

"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.

A juicy steak lands with a thump in the clearing. A heavily muscled WOLF moves in to gobble up the meat.

SILVER (V.O.)

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

The Wolf staggers drunkenly.

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

Clad in black, SYLVESTER "SILVER" LARCINI (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.)

My days were numbered...but for the time being, at least, I still felt 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.

The Wolf drops unconscious.

Silver climbs down an oak tree into the garden. He pats the softly snoring Wolf 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.

GARDEN TRAIL

Thirty 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. A home office. Nobody inside.

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 six years in prison. That was enough.

He 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 pressure 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, Dana, 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 needed to know if I still had it in me.

UPPER FLOOR HALLWAY

Silver turns a corner. At the end is a door with four yards of carpeting before it. Silver pries up a corner of the carpet and finds another pressure mat alarm system.

Silver presses his back and feet against opposite walls. He 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.

He tries the door. It's locked. He 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 had an expensive biometric security system installed in his bedroom. What was he hiding that was worth such a precaution?

Lord resumes snoring. Silver crawls out.

SILVER (V.O.)

I decided to find out. My third axiom of theft: Always keep an eye out for new opportunities.

An old rotary dial phone sits on a bedside table. Silver reads the phone number written on the label insert.

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

WALK-IN CLOSET

A dressing counter and 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. F.B.I. 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 red button, a grill and a logo for a Voiceguard RK-7 voice operated lock.

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

SILVER (V.O.)

Axiom 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 as soon as--

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

A strangely 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. He pushes a button and it shuts.

Lord stomps out and slams 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 the red button. He presses play on the voice recorder.

LORD (V.O.)
Open Sesame.

The door slides open.

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

SECRET OFFICE

Brass oil lamps suspended from the ceiling light the room.

On the right side are tables covered with science lab equipment. On the left, an office with antique furniture and overflowing bookshelves lining three walls.

A closed door behind the desk. Silver heads for it.

TREASURE ROOM

Silver opens the door and a light switches on.

Silver stares, stunned to find a dragon's hoard of precious gems, jewelry, coins, ingots, cash and other riches filling the shelves that line the walls of the small room.

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 gem.

SILVER
Son of a bitch....

He hurriedly stuffs his pack with valuables.

SILVER (V.O.)

I'd only planned to take a trophy,
some 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 notices 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 has 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

Silver reaches the stairs.

EVANS (O.S.)

Sorry to awaken you, Mister
Godson. But look...the window.

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.)
Axiom 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 boxers 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 races for the stairs.

LOWER FLOOR OFFICE

Silver bounds down the steps.

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 my axiom 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.

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

Shots fire from the broken window, and bullets clip the foliage near Silver's head as he disappears down the trail.

Godson leaps through the 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.)

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

Godson hits the cord and goes down hard. He spits dirt.

GODSON

You are so fucking dead....

GARDEN CLEARING

Silver leaps over the sleeping Wolf. 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.)

My oncologist said I was unlucky,
but he was wrong. My cancer was
just happenstance. Luck is what
happens when preparation meets
opportunity...and that made me 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.

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 swallows.

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

I can track where these have been.

GODSON

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

LORD

You get one more try, Godson. But
fail again and I'll send in
someone with a real 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 Dana Larcini."

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 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 DANA (38), pretty but stern-faced, stirs and squints at him, muzzy with sleep.

SILVER

Hey, Dana.

He leans in to kiss her but she turns away to glance at the clock.

DANA

S' four-thirty.

SILVER

Sorry. Troubleshooting a new system installation. Picky client.

DANA

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.

DANA

Your doctor called. He wants you to call back. Something wrong?

SILVER

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

DANA

Night, Silver.

She rolls over and closes her eyes.

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

INT. SILVER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Silver awakens. Dana is gone. He looks at the clock: 4:05 p.m. He grimaces and scrambles out of bed.

KITCHEN

He opens the broom closet and retrieves the pack.

DINING ROOM

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

Smiling with anticipation, he opens the pack and pulls out the sealed plastic zipper bag.

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

SILVER

Oh no. No, no, no...

He unseals the bag and pulls out several pieces of crystal.

The purple smoke floats out and dissipates.

HOME GYM

The room contains a wide variety of exercise 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 long nightgown. She regards him with wary suspicion.

SILVER

Uh, hello?

Morrigainé frowns.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINÉ

Ashgárat softs mekásiká vintagránts Mähdríedd?

SILVER

I'm sorry, do you speak English?

MORRIGAINÉ

Auvérens may "ínglesh"?

SILVER

Terrific....

He pulls on his shirt and puts on socks and running shoes.

Morrigainé 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 before speaked.
Some time will it take to it
better speak I.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

Why here am I?

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

Uh...what?

MORRIGAINE

Know you why däemán killed
Mähdríedd?

SILVER

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

He heads for the hallway.

SILVER

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

LIVING ROOM

Silver leads Morriganne to the front door.

SILVER

Dana will be back later. I'll let her know you dropped by, Miss...

MORRIGAINE

I Morrigainausálafé.

SILVER

Wow. Okay, Miss...Ausalfay. I'm Dana's husband, Sylvester. You can call me Silver.

He glances out a small window in the front door.

Two police cars pull up on the street out front, followed by a black SUV. Police and FBI agents climb out and take positions behind their vehicles.

SILVER

What the hell...?

A black van arrives and disgorges an FBI SWAT team.

SILVER

Oh, crap....

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

Godson steps out of the SUV. He wears black military fatigues and a holstered pistol.

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

KITCHEN

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

MORRIGAINE

Silver, what is--

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

LORD (V.O.)

Good afternoon, Mister Larcini.

SILVER

Sherman Lord.

LORD (V.O.)

Very good. 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 or damaged, 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 Larcini.

SILVER

How did you find--

The line goes dead.

Silver looks at Morrigan.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAIN

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

Dana! 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.

He hangs up.

MORRIGAINE

That device what does?

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

All right. I think Dana 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 mic.

GODSON

All units, he's coming out the garage. 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 of the driveway 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.

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 a patrol car. Silver's 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 stops at a light. Silver opens his visor.

SILVER
Are you okay back there?

MORRIGAINE
Vashánts! What travel is this?
So fast I have never before moved!
Alive is this beast?

SILVER
Alive? It's...a machine. Where
are you from that you've never
heard of motorcycles before?

A police car pulls in behind the motorcycle.

SILVER
Hang on....

Silver accelerates toward a bridge. An oncoming patrol car moves to cut him off, so he shoots across opposing traffic and down a grassy embankment to the road under the bridge.

Two more vehicles give chase. 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 Morigaine off the pillion.

SILVER
Axiom twenty: Nothing beats a
motorcycle for escaping through
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 machinecaster are you? 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.

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. Lost am I. 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 I'll figure out
what to do with you 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
éssänts I feel in none of them.

SILVER

What is ess...essence?

MORRIGAINE

The energy for castings. Not even
a trace do I feel here. You
control the "moter-saikel" but of
éssänts you know 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
éssänts. Exists not enough to
replenish the store within me....

Silver jimmys 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 Morrigaine?

Morrigaine shrugs with an odd, palm-raised gesture.

INT. SEDAN - DUSK

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

Silver hits the steering wheel with his palm.

SILVER

I am so screwed....

Morrigaine gives him an odd look.

SILVER

It means I'm in trouble.

MORRIGAINE

Help you perhaps I can.

SILVER

No offense, Morrigaine, but I don't think someone whose lost her memory can do much to help me.

Morrigaine 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
Dare I ask what you're talking
about?

MORRIGAINE
The small clear rock statue.
Break it did you?

Silver stares at her.

SILVER
How do you know about the
statuette?

MORRIGAINE
Of me it was.

She points at her own face. Silver stares, stunned.

SILVER
Explain.

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

SILVER
Come on, quit screwing with me.

MORRIGAINE
An explanation you wish? Then
listen!

Silver rolls his eyes.

MORRIGAINÉ

Centuries my father--the Great
Druid manacaster and lifecaster
Mähdríedd--worked to create a
great mana casting to reverse the
weakening. But on the night he
was to complete the work, a dæmán
entered my chambers...

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 holds up the crystal statuette and touches it to
Morrigané's forehead. Her body dissolves into a cloud of
purple smoke and flows into the statuette.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

MORRIGAINÉ

Nothing more I remember until I
awakened in your home.

Silver gives her a wary look.

SILVER

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

Morrigaine studies his face.

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye. But believe me you do not.

SILVER

Well what do you expect when you talk about monsters and magic? Do you really believe in that stuff?

MORRIGAINÉ

Of course. A caster I am.

SILVER

You can cast spells.

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye. A mindcaster I am. And a shockcaster. One day a Great Druid I shall become.

SILVER

Really. Show me. Cast a spell.

MORRIGAINÉ

No éssänts remains to replenish my reserves. What éssänts I have is all there is. Waste it on foolish displays I shall not.

SILVER

Surprise, surprise....

MORRIGAINÉ

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

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

Fuel? Like wood? No, éssänts is more like unseen beasts that a skilled handler can control.

SILVER

I think I need a new axiom about not helping strangers....

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The cottage sits near the shore of a calm lake. A path snakes down to where Dana'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 up at the cabin. He notices smoke rising from the chimney.

SILVER

Good, she made it.

MORRIGAINE

This dwelling is what?

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

This "Dana" 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, Dana, it's me!

He puts down the pack and walks 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.)

Of course. I shall advise him.

Beel closes the phone and places it on the table.

SILVER

Who are you?

BEEL

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

SILVER

Why are you--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 Dana?

BEEL

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

SILVER

What are you talking about?

BEEL

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

SILVER

Where is my wife?

BEEL

I suspected you might attempt to communicate with Missis Larcini. So I followed her here.

SILVER

God damn it, where is she?!

BEEL

On her way to a secure location far from here. But you needn't be concerned for her safety, Mister Larcini. Simply return my client's possessions and she will be returned to you unharmed.

SILVER

And if I don't?

Beel's smile remains placid.

BEEL

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

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

BEEL

I would recommend returning the artifacts. In pristine condition.

Silver swallows. He thinks quickly.

SILVER

I don't have them with me.

BEEL

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.

BEEL

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

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

MORRIGAINE

Enough time I have waited. I--

SILVER

Morrighaine, stay outside.

Beel sees Morrighaine. He gives Silver a cold glare.

BEEL

The deal is off, Mister Larcini.

He picks up his phone.

SILVER

Put it down!

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

Mümrie!

Silver fires another shot, but Beel slams into him and they crash to the ground. Beel straddles Silver and chokes him.

Silver throws a right hook. Beel's jaw snaps loose and dangles from threads of tissue. His placid face distorts and flickers, revealing 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. The pistol drops from his hand. He ducks under Beel's grasping arms and slams a fist into Beel's stomach and a knee into his ribs.

Beel staggers. Silver shoves him away with a thrust kick.

Beel stumbles and crashes into the fireplace. 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?!

MORRIGAINÉ

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

SILVER

You actually know what that was?

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye. A mind casting I used to make it fall into the fire. Flames can destroy any unliving.

SILVER

You convinced it to fall into the fire? 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 mûmríe.

Silver blinks in surprise.

SILVER

What the hell did I just say?

MORRIGAINÉ

The mûmríe I did not convince, for its brain is dead. It was you I convinced.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye, the thought I put into your mind. That thought you just said.

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

SILVER

How do you know about this stuff.

MORRIGAINÉ

A manacaster my father was, and much he taught me of casting lore. A deathcaster sent the mûmríe, and an imagecaster placed upon it an illusion of a living man.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINÉ

The one you stole from is this Lord Sherman?

Silver nods.

MORRIGAINÉ

Unless created was the mûmríe before the loss of éssänts, sufficient éssänts must still exist somewhere. Thus a caster Lord Sherman could be....

She thought for a moment.

MORRIGAINE

Perhaps he is even the dæmán that
imprisoned me and killed
Mähdríedd! Casting abilities some
dæmáni can possess. From Lord
Sherman what did you take?

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

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 mana 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 éssänts!

SILVER

Again with the essence....

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

Morrigaine...

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

Morr--

MORRIGAINE

To full strength I could return
éssänts--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 he took?

SILVER

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

Morrigaine regards him with a calculating look.

MORRIGAINE

Repair it I could.

SILVER

You...really?

MORRIGAINE

Aye. But sufficient éssänts for that I no longer have stored within me. My reserve I must replenish.

SILVER

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

Morrigaine thinks.

MORRIGAINE

In his quest to restore éssänts, a small region Mähdríedd found where slower was the drain than anywhere else. His keep he built in that enclave so sufficient éssänts he could access for his project to reverse the éssänts drain. If Lord Sherman created the mümrie, then that enclave may still exist.

SILVER

An essence enclave. Fine, where?

MORRIGAINE

In Ile-bráytyn.

SILVER

And where is that?

MORRIGAINE

Where is here?

Silver fetches a world map. He points to New York State.

SILVER

We're here.

MORRIGAINE

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

She points to Scotland.

SILVER

You're from the U.K.? You sure don't sound like it.

MORRIGAINE

Months would it take for us to travel there.

SILVER

To Scotland? 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 them! If enough éssänts remains, much I could do....

SILVER

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

He returns Lord's treasures to the backpack.

MORRIGAINE

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

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

Silver picks up the phone. He crumples a hundred dollar bill near the phone as he answers. He mimics Beel's voice.

SILVER

Beel speaking.

GODSON (V.O.)

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

SILVER

Not yet.

GODSON (V.O.)
 Son of a bitch....

SILVER
 I'll have them soon enough. Where
 is Larcini's wife being held?

GODSON (V.O.)
 The éssänts enclave. Make sure he
 stays put. We're almost there.

Godson hangs up. Silver shakes his head.

SILVER
 This is insane. They're taking
 Dana to the essence enclave.

MORRIGAINÉ
 Then to the keep we will go?

SILVER
 I don't believe in magic, essence,
 whatever...but apparently they do.
 So yes, that's 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, Dana'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 J-turn.

Guards run out of the cabin. Several open 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.

MORRIGAINÉ

For what are we here?

SILVER

To pick up some clothing, makeup, wigs, a Halloween latex mask kit--

MORRIGAINÉ

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 MacGyver wannabes.

MORRIGAINÉ

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 mean it. I'll be back in a moment.

MORRIGAINE

Where is here?

SILVER

My in-laws' house. I need to borrow a few things. Axiom thirty-four: Learn the habits of everyone around you.

He picks up the backpack and exits the car.

EXT. DANA'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. DANA'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?

MORRIGAINE

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 Dana's mother.

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

MORRIGAINE

An imagecaster could do no better.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

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

Silver smiles.

SILVER

Axiom one: Don't worry about the axiom 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 my tools wouldn't make it past the security checkpoint.

MORRIGAINE

Wise is it for a thief to abandon his equipment?

SILVER

It's wiser than being caught.

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

Yeah...that's not going to happen.
It's going into storage. Hold on,
I'll be right back.

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

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

INT. MANSION - LOWER FLOOR OFFICE - DAY

Cameras and 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

Any 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 Larcini was driving.

LORD

Where?

GODSON

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

Lord's eyes narrow.

LORD

He is fleeing the country.

GODSON

Yes, sir. Want me to lock down
the airport?

LORD

No. He is slippery. Better not
to alert him. Have agents watch
the gates of all today's flights
with any tickets purchased within
the last twelve hours.

GODSON

Yes, sir.

INT. JFK AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - 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. She steps up and places the backpack on the x-ray machine conveyer belt.

Silver watches helplessly.

Morigaine subtly weaves her hands and speaks a few words to the TSA OFFICER viewing the monitor. His eyes lose focus for a moment.

Morigaine steps through the metal detector.

The Officer suddenly yawns widely. He 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. I'll bet it's some form of hypnosis.

MORRIGAINE

Hipno-sis?

SILVER

You use voice and motion to lull a person into a state where he's susceptible to verbal suggestions.

Morigaine rolls her eyes in disgust.

MORRIGAINE

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

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

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

It's an airplane. Watch.

He points at another 747 as it taxis down the runway.

MORRIGAINE

Faster than a moter-saikel it
moves!

SILVER

Uh, keep it down, Morrigaine.

MORRIGAINE

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

Realization hits. She smiles with self-satisfaction.

MORRIGAINE

A car that can float it is, am I
right?

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 as impossible that is 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 COUPLE
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 went through security!

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.

MORRIGAINÉ

Is this another waiting room?

SILVER

Not exactly.

LATER

Morigaine clings to her seat and screams as the jet taxis down the runway and lifts off.

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

LATER

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

MORRIGAINÉ

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

SILVER

So...what made this essence-stuff disappear, anyway?

MORRIGAINE

No one knows. His whole life the Great Druid Aumérlllynex sought the source of the éssänts drain. Successful he was not.

SILVER

Uh-huh. So what happened to him?

MORRIGAINE

I do not know. Easily the Great Druids should have been able to defend themselves...but weakened they all were from battle, so...

SILVER

Battle?

EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

A vast fleet of Saxon ships approaches a distant shore.

MORRIGAINE (V.O.)

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

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

MORRIGAINE (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.

MORRIGAINE (V.O.)

The fighting prowess of Lord Erturrínn'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.

MORRIGAINE (V.O.)

But...far too many there were. To a man were all Lord Ærturrínn's skilled warriors 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

MORRIGAINE

Two nights after that the dæmán came for Mähdríedd and me.

SILVER

What would have happened if it hadn't come for you two?

Morrigaine sighs.

MORRIGAINE

éssänts would have returned in full. And with his lifecasting Mähdríedd would have resurrected all Lord Ærturrínn's warriors and driven out the Sáüks'ain raiders! If only prepared I had been for the dæmán, I could have...

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 and 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 Kraístattüè? One of the seven Great Druids he is...was--a lifecaster five centuries old.

SILVER

Five centuries? Morrigan, 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 you said was looking into why essence disappeared? You also mentioned a Lord-somebody....

MORRIGAINE

Aumérlllynex. And Lord Ærturrinn.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

Khámmæ-yette, you mean?

Silver stares at her. Again realization hits him.

SILVER

Wait. Say your name again.

MORRIGAINE

Morrigainausálafé.

SILVER

Of course. 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? Aumérlllynex was a Great Druid--never would I betray him! And Mähdríedd was my father! Who has slandered our names?

Silver chuckles.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINÉ

F-Fifteen hundred years?

Silver nods. Morrigané 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 Morrigané 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.
Morrigaine opens her mouth to speak.

SILVER

No! It's just batteries.

EXT. MOORS - NIGHT

Silver and Morrigan trudge through rocky hills.

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

SILVER

Watch out for the ghost,
Morrigan.

He chuckles. Morrigan pauses, then continues walking.

MORRIGAINE

No ghost is that. Merely fog.

SILVER

So you believe in ghosts. Why am
I not surprised?

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

Yeah? And how can that happen?

MORRIGAINE

If there is enough éssänts, then
through strength of will alone can
someone who died badly remain.
Others return when 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

But of course. Moomr...that sounds kind of like "mummy," doesn't it? I wonder if--

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 go. I...wait.
No. Something is wrong.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

No, I mean...ill we both became at the same time. 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.

MORRIGAINÉ

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.

MORRIGAINÉ

No. Into the bog we must go.

SILVER

What? Why?

Morrigainé continues walking.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

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

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

SILVER

Morrigainé!

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

Morrigainé stands before him. She gestures ahead.

MORRIGAINÉ

Behold!

A tall wall of stone rises out of the fog.

SILVER

How the hell did we not see that?

MORRIGAINE

An image casting 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 Morigaine 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 that is.

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 Morigaine 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 Morigaine 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.

Silver and Morigaine duck under a wood shelter as the rain pours down. Lightning flickers and thunder rolls.

Morigaine points to the top of the tower.

MORRIGAINÉ

There was where my father...

She points to an open spot across the courtyard.

MORRIGAINÉ

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?

MORRIGAINÉ

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. Morigaine grabs his arm and hauls him back.

MORRIGAINÉ

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

SILVER

I see. Well, axiom sixteen is the
greater the security, the greater
the reward. Any idea why this is
here?

MORRIGAINÉ

No. But this ward I can dismiss.

With intense focus 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, Morigaine stands.

MORRIGAINÉ

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. The beam reveals a thin wire looped over a hook on the wall. He unhooks it.

He cautiously pushes the door open. Stone steps lead down.

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

MORRIGAINÉ

That is what?

SILVER

Axiom 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 Morigaine 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.

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

MORRIGANNE

Another piece of my father's scroll this is!

SILVER

The top portion, right?

MORRIGANNE

Aye! And if two pieces survived, perhaps so too did the third!

SILVER

Maybe so. But the reason I'm here is to find Dana. We need to keep looking.

Morriganne 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.

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

SILVER

Jesus H. Christ! Did you see--

MORRIGAINÉ

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 Morigaine down against the stairs and covers her.

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

Morigaine stares at Silver in shock.

MORRIGAINÉ

Just batteries?

Silver digs the pistol out of the pack. He grabs Morigaine'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. A lightning flash reveals a dozen skeletons shuffle toward him through the rain. He's surrounded.

He looks down. A skeleton missing its lower half has clamped onto his ankle with a bony hand. He kicks at its skull, snapping it off, 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

Yes, sir. It still looks creepy.

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 Sheffield. Director of Homeland Security.

LORD

Very good. You may go. Await my contact.

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

Larcini? How could he possibly know about the keep?

GODSON

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

LORD

WHAT? God damn it! No wonder he has continued 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 send Mister Larcini's wife to me immediately.

GODSON

Yes, sir.

INT. KEEP DUNGEON - SILVER'S CELL

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

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

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

BRITISH SOLDIER (O.S.)

You stirred up a bloody hornet's nest. In another hour this place will be crawling with troops. You pissed off the wrong bloke.

The BRITISH SOLDIER smirks at Silver from the hallway. He carries a ring of keys and a Glock 17 pistol in a shoulder holster with two extra magazines.

SILVER

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

BRITISH SOLDIER

I'd worry more about yourself,
mate.

He turns and disappears back down the hall.

SILVER

Hey! Is my wife here?

He angrily throws a rusty food bowl, which bounces off the bars and hits a SKELETON. A faint, whispery voice sounds.

SKELETON

Ashgárat efaán...raí-stels?

SILVER

Hello?

The Skeleton's eyes burn red. It stands, shedding dust and rotted cloth. It walks stiffly toward Silver.

SILVER

Oh, shit! Guard!

He scrambles back, doubling his chain to use as a weapon.

SKELETON

Our deaths will not go unpunished!

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.

SKELETON

A mere chain...will not stop me.

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.

SILVER

Stay back! Why are you after me?
What did I ever do to you?

The Skeleton hesitates. It sees Silver is also chained.

SKELETON

You too...are a prisoner?

SILVER

Yes!

SKELETON

The dæmán that captured us...it
is not here?

SILVER

Just me and a guard. Who are you?

SKELETON

I am known...as Aumérlllynex.

Silver's jaw drops.

SILVER

Merlin? Seriously? And those
other skeletons...are they the
other Great Druids?

SKELETON

Aye. Who...are you?

SILVER

My name is Silver Larcini, and I'm
working with Morrigan! Her
father is the Great Druid who
tried to bring essence back.
She's trying to finish his work.

SKELETON

Morriganusálafé...still lives?

SILVER

The demon killed her father but
put her in stasis. I found and
released her. Why are you and the
other Great Druids in this cell?

SKELETON

When the éssänts disappeared...we traveled to Mähdriedd's keep...to replenish our éssänts reserves. But already the däemán had...taken the keep. With our éssänts reserves so depleted...the däemán used undead guardians...to capture us. Within this cell...there is no éssänts. We died...of thirst!

The glowing eyes dim briefly.

SKELETON

With my little remaining éssänts ...I infused myself with an animation trap...to be triggered when my body was disturbed.

SILVER

A trap? For what?

SKELETON

The däemán. When it came for our remains...this animation trap...would avenge my death.

SILVER

If you want revenge, then help me get out of this cell so I can help Morrigaine undo the demon's efforts and return essence!

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

Silver listens as 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 ribs don't 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.

SILVER

Thank you, Merlin.

SKELETON

Return the éssänts...Sil--

The Skeleton collapses in a dusty heap of bones.

Silver unlocks his chains and the cell door. He glances in a cell across the hallway and two more cells to the left.

SILVER

Morrigaine! Dana?

He doesn't see Morrigan, who is blindfolded, gagged and shackled spread-eagle on the side wall of one cell.

GUARD STATION

A stone-walled room lit by torches. Silver enters from one hallway. A main passageway leads off to the side.

On a table lie books, a TV/DVD player, a stack of DVDs, military rations...and Silver's backpack.

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

Silver searches him and finds a cell phone. He checks it and finds a text message.

SILVER

"Keep prisoners under max security. Send recovered artifacts to U.S. Colorado enclave immediately. The Director and full security detail are inbound."

He takes guard's pistol and holster. He slings the pack over his shoulders and heads off down the main passageway.

MAIN PASSAGEWAY

Up ahead a flight of steps head 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 stairs.

As the body tumbles 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 an iron ladder leading up a long vertical shaft.

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 it open.

INT. MORDRED'S LABORATORY - DAY

Silver climbs up into a square stone room with a single large, low window. Alchemist and science lab equipment fill the room, just like in Lord's secret office.

SILVER

What are you up to here, Sherm?

An ancient map of Great Britain hangs on one wall. It doesn't belong in the austere lab.

Silver peeks behind the map and sees an old combination lock wall safe behind it. He removes the map.

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

Inside he finds old books and a dusty ruby ring. He picks up the ring and dusts it off...and the ruby disappears.

GENIE (O.S.)
You are here. Finally!

Silver draws the pistol and turns.

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?

The Genie gives him a sly smile.

GENIE

Do you wish to know what it was?

SILVER

Not yet. I'll use my last wish to wish for more wishes first.

GENIE

What part of "three wishes" is unclear to you? Three only.

SILVER

Screw this. I'm leaving.

GENIE

Wait! No, you must complete your wishes! I have waited too long!

SILVER

Not interested.

GENIE

All right, I apologize for tricking you. To make amends, 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 educate you!

Silver blinks with sudden realization.

SILVER

Wait...could you bring my wife to me? As in teleport her here?

The Genie stares into space for a moment. He frowns.

GENIE

You want me to teleport a corpse to you?

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

It's done? 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

But you agreed to make your wishes now!

SILVER

I don't have time for this.

GENIE

You could! You could wish for more time, if you want!

SILVER

Is that so? Could you roll back time so I can relive the past two days knowing what I know now?

GENIE

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

SILVER

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 just before Morigaine and I arrived at the keep. There, will that work?

The Genie smiles with relief.

GENIE

Finally, I am free.... 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 pistol 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 takes a seat across from Sherman Lord in a cabin decked with old-fashioned luxury styling.

Lord talks on a phone, so Godson takes out a notepad and finishes drawing a ward. It glows green. He lays it on a table and places an apple from a nearby fruit bowl on it.

As Lord speaks on the phone, he watches the apple rapidly rot and turn into a fungus-covered black blob.

LORD

Just see that it is done, Mister President.

He hangs up and nods at the rotten apple.

LORD

A new ward. Nicely done.

GODSON

Yes, sir. But I can't scale it up without more éssänts. The keep is in the strongest of the four enclaves. If we moved our operations there, our castings would be more effective and--

LORD

No. You need to understand that more éssänts is not necessarily more useful, Godson.

Godson frowns, unconvinced.

LORD

The level of éssänts at our New York enclave is just high enough to replenish us, but low enough that anyone possessing a latent aptitude for using éssänts will not eventually manifest it. Thus, we can have guards, servants and visitors on the premises without concern. That would not be the case if we resided at either the keep or the Colorado enclaves.

GODSON

What about the fourth enclave?

LORD

It is underwater. How long can you hold your breath, Godson?

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 moment.

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 do not 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...am I one of them?

Lord chuckles.

LORD
Not exactly. I mean, I did kill you, of course, because I cannot control the spirit of a body that has not died. But I immediately 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 but less maintenance in the long run.

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, pistol 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
Morrigaine?

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! Only thick forest surrounds it, not marsh illusion.

He frowns and hurries down the path toward the wall.

EXT. KEEP WALL PERIMETER - NIGHT

Silver jogs around a curve and almost runs into two Saxon warriors in ratty chainmail and leather armor.

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

Silver draws his pistol.

SILVER
I don't want any trouble....

The men raise their weapons and charge with a roar. Silver fires three shots. 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 several shots until one hits the archer.

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 until all four men drop.

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 barrels into Silver and they crash to the ground. He straddles Silver and draws a large knife.

Silver snatches up the pistol, fires his last shot...and misses. He slams the hot barrel into the warrior's mouth. The man roars in pain and drops his knife.

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

One more warrior with a spear sees Silver struggling to get out from under the heavy warrior's body. He charges.

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 scrambles to his feet and reloads. 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 window.

A new-looking map of Great 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 adds it to his backpack.

In the back of the safe he finds the Genie's ruby ring.

With growing realization, he picks up the dusty ring and buffs it on his clothing. The stone evaporates.

GENIE (O.S.)

What is your first wish?

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

SILVER

You again! At least this time I
know the rules.

The Genie blinks with surprise.

GENIE

Do I know you?

SILVER

Oh, you will, asshole.

GENIE

I see. Is such hostility necessary?

SILVER

It's well deserved. Now shut up and let me think.

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 same moment in time your future self sent me into the past.

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?!

SILVER

Life's a bitch, ain't it? 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. Morrigaine struggles weakly in its grasp.

SILVER

Morrigaine! Oh hell, it's happening tonight?

He draws his pistol.

The trapdoor bangs open. Silver turns and sees MORDRED (60s) 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 to see Morriganne strapped spread-eagle on the wall.

SILVER

Morriganne!

Her clothing is torn and muddied. Silver pulls off her blindfold and gag.

MORRIGAINNE

Silver! You are alive!

Silver grins as he works to unbuckle her straps.

SILVER

Good to know. Are you all right?

MORRIGAINNE

Aye, now I am. Because of these restraints, no casting could I make to escape. Earlier I heard your voice calling out, but a long time it took for you to find me.

SILVER

I, uh, took the scenic route.

He removes the last shackle. Morriganne embraces him.

MORRIGAINNE

Thank the sun that you are safe.
Where were you?

SILVER

Shopping.

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

MORRIGANE

The final piece it is!

SILVER

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

MORRIGANE

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

SILVER

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

MORRIGANE

Not fully prepared am I to face him. Only partially recharged is my store of éssänts.

SILVER

No essence in these cells. Yeah, I heard.

MORRIGANE

Aye? From whom?

SILVER

Later. Let's go.

MORRIGANE

But...your wife.

SILVER

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

MORRIGANE

A genie?

SILVER

Yeah, I've been...busy. There's another essence enclave in the U.S. The other scroll pieces are on their way there. And I'll bet it's where they sent Dana.

He unlocks the cell door. Morigaine smiles.

MORRIGAINÉ

No longer do you doubt the existence of éssänts.

SILVER

Yeah, well, I got my evidence. Now if we can just get you to believe that machines can fly....

GUARD STATION

Silver and Morigaine enter from the hallway to the cells.

MORRIGAINÉ

This donjon is where?

SILVER

Hidden under the keep.

MORRIGAINÉ

Truly? Never before have I seen it. Could this be where all along the däemán 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. Morigaine grimaces.

MORRIGAINÉ

That smell...what is it?

SILVER

The guard. I had to use his body
to get past some wards.

He indicates the scorch-marked walls and charred body.

MORRIGAINÉ

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

SILVER

Axiom five.

INT. TOWER - DAY

Silver shows Morrigané the black symbol on the door.

SILVER

What kind of ward is that?

MORRIGAINÉ

One that reads, "Exit," Silver.

She laughs and pulls 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. An MI5 AGENT enters, breathless. The guard directs him to Sherman Lord.

MI5 AGENT

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

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

LORD

Godson.

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

GODSON

I'll get agents to Heathrow and--

LORD

Do not bother. I know exactly where they are headed.

GODSON

Where?

LORD

Get your wolf on a plane immediately.

GODSON

Yes, sir.

INT. ENGLAND HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Silver lies on one of two beds in the luxury suite. Morigaine stands. They still wear 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

Dgényíea 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 shifts uncomfortably. Morigaine gives him an evaluating look.

MORRIGAINÉ

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

SILVER

Maybe. It would have been a lot easier with you helping me out.

Morigaine sits on the bed beside him.

MORRIGAINÉ

In my time most people feared powerful 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 hard. For a moment he kisses back, passionately. Then he pushes her away.

SILVER

I'm sorry. I can't.

Morrigaine gazes at him. First wounded. Then guarded.

MORRIGAINE

All right. I understand.

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

What? I didn't think it would.

MORRIGAINE

Then why--

SILVER

Dana.

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

Oh. Things have changed.

MORRIGAINE

I see. Then 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 and studies the third scroll piece. She beckons Silver over.

MORRIGAINE

Most of the runes I cannot read, but the last row I understand. A description it is of how some force has pushed the éssänts above the air covering the Earth.

SILVER

Huh. Does that mean there's essence in outer space?

MORRIGAINE

All my father's scroll must do is disrupt the force that keeps éssänts 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 it is not activated. For the effect to occur I think some action must take place.

SILVER

What action? You're not going to need all three scroll pieces together, are you?

MORRIGAINE

No, sufficient this last piece should be. But to learn how to activate it I must first translate it. Unfortunately, very complex is this language. Several castings I will need to make in an environment rich with éssänts.

SILVER

Please tell me we don't need to return to the keep.

MORRIGAINE

In the Unknown Land you said there is another enclave.

Silver nods and thinks.

SILVER

Colorado's an awfully big place to search...but didn't you once tell me you could use one scroll piece to track down another?

MORRIGAINE

Aye! Directly to the éssänts enclave it would lead us! Enough éssänts I now possess 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. Morrighaine weaves a hand over the spell piece on her lap.

SILVER

So besides influencing minds, you can track certain things, dispel curses, disable wards and sense essence. Oh, and translate languages in an odd way.

MORRIGAINÉ

Basic skills they are that most casters learn. But incorrect is my translation? Easy it is to fix....

She weaves her hands and murmurs.

MORRIGAINÉ

Perfectly I speak now, do I not?

SILVER

Well, B plus for effort, maybe.

MORRIGAINÉ

Be what?

SILVER

And you said you can do something with lightning, right?

MORRIGAINÉ

Shockcasting, aye--the second of my two specialties needed to become a Great Druid. But still too imprecise is my control of lightning, and my store of éssänts 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 Morigaine walk past several FBI agents scanning the crowds. One agent looks hard at Silver.

SILVER

Looks like we're expected.

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

MORRIGAINE

Then in the correct place we must be.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

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

Morrigaine 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.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

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

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

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

MORRIGAINE

Feel it can you? The éssänts?

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

No, immune we should now be as--

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

The 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 takes aim. BLAM! 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 three 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, hell no...a 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 crap!

He glances down at an emergency roadside kit with a gas can in the back of the Jeep. He looks back at the Wolf and sees it jump down to the dirt road and bound toward them.

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 and again it collapses. 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...and turns into a muscular, NAKED WOMAN.

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

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

SILVER

Are you okay?

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

SILVER

The werewolf bit you?

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

Are you okay? Can you walk?

MORRIGAINE

Aye, walk I can. Continue we should.

SILVER

Well I'm glad you weren't bitten.
I didn't bring a leash.

Morrigaine gives him a wounded look.

SILVER

Joking! Come on, let's go.

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

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

The road winds past the rotting house. Up ahead a small creek cuts across the road. The road continues on to a decaying church at the base of a rocky cliff face.

Morriganne looks up from concentrating on the scroll piece as she and Silver approach the house.

MORRIGAINNE

In there are the scroll pieces.

They climb the creaky steps. Silver eases open the door.

INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight streaming through a window reveals dusty, rotting furniture. A large cracked mirror hangs on the back wall.

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

MORRIGAINNE

There. Behind the mirror.

Silver inspects the mirror and finds a switch on the frame. He presses it and the mirror slides to the side, revealing a vault-like metal door with an iris scanner.

He frowns as he inspects the door.

SILVER

Terrific. Morriganne, got any spells that can blast open a safe?

Wood creaks. Silver looks to the side. A woman in a torn business suit stands in a doorway.

Silver stares in shock.

SILVER

D-Dana?

Dana runs into his arms and embraces him.

SILVER

Dana! You're alive!

He glances up and sees his reflection in the mirror...but Dana shows no reflection at all. He stares with growing horror.

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

MORRIGAINE

Silver!

Silver shoves Dana to the floor.

Morrigaine grabs his arm and hauls him outside.

EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - NIGHT

Morrigaine slams the door shut and pulls Silver away.

SILVER

W-What is--

MORRIGAINE

A trap this is! Into a vyámpeerá
has a deathcaster made her!

Silver reels as Morriganine drags him toward the creek.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

Undead is not dead! Run!

Dana smashes through the shack door barehanded. She turns her gaze on Silver and Morriganine, and dashes after them like a spider across a web.

Silver stumbles just short of the creek. Morriganine grabs his arm. They splash across, collapsing on the other side.

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

Morrigaine pulls Silver to his feet to pull him back across the creek.

MORRIGAINÉ

Away from here we must go! Now!

SILVER

But she's gone....

MORRIGAINÉ

Running water a vyámpeerá cannot cross, but the stream is small-- around the source it will go!

Silver stares after Dana.

SILVER

We can't outrun her, Morrighaine.

MORRIGAINÉ

But only weapons of wood can defeat it--useless are my castings and your weapon!

Silver looks up at the decaying church.

SILVER

What about in there?

INT. DECAYING CHURCH - NIGHT

Moonlight streaming through dusty stained glass skylights illuminates old pews, an altar covered with broken furniture, and a fireplace near the altar.

Morrighaine pulls Silver inside and slams the doors shut. She drags him past the pews to the altar.

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

MORRIGAINÉ

The heart or brain we must impale,
and inside the vyámpeerá's body
the wood must remain until it
dies, or the wound will heal.

Silver stares blankly at the wooden stake in his hand.

MORRIGAINE

Silver! Alone I cannot do this.
Please. No longer is that your
wife. A monster it is.

SILVER

A monster....

MORRIGAINE

Aye. And nothing more.

Silver takes a deep breath. He looks at his wooden stake.

SILVER

What's so special about wood?

MORRIGAINE

It works.

Silver pulls out his knife. He cuts a small piece of wood
from the stake and carves it into a crude bullet shape.

Using pliers, he twists a bullet free from a cartridge. He
wedges the wood bullet in its place and chambers the round
into the pistol.

He notices Morigaine staring. He follows her gaze...

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

As Silver and Morigaine scan the windows, a shadow moves
on the ground nearby.

SILVER

Above!

Silver leaps to the side as Dana crashes down through a
skylight in a cloud of glittering glass. She lands like a
cat behind Morigaine.

Morigaine spins and stabs with her stake.

Dana slaps it away and shoves Morigaine into the pile of
broken furniture.

Tears in his eyes, Silver aims his pistol.

SILVER

I'm sorry, Dana....

BLAM! The wood bullet shatters. One piece only nicks the vampire's cheek, releasing a thin spatter of blood.

Dana fixes her hungry gaze on Silver.

He backs up. His heel catches and he falls against the fireplace. His left arm plunges into a pile of old ashes.

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

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

Dana barely jerks with each shot. Blood spatters the floor behind her as the bullets tear up her chest.

Silver switches to the wood spear and feints a lunge. The vampire easily snatches the spear away.

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

Dana screams like a banshee. As she thrashes, Silver embraces her, interlocking his fingers to hold on. Tears stream down his face.

The thrashing slowly subsides, and Dana falls limp. Silver pulls out his arm with a sickening squelch.

MORRIGAINÉ

Ashes...wood ashes you used!

Silver holds Dana close and sobs quietly.

EXT. DECAYING CHURCH - NIGHT

Silver and Morigaine sit on the church steps. Silver stares vacantly into the night, his face haggard and aged.

SILVER

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

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

And a ghost can possess a body,
right?

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

But you're alive. Her spirit
could possess you!

MORRIGAINE

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

SILVER

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

Morrigaine gazes at him.

MORRIGAINE

That is what you want?

Silver blinks.

SILVER

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

He looks at his blood-smearred hands. Morrigan nods. She
puts an arm around his shoulder and leans against him.

SILVER

Are all monsters real?

MORRIGAINE

The worst of éssänts 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 so 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, it is his failure to return éssänts I have lamented.

Silver nods.

MORRIGAINE

Never did I consider the wisdom of leaving things be. In a world with or without éssänts would you prefer to live?

SILVER

It won't make much of a difference for me either way. I won't be alive for much longer.

MORRIGAINE

What do you mean?!

SILVER

I have cancer...an incurable disease. I probably have only a few weeks left.

Morrigaine stares in dismay.

MORRIGAINE

No, Silver....

SILVER

It's okay. I've made my peace
with it. Besides, I've lost
everything too....

He looks at his bloody hands.

MORRIGAINÉ

No! A lifecaster I am not, but
perhaps if we return éssänts...

The growl of vehicle engines reaches their ears. Bobbing headlights round a bend in the dirt road just beyond the dilapidated house and head toward the church.

Silver draws his pistol and grabs Morigaine's hand. They 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.

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

Silver lands hard, losing his backpack and the pistol. He rolls over, dazed.

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

GODSON

That hurts, doesn't it?

Silver scrabbles for his pistol. Godson kicks him hard in the ribs and sends him flying against a tree.

Silver scrambles to his feet. He and Godson square off.

GODSON

No more running, thief.

Silver ducks as Godson swings. He steps in and fires off a rapid combination of punches to Godson's body, a shin kick to his thigh, and drives a knee to his stomach.

Godson barely flinches. He grabs Silver, slams him against a tree, and rams a fist hard into his ribs with a crunch.

Godson smiles as Silver gasps for air. He balls his fist and hammers it into Silver's face.

EXT. DECAYING CHURCH - 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, police, FBI agents and soldiers stand in a circle around Silver and Morigaine.

LORD (O.S.)

Good morning, Mister Larcini.

With effort, Silver turns. Sherman Lord and Godson stand inside the circle. Lord smiles.

LORD

Tell me...did you enjoy being reunited with your wife?

SILVER

You f-fucking bastard....

The swelling injuries affect Silver's speech. He struggles to stand and go after Lord.

Godson steps forward and shoves Silver to the ground.

GODSON

Try that again and I'll break your legs.

LORD

Her performance was disappointing, yes, but I was delighted to see you were unable to bypass the iris scanner.

He produces the three scroll pieces from his suit pocket.

LORD

Tell me, Mister Larcini...where did you find this third piece of the scroll? It has been missing for, what, fifteen centuries now?

SILVER

Go to h-hell.

Morrigaine stirs and groans.

MORRIGAINÉ

My head. Silver, are you...

LORD

Hello, Morriginousálafé. It has been a long, long time....

She sits up and sees Lord.

MORRIGAINÉ

F-Father?

Silver gapes.

SILVER

M-Mordred? You can't be. I s-saw a demon kill him.

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--

The Demon vanishes. Sherman Lord chuckles.

LORD

Demon, fireball, even me in my tower--all just illusions to convince anyone who might be using observation castings that a demon was the source of all the trouble.

MORRIGAINÉ

Imposter! No specialty of Mähdríedd was imagecasting!

LORD

I am actually the first Great Druid to possess three specialties, my dear. No one ever knew that I am an imagecaster.

SILVER

S-So there n-never was any demon?

LORD

No, just me.

SILVER

Then...it w-was you who imprisoned Morrigan in the s-statulette.

LORD

I did. Aumérlllynex was close to discovering that my scroll was the source of the éssänts drain, so I sent Morriganausálafé to him to continue her education while I redoubled my efforts.

He shakes his head with irritation.

LORD

Unfortunately, he instilled in her his unyielding devotion to the restoration of éssänts. Still, in the event I might one day need her abilities, I acquired a stasis statuette from a timecaster.

MORRIGAINÉ

Your scroll caused éssänts to disappear?

LORD

You had not yet figured this out?

MORRIGAINÉ

But why would you...?

LORD

To increase my power, of course.

MORRIGAINE

More power with less éssänts?
What sense does that make?

LORD

I designed the casting to allow
for the formation of a few
enclaves where some éssänts would
remain even after it disappeared
from the rest of the world.

He indicates the area around them.

LORD

With access to the enclaves, my
castings still functioned well
enough to eliminate the now
powerless Great Druids. Enchanted
creatures disappeared on their
own. Magic became myth within a
few generations. So although my
scroll greatly diminished my own
power, it made me relatively 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 Larcini.

SILVER

Th-This is all j-just about power?
S-Seriously?

LORD

What else could I possibly need?

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 is just as well she is not
conscious when she dies.

SILVER
What? You can't--you s-said you
m-may need her abilities!

LORD
She was the one powerful druid I
allowed to survive after éssänts
disappeared...and look how much
trouble she has caused me.

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
Larcini.

He turns to Godson.

LORD
Send for two men with shovels.

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
I control Godson's spirit. He is
incapable of harming me. Not that
shooting me would do any good.
Bullets don't burn.

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

MORRIGAINE

Spirit control only a deathcaster
can do, not a lifecaster....

LORD

You remember your lessons well. I
am a manacaster, an imagecaster...
and a deathcaster. I never was a
lifecaster.

MORRIGAINE

But life castings are required to
live as many centuries as you
have. Only corpses can a
deathcaster preserve.

LORD

Indeed. And only an imagecaster
can make the dead appear alive.

He waves a hand and his face dissolves, revealing a dry,
rotted skull. Silver and Morigaine stare in horror.
Another wave and his living face returns.

MORRIGAINE

A llych!

Morigaine sits up and weaves her hands. Lord laughs.

LORD

Did you forget mind castings are
ineffective on a dead brain?

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
gunfire sounds through the ringing in his ears. He forces
himself back up to his knees.

Curled 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 next to him.

LORD

I...I did not realize how far she had come. Still... her control always needed work.

He gazes sadly at Morigaine, then turns to Silver.

LORD

Mister Larcini. Tell me where you found that third scroll piece and I shall allow you to live...as one of my creations, of course.

SILVER

G-Go fuck yourself.

Lord nods at Godson. Godson draws 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 gives him no time to react. He brutally slams his fist again and again into Godson's face, then grabs his neck and squeezes as hard as he can.

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, and his 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

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.

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

Are the scroll pieces secure, sir?

Lord gestures at the treasure room door.

LORD

Here will suffice for now. I shall separate the pieces again once the other enclaves are sufficiently secure.

GODSON

Which enclaves will you put them in?

LORD

One piece in each enclave--except for the underwater one, of course.

Lord selects another book from a bookshelf.

LORD

I trust there were no problems at the Colorado enclave?

GODSON

No, sir. I had Mister Larcini and Morigaine buried as you requested.

Lord's eyes widen. He returns the book to the shelf.

Godson draws his pistol. 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 pistol 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 just
now 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 Larcini. Who are you?

GODSON

I am the ghost of Silver Larcini.

He stares in horror.

LORD

Your spirit survived the bullet
and you possessed Godson's body.
Am I correct?

GODSON

Yes.

LORD

You must have quite a strong will.
And you were fortunate to have
died in an éssänts enclave. But
you lacked the wisdom to stay away
from the world's only deathcaster?
And surely you know bullets cannot
harm me. Why try to shoot me?

GODSON

You said bullets can't harm you
because they don't burn. So I
loaded my handgun with white
phosphorus incendiary rounds.

LORD

How clever. Let me see....

Godson hands him the pistol. Lord ejects a round and
inspects the red-tipped bullet. He puts the gun and
cartridge into a desk drawer.

LORD

I would prefer you not to carry
such rounds. Technological
advancement is truly more trouble
than it is worth.

He prepares to cast a spell.

LORD

Two spirits occupying a single
body is inherently unstable, but
it could take some time for
Godson's spirit to re-exert
control. So I think I shall use a
little exorcism to destroy the
second spirit right now. Good-bye
again, Mister Larcini.

Lord weaves his hands and murmurs.

Godson trembles with tension. Sweat beads his brow. He
jerks once and the tension evaporates. He blinks.

LORD

Welcome back, Godson. You are
free to move again.

Godson's lip curls.

GODSON

I didn't just possess Godson's
body. I killed his spirit and
took its place. There was no
second spirit for you to exorcise,
Sherm.

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. He 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. Lord stares in dismay as the bones snap and pop.

Godson grabs one of Lord's arms and rips it completely off. Its illusion of life flickers off. He hurls the arm away.

GODSON

That was for Dana.

LORD

Stop! I'll give you whatever you
wish!

GODSON

You already are....

He latches on to the other arm and twists it off as well.

GODSON

That was for Morigaine.

He grips Lord by the head and jerks his jaw hard to the side, breaking it off with a loud crack.

GODSON

And that was for me.

He shoves Lord to the floor and bends each of his legs the wrong way, snapping them at the knee. Lord writhes.

Godson opens the treasure room door and steps inside.

TREASURE ROOM

The three scroll pieces sit prominently on a shelf among the treasures. Godson takes them.

He turns and walks out, ignoring the rest of the treasures.

SECRET OFFICE

Lord stands, his legs repaired. His arms crawl rapidly toward him across the floor, one holding his jaw.

Godson strides to the desk as Lord's limbs climb back into place.

GODSON

You deceived us into thinking you died in a fire. I'm going to make an honest man out of you, Sherm.

As Lord gestures, Godson recovers his pistol and opens fire on Lord. Bright, smoking streaks rip holes through Lord. Flames lick out from the bullet holes.

LORD

No! I must not die!

GODSON

Everybody dies, Sherm. You just didn't do it right the first time.

Lord's illusion flickers out, and Godson walks away. Lord rips the pendant from his neck and tosses it away. The fire consumes him.

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.

SILVER (O.S.)

What are you doing in here?

Godson turns to see Silver. He is uninjured and holds a pistol. They stare at each other in shock.

SILVER

Godson! Any reason is there why I should not kill you right now?

GODSON

You can't be me...I'm Silver!

Silver looks at him as if he's insane.

GODSON

I'm Silver Larcini! Godson killed me but my ghost survived, and I destroyed his spirit and took over his body. So you can't be me!

Silver approaches him warily.

SILVER

Silver you truly are?

He focuses intently on Godson, then blinks in surprise.

SILVER

(Morrigaine's voice)

It is you!

He waves a hand. His form morphs into Morrigaine. Godson steps back warily.

GODSON

You're not Morrigaine.

MORRIGAINE

I am.

GODSON

Prove it.

MORRIGAINE

Although I had yet to recover from the many bul-lit injuries, aware I was that you held me. Your warm tears I felt on my skin. You said, "I'm sorry, Morrigaine."

GODSON

But how did you survive?

MORRIGAINÉ

The wyr-wúalv. My trouser leg was not the only thing it bit.

GODSON

But you said it hadn't...

MORRIGAINÉ

Aye, I know. Only a small scratch it was, and with éssänts so reduced I did not think I would be infected. I...was wrong.

GODSON

Normal bullets can't kill a werewolf...so when Lord's men shot you...

Morrigainé nods. Godson stares in sudden realization.

GODSON

I buried you....

She shudders.

MORRIGAINÉ

I dug myself out and here I came. Nowhere else did I know to go.

GODSON

Ouch, Morrigané, I'm sorry...

She runs into his arms, her eyes filled with tears. They hold each other tightly.

LATER

Morrigané and Godson sit on a rug in front of the fire. Morrigané completes the final gestures of a spell.

Their eyes briefly lose focus. Godson morphs into Silver.

MORRIGAINÉ

This image I prefer to see.

Silver looks at himself in a hand mirror.

SILVER

But...this is still Godson's body?

MORRIGAINE

Aye. 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 axiom: for a thief there is no better partner than a mindcaster.

SILVER

And for a mindcaster there is no better partner than a thief.

He produces the three scroll pieces and places them on the rug before her.

SILVER

You once asked me if I would prefer to live in a world with essence or without.

Morrigaine fits the scroll pieces together on the rug.

MORRIGAINE

No longer are you dying of disease. So an answer do you have?

SILVER

Without essence I never would have met you. I vote we bring it back. How about you?

Morrigaine smiles.

MORRIGAINE

No blisters on his fingers will a man with no hands suffer...but better off he still is having hands, is he not?

She picks up the three pieces and tosses them on the fire. Brightly colored flames rapidly consume the scroll.

A wave of force explodes from the remains. Morrigan gasps with pleasure as the wave of returning éssänts 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 éssänts 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.