

"QUICK SILVER"

A screenplay by

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EXT. GARDEN CLEARING - NIGHT

A half moon illuminates a forested garden growing along a tall stone wall veined with ivy.

SILVER (V.O.)

A month ago I learned I was dying.

Two juicy steaks land with a thump in the clearing. Two ROTTWEILERS move in to gobble up the meat.

SILVER (V.O.)

Stage four adenocarcinoma. I'd ignored the mild discomfort in my chest for too long. The cancer had metastasized.

The guard dogs stagger drunkenly.

A padded grappling hook arcs up and over. It catches at the top of the wall.

Clad in black, SYLVESTER "SILVER" DRAKE (40s) clambers up the rope and crouches catlike on the wall. Silver hair shows from under a watch cap. He carries a black backpack.

SILVER (V.O.)

It was too late to have much hope...but for the moment, at least, I still feel fine.

He packs the grapple away as he studies the expansive garden surrounded by the square wall. An old three-story mansion sits at the center.

One dog drops unconscious. Then the other.

Silver climbs down an oak tree into the garden. He pats a softly snoring dog on the head, and heads to a trail leading through the garden.

SILVER (V.O.)

I decided to take advantage of the little time I had left to me.

GARDEN TRAIL

Fifty yards from the mansion, Silver ties a black cord across the path between two trees at shin height.

SILVER (V.O.)

I didn't start out as a model citizen. In my youth I discovered that stealing was like an exhilarating, dangerous puzzle that required a sharp mind and an agile body to solve. It made me feel...alive.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Silver pulls on a pair of night vision goggles and peers through a dark window.

SILVER (V.O.)

I got caught twice. The first time, as a teen, I avoided jail time by joining the army. The second time I spent two years in prison. That was enough.

He sees a fancy home office. Nobody inside.

Silver cuts a circle in the window to bypass a foil-tape security system.

SILVER (V.O.)

I put my skills to good use by becoming a security systems specialist, evaluating and installing all manner of security systems.

INT. MANSION - LOWER FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Silver slips through the window into a room filled with elegant furniture spanning the ages.

He searches an antique desk but finds nothing.

Carpeting covers the steps of a marble staircase. Silver uses a pocket knife to pry up the edge of the carpeting.

A switch mat alarm system lies underneath.

SILVER (V.O.)

I always wondered if my career was making me a better thief...but then I met my wife, Dayna, and settled down. I enjoyed that life too much to risk losing it.

He straddles the marble banister and slides his body upward using the banister supports.

SILVER (V.O.)

Until now. I need to know if I still have it in me.

UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY

Silver reaches a T intersection. The left side is carpeted with a door at the end.

He shifts his backpack to his front, presses his back and feet against opposite walls, and walks crab-like above the carpet to the door at the end.

SILVER (V.O.)

I discovered this place one day when I took a wrong turn. There were armed guards at the gate.

The door is locked. Silver works on it with lock picks and cautiously eases it open.

SHERMAN LORD'S BEDROOM

A canopy bed sits on an elaborate Persian rug.

SILVER (V.O.)

Thanks to my work contacts, I learned the owner of the mansion was a recluse named Sherman Lord.

SHERMAN LORD (60s), robust despite a receding hairline and heavily lined face, snores softly in the center of the bed.

Silver steps down into the room and closes the door. The latch clicks...and Lord stirs.

Silver flattens on the floor, dragging his backpack behind him as he slips under the bed's dust ruffle.

SILVER (V.O.)

I also learned that Lord recently installed an expensive security system in his bedroom. What was he hiding that was worth that level of security?

Lord resumes snoring. Silver crawls out.

SILVER (V.O.)

I decided to find out. Rule number four: Always keep an eye out for new opportunities.

A cell phone charges on a bedside table. He switches it on and searches for its number, then returns it to its place.

He quietly slides open the drawer. Inside lies the manual for a Voiceguard RK-7 voice-operated lock. Silver nods with satisfaction and shuts the drawer.

He slips across the room to a door and tries the latch.

WALK-IN CLOSET

A dressing counter and long racks of clothing line the walls.

Silver searches the room. In a drawer he finds a folded letter, which reads:

SILVER (V.O.)

To Director Sherman Lord: Phase one-four-three completed. FBI director successfully replaced.

Silver frowns at the letter. He returns it to the drawer.

Behind the odd assortment of clothing hanging from the racks, he finds a metal door sporting a button, a grill and the logo of the Voiceguard RK-7.

Silver allows himself a smile. He replaces the clothing and takes a cheap cell phone from his pack. He dials.

SILVER (V.O.)
Rule number eighteen: Always carry
a pre-paid, disposable cell phone.

SHERMAN LORD'S BEDROOM

A loud ring jerks Lord out of his sleep. He paws for his phone and answers with a deep, oddly accented voice.

LORD
Mmph. What is it?

Silver speaks haltingly, like a computer recording.

SILVER (V.O.)
Hello. This is an automated
emergency alert for all registered
owners of a Voiceguard RK series
security system.

LORD
What? Who authorized--

SILVER (V.O.)
A programming issue could cause
the password on your Voiceguard RK
series system to automatically
reset if not accessed by six a.m.
today. Please test your system as
soon as possible to ensure this
problem does not occur.

LORD
Oh bloody hell...?

SILVER (V.O.)
If you receive this message after
six a.m., please contact our
support department immediately.

Lord stares at the phone and hangs up. He clambers out of bed and shambles to the closet.

A carved pendant hangs on a cord around his neck.

CLOSET

Lord enters. Silver is not there. Lord shoves aside the clothing and holds down the button on the metal door.

LORD
Open Sesame.

The door slides open with a quiet hum.

LORD
Close Sesame.

The door slides shut. Lord snarls and stomps out, slamming the closet door behind him.

Silver steps out from behind the clothes on the rack across from the metal door. He holds a digital voice recorder.

SILVER (V.O.)
Open Sesame? Really, Sherm?

He uncovers the metal door and holds down its button. He presses play on the voice recorder.

LORD (V.O.)
Open Sesame.

The door slides open, revealing darkness.

SILVER (V.O.)
Rule number fifteen: If you can't
get in alone, use someone else.

SECRET OFFICE

Lights go on as Silver enters, and he crouches.

Overflowing bookshelves line all the walls. On the right side stand tables covered with science lab equipment. On the left is an office with antique furniture.

A door in the office stands open. Silver heads for it.

TREASURE ROOM

Silver enters and a light switches on.

A dragon's hoard of precious gems, jewelry, coins and ingots, cash and other riches fill the shelves lining the walls of the small room.

Silver stares, stunned.

SILVER (V.O.)

I don't know what I expected. Not this.

Silver picks up a gold coin and bites it. He removes a glove and fingers a hundred dollar bill. He uses a jeweler's loupe to inspect a jewel.

SILVER

Son of a bitch....

He hurriedly stuffs his pack with valuables.

SILVER (V.O.)

I'd only planned to take a trophy, a small reminder of my mission. But how could I pass up this?

In the back of a dusty upper shelf he spots a crystal statuette of a woman in a long nightgown. Purple smoke swirls within the crystal.

SILVER (V.O.)

The workmanship that went into this piece was incredible. I had to have it.

He packs the statuette into a plastic zipper bag using crumpled bills for padding.

Silver realizes the parchment the statuette was resting on is covered with rows of tiny dots. The jeweler's loupe reveals the dots are intricately written characters.

SILVER (V.O.)

And this too. Where did Lord find these things?

The parchment was been torn off at the top and bottom. Silver runs a finger across the torn edges and winces, but he adds it and the statuette to the backpack.

SHERMAN LORD'S BEDROOM

Silver quietly sneaks past the sleeping Sherman Lord.

UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY

He reaches the stairs.

EVANS (O.S.)

The window, Mister Godson. Right here.

GODSON (O.S.)

Summon the guards and secure the premises.

EVANS (O.S.)

Yes, sir. Right away, sir.

GODSON (O.S.)

I'll check on Mister Lord.

Footsteps start up the stairs.

SILVER (V.O.)

Rule number seven: For every plan to get in, have three to get out.

Silver looks at the banister supports along the right side of the hallway and an old radiator along the left wall.

He digs a black cord from the pack and ties it shin-height across the hallway between the banister and the radiator.

He slips back around the corner toward Lord's bedroom.

GODSON (30), tall, muscular, coldly handsome, reaches the top step. He wears only pants and carries a pistol.

Silver muffles his mouth as he calls out in Lord's voice.

SILVER

Godson! Help!

Godson bolts down the hallway toward the corner. He trips on the cord and crashes to the floor. His gun goes flying.

Silver rushes around the corner and leaps over Godson's sliding body. He bounds down the stairs.

LOWER FLOOR OFFICE

Silver runs down the stairs.

MANSION GUARD EVANS inspects the hole in the window, his back to Silver. He wears a suit and speaks over a radio.

EVANS

Roger that. Continue the sweep.

He hears Silver's footsteps and turns.

SILVER (V.O.)

Remember the rule about using someone else to get you in? It also applies to getting you out.

Silver slams into Evans. His momentum carries them both through the closed window with a splintering crash.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

They hit the ground in a shower of glass. Evans's body helps cushion Silver's landing, but the pack hits the ground. Silver doesn't notice.

Silver scrambles to his feet over the unconscious Evans and sprints for the garden trail.

Several shots fire and bullets clip the foliage near Silver's head just as he disappears down the trail.

A moment later Godson leaps through the broken window and accelerates after Silver like a track star.

EXT. GARDEN TRAIL - NIGHT

Silver leaps over the cord tied across the path and continues running.

SILVER (V.O.)

Rule number forty-six: Be prepared for anyone who's faster than you.

Godson hits the cord and goes down hard.

GODSON

You are so fucking dead....

GARDEN CLEARING

Silver leaps over one of the guard dogs. It groggily raises its head and bites at Silver, narrowly missing.

He scrambles up the oak tree to the top of the wall, and tosses a string of firecrackers into the garden. He jumps down the other side.

The firecrackers go off like gunfire just as Godson runs into view. He dives to the side and fires back wildly.

EXT. OUTSIDE WALL - NIGHT

Silver can't help but laugh as he runs for the road.

SILVER (V.O.)

The doctor says I'm unlucky, but he's wrong. My cancer is just happenstance. Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity. And I am a lucky bastard indeed.

INT. MANSION - SECRET OFFICE - NIGHT

Lord wears an expensive robe and stands in the doorway to the treasure room. He glowers at its contents.

Godson approaches, still wearing only pants.

LORD

The artifacts are missing. Both of them.

He turns a venomous glare on Godson.

LORD

You insisted the security was sufficient, that there was no need to waste energy on castings.

GODSON

Yes, sir. But he left these behind.

He holds up the black cords that had tripped him.

Lord's scowl turns into a calculating smile.

LORD

Yes...I can track where these came from.

GODSON

Send me to him. I'll tear his arms off for what he did.

LORD

You get one more try, Godson. Fail this time and I'll send in someone with an actual taste for blood.

GODSON

Who?

LORD

My lawyer.

EXT. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Upscale home on the corner of the block. A mailbox reads, "Sylvester and Dayna Drake."

The garage door opens. A sports car pulls in and parks next to an SUV and a high-displacement sport motorcycle.

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Silver enters from the garage. He looks around, then stashes his backpack in a broom closet.

BEDROOM

A closed sliding glass door leads out to a deck.

Silver sits on the bed as he undresses. His wife DAYNA (35), pretty but stern-faced, stirs and squints at him, muzzy with sleep.

SILVER

Hey, Dayna.

DAYNA

Mmmph. Hi.

He gives her a kiss. She glances at the clock.

DAYNA
S'four-thirty.

SILVER
Sorry. Troubleshooting a new
system installation. Picky
client.

DAYNA
I gotta be in early to prep. The
new D.A. is a real snake.

SILVER
The crooks don't stand a chance
against you, sweetie.

Dayna smirks.

DAYNA
Your doctor called. He wanted you
to call back. Is anything wrong?

SILVER
Uh, no, I just had a question
about some vitamin supplements.
Go to sleep.

DAYNA
Night, Silver.

She rolls over and closes her eyes.

Silver crawls under the covers. He rubs a hand over his
chest and frowns.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY - SILVER'S DREAM

Silver walks down a street crowded with pedestrians.

He glances to the side and sees Lord in an elegant, old-
fashioned business suit. Lord scans the crowd.

Silver ducks behind a lamp post. He peers around it.

Lord walks slowly. He holds two black cords in his hands
and stares at the ground.

Silver notices Lord is following a line of black footprints on the ground. Nobody else seems to notice.

The footprints form a trail that curves toward Silver.

Silver looks down at his own feet and sees the black footprints lead right up to him. He steps away from them, but only succeeds in leaving more footprints.

He turns to run but moves in slow motion. He glances back.

Lord walks slowly, his gaze on the trail of footprints, but somehow he's rapidly closing the distance.

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Silver jerks awake. Dayna is gone. He squints at the clock, which reads 3:05 p.m.

He grimaces and scrambles out of bed.

KITCHEN

Silver opens the broom closet and retrieves the pack.

DINING ROOM

He places the pack on the table next to a stack of old books. The top book is titled "Ancient Artifacts."

His gaze filled with anticipation, he opens the pack and pulls out the sealed plastic zipper bag.

Apart from the crumpled money, the bag is filled with purple smoke and a hundred shards of shattered crystal statuette.

SILVER

Oh no. No, no, no...

He unseals the bag and pulls out the crumpled money.

The purple smoke floats out and dissipates.

HOME GYM

The room contains a variety of exercise machines and equipment.

Silver wears shorts and hand wrappings. He angrily attacks a heavy bag with Thai boxing techniques.

BATHROOM

Silver exits the shower, freshly washed and toweled dry.

BEDROOM

Silver pulls on jeans and reaches for a shirt.

MORRIGAINÉ (O.S.)

Sultrién. Raláünch mas treviétha?

The language is full of complex, whispery inflections that are almost impossible to pronounce.

Silver turns. He sees MORRIGAINÉ (30), pale, exotically beautiful, long red hair, wearing only a thin lavender chemise. She regards him with wary suspicion.

SILVER

Uh. Hello?

Morrigaine frowns.

SILVER

How did you get in here? Are you here to see Dayna?

MORRIGAINÉ

Ashgárat softs mekásiká vintagránts Mähdríedd?

SILVER

I'm sorry, do you speak English?

MORRIGAINÉ

Auvérens may "ínglesh"?

SILVER

Great....

He pulls on his shirt, then sits on the bed and puts on socks and running shoes.

Morrigaine weaves her hands in an intricate sign language. She murmurs to herself with a sibilant whisper.

MORRIGAINE

Can talk now.

SILVER

Oh. Why didn't you say so before?

MORRIGAINE

English I not spoke before.
Little adjust time will it take.

SILVER

Um, right. Well, I'm afraid
Dayna's not here.

MORRIGAINE

Why here am I?

SILVER

Actually, I was going to ask you
the same thing.

MORRIGAINE

Break did you my image? Where is
this? Not Ile-bráytyn?

SILVER

Uh...what?

MORRIGAINE

Know you why dæmán killed
Mähdríedd?

SILVER

I'm sorry but I don't know what
you're talking about.

He stands up.

SILVER

I actually have to get going here.
Let me show you to the door.

LIVING ROOM

Silver leads Morriganne to the front door.

SILVER

Dayna will be back later. I'll
let her know you dropped by,
Miss...what's your name?

MORRIGAINÉ

I Morrigainausálafé.

SILVER

Wow. Okay, Miss...Ausalfay. I'm
Dayna's husband, Sylvester, but
you can call me Silver.

As he reaches for the door knob, he glances out a small
window in the door.

A police car pulls up on the street out front. Then
another. Then a black SUV. Police and FBI agents climb
out and stand behind the vehicles.

SILVER

What the hell...?

A black van arrives and disgorges an FBI SWAT team. They
take positions behind the cars, facing the house.

SILVER

Oh, crap....

Silver looks down the street and sees a police road block
with a small crowd of people behind it.

The SUV door opens and Godson steps out. He wears black
military fatigues and a holstered pistol on his web belt.

Silver stares in horror. He pulls Morrigainé back and
hurries to the kitchen. She follows.

KITCHEN

Silver yanks open a drawer and pulls out a pistol. He
chambers a round.

MORRIGAINÉ

Silver, what is--

The kitchen phone rings, startling Morrigainé. Silver
hesitates, then picks up the phone and listens.

LORD (V.O.)

Good afternoon, Mister Drake.

SILVER

Sherman Lord.

LORD (V.O.)

Very good, Mister Drake. Now this is what you are going to do. You have precisely five minutes to gather what you stole from me and take it to the authorities waiting outside your house.

SILVER

I see....

LORD (V.O.)

For your sake, I hope so. Because if you are one second late, or if anything is missing, your home will be burned to the ground and you will be shot dead. Is that clear?

SILVER

You can't just...

Lord chuckles.

LORD (V.O.)

Watch me. Five minutes, Mister Drake. Get to it.

SILVER

How did you find--

The line goes dead.

Silver looks at Morigaine.

SILVER

Know any way to put shattered crystal back together in five minutes?

MORRIGAINE

What?

Silver quickly dials a number.

He looks at the door to the garage. His gaze follows the straight passage from the garage, through the kitchen, down a hallway and to the bedroom.

SILVER

Dayna! Don't come home. Don't talk to anyone. As soon as you get this message, just drive to...to the place where we first met, okay? Wait for me there. I'll get there as soon as I can.

He hangs up.

MORRIGAINE

That device does what?

SILVER

I'm sorry, miss, but I have to get out of here. Now.

MORRIGAINE

Answers I need. With you I go.

SILVER

It's too dangerous...but it could be worse if you stay here.

MORRIGAINE

With you I go.

He looks at her slender frame.

SILVER

I think Dayna has some gear that'll fit you.

EXT. SILVER'S HOUSE - DAY

Godson checks his watch. He smiles coldly and draws his pistol.

The garage door hums to life and begins to open.

Godson murmurs into an ear mike.

GODSON

Here he comes. Hold your fire
until we have the artifacts.

FBI and police move to cover the garage.

Silver's sports car slowly rolls out of the garage and down
the slight incline toward the street.

FBI and police train their weapons on the car.

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Silver races his sport bike down the hall toward the
bedroom. Morigaine sits behind him, wearing the backpack.
Both wear jeans, leather jackets and full-face helmets.
Morigaine's long hair is hidden under her jacket.

The motorcycle roars through the bedroom and smashes
through the sliding glass door.

EXT. SILVER'S HOUSE - DAY

In a shower of glass, the motorcycle bursts through the
side of the house furthest from the garage.

It races off the deck, hits the lawn and accelerates
through a hedge of trees to the street.

The bike leans into a turn and roars toward the police road
block. Police and onlookers scramble out of the way.

The police draw their weapons. One opens fire but misses.

The motorcycle shoots through a gap in the barricade and
weaves through the crowd, denying the police a clear shot.

Silver's sports car rolls to the end of the driveway and
crunches into the black SUV. The car is empty.

Godson gestures at the SWAT team to move in on the house.
He points to the police.

GODSON

After him, god damn it!

Police pile into cars and roar off with sirens wailing.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The motorcycle slows down on the open street. Silver opens his visor and turns to Morriganine.

SILVER

Are you okay back there?

MORRIGAININE

Vashánts! What travel this is?!

SILVER

You've never been on a motorcycle before?

MORRIGAININE

So fast no beast moves! Alive is it?

SILVER

It's...a machine.

MORRIGAININE

So fast no machine moves either.

SILVER

Where are you from that you've never heard of motorcycles?

Two police cars pull in behind the motorcycle.

SILVER

Hang on....

Silver accelerates hard. He veers toward an on ramp.

FREEWAY

The motorcycle pulls onto the freeway, the police pursuing. Silver weaves through increasingly heavy rush-hour traffic.

The traffic slows to a crawl, but the motorcycle lane-splits between the cars and leaves the police behind.

EXT. OVERPASS - DAY

Silver rolls his sport bike to a stop under the overpass. He climbs off and helps Morriganine off the pillion.

SILVER

Rule number twenty: Nothing beats
a motorcycle for heavy traffic.

He transfers the backpack to his shoulder and removes their
helmets. Morigaine stares at him, her hands shaking.

SILVER

Are you all right?

MORRIGAINÉ

A caster are you? A
machinecaster? As were those who
pursued us?

SILVER

Those were cops. Police.

MORRIGAINÉ

They hunt you why?

SILVER

I...took some stuff and the owner
wants it back. I wish to hell I
knew how he found me.

MORRIGAINÉ

A thief you are?

SILVER

Yeah. Look, I'm sorry you got
caught up in this mess, but it's
safe enough for you to go now.

He puts a hundred dollar bill into her hand.

SILVER

For a cab. Good luck.

He turns and walks away but she follows. He turns.

SILVER

I don't mean to be rude, but don't
you have somewhere you need to be?

MORRIGAINÉ

Ile-bráytyn. But there this is
not. I am lost. Where is here?

SILVER

We're in New York. You know that
much at least, right?

Morrigaine shakes her head.

SILVER

Seriously? This is just great....
Listen, I need a new vehicle.
Come with me and we'll figure out
where you come from later, okay?

Morrigaine frowns but she nods assent.

INT. COVERED PARKING LOT - DAY

Morrigaine follows Silver as he walks along a line of
parked cars, scanning the vehicles.

MORRIGAINE

Everywhere are such machines. Yet
Essence I feel in none of them.

SILVER

What are you talking about?

MORRIGAINE

The energy for castings. But only
a useless trace do I feel here.
You control the "moter-saikel" but
of Essence know you nothing?

SILVER

There you go again. Half of what
you say just makes no sense to me.

He stops in front of an older-model sedan and removes a few
tools from his backpack.

SILVER

Keep a lookout and let me know if
anyone approaches.

Silver switches license plates with the car next to it.

Morrigaine looks around with sad eyes.

MORRIGAINE

Failed we did. Gone is the
Essence. Exists not enough to
replenish the store within me....

Silver jimmies open the door and crawls under the dash.

MORRIGAINE

What is it you are doing?

The sedan's engine growls to life. Silver sits up and
opens the passenger side door.

SILVER

Let's go...Morgan, is it?

MORRIGAINE

Morrigainausálafé.

SILVER

That's...not happening. Mind if I
call you Morrigan?

Morrigan shrugs with an odd, palm-raised gesture.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Silver drives along a highway. Morrigan peers out the
window, staring in fascination at everything they pass.

Silver frowns, agitated, muttering to himself.

SILVER

I am so screwed....

Morrigan gives him an odd look.

SILVER

It means I'm in trouble.

MORRIGAINE

Help you perhaps I can.

SILVER

No offense, Morrigan, but I
don't think someone with amnesia
can do much to help me.

Morrigan gives him a flat look.

MORRIGAINE
Undamaged is my mind.

SILVER
Then how is it you don't know
where we are or why you're here?

Morrigaine shakes her head.

MORRIGAINE
Who broke my image?

SILVER
What are you talking about?

MORRIGAINE
The clear rock statuette. My
image. Break it did you?

Silver stares at her.

SILVER
How do you know about the
statuette?

Morrigaine points at her own face.

MORRIGAINE
Of me it was.

SILVER
Explain.

MORRIGAINE
For hundreds of years was the
Essence weakening. Castings
became more difficult. Gradually
disappeared did most enchanted
creatures: faéryas, dracónnas--

SILVER
Okay, now you're just screwing
with me.

MORRIGAINE
An explanation you wish? Then
listen!

Silver gives a resigned sigh.

MORRIGAINÉ

Centuries my father, Mähdriedd,
worked to reverse the weakening.
On the night he was to complete
the work, into my chambers entered
a däemán...

INT. MORRIGAINÉ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Morrigaine sleeps in a room filled with medieval
furnishings. A bulky DEMON with a vaguely horse-like face
approaches her.

Morrigaine awakens. Alarmed, she sits up. She weaves her
hands together and whispers softly.

The Demon touches her shoulder with a clawed finger. She
jerks as if shocked and falls limp against the pillow.

The Demon scoops her up in its massively muscled arms. It
turns and lumbers out a doorway.

EXT. KEEP COURTYARD - NIGHT

A high wall lined with buildings and shelters surrounds the
courtyard. A stone tower rises from the center.

The Demon emerges from a doorway, Morrigané in its arms.
She looks up and sees a man's silhouette in the yellow
light of the only window, near the top of the tower.

The Demon raises a hand and a small fireball ignites over
the raised palm. It streaks up and through the window.

A thundering explosion splits the night as a blast of flame
billows from the window.

The Demon waves a hand over Morrigané. Her body dissolves
into a cloud of purple smoke and flows into the statuette
lying in its huge palm.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

MORRIGAINÉ

Nothing I felt again until in your
home I awakened.

Silver gives her a wary look.

SILVER

Yeah...I don't think your problem is amnesia. Are you familiar with the term "fruitcake"?

Morrigaine frowns at him.

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye, a midwinter celebration food. But believe me you do not.

SILVER

Well what do you expect when you talk about demons and fireballs? Do you really believe in magic?

MORRIGAINÉ

Of course. A caster I am.

SILVER

You can cast spells.

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye. A mindcaster I am. And becoming a lightningcaster. One day a Great Druid I shall be.

SILVER

Really. Show me. Cast a spell.

MORRIGAINÉ

No. Too little Essence there is to replenish my reserves. What Essence I have is all there is. Waste it on displays I shall not.

SILVER

Uh-huh.

MORRIGAINÉ

But how can so complex a carriage as this exist without Essence? Tell me...some new form of Essence do you use?

SILVER

Cars use fuel, if that's what you mean.

MORRIGAINE

Fuel? No, more like unseen
trained beasts a skilled handler
can control is Essence.

SILVER

I think I need to make a new rule
about not helping strangers....

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cottage sits near the shore of a calm lake. Smoke
rises from the chimney. A path snakes down to where
Dayna's SUV is parked out front.

The sedan drives up and parks next to the SUV.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Silver looks at the SUV and the smoking chimney.

SILVER

Good, she made it.

MORRIGAINE

This dwelling is what?

SILVER

It belongs to Dayna's parents. I
met her here when I installed
their security system. It's empty
most of the year. Should be safe.

MORRIGAINE

This "Dayna" is...?

SILVER

My wife. Look, she may not
understand my showing up here with
you, so I'll go in first and
explain the situation to her.
Then I'll come get you, okay?

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Silver enters through the front door into a foyer, which
opens into a living room with colonial decor.

SILVER

Hey, Dayna, it's me!

He puts down the pack and wanders into the living room. A fire burns in the oversized fireplace.

BEEL (O.S.)

Yes, he just arrived.

Silver turns and looks into the adjoining dining room.

ERNEST BEEL (60s) sits at the dining room table. He is a pudgy, balding, bespectacled man wearing an old-fashioned business suit. He maintains a perpetual thin smile.

He speaks on a cell phone with an eerily soothing voice.

BEEL (O.S.)

I shall advise him.

Beel closes the phone and places it on the table.

SILVER

Who are you?

BEEL

Good evening, Mister Drake. My name is Ernest Beel.

SILVER

What are you doing here? Where's my wife?

BEEL

I represent Mister Sherman Lord.

Silver puts a hand on the pistol tucked in the back of his jeans.

BEEL

I see you are familiar with my client's name.

SILVER

Where is Dayna?

MORRIGAINE

Apparently you are in possession of some of some of my client's property. Most particularly, two valuable artifacts.

SILVER

What the hell are you talking about?

BEEL

Come now, Mister Drake, there is no need to be coy. I refer to a crystal statuette and a piece of parchment covered with tiny runes.

SILVER

Where is my wife?

BEEL

I suspected you might attempt to communicate with Missus Drake. So I followed her here.

SILVER

Where is she?

BEEL

My client has her safely hidden far from here. But you needn't be concerned for her safety, Mister Drake. Simply return my client's possessions and she will be returned to you unharmed.

SILVER

And if I don't?

Beel's smile is placid.

BEEL

Then you will watch your wife be gutted like a fish, and you will be forced to eat her organs as she slowly expires.

Silver draws the pistol and points it at Beel's face. Beel doesn't even flinch.

BEEEL

I would recommend returning the artifacts. Undamaged, of course.

Silver swallows. He thinks quickly.

SILVER

I don't have them with me.

BEEEL

Then I shall accompany you to their location.

SILVER

No, I mean I mailed them to myself. They won't arrive for a few days.

BEEEL

I see. Then I shall remain here with you to ensure you--

The front door clunks shut as Morriganne enters and approaches Silver.

MORRIGAINNE

Enough time I have waited. I wish to--

SILVER

Morriganne, stay outside.

Beel sees Morriganne. He gives Silver a cold glare.

BEEEL

The deal is off, Mister Drake.

He reaches for his phone.

SILVER

Don't....

Beel ignores him and unfolds the phone.

BLAM! Silver fires one shot. Beel's head snaps back with a hole in his forehead. The phone drops from his hand.

SILVER

Oh shit....

Beel smiles at Silver. With speed and strength that belies his appearance, he lunges over the table.

MORRIGAINE

Mümríe!

Silver throws an punch at Beel's jaw. The jaw snaps off and dangles loosely. Beel slams into Silver and they crash to the ground.

Beel straddles Silver and clutches his throat. His placid face distorts and fades in and out, revealing the broken-jawed face of a dry, rotted corpse underneath.

Silver thrashes and knocks Beel off. He scrambles for his dropped pistol.

Morrigaine murmurs and weaves her hands around one another.

Silver leaps to his feet and levels the pistol at Beel, who clambers up and lurches at Silver.

Silver's gaze loses focus for a moment. He drops the pistol. He ducks under Beel's grasping arms and slams a fist into Beel's stomach and a knee into his ribs.

Beel staggers to regain balance. Silver thrusts a push kick into his chest and shoves him away.

Beel stumbles and crashes into the fireplace, where he bursts into flame. His pudgy lawyer illusion distorts and vanishes as he thrashes helplessly among the firebrands.

The flames rapidly consume the dry corpse.

SILVER

What the fuck was that?!

MORRIGAINE

A mümríe. The dead who know not that they are.

SILVER

You know what that was?

MORRIGAINE

Aye. A mindcasting I used to knock it into the fire. Only flame easily destroys a mümríe.

SILVER

You convinced it to jump into the fireplace. Yeah, right. Knew I did that susceptible it was to flame, so my noisemaking device I dropped and instead into the fire I pushed the mùmrie.

Silver blinks in surprise.

SILVER

What the hell did I just say?

MORRIGAINE

The mùmrie I did not convince, for dead is its brain. You it was that I convinced.

SILVER

You made me push the moom...moomr
...Mister Beel into the fire?

MORRIGAINE

Aye, the thought I put into your mind. What you just said was that thought.

SILVER

No way....

Silver stares at her, then looks at the fire. Dazed, he takes a seat on the couch. Morrighaine sits beside him.

SILVER

How do you know about this stuff.

MORRIGAINE

A deathcaster my father was, so castings of the dead I recognize well. A deathcaster sent the mùmrie. And an imagecaster cast upon it an illusion of a living man to disguise it.

SILVER

Sherman Lord is some sort of a...sorcerer?

MORRIGAINE

The one you stole from is this
Lord Sherman?

SILVER

Yes.

MORRIGAINE

Unless created was the mürrie
before the loss of Essence,
sufficient Essence must still
exist somewhere. Thus a caster
Lord Sherman could be...perhaps
even the däemán that imprisoned me
and killed Mähdríedd! From Lord
Sherman what did you take?

Silver retrieves the pack and dumps Lord's treasures on the
dining room table. Morigaine murmurs in appreciation.

Silver holds up the bag filled with broken crystal.

SILVER

This was the statuette...before I
broke it.

MORRIGAINE

Released me you did. For that I
thank you.

SILVER

Uh-huh. And this I found with it.

He holds up the torn piece of parchment. Morigaine gasps
and snatches it from Silver's hand.

SILVER

Hey, careful with that!

MORRIGAINE

The great casting of Mähdríedd
this is! Or...part of it. The
middle piece. The top and bottom
pieces, where are they?

SILVER

This is all there was. What is
it?

MORRIGAINE

A scroll. Designed it is to
return Essence!

SILVER

Again with the Essence....

MORRIGAINE

If survived this piece did, then
perhaps so too did the others!
With sufficient Essence, a
tracking casting I could use on
this piece to locate the others.

SILVER

Morrigaine...

MORRIGAINE

Almost complete was the scroll of
Mähdriedd when the däemán killed
him. Perhaps finish it I can!

SILVER

Morr--

MORRIGAINE

To full strength I could return
Essence--no longer would this
world be so barren!

SILVER

Morrigaine, I don't have time for
this. I just found out Sherman
Lord kidnapped my wife! I have to
find some way to get her back.

MORRIGAINE

Your wife?

SILVER

He's going to kill her if I don't
return this loot. But I broke the
goddamn statuette!

Morrigaine regards him with a calculating look.

MORRIGAINE

Repair it I could.

SILVER

You...really?

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye. But sufficient Essence I no longer have stored within me. My reserve I must replenish.

SILVER

Let's say Essence actually exists. How can you get more?

MORRIGAINÉ

From an Essence enclave.

SILVER

A what?

MORRIGAINÉ

In his quest to restore Essence, a few small enclaves Mähdríedd found where slower was the drain than anywhere else. One at least must still exist if Lord Sherman created the müríe. Sufficient Essence it should have to replenish my reserve.

SILVER

An Essence enclave. Fine, where?

MORRIGAINÉ

In the strongest my father built a keep. There sufficient Essence he had access to for his project to reverse the drain.

SILVER

So where?

MORRIGAINÉ

In Ile-bráytyn.

SILVER

And where is that?

MORRIGAINÉ

Where is here?

Silver fetches a globe. He points to New York State.

SILVER

We're here.

MORRIGAINE

You know the world is a sphere?
Flat do most people believe it to
be.

SILVER

Show me where you're from.

MORRIGAINE

In the Unknown Land we are?
Truly? So far away it is....

She turns the globe and points to Scotland.

SILVER

You're from Scotland? Really?
You sure don't sound like it.

MORRIGAINE

Months would it take for us to
travel there.

SILVER

We could be there in a day or two.

Morrigaine gives him an amused smirk.

MORRIGAINE

A gatecaster you are?

SILVER

Whatever that is, no. We use
airplanes.

MORRIGAINE

Then use one! If enough Essence
remains, much I could do....

Silver returns Lord's treasures to the backpack.

SILVER

Sorry, I don't have the time. I
need to find Dayna.

MORRIGAINE

If a deathcaster is Lord Sherman,
then defeat him you will not
without my help. And Essence I
need. To Ile-bráytyn take me.

Beel's cell phone rings. Morigaine jumps, startled.

Silver picks up the phone. He takes a crisp hundred dollar
bill from the pack and crumples it near the microphone as
he answers. He mimics Beel's voice.

SILVER

Yes.

GODSON (V.O.)

We've got a bad connection. You
get the artifacts?

SILVER

Not yet.

GODSON (V.O.)

Son of a bitch....

SILVER

Where is his wife being held?

GODSON (V.O.)

She's on her way to the Essence
hot-spot. Make sure Drake stays
put. We're almost there.

Godson hangs up. Silver shakes his head.

SILVER

This is insane. They believe in
Essence too? And they know about
the Essence enclave? He said
that's where they're taking Dayna.

MORRIGAINE

Then to the keep we will go?

SILVER

I don't know what's real anymore.
But yes, we're going. Now.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Silver and Morigaine exit the cabin in a hurry. As they reach the car, headlights come around a bend in the road leading to the cabin. There's nowhere to run.

A black van and a black SUV close in on the cabin. Their headlights illuminate Silver's sedan, Dayna's SUV and the cabin. Silver and Morigaine are nowhere in sight.

The two vehicles park. Godson and eight armed guards exit the vehicles and head up to the cabin.

Silver and Morigaine slip out from underneath the sedan.

SILVER

Get in. Keep quiet.

Morigaine climbs into the sedan. Silver snaps open his knife and stabs a tire of each of the vehicles except the sedan. Air hisses as tires flatten.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Silver drops into the driver's seat and starts the engine. He accelerates in reverse and whips the front end around in a bootleg turn.

Guards run out of the cabin. Several open fire with automatic fire as the sedan roars away down the road.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Silver and Morigaine exit the parked sedan. A bullet hole has starred the rear window.

MORRIGAINE

For what are we here?

SILVER

To pick up some extra large pants,
makeup, wigs, foam padding, duct
tape, Halloween latex mask kit--

MORRIGAINE

Why?

SILVER

We need supplies. My workplace is probably being watched so I need to improvise.

He gestures up at the mall building.

SILVER

Fortunately the American mall is a Mecca for all MacGyver wannabes.

MORRIGAINE

Again there you go. No sense to me does half of what you say make.

INT./EXT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Silver parks in front of an upper-class suburban home with a perfect lawn.

SILVER

Stay here. I'll be back in a moment.

MORRIGAINE

Where is here?

SILVER

My in-laws' house. I need to... borrow something. Rule number thirty-four: Learn the habits of everyone around you.

He picks up the backpack and exits the car.

EXT. DAYNA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Silver reaches up to a ledge above the front door and finds a key. He quietly unlocks the door and slips inside.

INT. DAYNA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Silver types a code into a keypad to disable the wall-mounted alarm system.

A Gucci handbag sits on an antique table. Silver searches through it and finds five credit cards. He takes one.

HOME OFFICE

Silver opens a combination wall safe and takes out two passports. He transfers into the safe all of Lord's treasures except for the cash and the two artifacts.

He wakes a computer and brings up the British Airways website. He uses the credit card to order two tickets.

INT. SEDAN - NIGHT

Silver slides back into the driver's seat. He drops the passports into Morigaine's lap.

SILVER

Ever wanted to be someone else?

MORRIGAIN

No.

SILVER

Then you're not going to enjoy
this as much as I will.

INT. GAS STATION RESTROOM - NIGHT

Silver applies a few last lines to Morigaine's face with an eyebrow pencil. He compares the results to the passport photo of Dayna's mother.

Morigaine looks in wonder at her white-haired, darker-skinned image in the mirror. She looks sixty. Silver looks a balding, craggy-faced, paunchy seventy.

MORRIGAIN

An imagecaster could do no better.

SILVER

Rule number twenty: If you don't
have the equipment to fake
documents, fake yourself instead.

MORRIGAIN

Rule number twenty you said is
nothing beats a moter-saikel for
heavy traffic.

Silver smiles.

SILVER

Rule number one: Don't worry about
the rule numbers. Let's go.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - RESTAURANT - DAY

Disguised, Silver and Morigaine eat a meal in a booth.

SILVER

...which is why the gun and half
my tools wouldn't make it past the
security checkpoint.

MORRIGAIN

Wise is it for a thief to abandon
his equipment?

SILVER

Better than being caught.

MORRIGAIN

Enough Essence I still have to get
your equipment past "security."

SILVER

Yeah...that's not going to happen.
I'm putting it in storage. Hold
on a sec.

He gets up and heads to the counter to pay the bill.

Morigaine shakes her head in disgust. She stands,
shoulders the pack and walks out of the restaurant.

INT. MANSION - LOWER FLOOR OFFICE - DAY

New steel security bars now cover all the windows.

Lord wears an elegant suit as he works behind his desk.

Godson hangs up a cell phone.

LORD

No sign of my lawyer?

GODSON

No, sir. But a cop reported a vehicle with a bullet hole in the window. The description matches the one Drake was driving.

LORD

Where?

GODSON

J.F.K. The engine was still warm.

Lord's eyes narrow.

LORD

He's fleeing the country.

GODSON

Lock down the airport?

LORD

No, he's slippery. Have agents watch the gates of all flights with any tickets purchased within the last twelve hours.

GODSON

Yes, sir.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - SECURITY STATION - DAY

Silver searches through the crowd of people in front of the security station. He spots Morigaine--she's next in line.

He pushes his way to her, but he's too late. Morigaine steps up and hands the backpack to TSA OFFICER #1, who feeds it into the x-ray machine.

Silver watches helplessly.

Morigaine subtly weaves her hands and speaks a few words to TSA OFFICER #2, who views the monitor. Officer #2's eyes lose focus for a moment.

Morigaine steps through the metal detector.

Officer #2 suddenly yawns widely. She doesn't notice the monitor displays a pack filled with tools and a pistol.

The backpack emerges. Morigaine slings it over her shoulder and gives Silver an I-told-you-so look.

Silver stares in disbelief.

BRITISH AIRWAYS GATE

Passengers crowd the gate. Silver and Morigaine take seats in front of a large window overlooking the tarmac.

SILVER

Hypnosis. It's got to be some form of hypnosis.

MORRIGAINÉ

Hipno-sis?

SILVER

That has to be it--you use voice and motion to lull a person into a state of susceptibility to verbal suggestions.

Morigaine rolls her eyes in disgust.

MORRIGAINÉ

Your mind I should misdirect to believe your rump is on fire.

Outside, a 747 jet detaches itself from the terminal. Morigaine stares in awe.

MORRIGAINÉ

That is what? How can so huge a thing possibly move?

SILVER

It's called a jet. You think a car is impressive? Keep watching.

The 747 makes its final turn and taxis down the runway.

MORRIGAINÉ

Faster than a car it moves!

SILVER

Uh, keep it down, Morigaine.

MORRIGAINE

The road ends in the open sea just
ahead, yet it does not slow down.
Will such a large thing not sink?

Realization hits. She gives Silver a smug smile.

MORRIGAINE

It is a car that can float, yes?

Her smile turns to open-mouthed stupefaction as the jet
lifts into the air.

When the jet flies out of sight, she turns to Silver.

MORRIGAINE

Through the air that huge car did
not fly simply from machines!

Silver laughs.

SILVER

Believe what you wish. But it's
true. Sorry.

MORRIGAINE

But that is as impossible as--

SILVER

--using magic to influence
someone's mind?

She looks daggers at him.

MORRIGAINE

For what do we wait here anyway?

SILVER

I couldn't get seating on a flight
earlier than this evening, so I've
wait-listed us on this one. But
if we can't get seats, we'll have
to go over to that gate--

He gestures at the next gate over.

SILVER

--for the evening flight and...

He notices two men in suits and dark glasses watching the crowd at the next gate over.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, this is the
pre-boarding announcement for
flight one seventy-eight to London
Heathrow....

Silver scans the crowd around him. He spots a HEAVY MAN and HEAVY WOMAN hurrying up to the ticket counter.

Their tickets and passports stick out of the woman's purse.

SILVER
Stay here.

Silver stands and walks by the couple as they wait in line. He subtly bumps the woman's purse and transfers the bundle of tickets and passports into a nearby trash can.

He returns to Morigaine and takes her arm.

SILVER
Let's go.

The Heavy Man argues with the FLIGHT ATTENDANT collecting tickets.

HEAVY MAN
But we had them when we checked
our baggage!

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
I'm sorry, sir, but without your
tickets and passports we cannot
allow you to board the plane.

Silver and Morigaine step up to the counter. Silver speaks with a raspy southern voice.

SILVER
My wife and I are first on the
wait list. Any seats open up?

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS 747 - DAY

Silver and Morigaine take their seats.

MORRIGAINE

Is this another waiting room?

SILVER

Not exactly.

LATER

Morrigaine clings to her seat in ecstatic terror as the jet taxis down the runway and lifts off.

She stares, mesmerized, as the city rushes by below.

LATER

Morrigaine smiles as she listens to music over headphones. Her smile turns wistful and she removes the headphones.

MORRIGAINE

No Essence do I detect in this device. Understand I do not....

SILVER

Assuming Essence ever existed, what happened to it?

MORRIGAINE

No one knows. His whole life did the Great Druid Aumérlllynex seek the source of the Essence drain. Successful he was not.

SILVER

Did the demon go after him too?

MORRIGAINE

Aye, I believe so. Never should a dæmán have been able to defeat the Great Druids...but weakened they all were from battle.

SILVER

Battle?

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

A vast fleet of Saxon ships approaches a distant shore.

MORRIGAINÉ (V.O.)

As Essence weakened, so too did
Ile-bráytyn's defensive castings.
Waves of emboldened Sáúks'ain
raiders invaded our shores.

A huge wave capsizes a ship in a raging lightning storm.

MORRIGAINÉ (V.O.)

Using all the forces of nature,
the Great Druids fought back.

A sperm whale rams a ship. Water rushes into the hole.

EXT. ENGLISH SHORE - DAY

Saxon warriors pour from their beached ships. A bolt of lightning strikes, blasting half a dozen warriors dead.

MORRIGAINÉ (V.O.)

The fighting prowess of Lord
Ærturrinn's warriors they also
enhanced.

Outnumbered Briton warriors with wild eyes descend on the Saxons, carving through them like berserkers.

EXT. ENGLISH CASTLE - DAY

Outnumbered Britons fire bows and drop rocks on Saxons from the ramparts of the primitive stone and wood castle.

MORRIGAINÉ (V.O.)

But...too many there were. To a
man all Lord Ærturrinn's famed
warriors were slain. And their
stronghold of Khámmæ-yette fell.

The castle gates splinter under the impact of a ram. Saxon raiders pour through the opening.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

MORRIGAINÉ

That night did the exhausted Great
Druids disappear. For Mähdríedd
the dæmán came two nights later.

SILVER

Uh-huh. So how close was he to finishing his scroll?

Morrigaine grimaces with anguish.

MORRIGAINE

One more day he said he needed. Just one more day! When Essence returned in full, an army of dead he would send to destroy the Sáüks'ain raiders. So at the keep I remained to protect him...but for me the dæmán came first, as I took but a moment to rest....

A nearby PASSENGER leans toward Morrigaine.

PASSENGER

I think I saw that one. Val Kilmer was in it, right?

Morrigaine gives him a dark look. He goes back to his reading.

Silver blinks in sudden realization. He sits up.

SILVER

Wait a sec. When were you put into the statuette? What year?

MORRIGAINE

Why, this year, I think. But what calendar you use I do not know.

SILVER

How about the one based on someone named "Jesus Christ"?

MORRIGAINE

Jesú hei Kraísttu? One of the seven Great Druids he is...was.

SILVER

Morrigaine, the country you come from--what do you call it again?

MORRIGAINE

You mean Ile-bráytyn?

SILVER

That sounds sort of like "Isle Britain." And what's the name of that Great Druid who was looking into why Essence disappeared? You also mentioned a Lord-somebody....

MORRIGAINÉ

Aumérlllynex. And Lord Ærturrinn.

SILVER

Merlin. And Lord Arthur. King Arthur? Morrigané, by any chance did your Lord Arthur have a castle called "Camelot"?

MORRIGAINÉ

Khámmæ-yette, you mean?

Silver stares at her. Again realization hits him.

SILVER

Wait. Say your name again.

MORRIGAINÉ

Morrigainausálafé.

SILVER

Morgan le Fay.

MORRIGAINÉ

Then you do know of me?

Silver shakes his head in disbelief.

SILVER

I've heard the legend. Morgan le Fay was an evil sorceress who betrayed the sorcerer Merlin. She had a son called Mordred, who killed King Arthur, and--

MORRIGAINÉ

What? Heard you these absurdities where? Who has slandered our names?

Silver chuckles.

SILVER

Sorry, I guess the Arthurian legend has changed a bit...over the last fifteen hundred years.

MORRIGAINE

F-Fifteen hundred years?

Silver nods. Morriganne stares into the distance, stunned.

EXT. SCOTTISH COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A sports car drives through rocky hills, boggy valleys and stands of conifers. The moon is nearly full but encroaching clouds threaten rain.

The car pulls to the side of the road. Silver and Morriganne exit. They dress warmly, no longer disguised.

They look across the bleak, barren moors.

SILVER

There's no road going that way.

MORRIGAINE

So walk we must.

SILVER

Terrific.

He shoulders the backpack and tests a flashlight. Morriganne opens her mouth to speak.

SILVER

No! It's just batteries.

EXT. MOORS - NIGHT

Silver and Morriganne trudge through rocky hills.

Silver points out a wisp of fog floating over a hill.

SILVER

Watch out for the ghost,
Morriganne.

He chuckles. Morriganne pauses, then continues walking.

MORRIGAINE

No ghost is that. Merely fog.

SILVER

So you believe in ghosts too?

MORRIGAINE

They are but spirits that remain
after the deaths of their bodies.

SILVER

Yeah? And how does that work?

MORRIGAINE

If enough Essence there is, then
through strength of will alone can
someone who died a bad death
remain. Others return summoned by
deathcasters, who control them.

SILVER

Like that moom...like Mister Beel.

MORRIGAINE

Aye. To interact with the world,
spirits may possess bodies--living
or dead. Of course, easier it is
for spirits to possess the dead,
since no spirit already resides in
the body.

SILVER

Of course. Moomr...that sounds
kind of like "mummy," doesn't it?
Could that be what--

He stumbles as he clutches his stomach and winces.

SILVER

Hold on...I don't feel so good.

Morrigaine grabs her stomach and doubles over.

MORRIGAINE

Oww! I...my stomach...

SILVER

I think we should head back.

MORRIGAINE

Aye. We should leave here. I...
wait. No. Something is wrong.

SILVER

I'll say. Airline food's never
made me this sick before.

MORRIGAINE

No...I mean, suddenly so anxious
we are to leave this place. Why?

SILVER

Who cares? Let's just go.

MORRIGAINE

No. Hold for a moment....

Morrigaine weaves her hands and murmurs to herself. Her
pained expression evaporates.

She turns to Silver and repeats her actions. His grimace
fades too.

SILVER

I...wow, I feel fine now.

MORRIGAINE

Upon this land a curse has been
cast. Little wonder it is so
empty--in such discomfort no one
could live for long.

She continues walking toward the top of a long rise.

Beyond the rise lies a wide, foggy depression. The
moonlight reveals an uninviting marsh in the center.

SILVER

We can avoid that mess by walking
around the ridge.

MORRIGAINE

No. Into the bog we must go.

SILVER

What? Why?

Morrigaine continues walking.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

A scum-covered lake sits in the center of the marsh.
Morrigaine kneels to inspect it for a moment.

She stands and strides out into the water...and vanishes.

SILVER

Morrigaine!

He drops the backpack and leaps in after her. The lake
vanishes and Silver sprawls on the ground.

Morrigaine stands before him. She gestures ahead.

MORRIGAINE

Behold!

A tall wall of stone rises out of the fog.

SILVER

How the hell did we not see that?

MORRIGAINE

An imagecasting conceals it.

Silver goes back and picks up the pack. He turns
around...to see the stagnant lake is back.

He steps into the water and the lake vanishes.

SILVER

Un-freakin'-believable....

He follows Morrigaine to the wall, and stumbles over
something. He switches on the flashlight.

The beam reveals skeletons lying half sunk into the ground.
They wear ancient, rusty armor. Rotting swords and other
ancient weaponry lie nearby.

SILVER

Recognize these guys?

MORRIGAINE

No. But armor typical of
Sáuks'ain raiders is that.

Silver squats down to inspect a skeleton. There is a hole in its helmet over one eye.

He takes the pistol from the pack and ejects a round. He inserts the bullet into the hole. It's a perfect fit.

SILVER

This guy must have been shot
within the last hundred years.

A light rain begins to fall.

Silver and Morrighaine hurry along the wall. They pass several more rotting skeletons.

At the entrance, massive wood doors and part of the wall have collapsed. Silver and Morrighaine enter the keep.

EXT. KEEP COURTYARD - NIGHT

Square, forty yards across. Buildings and open shelters line the inside of the wall. In the center stands a square tower.

The rain pours down. Silver and Morrighaine duck under a wood shelter. Lightning flickers and thunder rolls.

Morrighaine points to the top of the tower.

MORRIGAINE

There was where my father...

She points to an open spot across the courtyard.

MORRIGAINE

And there the dæmán held me.

They both notice a faint blue glow on a door to a stone building near where she points.

SILVER

What's that?

MORRIGAINE

A ward? One still exists?

She runs across the courtyard to a sheltered area in front of the door. Silver follows.

Painted on the door is a faintly glowing, iridescent blue symbol similar to those on the parchment, only hand-sized.

Silver reaches a hand toward the symbol. Morriganine grabs his arm and hauls him back.

MORRIGAININE

No! A lightning ward that is.
Touch the door without the proper
gesture and kill you it will.

SILVER

Rule number sixteen: The greater
the security, the greater the
reward. Any idea why this is
here?

MORRIGAININE

No. But this ward I can dismiss.

Morriganine reaches out. Intensely focused, she slowly traces a finger along the symbol without quite touching it.

She steps away. Her hand trembles with extreme tension. She kneels and places her palm on the ground.

Electricity crackles and Silver jumps.

SILVER

Ow! What the...?

The symbol no longer glows. Exhausted, Morriganine stands.

MORRIGAININE

It is done.

She goes to push open the door, but Silver stays her hand.

He cracks open the door and shines the flashlight around the edges of the door. The beam reveals a thin wire.

With pliers from his pack he snips the wire and cautiously pushes the door open. Narrow stone steps lead down.

The wire dangles from a fragmentation grenade attached to the ceiling by its pin.

MORRIGAININE

That is what?

SILVER

Something bad. Rule number eight:
Never underestimate paranoia.

INT. WARDED KEEP STORAGE AREA - NIGHT

Silver leads with the flashlight as he descends the steps.

At the bottom, a hallway continues thirty feet to a small alcove set into the wall. A flat glass box sits inside it.

Silver scans the room. He hands Morriganne the backpack and motions for her to stay by the stairs.

He cautiously approaches the glass box until he can see inside...and he sees another piece of parchment!

A stone under his foot gives with a click. He snatches up the glass box and bolts for the doorway.

The ceiling crumbles. A steel panel slides down from the ceiling in front of Morriganne. Falling stone blocks crash around Silver as he dives for the rapidly-closing opening.

The panel slows with a screech of metal.

Silver hits the ground and tosses the glass box through the gap. He scrambles halfway through the opening.

Morriganne grabs Silver's wrist and pulls with all her strength. Silver's legs clear the opening an instant before the panel slams down.

Morriganne helps the shaken Silver to his feet.

SILVER

I-I'm okay. Thanks.

Morriganne sees the parchment in the shattered remains of the glass box. With an excited cry she snatches it up.

MORRIGAINNE

Another piece of my father's
scroll this is!

SILVER

The top portion, right?

MORRIGAINE

Aye! Two pieces survived.
Perhaps so too did the third.

SILVER

Terrific, but I'm here to find
Dayna. We need to keep looking.

Morrigaine tucks the parchment into the pack with the other piece. They return upstairs and pull open the door.

A flash of lightning reveals the skeleton with the bullet hole in its helmet standing in the pouring rain. More skeletons stand behind it.

The undead warrior raises its rusty sword. Silver just stares, open-mouthed.

Morrigaine slams the door shut and struggles with the latch. The door shudders as the sword thunks into it.

SILVER

What the hell was--mummies?

MORRIGAINE

Possessed corpses guard the keep!
Now do you believe in ghosts? Or
must they kill us first? Help me!

Silver snaps out of it and leans against the door.

The door shakes from multiple weapon strikes. An axe smashes open a hole in the top.

Silver looks up at the grenade on the ceiling. He reaches up, pulls it free and tosses it out the hole in the door.

He pulls Morrigaine down against the stairs and covers her.

The grenade detonates with a jarring roar. The door blasts open, and debris flies over Silver and Morrigaine's heads.

Morrigaine stares at Silver in shock.

MORRIGAINE

Just batteries?

Silver digs the pistol out of the pack. He grabs Morrigaine's hand and pulls her out the doorway.

EXT. KEEP COURTYARD - NIGHT

Lightning illuminates the courtyard in periodic flashes, revealing pieces of skeleton littering the muddy ground.

Silver and Morigaine run for the exit. A skeletal form emerges from the darkness in front of them and raises a rusty battle-axe.

Morigaine veers off and keeps running, but Silver opens fire with the pistol. One bullet snaps off a rib, another shatters teeth. The skeleton keeps coming.

Silver turns to follow Morigaine but she's gone. More skeletons shuffle toward him through the rain.

He looks down. A skeleton missing its lower half has clamped onto his ankle with a bony hand. He kicks at its skull, crushing it, but the hand doesn't let go.

Skeletons grab at Silver. He fights back but they keep hanging on and overwhelm him. He crashes into the mud.

The undead descend on him.

INT. MANSION - SECRET OFFICE - DAY

Sherman Lord, in a bloodstained coroner apron, murmurs and weaves his hands over the body of a recently dead male CORPSE (50s) wearing a business suit. The Corpse lies on a table in the science lab section of the room.

The Corpse blinks milky eyes and looks at Lord.

Godson approaches, his lip curled with disgust.

LORD

You can relax, Godson. The corpse is preserved and does not smell.

GODSON

It still looks creepy, sir.

LORD

Not for long....

He weaves his hands again, and the face of a normal, living man forms over the dead face.

A cell phone rings. Godson steps away to answer.

Lord steps back and the Corpse sits up.

LORD

Do you know who you are?

CORPSE

Ronald Bains. Director of
Homeland Security.

LORD

Very good. You may go. Await my
contact.

CORPSE

Yes, sir.

The Corpse steps down, adjusts his tie and walks out.

Godson hangs up.

GODSON

M.I.5. reported in. Someone tried
to break into the keep.

LORD

Drake....

BAINS

He's with a woman...with long red
hair.

LORD

WHAT? God damn it! No wonder
he's been able to evade me. This
is becoming--

GODSON

Sir, they were captured. They're
being held in the dungeon.

Lord's scowl gives way to a grim smile.

LORD

Have the jet ready to fly within
the hour. Oh, and have Mister
Drake's wife sent to me
immediately....

GODSON

Yes, sir.

INT. KEEP DUNGEON - SILVER'S CELL

Rusty iron walls with bars along one wall. A dim torch burns in the iron hallway outside.

Silver groans and sits up. He's bruised, muddy and damp.

A chain secures his leg to the wall. Six skeletons, also chained, share his cell. Silver backs away from them.

BRITISH SOLDIER (O.S.)

The Director is on his way here
with more troops. And those
parchment pieces are on their way
to the Colorado enclave.

The BRITISH SOLDIER smirks at Silver from the hallway. He carries a ring of keys and a holstered Automag pistol.

SILVER

Where am I? And where is Morr--
the redhead? Is she okay?

BRITISH SOLDIER

You're screwed, mate. Enjoy your
stay.

He turns and walks back down the hall. Silver moves as close to the bars as his chain will allow.

SILVER

Hey! Is my wife here?

Behind him, a SKELETON silently rises, shedding dust and rotted cloth. It walks stiffly toward Silver.

SKELETON

Ashgárat efaán...raí-stels?

The voice is very faint, whispery, echoing.

SILVER

Hello?

Silver turns and sees the Skeleton. Its eyes burn with a malevolent red glow.

SILVER
Oh, shit! Guard!

He scrambles back against the wall.

SKELETON
You dare disturb...my slumber?

The Skeleton reaches for Silver with claw-like fingers--and jerks to a halt. The chain shackling its ankle to the wall is fully extended and the Skeleton can move no further.

Silver gives a sick, relieved laugh.

The Skeleton grasps its own leg and snaps the bones apart like dusty twigs. The shackle slides off. The Skeleton fits the broken bones back in place and they fuse together.

SKELETON
A mere chain...will not stop
Aumérlllynex....

Silver's panicked gaze switches to surprise.

SILVER
M-Merlin? The Great Druid?

The reaching fleshless hands hesitate.

SKELETON
You...know of me?

SILVER
Yes! You were one of the seven
Great Druids!

He stares with realization.

SILVER
Six skeletons...these are the six
of you who disappeared?

The Skeleton slumps.

SKELETON

A demon captured each of us...when we were drained from battle. Iron ...inhibits Essence, and this dungeon...is lined with iron. We could not...recharge. We...died of thirst. A...pathetic death....

The glowing eyes dim briefly.

SKELETON

The need for vengeance...sustains me...but I tire...I tire....

SILVER

Vengeance? You want revenge against the demon?

SKELETON

I have...nothing else.

SILVER

Then help me get out of this cell.

SKELETON

Why? Who...are you?

SILVER

My name is Silver. I'm helping Morigaine complete her father's scroll to bring Essence back.

SKELETON

Morigainausálafé and Mähdriedd... survived?

SILVER

The demon killed Morigaine's father...but she still lives. If you help us, she can--

The Skeleton turns and lurches to the cell bars. It pulls itself through, crushing its sternum, but the bones fuse back together as it walks out of view down the hallway.

Silver listens. After a moment, a chair scrapes. Two echoing shots ring out. Thuds. A strangled cry.

The Skeleton slowly staggers back. Again it forces itself through the bars. This time the sternum does not heal.

The Skeleton steps up to Silver and holds out the guard's keys. Two bullet holes mark its forehead and it has fresh blood on its finger bones. Silver warily accepts the keys.

SKELETON

Return the Essence...Sil--

The Skeleton collapses in a dusty heap of bones.

GUARD STATION

Iron walls, ceiling and floor lit by torches. Silver enters from one of several cell-lined hallways that lead off from the room. A main passageway leads from one wall.

Silver's backpack sits on a table next to a submachine gun. The SMG has a sound suppressor attached.

A toppled chair and the British Soldier lie on the ground near the table. The soldier's head is twisted backward.

Silver looks down the cell-lined hallways and calls out.

SILVER

Dayna! Are you here? Morrigaine?

No response.

He takes the heavy holstered pistol from the guard and straps it to his own waist. He slings the pack and SMG over his shoulders and heads off down the main passageway.

MAIN PASSAGEWAY

Up ahead the floor angles downward. Silver spots three iridescent red wards on the left wall and three blue ones on the right, each separated by one-yard intervals.

He thinks for a moment, then heads back down the hall.

He returns with the British Soldier over his shoulder. He drops the body and rolls it down the sloping floor.

As the body rolls past each pair of wards, flames burst from the red ward and lightning arcs from the blue ward.

The body finally rolls to a stop just beyond the last ward. A charred, smoking hunk of meat.

All that remain of the wards are scorch marks on the walls.

Silver walks cautiously past the scorch marks to a flight of stone steps leading up.

INT. TOWER - DAY

A trapdoor that blends into the stone floor lifts up as Silver pushes from below. He climbs out and looks around.

Stone steps wind up the inside walls of the square tower. Sunlight shows under a wood door in one wall.

Silver heads for the door. There's a black ward painted on it so he backs away. He climbs the steps instead.

At the top of the stairs he reaches a wood trapdoor in the ceiling. He pushes the trapdoor open.

INT. MORDRED'S LABORATORY - DAY

Silver climbs up into a square stone room with a single large, low window. Just like Lord's secret office, it's filled with alchemist and science lab equipment.

SILVER

What are you up to here, Sherm?

A world map hangs on one wall. Red dots mark locations on the Scotland-England border, just southwest of Inverness, in New York State, and in the Colorado Rocky Mountains.

Silver takes the map down for a closer look, and uncovers an old combination lock wall safe behind it.

His ear to the safe, he twists the dial with practiced expertise. The lock clicks open. He opens the metal door.

Inside he finds a dusty silver ring with a missing stone. He picks it up and frowns at it.

GENIE (O.S.)

You are here. Finally!

Silver grabs up the SMG and whips around.

A tall, skinny GENIE in scarlet robes sits cross-legged on a table. He looks at Silver with disdain.

GENIE

Your toy cannot harm me.

SILVER

Who the hell are you?

GENIE

Do you wish me to tell you?

SILVER

Of course I wish you to tell me.
Why else would I ask?

The Genie gives Silver a smug smile.

GENIE

I am Dägdédggin-Al-Arháádzs. Now,
"master," what is your third wish?

SILVER

Wish? What do you think you are,
a genie?

GENIE

Who else would offer three wishes?

SILVER

You're a genie. For real?

GENIE

You are not required to believe
me. Just tell me you forfeit your
third wish and I shall go.

SILVER

What do you mean "third" wish? I
only made one wish.

GENIE

That was your second wish. I have
already granted you two wishes.

SILVER

Huh? What was my first wish?

GENIE

Do you wish to know what it was?

SILVER

No. I'll just use my last wish to wish for more wishes.

GENIE

What part of "three wishes" do you not understand? Three only.

SILVER

Okay, screw this. I'm leaving.

GENIE

Wait! No, you have to finish your wishes! I've waited too long!

SILVER

Not interested.

GENIE

All right, I apologize for tricking you. I shall re-grant your second wish if you agree to make your wishes now...and if you will offer me a wish in return.

SILVER

You want me to offer you a wish?

GENIE

I can grant myself a wish if the one whose wishes I grant offers me a wish in return.

Silver rolls his eyes.

SILVER

Fine, I accept. So how about if I wish for the return of Essence?

The genie laughs.

GENIE

So now you try flattery. What do you think I am? Omnipotent?

SILVER

How the hell am I supposed to know your limitations? I've never done this before!

GENIE

I am not required to--

Silver blinks with sudden realization.

SILVER

Wait...could you teleport my wife here?

The Genie stares into space for a moment.

GENIE

You want me to teleport a corpse here?

SILVER

W-What?

GENIE

Oh. You didn't know she's dead.

SILVER

What the fuck?! Can you bring her back to life?

GENIE

I can. If you make the wish.

SILVER

I wish for my wife to not be dead!

The genie briefly closes his eyes.

GENIE

Done.

SILVER

So...where is she?

GENIE

She's in a distant land. It will take a wish to know exactly where.

SILVER

This is bullshit. I'm leaving.

GENIE

You agreed to make your wishes now!

SILVER

I don't have time for...

He pauses, thinking.

SILVER

Actually...maybe I do have time. Could you roll back time so I can relive the past week knowing what I know now? I could then avoid robbing Lord in the first place and--

GENIE

With Essence this feeble? I could reverse time no more than one day.

SILVER

Well, that would still give Morigaine and me time to figure out how to avoid the skeletons. So I'll call your bluff, Barbara Eden. Do it.

GENIE

I cannot just "do it." You must wish for it.

SILVER

Fine. I wish to be moved back in time to shortly before Morigaine and I entered the keep. There, will that work?

GENIE

Finally! I can return to my ring at last! Now would you like to know what I wish for?

SILVER

Not really.

GENIE

I wish for you to kill your wife.

Silver points the SMG between the Genie's eyes.

SILVER

Not funny, asshole.

The Genie waves his hand and a sudden wave of dizziness hits Silver. The world blurs and distorts.

INT. BUSINESS JET - DAY

Godson and Sherman Lord sit across from each other in a cabin decked with old-fashioned luxury styling.

The beautiful CO-PILOT (20s) approaches from the cockpit.

CO-PILOT

We'll be landing in an hour, sir.

Her face flickers, revealing a rotted corpse underneath.

LORD

Hold a second.

He weaves his hands and murmurs softly. The beautiful face again appears perfect. She smiles and walks away.

LORD

I may be maintaining too many servants again. I suppose I don't need my co-pilot to be undead.

Godson watches the co-pilot with unease. Lord notices.

LORD

What is it, Godson?

GODSON

Nothing, sir.

LORD

You will speak your mind.

GODSON

Sir...I'm not one of them, am I?

Lord chuckles.

LORD

Not exactly. I mean, I did kill you, of course, because I cannot control the spirit of a body that hasn't died. But I quickly re-summoned your spirit to your body and restarted your heart. The wonders of modern technology.

GODSON

So my spirit is possessing my own body...which is still alive?

LORD

Exactly. More initial effort, less maintenance in the long run.

Godson gives a small sigh of relief.

GODSON

And you need control over my spirit because...?

LORD

I have not survived this long by taking chances with loyalty.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - SUNSET

Silver jerks awake. He lies in the bend of a narrow dirt forest road. He leaps to his feet, SMG still in hand.

He hears hoofbeats and turns. A cantering horse rounds the bend. The rider is Morigaine in a long red dress.

SILVER

Morigaine! Where have you--

She glances at him with suspicion, not recognition, and rides right on by.

SILVER

Morigaine?

She disappears around the bend.

Silver stares in bewilderment. He jogs after her.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

A crescent moon illuminates Silver's path. The forest becomes wilder and more beautiful as he walks.

He crests a rise. In the depression below he sees...the keep! No marsh illusion surrounds it, only thick forest.

Frowning, he hurries down the path toward the wall.

EXT. KEEP WALL PERIMETER - NIGHT

Silver jogs around a curve and sees two Saxon warriors in ratty chainmail and leather armor on the path.

The warriors turn at the sound of Silver's footsteps. They grin and advance on him with a short sword and an axe.

Silver readies the SMG.

SILVER

I don't want any trouble....

The men roar and charge in, weapons raised. Silver fires two short, spitting bursts. Both men jerk and fall.

A guttural shout. Another warrior charges out of the brush with a readied spear. Silver shoots and drops him.

An arrow thunks into a tree by Silver's head. He turns and fires. The archer topples over.

Silver runs down the path to the wall.

At the base of the wall four warriors prepare a grappling hook. They spot Silver, draw their weapons and charge. Silver opens fire. The warriors drop one by one.

More men approach at a run along the side of the wall. An arrow whizzes by Silver's head.

Silver steps into the forest to switch his empty magazine.

Four more warriors charge in. Silver ducks behind tree branches to evade axe swings and a spear thrusts as he reloads. He blazes away, shooting all four men.

As he runs back to the wall he sees more warriors running toward him. He takes aim and fires brief bursts at each.

A heavy warrior swings a mace and bashes the SMG from Silver's grasp. He punches Silver in the face, knocking him down. He straddles Silver and draws a large knife.

Silver snatches up the SMG. The receiver is badly dented, so he slams the barrel into the warrior's teeth. The man roars in pain and drops his knife.

Silver scrambles for the knife and plunges it into the man's neck.

One more warrior with a spear sees Silver and charges as Silver struggles out from under the heavy warrior's body.

Just in time Silver rolls away, and the spear stabs the ground. He gives a desperate thrust with the knife and drives it into the spearman's stomach. The man crumples.

Silver draws the pistol and scrambles to his feet. But there's no one else around. The woods are silent.

He turns and retches into the grass.

Silver looks over the carnage in disbelief. Gradually his expression changes from shock to puzzlement.

He stumbles over to one of the bodies and turns the man's head. There is a bullet hole in his helmet over one eye.

Images of the skeletons Silver found outside the keep flash through his mind. They lie in the same positions as the dead warriors before him now.

His eyes widen.

SILVER

I made the skeletons!

He staggers among the bodies, staring in mute shock.

SILVER

It's fifteen hundred years ago...
That goddamn genie!

EXT. KEEP COURTYARD - NIGHT

The keep is no longer a ruin. Lights glow from several windows. Two horses stand under an open shelter.

Silver climbs the wall using the warriors' grappling hook. He reverses it and lowers himself into the courtyard.

Keeping to the shadows, he runs like a cat to the tower.

As he reaches for the tower door, a brief image of the black ward on the other side flashes through his mind.

He steps back and looks at the rough tower wall and the many narrow gaps between the stone blocks. He climbs.

INT. MORDRED'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

An old-fashioned alchemist lab with numerous lit candles.

Silver climbs in through the open window.

A new-looking map of Britain hangs on the wall. Silver pulls it away and reveals a safe door with no lock.

He opens the door and finds...the bottom third of the scroll! He gazes at it for a moment and then adds it to his backpack.

In the back of the safe he finds the Genie's silver ring--only now it has a large ruby set into it.

He picks up the dusty ring. He buffs it on his clothing and the stone evaporates.

GENIE (O.S.)

What is your first wish?

Silver gives a cold laugh. He tosses the empty ring back inside the safe and turns to face the Genie.

SILVER

You again. Well at least this time I know the rules, asshole.

The Genie blinks with surprise.

GENIE

Do I know you?

SILVER

You will. Now shut up and let me think.

GENIE
Why so hostile?

SILVER
Just wait....

Silver takes a moment to think through the wording.

SILVER
Okay, I wish to be immediately and safely teleported to the location of the woman I call "Morrigaine" at the exact moment your future self sent me back in time.

He holds his breath as the Genie stares off into space. The Genie's expression turns to shock as he regains focus.

GENIE
Oh no...I must wait fifteen centuries for you to make your remaining two wishes?! I'm trapped outside my ring!

SILVER
Life's a bitch. Now grant me my wish.

Silver hears a faint cry. He looks out the window.

In the dimly lit courtyard below he sees a hulking figure of the Demon. Morriganne struggles weakly in its grasp.

SILVER
Morriganne! Oh hell, it's happening tonight?

He draws his pistol.

The trapdoor bangs open. Silver glances back to see the robed form of MORDRED (70s), bald and slim, climbing up the stairs, his back to Silver.

SILVER
Mordred....

Silver turns to the window and raises his handgun.

A ball of fire streaks through the air toward him.

GENIE
Begone, mortal!

The world warps and twists.

INT. KEEP DUNGEON - MORRIGAINE'S CELL

The room looks similar to the cell where Silver was held.

Silver awakens on the floor. He scrambles to his feet and turns. Shackled to the wall is...

SILVER
Morrigaine!

She's blindfolded, gagged and shackled spread-eagle on the wall. Her clothing is torn and muddied.

Silver pulls off her blindfold and gag.

MORRIGAINE
Silver! You are alive!

Silver grins. He works to unlock the shackles with the British Soldier's keys.

SILVER
Good to know. Are you okay?

MORRIGAINE
Now I am. Earlier I heard you call out, but respond I could not. My use of castings to escape they knew how to prevent. A long time it took for you to find me.

SILVER
I, uh, took the scenic route.

He removes the last shackle. Morrigaine jumps down and embraces him enthusiastically. She blinks as she realizes how tightly she's holding him. She releases him.

MORRIGAINE
Thank the sun that you are safe.
Where did you go?

SILVER

Shopping.

He hands Morrigan the third scroll piece. She cries out excitedly.

MORRIGAINE

The final piece it is!

SILVER

Do you think you'll need the other two pieces to finish the spell?

MORRIGAINE

Uh, no, I think not--just this piece needs completion. Why? The other pieces are where?

SILVER

I'll explain later. Sherman Lord could show up at any time.

MORRIGAINE

Not fully prepared am I to face him. Only partially recharged is my store of Essence. The iron walls here--

SILVER

--inhibit Essence. Yeah, I heard.

MORRIGAINE

Aye? Who from?

SILVER

Later. Let's go.

MORRIGAINE

But...your wife.

SILVER

She's not here. A genie told me she's in a distant land.

MORRIGAINE

A genie?

SILVER

Yeah, I've been...busy. I also saw a map showing what I'm pretty sure are four Essence hot-spots, and two of them are in the U.S. I'll bet Dayna's at one of them.

Morrigaine smiles.

MORRIGAINÉ

No longer do you doubt the existence of Essence.

SILVER

Yeah, well, things happened. Now if we can just get you to believe that machines can fly....

GUARD STATION

Silver and Morrigaine enter from a different hallway than the one leading to where Silver was imprisoned.

MORRIGAINÉ

This donjon is where?

SILVER

Hidden under the keep.

MORRIGAINÉ

Truly? Could this be where all along the dæmán was hiding?

Flashlight in hand, Silver heads for the main passageway.

SILVER

I found a door to the outside but it's guarded by a black ward.

MORRIGAINÉ

A black ward? That I wish to see.

MAIN PASSAGEWAY

Silver leads the way. Morrigaine grimaces.

MORRIGAINÉ

That smell...what is it?

SILVER

The guard. I used his body to get
past some wards.

He indicates the scorch-marked walls and charred body.

MORRIGAINÉ

For someone who knows nothing of
Essence, resourceful you are.

SILVER

Rule number five.

INT. TOWER - DAY

Silver shows Morrigané the black symbol on the door.

SILVER

Can you read that?

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye, Silver. It says "Exit."

She laughs and pushes open the door. Sunlight pours in.

EXT. KEEP COURTYARD - DAY

They emerge from the tower and hurry to the exit.

No trace remains of last night's battle.

EXT. KEEP WALL PERIMETER - DAY

The skeletons have returned to their places in the muck.
They stir as Silver and Morrigané run past.

Silver and Morrigané head up the side of the draw before
the skeletons can pull themselves out of the mud.

EXT. MOORS - DAY

At the top of the hill, Silver looks back into the
depression. The keep is gone. Only a slimy marsh remains.

EXT. CARLISLE AIRPORT, ENGLAND - DAY

Sherman Lord's business jet lands.

INT. BUSINESS JET - DAY

Lord sits studying documents. Godson stands nearby.
Guards in business suits prepare for deplaning.

A guard opens the exterior door. MI5 AGENT ROWE enters,
breathless. The guard directs him to Sherman Lord.

ROWE

Director Lord. I'm sorry to
report that the captives escaped
before our soldiers arrived. I'm
afraid we've lost track of them.
I take full responsibility for--

Lord's glare is like acid. His lip twitches.

LORD

Godson.

Godson snaps Rowe's neck with a quick twist. The body hits
the floor with a thud.

GODSON

Sir, I wish you'd let me garrison
troops at each of the hot-spots.
Nobody would get in.

LORD

Too risky. The more people, the
greater the chance someone will
develop an affinity for Essence.
And just look at the problems
Morrigainausálafé has caused me.
No, the sickness casting and
controlled dead are safer.

GODSON

The lycanthrope is alive.

LORD

True. But there's just the one
and I'm monitoring it carefully.
Essence is for me alone to use.

INT. ENGLAND MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Silver lies on one of two beds in the luxury suite, and Morigaine sits on the other. Neither has changed out of their muddy clothes.

MORRIGAINÉ

A sad end it was for Aumérlllynex.

SILVER

At least he went out helping you. But one thing I don't get is that the genie said he couldn't reverse time more than one day.

MORRIGAINÉ

Reverse time he did not. He sent you back, much easier an event than reversing the entire world. Too open to interpretation was your wording.

SILVER

Oh. But why did the genie misinterpret my wish? It only made things worse for him!

MORRIGAINÉ

Gényíea can grant wishes, but no control do they have over how the wishes are actually fulfilled. So risky are such wishes that few people are willing to make them.

Silver frowns as he ponders that. Morigaine gives him an evaluating look.

MORRIGAINÉ

No experience with Essence do you have, yet on your own you did remarkably well.

SILVER

It probably would have been a lot easier with you backing me up.

Morigaine sits on the bed beside him.

MORRIGAINE

In my time most people feared
casters. Even among ourselves,
with formal respect we regarded
each other. But you...

SILVER

You'd prefer me to worship you, is
that it, your highness?

MORRIGAINE

With much fawning and groveling,
aye.

She leans in and kisses him. For a moment he kisses back.
He shakes his head and pushes her away.

SILVER

Morrigaine...I can't.

Morrigaine stares at him. First wounded. Then guarded.

MORRIGAINE

All right. I understand. I
shall...go bathe now.

She stands and walks to the bathroom.

SILVER

Morrigaine...

At the door she turns.

MORRIGAINE

A powerful druid I may be, but no
harm would my touch bring to you.

SILVER

I didn't think it would.

MORRIGAINE

Then why--

SILVER

Dayna.

Morrigaine frowns. Then her eyes widen with realization.

MORRIGAINE

You married for love!

SILVER

Of course. Why else would I?

MORRIGAINE

For status and to form alliances.
Marriage does not signify love.

SILVER

Things have changed.

MORRIGAINE

I see. For my actions I do
apologize.

She enters the bathroom and closes the door.

LATER

Silver exits the bathroom, freshly showered and dressed.

Morrigaine, also bathed and in a robe, sits on a bed. She
studies the third scroll piece. Silver sits beside her.

SILVER

Any luck figuring that out?

MORRIGAINE

Only the last row. A description
it is of how some force has pushed
the Essence above the air covering
the Earth.

SILVER

Meaning the rest of the universe
is full of Essence?

MORRIGAINE

Aye. All my father's scroll must
do is disrupt the force that keeps
Essence away.

SILVER

How close is it to being finished?

MORRIGAINE

Curious...but complete it already appears to be.

SILVER

Then where's the magic?

MORRIGAINE

Complete is the scroll, but apparently not activated. I think for the effect to occur some action must take place.

SILVER

What action? I hope you're not going to need all three scroll pieces together....

MORRIGAINE

No, suffice this last piece should. But to learn how to activate it I must translate it.

She frowns.

MORRIGAINE

Unfortunately, very complex is this language. Many translation castings I will require in an environment rich with Essence.

SILVER

The keep's too dangerous now. But if that map I saw is accurate, there's another hot-spot here in the U.K. and two more in the U.S.

MORRIGAINE

In one of them is your wife?

SILVER

The genie did say "distant land." One U.S. hot-spot is where Lord has his mansion--that figures--and the other is someplace in Colorado. I'll bet that's where they sent Dayna.

MORRIGAINE

But that location I do not know.

SILVER

Didn't you once tell me you could use one scroll piece to track down the other pieces? They were sent to the Colorado enclave, so...

MORRIGAINE

Aye! Sufficiently recovered is my Essence reserve to do this!

She smiles at him with appreciation.

MORRIGAINE

Stupid you are not.

SILVER

Gee, thanks.

INT. PASSENGER JET - DAY

Morrigaine and Silver again wear their elderly disguises. Morrigaine weaves a hand over the spell piece on her lap.

SILVER

So besides influencing minds, you can track certain things, dispel curses and sense Essence. Oh, and translate languages weirdly.

MORRIGAINE

Basic skills they are that all casters must learn before they can develop a specialty. But incorrect is my speech?

She weaves her hands and murmurs. When she speaks again, her strange accent is gone.

MORRIGAINE

There. That adjustment should improve my translation spell's diction and phraseology.

Silver regards her for a moment.

SILVER

Actually, I kind of got used to
your other way of speaking.

Morrigaine cocks an eyebrow. She waves a hand.

MORRIGAINE

Like this you prefer I speak?

Silver smiles.

SILVER

Didn't you say you also did
something with lightning?

MORRIGAINE

Lightningcasting, aye. Master at
least two specialties must any
aspiring Great Druid. But still
too imprecise is my control of
lightning, and my store of Essence
it rapidly depletes.

SILVER

Good thing you're a rechargeable
coppertop.

EXT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The jet lands under a late afternoon sun.

INT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY

Silver and Morrigaine walk past several FBI agents scanning
the crowds. One agent looks hard at Silver.

Morrigaine weaves her hands and murmurs. The agent looks
away, no longer interested.

SILVER

If the F.B.I. is watching this
place we must be on the right
track.

Morrigaine frowns.

MORRIGAINE

Or expected we are.

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

Silver and Morigaine walk along a line of parked cars. Silver spots a jeep with an emergency roadside kit and camping gear in back, and a parking stub on the dash.

SILVER

This will do.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Silver and Morigaine drive down an empty mountain road lined with evergreens. They wear warm clothing and are no longer disguised. The full moon shines above.

Morigaine concentrates on the scroll piece. She points to an intersecting dirt road, and Silver turns onto it.

Silver brakes as the headlights illuminate a tall chain-link fence. A sign on the locked gate reads:

"Do not enter. U.S. Government Property. Trespassers will be subject to lethal force."

SILVER

Charming. Ready to walk?

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Little-used, moonlit and surrounded by dark, quiet forest.

Silver straps on his pistol and shoulders the backpack. He and Morigaine climb over the fence.

As they walk down the road, Morigaine takes a deep breath.

MORRIGAIN

Feel it can you? The Essence?

SILVER

Feels like fresh air to me. Does this mean we're about to be hit with another sickness spell?

MORRIGAIN

No, immune we should now be as--

A twig snaps nearby. Silver draws his Automag pistol and switches on his flashlight.

A huge, muscled WOLF stands among the trees, watching them.

Morrigaine backs up.

MORRIGAINÉ

Go we must--now!

SILVER

Why? It's just a...

The Wolf lunges for them. Reluctantly, Silver aims and fires one shot. The Wolf tumbles to the ground.

MORRIGAINÉ

Run!

She turns and bolts back down the road.

SILVER

Morrigaine, it's dead!

He glances back and sees the Wolf pulling itself to its feet. He fires two more shots and the Wolf drops again...only to once again clamber to its feet.

SILVER

What the hell?

He turns and runs after Morrigané. She has already reached the fence and started climbing.

Silver expertly leaps for the top, bounces his feet against the fence, and flips over to land on the other side.

Morrigané just reaches the top of the fence when--

The Wolf leaps. It grabs Morrigané's pant leg and nearly tears her off the fence. She screams.

Silver fires again and again at the Wolf through the fence at point blank range. It finally drops with a shot through the brain.

Morrigané scrambles over the fence. She grabs Silver and pulls him toward the jeep.

MORRIGAINE

Hurry! Dead it is not!

SILVER

Are you kidding? I just...

The Wolf twitches. Its eyes snap open.

SILVER

Oh, crap...werewolf?!

MORRIGAINE

You know of the wyr-wúalv? Then know you should that only weapons of fire or silver can slay them!

The Wolf clambers up the fence, inserting its feet through the chain links like a trained dog.

SILVER

Can't you control its mind or something?

MORRIGAINE

Too feral it is!

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Silver and Morigaine jump into the jeep. Silver looks back over his shoulder as he guns the engine in reverse.

SILVER

A goddamn werewolf! Holy shit!

He glances down and notices a gas can with the emergency roadside kit. He looks back at the Wolf and sees it jump down to the dirt road and bound toward the jeep.

Silver brakes, shifts and accelerates toward the Wolf.

MORRIGAINE

What are you doing?!

The Wolf veers to the side, but Silver swerves the jeep into it. The impact sends the Wolf flying.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Silver brakes and hops out. He grabs the gas can and a road flare and steps over to the Wolf.

The Wolf's eyes open. Its broken limbs pop back in place.

Silver shoots the Wolf in the head, dropping it again. He unscrews the gas can and empties it all over the Wolf.

The Wolf splutters as it recovers. Silver steps back and ignites the flare. He tosses it on the Wolf.

The Wolf bursts into flame. It screams and thrashes. Its Wolf form twists and transforms, turning into a muscular, overweight man.

The flames rapidly burn the body into a charred skeleton. Silver winces at the smoking remains and turns away.

SILVER

It's done, Morigaine....

Morigaine stares, stunned, as she climbs out of the jeep. She stumbles and Silver catches her.

SILVER

Are you okay?

Morigaine rubs her leg where the Wolf tore her jeans. Silver looks at her with alarm.

SILVER

The werewolf bit you?

MORRIGAINÉ

No, just the leg of my trousers.
But shook me hard it did.

SILVER

Are you okay? Can you walk?

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye, walk I can. Continue we should.

SILVER

Whew. It's hard enough to handle
the whole legendary sorceress bit.
If you were a werewolf too, well,
the leash laws alone...

Morrigaine gives him a wounded look.

SILVER

Joke. Come on, let's go.

He replaces the pistol's magazine. He and Morrigaine again
climb the fence and continue walking down the path.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Morrigaine concentrates on the scroll piece as they walk.

The road winds past a decaying church. Silver glances
through the open doors but sees only broken furniture.

They continue, stepping over a small creek that cuts across
the road, which ends just beyond at a dilapidated wood
house nestled at the base of a rocky cliff face.

MORRIGAINE

In there are the scroll pieces. I
can feel them.

They climb the steps. Silver pushes open the door.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight streaming through a broken window reveals dusty,
rotting furniture. A cracked, full-length mirror hangs on
the back wall.

On a couch sits a woman in a disheveled business suit.

SILVER

Dayna!

Dayna leaps up from the couch and they run into each
other's arms. They cling tightly to each other.

SILVER

Dayna, you're alive!

Silver opens his eyes. He sees his reflection in the mirror...but Dayna shows no reflection at all. He stares.

Morrigaine sees Dayna smile coldly and shift her gaze to Silver's neck. Her lips part to reveal inch-long fangs.

MORRIGAINE

Silver!

Silver shoves Dayna away. She trips and falls.

Morrigaine grabs Silver's arm and hauls him outside.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Morrigaine slams the door shut and pulls Silver away.

SILVER

W-What is--

MORRIGAINE

A trap this is! She is vyámpeer!

Silver reels but he allows Morrigaine to drag him along.

SILVER

But...I wished for her to not be dead....

MORRIGAINE

Undead is not dead! Run!

The shack door splinters off its hinges and Dayna steps out. She turns her gaze on Silver and Morrigaine, then dashes after them like a spider across a web.

Silver stumbles just short of the creek. Morrigaine grabs his arm and drags him splashing across. They collapse on the other side. Silver paws for the holstered pistol.

Dayna stands on the other side of the creek, her gaze filled with hunger. She turns and races upstream.

Morrigaine pulls the dazed Silver to his feet.

MORRIGAINE

Away from here we must go! Now!

SILVER

But she's gone....

MORRIGAINE

Cross running water a vyámpeer cannot, but the creek is small-- around the source it will go!

SILVER

We can't outrun that thing. Can we...can we fight it?

MORRIGAINE

Against it your weapon and my castings are useless. We need weapons of fire or wood!

Silver points to the old church.

SILVER

There's plenty of wood in there.

INT. RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

Broken windows and skylight. Old, cracked pews. In back are a fireplace and an altar covered with broken furniture.

Silver and Morigaine run inside and slam the doors shut. They hurry to the altar.

Silver rummages through the furniture and comes up with two long, sharp chair legs. He hands one to Morigaine.

SILVER

We have to stake it in the heart?

MORRIGAINE

Heart or brain. And inside the vyámpeer's body the wood must remain until the creature dies, or the wound will heal.

SILVER

Okay. I'm ready.

MORRIGAINE

I hope so. Its speed and strength
you have seen...and it is your
wife.

SILVER

That thing is a monster. It's not
Dayna.

MORRIGAINE

Aye. Remember that.

SILVER

But why do we need to use wood?
What's so special about it?

Morrigaine shrugs.

SILVER

I have an idea....

With his knife he carves a crude bullet shape from a small
piece of wood. Using pliers, he twists a bullet free from
a cartridge, then wedges the wood bullet in its place.

He chambers the round into the pistol.

SILVER

What do you think?

Morrigaine doesn't answer. Silver follows her gaze...

Dayna stands at a broken window, smiling like a macabre
Mona Lisa. In a blur of motion, she's gone.

As Silver and Morrigaine scan the windows, a growing shadow
appears on the ground nearby.

SILVER

Above!

Silver dives to the side as Dayna drops from the skylight.
She lands like a cat behind Morrigaine.

Morrigaine spins and stabs at the vampire with her stake.

Inhumanly fast, Dayna slaps the stake away and shoves
Morrigaine into the pile of broken furniture.

Silver sits up. He aims at the vampire's head and fires.

The inaccurate wood bullet nicks the vampire's cheek, releasing only a thin spatter of blood.

Dayna fixes her hungry gaze on Silver.

Silver backs up against the fireplace. He slips and his left arm plunges into a pile of old ashes.

He looks at his ash-covered arm, then up at Dayna slowly advancing on him through the dusty air.

He scrambles to his feet. He takes aim with the pistol and fires again and again at Dayna's heart.

Dayna merely jerks with each shot. Behind her red droplets spatter the floor like spilled candy.

Silver switches to the wood spear. As Dayna reaches for him, he feints a lunge with the spear. Dayna easily snatches the spear away.

Silver throws a straight-fingered punch with his left hand. It plunges completely through Dayna's shredded chest.

Dayna screams like a banshee. As she thrashes, Silver reaches around and interlocks his fingers to hold on.

The thrashing slowly subsides, and Dayna falls limp. Silver pulls out his arm with a sickening sucking sound.

MORRIGAINE

Ashes...wood ashes you used!

Silver holds Dayna close and sobs quietly. Morigaine watches him with sad eyes.

EXT. RUINED CHURCH - NIGHT

Silver sits next to Morigaine on the church steps. He stares vacantly into the night.

SILVER

You said...

MORRIGAINE

What?

SILVER

You said that someone who dies a bad death in an Essence-rich area can survive as a ghost.

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye, if enough strength of will they have, but--

SILVER

And a ghost can possess a body.

MORRIGAINÉ

Silver, dead is her body. Mindless she would be unless it had been properly preserved.

SILVER

But you're alive--her spirit could possess you!

MORRIGAINÉ

It could...but two spirits a body cannot hold for long. Eventually exert control the original spirit would and cast out the possessing spirit.

SILVER

Couldn't the possessing spirit get rid of the original spirit and stay in control?

Morrigainé gazes at him with sad eyes.

MORRIGAINÉ

That is what you want?

Silver blinks, realizing what he's just said.

SILVER

Oh god...no, I didn't mean that. I'm sorry Morrigané. I just...

He looks at his blood-smeared hand. Morrigané nods. She puts an arm around his shoulders.

SILVER

Are all the monsters real?

MORRIGAINE

The worst of Essence you have seen. I wonder if mistaken I am in my quest to return it....

SILVER

Now you wonder?

MORRIGAINE

All this time your wife you have sought to rescue above all else. Never have I cared about another that much. Devoted I was only to assisting my father in his goal.

SILVER

You had him, at least.

MORRIGAINE

But not once have I mourned his death. Instead I lamented his failure to return Essence.

Silver nods.

MORRIGAINE

Never did I consider the advantages of leaving things be.

SILVER

Does the bad outweigh the good?

Morrigaine considers. She shakes her head.

MORRIGAINE

No. Much good is there of Essence that you have yet to experience.

SILVER

Then let's finish this.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Silver and Morrigan enter. Morrigan weaves her hand over the scroll piece. She points at the cracked mirror.

MORRIGAINE

There. Behind the mirror.

Silver tugs on the mirror but it doesn't budge. He runs his fingers down the sides of the frame.

Something clicks. The mirror hums and slides to the side, revealing a vault-like metal door with a retinal scanner.

Silver inspects the retinal scanner. He shakes his head.

SILVER

I don't know how we're going to get through this.

A hidden speaker crackles to life.

LORD (V.O.)

Excellent. Finally a security measure you cannot transgress, Mister Drake.

Silver whirls around, pistol raised.

LORD (V.O.)

I am on my way.

Silver grabs Morriganne's hand and bolts for the exit.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDINGS - NIGHT

Bobbing vehicle headlights approach from down the dirt road, along with the growl of engines.

Silver and Morriganne run along the cliff face toward the nearest escape route: a narrow path through the forest.

They reach the trees, but neither notices a black rope tied across their path at shin level. They both trip and crash to the ground.

Morriganne's head smacks against a rock and she lies still.

Silver's pistol and backpack go flying and he lands hard. He rolls over, dazed.

Godson steps out from behind a nearby tree. He wears a pistol holstered on his belt.

GODSON

That hurts, doesn't it?

He grabs Silver by the front of his shirt and hauls him to his feet.

Silver lashes out with a shin kick to Godson's thigh and a punch to his stomach.

Godson barely flinches. He rams a fist hard into Silver's ribs with a crunch. Silver gasps for air.

With a smile, Godson slams his fist into Silver's face.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDINGS - DAWN

Silver gradually comes to. One eye is swollen almost shut. His nose is broken and bleeding.

In the early morning light he sees Morigaine lying unconscious nearby, an ugly welt on her forehead.

Silver slowly sits up and winces from broken ribs. He and Morigaine have been dragged back away from the trees.

A dozen armed guards stand in a circle around Silver and Morigaine.

LORD (O.S.)

Good morning, Mister Drake.

With effort, Silver turns. Sherman Lord and Godson stand inside the circle. Lord wears an iron helmet.

LORD

Did you enjoy being reunited with your wife again?

SILVER

You f-fucking bastard...

The swelling injuries affect Silver's speech. He struggles to stand.

GODSON

Stand up and I'll break your legs.

Silver reluctantly slumps back.

Lord produces the three scroll pieces from his suit pocket.

LORD

Now where did you find this third section? It's been missing for, what, fifteen centuries!

SILVER

Go to h-hell.

Morrigaine stirs and groans. She sits up.

MORRIGAINÉ

My head. Silver, are you...

LORD

Hello, Morrigináusálafé. It's been a long, long time....

She looks up and sees Lord. She frowns.

MORRIGAINÉ

You are who?

LORD

Oh. My latest identity. Forgive me.

He waves a hand and his face and body morph into Mordred's. Silver and Morriginé stare at him.

MORRIGAINÉ

F-Father?

SILVER

I s-saw the demon fry you.

MORDRED

Did you now? You mean that demon behind you?

Silver turns his head. The huge Demon is right THERE. It reaches for Silver with its clawed hands--

Before he can react, the Demon vanishes.

Mordred chuckles. He weaves his hands and turns back into Sherman Lord.

LORD

I had to study imagecasting in secret so that none would suspect me. Demon, fireball, me in the tower--all just illusions to support the belief that a demon was the source of all the trouble.

MORRIGAINE

Then...you it was who imprisoned me in the crystal?

LORD

Indeed. I had intentions of one day reviving you to succeed me.

SILVER

And y-you were the one who killed the Great Druids.

LORD

I had to. Aumérlllynex was close to discovering that my scroll was the source of the Essence drain.

Morrigaine stares.

MORRIGAINE

Your scroll caused Essence to disappear?

LORD

No, just weakened it considerably.

MORRIGAINE

Why would you...?

LORD

The Essence enclaves. When I discovered them I realized that if I reduced Essence everywhere to the point where only the enclaves had any significant amount left, then I would be the only one with access to Essence.

He gestures to encompass the clearing and smiles.

LORD

My life extension spells would still function, but enchanted creatures would disappear and magic would become myth within a few generations. And although my own power would be weakened, I would still be far more powerful than anyone else.

SILVER

In the l-land of the blind, the one-eyed m-man is king.

Lord laughs.

LORD

Succinctly put, Mister Drake.

SILVER

Th-This is all about p-power?
Gee, how original....

LORD

Well, it was more original when I started this thing.

MORRIGAINE

You betrayed us all!

Her eyes filled with fury, she lunges at Lord.

LORD

Godson.

Godson steps forward and slams his fist into Morigaine's face. She crashes to the ground and lies still.

SILVER

Morigaine!

LORD

It's just as well she is not conscious when she dies.

SILVER

What? You can't--y-you said you wanted her to s-succeed you.

LORD

It's true, I did. But after
fifteen hundred years I've come to
realize I'll never retire. I
enjoy this too much. I should
have taken care of her long ago.

Silver coughs into his hand. It comes away bloody.

SILVER

L-Let her g-go. You have m-me.

LORD

I have both of you, Mister Drake.

He turns to a guard next to him.

LORD

Send for two men with shovels.
Godson, you will supervise their
burial.

Silver notices Morigaine's eyes are open. Her lips move
and her hands surreptitiously weave around each other.

Godson's gaze loses focus. He draws his pistol and points
it at Lord's head. Lord smiles and looks at Morigaine.

LORD

I'm sorry, Morigainausálafé, but
Godson is incapable of harming me.
I control his spirit.

Godson lowers his gun. He blinks and shakes his head.

Morigaine sits up and weaves her hands again. Lord raps
his helmet with a knuckle.

LORD

And iron inhibits Essence. Your
mindcastings cannot--

Morigaine thrusts her hands forward and a brilliant bolt
of lightning launches from her palms.

The blast of thunder knocks Silver to the ground. Muted
popping noises sound through the ringing in his ears.

He forces himself back up to his knees.

Curls of smoke rise from a dozen gun barrels. Morigaine lies on her back like a discarded rag doll. Bullet holes riddle her body. Her eyes are glazed open.

Silver tears his gaze away. He looks at the steaming, twisted, blackened remains of Morigaine's target.

LORD (O.S.)

My word....

Silver looks up. Sherman Lord stands unscathed as he looks down at the charred body of the guard nearest him.

GODSON

Are you all right, sir?

LORD

F-Fine. I didn't realize how far she'd come. Still, her control always needed work....

He gazes sadly at Morigaine, then turns to Silver.

LORD

Mister Drake, you've made things difficult for me over the past few days. I don't appreciate that. But tell me where you found that third scroll piece and I'll extend your life a little longer.

SILVER

G-Go fuck yourself.

Lord nods at Godson. Godson raises his pistol and fires. The bullet rips through Silver's chest.

Silver lies in a growing puddle of blood. A rushing sound fills his ears. The world turns slow motion and gray.

SILVER

N-No...n-not yet....

The world fades. Silver's eyelids droop closed.

His eyes snap open. They burn with determination. He lunges to his feet.

SILVER

Not yet!

Silver stands naked, gray and transparent. All his injuries are gone. He is a ghost.

His battered and bloody dead body lies on the ground near him. Lord and his men walk away, fading into the grayness.

Silver kneels beside Morigaine's body. He reaches to touch her face, but his hand just passes through her and he recoils. He sits and just gazes at her sadly.

He looks up to see workmen BIGGS and JONES digging a grave.

Godson stands over Silver's body. He smirks.

Silver's face twists with rage. With a primal roar he charges at Godson and slams into him.

The impact drives Godson's spirit out of his body, and both ghosts hit the ground. Godson's body collapses.

Godson's ghost stares uncomprehendingly at Silver's ghost.

Silver brutally slams his fist again and again into Godson's face. Godson struggles ineffectively.

Silver grabs him by the throat with both hands and squeezes with all his might.

Godson's ghost flickers with static. He dissolves and disperses like smoke. Silver clutches empty air.

The rage fades from his eyes.

He staggers to his feet and looks over at his own dead body. It's a battered, broken, shot-up mess.

He looks down at Godson's dead body, which looks perfectly healthy. Biggs is giving it CPR.

Silver's eyes widen with realization.

He goes to Godson's corpse and lies down on it, arranging his limbs and torso to completely immerse himself into the body. Last to disappear is his head and...

Blackness.

BIGGS (O.S.)
Yeah, he got a pulse now.

JONES (O.S.)
Good! Oh man, we'd a paid for it
if he died.

Light and blurred shadows gradually come into focus. Two faces stare down.

BIGGS
You okay, sir?

Godson shakes his head to clear it. He sits up quickly.

The two workmen jump to their feet and step back.

Godson looks wondrously around until his gaze settles on the two workmen. His expression hardens.

GODSON
I just slipped. Get back to work.

BIGGS AND JONES
Yessir!

They grab up their shovels and continue digging.

Godson stands and looks himself over. He bunches a fist and stares at the corded muscles in his forearm.

BIGGS
Okay, we're done, sir. You want
we should bury 'em now?

Godson snaps out of his reverie.

GODSON
No. I'll do it myself. Have
transportation waiting for me.

BIGGS AND JONES
Yessir!

They drop their shovels and hurry off toward the road.

Godson kneels next to Silver's battered corpse. He reaches out and closes the glazed eyes.

He scoops up the body and carries it over to the shallow grave. He gently places his body in the ground.

He kneels beside Morigaine. He closes her eyes too, and gently caresses her face.

He holds her close. Tears well from his eyes.

GODSON

I'm sorry, Morigaine...I'm so
sorry....

He places Morigaine in the grave with Silver's body. He picks up the shovel.

EXT. MANSION - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Guards in black suits with submachine guns stand at the open front gates of the mansion. They stand back to allow a black limousine to pass through.

The limousine stops at the building entrance and Godson climbs out. He glances at new surveillance cameras and bars that now cover the mansion's windows.

He walks up the steps.

INT. MANSION - SECRET OFFICE - DAY

Sherman Lord sits at his desk, an old tome open before him. Lit candles and oil lamps sit in a ritual pattern on the desktop, along with a large revolver. Lord looks up.

LORD

Ah, Godson. Have a seat.

He gets up to return the tome to a bookshelf. Godson sits in an antique leather chair before Lord's desk.

GODSON

Have you secured the scroll
pieces, sir?

Lord gestures at the treasure room door.

LORD

They're with my other treasures
for now. I plan to split them up
again when the other enclaves are
sufficiently secure.

GODSON

One in each enclave?

LORD

Except the one that's underwater,
of course.

Lord selects another book from a bookshelf.

LORD

I trust there were no problems at
the Colorado enclave?

GODSON

No, sir. Mister Drake and
Morrigaine were buried as you
requested.

Lord's eyes widen. He returns the book to the shelf.

Godson reaches out and picks up Lord's revolver. He points
it at Lord's back.

Lord surreptitiously weaves his hands and whispers softly.

Godson jerks stiffly upright in his seat. He shifts the
revolver to point at his own temple. His head doesn't move
but his eyes glance around in alarm.

Lord takes the book and returns to his seat. He smiles and
speaks in a casual tone as he opens the book on the desk.

LORD

Tell me, Godson, why did you call
Morrigainausálafé "Morrigaine"?

GODSON

Because I can't pronounce her
name.

Godson's eyes widen in surprise at his own words.

LORD

Oh? You never had trouble doing so before. The only person I know who called her "Morrigaine" is...Mister Drake. Who are you?

GODSON

I'm Silver's ghost.

Godson looks around in horror.

LORD

I...see. Your spirit survived the bullet and you possessed Godson's body. Am I correct?

GODSON

Yes.

LORD

You were fortunate to have died in an Essence enclave. But you lacked the wisdom to stay away from the world's only deathcaster?

Lord chuckles and prepares to cast a spell.

LORD

Two spirits occupying a single body is inherently unstable, so we could just wait for Godson's spirit to re-exert control over his body. But it is a relatively simple task to strengthen the original spirit to immediately expel any invader. So...good-bye again, Mister Drake.

Lord weaves his hands and murmurs.

Godson trembles with tension. Sweat beads his brow. He jerks once and the tension evaporates. He blinks and looks at Lord with a calm gaze.

LORD

Welcome back, Godson.

Godson remains sitting with the gun against his temple.

GODSON

Uh, sir?

LORD

Oh yes. Pardon me.

He waves a hand to dismiss the spell. Godson relaxes.

Lord flips through the pages of his book.

LORD

Sorry for the scare, Godson. But you were never in any danger. The revolver is--

Godson's gaze turns lethal. He points the gun at Lord and pulls the trigger. But the hammer lands on an empty chamber. CLICK.

LORD

--empty.

Lord looks up and sees the revolver pointed at his face. He and Godson exchange a look of surprise.

LORD

What? Drake is still--

GODSON

There was no second spirit for you to exorcise, Sherm. Godson's spirit is dead. I'm the only one in here!

Lord hurriedly weaves his hands together and murmurs.

Godson stands and grabs one side of the heavy desk. He flips it out of the way in a massive display of strength.

Oil and candles go flying against a bookshelf. The dry books immediately catch fire. The flames spread rapidly.

Godson steps forward and grabs both of Lord's hands.

GODSON

Oh no you don't. You've cast your last spell, you son of a bitch.

He squeezes Lord's hands like a vice. The bones snap and pop as they break. Lord screams.

GODSON

You killed my family.

He grabs Lord by the arms and yanks them apart, dislocating them both at the shoulder. Lord screams again.

GODSON

You killed Morigaine.

He grips Lord by the head and jerks Lord's jaw hard to the side, breaking it with a loud crack.

GODSON

You killed me.

He picks Lord up and slams him across his knee, snapping his spine. Lord collapses to the floor, legs paralyzed.

GODSON

And now...now it's your turn.

Flames have spread throughout almost the entire room.

Lord feebly raises his hands to cast a spell. But he can't move his fingers and he can't speak.

Godson opens the treasure room door and steps into the...

TREASURE ROOM

The three scroll pieces sit prominently on a shelf among the treasures. Godson takes them.

He gives the other treasures a dispassionate glance. He turns his back on them and walks back out to the...

SECRET OFFICE

Lord crawls for the exit. The flames lick toward him.

GODSON

You deceived Morigaine into thinking you'd died in a fire. I'm going to make an honest man out of you, Sherm.

He walks out of the room.

Lord's clothing catches fire. He paws at the pendant around his neck and rips it off. He tosses it away.

The burning ceiling collapses and cuts short his scream.

EXT. SILVER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A new sports car parks in the driveway, and Godson climbs out. He dresses like Silver used to.

SILVER (V.O.)

By becoming Godson I'd found a round-about cure for my cancer, and I inherited Lord's secret empire...but I'd lost everything that had ever meant anything to me. The trade...wasn't worth it.

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Godson walks into the living room. He sees a fire burning in the fireplace. His eyes briefly lose focus.

LORD (O.S.)

Hello, Godson.

Godson turns to see Sherman Lord, uninjured, step from the shadows.

GODSON

How the hell...?

LORD

When holding Morrigainausálafé's dead body you cried, Godson. Why?

GODSON

How did you know about that?

LORD

Answer me. Over her dead body why did you cry?

GODSON

Because I cared about Morrigaine. Unlike you, you fucking monster.

LORD

"Morrigaine"? You are not...

He focuses intently on Godson. His eyes widen.

LORD

Silver...it's you!

GODSON

What's gotten into you, Sherm?
And why are you talking like...

His eyes widen in sudden realization.

Lord waves a hand. His form dissolves and becomes...
Morrigaine.

GODSON

M-Morrigaine? Is that really...

Morrigaine nods.

GODSON

How did you survive?

MORRIGAINE

My leg was injured not just from
being shaken.

GODSON

The werewolf...it bit you?

MORRIGAINE

Aye. But with Essence so reduced,
the wyr-wúalv infection I did not
think I would contract. I...was
wrong.

GODSON

And werewolves can't be killed by
normal bullets.

Morrigaine nods. Godson stares in sudden realization.

GODSON

I buried you, Morrigaine....

She shudders and nods.

MORRIGAINE

Aware I was but I could not
respond. When I recovered I dug
my way out. My way here I found.
Nowhere else did I know to go.

GODSON

Morrigaine...

She runs into his arms, her eyes filled with tears. They
hold each other tightly.

LATER

Morrigaine sits with Godson on a rug in front of the fire.
She completes the final gestures of a spell.

Their eyes briefly lose focus. Godson morphs into Silver.

MORRIGAINE

This image I prefer to see.

Silver looks himself over and pats himself down.

SILVER

But...I'm not really me, am I?

MORRIGAINE

No. Our minds I have misdirected
to see you as you were.

SILVER

You know, that's a really handy
ability you have there.

MORRIGAINE

New rule: mindcasters make great
partners.

They share a smile.

Morrigaine fits the three scroll pieces together on the
rug. Silver eyes them critically.

SILVER

Now that it's complete it could
sell for a fortune, you know that?

Morrigaine stares at him, incredulous. Silver laughs.

SILVER

Kidding!

MORRIGAINE

This scroll has but one fate.

She picks up the three pieces and tosses them on the fire. They go up in brightly colored flames.

A wave of force bursts from the burned scroll. Morrigaine shudders with pleasure as the wave passes through her.

Colors everywhere become subtly brighter, sharper.

INT. UNDERWATER CAVE - DAY

Dark, murky. A huge DRAGON sleeps on the silted bottom.

The wave of returning Essence washes through the cave. Colors brighten.

The Dragon opens a large golden eye. The massive head raises and looks around the darkness of the cave.

With a sweep of its long tail, it launches itself off the bottom of the cave in a swirl of silt. It propels itself out of the cave and toward the surface above.

EXT. LAKE SURFACE - DAY

The Dragon surges to the surface. Its silver scales glitter in the sun. It spreads its huge bat-like wings.

The wings beat down with a spray of water, launching the Dragon into the air. It banks across the surface of the lake and soars off into the sky.

A sign by the lake reads:

"Welcome to Loch Ness"

FADE OUT.