

TERRA OBSCURA

by

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**Second Rewrite
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The sound of a helicopter. Louder. Louder. Too loud.

INT. CHOPPER

ADAM Burns, early 30s, slightly frizzy, handsome but not a stand-out, bespectacled and with an open, curious demeanor, slumps with his forehead pressed against the window of the Black Hawk transport helicopter.

Out the window and the open bay door, we can see that we're over the ocean, rapidly approaching an island. And we're not alone. Not by a long shot.

Two Apache helicopters can be seen flanking us, and two heavy attack Mil Mi-28s bring up the rear, along with another Black Hawk and a two-rotor Sea Knight.

A huge Sikorsky Sea Stallion chopper is out in front; strapped to the bottom is a next-gen armored vehicle: this is a full-on military operation, Flight Of The Valkyries, highly coordinated tacti-cool bad-assdom.

In the helicopter with him are twelve heavily armed TIER 1 Operators, instantly identifiable as the best of the best of the few and the proud, armed to the teeth, decked out in only the finest military ass-whoop technology.

Adam, in his slightly professorial winter coat and glasses, looks distinctly small and helpless among them.

SCHMIDT, 30s, a grizzly, dangerous good-ol'boy with a round face, sitting across from Adam, nudges him with his boot.

Adam looks up, confused, and Schmidt says something; we can't hear what. Adam realizes he's going to have to take off those big comfy ear-mufflers.

WHOA EVERYTHING IS SUDDENLY TOO LOUD AND OVERWHELMING, the helicopter, the wind rushing past. Schmidt nudges him again.

SCHMIDT

When are we gonna see monsters?

FORRESTER, early 40s, all hard edges, a harsh, barking Doberman, clearly in charge, steps between them.

FORRESTER

Schmidt you will cut that "monsters" shit, now. That goes for everyone, got that? We're hot, keep the lingo online. Deltas, Oscars, Betas.

The men in the chopper OO-RAH! their affirmation of this, startling Adam.

MAKLIN, 30s, lean and scruffy, who'd have leading man good-looks if cleaned up, which he hasn't, speaks up, looking through a pair of high-tech binoculars.

MAKLIN
Hey. We have eyes.

FORRESTER
Problem?

MAKLIN
You said "let me know if we have eyes," we have eyes, sir.

FORRESTER
Confirming eyes.

Forrester grabs the binoculars, and looks through them. Everyone looks at him, all business, only Adam unable to hide his apprehension.

Forrester lowers the binoculars, thinks for a moment, and then hands them to Adam.

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Specialist please identify.

Adam takes the binoculars. Takes a breath. And looks through them. He sees, as do we...

SKY - 6 MILES
FROM THE CHOPPER

The wind blows. We're moving rapidly over the jungle of the island. The helicopters are visible in the distance.

A massive gray-green dragon drifts into frame. Sinewy, harsh, brutal; a creature both more zoologically "real" and viscerally frightening than anything in a storybook.

It flies flush against the wind, powerful 108 foot wingspan spread wide open. Heat distortions ripple around its mouth.

It lets out a bellowing roar, which is cut off as we go

BACK TO THE
CHOPPER

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Identify.

Adam shakily lowers the binoculars. He can't believe it. He's overwhelmed, in awe, near tears.

ADAM
...it's a dragon.

FORRESTER
...Acknowledge as "Delta."

ADAM
I- yes, confirmed. It's a- Delta,
that's a Catalonian Wyvern.

FORRESTER
Threat assessment?

ADAM
Uh...bad? Really bad?

FORRESTER	APACHE PILOT
(into his comm-link)	(on-comm)
Bogie coming in ten o'clock.	Yeah, we see it.

FORRESTER
Clarify really bad.

ADAM
Well, according to legend, we're
talking incredible flying ability,
speed, wind manipulation, fire
breath-

FORRESTER
(into comm-link)
Be advised be advised Specialist
Burns recognizes that bogie "Delta"
has projectile capabilities and is
confirmed hostile.

APACHE PILOT
Break to enga-

FORRESTER
*No, do not break formation, we
cannot engage over water. Birds
stay tight and keep scanning for
drop points on the island.*

The dragon pulls its wings back, clearly speeding up,
preparing to attack.

The wind is howling. They're not over land yet.

ADAM

It's coming, it's going into a
dive, this is predatory avian
behavior, *I knew it-* it's
definitely about to atta-

FORRESTER

Strap in, now.

HOUSTON, 30s, a bit bulkier than the rest, leans forward.

HOUSTON

Should we prepare for a hot drop?

Forrester gives an almost imperceptible nod. The mood in the helicopter changes immediately.

HOUSTON (CONT'D)

You heard the man, straps on,
locked but loose-

The dragon is closing distance impossibly fast, wind rushing around it. **AVON**, late 20s, with puppy dog eyes in the face of a stone killer, stares at the dragon.

AVON

Holy shit Delta's huge.

It's inside of a mile away now.

ADAM

You can't let it get this close-

FORRESTER

*Shit- Guard One break from
formation and engage Delta-*

No sooner does the Apache break formation, than-

*The dragon's face suddenly **EXPLODES INTO WHITE FIRE A STREAM OF MAGMA THAT INSTANTLY CUTS THE ATTACKING APACHE OUT OF THE SKY INTO MOLTEN WRECKAGE-***

It GRABS the wreckage and FLINGS IT AT ONE OF THE OTHER Mil HELICOPTERS, which **EXPLODES-**

SCHMIDT

WHOA WHOA WHOA-

The guy next to Schmidt is HIT AND KILLED BY A BRUTAL LOOKING ARROW- arrows are suddenly bouncing around all over the open interior of the helicopter, shattering the windshield in the cockpit-

FORRESTER

*Under fire, we're TIC with bogies
on the ground, return fire, return
fire from the air, cover us before-*

A second dragon, this one huge and bat-like, *BURSTS UP FROM THE TREELINE BELOW, letting out a screaming ROAR as it flies RIGHT UP IN FRONT OF THE HELICOPTER-*

MAKLIN

Oh no way-

The helicopter *swerves*, trying to avoid it, but the dragon *CLAWS OFF THE ENTIRE COCKPIT*, sending the helicopter into an insane spin, crashing down towards the ocean.

Adam catches a glimpse of the other dragon turning back around, but this time an Apache is ready- the dragon is *KNOCKED OUT OF THE SKY by a barrage of missiles-*

Fat lot of good that does Adam and our boys-

Fire and smoke fills the passenger area, Adam, strapped into his seat, tries to control his breathing.

Shuts his eyes; everything is dark and we can just hear the breaths coming slower and slower.

He opens his eyes, and the sound of the helicopter comes blasting back in; they're crashing past the treeline-

Adam closes his eyes again

HOLD ON BLACK
AND BREATHING.

And then a sudden chaotic burst of light and sound as the helicopter hits the ocean-

SLAM TO BLACK.

After a beat...

ADAM (OVER BLACK)

It's not insane to say "I believe
in dragons."

INT. HARVARD - DEAN PERRYMAN'S OFFICE - MORNING

In the well-appointed, tasteful office, Adam sits across from the equally well-appointed and tasteful

DEAN PERRYMAN, 60s, who looks like he's had enough of Adam's shit. Adam, who's clearly aware his head is on a chopping block, has dressed up for the occasion.

DEAN PERRYMAN
No, it is. To say "I believe in dragons," even in private, is insane.

Adam shifts, uncomfortably, clearly wanting to defend himself-

DEAN PERRYMAN (CONT'D)
But you're a college professor. To be insane is your birthright. But when your lunacy bleeds out into the real world, that's when it becomes destructive.

Dean Perryman turns the laptop around. An online video: Adam on some kind of half-ass sensationalist history channel show.

DEAN PERRYMAN (CONT'D)
Here's destructive.

He hits play. On the screen, Adam clearly excited to be being interviewed, says:

ADAM
I believe in dragons, yes, I believe they did exist. I believe in all of it, it's not crazy to believe in a goblin or an Elf or a griffin, these things existed and if we look hard enough we can prove it. I believe in magic-

He hits pause.

DEAN PERRYMAN
Four million views. A popular professor. A popular, credible professor of history, REAL history and culture, **at my college-**

ADAM
(long beat)
...It's just four million-

The Dean clicks something else, and a new video pops up.
CRAZY DRAGONS GUY REMIX.

The video has been heavily edited and autotuned. "I- I- Ay- Yi-Yi believe in dragons, It- It's not crazy to Believe in a Goblin- I- I believe in dragons, I- I- believe in Ma-Gic."

DEAN PERRYMAN
Thirty million views.

ADAM
I'm aware it came off- eccentric-

DEAN PERRYMAN
I'd warned you to keep this stuff
to yourself, I said-

ADAM
No more interviews, yes, I know, it
was a lapse in judgment, but I feel
like it's good to have at least
gotten the theory out there-

DEAN PERRYMAN
"Gotten the theory out there?"
Professor Burns: you're fired.

Adam starts to speak, but then stops, staring at the Dean in
numb shock.

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE - LATER

Adam is packing up his faculty office; tons of fantasy art,
putting it all in the same big cardboard box. A young
anthropology major, **KAITLIN**, enters, holding a present.

ADAM
Oh, hello Kaitlin.

KAITLIN
Hey Professor Burns. I just wanted
to tell you everybody thinks it's
bullshit what happened.

Adam shrugs.

ADAM
(quietly)
Thank you.

Kaitlin shrugs.

KAITLIN
But you won't have trouble finding
another job, right? I mean it's
not like they're gonna find another
guy who can teach history,
anthropology, archaeology AND
ancient languages.

ADAM

We'll see.

KAITLIN

No I'm not just kissing your ass, we were all talking about it this morning that firing you is just total garbage. I know you were sorta new but we all loved you your classes. It's just a shame you're sort of...you know...

Kaitlin makes a weird face unmistakably indicating "crazy."

ADAM

Right. Wait, this morning? Wait- How did everyone already know?

KAITLIN

It was announced online this morning. You didn't... No.

ADAM

KAITLIN

So you went into the meeting... Yeah.

ADAM

Awkward silence. Kaitlin makes a face like "oops."

EXT. UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - LATER

Adam exits his office, but then stumbles, and his big cardboard box spills out onto the floor, all of his precious belongings spilling everywhere.

As this happens, Adam gets his coat caught in the door, and is yanked backwards, falling down and dropping his glasses. The auto-lock on the door activates as Adam fumblingly tries to use his key card to unlock it.

The automated security system speaks up: **CARD DENIED.**

Adam groans, stuck in the door, slumping down. He reaches for his glasses- too far. Reeceaches- too far.

He sighs. Then **FRANTICALLY REACHES- LOUD RIPPING SOUND-**

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Adam comes into Shannon's apartment, setting down his big box of stuff. **GEORGIE**, Adam's ancient, limping dog, hurries up to the door, and Adam bends down, petting him, setting down the mail.

ADAM
Hey, hi boy. Good boy.

SHANNON
You're late.

SHANNON Walker, 28, with intelligent eyes, and the poise and confidence of someone's who's used to being the smartest person in a room, is dressed up, getting ready, putting on earrings as she enters from the bedroom.

ADAM
Yeah, I-

SHANNON
What's all that stuff?

ADAM
Just the things from my office.

Adam starts to unpack, as Shannon goes through the mail.

SHANNON
The investors aren't expecting me to bring a date, but I think it's better if you come, make it more casual, you know?

Adam pets the old dog. Georgie wheezes; he's older than god.

ADAM
No problem.

Shannon is distracted by an envelope; she opens it, but Adam notices too late, standing up-

ADAM (CONT'D)
Wait wait-

Shannon draws out her passport.

SHANNON
My passport? But I didn't- oh my god. You renewed it?

ADAM
It was supposed to be a surprise.

SHANNON
...Are we going to Machu Pichu?
Are we going to Machu Pichu?

ADAM
Yes it- it was supposed to be-

Shannon squeals, clearly overwhelmed, embracing Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)
It was for your birthday- I thought
cause last year you got sick-

SHANNON
Best- best gift ever, *Hall of Fame*
all-star level boyfriend behavior-

She notices that the whole back of his jacket is torn off.
Ah. Yeah. I guess that's how he escaped the door.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
Wait- baby what happened to your
jacket here-

ADAM
I had...it got stuck...

SHANNON ADAM
Is there not a bigger story, I just...I just...
there?

Adam begins to cry.

SHANNON
Oh no, oh baby, no, oh baby what's
wrong why are you-

INT. TAXI - WASHINGTON DC STREETS - NIGHT

Shannon and Adam, now both slightly dressed up, sit in the
back of a taxi. Her hand is on his. She looks slightly
nervous, and he looks despondent.

Broaching the subject carefully, Shannon speaks.

SHANNON
Look...I don't want you to feel
like I'm just another person
ganging up on you right now but-
...can we just edit what we talk
about tonight?

ADAM
Edit? I mean, you said casual-

SHANNON
No theory talk.

ADAM
If it comes up-

SHANNON

It doesn't "come up," it never just
"comes up," you bring it up.

There's an awkward beat.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Just...not tonight, okay?

ADAM

...Yes. Of course.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Adam and Shannon are at a table in a fancy restaurant; very
classy, low lit. With them is

CORRIGAN, early 40s, slick looking, with the easy confidence
of the very rich, **QUINTRELL**, equally slick but a little more
intellectual, and **OBERSTEIN**, obviously the lawyer.

CORRIGAN

Yeah but there's money and then
there's money.

SHANNON

Are we already talking about money.
I'm talking about concepts. You
talk about buying dinner, right?
You have that money, you bought
your own dinner, congratulations.
But what if for the same price you
could buy the restaurant? What if
you could own the concept of HAVING
DINNER.

QUINTRELL

This is probably a dumb question,
but are these things safe? I had
an MRI in China once, damn thing
had "radiation" warning on it that
nearly covered the whole machine.

ADAM

To be fair, the Chinese alphabet
has over two thousand characters.
Sometimes things translate long.

Corrigan laughs, and Shannon smiles.

SHANNON
 Perfectly safe. Even less
 radiation than the standard MRI,
 and a third the size.

CORRIGAN
 (to Adam)
 Don't I know you from somewhere?

Shannon falters, Adam looking up.

ADAM
 I- probably not- I'm- I was a
 professor, at Harvard. And
 Princeton. And Oxford. And-

SHANNON
 We move around a lot.

QUINTRELL
 No, no I recognize him too. Didn't
 my daughter show me a video of you-

CORRIGAN
 (snaps)
 You're the dragons guy!

OBERSTEIN
 The dragons guy?

Shannon looks like "oh god" but hides it like a pro.

ADAM
 I mean- I don't- Shannon-

SHANNON
 Adam's actually primarily a
 linguist and an
 anthropologist, he has four
 different PhD's in-

OBERSTEIN (CONT'D)
 Wait why is he the "dragons guy?"

CORRIGAN
 They always chop you up on TV, they
 cut you down, don't they? Well the
 truth is Adam I have a very hard
 time believing someone like Shannon
 Walker would be with some nut who
 believes in fairies.

ADAM
 I think we should just focus on the-

QUINTRELL

No one's editing you here. Explain it. Sell me "magic is real."

ADAM

...I mean- I-

The guys look sincerely interested. Adam looks to Shannon.
Her beg: Don't.

But...

ADAM (CONT'D)

...Okay. So every ancient civilization in human history has a flood myth. All of the first cultures begin with a legend where the old world is wiped away by a massive, global tsunami. My theory, Old Earth theory, is about the world that came before.

Shannon is looking at him like "ADAM. STOP."

OBERSTEIN

...But we know what was there, it was prehistoric times, right, the Ice Age and all that-

ADAM

Not quite. Not quite. There's hundreds of thousands of years unaccounted for. There's a reason it's "prehistoric," uh, is because it's PRE-history. That's not to say there was no one around, maybe we've just lost the data, right?

SHANNON

It's actually- there is a lot of research to suggest that, and that's what Adam's theory is really about, the dragon stuff is-

ADAM

How long has modern civilization been around, two thousand years? Before that we are looking at a five hundred thousand year **blank slate.**

(beat)

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's my theory that in this time,
most of the mythic creatures of
ancient cultures actually existed.
That humans were able to **use magic**.

Shannon, trying to keep it together, notices a young group of
friends watching Adam; they're trying to get cell-phone
pictures of him.

CORRIGAN

So if there was some kind of
natural disaster, the flood or
something...So why do we still know
about this stuff hundreds of
thousands of years later?

Shannon is staring daggers at Adam, who doesn't even notice.
She carefully deflects a cell-phone pic taker, so that all
the guy gets is her giving him the finger.

ADAM

Well after the flood, we came away
with some ideas. We came away with
ideas of fate, and magic...and the
idea that something bigger was out
there, trying to get us. You don't
see animals afraid of the dark, but
humans, we jump at every shadow.

CORRIGAN

Ah yes, I've seen this on TV, you
think "the Devil" actually existed-

ADAM

The **Nemesis**, yes, some kind of
powerful, malevolent magical force-
we're still in post-traumatic
stress; I mean Hades, Satan,
Anubis, hell Voldemort, Sauron, the
Emperor from Star Wars, these are
all cultural manifestations of the
same entity-

CORRIGAN

And he just, what, vanished? Along
with the rest of hocus pocus?

ADAM

Yes, or- maybe. Maybe it's all
buried somewhere, at the bottom of
the ocean, or- it must still be out
there, somewhere, some of it,
locked away, or lost forever...

(refocuses)

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Look, what's important is that it left an obvious impression. A footprint. Look at us. Look at how unique we are amongst all the animals. We were touched by something. Something we've lost. It echoes in our imaginations, it's **genetic memory**. We earned our humanity, our **souls**, in some other way....

(refocuses)

Magic **existed** in day to day life. And the reason we believe in the devil, is because, at some point, way way back...

(dramatic beat)

We met him in person.

Corrigan looks from Adam to Shannon and back. He laughs.

SHANNON (V.O.)

(angry)

I was relying on you!

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

She looks FURIOUS, and is confronting Adam like he's a bomb she needs to dismantle.

ADAM

I don't see why-

SHANNON

That was mine, Adam, it was for me! Those were MY investors, not yours, and you might have scared them off-

ADAM

I told you, it was an opportunity for me- a chance to explain the theory to people who really matter-

SHANNON

What about *me*? Don't I matter? They were MAKING FUN OF YOU. I specifically asked-

ADAM

This is my life's work, I can't-

SHANNON

No it was *your mother's* life work and it's *your* **obsession**.

(MORE)

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Is it not obvious by now that this is destructive?

ADAM

They did *ask me*- just- give me some slack here-

SHANNON

Slack!? Adam I am the ***only one who doesn't think you're crazy.***

Adam falters.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

And I try, because I *love you*, and I *believe in you*, I try to deal with the way you are, but this is too much, now. It's time to come back to the real world.

Adam silently fidgets. Georgie the dog nuzzles at his leg.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

You talk about fate, and destiny, like they're real. And I love that because that's something I just don't have. But we're going around in circles.

(beat)

It's been too long- just make the call. Let it go.

ADAM

...I don't know how. It's my- it's my whole life...

SHANNON

Sometimes the right choice isn't the obvious one. You can't keep waiting on fate.

Adam looks down; on the table in front of him are sketches of orcs, elves, dragons....It looks like madman's fantasy. He stares at them, kind of longingly.

Shannon frustrated and crying, shakes her head and leaves the room. Adam looks hopeless and sorry.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Adam is walking Georgie around a park in DC, lost in thought. He notices something flutter in a tree; it catches the light oddly for a second, and he walks towards it, interested...

Another glimmer of light, another rustle of wings; Adam moves closer, eyes wide, interested, what could that be, what could-

...It's a pigeon with some tinfoil in its mouth.

Adam sighs, and looks up at the night sky.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Adam buys two ice-cream bars, a treat for Georgie and some flowers. On television, we can barely glimpse a news report of **"Massive Naval Exercise Off The Coast Of Spain."**

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Adam approaches, leading Georgie. He takes a minute to collect himself, starts to knock and then- he's **GRABBED FROM BEHIND, BLACK BAG PULLED OVER HIS HEAD, YANKED OUT OF FRAME-**

MOMENTS LATER

Shannon opens the door, looking around. There's no one. Georgie sits on the floor, eating a dropped ice-cream bar.

SHANNON

Adam?

SLAM TO:

Adam's cell phone. **1 New Message.** It's dropped into a ziplock bag, along with his wallet, and then that's dropped and carried away, as we move along the runway of-

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

Adam, with the bag on his head, is being hassled up the runway, towards a transport helicopter; he struggles frantically, yelping and shouting.

GOVERNMENT SUIT

(screaming at him)

REMAIN CALM REMAIN CALM REMAIN CALM

Adam is pushed up into the bottom of a transport helicopter, the doors slammed shut. The bag is pulled off his head; he looks up to see

BAKERSON, 40s, projecting power, confidence, sandy intelligence and grit in her all gray, unidentifiable military Officer's uniform.

She's ruggedly handsome, with the feel of woman who's seen it all, knocked down most of it, and never broke a sweat, and maybe even laughed sometimes. There's an edge to her like a straight razor.

She's unwrapping the other ice-cream bar.

ADAM

...What's going on-

BAKERSON

Pardon the black-bag Dr. Burns,
we're in a hurry and you have a
pattern of unpredictable behavior.

ADAM

Me? Unpredictable?

BAKERSON

What do you speak, thirty, is it
thirty languages? One of the most
qualified linguists,
anthropologists and historians in
the world, and yet you've dedicated
your life to forwarding a theory
that has alienated you from every
scholarly community in existence.

(beat)

So yes, unpredictable behavior. I
apologize, but for security reasons
we're going to put you out for the
flight.

ADAM

Out? What are you talking about-

A CIA operative injects Adam, and he's out cold.

SLAM TO:

INT. INDUSTRIAL ROOM

Adam **JERKS AWAKE**- he's sweating, on a bunk in a room with
steel walls and exposed piping. He leaps to his feet,
noticing a security camera, and immediately tries the door.

It's open. A United States Navy sailor steps into his way.

SAILOR

Dr. Burns-

Adam lets out a whoop and shoves past him out into

A HALLWAY

Equally steel, claustrophobic and industrial where he pushes past various sailors, frantic, rushing out onto

EXT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DECK - CONTINUOUS

It's POURING RAIN. Adam, in shock, his eyes adjusting, realizes he's run out onto the deck of an aircraft carrier on stormy seas. He turns, terrified, when he's grabbed by

FORRESTER, remember him from page 1? Still all hard edges.

FORRESTER

Easy. Easy.

Bakerson appears above them, on a balcony on the bridge tower. She's clearly a little irritated, and speaks bluntly, classic military.

BAKERSON

"Unpredictable behavior."

ADAM

Why did you take me here? Where am I? You can't hold me prisoner-

BAKERSON

You are on the USS Abraham Lincoln, off the coast of Spain, west of the Bay of Biscay. And you aren't a prisoner. You're a soldier.

ADAM

What are you talking about? Which agency did you say you work for?

BAKERSON

I didn't. We are in the midst of an international crisis; there are some, myself included, who believe your expertise might be useful.

Bakerson tosses Adam a set of dog-tags. Forrester releases Adam, and then salutes when Adam looks up at him.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

As of right now you are given the rank of Mission Specialist under Special Operations Command-

ADAM

Rank, what do you- You can't just draft me, I mean, it's not war time-

BAKERSON

This morning President of the United States in conjunction with the UN Security Council and NATO declared a state of global emergency.

(beat)

The news may not know it yet, but as of 9 AM: **It's war time.**

Adam blinks, starting to protest but then falling silent. The rain pours down. Thunder booms in the distance. Closer.

INT. OP-SEC COMMAND ROOM - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Adam is towelling off from the rain, people working all around at screens and wall computers, the whole room cast in a blue green glow.

People are talking loudly, there's clearly a lot going on, and Bakerson, is out ahead of Adam, talking over them. As she talks, what she's saying is illustrated by a tech on a touchscreen with photos and video.

BAKERSON

Sixty one hours ago the Russian Delta Class Nuclear Submarine Karelia disappeared off the coast of Spain. All communication went completely black only minutes after the Captain reported a strange tidal current.

ADAM

What's this have to do with me?

BAKERSON

(ignoring him)

The Karelia had onboard eighteen intercontinental ballistic missiles, with full launch capability. Understandably, the loss of these weapons is very, very bad. But it gets worse.

(references display)

(MORE)

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

We got a ping, on the satellites, that all eighteen of the weapons have been primed for launch, with a countdown running thirty six hours from this very moment. Should these weapons launch, no one will believe it was an accident.

(beat)

One wrecked submarine. Global thermonuclear war.

ADAM

...I'm sorry, I still- I don't know anything about submarines or-

BAKERSON

The ping allowed us to locate the sub. We discovered that the sub appeared to be wrecked on the coast of a heretofore uncharted island. The island is radar, sonar, and visual blind, cannot be seen from satellite and can only be seen by the naked eye from less than one mile away.

ADAM

It's- I'm sorry did you say it was invisible, it's an *invisible island*-

BAKERSON

NATO dispatched a retrieval team to secure the weapons; all of them reported strong psychological dread and desire to turn back upon approaching the island, which would account for how it's remained undiscovered. Once they got to the island, things went bad, fast; communications went sideways, and we lost contact with the team ten minutes in-

ADAM

Listen, I don't-

BAKERSON

This is the last image they sent.

Bakerson brings up a big image; shaky, blurry, from the taken mid-combat.

It shows a huge group of green skinned, vicious looking Orcs, firing arrows at the soldiers through the jungle.

One is very close; we can see his sharp teeth and pointed ears as he swings a jagged, butchering sword.

Oh...WOW. Okay. Adam is silent, has jaw hanging open.

ADAM

Is...is this real?

BAKERSON

Your theory on Orcs spoke to them using compound versions of longbows. There.

Bakerson taps the weapon an orc is holding in the photograph.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

If you got something that small right I think you might have some other things right too.

Adam stares at the orcs.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

I spent the last twenty four hours scrambling a team of the best people for the job, **this** job. And you're among them.

(beat)

We've readied some materials for you. You have an hour to prepare a debriefing for the retrieval teams on the contents of this photograph.

Bakerson taps the Orc's snarling face.

ADAM

...I don't...I don't understand what's going on.

BAKERSON

On the contrary, Adam, there is a strong chance you are the **ONLY** one who understands what's going on.

INT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - TECH ROOM

Adam sits alone in a room with a lap-top in front of him. He stares at the image of the orcs.

We can see his emotion, his obsession. There's so much for him in this one, blurry image.

The door opens, revealing **WEBB**, early 40s, almost too clean, the farm-built old-ideal of the American Man. If Forrester is Fire, then this guy is Water.

WEBB

It's time.

INT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Webb leads Adam up the claustrophobic hallway, Adam carrying a laptop under his arm.

WEBB

Honored to meet you Dr. Burns, I've read all your papers.

ADAM

...I've written over seventy papers on Old Earth Theory-

WEBB

It was part of the preliminary mission briefing.

Bakerson joins them, walking with purpose.

ADAM

The mission started *yesterday*, you can't have possibly- You've read all my papers?

(to Bakerson)

He's read all my papers?

BAKERSON

(ignoring him)

We'll be going in with three teams; American, Russian and Chinese. Everyone has a stake here, no one wants to see the world end. You're going in with **my** people. You're going in with The Hand.

ADAM

"The Hand?"

BAKERSON

These are Tier 1 elites from every division of SOCOM-

ADAM

Soldiers-

BAKERSON

Not "soldiers," **the** soldiers. The Hand are the absolute best in the world.

(MORE)

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

My boys are outdoor dogs, true
alphas; high intelligence, high
aptitude, but do not expect to have
a rewarding conversation.

Bakerson indicates a door. Adam steels himself.

INT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Adam sits pensively on the sidelines staring at a room packed with 90 of the most dangerous looking men you've ever seen in your life, sitting in loose formation.

The party lines between American, Russian and Chinese are clearly visible. Among the thirty Americans we see all of the guys from the opening; **AVON** the puppy, **MAKLIN** the stud, **SCHMIDT** the roughneck, **HOUSTON** the big dude...

Webb is out in front of the group, addressing a big screen.

WEBB

You all know the basics from the heavy this morning: this will be a hot drop of a specialized battalion into an unmapped combat zone. Our single goal is to deliver Specialists Reuben, Dettweiler and Ching to the wreck of the Karelia, where they can deactivate the nuclear launch sequence.

REUBEN, 30s, a bearded man with a friendly face, nods, along with the other two nuke specialists, **RUSEV** and **CHING**.

WEBB (CONT'D)

Once we're in action, there is a strong likelihood we're going communications blind. We will also be facing a heretofore unknown enemy combatant. Here to brief you on this combatant is Specialist Burns. Burns, if you would.

Adam falters; this prompts an intense look from Bakerson. Adam takes a breath, and steps forward.

ADAM

Umm...So...How many of you have seen Lord Of The Rings? Or uh...Played Dungeons and Dragons, or have familiarity with any...fantasy... literature...

There are only two or three hands raised. One of them shoots up; it's **RITZ**, 30s, lean and slightly more intellectual looking than the rest of these guys.

Anywhere else on Earth he'd be the toughest guy in the room; not here. In this room, he's the geek.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...Okay...Right.

(beat)

Please understand that everything I'm about to say is just assumption, just theory. Okay? So there could be...inaccuracies-

BAKERSON

(shouting from the back)

We did not bring you here to apologize for your research Dr. Burns. If you would.

Adam brings up various illustrations of Orcs.

ADAM

Orc, from Latin, "Orcus," were first mentioned in Beowolf, written in the eighth century. But myths across all cultures of green skinned, pig-like, vicious humanoids go back all the way to antiquity, ancient Sumeria.

He brings up the still photo from the NATO team. Avon is the only member of The Hand that has a notable reaction.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Strong, hardy, feral. Orcs are at an intelligence level only a little bit above your average chimpanzee.

WEBB

Gentleman, mark enemy as Oscar.

Webb's Russian and Chinese counterparts echo him.

ADAM

What matters is that they don't care about their own bodies. They use primitive weapons, but despite their low intelligence their fierceness is *legendary*-

One of the Chinese soldiers speaks up, in Chinese.

WEBB

He asks what are those little ones?

ADAM

(thrown)

Oh uh- the goblins, these little guys, they're just as dumb as orcs, but supply cover and perform menial tasks; the orcs are in charge.

WEBB

Mark as Beta.

Everyone takes notes. There's a beat of expectant silence.

ADAM

This is most likely an isolated tribe. This island you're going to, the area is marked on maps from the 1400s as terra obscura, unknown land, but judging from its location I'd say it's the legendary island of Satanzes. You'll need to be prepared for anything, I can't speak to the kind of fight you'll be facing, it's better to be ... safe.. than...sorry....

WEBB

...Alright gentlemen, let's muster up, we're online in forty five.

MOMENTS LATER.

As all the soldiers leave the room, Adam, clutching his laptop, gingerly pushes his way to Bakerson, who's talking to several other high ranking officers.

ADAM

Um, excuse me, Ms. Bakerson-

BAKERSON

Bakerson.

ADAM

Listen, I'm sorry, that wasn't enough, that wasn't enough time-

BAKERSON

You seemed finished-

ADAM

Yeah, well, no, because if there are orcs there, I think there's a real, real chance that there's other stuff there too, and I'd need time, hours, to debrief these men on everything they might face-

BAKERSON

There were people fighting for you to take an expanded role in this mission, I was against it-

ADAM

Well get- *get un-against it-*
(pulls it together)
The barriers around the island, as you describe them, they seem **magical**, and that feels intentional to me. It's possible that this could be some sort of preserve, a refuge, or- or a sanctuary. There could be any number of other things on the other sides of these walls that your guys aren't prepared for-

BAKERSON

...You understand that this is our last, best shot. That it's all or nothing, all cards on the table, and time is running out.

ADAM

Yes, I understand that, and I am *telling you* that I **need** more time with these men.

Bakerson stares at him.

SLAM TO:

Adam being loaded onto a Black Hawk helicopter. Oops.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Wait, this is- this is all a mistake, I want to go back-

EXT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Webb pushes Adam, now with a bullet proof vest and comm-link on under his winter coat, up into the belly of the chopper, at which point he's strapped in by

TORRANCE, late 20s, a vicious looking blonde with angry eyes.

ADAM

Listen, this is a mistake, I'm not a soldier, I just wanted to help-

TORRANCE

You're not a soldier, you're a specialist. We're soldiers.

WEBB

Strap him in tight! Dr. Burns, you're going to be okay!

ADAM

At least give me a gun!

TORRANCE

You ever shot a gun before?

ADAM

No, no of course not!

TORRANCE

Then why would we give a gun?

WEBB

Forrester, *priority*: Keep him out of combat. You have questions, this man has answers.

As Webb moves away from the chopper, Adam *flails out and grabs his arm*- Webb turns like "Bad idea."

ADAM

Listen: okay, LISTEN. You have to understand a few hours ago I was just in my apartment with my girlfriend and she doesn't even know where I am. I just wanted to try to make sure you could do your mission but I'm- **I am not built for this**, this is not- **this is not who I am**, I can't do this-

WEBB

Dr. Burns those nukes launch in 29 hours, understood? If they launch, that's it. That's it. Girlfriend gone, city gone, world gone.

(flat, hard)

Accept and process, yeah? Accept and process.

Adam just stares at him, and then nods, looking down, steeling himself. Webb heads off to a different chopper.

Before the rotors become deafening, Forrester leans forward.

FORRESTER

Forrester.

Adam nods, terrified, as...

THE HELICOPTERS LIFT OFF...

EXT. THE ATLANTIC - DAWN

It's still storming, rain pouring down, the sea stormy beneath them.

We're back on the helicopter. Adam clutches the rails tightly, looking out at the helicopters we saw at the beginning fly in tight formation.

RODRIGUEZ, 30s, with a short cropped mohawk and a weird, tightly marshalled energy behind everything he says, leans forward, head in his hands.

RODRIGUEZ

Hey I'm having- I'm having some problems here-

FORRESTER

It's the area of effect around the island. It has a detrimental sway on the mind, just stay focused, we'll push through.

RITZ

Aw god it feels like I'm about to crawl out of my skin, Sarge- Hey, hey Specialist, what is this?

Adam just wheezes, near to hyperventilating, the enchantments clearly taking effect on his already frazzled state.

RITZ (CONT'D)

Aw, okay, thanks.

FORRESTER

Everybody keep it together, one mile out, if NATO got through we can get through too-

The pilot suddenly starts to steer away and Forrester quickly moves to the front, grabbing the man's shoulder.

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
*No. Stay in formation. It's just
 a mindgame. You push through.
 Push through!*

Adam, sweating badly, looking crazed, suddenly begins frantically tugging at his restraints.

ADAM
*WE HAVE TO TURN BACK, WE HAVE TO
 TURN BACK!*

Forrester immediately swings back to him and slaps him in the face; the storm around them is intensifying, whipping in sheets of rain.

As Adam continues to panic, it become apparent all of the men are barely holding back there own magically-induced anxiety.

FORRESTER
*Shut your mouth! Remain calm! We
 will- we will-
 (clears his head)
 We will push through-*

Adam lets out a scream of unbridled terror and then-

SUDDENLY EVERYTHING'S CLEAR. Early morning sunlight shines in. The soldiers react, baffled.

BLACK HAWK PILOT
*We're through the hot zone. Eyes
 on destination, dead ahead.*

A few of the soldiers lean out as far as they can. Adam, after a moment, catching his breath, joins them.

Here we finally see the island of **SATANZES**, a lush, tropical jungle island, huge; over it, clear skies, thunderously beautiful, the panorama gorgeous and overwhelming.

Adam gets his breathing under control. He can't believe it. He pulls back into his seat. Sits there, thinking. Schmidt laughs, relaxing.

SCHMIDT
*Only one question left now, boys:
 (beat)
 When are we gonna see monsters?*

Oh shit, **we're back to page 1**, but that means that-

SLAM TO BLACK.

A swirl of muddy, distant sound. Fade in slowly to reveal...

EXT. SATANZES - BEACH - UNDERWATER

Adam's eyes open; he's disoriented, floating deep, being moved around by the waves- he notices a dead Special Forces soldier drifting nearby.

Arrows suddenly streak down through the water ALL AROUND HIM- Adam is PULLED

ABOVE WATER

By Maklin, and sees **that at least fifty orcs are out on the beach**, firing arrows everywhere- several surfacing members of the Hand are *struck by arrows*-

FORRESTER
DOWN DOWN- UP IN FIVE-

ADAM
(spitting water)
Wait- wait-

Maklin shoves him back

UNDERWATER

There's a beat of stillness. Adam looks around, and can see Schmidt, Torrance, Houston, Avon, Rodriguez and several other soldiers floating prone, quickly readying their guns and then he's yanked-

ABOVE WATER

FORRESTER
Fire with the waves, move to breach!

Everyone ducks back underwater as the tide rolls out, Maklin shoving the panicked Adam back down-

As Adam struggles, Maklin holds him still. Arrows come zipping through the water all around them, and then the tide rolls in and-

The soldiers rise with the wave and each fire one shot- TWELVE OF THE ORCS ON THE BEACH DROP, TWELVE HEADSHOTS-

The orcs scream in frustration and return fire, but they can't even see our guys in the water- another wave and *another round of orcs drops-*

Whoa, we thought our guys were totally screwed, but once the element of surprise has worn off- Bakerson wasn't kidding, these are the **best of the best**.

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Breach! Dry land! Dry land!

They come up onto the beach, already firing, each one of them rapidly gunning down orcs, Maklin in the rear, pulling Adam, shielding him with his body.

The Orcs hiss and snarl- in person they're even more terrifying, all fangs, like roaring apes-

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Flank, demo, smoke-

TORRANCE
 Open eyes!

Torrance and Avon chuck smoke grenades onto the beach as arrows whiz past inches from their bodies. The grenades explode into clouds of bright white smoke-

The group, following Forrester, flanks the orcs, gunning them down as they try to run out of the smoke-

FORRESTER
 Up the beach, up the beach!

Two more soldiers go down with arrows in their backs, the orcs moving to charge as a group, *a huge crazy vicious horde of swords and axes running straight at our group of ten-*

UP ABOVE

We briefly see the other attack helicopters dueling with the black dragon, but don't get much of a look because-

One of the other Blackhawks breaks formation, swooping back over the beach as our guys down on the ground fire and fling grenades into the orc horde, sending bodies everywhere!

BLACK HAWK PILOT #2
 Forrester, we're swinging around to pick you up.

ON THE BEACH

FORRESTER
 (into his comm)
 Shit no- Negative negative we are not clear, we are not clear!

Forrester and our team take cover behind a rocky outcropping between the water and the treeline, all reloading with blinding fast efficiency.

Adam just collapses, Maklin holding him tightly.

A cascade of arrows comes down all around them- Goblins, shooting from the trees, as the orcs charge up the beach!

TORRANCE

The Betas are raining hell!

SCHMIDT

Oscars incoming! *Who do we shoot?*

AVON

(to Adam)

Who's priority target!? Specialist who do we shoot at to clear this!?

Adam jaws silently, soaking wet and terrified.

SCHMIDT

He's fried, SMOKE THE BETAS!

The troops all focus fire on the Goblins, almost impossible to hit in the tree branches. The Blackhawk swings around low, further up the beach.

MAKLIN

Bird low, bird low-

FORRESTER

Damn it- *On move to ex-fil, go!*

They start to run up the beach towards the chopper, Adam managing finally to run on his own, when **THE WOUNDED DRAGON BURSTS OUT OF THE TREELINE AND SMACKS THE HELICOPTER INTO THE WATER- holy SHIT!**

ADAM

(falling)

OH MY GOD!

Several of the soldiers manage to jump off the helicopter as it falls; Ritz and tat'd up guy named **COPPER** among them, hitting the beach, immediately make a beeline for Adam and the rest of the team-

But they and their compatriots are intercepted by **another horde of orcs bursting out**, among them a hulking **OGRE** that BRUTALLY HOME RUNS one of the soldiers with his club-

AVON
*What the hell is **THAT!?***

FORRESTER
FALL BACK, FALL BACK TREELINE!

MAKLIN
COME ON BURNS!

Maklin pulls Adam as the remaining team goes rushing headlong into the jungle arrows **storming down all around them!**

EXT. SATANZES - JUNGLE BEACH - CONTINUOUS

(action continues in the cramped confines of the overgrowth)

HOUSTON
Oscars incoming from the West!

A huge torrent of arrows COMES FLYING IN- Houston goes down, hit four times-

FORRESTER
Loose! LOOSE INTO THE TREES!

Orcs are suddenly **EVERYWHERE** in the jungle, snarling and roaring as they descend on the squad- two more of our soldiers are killed with swords-

One of the orcs tries to attack Schmidt, and he *instantly disarms it and stabs it with its own weapon-*

The head of the injured dragon BURSTS THROUGH THE JUNGLE, RIGHT NEXT TO ADAM, WHO FREEZES UP-

ADAM
It's real. It's all real.

ALL OF THE SOLDIERS OPEN FIRE INTO THE DRAGON'S FACE-

FORRESTER
BREAK! BREAK TO THE NORTH!

The entire surviving troop retreats into the jungle AS THE DRAGON ROAAAAAARRRRSSSS-

SLAM TO:

INT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The bridge of the aircraft carrier is filled with officers and techs, **CAPTAIN CHEN** and his **FIRST OFFICER**, Bakerson standing nearby.

FIRST OFFICER
Communications are going dark-
we're losing them-

COMM OFFICER
It's some kind of interference from
the island, the same as last time-

TECH	COMM OFFICER #2
Losing you, please repeat,	We have reports of two
did you say "dragons," please	choppers down- everything's
repeat-	just cutting out-

CAPTAIN CHEN
Raise the gain, open up all
frequencies.

Bakerson, watching all the frantic activity on the bridge,
sinks against the wall.

BAKERSON
Looks like you were right again,
Doctor Burns.

EXT. SATANZES - JUNGLE GROTT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

It's a quiet, more open space in the dense jungle forests of
Satanzes. Maklin emerges, pulling Adam, who breaks away and
huddles down into a ball.

MAKLIN
Hey, whoa, stay with me. We're
free of them for now, okay, we're
good, we're clear.

ADAM
Okay...okay...

Forrester, Copper, Rodriguez, Schmidt, Torrance, Avon and
Ritz appear, all of them actively scanning their
surroundings, totally aware, sharp as tacks.

AVON
I don't get it, they just gave up?

FORRESTER
 (into comm)
 This is Hand Two, to any
 friendlies, over.
 (silence)
 This is Hand Two, we have nine
 survivors. Repeat, this is Hand
 Two to Hand One or any friendly
 asset, holler back...

There's a beat, and then Forrester's communicator suddenly *startlingly screeches a horrible, chilling sound*- he yanks the plug out.

The soldiers are barely able to contain their reactions.

RITZ
 (flatly)
 Haha, *oh shit*. That's not normal.

TORRANCE
 This is bullshit, man, those things
 are jamming us!

FORRESTER
 (keeping it together)
 It's just electrical interference.
 Copper, where's your deactivation
 specialist?

COPPER
 We lost Specialist Dettweiler in
 the crash, man. The big lizard
 took him right out-

FORRESTER
 Where's Houston? I thought he came
 through the trees with us?

MAKLIN
 Houston's KIA.

From somewhere deep in the jungle, there's a deep, bellowing roar. All of the soldiers perk up, especially Avon. Forrester doesn't flinch.

Torrance, pacing, angry, says what they're all thinking.

TORRANCE
 That was an ambush. Those deltas
 were on us before we even got the
 birds over land.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

TORRANCE (CONT'D)

*They knew we were coming, how'd
they know we were coming?*

Torrance, sneering, turns his attention to Adam, and the rest of the soldiers do the same.

SCHMIDT

Yeah, there were hundreds of those things, I thought you said it was some kind lost tribe, you said they were *freakin' primitives*-

ADAM

They- they took me from my apartment, I didn't know anything, I just- I just- I just-

SCHMIDT

You're not in your apartment now, asshole, when we ask you a question you answer it-

RITZ

Hey Schmidt, Torrance, yelling at him is helping a lot you should keep that up it's really calming us all down.

Schmidt grunts.

TORRANCE

This is not the mission parameters. Forrester, we are *under-informed*-

FORRESTER

This is just another mission. Rodriguez, is the DGC intact?

Rodriguez unslings a digital geiger counter.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, looks OK here. What you thinking, boss?

FORRESTER

We do what Mother One would do. We follow radiation, stick to the original parameters. This is just another island, just another botched op. **We've been here before.**

(beat)

We hoof it north to rendezvous with the rest of the operational forces.

AVON

Through the jungle? I mean that could be more than twenty miles, the island looked huge-

FORRESTER

If it's twenty it's twenty if it's a hundred it's a hundred. Our communications are out. We can't dick around waiting for the Oscars to find us.

TORRANCE

(re: Adam)

What about him? *What good is a Specialist who doesn't know shit about his Specialty?*

FORRESTER

He's coming with.
(flatly, to Adam)
Do not become a burden.

Up in the trees...***something is watching.***

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BAKERSON'S QUARTERS

Bakerson is at the sink, washing her hands, hurriedly talking on a satellite cell phone.

BAKERSON

Listen, I need to know what the Chinese are thinking, before *anyone* else, before the CIA, before ANYONE, I'm your first stop.

He moves to wash his hands.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

No, not the Admiral, not the President, *me*, you got that, this is the type of thing that goes out of control fast, we should've been in on this from the start-

There's a knock at his open door, and he turns to see an **AGENT**, 20s, of...whoever the hell Bakerson works for.

AGENT

Mother One. Good news bad news.

BAKERSON

...Yes?

AGENT

We're getting flickers of communication through the disruptions from the island. Looks like the Russians and the Chinese both made it to a safe landing, along with about half our guys.

BAKERSON

And?

AGENT

NATO on the line. They're saying it's a failure. They're talking about a "Plan B."

Bakerson's face tells us this is a very bad thing.

EXT. SATANZES - JUNGLE

Our group of survivors is picking their way through the jungle, moving carefully. Rodriguez monitors the motion trackers, while Torrance watches the geiger counter.

Adam is clearly just trying to hold it together. He notices the device Torrance is holding.

ADAM

What...what is that thing?

RITZ

Digital Geiger Counter.

AVON

It'll detect the radiation signature from the sub. Lead us right to it.

ADAM

...Do we think it's on the shore or-

SCHMIDT

Can we not waste breath on this guy's questions, please?

TORRANCE

I got stronger rads over- oh sh-

Torrance nearly stumbles into a big hole in the undergrowth. Copper grabs him, pulling him back. The troops look down into the hole.

MAKLIN

What the hell dug this? Is it a trap or something?

ADAM

Nothing dug it.

The marines all turn to Adam, whose shaky voice betrays him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Look at the excavation marks, the earth displacement. This was something digging its way out-

There's a noise in the trees above them.

FORRESTER

DOWN. Bellies cover, backs trees.

All of the soldiers *drop, some on their stomachs, scouting out the surrounding jungle*, others on their backs, looking up into the trees above. Maklin *yanks down Adam*.

MAKLIN

Down. Stay.

Schmidt stares into the trees above, searching as light falls through the leaves, and sees...

Little figures. Dozens of them. Like dragonflies.

TORRANCE

(quietly)

What is that shit? Bugs?

No. Not bugs. Beautiful, delicate, gently glowing even in daylight...On closer inspection we can see they're-

ADAM

Fairies. They're fairies.

RITZ

...Holy shit, he's right.

They stare up in silence at the dazzling canopy above them. Rodriguez inches forward, to the base of a tree.

FORRESTER

Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

The little guys are moving so much they're throwing off the detectors, I gotta get up for a better read.

FORRESTER

...Eyes open.

Rodriguez nods, and quickly, gracefully climbs up the tree. The tension builds as he reaches the fairies....And then they all start landing on him.

RODRIGUEZ

Shit...Boss what do I do-

ADAM

Stay calm, they're- they won't hurt you, okay-

TORRANCE

Shut up, you don't know shit. You already screwed us once.

Rodriguez hooks a belay cord into the branch he sits on as the fairies all investigate him, chittering, pulling at his clothes...It's cute, but building in intensity.

AVON

...That's so beautiful, bro.

Rodriguez lifts his motion detector as the adorable little fairies scamper all over it.

RODRIGUEZ

Okay. Okay, hey, I got a read. There's something in the trees, man, something bigger than-

The motion detector is **STRUCK BY A BLACK ARROW!** *Rodriguez jerks away from it, TOPPLING OUT OF THE TREE- he's left DANGLING FROM HIS CORD-*

FORRESTER

Bogie above! ALL STILL!

RODRIGUEZ

What do I do sir-

FORRESTER

STAY STILL.

The soldiers freeze. They're being watched. Adam lays there trembling, staring at Torrance's body next to him. **RODRIGUEZ IS STRUCK IN THE SHOULDER BY AN ARROW!**

RODRIGUEZ

AGH!

TORRANCE
Screw this shi-

Torrance tries to stand and is **STRUCK BY FIVE ARROWS-** DEAD!
They wait, Rodriguez swinging, his blood dripping down. Some of it hits Adam's face, and he flinches.

RITZ
Rodriguez stay cool, man, stay cool-

RODRIGUEZ
I'm a pinata, man! Forrester, help
me man help me down, please dude-

FORRESTER
No.
(whispers)
Eyes. Anyone. Eyes.

Copper sees a humanoid figure jump from tree to tree. What-

COPPER
EYES EYES EYES! ON MY TARGET!

Copper **opens fire into the trees and** the rest of the soldiers follow suit-

Fairies suddenly take off everywhere causing a blinding commotion, and then from the trees, drops-

THE DROW. Seven feet tall, all lean muscle, rusted golden armor, coal black skin, chalk white hair, blood red eyes, bow-firing arrows rapidly like a machine gun, looking like something from a bad Dungeons and Dragons acid-trip-

FAIRIES ARE FLYING EVERYWHERE, SCREAMING IN FEAR, IT'S COMPLETELY DISORIENTING-

SCHMIDT
Bogie incomi-

Schmidt is hit in the chest with two arrows, going down-
Maklin grabs Adam and yanks him to cover-

The Drow **TACKLES RODRIGUEZ out of his dangling position, smashing him down right in the center of the soldiers as they try to stand-**

MAKLIN
No shot no shot-

-arrowarrowarrow- Copper is struck in the thigh- Avon is hit in the back- **FORRESTER DIVES FORWARD, tackling the Drow, HOLY HELL FORRESTER YOU ARE CAPTAIN AMERICA-**

The Drow *flings him off like a rag-doll*- **Maklin stands, opening fire with his side-arm, but the Drow dodges the bullets, charging Maklin, drawing a sword-**

Ritz opens fire on the Drow, mainly striking armor, but that knocks it backwards- **Schmidt, Copper and Avon start shooting, and the Drow, overwhelmed, leaps up into the trees-**

And he's gone. There's a long beat, everyone twitchy. Then:

RITZ
WHAT THE HELL, MAN?

Adam, shaking, is actually the first on his feet, standing next to Ritz, staring after the Drow.

Avon and Schmidt pull the arrows out of their armor; they're unhurt. Forrester goes to help Copper with his leg injury.

FORRESTER
Ritz, give me a hand, Maklin,
Schmidt, watch the perimeter.
Avon, check Torrance. Rodriguez,
you cool?

Rodriguez checks his shoulder motion, *yanking out the arrow*.

RODRIGUEZ
Agh, yeah I'm good, kev caught most
of it, it's not deep. Motion
detector's screwed, though.

AVON
Torrance is dead, man. Shit.

As Rodriguez patches himself, Forrester inspects Copper's wound, gingerly moving the arrow.

COPPER
Did it hit an artery, crap I'm
sorry boss-

FORRESTER
It's clear, you're okay, Ritz,
patch-and-shine, yeah?

RITZ
Got it.

Ritz and Forrester work silently on Copper's leg. Forrester notices Adam: he's standing very still, at the edge of the perimeter, staring into the jungle.

Forrester nods to Maklin; "Check that out."

MAKLIN
Hey...Burns...You with us-

ADAM
(quietly)
Deliberate. It was deliberate.

SCHMIDT
What?

ADAM
That was a Drow- Dökkálfar-
svartálfar-

SCHMIDT
Speak English!

RITZ
Some other kind of Oscar or-

ADAM
No, not an orc. An elf, a **Dark**
Elf. We're dealing with post-human
intelligence, post-human reflexes,
strength, utterly merciless-

Forrester finishes patching Copper's leg. Ritz injects him
with a pain-killer.

FORRESTER	ADAM
Mark as Echo-	No, it isn't- you can't mark it, you can't engage it-

SCHMIDT
Do not tell us what we can and
can't engage-

FORRESTER
Specialist Burns, is there
something you want to say?

There's a long beat, all of the soldiers, weary and dirty
already, looking expectantly to Adam.

ADAM
Okay. Okay. Look, we- **I** assumed
they were wild, right? Well,
scratch that, toss that out. Orcs,
Goblins, Ogres, Dragons, these are
the classical forces of darkness,
and- the presence of a Drow, it
implies that this is- this is some
kind of organized effort-

AVON
But you said Oscars and Betas
were stupid-

RITZ
Well one of them must've
watched How To Train Your
Dragon-

ADAM (CONT'D)
No, they are, on their own, they
are stupid. A Drow **isn't.** He
might be their leader.

SCHMIDT
What do you mean, leader? How
could they have an army here
already set up after being gone for
five hundred thousand years-

ADAM
I don't know.

SCHMIDT
Why don't you know-

ADAM
***BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING,
SCHMIDT, OKAY? I DON'T KNOW
ANYTHING BUT WHAT I'VE SEEN.***

Everyone tenses up. The group exchanges a look.

ADAM (CONT'D)
*It was a theory, okay? A **theory.***

SCHMIDT
We've lost *twenty guys.* *Twenty of*
our guys.
(beat)
I hope you're happy with your
proven theory.

Schmidt snorts and backs off. Adam recovers himself.

ADAM
(beat)
We need to avoid another direct
confrontation until we figure out
who- or...or what **we're really**
dealing with.

Forrester processes this.

Avon notices something on the ground; it's a **fairy**, injured
from the fighting, crawling away. It looks pained.

There's a beep from one of Rodriguez's gadgets. He lifts it, squinting in pain from his shoulder wound.

RODRIGUEZ

Ey man, I got a signal on the LKV.
Looks like a responder beacon. Two
miles east.

FORRESTER

One of ours?

RODRIGUEZ

Nah man. It's...It's from the
first team. NATO. There could be
other survivors.

The group exchange a pensive look.

Unseen by the others, Avon kneels down, surreptitiously, and picks up the fairy.

INT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE

Bakerson storms on to the busy bridge, pushing her way past Officers, going straight to Captain Chen, two members of The Hand in their distinctive officer's garb behind her.

BAKERSON

What is "Plan B?"

CAPTAIN CHEN

An international council is meeting
to discuss alternatives to the
current operation.

BAKERSON

An alternative, what alternative?

CAPTAIN CHEN

That's none of your concern-

BAKERSON

(yells)

DO I NOT SEEM CONCERNED?

The entire bridge turns, startled at the disrespect to Chen.

CAPTAIN CHEN

This is operation is military, not
intelligence, you have no-

BAKERSON
(laughs)
You think I'm CIA?

CAPTAIN CHEN
I...

Chen's eyes drift to the two Hand officers. Those uniforms...Chen realizes he might be out of his depth.

CAPTAIN CHEN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
What agency did you say you were
with again Miss-

BAKERSON
*If you go behind my back again you
will be replaced. The Hand were
assigned first position on this
mission, and I. Am. The. Hand. Do
not test my authority, just believe
in it, mysterious ways, got that?
Replaced. I will not let your
incompetence end the world.*

EXT. SATANZES - RAVINE

The group carefully picks their way along a ravine, moving with purpose. Ritz notices some big holes at the side of the ravine; dozens of them.

RITZ
Check it out. More holes.

Maklin is helping the injured Copper, who stumbles, and Adam quickly moves to help him.

MAKLIN
Thanks Burns, good lookin' out.

ADAM
No problem. ...a wound like that,
it's only going to get worse
without treatment, you can't-

COPPER
You think we don't know that?

Adam falters.

COPPER (CONT'D)

You probably think we're rednecks, huh? The guys who picked on you in high school.

SCHMIDT

I'da picked on his ass.

COPPER

The Hand doesn't recruit grunts. They got me after my third tour in Afghanistan, I was getting my doctorate in Environmental Economics. Rodriguez designed half those gadgets he's got, hell even Schmidt has a Law degree.

FORRESTER

I was a grunt.

RITZ

Yeah but you're Forrester, man.
(to Adam)

I once saw this guy take down a tank in the eastern bloc. All alone. Like David and Goliath. Crazy shit, next level.

Forrester doesn't react.

AVON

You seem like a smart guy, Dr. Burns. How'd you get into all this dragons and wizards stuff?

Avon's fairy pokes its head out of his pocket, whimpering, and Avon hurriedly pushes him down before anyone notices.

Adam sighs.

ADAM

My mother started the theory. She was an expert on protohistory; pre-ancient times.

MAKLIN

Was she a professor, like you?

ADAM

Well...No, but- she started as a professor, but she became more of an- independent researcher.

Crackpot. RITZ MAKLIN
C'mon Ritz.

ADAM (CONT'D)
People ended up thinking she
was...crazy. It was sort of why I
got into languages, and history...I
thought maybe if I tried hard
enough, learned enough- one day I
could prove that...

Adam suddenly stops, faltering. He looks at the raised hairs on his arms: goose-bumps.

ADAM (CONT'D)
How far are we from the NATO
beacon?

RODRIGUEZ
Maybe a hundred yards. Clearing,
up ahead.

ADAM
Okay wait wait wait wait

FORRESTER
All hold. What's up?

ADAM
There's- did you feel that?
There's a chill in the air.

There's a beat, the soldiers looking to each other, pensive.

I felt it. RITZ AVON
Yeah me too-

So what? SCHMIDT

ADAM
I think that means something very specific, maybe very bad. We have to find a way to see into that clearing before we get there, can we do that?

SCHMIDT
Why, you got another "theory?"

ADAM
Yes. I- I think I do.

Adam looks to Forrester. After a beat, Forrester looks to the other members of the team.

FORRESTER
Are our comms working?

RODRIGUEZ
Short range, yeah.

FORRESTER
Okay. Maklin, Ritz...Burns. With
me. Sneak-and-peak.

EXT. THE RUINS - HIGH VANTAGE POINT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The ruins are clearly ancient, what used to be a citadel; all grey and red stone, but not like anything we've ever seen, hidden out in a clearing in the jungle, all overgrown...

Strewn everywhere are the desiccated, skeletal bodies of NATO Special Forces units, still wearing their uniforms. From a gnarled tree on a hillside above, Maklin, Ritz, Adam, and Forrester look down into the clearing.

Ritz has his sniper rifle unslung, and is looking through the advanced scope, thinking.

FORRESTER
What you got?

RITZ
Just bodies. The NATO team, looks like, but they're skeletons, man.

FORRESTER
Check again, they've been here less than two days, they couldn't-

RITZ
I'm just telling you what I see.
Okay, I got eyes on the beacon, too, but so far no...oh...whoa.

Everyone looks to Ritz, who's fallen silent. Maklin pops out his high-tech binoculars, and takes a look.

MAKLIN
...Eyes on enemy combatant.

RITZ
Sure. "Enemy Combatant," those were the words I was looking for.

Maklin hands Adam the binoculars, and we look through them to see the **NECROMANCER**.

Eyes hollowed in its skull, wisps of ancient hair hanging over its face, the Necromancer, a terrifying, ghoulish zombie in tattered robes, leans heavily on its gnarled, ancient staff, completely still and unmoving, like a scarecrow.

It **suddenly moves**, turning to face the wilderness. Adam, Ritz and Maklin all flinch. Forrester doesn't even blink.

FORRESTER

(into comm)

Enemy confirmed on site. Move to surround the clearing.

ADAM

Okay, I think- I think it's a Necromancer.

RITZ

A necro-what?

ADAM

Undead, undying, nearly unkillable, this is a uh, a MAGICAL being. They can attack you in ways that manipulate reality, manipulate the energies of *life and death*. I would not- I would not advise taking this guy on directly.

SCHMIDT (ON COMM)

Wish the NATO team got that memo, Burns.

FORRESTER

How do we drop him?

Down in the clearing, the Necromancer seems to realize it's being watched, and begins charging a swirling purple energy around its staff.

ADAM

It'll just be a guess, I can't-

FORRESTER

If you're wrong, we're dead.

Adam's silent for a moment, then...

ADAM

Don't bother shooting the body. He'll shake it off, okay, *aim for the staff.*

[illegible]

ADAM (CONT'D)
Aim for the staff.

FORRESTER
(into his comm)
Prioritize weapon. Direct fire on
weapon. On me. Three. Two.

The Necromancer **HOWLS** its voice a thousand dying screams
POINTING THE STAFF INTO THE JUNGLE WHEN-

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Loose.

The entirety of our squad opens fire on the Necromancer's staff from cover, blowing it to pieces- *the purple energy explodes ricocheting everywhere but-*

ADAM
Now the body now the body-

FORRESTER
Drop it!

The Necromancer is **SWISSCHEESED BY BULLETS FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, leaking BLACK SMOKE-** and drops, motionless.

The sudden silence is deafening. An expertly coordinated take-down of a monster that could've been the main bad guy in any other movie.

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Schmidt, Avon, move in to confirm.
(to the guys with him)
Let's get down there.

EXT. THE RUINS - MOMENTS LATER

Schmidt and Avon slowly move forward to the smoking husk of the Necromancer, stepping through the field of fallen soldiers around it.

Schmidt kicks away the wreckage of the staff, and Avon nudges the corpse. It lets out a gasping wheeze, so he puts two in its head **BAM BAM**. Schmidt gives Avon a look; he shrugs.

SCHMIDT
Confirmed.

FORRESTER
Squad forward.

The remaining squad moves slowly out into the clearing, Adam with them. They quietly check out the freaky corpse of the dark wizard.

RITZ SCHMIDT
I ain't afraid of no ghost. Ten one on that-

RODRIGUEZ
Hey. Hey *good call Burns!*

Ritz slaps Adam on the back and ruffles his hair.

FORRESTER
Touchdown dance later, gentlemen.
Re-up, reload, get names from these
bodies, and we move north.

There's a resounding oo-rah.

Adam's hands are still shaking, but as a few more soldiers pat him on the back and congratulate him, a sheepish smile crosses his face. He did something useful.

He takes a step forward, and nudges the Necromancer's head. It rolls off. Ritz laughs, but Adam's already distracted.

He stares up at the ruins, curious, noticing inscriptions carved into the stone. *Hmm...*

He climbs up, and then-

ADAM IS GRABBED FROM BEHIND BY-

FISHER, early 40s, British, twitchy and slightly out of it, his NATO Special Forces uniform tattered, dirty and bloody.

The two of them **tumble down the ruins**, landing at the feet of the soldiers, and Fisher yanks Adam to his feet, holding a gun to his jaw, all the Hand soldiers raising their weapons.

RODRIGUEZ RITZ
Whoa NATO, NATO- Live fire, hostage, hostage!

FISHER
BACK OFF! BACK OFF NOW!

SCHMIDT FISHER
Hey, cool it, we're I SAID GET THE HELL AWAY FROM
Americans! ME!

FORRESTER

*Just slow it down. You're pointing
a gun at a civilian specialist
right now who's only trying to help-*

FISHER

Trying to help, right, right-

FORRESTER

We had your whole team reported
KIA, we're here to relieve you and
finish the job, we're on *your side-*

FISHER

KIA, of course, yes, *I'M ALIVE,*
SCREW YOU, I'M ALIVE-

RITZ

We see that.

Forrester silences Ritz with a look. Fisher, twitchy, takes
a breath, realizing he's outnumbered.

FISHER

(after a beat)

We escaped the initial assault, but
our communications were cut off.
We tried to proceed to the sub,
follow the radiation. It wasn't
til we got here that we realized
we'd been infiltrated.

FORRESTER

Infilt-

FISHER

*Yes, infiltrated. One of our men,
Edwards, had been- been **replaced,**
somehow. A duplicate that looked
just like him.*

(snorts)

He led us into an ambush. It
wasn't til almost everyone was dead
that we saw him for what he really
was. *Something else.*

Adam is shaking badly, clearly terrified.

MAKLIN

Burns, be cool, we've got him.

FISHER

OH YOU'VE GOT ME? WANNA TEST THAT-

FORRESTER

Fisher lower your weapon.

FISHER

*He got away, don't you see? For
all I know you're- you're all
replacements- **imposters**-*

FORRESTER

Lower your weapon.

FISHER

I won't die like the rest, I-

*Avon grabs Fisher from behind, yanking away the gun, freeing
Adam, who falls forward, caught by Maklin, who pulls him away
as Fisher brawls with Avon-*

*Fisher easily takes down Avon, but then is **tackled by
Schmidt, Ritz and Rodriguez**, who wrestle him to the ground.*

MAKLIN

You cool? You okay?

Adam, a little in shock, nods.

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - STATE ROOM

*The fancy military briefing room is crowded with officers
from NATO, Russia, America and China, with three **ADMIRALS**
clearly in charge.*

Bakerson strolls in, and the bustling room goes quiet.

BAKERSON

Well, don't stop on account of me.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

The meeting started ten minutes ago-

BAKERSON

*I let you get started to see if you
said anything interesting, we have
this room bugged.*

RUSSIAN

What-

CHINESE ADMIRAL

*Who are you? Who is this rude
woman?*

BAKERSON

Save us some time, don't make him call the President.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

...She's clear.

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL

So you're here to offer an alternative to the original plan?

BAKERSON

I can and I will, yes, please, thank you: We do what we should've done from the get go: Direct military action. Tanks, helicopters, ships, the whole deal, take the whole island, get our boys and kill the nukes.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

I'm sorry, but that simply isn't on the table.

BAKERSON

Right. Great. Why not?

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

About two hours ago Al Jazeera picked up word of our fleet build up; it's going global as we speak. We've been turning back news helicopters for the past thirty minutes, but it's throwing people into a frenzy. They think it's World War 3.

BAKERSON

(softly)

...So? Let my men finish their mission, we can explain later once-

CHINESE ADMIRAL

The teams on the island have been almost entirely cut off for nearly eight hours, barring a few badly scrambled communications. The mission is a failure. We're sending it up the line.

BAKERSON

Which line? What type of line?

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL

If the missiles on the sub stay online, we will have a zero percent margin of error, and the whole world will be watching.

BAKERSON

Yes, but there's no other way to get the missiles off that island- the world doesn't know *what* it's watching, my boys will-

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

There's a quicker choice, to bring public opinion under control.

(beat)

Eliminate the whole island.

BAKERSON

(beat)

You're not- you can't be seriously-

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL

We are discussing a nuclear option.

Bakerson expertly mutes her horrified reaction.

EXT. THE RUINS - SUNSET

The NATO corpses have been gathered and covered. Fisher sits ziptied, being watched by Ritz, who looks like he's about ready to pull the trigger at any point. Rodriguez is futzing with a few electronics, frustrated.

Maklin is on watch with Schmidt. Copper's nursing his leg, Forrester checking it out.

FORRESTER

Looks good.

COPPER

Not as screwed as you thought?

FORRESTER

Dogs rally up, let's get moving before it gets dark, people.

Avon is covertly, gingerly tending to his fairy; it chitters, and he very carefully sets its dislocated wing, and covers its small wound with a little bandaid that fits it like a cast. It chitters appreciatively.

Avon smiles, but then looks up to where Adam has climbed up on the ruins, muttering to himself.

AVON
Specialist Burns, what're you doing
up there-

ADAM
I, uh...I think I found something.

The soldiers all look up to Adam, except for Schmidt, who stays focused on the woods. Adam climbs around the ruins of the citadel they're in, indicating inscriptions.

ADAM (CONT'D)
These inscriptions; they're a mix
of ancient cuneiform and proto-
linguistic glyphs. But I think- I
think I can read them. I think
they're a warning.

The soldiers perk up. Even Schmidt.

ADAM (CONT'D)
They tell a story, the story of the
island- see, there, the word
"island," "the army." "The great
rulers of men sacrifice to end the
age of- the age of magic."

Adam trails off, shaking his head, and then climbs up to a higher bunch of carvings. Rodriguez gets a weird reading on his broken motion detector, and hits it, trying to get a clear screen.

RITZ
An army...Like the one we saw on
the beach?

ADAM
(translating, thinking)
Kof- kof itwah- A sleep, a forever
sleep, the cursed army of the great
one in a forever sleep, beneath
surface-

RITZ
Those holes. I mean you- you don't
think they dug their way up...

ADAM

It would explain why they show no cultural change in five hundred thousand years, if they just woke up a few days or weeks ago...

Rodriguez gets another weird reading. He looks to Forrester, who gives him an acknowledging nod, and turns the safety off on his weapon.

AVON

What'd you say about a curse?

ADAM

On- this place, it says- the men made a great curse on all the- *sevas* I guess- *sevas kola*, yeah, okay, the men made a great curse on all the races of the old world and, then...*Texas*...A hidden room, with all the- the tools of magic, locked away forever...And then washed the Earth in a great flood.

(to himself)

Why? Why would they do that?

Adam spots a hieroglyph series higher up and quickly climbs up to see it. As the troop watches him, Fisher eyes Ritz's gun. Could he grab it?

MAKLIN

Careful Burns!

ADAM

Los- malucien- the tomb of the storm king- no- the sealed tomb- resting place of the dark lord...

Adam trails off, his eyes widening.

ADAM (CONT'D)

...Oh my god.

Adam stares at the glyphs, having an epiphany.

ADAM (CONT'D)

We...we shouldn't be here.

RODRIGUEZ

(mostly to himself)

Movement...

ADAM
 I've been wrong; my theory...
 (clears his head)
 The end of magic wasn't an
 accident, **the flood wasn't a**
natural disaster...

Adam turns, looking down at the soldiers, breathing hard.

ADAM (CONT'D)
This island wasn't "lost," it was
hidden. This isn't a sanctuary...
 (steadies himself)
It's a prison.

Avon's fairy pushes its way out of his pocket, letting out a
 scream, and he pushes it back down, buck-

SCHMIDT
Sarge. Echo.

Oh no not now.

The Drow stands at the top of the ruined citadel, looking
 down at them. Adam is at the exact midpoint between the Dark
 Elf and the soldiers. Shit.

FISHER
No, no! See, you've been
infiltrated, this was an ambush-

FORRESTER
Shut up. EVERYBODY WEAPONS HOT.

Forrester and the Drow lock eyes as all our guys raise their
 weapons. The Drow gives a small sneer. Forrester gives the
 exact same sneer back. The Drow's face goes viciously blank.

RODRIGUEZ
Movement, BIG MOVEMENT.

Dozens of Orcs, goblins and FOUR NECROMANCERS appear on the
 tops of the ruins. They are **COMPLETELY SURROUNDED**; the men
 circle, forming a tight defensive perimeter.

ADAM
 What do I-

MAKLIN
 You're gonna have to jump, Adam!

FORRESTER
Structure, not individual targets,
aim at structure. Fire on my mark.

MAKLIN
Burns, stay low.

SCHMIDT
We've got a full clock.

RITZ
I don't see breaks.

RODRIGUEZ
Bro I knew I saw something-

AVON
Oh no, c'mon man-

COPPER
Avon lock it up.

The Drow **SHOUTS IN HIS BRUTAL LANGUAGE-** *The orcs raise their bows the Necromancers raise their staffs- Adam looks back-forward- and JUMPS-*

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
MARK!

AS ADAM FALLS ALL THE SOLDIERS ALL OPEN FIRE JUST AS THE MONSTERS BEGIN THEIR ATTACK-

*-again we see the shocking brutal, super slick tactical acumen of The Hand- they use grenades and rockets to **blow the ruins out from under their attackers-***

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Go go go go go-

*The Drow, the four Necromancers and the orcs open fire causing **total chaos** in the ruins below, exacerbated by the cloud of falling dust and debris from the Hand firing up at the monsters-*

Adam brutally tumbles down the structure and Maklin rushes forward, grabbing him up protectively-

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
MOVE MOVE MOVE MOVE-

Copper lags behind, his leg injury slowing him down-

SCHMIDT
Copper, catch up-

COPPER
Push, man, push out of here before-

COPPER IS STRUCK TWO ARROWS, AND FALLS-

SCHMIDT
No damn it-

AVON
Spells! Spells coming down!

Schmidt tries to go back for Copper-

COPPER

Don't don't-

COPPER IS HIT BY A BLAST OF DARK ENERGY FROM A NECROMANCER, INSTANTLY REDUCING HIM TO A SKELETON-

Schmidt is knocked backwards by the blast, Maklin covering him by *hurling a grenade up at the Necromancer-*

WHEN AN OGRE COMES CRASHING DOWN INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE COURTYARD, separating Schmidt, Adam and Maklin from the rest of the group.

RODRIGUEZ

Son of a bitch.

It wields a huge club, taking a **wild swing that clips Rodriguez, sending him spinning to the ground,** then turns its attention to Maklin, Schmidt and Adam, **ROARING-**

MAKLIN

Come on!

As Schmidt repeatedly fires into the ogre, Maklin grabs Adam, who pulls away, **grabbing Schmidt** and yanking him out of the way of the Ogre's swinging club-

SCHMIDT

Hey what the hell-

Schmidt knocks Adam away and Maklin *pulls them both from the ruins, into the jungle-*

-As on the other end of the ruins, Ritz, pulling Fisher, Avon, helping Rodriguez, and Forrester, looking furious, pull back into the jungle, gunning down orcs and dropping smoke grenades as they go-

Forrester gets one last good look at the Drow, and **makes a quick throat slitting motion.** The Drow *roars in anger!*

Avon grabs Forrester.

AVON

Sarge let's go let's go!

Their group retreats into the jungle, fully separated from Schmidt, Maklin and our poor hero, Adam.

Up on the top of the ruins, the Drow looks down at all the destruction, the dead orcs, the smoke...

He smiles. **Everything's going according to plan.**

EXT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - DECK - NIGHT

The wind is blustery on the high seas, the lights of the other ships in the armada visible in the distance.

Bakerson is pacing up and down the deck, talking on a huge military sat-phone.

BAKERSON

Listen senator, I appreciate that, but there's a reason I am paid to do what I do.

(beat, listens)

Right, no, okay, no.

One of Bakerson's The Hand officers runs out onto the deck. Bakerson gives him the "just a second" hand.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

This is an island that is sight-
invisible, that as far as we can
tell is protected by an energy
field that we have absolutely zero
practical understanding of, do you
see what I'm- no, *you listen. Have
you ever heard the word INVISIBLE
in a military briefing before?* We
cannot drop an atom bomb on
something that we do *not*
quantifiably understand-

(beat, listens)

We are dooming our teams for
something we don't even know will
work, or worse, *could backfire,
could backfire TERRIBLY, and that
would be on YOUR HEAD, on all your
heads right up until-* hello?
Goddamnit, GODDAMNIT!

HAND OFFICER

We're six hours out.

BAKERSON

...Anything from the island.

HAND OFFICER

Just crackles and static, sir.

BAKERSON

It doesn't make sense, right? Why
do we see the ping from the nukes
on the submarine when we can't even
keep radio communication?

(MORE)

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

It's like someone's in there
playing peek-a-boo. It feels
controlled.

(beat)

I remember...Back when I was still
in Special Ops, before the Hand...
We were looking for a warlord
outside of Kisangani; we had intel
he had some kind of dirty bomb. We
sent in a strike team with a decon
unit, big bulky stuff. He ambushed
us. Stole our guns. There was no
bomb; the guns were what he wanted
all along.

(beat)

My whole team died. I was shot
twelve times.

HAND OFFICER

...Sir-

BAKERSON

It's the oldest military trick in
the book. You show your hand
early. A ticking clock. You bluff
your enemy into making the wrong
move. The island's invisible for
all of human history and then we
walk into not one but **two** ambushes?
I'm sorry, but...I don't buy it.

Bakerson stares out at the empty ocean. The island that
isn't there...

HAND OFFICER

Mother One, what do you-

BAKERSON

Put a temporary scramble on all
communications in the fleet. We
can pull that from the satellite,
can't we?

HAND OFFICER

That would be-

BAKERSON

Treason against three nations?
Yes, I'm aware. I didn't get where
I am by making small decisions.

HAND OFFICER

They'll be able to track the
scramble.

BAKERSON

Let them.

(beat)

We may have to take control.

The wind howls from the darkness of the island. It sounds like a scream, and

**CHARGE OUT INTO
THE DARKNESS...**

EXT. ROOFTOP PARTY - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Adam and Shannon are dancing really silly, sexy, close on the crowded dance-floor of a small apartment party. They're cracking each other up.

LATER...

They sit over by the ledge of the building, looking out at New York. They're huddled close together, drinking beers.

ADAM

I can't believe we have to move again. I was really starting to like these people.

SHANNON

Crazier than that, I think they were starting to like you.

(smiles)

DC will be better, you'll see.

Adam smiles, drinking his beer. Shannon looks at him, loving but concerned, and a little drunk.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Just once I'd like you to make the choice, you know. I want you to take control. Stop fighting. Stop getting fired.

ADAM

It's hard when no one believes you. When no one believes you, it's like you try twice as hard.

They look out at the city. Music drifts up from inside.

SHANNON

What if I could make it all true?

ADAM
What do you mean-

SHANNON
This is CNN, reporting live from Iceland, where we just uncovered the frozen remains of what appears to be a dragon. Witnesses on the scene are saying the fossil could be from as recently as three hundred thousand BC, confirming the theory of Professor Adam Burns...

Adam just stares at her. There's a beat of silence.

SHANNON (CONT'D) ADAM
Oh my god are you crying- I- no- I

Shannon embraces him, hugging him tightly.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
God I love you so much. You're a mess.

ADAM
I know.
(beat)
If it's real- when it's real-
that'll be the best day of my life.

SLAM TO:

Adam, bloody, covered in dried dirt, cuts and scratches, scared, his eyes a million miles away, silent.

EXT. SATANZES - LAKESIDE - TWILIGHT

Everything is lit in cold grey-blue-purple on the shores of a jungle lake, fed into by rivers.

The trio is low, in cover, under a thick tangle of brambles. Maklin keeps watch with his high tech sniper rifle. As always, Maklin's magazine-model good-looks are marked by a cool, alert frost of focus and professionalism.

Schmidt is futzing with his communicator, having taken off the back panel, messing with the circuits. It sparks at him, and he swears.

MAKLIN
Anything?

SCHMIDT

Nah, it's dead. It's dead, shit.

(beat)

The geiger said north. My vote is we head north. Try to meet up with the other teams. Burns, you don't think there could be any truth to that stuff the Brit was saying about an "imposter," right? Some kind of whatsit- like from that movie- like a "shapeshifter" or something?

Schmidt turns and looks at Adam, who's touching the brambly plant, looking at a leaf.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

...Dr. Burns? You with us?

ADAM

Aglaophotis. This plant.

SCHMIDT

...okay.

ADAM

It doesn't exist. I mean people don't- it's from Greek mythology.

Schmidt just nods.

MAKLIN

Burns? I see something.

Burns quietly moves up to where Maklin sits, and looks through the sniper scope.

He sees **A SMALL FLOCK OF GRIFFINS**, beautiful vulture like monsters with wings and the body of lions, drinking from the water at the other side of the lake. A family of manticores further up the shore bathe in the water.

Adam stares at them. They're beautiful. It's the moment in Jurassic Park. Maklin notices Adam's emotion.

MAKLIN (CONT'D)

...You spent your whole life waitin' for this moment, huh?

(beat)

Everything, all the shit people made fun of you for, it was all right. You did it.

ADAM

(long beat)

Yeah.

MAKLIN
(beat)
How's it feel?

Adam reacts with only steely silence, then falters: through the scope, he notices a Goblin walking to a little camp fire, where it sits down. It's wearing an odd, oversized jacket.

ADAM
I see a Gob- a beta. Looks like
he's wearing some kind of-

Schmidt roughly pushes him out of the way, looking through the scope.

SCHMIDT
We can drop him from here-

ADAM
No.

Schmidt and Maklin turn to Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We've got to get over there and
capture him alive.

SCHMIDT
I don't remember giving you
authority here Burns-

ADAM
Look at what it's wearing.

MAKLIN
(taking the scope)
...That's a Russian Naval Uniform.
Holy crap, that thing might know
where the sub is!

Schmidt's quiet, grumbling, then looks to Burns, hard.

ADAM
On the beach...You should've shot
at the Goblins, not the orcs. I
froze, and I'm sorry.
(beat, hard)
I'm not freezing now.

EXT. SATANZES - FIELD OF HOLES - NIGHT

In the almost pitch blackness, Forrester slowly makes his way through a big open field, covered in huge holes.

Rodriguez follows, his shoulder clearly giving him more trouble. Avon pushes along Fisher, with Ritz bringing up the rear.

All but Fisher and Forrester wear highly advanced night-vision goggles.

FORRESTER

Stay alert. Watch your step.

Avon's fairy pops its head out of his pocket, and he notices it looking at him. It makes a little vocalization; it's freaking adorable.

Avon unwraps a protein bar, and hands it to the fairy, who takes it gratefully, munching away. Delighted, the fairy purrs, rubbing its face into Avon's chest.

AVON

Shh little guy. Shh.

Fisher grumbles.

RITZ

You got something to say?

FISHER

You're out in the open, you're sitting ducks.

FORRESTER

Our weapons have better range than theirs. At least this way they can't sneak up.

RODRIGUEZ

Look at the size of these holes, bro. You think this is all the oscars and betas digging themselves up? The deltas too, maybe.

(beat of silence)

I mean we musta killed at least a two hundred of those things already, but...Damn dog how many of them do you think there are?

FISHER

It doesn't matter. If the imposter isn't with you he's with the rest of your friends. You're never leaving this island.

FORRESTER

Fisher, stow it. You're already under arrest, don't push your luck.

AVON

You think what he's saying is real though, sarge? About the imposter?

RITZ

Avon, when we get to the Wizard at the end of the road, we'll ask him to get you a new brain, okay?

AVON

I'm just saying, Fisher's not dumb, he's NATO. I mean- it could be any one of us, right? Like body Snatchers, yo. Maybe...

(beat)

Maybe it was Houston?

RITZ

Houston died on the beach, why would it have- what kind of dumb ass suggestion is that?

(beat, changing tune)

Why you keep talking about this shit? Maybe you're just puttin shit like that out there cause it's you, Avon, you've been really friendly to your little tinkerbelle buddy there-

Avon hurriedly moves to hide the fairy.

AVON

Hey man back off me-

FORRESTER

No more theories. We are tight. We have not been infiltrated-

FISHER

You say that, but how many men have you lost since getting to this bloody place. It's a goddamn **slaughterhouse!**

FORRESTER

We are going to reunite with the rest of the squad, and we-

FISHER

In what world? You're four men!
You've lost your bomb man, you even
lost your specialist!

RITZ

Hey, you know what, if I was a
demon or whatever, you know what
I'd do? I'd show up as the guy
warning people about the demon-

Fisher headbutts Ritz, knocking him backwards- Ritz
retaliates, **TACKLING FISHER INTO ONE OF THE HOLES-**

THUD, THEY HIT VERY HARD, still fighting, Fisher headbutts
Ritz again- Ritz **ELBOWS HIM IN THE FACE** and **THROWS HIM DOWN-**
Fisher trips him and **KICKS HIM IN THE HEAD-** Ritz rolls and
KNEES FISHER IN THE FACE-

AVON

Hey whoa, whoa Ritz man cool
it-

FORRESTER

BOTH OF YOU, STOP IT DAMN IT-

RODRIGUEZ

Flare!

All of the men stop dead, looking up into the night sky to
the northeast, where a flare is rising into the night sky.

FORRESTER

That's one of ours. Ritz, outta
the hole, now. We're OTM.

RITZ

Sir yes sir.

Ritz climbs up out of the hole, leaving behind Fisher.

FISHER

Oh piss off! Get me out of here!

After leaving Fisher alone in the dark for a moment, Avon
appears at the top of the hole to pull him up.

EXT. SATANZES - NORTH EDGE OF THE LAKE - NIGHT

In the darkness at the far edge of the lake, Schmidt, Maklin
and Adam are slowly picking their way along the shore,
staying tight to the trees.

Maklin is nervously eyeing the water, but Schmidt is clearly
weirdly taking some kind of pleasure from being out in
nature, and seems to have loosened up, slightly.

SCHMIDT

Who are you, Burns? When you're not on Monster Island?

ADAM

Just another weirdo with too much time on his hands.

SCHMIDT

You got someone special?

ADAM

I try. She's losing her patience with the "dragons" stuff, though.
(Schmidt laughs)
How about you, Schmidt?

SCHMIDT

I got a daughter, and I live with her mom. I was married once but...Marriage is just like a card game. At the beginning all you need is two hearts and a diamond, but by the end you'll be wishing you had a club and a spade.

Adam chuckles.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You like that? That's a dad joke.
I got lots of them.

Maklin grabs Adam and Burns, pulling them away from the shore, as something big and weird ripples beneath the glassy surface of the lake.

MAKLIN

Let's stay wide clear of the water.

They come around into the edge of a clearing, where the Goblin was, and see...

EXT. SATANZES - THE SHACKLED KING - CONTINUOUS

A massive suit of black, spiky armor, easily forty feet tall, kneeling between five columns, held up by chains. The columns are covered in inscriptions, hieroglyphics like the ones we saw before.

The...thing (giant? demon?) that was once inside the armor is long dead, but in gaps in the armor its massive *black* skeleton is visible.

MAKLIN

Looks clear...I'm dropping whites.

Maklin pops a bunch of glowsticks and tosses them out, lighting the clearing in a surreal haze.

SCHMIDT

What the hell is that thing?

ADAM

(to himself)

This was him. This was his body.
The body they trapped him in-

SCHMIDT

Him? "Him" who-

ADAM

The Nemesis.

Adam walks forward, dwarfed by the terrifying armor hanging over him, as Maklin goes and checks on the goblin's campfire, the goblin nowhere to be found.

SCHMIDT

Looks dead to me, Burns.

ADAM

The Nemesis can never really die;
you can hurt him, but he always
comes back. No human has used
magic in five hundred thousand
years, and that's kept him trapped
on this island.

SCHMIDT

Where's all the good monsters,
y'know? Where's the...elves and
whatever, the nice ones?

ADAM

I think they disappeared with the
rest of the magic. Mankind
couldn't beat him, so the great
wizards tricked him somehow, locked
him up and threw away the key.

Adam sighs, sadly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

We intentionally annihilated the
magical world....Just to stop this
one monster from ruling the planet.

(beat)

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Locked here til the end of The Age
of Man.

SCHMIDT

What ends the Age of Man?

ADAM

I think global thermonuclear
annihilation would be a good
start...but...See the inscription,
scratched into his helmet:

(reads)

"K'nevas On'torious."

(translates)

"BY THE HANDS OF MAN."

MAKLIN

So what is he now, like...a ghost,
or something like that? Do we need
to worry about that thing standing
up and squashing us?

ADAM

No. It's just a body now. The
Nemesis must be somewhere else.
He's weak, he's tired...But if his
army is awake, he's awake too. I
think that's how he got the sub to-

The Goblin **BURSTS OUT FROM COVER BEHIND SCHMIDT, HOPPING ON
HIS BACK WITH A KNIFE and TRYING TO SLIT HIS THROAT!**

MAKLIN

Schmidt!

*Maklin attacks the Goblin, and IT BEGINS FLAILING WILDLY-
Adam rushes to their aid and the three men and the goblin
tumble into a*

HOLE

Hitting the ground *HARD*, all four of them spreading apart-
Maklin and Schmidt draw their weapons and Adam *DIVES TO KNOCK
THEM AWAY-*

ADAM

*Wait wait wait- Don't shoot, we can-
we can use him- we can use him!*

The goblin snarls, frantically clawing at the wall, drawing a
nasty looking hooked blade.

MAKLIN
*HE DON'T SEEM OPEN TO POLITE
 CONVERSATION, BURNS-*

The goblin snarls and swings wildly at them.

ADAM
 He's scared, he's just scared-

SCHMIDT
*Un-scare Beta **right now** or we are
 taking the shot-*

ADAM
*Uh- shit- uh- supplicate,
 supplicate- open your palms-*

Adam advances on the goblin, palms open, and it hisses fiercely, exposing sharp teeth, jabbing with the dagger.

SCHMIDT	ADAM
<i>Screw this, let's smoke this thing-</i>	<i>OPEN YOUR PALMS.</i>

Schmidt slowly lowers his gun. Both Maklin and Schmidt tentatively open their palms.

MAKLIN (CONT'D)	SCHMIDT
If it moves I can sidearm-	Got it.

The Goblin, hissing, looks at the three humans with their palms open to it, and at first seems confused, then slowly calms, very slightly lowering the dagger.

Adam gently reaches out, and touches the Goblin's Russian Naval jacket.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 Elas kes'nye?

The Goblin chitters at them; scared...curious.

SCHMIDT
How'd you know to do that?

ADAM
 He's a primate, it's basic higher primate behavior.

SCHMIDT
 That another theory?

ADAM
 Not any more.

Adam can't hide his smile; he was right.

INT. USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - HALLWAY

Bakerson is walking with purpose, talking on her sat-phone, being flanked by his two Hand officers.

BAKERSON

I need Sigma choppers en route, I
need a full breach team, and I-

Bakerson sees that four Naval Police officers now block the way up ahead. A guy who's clearly **CIA** stands behind them. Bakerson stops, smirking. She turns around.

Six more Naval police down the hallway, two more CIA guys.

CIA GUY

Off the phone.

BAKERSON

Being arrested by the CIA. I'll
call you back.

CIA GUY

We broke and traced the scramble.
The Hand is getting lazy.

BAKERSON

I was trying to send a message.
The decision to nuke the island is
premature and tactically asinine.
I was assigned to this operation to-

CIA GUY

Miss, even The Hand's oversight has
limits, we cannot allow you to
complicate a multinational
coordinated military action-

BAKERSON

I'm sorry, "miss?" Did you just-

CIA GUY

That's enough. Take her down.

The CIA guys advance.

BAKERSON

(to her Officers)
Boys, stay calm.

WHAM BAM KICK PUNCH WHOA Bakerson drops the attacking CIA goons, dodging and deflecting mace and tasers- pushes further **CHOP HEAD-BUTT KNEE ELBOW** the rest of the men are down.

The two **HAND OFFICERS** stand shocked, looking to Bakerson for instruction- from deeper in the ship, a bunch of sailors see what's happened and start running towards them-

BAKERSON (CONT'D)
Stay here. Cooperate.

HAND OFFICER
What about you-

BAKERSON
I'm going to figure it out.

Bakerson nods, and **TAKES OFF RUNNING BACK DOWN INTO THE SHIP.**

EXT. SATANZES - SWAMP - NIGHT

The swamp is misty and dangerous. We can hear scary animals of the night crying out. Forrester slowly leads out team through it.

They're twitchy, reaching a small area of patchy dry dirt, the noises from the marsh terrifying and everywhere- Tension builds- Avon's fairy, looking out of his pocket, chitters nervously- **Rodriguez notices.**

RODRIGUEZ
All hold. Avon, what's the fairy doing?

FORRESTER
I'm sorry, the what?

RODRIGUEZ
Avon took a fairy from the woods, sir. It seems nervous.

FORRESTER
Avon?

Avon, his indiscretion forced into the spotlight, sheepishly draws out the fairy.

AVON
C'mon little dude. It's okay.
They're friends.

The fairy lights up, casting the soldiers in a soft, warm glow out amongst the swamp.

The fairy floats to each of the soldiers, greeting them excitedly, before landing on Forrester's shoulder.

He's not amused.

FORRESTER

What's the deal, Rodriguez?

RODRIGUEZ

Look, all my equipment's busted, so I've been watching that fairy. He glows different colors depending on how he's feeling.

RITZ

What? For real, we're taking Tinkerbell's advice on the op, now-

RODRIGUEZ

It's red right now. Last time it was red was right before the Necromancer almost got the drop on us in the citadel.

The fairy chitters nervously, clearly warning Forrester against the spooky path ahead. He looks to Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Terrain tactics are my specialty, boss. I think I know what's happening.

FORRESTER

Okay....Okay huddle up on me.

They move into a circle, Ritz and Fisher eyeing each other warily. The swamp is cold and dark around the group.

RITZ

Boss I've got eyes and ears on stuff all around us, you sure--

RODRIGUEZ

Why would they fire a flare?

In the light from the fairy, Rodriguez traces the island in the dirt, and then draws on it as he talks, the team (and fairy) watching with interest.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Who fires a flare during an active engagement? Look here. Dr. Burns said he had a theory that we were being manipulated.

(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Well, there's where we landed, they split us up, on the south-east shore...

(draws)

First the radiation trail, the Echo attacks us, then the NATO beacon popping up, the second ambush with the Echo, now the flare comes right after an attack where they could've wiped us out.

FORRESTER

...Shit. You're right.

RITZ

Damn, Rodriguez, *next level*, dude.

AVON

Who's right, what's happening?

The fairy hops back onto Avon, reassuring him, as Fisher's jaw drops, seeing the pattern.

FISHER

My god, they did the same thing to us. They're hiding something in the East.

FORRESTER

Then that's where we're going. Let's turn around and move out.

AVON

I don't get it- what happened?

FORRESTER

The engagements- escalating intensity, coming from seemingly random directions but- they're not. They all push us northwest.

(quietly)

We're being **herded**.

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - CLIFFS - NIGHT

The goblin, held at gunpoint, is leading Adam, Schmidt and Maklin up on the top of some rocky cliffs, overlooking the ocean. The first tiny traces of dawn are visible on the furthest horizon.

Far down below, we can see a huge battalion of orcs, goblins and trolls, swarmed in an encampment around the entrance to a cliff-side cave.

SCHMIDT

Wow, look at that. Uglyville, USA.
Must be at least five hundred
oscars down there

MAKLIN

Look at the water comin' outta the
cove. It's steaming. Is that the
sub?

SCHMIDT

Shit that must be it, a tactical
sub would be frying in a cove that
shallow, it's right beyond that
cave. They're guarding it.

(to Adam)

How the hell is your big bad guy
communicating to these things? I
mean how is he leading the army?

ADAM

I...I don't feel like it's
unreasonable to assume The Nemesis
has a degree of telepathy or-

***The Goblin claws Adam and takes off away from them, back down
into the rocks, running at a clip!***

ADAM (CONT'D)

DON'T LET IT GET AWAY!

Adam, Schmidt and Maklin hurry after the goblin falling
through underbrush, after the goblin-

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - HALLWAYS

Bakerson hurries through the hallways, making a beeline for
the communications room, when she's cut off by Naval Police-

*-turns rushes down another hallway- cut off- turns- MORE CIA
GUYS- turns and rushes into a*

BATHROOM

In private quarters, turning and affixing some small device
to the door, which drills into it, bolting it shut. Seconds
later, pounding on the door...

BAKERSON

Okay. Okay. You locked yourself
in the bathroom. Strategic.

(long beat)

Who do you call?

EXT. SATANZES - THE **VAULT** - NIGHT

The goblin scrambles out of the undergrowth, and then stops, raising its hands plaintively. Adam, Schmidt and Maklin burst out, Adam out of breath, Maklin and Schmidt: no.

Maklin grabs the goblin as it chitters frantically, showing them...

THE VAULT. Built into the side of the mountain is a massive Vault door, covered in runes and inscriptions; it's beautiful, magnificent.

ADAM

Oh...wow...oh wow...

SCHMIDT

What is that thing, Burns?

Adam approaches the Vault, and it creaks. Adam reads from the inscriptions around it as the ancient machinery of the Vault starts to shake to life.

ADAM

"This door forever locked, behind
it the secrets of the world we
ended, the enchantment broken by
the will of man, and so shall begin
the second age of magic."

(quietly)

This is...this is my destiny.

(beat)

I was always meant to be here.

Maklin, wrestling the goblin, looks up at the huge door.

MAKLIN

What's it doing?

ADAM

By the will of man...

Adam places his hand on an ancient pad on the door- there's a **jolt of magical energy**- the bolts *pull back*, and the hinges *groaaaannnn...*

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's opening.

INT. THE VAULT - SECONDS LATER

As the huge door creaks open, torches down the walls of the chamber burst to light, casting the massive, tunnel chamber in a beautiful orange glow, revealing...

Holy crap, **amazing**. The Vault is filled with incredible treasures, brimming like something directly out of an old fantasy novel, the cave from Aladdin, thunderously beautiful.

Swords, crowns, shields, rings, orbs, staffs, armor, scepters, wands, cloaks, artifacts of all shapes and sizes...You want to go in here and just explore for hours.

It's breathtaking. Adam staggers forward, staring at the piles everywhere. His eyes are wide. We see the hairs on his arms raise. He turns to Schmidt, wide eyed.

ADAM

I've- I've got goosebumps...

He wanders further in. Schmidt looks to Maklin, who stands in the doorway.

MAKLIN

I got watch.

SCHMIDT

What is this stuff, Burns? Are they weapons? Can we use them?

Adam, however, is in another world, a million miles away, dazed, eyes huge, mouth jawing, wordless. His world is silent, only music playing from somewhere in his head...

As he walks amongst the artifacts, we see brief flashes of

HIS CHILDHOOD

Adam at age 7, his **MOTHER**, eyes bright, hippy type, showing him illustrations of an ancient sword.

Adam at age 13, his mother showing him a sculpture of beautiful armor, gesturing wildly as Adam listens, rapt.

His mother, in the hospital, elderly, dying of cancer, showing an adult Adam a diagram of Pangea, the ancient unified continent.

Adam, some time a few years ago, talking to Shannon in a cafe, drawing her a picture of an ancient amulet. Her laughing, interested.

IN THE VAULT

Adam stares at the amulet he holds in his hand: the same one, of course. Real and *right here*. *Everything he ever believed*, that he'd suffered for, and been called crazy for, all that he's lost, all that sacrifice...

Maklin, surveying the clearing, sees the goblin run off into the underbrush. He turns in, shouting to Adam.

MAKLIN

Adam, I understand what this means to you. I really do. But we're right out in the open here. Get what you need and let's move out.

SCHMIDT

I think he's having a moment.

Schmidt has picked up a rock wrapped in leather. Adam, still a billion miles away, looks back at Schmidt.

ADAM

Be careful. That's a Philosopher's Stone, it can turn anything it touches into gold.

Schmidt drops the stone, his eye caught by something else. Maklin clicks the safety off on his rifle, staring out into the night.

SCHMIDT

What's this thing?

Schmidt has approached a beautiful ornate mirror, upright in the piles of artifacts.

ADAM

...I think that's a Longing Glass; it connects you to the person who most desires to speak to you.

Schmidt stares at it, and then *it warps and-*

INT. SCHMIDT RESIDENCE - COLORADO - MORNING

CASEY Schmidt, 6, is brushing her teeth, when **HER MIRROR ABRUPTLY BECOMES A WINDOW INTO THE VAULT**. Schmidt stands there staring at her; for the first time, we see Schmidt off his tough-guy game, truly dumbfounded.

CASEY

Daddy...Why're you in the mirror?

Schmidt, in silent awe, reaches out and touches the glass.

CASEY (CONT'D)

I miss you. When are you coming home?

SCHMIDT

I- soon, honey- I-

The mirror in Casey's bathroom suddenly *CRACKS*.

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt, the hardened military man, flinches badly.

SCHMIDT

What- what the hell happened-

ADAM

The enchantment must weaken the connection, it can't hold too long.

SCHMIDT

(emotional)

I'm getting off this island, Burns. We're stopping those nukes and *getting off this island*, okay, we get as much of this shit as we can carry and we go Dungeons and Dragons all over those Oscars, *that's what's happening*, so tell me which one of these kicks the most-

ADAM

I'm sorry, we can't. We can't take the weapons.

SCHMIDT

Hey Adam *we are gettin' KILLED OUT HERE*, my brothers are DYING-

ADAM

You're emotional, I understand that, but you've gotta try to see the bigger pict-

Schmidt REALLY gets in Adam's face, shoving him.

SCHMIDT

No professor YOU don't tell ME about the bigger picture, they're gonna destroy the world-

ADAM

Look, a human can't use magic outside of this vault- "end the curse by the will of man," get it? A human using magic out there will will break the spell on the island, on the whole world- the barriers that keep the Nemesis will be down, he'll be free-

SCHMIDT

So what? ***We live to fight another day-***

Maklin notices movement at the edge of the clearing around the Vault. He flicks the safety off on his gun.

ADAM

"So what?" It's the END OF THE AGE OF MAN we're talking about- It'll be the dawn of a second age of sorcery, the repercussions are huge and unknowable.

Schmidt rolls his eyes and groans; Maklin, in the meantime, is seeing movement at the treeline. He can hear faint sounds surrounding the clearing. Uh oh.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(gathers himself)

Look, none of this was a coincidence. ***The one person on Earth who knows how to use these weapons ends up here, in this vault, seem a little convenient to you?*** It's fate, it's destiny, it's-

SCHMIDT

Enough of that shit-

ADAM

The Nemesis has ***manipulated this entire situation***, he's got us between a rock and a hard place- either we end the age of man by freeing him and breaking the enchantment, or he does it through a nuclear holocaust. *I'm telling you we need to think-*

SCHMIDT

We need the weapons-

ADAM

That's not our call to make-

SCHMIDT	ADAM
Then whose is it, idiot? DO	He wins either way! He's
YOU WANNA DIE HERE? DO YOU	just as happy with ruling
WANT US ALL TO FREAKIN' DIE-	Earth as he is destroying it-

ADAM (CONT'D)
Stop being an idiot and listen to m-

The insult is too much; Schmidt knocks Adam backwards, and the much smaller Adam staggers, ***catching himself on the Longing Glass-***

For a moment it shows-

INT. WASHINGTON DC - TAXI - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Shannon is in a taxi, clearly sad, and then, for a second, **Adam appears in the window-** They stare at each other. And then the window ***shatters***, startling her- and then-

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bakerson is staring at her cell phone, totally engrossed, thinking, pacing, and then hears a strange noise.

He looks up to see ***THE BATHROOM MIRROR HAS BECOME A WINDOW INTO THE VAULT.***

Bakerson stares at Adam and Schmidt. Adam and Schmidt stare at Bakerson.

BAKERSON
 If the missiles don't go offline,
 they're going to nuke the island.
 You have less than two hours.

The mirror *shatters*.

INT. SATANZES - THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Adam, both back on the same page (that page being: numb shock), look at each other. At the door, Maklin yells nervously.

MAKLIN
 Guys, I think we got company-

Maklin is ***STRUCK THROUGH THE NECK WITH AN ARROW! OH GOD!***

Both Adam and Schmidt turn, startled, as Maklin staggers out of the doorway, into the clearing.

ADAM

Maklin!

Maklin falls, hitting the dirt outside, thud! He flips over, grasping at the arrow in his neck, as Schmidt and Adam rush to the doorway-

Only to see two dozen orcs appearing all over the clearing, led here by the goblin they captured. The orcs are slowly advancing as Maklin flails, bleeding into the jungle dirt.

SCHMIDT

GET SOMETHING TO SAVE HIM!

ADAM

No. It's a trick, they're luring us, right? RIGHT!?

Schmidt dares a glance out at the orcs; shit, Adam's right.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm not bringing anything out of the Vault, that's what they want- what the Nemesis told them to do-

SCHMIDT

We can't just let him die!

Maklin writhes, in agony, choking and reaching for the Vault- Adam's face suddenly hardens.

ADAM

You're right.

(beat)

We gotta bring him in.

Schmidt stares at him, then, after a beat, gives a small nod.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Give me a gun.

Schmidt unholsters his pistol and hands it to Adam. Adam **runs out of the vault**, into the open, as the dozens of orcs, trolls and ogres emerge from the treeline-

He slides to Maklin, grabbing and trying to pull him, taking random pot shots at the oncoming horde of monsters-

SCHMIDT

Semper fi.

Schmidt rallies and **charges out of the vault**, giving Adam cover fire, dodging arrows as they start to rain down-

Hurry hurry oh god- they grab Maklin and drag him back into-

INT. THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

They drag in Maklin, who's gagging, bleeding, dying- Adam takes off running, rummaging through the walls full of wands and staffs and scepters, knocking some down-

SCHMIDT
Close the door!

ADAM
I don't know how!

Adam finally grabs a small, polished wooden wand, and turns scrambling back down to Maklin. Schmidt dares a look out at the onrushing horde; they've slowed down.

A huge **Ogre is making his way towards the cave.** Schmidt checks his ammo, and then looks to Adam, who's kneeling over the dying Maklin, muttering to himself.

ADAM (CONT'D)
*Org- okay the root would be zus or met- met or zus
or orj or ort- orj- oro orso j'evi- or-*

SCHMIDT
Do something, man!

ADAM
Organe-metici!

A blast of beautiful pink and green energy leaps off the wand, hitting Maklin. His wound stops bleeding, and the arrow cracks in half, and is pushed out-

Replaced by rapidly sprouting vines and flowers, which grow out of his wound, his nose, his ears, his eyes-

ADAM (CONT'D)
*Oh god no no wrong wrong
wrong-*

SCHMIDT
What the hell, man!?

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'm guessing! I- orhane-norso!

The vines abruptly *freeze*, then melt- **but now frost is rapidly spreading over Maklin's body-**

SCHMIDT
Oscars, Betas and a big ass tango-

ADAM
MEZINA TALEIYO!

A dazzle of purple energy and Maklin **GASPS IN AIR**, his wounds instantly healed! Third time is literally the charm!

SCHMIDT
...No way-

Maklin sits up, coughing, dazed.

ADAM
Get him deeper in. Hide.

SCHMIDT
 Hide!? What about you?

ADAM
I'm going to test some theories.

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - HALLWAY

A group of heavily armed Naval Police stand at the door to the bathroom with guns at the ready. There's a whirring sound. The door drifts open.

Bakerson walks out with her hands raised.

INT. SATANZES - THE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The orcs **rush into the vault-** for a second they glimpse Adam:

He's **COVERED in pouches, knives, wands; even a large sword scabbarded across his back.** He wears an old, ratty looking shawl over his head, a glove that looks to be made of stone on his left hand, and heavily jeweled rings of all shapes and sizes on his right.

He whips the shawl around and **POOF-** he's gone!

The crowd of orcs hiss and snarl in anxious confusion- the troll roars and then- **IT CHOKES- AND TURNS INTO A FROG-** three orcs **EXPLODE INTO DUST-** a wave of **FIRE BURSTS FROM NOWHERE SENDING ORCS SCREAMING AND BURNING IN ALL DIRECTIONS-**

One of the orcs makes a wild swing with a sword and knocks Adam's invisibility cloak off- **ALL OF THE ORCS FIRE ARROWS AT HIM-** he drops, raising a ring, and the **arrows FLY BACK AND HIT THE ORCS WHO FIRED THEM-**

Adam **HURLS A THROWING STAR INTO THE AIR-** it hits seven orcs before embedding into a wall- a goblin leaps at Adam- he uses a scepter to turn it into an explosion of rose petals-

Two of the orcs grab Adam- he uses a magic glove to fling one of them *thirty feet away-* another orc *rips it off* and the *swarm of Orcs lifts Adam up-*

Adam realizes what's happening: The orcs are trying to **DRAG HIM OUT OF THE VAULT-** Adam **DRAWS THE SWORD ON HIS BACK: EXCALIBUR,** and *there's a blinding flash of light- energy crackling all over Adam- .*

An orc attacks- **ADAM BLOCKS-** *this sword is guiding him-* he goes toe-to-toe with the fourteen remaining orcs, *CHOP STAB SLASH,* they're all down.

Adam stands there, surrounded by various forms of dead monster, covered in purple orc blood, breathing hard. He tosses away the sword, and starts throwing aside his armor, as Schmidt and Maklin slowly approach him.

Adam looks up at them. He looks like **Indiana goddamn Jones.**

SCHMIDT

Burns...holy sh-

Adam tosses some carved stones, covered in symbols, out on the ground.

ADAM

The runes say our people are this way.

He looks into the Vault. One last brief moment of his mother, smiling at him. Adam smiles back.

In the cave...

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let's get the hell out of here.

MOMENTS LATER.

Adam gives the Vault, his destiny, the proof he searched for all his life, one last look as the door slams shut, the world of magic again hidden in darkness.

EXT. MOSSY CANYON - PRE-DAWN

Forrester, Avon, Ritz and Rodriguez are moving slowly through a mossy canyon, Fisher still cuffed, the fairy floating out ahead of them like an escort.

It stops, turning red, and looks back to the men.

FORRESTER
Uncuff Fisher.

AVON RITZ
What, why- Are you *kiddin me man-*

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Fairy Red. Do it now.

Rodriguez sighs and cuts Fisher free, and Forrester tosses Fisher his assault rifle.

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
WEAPONS HOT, AMBUSH.

All of the Hand soldiers lift their weapons when- **HOLY CRAP- everything around them starts moving-**

It's Webb, the Russians and the Chinese! *Our group is completely surrounded!* But are they friend or foe?

There's a tense moment of Mexican stand-off that builds as the men shout back and forth. This will not end well.

WEBB FORRESTER
Identify- Where the hell have you been?

WEBB
Forrester? Lower your weapons what are you doing-

FORRESTER
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

CHINESE SERGEANT
Drop your rifles! We have you surrounded!

WEBB AVON
Forrester, Jimmy, man, it's *Answer the question!* *Answer us, come back to us-* *the man's question!*

RUSSIAN SERGEANT
They're shell-shocked, they don't know what they're doing-

WEBB
We got separated and we've been damn near trapped at the north side off the island for twenty hours, dealing with heavy enemy assault.
(MORE)

WEBB (CONT'D)
We've still got the tank but these damn things are organized-

FORRESTER
Confirmed, yes, very organized. I think we're being toyed with-

RUSSIAN SERGEANT
Put your guns down, you're outnumbered-

FISHER
(quietly)
See how it feels?

FORRESTER
I believe there's a possibility of an enemy infiltrator. Lower your weapons and we'll talk-

CHINESE SERGEANT
You put down your guns, you are the smaller unit-

FISHER
They could all be fakes, don't trust any of them-

WEBB
Forrester we've been through a lot, we've lost a lot of people, don't make us put you down-

RITZ
No more of this Wild West crap, lower your weapons-

WEBB	FORRESTER
Forrester call your men off-	You first-

CHINESE SERGEANT
DROP YOUR GODDAMN GUNS! We will fire if you-

ADAM
ENOUGH.

Literally **half the guns turn on Adam**, who stands atop the canyon, with Maklin and Schmidt, looking down on everyone. Adam is suddenly covered in laser-sights.

He doesn't flinch. He speaks with desperate confidence.

ADAM (CONT'D)

We found the sub. Two miles east from here. We got word from the outside, too. Your militaries have *given up on you*. They're going to bomb this whole place to ashes if those nukes don't go offline.

WEBB

...Where'd you get this information?

SCHMIDT

From Mother One herself.

WEBB

What? That's impossible-

ADAM

Accept and process, Captain Webb.
Accept and process.

(beat, heavily)

We made the mistake of locking the magical world away once before, and it's led us to *this moment*, on the edge of annihilation. I say we don't let ourselves make the same mistake twice.

(beat)

Let's end this.

Forrester looks to Schmidt and Maklin, who give silent confirmation. Forrester lowers his gun. Webb and the Chinese and Russian leaders lower their weapons.

The fairy chitters excitedly as we *slam to*:

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - CLIFFS - DAWN

We're back at the rocky cliffs. Maklin, Adam, Webb, Forrester, and the Chinese and Russian Sergeants look down from the cover of the rocks.

The army of monsters has grown. Dragons now move among them, Necromancers guide the orcs. Preparing for something.

SCHMIDT

We have good odds on the sub being on the other side of that cave.

FORRESTER

...Is the Chinese tank still operational?

CHINESE SERGEANT

We've got it in camo, locked down.
It'll take ten to get here, make a
lot of noise.

FORRESTER

Then that's ten we need to spend.

WEBB

We can't hit that head on,
there's too goddamn many-

FORRESTER

That's what I'm saying. Pull-
apart. Snatch and grab.

CHINESE SERGEANT

We storm from the front. Tank
could come around down there.

RUSSIAN SERGEANT

(agreeing)

Rain fire and sniper support from
up here, come down the wall. Split
them three ways.

FORRESTER

Smaller team drops in from the top,
can-opener, take the sub. My guys
are keyed up, we can break this,
cord-in and neutralize.

ADAM

I- I actually have some tips on how
you can deal with the Necromancers
and the Dra- Deltas.

CHINESE SERGEANT

What about your "infiltrator?" The
forces down there are massing.
Like they know something's coming.

WEBB

We deal with the enemy as it makes
itself known. We've got a clear
target, and a ticking clock.

RUSSIAN SERGEANT

(re: Adam)

What about him?

Adam looks a little nervous, then:

FORRESTER

...He's with us.

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE - DAWN

Captain Chen is on the bridge, as are the American, Chinese and Russian Admirals, surrounded by high ranking officers and intelligence agents from their countries.

One of the Techs looks up.

TECH

Uh- sir- ...never mind.

CAPTAIN CHEN

What's the issue, OOD Stewart?

TECH

We had a glitch on radar, for a second it looked like helicopters.

A young **ENSIGN** rushes onto the bridge, going to the Captain.

ENSIGN

(whispering)

Sir, we lost Bakerson.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Lost her, what do you mean *lost* her-

ENSIGN

We had her in the brig and- she's gone, sir-

FIRST OFFICER

Eleven minutes to launch.

RUSSIAN ADMIRAL

Something wrong, Captain?

CAPTAIN CHEN

No, everything's under control.
Give the word to your armadas:
clear the blast radius and move the
sub into launch position.

(to the Ensign)

Find her. Find her now.

I think the Hans Zimmer has probably already started, but if not, start that up right now.

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - DAWN

The sun is just starting to rise as army of darkness prepares to mobilize.

We see the Drow by the cave, speaking to Necromancers, and several big trolls and ogres amongst the hundreds of orcs and goblins.

The two dragons, rousing, and then...

A goblin comes running around the corner of the cove, yelling in its language, as all the orcs turn to look...

There's nothing...Nothing...Nothing...**The high-tech "active camouflage" system on the tank DEACTIVATES, revealing the MASSIVE WAR MACHINE THERE ON THE BEACH-**

Fisher stands atop it, his hand raised. He drops it.

The tank **FIRES, blowing off one of the dragon's heads, BOOM.** The army of darkness **SURGES FORWARD TOWARDS THE TANK-** only to be **attacked from above**, the two dozen remaining Russian and Chinese troops raining hell on them from the cliffs-

The Necromancers star shooting **blasts of dark magic up at their attackers**, as the Tier 1 soldiers, the best in the world, slowly make their way down the cliff, returning fire.

As the surviving dragon takes off, the air is thick with arrows, bullets and dark magic. Every other action scene in this movie is shot tightly, like realistic war photography, keeping the number down by trapping us with Adam's POV...

Not this time. This is probably where we spend the whole effects budget.

This is war.

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - ABOVE THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Nearby, on the cliffs above the cave's mouth, Forrester, Ritz, Schmidt, Rodriguez, and Avon are hooking into rappel harnesses, Ritz hooking in Adam and Reuben.

Reuben's hands are shaking. He's just a bomb specialist, after all. He looks to Adam.

REUBEN

It'll be okay. These guys are the best, right? I'm a civilian too, I- I've never been in combat before, either.

Adam, covered in dirt, grime, dried blood (both his and that of the orcs), one of the his glasses lenses shattered. He does not look like a fucking **"civilian."**

Adam just smiles politely, takes off his glasses, and folds them into his shirt. Ritz, hooking him in, laughs.

ADAM

What?

RITZ

I knew you they couldn't kill you,
Burns. I knew the whole time.

ADAM

...Really?

RITZ

Yeah bro, you're The Hand. We
don't die easy. We're gonna beat
these guys. I feel it in my balls.

ADAM

...I-

FORRESTER

Signal. Hand, we are operational.

Ritz straps in.

RITZ

Happy landings.

MAKLIN

Hold on tight.

They jump out, rappel-dropping down the sheer cliff face!
SO. F'N. COOL.

EXT. SATANZES - THE CAVE'S MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The Hand team lands, Reuben hitting the ground roughly. Adam rushes to help him up, as the Hand quickly guns down the orcs at the cave mouth-

ADAM

Come on, we-

THE DRAGON LANDS ALONGSIDE THEM, ROARING- *All of the Hand takes cover behind rocks- Maklin pulls Adam close-*

MAKLIN

What do we do!?

THE DRAGON BLOWS FIRE ALL OVER THE ROCKS, NEARLY FRYING THEM!
They're pinned down, Avon's leg on fire- it's all over-

Fisher, seeing The Hand pinned down by the dragon through the chaos, **MAKES A RUN THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELD-**

FISHER
Bloody lizard.

-Shoving orcs aside, running and gunning- he ducks a huge swing of an ogre's club- jumps over a trolls ax- dodges a blast of dark energy- **he's struck in the back by and arrow- keeps running- ANOTHER ARROW- KEEPS RUNNING-**

Fisher leaps up onto a rock as the dragon angles to blast them again and **FIRES A GRENADE INTO ITS WING- BAM!** The dragon hisses, backing off for a moment and then-

Fisher makes direct eye contact with Adam and Maklin.

FISHER (CONT'D)
(yells)
Keep your eyes open.

Adam nods; Maklin just looks confused, and then Fisher **OPENS FIRE ON THE DRAGON WITH HIS MACHINE GUN, taking off running-** the infuriated dragon gives chase-

FORRESTER
Alright move move move!

THE DRAGON CATCHES FISHER, CHOMPING HIM DOWN IN ONE BITE- but when it looks back, the Hand is gone.

INT. SATANZES - THE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The group moves into the cave. We can hear orcs hissing and snarling from deeper in. Lining the walls, pinned up, dead but not gruesome, are a number of bodies...

REUBEN
Those are Russian uniforms...The crew of the Karelia.

FORRESTER
We're getting close, eyes open-

There's a roar from behind them- *A troll at the cave mouth, coming in from the outside!*

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
Move move fall back fall back!
Escape and evade!

The men open fire on the charging troll, but Ritz spots the Drow jumping along the roof of the cave-

RITZ
Echo up high!

The Drow fires a cascade of arrows, three of which hit Ritz!
 He falls, in agony.

RODRIGUEZ
Man down!

The group scrambles to cover in the craggy cave walls.

AVON
Oscars coming from eleven'o'clock!

It's true, orcs are visible approaching from deeper in the cave! The Drow attacking from above, the troll charging from behind- *They're screwed!*

FORRESTER
Get Ritz, now.

RODRIGUEZ
 What about Echo-

FORRESTER
Echo is mine.

Forrester turns, firing his rifle up at the Drow, blowing apart stalactite it's about to jump onto- *whoa nice shot-* the Drow plummets to the ground, THUD-

Schmidt attacks- *it kicks him into the wall-* Avon tries to shoot it- *it breaks apart his gun and uppercuts him-* Maklin opens fire- *the Drow dodges, choke-throws Rodriguez into him-*

Forrester's **whole team is down.**

He doesn't care.

Forrester stalks towards the Drow, tossing aside his rifle and unslinging the shotgun on his back; it rolls, dodging, and drawing its bow but *Forrester shoots it with the shotgun, cracking it in half-*

The Drow begins **throwing arrows at Forrester by hand-** one pegs him in the shoulder and he falls- *the Drow sprints towards him drawing a sword-*

Forrester rolls, using his shotgun to block the sword; it's sliced nearly in half. The orcs are nearly to them-

FORRESTER (CONT'D)
YOU kill MY men!?

The Drow violently swipes its sword at Forrester as he stays just out of its range, again and again, smashing the blade against the wall and floor of the cave- **THE DROW GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT and FORRESTER RESPONDS BY REPEATEDLY HEADBUTTING THE MONSTROUS ELF-**

He quick-draws his sidearm and the Drow *slices it in half- but that was just a distraction* whoa- Forrester **smashes the Drow in the face**, and then **slams his combat knife into the Drow's hand, pinning it to the wall!**

Everyone is momentarily distracted by the charging troll- Avon turns and fires a grenade straight into it, killing it **FLAT DEAD AS-**

The Drow **draws a black wand**, pointing it at Forrester- but he *snatches it away and SNAPS THE WAND OF OVER HIS KNEE-* the Drow backhands him, and tugs at its stuck hand-

Forrester **GRABS THE DROW'S DROPPED SWORD AND IMPALES THE DARK ELF IT INTO THE CAVE WALL.**

WHOA. THE DROW IS DEAD.

AVON

Whoa. Boss, you got him-

FORRESTER

Cover. Now.

SECONDS LATER.

The orcs arrive...And our boys are nowhere to be found. The orcs stare at the dead Drow in reverent fear.

One of the orcs sniffs, and looks around a rock, seeing the injured Ritz laying there pointing a gun up into its face.

RITZ

Hi Shrek.

BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG. The two dozen orcs are dead in three seconds.

Our team exists cover. Forrester, breathing hard and bleeding, looks over the dead Drow, the dead troll and the legion of dead orcs.

RODRIGUEZ

Forrester...I think my ribs are broken, man...

FORRESTER

Rodriguez, stay here, cover Ritz.
Everybody else..

(beat)

Let's take the sub.

This gets a rousing cheer from the men. Adam stares for a moment at the dead Drow.

ADAM

Not so tough after all.

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The lights on the bridge all go red.

TECH

Captain we've still got the
missiles on the Karelia counting
down. T-Minus ten minutes till
they blind launch.

CAPTAIN CHEN

All right everyone. We're at safe
distance. We launch in six
minutes. The men on that island,
if they're still alive, die as
heroes. They tried. Where they
failed, we will succeed. We honor
them with this decisive action.

Chen ventures a glance over to the Ensign in charge of finding Bakerson. He gives a nervous "no" head shake. Chen grits his teeth.

EXT/INT. SATANZES - THE COVE - CONTINUOUS

As the cold light of dawn spreads across the island, our team makes their way out to a small inlet rocky cove, filled with spikey protrusions **straight out of a fantasy film.**

All of the water in the cove is **boiling** from the engines of the Russian Nuclear Sub **KARELIA**, *wrecked on the rocks, part of the hull torn away.* A few orcs stand on it, firing arrows-

BAM BAM BAM Schmidt, Maklin and Avon take them down.

SCHMIDT

Clear!

AVON

Let's go, over the rocks!

Our team begins picking their way along the rocks, stepping-stones to the hole in the side of the nuclear sub, as Avon's fairy orbits them.

FORRESTER
Careful...Careful...

They all climb up onto the sub; Maklin goes to help Adam, but he pulls himself up, so Maklin pulls up Reuben. The cove is eerily quiet, other than the distant sounds of battle.

Adam looks around as the men move towards the rip in the hull, thinking, watching the dark water boil beneath him.

ADAM
Something's wrong...

SCHMIDT
Pst. Burns. Come on.

REUBEN
He's right, there's no way this submarine could have gotten into water this shallow, even by accident. It doesn't make sense-

AVON
Can we not talk about what does and doesn't make sense right now? You're making my fairy nervous.

There's a sudden, startling sound; machinery of the launch hatches on the aft bow of the submarine is sliding open, revealing the nuclear missiles inside.

REUBEN
Oh my god. Those are the-

FORRESTER
In. Now.

The group moves in through the rip in the hull, into...

INT. THE KARELIA - CORRIDORS - SECONDS LATER

We finally made it. We're in the sub.

The submarine's claustrophobic corridors are stained with blood, shells, signs of a fight...The only lights are flashing red emergency-evacuation, and dim-reserve power.

The fairy floats in, and is as creeped out as we are...It's like a freaking haunted house in here.

FORRESTER
Eyes open...forward...eyes open...

SCHMIDT
Bridge ahead.

They move into **THE BRIDGE**. We can hear an automated countdown, and the room, slightly tilted sideways, is surreally lit by the glow of all the various control panels.

The whole place has a nightmarish feel as our guys move to cover the doors.

REUBEN
Main power is still on. With this sort of damage, that should be impossible-

FORRESTER
The nukes.

REUBEN
Yes, of course, yes, I'm on it.

Reuben goes to a control panel, and begins pressing buttons. Schmidt checks and reloads his gun, and then looks up to see Adam is staring around, clearly thinking about something.

Schmidt looks to Maklin, who's also noticed Adam.

MAKLIN
Burns, you cool?

ADAM
This was too...this was too easy...

REUBEN
I don't get it, this is gonna be a piece of cake. All the systems are online, I'm pinging the satellite now to begin deactivation now.

Avon begins fidgeting, jumping up and down in place, excited, the fairy orbiting him.

EXT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE

(same)

CAPTAIN CHEN
Okay people, remember, do not look directly into the blast-

TECH

Uh, sir?

The tech exchanges looks, double-checking their screens.

TECH (CONT'D)

We- I mean it could be interference from the island but- the nukes on the Karelia just pinged the satellite. Someone is accessing the launch system.

The Captain looks around to the Admirals, who are interested.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Are the missiles still online?

TECH

Yes, sir, so far-

CAPTAIN CHEN

Then this doesn't change anything.

INT. THE KARELIA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Reuben, sweating, frantically typing. The Russian countdown. The flashing lights.

REUBEN

I've got the clearances all set...I just have to put in the captain's codes- I've got this...It's encrypted, but it's just physical damage from overheating-

FORRESTER

Less talking, more typing.

ADAM

The Nemesis...The Nemesis wouldn't have let us get this far.

SCHMIDT

Well maybe you were wrong, right? Maybe the Nemesis isn't even here-

ADAM

No, it's- *no!* He wouldn't let us be here unless...

MAKLIN

Unless *what*, Burns?

REUBEN

*I have access to the mainframe, I'm
in the launch system!*

AVON

Holy shit, we did it. We did it!

REUBEN

*I cracked the encryption, taking
them offline-*

Maklin shoots Reuben in the back, killing him.

Adam flinches backwards, hard, and Maklin smiles.

FORRESTER

Maklin...wha-

Maklin **FIRES HIS RIFLE INTO FORRESTER'S CHEST, GUNNING HIM
DOWN, knocking him onto Adam- they both fall.**

Avon tries to raise his gun, and Maklin shoots him dead as well. Schmidt turns, already firing, but Maklin kneecaps him, **BAM**, and Schmidt falls, screaming in pain.

Maklin casually **SWATS THE FAIRY** out of the air, leaving them in the spooky glow of the emergency lights.

The red lights flash. The Russian countdown continues.

What the hell is going on.

MAKLIN

Hah! Wow! Wow. I must say I love
this world you've built for
yourselves while I was away. You
used to have to **say** a spell.
There's something much more
efficient about pulling a trigger.

Schmidt tries for his pistol- Maklin **kicks him in the face.**
Adam, holding the dying Forrester, looks up at Maklin, his
voice shaking.

ADAM

M- M- Maklin...Listen...Something's-

MAKLIN

*Maklin? Really? Maklin died in
the helicopter crash, his body is
probably halfway to England by now.*

ADAM
(voice shaking)
...w- w- what are you...

MAKLIN
Adam Burns, don't be stupid.

*Maklin's face DISTORTS HORRIBLY, his voice SQUEALING and HISSING- it's unmistakable, **the lord of darkness, the ultimate evil, the inspiration for the devil himself-***

THE NEMESIS
You know my name.

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

The battle rages on, but it's clear the humans are on the losing end- **THE DRAGON FLIES LOW, SPRAYING FIRE DOWN ONTO THE TANK;** the orcs let out a massive cheer as it explodes!

INT. THE KARELIA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Nemesis, his face shifting, monstrous and demonic, goes and stands beneath one of the holes in the hull, letting the sunlight shine down onto him.

NEMESIS
Beautiful. All over now.

The Nemesis suddenly *turns to Adam, his eyes bloody red with yellow pupils, truly terrifying.*

Adam's still in shock, staring at Forrester, who's tightly gripping his hand. Schmidt, holding his bloody, injured leg, speaks up.

SCHMIDT
But you- at the Vault- the arrow-

MAKLIN
Good trick, right?

The Nemesis pantomimes Maklin's choking on the arrow, then laughs and shakes his head. Forrester, dying, covertly hands Adam his second side-arm, a snub-nose revolver.

They make eye contact, Forrester giving his last, convulsive breaths. Adam makes eye contact.

FORRESTER
Finish this.

Adam just nods, very slightly. Forrester stares up at Adam, a changed man. He believes him.

Forrester dies.

SCHMIDT

Why didn't you just kill us in the jungle? Why didn't you just-

MAKLIN

You? You're nothing. But him.
(looks to Adam)

Your arrival presented a unique opportunity Adam. I thought I could use you; lead you to the vault, break the enchantment... "Magic by the will of man."

(laughs)

It took me tens of thousands of years of waiting, slowly regaining my power, breaking the binding enchantments one by one....

(pats his chest happily)

I'm still weak. I can barely influence the island, much less the sea. But when I saw this human boat, so close to my prison, so filled with death and destruction...A tidal flow here, an underwater current there...And suddenly, *your whole world is ending!*

He lets out that weird, high pitched laugh again; it'd almost be corny if it wasn't so completely chilling, echoing around the submarine.

This is, after all, the **original evil villain's** laugh.

Avon's fairy is crawling on Avon, pulling on his face, heartbroken, trying to wake him up. It's no good, he's dead. The fairy begins crying.

ADAM

At the Vault. You made us carry you over the threshold.

NEMESIS

Yes. I tried to take a weapon myself but...No, the enchantment is still too powerful for that. I thought you'd do the right thing, Adam, but- UGH-

(punches the wall)

(MORE)

NEMESIS (CONT'D)

You couldn't take just one of the stupid weapons, could you? Coward. You would've cast a spell, stopped these bombs, and then I could've *left the island, and all your friends would be still alive.* Magic returns to the Earth, and you're a big hero; *mommy would've been so proud.*

(sneers)

Until I regained my full strength and *massacred your entire pitiful race once and for all.*

(laughs)

Still, a **hero**, for week at least!

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

(same)

TECH

Karelia's nukes are priming for launch. Sub awaiting our order.

CAPTAIN CHEN

Brace positions. Prepare to give the order to fire in three...two-

ALL THE WINDOWS ON THE BRIDGE SHATTER- BODY ARMORED HAND OPERATIVES SWING IN, CLEARLY RAPPLEING FROM HELICOPTERS-

Anyone who tries to attack is instantly dropped. Bakerson, in body armor, intercepts the tech, shoving him away from the mic and RIPPING IT OUT OF THE CONSOLE.

Chen stammers, shocked-

BAKERSON

Looking for me?

CAPTAIN CHEN

You can't- you can't-

BAKERSON

The nukes *will* go offline. The Hand does not fail, we are not built to *fail*.

AMERICAN ADMIRAL

This...this is treason-

BAKERSON

Nobody's perfect.

Behind her, the Ensign eyes the back up communications...And touches the gun in his belt...

INT. THE KARELIA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

SIXTY SECONDS TO LAUNCH.

NEMESIS

Almost to the end of the countdown.
Nothing to say, Professor Burns?
No final thesis on the reality of
magic, or-

Adam **draws Forrester's gun and shoots The Nemesis in the head.**

It's bloodless. Does nothing. The Nemesis smiles as the wound heals, and then begins stalking towards Adam.

NEMESIS (CONT'D)

I watched the asteroid that killed
the dinosaurs. *I was the shark
that preyed on humanity when you
were still fish, the hawk that
swooped down from the night sky
when you were rats, the tiger you
ran screaming from as monkeys, and
now that you are men, I am a god.*

(laughs)

And now you're going to shoot me?
With a gun? Your arms are simply
too short to box with the Dev- ahh!

The **FAIRY ATTACKS THE NEMESIS' FACE, SCREECHING IN RIGHTEOUS ANGER OVER AVON'S DEATH!** The Nemesis stumbles back, swatting it away when-

Adam straight up **PUNCHES THE NEMESIS IN THE FACE.**

The Nemesis hisses, grabs his arm, breaks it, and then HURLS HIM INTO THE WALL. The impact is shockingly brutal; Adam isn't built for this, and he crumples-

The fairy attacks the Nemesis again, clawing and stinging him- The Nemesis GRABS the fairy to crush it when-

SCHMIDT TACKLES THE NEMESIS FROM BEHIND, slamming him into a console, ELBOWS HIM BRUTALLY IN THE FACE- SCHMIDT STABS THE NEMESIS DOZENS OF TIMES, UNLOADS HIS PISTOL INTO IT, AND-

The Nemesis, unfazed, grabs Schmidt by the throat, and he gags, his body going limp. The Nemesis lifts Schmidt into the air, squeezing the life out of him.

NEMESIS (CONT'D)

All over now.

5...4...3..

Schmidt gasps, blacking in and out of consciousness- Adam dives forward, slapping his hand against the control panel-

The Nemesis **GRABS HIM**, *lifting both Adam and Schmidt by the throats, laughing with insane glee-*

NEMESIS (CONT'D)

Tell me Adam. Was coming here still your destiny?

ADAM

No...this was...

The red lights shut off. The Nemesis turns, confused, and sees that **the control panel is rapidly turning to solid gold, all of the software rendered useless, the launch cancelled.**

The Nemesis blinks into total confusion, and then sees the Philosopher's Stone drop from Adam's hand.

NEMESIS

...gold? But- but that means-

Adam *pulls something out of the back of his pants- the **little wooden wand**- and JABS THE NEMESIS IN THE EYE-*

The Nemesis gasps in pain, dropping Schmidt and Adam, who collapse- the Nemesis advances- but Adam rises, raising the wand into the Nemesis' face, stopping him dead in his tracks.

Whoa.

From the panel, the Philosopher's Stone, a **MASSIVE RIPPLE OF ENERGY EXPLODES OUT-**

INT. THE USS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The ensign *pulls his gun and makes a move for Bakerson- WHAMBOOMSOFASLOW Bakerson disarms him, holding his own gun to his face when-*

The wave of energy from the SUDDENLY VISIBLE ISLAND shatters all the windows on the bridge, frying many of systems which explode into sparks-

All the men on the bridge jolt in astonishment as the island shines into focus off the port bow.

CHINESE ADMIRAL
The island...It's visible...

CAPTAIN CHEN
My god.

TECH
(eyes widened)
The satellite just pinged; the
missiles on the sub aren't
responding, they're all offline!

RUSSIAN SERGEANT
...They did it.

With a wordless look to Chen, and maybe the tiniest
milisecond of a smile, Bakerson flips the pistol and hands it
back to the Ensign.

BAKERSON
HAND! MOVE OUT!

INT. THE KARELIA - CONTINUOUS

The Nemesis snarls, held at wand-point by Adam. The fairy
lands on Adam's shoulder, hissing at the Nemesis.

NEMESIS
I don't understand. You...you took
weapons from the vault...

ADAM
I had to wait until you revealed
yourself. I couldn't risk it until
I knew I had you dead to rights.

NEMESIS
You **broke** the enchantment.

ADAM
Yeah, well...*I have a pattern of
unpredictable behavior.*

NEMESIS
...You idiot. You child. You
failure, you think you **can stop me**,
a **weakling** with a nymph wand
guessing at spells created **five**
hundred thousand years ago, NO!

The submarine **RUMBLES** as the Nemesis roars, and then **lunges**
at Adam, manifesting terrifying claws-

NEMESIS (CONT'D)
 I WILL **NOT** BE-

ADAM
 VINDICAS!

The wand **ERUPTS INTO A BLAST OF ENERGY, BLOWING THE TOP HALF OF THE NEMESIS CLEAN OFF, HA, YES, FUCK YOU!**

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - CLIFFS

The remaining Special Forces troops have are pinned down at the Cave; there's only a dozen or so left, Webb and the Chinese sergeant yelling orders.

More and more Orcs, Goblins and Ogres are flooding out onto the beach from the cliffs; this is it, it's over, they're hopelessly outnumbered.

Rodriguez is covering Ritz, who's still down and hurt.

RODRIGUEZ
 Ritz! Gimme another clip!

RITZ
 How many are there, I can't see!

RODRIGUEZ
 ...Too many, man, way too many-

Rodriguez perks up, seeing that **THE HUMAN FLEET IS VISIBLE ON THE HORIZON, the aircraft carriers, the destroyers, all in the distance.**

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
 Hey, the boats...

RITZ
 What?

Rodriguez stands up to get a better look.

RODRIGUEZ
 You can see...You can see the boats-

Rodriguez is struck by an arrow, and falls hard onto his back. Ritz yanks him to cover.

INT. THE KARELIA - BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Adam lays flat on his back, having been knocked down by the force of the wand blast.

Maklin's legs stumble backwards, and then fall in two different directions, turning to dust.

Adam lays there, not moving, as the floor beneath him slowly turns to gold. The walls are turning to gold too. Adam groans in pain, holding his broken arm.

The fairy goes to rouse Schmidt, who sits up, coughing, assessing the situation.

SCHMIDT
You killed him.

ADAM
...For now....

SCHMIDT
How'd you do that? How'd he get
outsmarted, I thought he was a god.

ADAM
Yeah. Don't believe everything you
hear. He's powerful, he's
immortal...But he's all ego.
(groans in pain)
If there's one thing you can count
on the Devil to do, it's **lose**.

The fairy chitters, landing on Adam, brushing dirt off his face. Schmidt, pulling himself up, laughs.

SCHMIDT
Is that the first time you punched
someone in the face?

ADAM
Yeah...yeah it was.

SCHMIDT
The first guy you punched in the
face...and it was Satan?
(laughs)
Oo-rah.

Schmidt and Adam lay on the floor, pained. Schmidt looks at his fallen comrades, somber but triumphant. Adam exhales, staring out a hole in the ceiling at a bright blue sky.

EXT. SATANZES - THE ROCKY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Our guys have been pushed nearly inside the cave, the army of evil SURGING FORWARD!

The dragon **swoops LOW, GETTING READY FOR A FINAL STRAFING RUN TO WIPE OUT THE LAST SURVIVORS-**

It's struck by three TOMAHAWK MISSILES, BLOWN OUT OF THE AIR!

Attack helicopters strafe the beach with machine fire, decimating the orcs! One of them blows a Ram's Horn, and the orcs growl and screech, heading back up the cliffs.

RITZ

They're retreating! *It's The Hand!*
Rodriguez hang on bro! **HANG ON!**

We see Bakerson firing down at the orcs from one of the high tech helicopters.

RITZ (CONT'D)

Mother One! That's Mother One!
ALL YA'LL MONSTERS ARE SCREWED,
NOW! HELL YEAH! BRING THE PAIN!

SMASH TO:

The beach is covered in dead orcs, the living or injured being detained by human military troops. A few images stick out: a troll being chained down, goblins being caged, orcs being cuffed by marines...

Bakerson steps onto the shore from a helicopter, straightening her officer's cap. She looks down at one of the dead orcs appraisingly, and she's met by Webb as she walks further up onto the shore.

BAKERSON

Are we still looking at active
hostiles?

WEBB

Yes sir, hundreds, thousands maybe,
on the island.

BAKERSON

I want this beach locked down,
secure sniper points there, there,
there, I want a look out there, I
want motion detectors, bunkers
there and there, and a portable
helipad set up right here, I want
every single one of these bodies
collected for study and I want-
(beat, staring)
Holy shit.

We see what Bakerson sees. Adam, leaning heavily on the Chinese Sergeant, is being led out of the cave, Schmidt hanging off two men behind him, limping badly.

Webb steps up.

WEBB

We found them in a golden submarine
on the other side of the cave, sir.

BAKERSON

(processes this)
...Shit got weird and heavy, didn't
it Captain?

WEBB

Nothing we couldn't handle, Mother
One. Things okay on your end?

BAKERSON

Nothing I couldn't handle, Webb.

She notices one of the downed dragons, still breathing.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

Somebody muzzle that thing.

INT. MED-EVAC HELICOPTER - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Ritz, Rodriguez, Schmidt and Adam are all on gurneys in the medevac helicopter, all in critical condition from their injuries, silent, on painkillers, hazy, barely conscious.

Schmidt notices Ritz looking at him. Ritz sticks out his fist. After a moment, Schmidt puts out his to meet Ritz's. Rodriguez joins them. Ritz looks to Adam.

After a beat, Adam puts out his fist to complete the square. Ritz smiles, nodding.

INT. LONDON - US EMBASSY - TWO DAYS LATER

Adam, his various wounds stitched, his arm in a sling, sits across from Bakerson, much in the same way he sat across from the dean, at the beginning of the movie.

A flatscreen behind Bakerson plays the news. The fairy is sitting on her desk, eating a candy bar.

ADAM

I didn't know you were allowed to take anything off the island.

BAKERSON

I'm not. How dare you talk that way about an American hero? I just received a presidential pardon, got a fairy on my desk eating a Snickers. It's been a long day.

Adam laughs, and the fairy hops onto his shoulder, purring and rubbing its head against him.

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

How's the arm?

ADAM

...It sucks.

Bakerson laughs.

BAKERSON

Sorry about the long debriefing, I'm sure you understand there are a lot of questions we need answered. We'll get you home soon. You wanna gimme those back?

Adam takes off his dog tags, looks at them for a moment, and then slides them across the table to Bakerson, who looks at them, thoughtful, then:

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

One more, for me:

(beat)

Did you know it was Maklin?

ADAM

No. I had to wait; I knew if he was with us, he'd wait until the last possible moment to reveal himself. More dramatic that way. He likes to watch us lose hope.

BAKERSON

You "knew" that.

ADAM

Honestly Captain Bakerson, I think I'm just sick of the word "theory."

Bakerson laughs again, and shakes his head.

BAKERSON

That was a big call, Professor.

ADAM

There was no perfect decision in the situation, but I couldn't let him win.

(beat)

Sometimes the right choice isn't the obvious one.

BAKERSON

Good thinking. Tough thinking. That's the kind of thing we look for in The Hand.

He looks to the television, which is showing **QUARANTINE ON ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF SPAIN, ORIGIN OF WORLDWIDE POWER SURGE CONFIRMED.**

BAKERSON (CONT'D)

I don't know how they're going to keep all this secret; I pity the guy they put in charge of that, but-

ADAM

Oh, they won't be able to keep it secret.

BAKERSON

...How do you figure?

ADAM

The Age of Man is over. This is *just the beginning*.

(beat)

All I did was give us a head start. The Nemesis is still out there, recovering, he's *free*, and he will return. The second age of magic has begun. There's no going back.

There's a loaded beat. And then Bakerson slides the dogtags back across the desk, to Adam.

BAKERSON

Well then, Dr. Burns, I guess you
should consider yourself hired.

Adam just stares at them, thinking.

EXT. SCHMIDT RESIDENCE - COLORADO - DAY

The Schmidt house is out in the desert tundra, gently beautiful. There is a repair van at the house, and **SCHMIDT'S WIFE**, Grace, is inside, talking to the repairman.

Casey is playing with her friend on a swing-set, when she sees Schmidt, on a crutch, coming up the road. She shrieks and runs to Schmidt, who's already crying as he kneels to embrace her.

CASEY

DADDY DADDY DADDY DADDY DADDY

SCHMIDT

(kissing all over her
head)

Hi, Casey.

CASEY

They're fixing the mirror you
broke, daddy.

Schmidt laughs, squeezing her tighter.

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

Georgie, Adam and Shannon's ancient dog, limps up to the door, wagging its tail and yowling. Adam unlocks the door, and comes in, slumping down to pet the dog.

SHANNON

(entering)

Georgie what're you-

She goes silent, seeing Adam; she registers his wounds, and stammers, trying to control her emotions.

ADAM

Hi Shannon.

SHANNON

Oh my god. What happened?

Adam's silent, staring at her. To him, she look like an angel, something mythic, from another world.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Where have you been, what happened to you, Adam, *I thought you were dead, I thought I was going crazy I saw you in a taxi window-*

ADAM

I love you.

Adam embraces her, squeezing her tightly. Shannon, sobbing, presses her face against his.

SHANNON

I was so scared...Adam I didn't know what was happening, I-

ADAM

It's real.

SHANNON

What?

ADAM

It's real, everything's real. Mom was right.

Shannon lets out something between a hysterical sob and a laugh, and pulls him tightly to her, laughing and crying.

INT. SHANNON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Adam and Shannon are laying on the bed, on top of the covers, face to face, holding each other. He shifts, and his injured arm is tweaked.

ADAM

Ahh, ouch.

Shannon, notices something: **Adam's dog-tags**. He's still wearing them.

SHANNON

What are these? What's "The Hand?"

She looks up into Adam's eyes. He means it when he says:

ADAM

Shannon...Everything's going to be different, now.

SLAM TO:

EXT. SATANZES - ROCKY BEACH - DAY

A helicopter noisily touches down, and **DR. Leo FRANKLIN**, 40s, steps out, an A-list actor who we had no idea was in this movie (why'd they bother if there's like only a page left?).

He's immediately being met by a young **MILITARY TECH**; the two of them shout over the sound of the helicopter.

MILITARY TECH

Welcome to Satanzes, Dr. Franklin!
We were worried about you, we lost
communications for a moment there-

FRANKLIN

Just a little turbulence! Rough on
the stomach, but I'm fine!

MILITARY TECH

Your teams are already waiting!

INT. THE VAULT - MOMENTS LATER

Two dozen men in haz-mat suits enter the Magical Vault as it unlocks, the magical torches lighting. They carry with them all manner of diagnostic equipment, as well as high-tech containment units.

Franklin walks in after them, cool, calm, collected.

FRANKLIN

Alright people, careful what you
touch, but I want all of these
items organized and catalogued in
the next four days, let's get a
move on, go go go!

Franklin stands looking up into the endless treasures of the Vault as the teams move away from him, and stifles a weird little giggle.

For a blink, we see his eyes: **red, with yellow pupils.**

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Hehehe...ha...hehehehe hahaha HEHE
HEHE **HAHAHA**

Oh no. That's bad.

SLAM TO BLACK.

THE END.