resistance.

NADYA

(quiet)

They certainly seem more agreeable.

VAAJ'N

Of course. There are many ways of control.

(significant smile at her)

Not all leave a mark. I prefer to ensure that I know exactly where one's loyalties lie.

NADYA

Yes. Of course. Much better, my King.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Dawn and Devon move through the crowd. Devon appears unconcerned. Dawn is agitated, her head whips back and forth, searching hard.

DAWN

Damnit. I don't know which way to go.

DEVON

Then just pick a random path.

DAWN

That's not gonna-
(considers the company)

Well... it might work.

They head down a quieter street.

They do not see the beefy SERVANTS following them. Once again, the carvings are on their faces.

EXT. DESERTED BUILDING - DAY

Jason stretches his arm between two large cracks in the wall. His shoulder prevents him from reaching further.

JASON

Almost got it.

Samuel stands on the street corner, a rather obvious watch-out.

JASON

Got it.

He yanks his arm back. He is holding a sword in a scabbard. He wraps it around his shoulder, then bends down to pick up a small crossbow and some bolts on a belt, which he straps around his waist. He hands Samuel his walking stick and a dagger.

JASON

You take Dawn's dagger and watch my back.

SAMUEL

Are you sure this is wise? I mean, weapons are outlawed. If we get caught-

JASON

The law of the land stole one of our girls. Let 'em try and take these off me.

Samuel stares at Jason for a moment, then catches himself and nods enthusiastically.

JASON

Was that too over the top?

SAMUEL

Well... yes. But only a little.

Jason shrugs to himself.

JASON

Since the plan is sneaking through town to rescue our damsel, I don't think we need to worry about getting arrested for breaking their weapons. I'm sure they'll nail us for breaking and entering or grievous bodily harm first.

(cheery)

But... we're not gonna get arrested.

The two set off. Behind them, another troupe of SERVANTS follow silently.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Vaaj'n sends all the servants away. They scurry away immediately.

VAAJ'N

Your decision? Will you be my queen?

Nadya stares lovingly into his eyes.

NADYA

Of course.

They both smile widely at each other. Vaaj'n kisses her and she responds appropriately. He pulls back and points at the curtain to the bed chamber.

VAAJ'N

I will let you rest. We will wed tonight. I must arrange to bring your companions here.

NADYA

No!

Vaaj'n appears startled, confused, then angry.

Nadya sees this, takes a last ditch look at the guarded door - so close yet so far - reaches up and kisses him.

NADYA

I don't need rest.

She pushes him through the curtains and into the bed chamber. The curtains close behind them.

EXT. PALACE - DAY

Jason sneaks low around the side and squats when he reaches Samuel.

JASON

Alright. I've checked it all out. There's a servants' entrance round back. I figure I get in there, play local, look for a dungeon or tower and spring her.

SAMUEL

That's assuming there is a dungeon or tower, and that you can blend in. As you pointed out earlier, there are many demons here, but we are the only humans I've seen.

JASON

Well what else can we do? We can't attack the palace. We don't have any mystical mojo to magic her out of there, and since she hasn't done it herself I'm guessing it wouldn't work anyway. What other options do we have?

SAMUEL

Get captured.

JASON

That's a stupid plan.

SAMUEL

Yes well, it's all I have and I'm afraid it's not mine.

Jason looks behind him. Smiling, he stands up, hands raised.

JASON

Hi.

The servants rush in and grab them both.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Devon and Dawn walk along a much quieter street. The tables that line the street wall do not hold potions, clothes or food, but trinkets of little value.

DAWN

I don't feel any different here either.

Devon tries to give an encouraging sort of smile. She's not very good at it.

DEVON

That's okay.

DAWN

It's not. What if... what if Nadya has been sold as some harem girl, and Jason and Samuel have been captured and tortured to death?

DEVON

Relax. They won't be tortured... unless Jason pisses someone off. I bet they'll just be sold as slaves at an auction.

(off Dawn's shock)

Those take time to set up. There's only a rush if there's a buyer already looking for a Watcher or court jester. What would the odds be?

DAWN

You really shouldn't try and comfort people.

DEVON

We have time. Clear your head and let your instincts guide you.

DAWN

You make it sound so easy.

DEVON

It's not. I know it's not a switch or an easy spell. I know it could take years to develop. But once you feel that control, things will click into place. The power won't be something different. It will be another part of you. Natural.

Dawn stops and turns around. She smiles at Devon.

DAWN

You know, you don't say a lot or smile or wear actual colours, but it's like you're my sister. Maybe even my Yoda. In fact, you're exactly like Yoda.

DEVON

Point?

DAWN

I'd be terrified of all of this if you weren't here. I don't know if my real sister could understand or help me with this. So now we have to fight.

Devon frowns.

DAWN

Them! Fight them!

Devon turns around. A small ARMY of Vaajn's servants CHARGE down the street, rope and net-like weapons in their hands.

FADE OUT.

ACT IV

FADE IN:

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

A servant CRASHES into a stall.

Devon whips her hands back. The one rushing her somersaults back. Dawn ducks as another careens over her head.

DAWN

I need a weapon.

Devon telekinetically rips a flail-like weapon from one of the goons and sends it to Dawn.

DAWN

Thanks.

She swings into the fight, whacking at the ones Devon can't take care of. They are outnumbered, but both seem to be doing well. For about two seconds.

Devon is grabbed from behind by two burly ones. They pin her arms to her sides. BURLY #1 TALKS in a demon tongue. He and his companion LAUGH.

Devon's eyes turn WHITE.

DEVON

What makes you think I need to use my hands?

WHOOSH.

The burlies FLY in separate directions and THWACK loudly into the walls of the surrounding buildings. They thump to the ground unconscious; one topples a merchant stall as he falls on the wares.

DAWN

ducks and rolls as a NET grabs the air she left behind. NETMAN pulls it back in again.

Throws again-

-it sails through the air-

-hits Dawn on the side.

She trips and falls next to one of the unconscious goons, scrambles out from under the net, grabs a KNIFE from his belt, twists around and drives the knife into the ground through one of the gaps in the net. She holds on to the knife for dear life as Netman tries to pull it back - the knife severs the rope, making the net useless.

Netman lets go.

Dawn falls back on her ass, then has to scabble backwards as Netman comes straight at her.

DEVON

Dawn.

Dawn has enough time to hump backwards before another FLYING GOON hurricanes into Netman and sends them both CRASHING against another stall. The force of impact causes a lot of miscellaneous crap to skid along the ground to Dawn.

A SILVERY BAUBLE hits her shoe. It draws her attention. She stares at it with wide eyes as it gleams in the same way the first key did in her presence.

DAWN

(surprised)

Score!

Dawn opens the bag of keys she carries, and scoops the bauble into the bag. She gets to her feet and joins Devon, who now stands amid a troupe of unconscious bodies.

DAWN

(smiles at the bag)

Another key down. This is a lot easier than I thought it would be.

DEVON

We're not done yet.

They move off down the street quickly.

WATCHER'S POV:

The watcher moves from behind a wall and watches as they go. A hand moves against the wall. It is feminine; she wears a black cloak.

INT. PALACE SUITE - NIGHT

Nadya finishes getting dressed and gets out of the bed, leaving Vaaj'n under the covers, fast asleep.

She glares down at him, a look of disgust on her face. She then stares down at herself and pulls her robe tightly around her body. Ignoring the shaking of her hands, she scurries out from the curtains and hurries along the room.

PALACE THRONE ROOM

Nadya goes to the thrones. She grabs a fruit and a fruit-peeling knife, then sits on one of the thrones. She looks around - the chamber is empty and the courtyard has been closed off from view with a CURTAIN.

Innocently, she slices a sliver of the fruit, pops it into her mouth, then brings her arm over the side of the throne and stabs.

ON THE KNIFE

It glances off the side of the carving with little effect to the carving itself. She stabs again. The carving cracks.

NADYA
(under her breath)
Flammae.

She stares at the fruit in her hand. Nothing happens. She seems annoyed and raises her arm to stab again-

VAAJ'N (O.S.)
Have I not tired you or are you
simply eager to claim your throne?

Nadya calmly raises the knife and slices another piece of the fruit. She eats and smiles at him.

NADYA
Perhaps it's both.

He approaches her and holds a hand out for her. She places the fruit and knife on a table to the side, then takes his hand and rises to join him.

VAAJ'N
Come. Let us see if my slaves have
earned their food for tonight.

He peels back the curtain to the courtyard.

COURTYARD

Jason struggles against the ropes tying his hands to the metal railings. He is also GAGGED.

Samuel sits complacently to the side, unbound, ungagged, and hugging his bag to his chest.

Two GOONS are in the room. They bow as Nadya and Vaaj'n enter.

For a moment, Nadya seems displeased, but she quickly looks at Vaaj'n and hides her expression.

VAAJ'N
(annoyed)
Only two?

Goon #1 replies in a demonic language.

VAAJ'N
I want what I ask for, not excuses.

He looks over Samuel and Jason, then over the ropes binding Jason and the lack of any bindings on Samuel.

VAAJ'N
This one gave you trouble?

The goon starts to reply-

VAAJ'N
No matter.

He walks up to Samuel, who pulls himself to his feet as the Sultan approaches. He studies Samuel deeply, as though searching within him. Done, he moves to Jason and turns his face from side to side as though Jason were a dog being inspected at a show. Jason's eyes tell a thousand violent stories.

VAAJ'N
These two have no power. I see no reason to keep them. The old man will be sold in the next sale; this one here... I have a buyer for him now.
(turns to Nadya)
Unless you have something to say, my bride.

Jason frowns at that.

Vaaj'n moves closer to Nadya. His eyes intensely search her face. She gives no outward sign of emotion. She looks to Samuel, sees his bag.

NADYA
The old man is wise. A reader of signs.

Vaaj'n continues to look at Nadya, who does not look at Jason.

VAAJ'N

The other?

Jason watches her as closely as Vaaj'n.

NADYA

There is no reason to keep him.

Jason can't look at her.

VAAJ'N

Good.

(clicks fingers to a
slave)

Bring my mark. We need to brand
this property for the Contessa
Du'Zlacn.

He moves close to Jason. The two goons move with him.

VAAJ'N

Now, where to put it. Somewhere the
Contessa will see it and remember
her debt to me.

He smiles. He is enjoying this. The two goons move swiftly
and rip open Jason's shirt.

The slave returns with the smoking metal pot.

Vaaj'n pulls out the brand. The smoke curling from it is green.

Vaaj'n smiles at Jason and looks down. Jason's eyes widen.

JASON

(muffled through gag)

Nu uh!

He tries to swing back on the ropes, but the two goons hold
him fast. Vaaj'n nears with the brand. He heads it in the
general direction of Jason's navel.

Nadya and Samuel exchange a worried look. Neither are able
to do anything.

VAAJ'N

Do not fight this. It will only
increase the pain and spoil the
perfection of my mark.

Jason keeps as far back as he can. His stomach clenches in
anticipation of the brand as it hisses dangerously close-

KNOCK KNOCK

Vaaj'n tilts his head to the side, annoyed.

BOOM

He pulls the brand away.

VAAJ'N
Is someone at the entrance?

BANG

The chambers door BLOW of their hinges.

Dawn and Devon stand on the other side in full hero pose.
Behind them, guards are unconscious.

VAAJ'N
(demonic tongue)
Guards!

A troupe of GUARDS run into the courtyard - these ones are
armed and shielded to the teeth.

Devon and Dawn stride into the room confidently.

Nadya breaths a sigh of relief. She nods at Samuel.

Devon yanks TWO VIALS out of her bag. She tosses one to Dawn.
Neither break stride as they each head in separate directions
and throw the vials against the only two carvings in the
courtyard.

The glass EXPLODES and the potion runs down the carvings.
With a mystical puff of cloud, the carvings seem to MELT away.

Nadya sees this and smiles.

NADYA
I hope that means what I think it
does.
(claws her hands)
Flammae!

Two BALLS OF FLAME form in each hand.

Vaaj'n jumps back in surprise.

VAAJ'N
You drank. You ate. You are mine.

NADYA
No one controls me.

She sends the fireballs spinning towards the guards, who scatter out of the way like ten pins.

Her eyes TURN BLACK.

DEVON AND DAWN

work as a team. Devon clobbers one with the pot, Dawn takes his sword.

They are not detoured from their path to Jason and Samuel.

Dawn slices the ropes holding him, then slashes up as his arms come down, freeing his hands. He yanks the gag out of his mouth.

JASON

Thanks. May I?

Dawn shrugs and hands him the sword. He rushes into the battle; it's personal. He takes on two guards at the same time; whacking against their armour with a trained ease. He's quite impressive.

Devon joins Samuel. He retrieves his walking stick and holds it ready.

Dawn rushes to their side with another acquired sword. She tilts her head curiously at the battle before them.

Nadya is giving the guards a scorching run for their pay.

Jason is having a personal vendetta moment. All the bad guys are paying attention to those two.

DAWN

Does anyone else feel redundant?

Some guards rush them.

DAWN

Uh never mind.

The three jump back into the fight.

VAAJ'N AND JASON

stand opposite one another. Vaaj'n takes a large, impressive SWORD from his slave. He brings it before him, and stares insolently at Jason. Jason smiles.

VAAJ'N

Do not mock me lower being. My father was right. Your kind does not deserve to live.

JASON

Sticks and stones, pal. You're not going to see me as lower for much longer.

He charges forward. The swords CLANG. The two DUEL.

Jason has dropped his cocky bravado; he's fighting like he wants to teach a lesson. A lesson he teaches well.

His swings are fast and brutal. His defence is impeccable.

Vaaj'n doesn't know what's hit him.

He lands on his ass. Surprised and unwilling to believe it.

Jason stares down at him, his sword pointing at Vaaj'n's throat.

JASON

Would you like me to leave my mark?

FEMALE (O.S.)

Defeated by a lower being. The throne should have been mine sooner.

The voice is commanding. Each battle stops. Every single person turns to look at the new player.

VARJEN drops her cloak. She is as youthful and beautiful as Vaaj'n, but there is a tangible charisma and power to her; she is to be feared.

Despite the sword in his way, Vaaj'n sits up. All thoughts of Jason as a threat forgotten.

VARJEN

Hello brother.

VAAJ'N

Why are you here? The-

VARJEN

The Signs do not say it is my time? Did you not learn the lesson father was forced to last time she graced this world? Chaos. Her blood dripped and gave you this throne.

(MORE)

VARJEN (CONT'D)

Did you really think it fate for
you to have it?

Vaaj'n is confused. He looks around at the girls; and only really pays attention to Nadya with her magicks.

VARJEN

(hatred)

Fool! You don't even see the true
danger.

POWER ripples out from her.

It is barely visible but it KNOCKS EVERYONE TO THE FLOOR as
it hits them.

They squirm on the floor in pain, unable to move significantly.
They speak painfully.

JASON

Ow. Does no one believe in the enemy
of my enemy is my friend?

DAWN

Does anyone know which one is the
bad guy?

DEVON

She is.

NADYA

She is!

DEVON

We need to get out of here. Now.

JASON

Great idea. Can anyone actually get
up?

SAMUEL

I'm afraid I am stuck.

DEVON

Nadya? Portal?

NADYA

I can't use the keys like this.

Devon shuts her eyes and forces her body to get into a
sitting position; her actions seems excruciating, but she
does it anyway.

She looks over at Dawn's bag, but she also sees Varjen
leaning over Vaaj'n, her hand hooked into a claw above his
chest. WHITE LIGHT is moving from his chest into her hand.

He moves his head; it is filled with pain; he stares at Devon, finally recognising her.

VAAJ'N
(gasps)
Help me. Chaos.

With supreme effort, Devon concentrates. Her eyes TURN WHITE.

It is of little use as Vaaj'n SLUMPS to the floor. Dead.

Varjen turns and smiles.

VARJEN
Now to put the lower beings in their
rightful place. Beneath my boot.

She walks to the others who are still trying to move. She grabs Devon by the hair.

VARJEN
You I cannot kill. Chaos has gifted
me, but could as easily steal it
away. I will find some use for you,
until then...

She bangs Devon's head against the floor.

Devon's out like a snuffed light.

Dawn's eyes widen in shock, and then anger. She looks down at her bag of keys and back at Varjen.

Varjen ignores the others and goes straight to Nadya. She picks the witch up by the neck.

Nadya can barely struggle as she is TOSSED ACROSS the courtyard and CRASHES against the wall.

VARJEN
You are the one meant to usurp me?
A weak shell with darkness deeply
reigned. Lower filth. I will cleanse
this world of your kind.

As Varjen stalks Nadya, Dawn stares hard at her bag of keys. She shuts her eyes.

VARJEN
No more a world of profit and
gluttony, this will be my domain of
death and conquer. Your world will
be the first to fall before my wake.
Pitiful creatures thinking to be
equal to me.

DAWN
(whispers to herself)
Like a spider, like a spider, like
a spider...

NADYA
(struggling to speak)
I am above you.

She's trying to convince Varjen, but must especially to convincing herself. Her eyes BLEED INTO BLACK.

A MYSTICAL WIND starts around the room, sweeping up loose items as it gathers momentum.

ELECTRIC ENERGY visibly crackles around Nadya.

Varjen gets hit by some sparks.

That gets her attention.

ON JASON AND SAMUEL

At once, Samuel and Jason groan and move normally.

The guards around them are able to do the same and get up and run from the room, in a panic.

ON VARJEN

She growls and charges Nadya, her own hands lost in a shimmer of white haze.

As the two battle, Samuel holds tight to his bag and crawls toward Devon and Dawn.

Jason skids over and turns Devon over. He slaps her face gently. There is no response.

Samuel goes to Dawn who hasn't moved.

SAMUEL
Dawn? Dawn?

Dawn is within her own mind, thinking hard.

Nadya gives a small CRY of pain. Samuel and Jason look at her immediately.

ON NADYA

Varjen has grabbed her by the neck again and is squeezing. The electric strikes are being deflected by Varjen's own hazy power.

ON DAWN

Her eyes shoot open. Within them swirls the BLUE ENERGY of a portal.

At the same time a PERFECT PORTAL RIPS through the fabric of the courtyard.

It opens right where Nadya and Varjen are dueling; knocking both aside.

Jason and Nadya, completely focused on the battle, haven't seen Dawn's involvement. Only Samuel. He smiles proudly.

JASON

Perfect timing. Let's get out of this clam-bake and worry about where we're going later.

Jason lifts and cradles Devon.

Samuel helps Dawn to her feet. Samuel grabs his bag and takes Devon's too. Dawn picks up the bag of keys.

Nadya is dazed, but gets up and moves quickly before Varjen can recover. She's not ready for this battle.

JASON

Time to go.

Nadya nods.

They move hurriedly to the portal as Varjen gets up. Everyone races through.

Once she is alone, Nadya pauses, the last to go through.

Her apparent fear immediately gives way to a self-satisfied smile.

NADYA

A gift for you. To remember lower beings.

With eyes BLACK and body confident, Nadya waves a hand around her.

NADYA

Cines.

She calmly and smoothly walks through the portal. It CLOSES.

Varjen steps aside just as The Eye's base falls apart, sending the crystal SMASHING on the stone steps.

The metal slave railings RUST and splinter apart, completely useless.

The thrones DISINTEGRATE and blow away like dust. In seconds, the opulence is diminished to decay.

OFF Varjen's calculated anger.

FADE OUT.

END SHOW