

# AFTERLIFE

"The Science Of Death"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

CLOSE ON:

The face of JONATHAN, his eyes staring at us in sheer disbelief -- An expression of ultimate betrayal.

JONATHAN  
(low, voice cracking)  
Don't do this...

WIDEN to REVEAL:

A STANDOFF.

Jonathan and AURORA stand opposed to DIANA, who is holding their infant DAUGHTER in her arms. Diana's white dress flows slightly as a breeze blows across the field of truth -- The scene of the recent final battle with Shadow Man.

KATE, RACHEL and LYNN complete the circle, all trading uncertain looks.

Diana takes her eyes off the baby, giving Jonathan a remorseful look.

DIANA  
I'm sorry. I've come too far to  
stop now.

Aurora steps forward, mounting dread mixed in with the confusion in her expression.

AURORA  
What are you talking about?

She turns to Jonathan, who seems frozen, completely drained.

AURORA (cont'd)  
We did it. We killed Bridge. It's  
over!

Diana lowers her gaze back to the baby.

DIANA  
No. Bridge is dead but his power  
remains. His six disciples now  
share that power, spread to every  
corner of this world. Your daughter  
is the only one who can give me the  
edge I need to rid the universe of  
Bridge's taint forever.

Jonathan keeps his disbelieving look on Diana, who can't seem to meet it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

(low)

You're asking too much. I'm done  
with this war.

Diana finally looks up.

DIANA

I know. You have to believe me when  
I tell you I never wanted it to  
come to this. You've done  
everything I could have hoped for  
and more. I know you won't let me  
take her from you.

She then throws a quick glance towards Rachel and Kate.

DIANA (cont'd)

Which is why I'm not giving you a  
choice.

With a brutally sudden move, Rachel lashes out with the butt  
of her crossbow, hitting the already exhausted Lynn in the  
back of the head with CRUSHING efficiency.

The older assassin hits the dirt, out cold, maybe worse.

Aurora is the first to react, rushing blindly towards her  
daughter held by Diana.

The baby CRIES as Diana brings up her hand, sending a WAVE of  
DARK ENERGY shooting towards the charging Aurora. The wave  
tears a deep gash into the ground as it eventually hits  
Aurora head on, sending her flying back into a crumbling  
ruin.

She remains still, her tangled limbs barely visible through  
the dust and rubble.

Jonathan is still frozen.

Diana regards him with a sad look, nodding towards the  
unconscious Aurora.

DIANA (cont'd)

If it wasn't for her I might  
consider offering you a chance to  
join us. To keep fighting the  
darkness by your daughter's side.

Jonathan turns his dazed eyes towards Aurora, looking at her  
bruised form as he speaks, voice shaky.

JONATHAN

I'll do it. I'll do anything. Just  
don't take her away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Diana shakes her head.

DIANA

I wish I could believe you,  
Jonathan. But I've watched you long  
enough to know that you could never  
betray her like that. It's just not  
who you are.

Diana hands the baby to a shell shocked Kate before moving up  
to Jonathan, who still remains frozen like a statue.

His eyes shoot a glare towards Kate, who looks down.

DIANA (cont'd)

Your friends know what's at stake.  
Don't blame Kate for this. She  
loves you, but this is more  
important than love. The legacy of  
Bridge must be destroyed.

She puts a hand on Jonathan's chest.

CLOSE ON:

His chest, covered in pulsating strains of DARKNESS,  
slithering about under his skin, GRIPPING his heart.

DIANA (cont'd)

That darkness I had Disease give  
you wasn't just to keep tabs on  
you. You may have been strong  
enough not to fall to the disease,  
but the darkness inside you will  
always be there... Waiting to hear  
my whispers.

Kate is crying silently while in turn trying to soothe the  
crying baby.

KATE

I won't let anything happen to her.

On Jonathan's hands, CLENCHING hard enough for his nails to  
draw blood. Diana is right in his face, inches away. But he  
still can't seem to move.

JONATHAN

(struggling)  
I'll find you...

Diana stays in his face for a beat.

DIANA

No. You won't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Her eyes FLASH with DARKNESS as she seems to concentrate, lifting her right hand in front of Jonathan's chest, making a hard FIST, as if squeezing an imaginary object.

Jonathan SCREAMS in pain, clutching his chest as he falls to his knees.

Diana takes the baby from Kate, giving Jonathan one last regretful look before walking away.

Rachel joins her, clearly not as conflicted as everyone else, even giving Jonathan a small WINK before following Diana.

JONATHAN'S P.O.V:

The world increasingly DARK, the colors draining fast.

Kate lingers for a beat, finally turning away.

KATE

I'm sorry...

As the three women FADE into an enveloping DARKNESS, the P.O.V. CRASHING into the dirt, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. ASH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The sun bathes the living area of a small, bare to the bones apartment. The sound of RUNNING WATER is heard from a nearby bathroom.

All kinds of gadgetry lay spread out all over the place.

CLOSE ON: A small TV, currently showing some news footage.

A female reporter stands in front of BRIDGE CORPORATION HQ, the twin buildings under some extensive repair.

FEMALE REPORTER

(from TV)

One month after the horrible tragedy that claimed the lives of some of the city's greatest benefactors, repairs are in full swing here at headquarters of the Bridge Corporation thanks to the Lester Foundation-

CLICK!

The screen goes blank, now reflecting the image of:

ASHWARA "ASH" KHAPUR -- An Indian woman in her early thirties sporting attractive looks well hidden by too big glasses and plain clothing. Her black hair is currently wrapped in a white towel, fresh from the shower.

She speaks with a slight English accent.

ASH

You hear that XIII? I'm famous by extension.

She looks over to a slightly overweight cat with red fur splayed out lazily over the couch in front of the TV.

XIII gives her a lazy YAWN.

ASH (cont'd)

(sighs)

Why do I even have you around?

CUT TO:

INT. ASH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

Ash exits her apartment wearing a dress suit, looking sharp and professional.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sticks her head back into the apartment.

ASH  
If you break into the fridge again,  
I'm having you castrated!

She closes the door, turning around to find the shocked face of an older woman exiting the apartment across the hall.

Ash gives the woman a matter of fact expression.

ASH (cont'd)  
My cat. He responds well to threats  
made against his manhood.

You can almost hear the crickets. Ash seems oblivious, curtly nodding.

ASH (cont'd)  
Have a nice day Mrs. Bloom.

Walking off down the hallway, Ash disappears around a corner.

Mrs. Bloom just shakes her head, grumbling.

CUT TO:

EXT. LESTER FOUNDATION - MORNING

Two gleaming skyscrapers towering over the rest of the city.

DROPPING DOWN to street level, we find Ash making her way towards the main entrance.

She passes a construction crew working on an unfinished SIGN above the main doors. A sign reading "BRIDGE CORPORATION" sits discarded next to the doors, being replaced by the new LESTER FOUNDATION sign.

Ash flashes an ID CARD at a robust security guard in the lobby, moving towards one of several elevators behind him.

SECURITY GUARD  
(smiling)  
Good morning, Dr. Khapur!

Ash barely acknowledges his greeting, offering an awkward nod before stepping into the elevator.

She slides her ID card into a slot next to the floor buttons.

The red beam of a RETINAL SCANNER flashes across her face. A computerized FEMALE VOICE responds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COMPUTER VOICE

Identity confirmed, Dr. Ashwara  
Khapur. Sub level three access  
granted.

OUTSIDE:

The elevator SHOOTs downwards through a seemingly endless shaft at incredible speed.

INSIDE:

DING!

Arriving at her destination, Ash moves up to the elevator doors as they part, revealing:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - PROJECT PROMETHEUS - DAY

A seemingly ENDLESS underground research facility. Absolute state of the art, borderline science fiction -- It's all very shiny and new.

Ash passes through yet another security checkpoint, this time pressing her palm against a flashing green panel.

A team of heavily armed security guards give her a nod, allowing her to pass. She eyes their weapons with a slightly nervous expression as she moves on.

Reaching the end of the corridor, she is met by a young man wearing a white lab coat. DR. PATRICK DELL -- Handsome, genius, and very aware of it. A science jock if there ever was one.

He gives Ash a pearly white smile.

PATRICK

This is new, me getting in before  
the infamous Dr. Ash. I thought you  
always slept in your office.

Ash gives him an annoyed look, clearly not sold on his "charm".

ASH

Your concern is touching as always,  
Patrick. If you must know I had to  
feed my cat.

They cross into a MASSIVE lab, filled with busy scientist types scurrying about.

A large cylindrical CHAMBER sits at the very centre of the lab -- A huge cocoon of steel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ash reaches a somewhat messy office, grabbing a white coat hanging off a chair before taking a seat behind her desk. She is barely visible behind all the paperwork and gadgetry piled onto it.

Patrick eyes her desk, spotting a framed picture of Ash and XIII amongst the clutter.

PATRICK

Cute.

ASH

(sighs)

Did you want something?

PATRICK

(bemused)

You forgot, didn't you?

Ash swings around in her chair, looking suspicious.

ASH

Forgot what?

PATRICK

That I switched our presentation dates.

Her eyes widen.

ASH

You did what?

PATRICK

I'm sure I told you about it.

(beat, smug smile)

Anyway, good luck!

ASH

Wait! Switched to when?

Patrick eyes his watch, then throwing a look back to the lab entrance, where a team of grim looking SUITS enter.

PATRICK

Oh, right about now.

He slips away as Ash's expression turns into a mixture of anger and panic.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIMELESS

A sterile looking white room, only housing a long table lined with expressionless people in expensive suits.

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CONTINUED:

At the head of the table stands Ash, holding a pile of folders and looking nervous.

A tall, greying man sitting at the opposite end of the table eyes her suspiciously.

He is CHAIRMAN DAVID ISHER.

ISHER  
Everything alright Dr. Khapur?

Ash takes a deep breath, steadying herself.

ASH  
(nods)  
Of course Mr. Chairman.

Clearing her throat, she digs through her folders.

ASH  
As you know, the R & D department here at the Lester Foundation has been studying possible applications for Substance Nine, also referred to as "Dark Matter" in our research reports. Though the latter is a somewhat flawed description, we felt that the unknown nature of the material's origin warranted acknowledgement.

ISHER  
The origin of Substance Nine isn't your concern, Dr. Khapur.

Ash gives him a slightly puzzled look.

ASH  
Right...  
(clearing throat)  
My department specializes in aeronautic applications. In other words -- Making things fly.

The suits share sceptical looks.

ISHER  
I'm sure you're aware we can already do that, Dr. Khapur.

A light chuckle runs through the room, causing Ash to blush with embarrassment.

She quickly recovers her composure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ASH

The possibilities provided by the use of Dark Matter are near limitless. To put it more plainly, according to my preliminary testing and theoretical models, a microscopic sample of Substance Nine could imbue a modified 747 passenger plane with the maneuverability of a Harrier jet, all the while serving as a near limitless source of fuel.

A murmur of surprise runs through the board members, Ash gaining some confidence.

ASH (cont'd)

We've only just begun scratching the surface. Working prototypes are being developed as we speak. In fact, I'm very curious as to who has been developing these projects before us.

Isher frowns.

ISHER

What do you mean?

ASH

Well... It's clear to me that this amount of data had to be gathered over a substantial amount of time. It's apparent that we're following in someone else's footsteps.

Isher takes her in with an icy look.

ISHER

I think you would be well served to keep your eyes on the future instead of dwelling on the past, doctor. Working on a project of this magnitude and importance is a privilege reserved for only the best and brightest. I'd hate to see someone of your potential talk herself out of a job, wouldn't you agree?

Ash looks down.

ASH

Of course, Mr. Isher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As she gathers her thoughts, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. STONEWEATHER MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

A bleak structure surrounded by a vast wilderness in addition to the high walls, fences and guard towers filled with snipers.

CROSSING into the prison yard, we find a WOMAN walking down a fenced path, separated from the prisoners in the exercise yard.

Young, sexy and dressed for success, a pair of delicate reading glasses resting on the bridge of her nose. There's a distinct passion in her step. Her name is CASTILLIA SERRANO.

The dangerous looking men give her hungry looks, even pressing up to the fence separating them from the lone woman.

She seems completely oblivious to the many lewd comments thrown her way as she makes her way to the main building ahead.

CUT TO:

INT. STONEWEATHER - CONJUGAL VISITATION - DAY

A dark room with a simple bed.

Not too difficult to figure out the general purpose of the space.

Castillia is led inside by a gruff prison guard.

PRISON GUARD  
Fifteen minutes.

He locks the door behind him.

Castillia takes in the room with a mildly disgusted face, her eyes finally settling on:

A lean man with a dangerous air about him -- Predatory eyes, crooked smile.

This is ADAM BRIDGE.

ADAM  
Don't you just love the thick smell  
of dirty sex in the air?

Castillia rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTILLIA

Closest you'll get to it in, oh,  
say 25 to life?

Adam makes a mock sad face.

ADAM

Didn't think I'd ever see you  
again. My dear old dad isn't big on  
second chances.

CASTILLIA

Yeah, well, seeing as he's dead, I  
don't think he'd mind.

Adam's expression freezes.

ADAM

(brewing fury)

You should remember your place.

Castillia doesn't seem too bothered by his threat.

CASTILLIA

You know your father's extra  
curricular activities better than  
most. Did you really think it'd  
never come back to bite him in the  
ass?

Adam is just shaking his head.

ADAM

You don't know the half of it,  
sweetheart.

Castillia shrugs off the odd comment with a slight frown.

CASTILLIA

With your brother already ash, that  
leaves you in sole control of the  
remains of the Bridge empire.

ADAM

What's that supposed to mean?  
"Remains"?

CASTILLIA

The company suffered not only the  
loss of its founder, but the entire  
board of directors, all hand picked  
by your father, killed in an  
explosion last month. All our  
assets were then seized in a  
hostile takeover by the Lester  
Foundation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Adam paces feverishly, barely containing his anger.

ADAM

So you're telling me everything my father built is gone? Taken over by some corporate suits?

CASTILLIA

Actually, worse than that. Diana Lester, founder of the Lester Foundation, is an old acquaintance of your father's. It would seem she'd been planning this for quite some time.

Adam stops pacing, a sense of dark purpose emerging in his eyes.

ADAM

What do we have left?

CASTILLIA

I managed to secure some offshore accounts before the takeover. As the last surviving member of the Bridge family, you're the only one with access. Not that it'll do you much good in here.

Adam shakes his head.

ADAM

It's not for me. We both know you've been itching to get back in the game. Instead my father reduced you to a glorified accountant. I always told him Sinclair was a disaster waiting to happen. If he'd used you, I wouldn't be stuck in this shithole and he'd still be alive.

Castillia gives him a sour look -- A sore spot.

CASTILLIA

I'm well aware.

Adam holds her gaze with a menacing look of his own.

ADAM

You reduce this Lester Foundation to a pile of ashes, and I'll give you everything that's left. But I'm talking Biblical cleansing here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM (cont'd)

I want them all dead, down to the  
goddamn janitor. You still got the  
stomach for it?

Castillia's expression remains unflinching.

CASTILLIA

What do you think?

Off her dangerous eyes, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - CAFETERIA - DAY

A brightly lit, almost clinical looking cafeteria housing a bunch of dining scientists and staff.

Ash sits alone at a table near the exit, absently picking at a plate of what looks like salad.

She is mildly startled by:

VOICE (O.S.)  
This seat taken?

Annoyed by the intrusion, she looks up, finding a handsome young man with a slightly brooding look.

He wears a dark suit that fits him perfectly, an ID badge identifying him as FELIX WITCHER.

ASH  
Go ahead.

Felix sits, offering a hand.

FELIX  
Felix Witcher, security consultant.

ASH  
(accepts handshake)  
Dr. Khapur. Everyone calls me Ash, though.

FELIX  
Like Bruce Campbell?

Ash tilts her head slightly.

ASH  
Who?

FELIX  
Sorry, it's my first week. Bad jokes are just my way of breaking the ice.

A slight pause as they both pick their food, the general murmur of unheard conversations and the sounds from the nearby industrial kitchen creating a mundane atmosphere.

Ash looks increasingly uncomfortable, breaking the awkward silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASH

So, security consultant, huh? Let me guess, you're the guy I have to thank for all the guns and metal detectors around here.

FELIX

I'm more of a covert security specialist.

ASH

Like what? A secret security guard?  
(leans in, mock  
conspiratory)  
Should we be whispering?

Felix smiles, leaning back in his chair.

FELIX

Closer to an accountant really. I'm the guy who digs through everyone's past, looking for red flags.

ASH

Sounds... positively boring.

FELIX

Depends on who's file I'm reading.

Ash gives him a shocked look.

ASH

You've checked me out?

FELIX

Only in the most gentlemanly fashion.

ASH

(incredulous)  
Are you flirting with me?

Felix leans forward, charming smile still in place.

FELIX

Sadly no, I'm here because for some reason your file was moved to the top of my list this morning, and I do my best work in person.

Ash is growing noticeably angry.

ASH

Interesting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX

So, any reason you can think of why the top dogs have suddenly taken an increased interest in your background?

ASH

Why don't you ask them? You've already read my file! If you'd found something suspicious we wouldn't be having this conversation in the cafeteria, would we?

FELIX

Probably not. Then again, maybe I enjoy the food here.

Ash doesn't blink.

ASH

Nobody in their right mind enjoys the food here.

Felix breaks into a big smile, letting out a slight chuckle as he leans back once more.

Ash seems absolutely confounded by his inappropriately casual attitude.

FELIX

I knew I'd like you the second I opened your file.

ASH

You have an interesting way of showing it.

FELIX

Cheer up, Dr. Ash. Among other things, it was clear from reading your file that you're a hopeless workaholic. Getting out of the lab once in a while would do you a world of good.

Ash stands, clearly having heard enough.

ASH

As much as I'd love to stay and continue whatever *this* is, I have some actual work to do.

FELIX

(shakes head)

Pesky technological breakthroughs always ruining my game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He keeps his perfectly charming smile in place as Ash just shakes her head, turning to leave.

FELIX (cont'd)

Wait.

She stops, reluctantly.

Felix stands, moving up to her as she turns back around.

ASH

(impatient)

What is it?

He gives her a friendly tap on her shoulder.

FELIX

Good luck in the chamber today.

ASH

(puzzled)

How did you-?

FELIX

Your schedule. Very meticulous, if a slightly dry read.

Ash huffs off.

Making sure she's gone, Felix pulls out a cell phone, speed dialing.

FELIX (cont'd)

(into phone)

The seed is sown.

INTERCUT WITH:

CASTILLIA, holding a phone of her own.

A darker tone slips into Felix' expression.

FELIX (cont'd)

I don't like being kept in the dark.

Castillia is crossing a busy street, predatory smile in place.

CASTILLIA

You mercs are all the same. Bunch of paranoid pansies with a gun fetish.

Felix walks out of the cafeteria, throwing a cursory glance at a group of scientists getting onto a nearby elevator.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

FELIX

(hushed)

I planted the device just like you asked. I don't need to listen to this shit.

Castillia stops, her gaze wandering up the former Bridge Towers across the street.

CASTILLIA

(darkly)

If you're getting cold feet, tell me now. I'll make sure to add another corpse to my list.

ON FELIX, closing his eyes.

FELIX

What else do you need?

Castillia's smile broadens just a bit.

CASTILLIA

Full security lockdown in one hour.

FELIX

Wait, I can't just-

CASTILLIA

(interrupting)

Get it done.

END INTERCUT.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - THE CORE - DAY

Ash is walking up to the massive chamber at the centre of the research lab. The closer she gets to it, the bigger we realize it is.

Two ARMED GUARDS are positioned in front of what appears to be an entrance -- The seams of a doorway barely visible on the smooth metal surface.

Ash hands one of the guards her ID badge.

He promptly scans it with a handheld device.

ARMED GUARD

Dr. Khapur. You're scheduled for one hour inside the core.

With a subdued HISS, the portal behind him OPENS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ash steps through, the metal door sliding back into place behind her.

The interior of the cylinder houses a cylindrical observation room, completely enveloping the core.

ON ASH, as she steps up to the reinforced glass separating her from the inner core. A pale SHIMMER of dark blue light is reflected in her glasses.

REVERSE ANGLE:

The inner core, displaying a floating ORB of darkness, encased in a shimmering electromagnetic SHIELD.

Ash simply stares at it for a beat, as if hypnotized by the random flickers of pure darkness within the shield.

Snapping out of her trance, she moves over to a console, typing in a few commands. The disembodied voice of the COMPUTER responds.

COMPUTER VOICE

Good day, Dr. Khapur. Accessing  
theoretical models. Accessing  
substance nine research data.  
Processing...

As Ash continues her work, we trail slowly down her frame, following the hem of her lab coat until we find a small, almost invisible object attached to the seam near her shoulder.

A red LIGHT glows briefly across its surface.

Leaving the strange object, we pass THROUGH the glass separating us from the inner core, slowly closing in on the dark matter suspended in mid air, until we are completely ABSORBED by it, leaving us in complete and utter DARKNESS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SCIMITAR HARBOR - DAY

The darkness gradually MORPHS into DARK CLOUDS.

Passing through the clouds, we are joined by FALLING RAINDROPS, trailing them downwards at breakneck speed, until the drops of water SPLASH onto the face of JONATHAN, his face turned upwards to the sky, letting the heavy rain wash some of the dirt from his face.

NEW ANGLE: Framing Jonathan in front of Scimitar Harbor, a busy harbor town located on a crescent shaped sliver of land jutting out into the endless ocean.

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CONTINUED:

Six large ships are moored at the very end of the long natural harbor.

Five of them are being consumed by FLAMES.

Jonathan lowers his gaze towards the final ship, finding DIANA as she boards it, holding what looks like a bundled infant.

Despite the distance separating them, both seem to lock gazes at the same moment.

AURORA steps up next to Jonathan on the ridge overlooking the harbor. The look she gives Diana can only be described as murderous.

Sharing a brief, grim look, Jonathan and Aurora leap off the ridge, sprinting towards the harbor.

WE PASS them, ZOOMING through the dirty streets of the harbor town, right up to Diana as she steps onto the deck of the last remaining ship.

She throws an urgent look to the ship's CAPTAIN, who seems more than a little afraid of her.

DIANA  
Cast off immediately!

CAPTAIN  
But we haven't finished loading our supplies. I can't just-

He is cut off as a BLADE is pressed up against his neck.

WIDEN to reveal RACHEL, looking mighty impatient.

RACHEL  
Be less stupid.

The captain merely manages a nod.

RACHEL  
Good boy.

He runs off to work, barking orders at the confused crew.

Rachel joins Diana.

RACHEL  
You think those mercs we hired will be enough to stop them?

Diana smiles slightly.

DIANA  
Not a chance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Off her smile, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SCIMITAR HARBOR - STREETS - DAY

Aurora and Jonathan race through the muddy streets, rounding a corner only to be greeted by a rough looking band of MERCENARIES, armed to the rotting teeth.

Without so much as slowing down to gauge the opposition, both Jonathan and Aurora are amongst the mercs in a split second, blades FLASHING out of their holsters and into thug flesh.

Aurora works her dual daggers into a deadly whirlwind, hooking one behind the neck of the closest merc, pulling him in to serve as a human shield as three others aim to skewer her with spears, instead impaling their helpless comrade.

She finishes up by kicking the human pin cushion into his friends, causing massive chaos amongst the merc ranks as they stumble all over each other, making them easy prey for Jonathan as he wades in, leading with a longsword, cutting through the dazed mercs in a matter of seconds.

The shouts of countless more mercenaries are heard just around the next corner.

Our duo presses on as if nothing can stop them, taking a shortcut straight THROUGH a busy watering hole, busting down flimsy doors and even walls, scattering panicked patrons, drunks and harlots every which way.

Running upstairs of the seedy establishment, Jonathan violently KICKS the framework beneath one of the outer windows, making a huge gaping hole into the rain outside.

Aurora runs past him, LEAPING from the freshly made hole, sailing across the narrow alley below, landing on the rooftops beyond.

Jonathan follows suit, chasing her as she leads them from roof to roof, steadily closing in on Diana's ship.

Reaching the last roof top before the harbor proper, Aurora is taken off her feet by a CROSSBOW BOLT, taking it in the left shoulder, sending her spinning off the roof and into the mud below.

FURTHER AHEAD, Rachel lowers her crossbow with a devious smile, standing at the helm of the ship that is already drifting slowly away from the harbor.

Jonathan throws Aurora a concerned look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AURORA  
(scream)  
Don't stop! Go!!

With a grim nod, Jonathan LEAPS off the final rooftop, breaking into the sprint of his life, rushing past the intense flames eating through the other ships.

Through the heat distortion, he can barely make out the shape of Diana, her white dress in stark contrast to the dark ocean behind her.

She lifts her hand, DARK ENERGY ripping through the air, driving deep gashes into the muddy ground in front of Jonathan.

By combined skill, agility and dumb luck, Jonathan stumbles through the assault, pressing on despite barrage after barrage.

The air is so full of dark energy the flames consuming the surrounding ships turn PURPLE.

Jonathan reaches the edge of the harbor, about to launch into a jump across to the departing ship when he suddenly GRIPS his chest in extreme PAIN.

ON DIANA, in deep concentration, her closed fist aimed at Jonathan.

DIANA  
Let her go, Jonathan!

Jonathan lets out a HOWL of defiant rage, stumbling towards the edge, his momentum lost.

JONATHAN  
Never!

Diana gives him a genuinely sad look.

DIANA  
Then you leave me no choice...

She TIGHTENS her grip, prompting another SCREAM of pain from Jonathan.

He falls back into the dirt, the life literally being crushed out of him from within.

Diana is about to deliver the final crushing blow, when a slender hand grips her fist, pulling it down.

She shifts her dark gaze to the person doing the interrupting, finding KATE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE

You promised me you wouldn't kill him!

DIANA

You think I want to? None of us would be here if it wasn't for him. But this is bigger than all of us. I can't take the chance.

Kate stands firm.

KATE

If you kill him you're no better than the monster you're trying to destroy. I get that there's a bigger picture, but isn't taking his daughter bad enough? Where the hell do you draw the line?

Diana regards the young woman for a beat, her eyes shifting back to normal. She turns her gaze back to Jonathan, is barely conscious form growing ever smaller as the ship drifts out to sea.

DIANA

You're right, of course...

She turns away, heading towards the lower deck.

DIANA (cont'd)

I'm glad you're with me, Kate.

Kate manages a small nod before walking up to the railing, watching the disappearing harbor with sad eyes, met by the fury in those of Aurora as she limps out onto the dock, falling to her knees next to the fallen Jonathan.

She deliberately RIPS the bolt out of her shoulder, never breaking eye contact with Kate.

A chill seems to run through the young blonde.

Finally, the dark smoke from the fires blot out the entire harbor, leaving the solitary ship alone as a wind catches its sails, pulling it out to sea.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

The same security guard that greeted Ash earlier sits behind his desk in front of the elevators, reading a news paper.

His attention is caught by CASTILLIA, as the sultry seductress saunters up to the desk, absently toying with her blackberry.

She peers across the desk, seeing his name tag "Steve".

CASTILLIA

Great day, huh Steve?

SECURITY GUARD STEVE

Can't complain, miss.

CASTILLIA

You don't mind if I hang here for a bit, do you Steve? I'm waiting for a friend to get off work. You probably know her. Dr. Khapur.

Steve seems to light up at the mention of Ash.

SECURITY GUARD STEVE

Sure, I know Ash.

(beat, hesitant)

Or, you know, as well as can be expected given the circumstances. She should be heading out any minute now.

Castillia gives him a coy look, still throwing the occasional glance at her blackberry.

CASTILLIA

Sounds like someone's nursing a little bit of a crush.

Steve blushes a bit.

SECURITY GUARD STEVE

Please don't tell her anything. She barely knows I'm alive.

Castillia draws a line across her full lips.

CASTILLIA

Lips sealed. Although I really think you should give it a shot. You never know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY GUARD STEVE  
Life is short, right?

Castillia's eyes drift back to her blackberry, a set of BLUEPRINTS visible on the small display.

A bright DOT is seen moving through the virtual map.

CASTILLIA  
That it is, Steve. That it is.

CLOSE ON the blackberry's display, MOVING IN one the dot blinking across the blueprint, until it:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - SUB LEVEL LAB - DAY

ASH, walking towards the heavily guarded checkpoint and the elevator beyond.

She crosses over into her office, tossing her lab coat over a chair, shrugging back into her own coat.

As she exits the office, we stay on the small DEVICE attached to her lab coat.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - SECURITY CENTER - DAY

Felix enters a room full of monitors being watched by a legion of smartly dressed security.

Crossing the busy room, he spots a monitor showing the entrance hall. Spotting Castillia he takes a deep breath, sliding a key card through a magnetic lock, entering an office at the far end of the security center.

Once inside he quickly sits down in front of a computer, tapping countless keys in quick succession.

INSERT: Computer screen, showing the prompt "Trigger Emergency Lockdown Yes/No"

Taking a breath, Felix moves the cursor over "Yes".

He clicks it.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - LAB - DAY

Patrick stalks through the lab, watching as the elevator doors close on Ash in the distance.

He then sets his greedy eyes on her office, sneaking inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

Right, lets see what little miss genius has baking in here.

He begins to go through her files and things.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

ALARMS begin to BLARE as metal grates SLAM down in front of every exit.

AUTOMATED COMPUTER VOICE

Security lockdown is in effect.  
Please relocate to your assigned  
emergency stations and await  
further instructions.

(repeating)

Security lockdown is in effect.  
Please relocate to your assigned  
emergency stations and await  
further instructions.

Steve stands up, suddenly alert.

SECURITY GUARD STEVE

Goddamn bugs still messing with the security system. This is the third time this week this shit happens. Come on, you can wait in the break room while I figure this out.

CASTILLIA

Sure, no problem...

She brings up her blackberry, checking the display one more time.

CASTILLIA (cont'd)

(to herself)

Close enough.

She presses "send".

We are SUCKED along for the ride as the invisible signal SHOOTS through walls and floors, down the elevator shaft, catching a glimpse of Ash riding up with the elevator, past the security checkpoint, finally arriving at:

The SMALL DEVICE attached to Ash's discarded lab coat in her office.

A faint light ignites within the small object, bright enough to draw the attention of Patrick as he roots through Ash's stuff nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PATRICK

What the-

BOOM!

A massive SHOCKWAVE turns the science jock into pink mist.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - ELEVATOR - DAY

PING!

Ash's elevator arrives at the ground floor just as the very foundations of building SHAKE violently, sending her stumbling out of the elevator.

Before she has a chance to process, the elevator cab she just exited is BLOWN upwards, followed by a wave of flames, throwing the startled doctor back onto her butt.

Ash stares in disbelief, hearing the SCREAMS of several people being cooked alive inside the second elevator shaft.

She jumps back further as the elevator cab that was just blown upwards comes CRASHING back down, punctuated by a loud impact when it hits the bottom of the shaft.

Off Ash's disbelief, we:

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Steve the security guard leads Castillia into a small break room, currently vacant.

The earth shattering explosion sends them both stumbling to regain their balance.

Startled, Steve pulls out his radio while Castillia casually circles him.

SECURITY GUARD STEVE

Front desk to base, come in. What the hell is going on?

INTERCUT WITH:

The main security hub, people scrambling around in utter chaos, all the monitors filled with static.

A frantic CHIEF OF SECURITY picks up his radio.

CHIEF

We are under attack! I say again, we are under attack!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

END INTERCUT.

ON STEVE, as his face goes white.

SECURITY GUARD STEVE

Oh my God...

His face goes even whiter when a serrated BLADE comes punching through his chest from behind.

With a final GASP, the stunned security guard falls out of frame, revealing Castillia.

Her usual confident smile replaced by a look most resembling revulsion.

She tosses the bloody knife aside, staring at her own hand as it begins to SHAKE.

Castillia closes her eyes, cradling her shaking hand.

CASTILLIA

(to herself)

Goddammit, not now. You can do this.

She brings up her hand again, the shaking seemingly stopped.

Touching her earlobe, a slight radio squawk signals an open channel.

CASTILLIA (cont'd)

What's your status?

INTERCUT WITH:

FELIX, pacing inside his small security office. A cacophony of activity is heard right outside -- His colleagues scrambling to mobilize.

He presses two fingers up against his ear, responding to Castillia with a hushed tone.

FELIX

My status? Screw you is my status!  
What the hell was that?

Castillia roots through Steve's corpse while she speaks.

CASTILLIA

You thought that was just another garden variety bug you were planting? Grow up, boyscout.

She comes up with Steve's sidearm, checking the clip.

Felix can barely contain himself, brimming with anger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FELIX

I didn't sign up for this terrorism  
bullshit! You told me this was  
about stealing tech.

CASTILLIA

(coy)

You assumed this was about stealing  
tech. I just never thought to  
correct you.

In a fit of fury, Felix smashes his fist into the wall.

FELIX

I should have known. The moment I  
pulled your file I should have  
known.

Castillia stops on her way to exit the break room.

FELIX

That's right. I like to find out  
who I'm dealing with.

Castillia's grip around the gun TIGHTENS.

FELIX

So what happened five years ago?  
Two dozen high profile  
assassinations connected to someone  
very closely fitting your  
description and suddenly nothing.  
Did the old man lose confidence in  
you? Did all the killing finally  
get to you?

CASTILLIA

(low)

This would be a good time for you  
to be quiet.

FELIX

Or what? You gonna kill me? Sure  
you still got the stomach for it?

Now it's Castillia's turn to try and contain her brewing  
rage.

CASTILLIA

You have no idea what I am capable  
of!

Felix is smiling, pleased to have found a sore spot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FELIX

So why'd the old man let you live?  
Were you fucking him? Is that why  
he took pity on you?

In a fit of rage, Castillia RIPS out her earpiece and SMASHES it against the break room table with the butt of her pistol.

The resulting feedback causes Felix to wince in pain, as the sharp noise shoots through his ear.

FELIX (cont'd)

Bitch.

BACK ON Castillia, as she exits the break room with renewed determination.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

A bewildered looking Ash stumbles away from the elevators, black smoke chasing her as it pours out of the shafts.

ASH

(coughing)

Is anyone here? Steve?

Ash is thoroughly startled by:

CASTILLIA (O.S.)

So you *did* know the poor guy's  
name.

Spinning around to face the unknown woman, Ash eyes her suspiciously.

ASH

Who the hell are you?

CASTILLIA

The new cleaning lady...

She raises her gun, drawing a shocked gasp out of Ash.

CASTILLIA (cont'd)

And I take my job very seriously.

Off her dead serious expression, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

A similarly serious expression, this time belonging to Aurora, as she enters a dark room, a beam of bright sunlight spilling in behind her, partially exposing a lone FIGURE sitting in the darkest corner of the room.

LYNN, leans out of the shadows, studying her daughter's grim face.

LYNN  
(realizing)  
I'm sorry.

Aurora takes a seat across the room, seemingly completely drained.

Lynn gets up, crossing the room somewhat shakily. It seems she's still recovering from her various wounds.

Without saying another word, she places her arms around Aurora, hugging her close.

A dam breaks, Aurora dissolving into sobs.

Wearing a stoic expression, Lynn simply lets her daughter cry in her arms.

NEW ANGLE, revealing Jonathan, listlessly arriving at the door, hearing Aurora's muffled sobs.

He lingers for a beat, head hanging low.

Wearing a conflicted expression, he finally steps away, crossing the courtyard of:

EXT. SCARLET FORTRESS - DAY

The partially demolished fortress still looms over the settlement, bearing all the scars sustained during the final confrontation with Shadow Man.

THE LIGHTBRINGER still resting in a small crater, the airship having seen much better days.

PULLING BACK, the whole peninsula gradually revealed, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE PILLAR OF TRUTH - DAY

The ancient pillar still stands, high above the field of truth.

Jonathan's old BROADSWORD still stands where Aurora stuck it into the ground, at the very edge of the plateau, overlooking the seemingly endless ocean below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sword is dented and blackened, most likely from being set on fire too many times.

Jonathan joins his old weapon, letting the cold ocean breeze wash over him.

He is joined by William, as the older knight steps up next to him. His armor as shiny as ever.

WILLIAM

I heard about what happened down at Scimitar Harbor. I'm sorry.

Jonathan gives him a thankful nod.

JONATHAN

Appreciate it, Shiny.

WILLIAM

That said, what are you doing up here? It's freezing.

JONATHAN

Just thought I'd escape all the doom and gloom for a few minutes.

WILLIAM

Yeah? How's that working out for you?

Jonathan smiles a smile tinged with sadness.

JONATHAN

It seems to work better in the movies. You know, the hero goes back to where it all began, staring into the distance until he has an epiphany that saves the day.

(beat)

Any minute now would be nice.

WILLIAM

As usual, I have no idea what you're on about, but I think I might be able to help.

Jonathan gives him a puzzled look.

JONATHAN

I'll take pretty much anything at this point.

WILLIAM

Good, because I'm not really sure about this myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN

Sounds ominous.

WILLIAM

(smiles)

When is it not?

(beat, serious)

I had a vision. First one I've had in a long time. When you killed the man you called Bridge, it was like a veil was brought down. I can see glimpses again. Unconnected flashes of events sitting just at the edge of my perception.

JONATHAN

I'm psyched you've got your mojo back, but getting to the part where it helps me get my daughter back would be nice.

WILLIAM

That's just it, I can't really guarantee that what I saw will help you find her. I just know that it felt important.

Jonathan shakes his head.

JONATHAN

No, because that would be simple. So what was it?

CLOSE ON: William, as he slips into a memory.

WILLIAM

I saw two women, arriving through means unknown. They both possess abilities and skills unknown to me. Everything about them feels foreign. One is friend, the other is foe. One is skilled in death, the other in creation. Both will play a great part in shaping the world as we know it.

He blinks, as if coming out of a daze.

WILLIAM

That's all I could glean.

Jonathan's gaze wanders back towards the ocean -- Deep in thought.

JONATHAN

(to himself)

"Arriving through means unknown".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WILLIAM

You know what it means?

JONATHAN

I might have an idea.

He looks to the settlement at the edge of the peninsula, zeroing in on the wrecked Lightbringer.

JONATHAN

You know anything about fixing airships?

WILLIAM

No. I don't think anyone does anymore.

JONATHAN

(frowns)

What's that supposed to mean?

WILLIAM

Airships like the one the Ravens built are fairly rare, designed by the great architects of the south. They are dangerous and volatile creations.

JONATHAN

Trust me, I know.

WILLIAM

Then there are ships like the one currently crashed on my doorstep. Creations of Darkness, built by the very creatures we fight. No one understands exactly how they work. This one is the only one I know of ever to be stolen from the Dark Ones. Many years ago, I lost countless men capturing it from the enemy. The only thing I know for sure, is that the ship gains its incredible speed and maneuverability from the dark heart beating within its hull. The core of the ship is unlike anything this world has ever seen. Fixing it would require-

Jonathan interrupts him, realization etched in his face.

JONATHAN

Someone out of this world.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WILLIAM  
(confused)  
I don't understand...

Jonathan paces, a new energy in his step, his mind racing.

JONATHAN  
The vision you had. Did it come  
with an address?

William closes his eyes.

WILLIAM  
Mountains... All around. The  
sunlight hits the pale snow of the  
peaks, creating a shimmer. Almost  
like... Silver.

Jonathan stops, remembering.

JONATHAN  
Silver City. I know that place.

WILLIAM  
It's not much to go on. Are you  
sure this is a good idea?

JONATHAN  
Oh, it's paper thin, but when have  
I ever based my decision making on  
hard facts?

WILLIAM  
(beat)  
I take your point.

Jonathan walks up to the edge of the pillar.

He puts his hand on the hilt of his old sword, feeling its  
texture for a beat.

CLOSE ON:

The blackened broadsword, as it is PULLED FREE from the dirt,  
back in action once again.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCARLET SETTLEMENT - DAY

The same sword is securely fastened to the saddle of a strong  
looking mount.

Jonathan puts the finishing touches on the saddle, grabbing  
his pack, slinging it over his shoulders, ready for the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)

Off on another grand adventure,  
huh?

Jonathan stops, wincing as if he was hoping to avoid this.

He turns to find Aurora, giving him a cold look.

JONATHAN

I have to try something.

AURORA

Yeah, sure, running away is always  
something.

JONATHAN

That's not what I'm doing and you  
know it.

Aurora raises her hands, making a grand gesture.

AURORA

So what is it this time? Another  
mysterious presence guiding you  
towards a shiny destiny? Because  
that worked out great the last  
time.

Jonathan looks down.

JONATHAN

I thought she was on our side.

He looks back up at the spiteful Aurora.

JONATHAN

I trusted her.

AURORA

That's exactly the point, isn't it?  
You spread this thing, this "trust"  
around like a goddamn plague! You  
trusted the bitch who stole my  
daughter, and now you're gonna  
trust some vague vision by a  
crackpot knight!

Without a reply, Jonathan climbs the saddle.

His sad expression in great contrast to the fury in Aurora's.

AURORA

You know, back when I was first  
infected with whatever darkness  
Bridge had planned for me, I had  
this dream, and in that dream you  
killed me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONATHAN

I would never-

AURORA

Shut up. Just... don't. You know what you said after you blew me away? "Trust is for the weak, and the dead."

She smiles -- A cold, heartless parody of a smile reminiscent of a darker time in her life.

AURORA (cont'd)

Maybe I should start listening to random dreams and visions as well.

Jonathan shakes his head regretfully.

JONATHAN

We'll talk when I get back.

He prompts his mount, riding off.

AURORA

(screaming)

Just stay away! You hear me you fucking coward? Just stay the hell away!

Off Jonathan, disappearing into the surrounding settlement,  
WE:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - STAIRS - DAY

Ash is led down what looks like endless sets of stairs by a gun toting Castillia.

They pass a sign painted onto the concrete walls saying "Sub Level 2".

Ash gathers her courage, breaking the long silence as they descend the stairs.

ASH

Why are you taking me down here?

CASTILLIA

In a word? Curiosity.

ASH

I thought you said you were here to kill everyone.

CASTILLIA

That's what I'm being paid to do. Operative word in that sentence being "paid". Something tells me whatever you guys have cooking down here is worth a hell of a lot more than the payday I was promised.

ASH

What makes you think that? We're just a think tank.

Castillia shakes her head, her predatory smile never cracking.

CASTILLIA

That's what I was led to believe. Funny thing though, the specialist I hired to help me set this up, blissfully ignorant to my real intentions, thought we were here to steal technology. Now, bear in mind that I never offered him any real specific details on the job, so any conclusions he was drawing were purely based on his own research into this place.

ASH

That still doesn't prove anything.

Castillia shoves her forward, somewhat roughly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTILLIA

Look at you, little miss rationale. But you see, my last conversation with him strongly indicated that he knew my real identity, which means this guy is no slouch when it comes to intelligence gathering. And knowing my reputation in certain circles, there is no way in hell someone like him would agree to work with me unless there was one hell of a payoff waiting at the end of the tunnel. So, like I said -- Curious.

Ash grits her teeth, once again prodded forward.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

BANG!!

A foot hits a robust security door with a great deal of force, making a decent dent in it.

WIDEN to reveal Felix, delivering kick after kick to the door locking him and a dozen security personnel inside the main security hub.

Taking a break, he moves over to a TECH sitting at one of the many computers.

FELIX

Any luck?

The Tech hammers away at the keyboard, fully focused on the screen.

TECH

The lockdown was followed up by a virus uploaded unto the system that seems to have completely crippled our ability to control the security doors.

FELIX

Uploaded from where?

TECH

A wireless device somewhere within the close vicinity of the building.

Felix steps away, cursing to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FELIX  
(low)  
Infernal bitch.

Seemingly having a thought, he turns back to the Tech.

FELIX (cont'd)  
Can you track any wireless devices  
currently active within the  
building?

The tech hits some keys.

TECH  
Thirty-six signals currently  
active. Eliminating company issued  
hardware... One signal, sub level  
two, descending slowly.

The tech looks up, only to find Felix has already left.

TECH  
(dry)  
You're welcome...

OVER TO:

The far side of the room, as Felix enters an adjoining locker room, quickly moving up to an assortment of lockers and containers.

Opening one, he is treated to the sight of full tactical gear -- Weapons, armor the works.

He grabs the stuff, including some rope.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - FELIX' OFFICE - DAY

Felix enters his office, now wearing full tactical gear, a bundle of rope slung over his shoulder.

A slightly overweight administrative type follows him.

PAPER PUSHER  
Mr. Witcher, the chairman has  
ordered us to contain the situation  
by any means necessary. Under no  
circumstances are you to break  
lockdown procedure!

Felix gives him a crooked smile.

FELIX  
You might want to step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The paper pusher's eyes widen as Felix draws a pistol, FIRING at the outer window.

The window EXPLODES causing a change in air pressure due to the high altitude, sending papers and other junk SWIRLING around the room.

Felix hooks the rope to a set of heating pipes near the broken window.

PAPER PUSHER  
(screaming)  
Mr. Witcher! This is unacceptable!

Felix gives the guy one last look.

FELIX  
I quit.

He leaps out of the window, RAPPELLING down at breakneck speed.

Reaching the end of the rope, he PUSHES OFF the outer wall of the building, gaining some momentum, FIRING his pistol at a window aligned with his swing, CRASHING in through it.

SLIDING through a set of desks and chairs, Felix finally comes to a halt, letting out a breath of relief.

In a flash, he's back on his feet, running out of the destroyed office.

CUT TO:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - PROJECT PROMETHEUS - DAY

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Identity confirmed, Dr. Ashwara  
Khapur.

A pair of double door part right in front of us, revealing a sweaty and clearly scared Ash.

She is pushed towards us by Castillia.

Ash goes green, looking like she's about to vomit.

REVERSE ANGLE:

The lab, now completely destroyed, charred bodies of dead scientists everywhere.

Even Castillia seems a little taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASTILLIA

Man, the guy who sold me that micro explosive wasn't kidding. That stuff really does clear a room.

Ash looks up at her with tears of anger and disgust.

ASH

You're a monster! These were good people!

CASTILLIA

Hey, I don't tell you how to do your job, do I?

ASH

Well congratulations! Whatever you were hoping to find down here is clearly not here anymore.

Castillia points to the huge cylinder at the centre of the room.

CASTILLIA

You sure about that, princess? That thing looks pretty sturdy.

Ash does a poor job of hiding a panicked expression.

ASH

That's just where we keep our equipment. There's nothing of value to you in there.

CASTILLIA

And yet, your face tells me a whole other story. Time to use that unlimited access of yours again.

Ash stops, closing her eyes.

ASH

No.

CASTILLIA

(bemused)

No? Really?

ASH

Yes. I'd rather die than open that door for the likes of you.

Castillia sighs.

BOOM!

Ash is taken off her feet as a bullet hits her left arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

In complete shock, she GASPS as unimaginable pain shoots through her body.

Castillia casually circles the prone Ash, toying with her gun.

CASTILLIA

Relax, I didn't take out any major arteries.

She kneels down next to Ash, who is WHIMPERING, tears streaming down her face.

CASTILLIA

See, in my experience there's a huge disconnect between the idea of getting shot and actually getting shot. Up until ten seconds ago the idea of taking a bullet in order to protect whatever is in that vault seemed like a valid option.

She roughly pulls Ash back to her feet.

CASTILLIA

Reality sucks, huh?

DRAGGING the barely conscious Ash across the ruined lab, Castillia pushes her up towards the cylindrical vault.

CASTILLIA

Open it, or it'll be your kneecap this time.

FELIX (O.S.)

That's funny. I was thinking I'd start a little higher myself.

Castillia SIGHS, turning around to find the fully decked out Felix, aiming his pistol at her face. She already has her own gun trained at him.

A tense standoff.

CASTILLIA

I thought information gathering was your specialty.

FELIX

(shrugs)

I dabble in kicking skank ass t-.

Without so much as blinking, Castillia FIRES, hitting Felix right in the forehead, dropping him like a sandbag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CASTILLIA

Should have taken the shot when you had it.

She turns back to a shocked Ash.

CASTILLIA

You should never bring bad puns to a gunfight.

She aims the gun at Ash's head.

CASTILLIA

Now open the damn door!

Her defiance but a memory, Ash struggles to dig out her ID card, her own blood smearing all over the panel as she swipes it and presses her palm against it.

The almost seamless door SLIDES open.

Castillia pushes Ash inside, quickly following her into the:

INT. LESTER FOUNDATION - THE CORE - DAY

Ash stumbles aside, shock starting to get the better of her.

Castillia on the other hand, is completely MESMERIZED by the sphere of PURE DARKNESS suspended within the electromagnetic shield at the center of the core.

CASTILLIA

Now that is beautiful!  
(aside, to Ash)  
What is that again?

Ash props herself up against a row of supercomputers.

ASH

Far beyond your realm of understanding.

Castillia brings the gun up again.

CASTILLIA

Now you're just being hurtful.

ASH

Fine, we call it Substance Nine, or Dark Matter. Everything we've done with it so far has been theoretical.

CASTILLIA

Meaning?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASH

Meaning there's nothing for you to steal. There's nothing here but ideas.

Castillia motions to the sphere behind the surrounding observation windows.

CASTILLIA

There's that.

Ash pales.

ASH

You have no idea what you're dealing with here. The greatest scientific minds in the world have barely begun to scratch the surface.

CASTILLIA

Maybe it's time someone tried a little harder.

She FIRES, SHATTERING the glass separating her from the sphere of darkness within the core.

Castillia climbs inside, completely absorbed by the sight of the darkness within the shield.

CASTILLIA

(dazed)  
Incredible...

Ash fights up to her feet.

ASH

Stop! You'll kill us all!

Castillia doesn't seem to hear her anymore.

With a demented expression, she bring up her pistol, aiming at the power source below the electromagnetic shield.

DARK WHISPERS echo faintly.

ASH (cont'd)

(scream)  
No!!!

Castillia FIRES, sparks EXPLODING every which way as the bullets TEAR into the power source.

The shimmering shield surrounding the sphere begins to fluctuate, growing rapidly weaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Filled with a surge of adrenaline, Ash throws herself through the broken window, TACKLING the mesmerized Castillia.

Her efforts are too late, as the last of the shield begins to FADE.

Ash turns to look upwards, right into the heart of the sphere, now FREE.

Her eyes widen in FEAR, her scream absorbed as the darkness IMPLODES, seemingly sucking all the sound out of the air.

A DEAD SILENT MOMENT, erupting as the sphere EXPLODES, darkness filling the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN

The darkness gives way to an EYE, blinking back to consciousness.

Slowly pulling back, we find the face of Ash, completely confused.

She sits up, her fingers digging into DIRT. Her clothes are exactly the same as when we saw her a minute ago.

She looks up, seeing a clear blue sky.

PULLING BACK further, she is revealed to be at the centre of a huge CRATER, gradually revealed to be sitting in the middle of a completely DEMOLISHED medieval city.

Everything in a two mile radius looks like it's been through the detonation of a nuclear bomb.

BACK ON ASH, as she takes in her new surroundings.

ASH  
What the hell...?

Off her utter confusion, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP - DAY

A ship sails the vast ocean, aided by a strong wind.

We find DIANA, watching the waves, a worried expression on her face.

Kate joins her, noticing Diana's expression.

KATE  
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIANA

Even now, Bridge's legacy remains strong. His reckless experiments will be the end of both worlds.

KATE

What are you talking about?

DIANA

There were still many things I needed to do on the other side. Something terrible has happened. I can feel it my bones.

Kate shakes her weary head.

KATE

It never ends.

DIANA

(sad smile)

You should hope so, my dear. You should hope so...

Off her cryptic expression, we:

CUT TO:

EXT. METROPOLITAN CITY - DAY

CLOSE ON:

A DOVE, soaring through the air.

We follow the bird as it flies past skyscrapers above the massive city, until it lands on the tallest one in sight, overlooking:

A devastating sight. The centre of the city has been completely OBLITERATED.

What used to be downtown is now nothing but a gaping CRATER, carved into the city scape with almost surgical precision. Buildings located at the edge of the destruction appear to have been sheared in half, leaving eerie wrecks behind.

If there was a God, it looks like he took a bite out of the city himself.

DIANA (V.O.)

Because I fear the end may be upon us.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW