

VARTA

By
Julie Benson & Shawna Benson

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INT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - HUT - DAY

The walls of this tiny two-hundred year-old Whaler's Hut are decorated with familiar British signage: *Keep Calm and Carry On*, *Mind the Gap*, *London Underground*, and SATELLITE MAPS focused on a cluster of islands near Antarctica.

SUSAN TATE (36) lifts a cup of Earl Grey to her rosy, wind-burnt face as she examines a SAT MAP. Her finger traces a strange circular depression on one of the islands.

ED (O.S.)

Here there be dragons, eh, Susie?

She turns to find her posh English father, ED TATE (60s) shoving a thick wool cap over his salt and pepper hair. Susan laughs at his thin frame, padded with layers of winter wear.

SUSAN

You've been consulting out here for weeks and you're still gearing up like you're climbing Mount Everest. I think working in all those desert climates made you soft, Dad.

Susan tosses on a slimmer winter coat. Still dressing for the cold, but clearly more acclimated to the environment.

ED

Says the one who chose the Desolation Islands for her excavation. There's still plenty of artifacts to find in Egypt.

SUSAN

But no lost civilizations. C'mon, then, let's get a move on. I want to check where the metal sensors went off the other day.

Ed stuffs warmer packs inside his thick gloves.

ED

Your impatience always brings out your lanky Northern accent. You're a Doctor now, you should use RP.

Susan over-enunciates in the Queen's English.

SUSAN

Father, I would like to start with Quadrant Eleven as I believe there is something below. I can feel it.

ED
Ah, "feel it". Yes, that ought to
secure you a grant in no time.

Susan pulls her long brunette hair into a low ponytail as she
heads for the door.

ED (cont'd)
Aren't you forgetting something?

She rolls her eyes, turns back, and recites along with Ed:

SUSAN/ED
The past is worth saving which
means we're worth saving too.

Ed smiles and taps the *Keep Calm and Carry On* sign.

ED
Now, let's go find your lost world,
shall we?

Bolstered by her father's support, Susan pops up her hood and
braces before opening the door to a blast of cold wind.

ED (cont'd)
(accent slips)
Bloody hell...
(posh)
Right behind you, Susie!

He follows his daughter outside to...

EXT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

Only the crashing of the Indian Ocean to be heard and not a
soul to be found other than Susan and Ed trudging across the
sunny, barren tundra. When they reach Susan's roped off
excavation site, Ed shakes his head in awe.

ED
Still can't believe you did this
all by yourself.

Susan smiles proudly at the pit, the size of a basketball
court and twelve feet deep.

SUSAN
I learned from the best.

ED
You know, your mother never forgave
me for getting you into
archaeology.

Susan's heavy boots step over the perimeter.

SUSAN
Well, I never forgave Mum for
getting into Juan from L.A.. C'mon,
off you pop.

She holds the rope down like a boxer's trainer for Ed to step over. They head down the wooden ladder built into the side of the dirt wall dotted with the confetti of sea fossils.

INT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - PIT - DAY

Susan and Ed dig at the surface soil with small, metal trowels. It's painstaking work, stopping every few seconds to dust the dirt and debris away with brushes.

Dig. Brush. Dig. Brush. Repeat...

Susan's breath catches when her trowel TINKS against metal. Ed grins, knowing that feeling of discovery all too well.

ED
Let's not get our hopes up, could
be mineral deposits. Careful now...

Susan and Ed sweep away the dirt revealing a large EMERALD surrounded by a GOLD SETTING.

SUSAN
It's an amulet!

ED
The first evidence of your lost
civilization! You did it, Susie.

Ed pulls his daughter in for a warm hug. Both beaming with delight at their discovery.

SUSAN
We did it.

They return to their find, continuing the delicate work of prying out the amulet, carefully breaking up the soil...

EXT. FARM - FIELD - SAME TIME

... soil spins under tiller discs dragging through a field on the literal other side of the globe.

CHYRON: Grand Terre, Montana.

Mischievous blue eyes gleam with bliss in the bright sunshine as SPURGEON (80s) drives his tractor on the barren field of his picturesque farm.

Across the way at the chicken coop, GWYN (32) lifts a hen and fishes out the eggs with her long, delicate fingers. She blows a wisp of golden blonde hair out of her porcelain face as she rises, spotting Spurgeon hopping out of the tractor.

GWYN
(yelling)
Everything okay, Grandpa?

Too far away to respond and too wrapped up in concern to care, Spurgeon moves to the middle of the field, staggering like a man possessed.

SPURGEON
No. It cannot be.

He raises his arms in the air. Eyes rolling back to the whites as he shouts to the heavens.

SPURGEON (cont'd)
(unknown language)
[Return to the ground!]

Gwyn flinches at the thunder, shocked by the sudden storm. She watches the clouds swirl into a circular formation.

GWYN
(shouting)
Storm's coming! Let's get inside!

She strains to see Spurgeon in the field, lit by FLASHES of lightning. As thunder CRACKS...

INT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - PIT - DAY

... the ground RUMBLES. Susan ignores the shaking, continues to pry the amulet out. Panicked, Ed clocks the support planks GROANING as they strain to hold back the dirt wall.

ED
Earthquake! Leave that.

SUSAN
I've almost got it!

As Susan finally frees the necklace, a crack BLASTS down the middle of the pit. Ed YANKS Susan back with such force, the necklace falls out of her hand. It teeters toward the edge.

SUSAN (cont'd)

No!

Ed pushes his daughter back, heroically flinging his body across the fissure. He snatches the Amulet just before it falls into the abyss.

ED

Gotcha!

Susan pulls Ed to his feet. They navigate the swaying earth and falling rocks to reach the ladder. On the way up, the wooden planks SHAKE beneath her feet.

ED (cont'd)

Go, go, go!

As Susan nears the top, a board SNAPS under her foot. She looks down to see Ed barely hanging on.

SUSAN

Dad! Take my hand!

Ed reaches up, pressing the AMULET into her hand instead.

ED

Take it.

Susan tosses the Amulet around her neck. Reaches back down.

SUSAN

Okay, come on now.

She grabs Ed's thick glove, holding on tight. He takes a step up, but the board beneath his foot crumbles. Horror fills Susan's face as Ed falls into the opening in the earth and vanishes. Left only with her father's glove clutched in her hand, Susan's soul shatters.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Dad!

The planks above her start to give way. Thinking fast, she grabs the trowel from her belt. JAMBS the pointed metal into the dirt wall as the rest of the ladder detaches and falls away. She dangles over the abyss, hanging on for dear life through the shaking...

EXT. FARM - FIELD - SAME TIME

Spurgeon's arthritic body convulses. He shouts over the din of the storm.

SPURGEON
(unknown language)
[Return to the--!]

LIGHTNING strikes the tractor, fritzing out the engine, just missing Spurgeon. Horrified, Gwyn drops her basket and races across the field.

GWYN
Grandpa!

Spurgeon falls to his knees, exhausted. Gwyn reaches him, dialing 9-1-1 on her cell.

SPURGEON
I have failed us again.

He collapses to the ground like a ragdoll. The storm clears to a blue sky...

EXT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

Susan uses all her strength to heave her body out of the pit. She flops onto the grass, out of breath.

She clutches the Amulet to her chest as she looks over the side at her father's Earthly grave down below.

The loss overtakes her and tears flow down her cheeks and onto the Amulet. The strange symbol etched into the necklace lifts up to form the letters in...

TITLE CARD -- **VARTA**

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

CHYRON: A Month Later.

A disheveled and exhausted Gwyn answers the side door. Knocking outside is the mailman, CHARLIE (50s). He offers a sympathetic shrug as he hands her a stack of mail.

GWYN
Let me guess, more bills.

CHARLIE
Yeah, sorry I couldn't fit 'em all
in the mailbox, Gwyn.

Charlie nods towards Spurgeon, sitting semi-catatonic at the kitchen table behind Gwyn.

CHARLIE (cont'd)
Grand Terre's not the same without
ol' Spurge running around. We're
all pulling for him. Hang in there.

He heads off, waving.

GWYN
Thanks, Charlie.

Gwyn shuts the door and tosses the mail on the table. She
opens an envelope, sits next to Spurgeon.

GWYN (cont'd)
Great, the insurance company denied
our claim for the hospital testing--

Spurgeon coughs. Gwyn quickly lifts a cup to his mouth. He
sips through the straw.

GWYN (cont'd)
Four grand later and not one doctor
can tell us why you had a stroke.
Or what the hell you were doing in
the middle of that storm.

Gwyn winces at the unusually harsh tone escaping her lips.
She places her hand on top of his.

GWYN (cont'd)
Sorry, Grandpa. I'm just worried
we'll have to sell the farm. It's
like we've been here forever.
(then)
I wish these bills could magically
pay themselves.

Spurgeon goes into a coughing fit. Gwyn grabs the empty cup
and races to the sink.

GWYN (cont'd)
Hold on, I'll get you some more.

Only a thin stream of water trickles out of the faucet.

GWYN (cont'd)
Dammit, Ray.

INT. RAY'S BARN - DAY

Gwyn pushes open the heavy door. Instead of the usual
agricultural machinery, the barn's filled with artisanal
micro-brew equipment and cases of beer bottles.

GWYN

Knock, knock, neighbor. We need to talk about the well.

RAY (35) hustles toward her holding a shot of amber liquid. He has messy bedhead and remnants of a fine muscular physique hidden under his beer and pizza-created paunch.

RAY

Fine, but first, what's this taste like to you?

Gwyn cautiously sips. She chokes the second the liquid passes her lips.

GWYN

Like lighter fluid! What is it?

Ray looks at his creation, disappointed.

RAY

I'm branching out from beer into whiskey. This has only been in the barrel for a few weeks. Must need more aging...

Gwyn spots hoses snaking from an OAK BARREL out the window.

GWYN

Tell me you're not using up all the well water for this... moonshine.

RAY

You mean using my water in my well on my land that I let you and Spurgeon borrow? Didn't think you'd mind since he's not doing a lot of farming these days...

GWYN

I can't farm with a fried tractor!

RAY

Probably can't with a working one either, sweetheart.

GWYN

You know, I'd say you only care about yourself, but then...

She waves her hand at Ray's body. Confused, he looks down at his crocs and stained T-shirt bearing a RAYLATHOR BEER logo.

RAY

What's wrong with how I look?

GWYN

Let's start with the beer stains.

RAY

Occupational hazard. Hey, I didn't ask for your opinion.

GWYN

You literally did a minute ago.

Ray snatches the whiskey filled shot glass back.

RAY

Well, now we're done. You can go.

GWYN

I don't get why we can't share the well. We've been neighbors forever, so why won't you help us, even after Spurgeon's stroke?

RAY

Cause the more you try to help people the better chance you'll disappoint them. So yeah, I help people by keeping to myself.

GWYN

Fine. Then I'll leave you to it.

She storms out. Ray sips the remainder of the whiskey in the glass and squinches his face in disgust.

EXT. FARM - WELL - DAY

Spurgeon rocks on the front porch watching FLINT and ALDO (40s) digging a well hole. Aldo is built like a muscle-bound behemoth. He clocks his smaller, spitfire friend, Flint, stopping to wipe sweat from his red beard and brow line.

ALDO

Lot of rocks. You all right, Flint?

FLINT

Feels like we're digging a new well through the Rocky Mountains.

Gwyn exits the house carrying a tray of lemonade.

GWYN

Doubt it. The Rockies are three hundred miles from here. Take a break. Let me dig for awhile.

She exchanges the tray for a shovel. Aldo and Flint take their drinks to the shade. Dirt flies as Gwyn heaves shovelfuls out of the hole.

GWYN (cont'd)

You know, we wouldn't have to be doing this if it weren't for--

RAY (O.S.)

Hey! I've been looking all over for you two.

On a mission, Ray charges towards the lounging pair.

RAY (cont'd)

It's delivery day. You know, the day I pay you guys in six packs to help me load kegs. But I see you'd rather drink lemonade in the shade like a couple girls at a book club.

Flint begins to stand. With a sigh, Aldo yanks him back down.

FLINT

But free beer!

ALDO

We're helping Gwyn today, remember?

RAY

What, digging a hole to China?

Gwyn's shovel CLANKS against a hard object in the ground.

GWYN

I hit something.

FLINT

Probably another rock.

Exhausted, Aldo and Flint get up to help her. Ray takes their spot and their drinks.

RAY

Probably a gas line. Hey, try not to blow up my brewery.

Aldo pulls a heavy, dirt-encrusted blade out of the hole.

ALDO

Think it's an old plowshare.

GWYN

Here, give me that.

She snatches Ray's lemonade out of his hand.

RAY

Hey!

Gwyn pours lemonade over the metal, cleaning it off. SYMBOLS etched into the smooth steel emerge through the mud.

GWYN

It's a sword.

Spurgeon stops rocking. Stares at the sword like he's trying to remember an old song.

FLINT

I wonder what the symbols mean.

Ray grabs the sword.

RAY

Lemme see it...

GWYN

(pulls out cell)

Hold it up so I can get a picture.

Ray poses with the sword in front of his smoldering gaze, but Gwyn focuses the camera phone close on the blade.

RAY

Hey, you didn't get me in the shot.

GWYN

I know.

(then)

I'm posting a close up of the symbols online. Maybe someone can tell us what they mean.

RAY

Means you could be farming again in a few days. Give me this sword and I'll fix your tractor for ya.

GWYN

Really?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. FARM - FIELD - DAYS LATER

Gwyn drives her fixed tractor down the soybean field with a smile as broad as the sword she traded. As she steers into a U-turn to till the next row, she screams at the sight of a WOMAN standing in the field, WAVING.

GWYN

Oh my God!

She brakes hard, stopping a couple of feet from the Woman. Gwyn leaps out of the cab, heart racing.

GWYN (cont'd)

I could have killed you!

The Woman reaches out her hand. It's SUSAN!

SUSAN

I daresay, given how pale you've turned that I nearly killed you! I'm Doctor Susan Tate--

GWYN

But I didn't call anyone out. Spurgeon's condition hasn't changed and I couldn't afford you even if it did.

Gwyn walks around the tractor, checking it to make sure she hasn't damaged anything. Susan follows behind.

SUSAN

Oh, I'm not a medical doctor, I'm an archaeologist. I'm here about the photo you posted a few days ago... The sword?

GWYN

Sorry, I don't have it anymore. I traded it to get my tractor fixed.

Susan tries not to panic. Plasters a fake smile on her face.

SUSAN

You sold a priceless artifact for a piece of farming equipment?

GWYN

Kinda hard to farm with a sword.

SUSAN

Yes, I imagine it is. But you see, I'd hoped to study a symbol on the blade that matches one on this necklace.

She lifts the Amulet around her neck, but Gwyn's not interested. She scrapes mud off the tiller instead.

SUSAN (cont'd)

It says Varta, which I thought was a person's name, but as it's also on the sword, it's more likely a place--

GWYN

Or a manufacturer's stamp. Probably were made in the same shop.

SUSAN

Only I found this on the other side of the globe at the Kerguelen Islands. Which, coincidentally, is Grand Terre, Montana's antipode.

Gwyn looks at Susan like she's got two heads.

GWYN

Anti-what?

SUSAN

Imagine you drilled a hole under your feet all the way through the center of the Earth. You'd come out the other side right on the Kerguelen Islands. In most places, you'd come out the other side into water. So the odds against hitting land are astronomical.

GWYN

So are the odds of Ray giving up that sword. Sorry, Doc.

Susan deflates, her hopes for discovering a lost civilization fading. Gwyn wipes her dirty hands on her overalls.

GWYN (cont'd)

But I did find a bunch of other stuff with that same symbol on 'em.

Susan's excitement is rejuvenated as Gwyn leads her to...

EXT. FARM - WELL - DAY

Gwyn pulls a tarp off a picnic table of items. Among the various arrowheads and rocks -- an AXE, a MACE, and a STAFF.

GWYN

Found 'em while digging a well. You think this junk is worth anything?

Susan's hands tremble as she picks up the dirt-encrusted staff like it's the holy grail.

SUSAN

These artifacts are priceless.

The thrill of discovery races through Susan's veins as she reels at the possibility.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Do you know what this means?

GWYN

Ray got a great deal?

SUSAN

I was looking for a lost civilization in the wrong place.

GWYN

Sorry to hear that. Look, you wanna buy these or what? I got crops to get in so I can pay my bills.

Susan pulls out her checkbook.

SUSAN

What if you could pay all your bills before harvest?

GWYN

You've got that kind of cash?

Susan hesitates before answering, pushing down the pain.

SUSAN

My father left me some money.

(then)

Gwyn, these pieces and my amulet are the first tangible proof that a lost civilization called Varta existed. I think it's buried under your farm and I'd like to pay you to excavate your land.

GWYN

You mean you wanna tear up my farm.

Susan rips off the check and hands it to Gwyn.

SUSAN

Yes, and I'll need the help of a few workers, a place to sleep, and dinner. Airplane food is atrocious.

Gwyn's eyebrows raise at the hefty sum on the check. She's not really in a position to say no...

GWYN

Hope you like fried chicken, Doc.

Susan shakes Gwyn's hand enthusiastically. Gwyn hides her skepticism with a smile.

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gwyn tongs fried chicken onto a platter. A spruced up and showered Susan enters, sniffing the aroma.

SUSAN

That smells amazing. I can't remember the last time I had a homecooked meal.

GWYN

Think the city folks call this farm to table.

Gwyn sets the platter of chicken on the table in front of Spurgeon. He sits, emotionless.

GWYN (cont'd)

That's my Grandpa, Spurgeon. He's probably starving. Have a seat.

Susan sits next to Spurgeon, reaching out her hand.

SUSAN

Hello, we haven't met. I'm Susan--

Spurgeon glances up from Susan's hand to the Amulet around her neck. He lunges at her, grabbing wildly for the necklace.

GWYN

Grandpa!

Susan struggles to free herself from Spurgeon's grasp. A man possessed, he YANKS off her necklace.

SUSAN

My Amulet!

Gwyn knocks the Amulet out of Spurgeon's hands, sending it skidding across the hardwood floor, out of sight. Spurgeon falls back into his seat, exhausted but calm.

GWYN

I'm so sorry! I didn't tell him we were having company. He must have been startled, that's all.

Susan crawls on the floor in a panic. Picks up the Amulet.

SUSAN

The chain is broken...

GWYN

There's not a jeweler for miles. But I can fix it.

Reticent, Susan holds the Amulet tight.

SUSAN

This means a great deal to me. It was the last thing my father gave me before he--

Gwyn reads between the lines, sensing the mix of sadness and desperation in Susan's eyes.

GWYN

Oh. I'm sorry for your loss.
(then)
Please, the least I can do is fix what Grandpa broke. I'll take good care of it. I promise.

Susan allows Gwyn to take the necklace. She wraps it in a cloth napkin and places it on top of the fridge.

GWYN (cont'd)

Safe and sound, okay?

SUSAN

Okay.

Relieved, Gwyn sits at the table and starts cutting up Spurgeon's chicken into little pieces.

GWYN

Doctors said outbursts could be a sign he's trying to communicate. This may actually be a good thing.

Uneasy, Susan joins them at the table. She keeps one eye on the Amulet and the other on the serene man, curious about his terrifying episode.

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT (MONTAGE)

As the weeks progress:

... Susan lays out a topographical map of the farm in front of Gwyn and points out the spot where she'll start digging.

... Aldo and Flint carry out heavy timber. Ray watches, lounging in a lawn chair and sipping a Raylathor beer. He holds up the bottle to the sweating and jealous pair.

... Susan uses white twine to grid out the farmland into quadrants. Gwyn assists, infected by Susan's enthusiasm.

... The tractor tiller has been swapped for a digger bucket. Aldo drives while Flint guides him, leaning off the side.

... With the aid of a jeweler's loupe, Gwyn fixes the delicate golden links on the Amulet's broken chain. When Spurgeon passes, she covers the necklace with a dishrag. Worried it might spark another episode. Spurgeon passes and Gwyn whips off the cover, getting back to work.

END MONTAGE

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

Aldo and Flint run the digger while a dirt covered Gwyn and Susan take a break out of the hot sun.

GWYN

We're not going to find a bunch of
dead bodies out here are we?

SUSAN

Only if we're lucky.
(off Gwyn's horror)
Artifacts help us learn about how
people lived. But finding human
remains helps us learn how their
civilization died.

Gwyn stares at Susan with admiration.

GWYN

Wow. And here I thought you were
just looking for buried treasure.

SUSAN

That would also be super cool.

They're interrupted by Flint yelling across the field.

FLINT

Hey! We found something over here.

Aldo hops off the digger as the women race over.

ALDO

Hope I didn't smash it.

The team look down into the fresh hole -- a large, creamy white skull is exposed.

GWYN

Is that... a dinosaur skull?

SUSAN

But we're barely through the subsoil here.

Susan jumps into the hole. The trio watch confused.

GWYN

What's wrong?

Susan brushes dirt off the creamy white skull for a better look. Reveals an eye socket and jaw full of pointy fossilized teeth. She looks distressed.

SUSAN

But dinosaur remains are usually far deeper in sedimentary rock.

FLINT

Maybe it was one of them flying dinos.

ALDO

That died in mid-air?

Aldo and Flint's laughter rubs Susan the wrong way.

SUSAN

Hang on... Did you bury this skull here as some kind of sick joke?

FLINT

What? No. You pay us the same whether we dig up stuff or not.

ALDO

Thought you'd be happy we found something--

SUSAN
Archaeology isn't about finding
things, it's about finding people!

Her intensity stuns everyone, including Susan. She crawls out of the hole.

SUSAN (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I need time to think...

The trio watch her walk down the gravel road.

ALDO
I'm confused. I thought she wanted
us to find old stuff.

GWYN
Guess this was too old.

Off Gwyn, sadly watching Susan trudge back to the house...

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Susan hovers over the bagged and tagged weapons laid out on the living room floor. Stymied, she pulls up the photos on her phone of the dinosaur skull.

SUSAN
None of this makes any sense. What
am I missing?

Gwyn enters carrying a six pack.

GWYN
Raylathor beer. My neighbor brews
these out of his barn.

SUSAN
Is he the bloke who keeps checking
to make sure the perimeter ropes
aren't encroaching on his property?

GWYN
That's Ray. He's a disaster but his
beers are to die for. Trust me,
Susie.

SUSAN
That's what my dad used to call me.

GWYN
To fathers... and grandfathers.

They clink and drink. Gwyn pulls the repaired necklace out of her pocket.

GWYN (cont'd)
Oh, I finally fixed your necklace.
What do you think?

SUSAN
I think you've got magic fingers.

GWYN
Here, let me put it on you.

Susan turns letting Gwyn fasten it around her neck.

GWYN (cont'd)
There. You're beautiful.

Susan blushes at the compliment.

SUSAN
Well, I don't know about me, but
the Amulet looks as good as new.

She admires the necklace, a melancholy washing over her.

SUSAN (cont'd)
The day we found this... Dad fell.
I asked him to consult on my dig
and it cost him his life.
(then)
I promised myself I'd find my lost
civilization. For him. But here I
am, failing him all over again.

GWYN
What you're doing is amazing. All
those people lost and forgotten...
You're carrying on their legacy and
his. I think he'd be proud of you.

Susan drinks to that.

SUSAN
I'm glad you found the sword and I
found you... that is to say, I'm
enjoying your company.

GWYN
I have to admit, it's nice to have
someone to talk to who talks back.

She sips her beer, reminiscing.

GWYN (cont'd)

I wish you could have seen Grandpa when he was farming. He was the best in Grand Terre, maybe the world. You know, he could tell when it was going to rain just by looking at the moon. When it was thin like a toenail and sitting like a bowl, that meant it was ready to catch the rain. He was always right.

(then)

Talk about failing someone, I'm barely keeping this farm running.

SUSAN

Nonsense. A single woman taking care of a farm and her sick grandfather? You know, you're just like the women of ancient Egypt. They had more rights than most women do today and ran households and farmed alongside the men.

They finish their beers. Susan moves a bit closer to Gwyn.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I feel most present when I'm talking about the past. That's weird isn't it?

GWYN

No, your passion is inspiring. I love... that you love what you do.

They share a spark of something. Something yearning. Gwyn is first to break away.

GWYN (cont'd)

I should let you get some rest.

SUSAN

Right. I'm sure all this will make sense in the morning. Night, Gwyn.

Among the longing, they share smiles of mutual respect as Gwyn heads upstairs for bed.

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

Gwyn and Susan walk towards the pit. Susan appears more optimistic in the light of day, especially with her treasured Amulet around her neck once again.

GWYN

So what's the game plan?

SUSAN

Let's start with the enigma that is the dinosaur skull. I wanted to get a better look--

A thunderous KRAKOOM blasts across the flat farmland. Gwyn's already alabaster skin goes a little more pale as dark clouds move in overhead at an unnaturally fast speed.

GWYN

Storm's comin' in fast. Just like the day Spurgeon had his stroke.

KRAKOOM! Susan tries to make sense of that information as the sky darkens to an ominous black and the ground RUMBLES. Her arms goose-pimple as the hairs stand on end.

SUSAN

Oh no... not again.

CRACK! Dirt and rock CRUMBLE in the pit, exposing a ROUND STONE STRUCTURE the size of large grain silo. Just as quickly as the earthquake started. It stops.

GWYN

What is that?

SUSAN

Let's get a closer look.

They slide on their backsides down the embankment...

INT. EXCAVATION SITE - PIT - DAY

...and land on a stone walkway. Susan stops to examine the masonry while Gwyn rounds the bend. She comes face to face with a razor-sharp maw and SCREAMS, falling on her ass.

Alarmed, Susan rushes to help her, then immediately relaxes.

SUSAN

It's all right. It's only a statue.

Susan raps her knuckles on its lion-sized head. Gwyn stands, nerves shot to hell.

GWYN

What is it, some sort of gargoyle?

SUSAN

Technically, it doesn't have a water feature so that makes it a grotesque, not a gargoyle...

As Susan examines the statue, Gwyn's attention moves to the IRON DOOR -- pulsating GREEN. She touches the intricate lattice work, looking for the light source. She follows the beam towards the GLOWING Amulet around Susan's neck.

GWYN

How are you doing that?

Susan tilts her eyes down at the Amulet, surprised.

SUSAN

I'm not...

As she nears the door, it and the Amulet glow BRIGHTER. She holds the necklace against the door and it FLASHES into a BLINDING LIGHT. The women shield their eyes...

EXT. CASTLE - TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

...and uncover them to find they're standing on the TOWER OF A CASTLE, hundreds of feet in the air.

GWYN

What's going on? Where are we?

Gwyn hyperventilates, her head on a swivel. Susan moves to the railing for a better view.

SUSAN

Bloody hell...

Down below the ruins of a medieval city. Fires rage near dilapidated structures. The lush landscape charred and destroyed. What once was beautiful, now a wasteland.

SUSAN (cont'd)

I think we're in Varta, or what's left of it.

Gwyn clings to the tower wall, horrified.

GWYN

We're where?!

WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP

The wings of a massive DRAGON swoop past them. Gwyn covers her ears from its piercing scream. The Dragon shoots a STREAM OF FIRE directly at the women.

Instinctively, they scream, shielding themselves from the flames. Confused, Susan opens her eyes, realizing she's not burning. The fire goes right THROUGH them like a hologram.

SUSAN

It isn't real. Look, we're fine.

Gwyn scans her body, amazed it's not singed to a crisp.

GWYN

Maybe we hit our heads or got struck by lightning. Maybe we're already dead.

The IRON DOOR glows green in unison with the Amulet.

SUSAN

I think the Amulet wants us to see something. One way to find out...

She opens the IRON DOOR. Gwyn begrudgingly follows...

INT. CASTLE - CHAMBER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

They enter the large, round CHAMBER. Susan's necklace now glows in time with the Amulet clutched in the hand of an old WIZARD, dressed in a long robe.

SUSAN

My amulet?

Shell-shocked, Gwyn recognizes the Wizard.

GWYN

Grandpa?

She reaches out to touch Spurgeon, aka ORLON, but her hand goes right through him. Like the dragon, he's just an echo of the past. A ghost. Gwyn waves her hand in his face.

GWYN (cont'd)

Oh my God... Grandpa! It's me, Gwyn!

SUSAN

He can't see or hear you. It's like we're not even here.

Orlon leans on his staff as he addresses a group of people.

ORLON

Leura's Reckoning not only
destroyed Varta but killed all our
people. It's time for the leaders
to decide her fate.

A barefoot, shackled woman, LEURA (40s) kneels on the floor. Despite her dewy, fairy-like skin and piercing blue eyes, a dark demeanor hangs over her like a storm cloud. She sneers at the group with intense anger.

LEURA

Leaders. What a joke.

ORLON

What say you, King Raylathor?

Gwyn's mouth drops at the sight of KING RAYLATHOR aka Ray.

GWYN

Ray's a King? This is gonna go
straight to his head.

Instead of Ray's beer gut and crocs, Raylathor's muscular and dressed in regal attire. He tips his SWORD under Leura's chin. His anger is palpable.

RAYLATHOR

I tried to help my father protect
our kingdom from your vilak
monsters. As the sole survivor, I
must bear the burden of my failure.
As their executioner, you must pay
for their souls with your life.

(then)

I'm sorry, I know she's your
sister, Gwynnetha...

Susan and Gwyn nearly faint when QUEEN GWYNNETHA turns towards the group. Gwynnetha's a mirror image of Gwyn except for two delicate, pointed elven ears.

SUSAN

Gwyn... it's you...

GWYN

How? It can't be me... I don't
remember any of this and my ears
don't look like that.

GWYNNETHA

Leura's magic has corrupted her
thinking. I beg you, let's show her
the mercy she denied our people.

Leura points to her scarred Elven ears, the points CUT OFF.

LEURA

Mercy like the Elves showed me?
Cropping my ears for using magic.
Why should I pretend to be equal to
the other pitiful races when Elves
are the true masters of this realm?

A shorter and stockier FLINT pushes Leura back down with the handle of his AXE. He's about three feet tall and built like a brick house with bright red hair.

FLINT

Watch your tongue, you witch. I
vote for whatever judgement makes
you pay for killing my clan.

ALDO

I agree with the Dwarf King. The
Witch Elf must pay for her war.

A scar cuts through ALDO'S monstrous TROLL face. He's dressed in warrior's garb -- heavy chain-mail and leather. The MACE slung over his shoulder.

GWYN

(reeling)
Okay, we definitely hit our heads.

SUSAN

Think of it like we're Ebenezer
Scrooge watching the past.

Orlon holds out the Amulet in front of Leura.

ORLON

A verdict has been reached. You
stole this power from the Elves and
now it will seal your fate.

Orlon points his staff at the floor, opening a SQUARE HATCH. Leura stares down into the darkness in horror.

LEURA

Fools! You think you can entomb me?

RAYLATHOR

I still prefer execution...

Raylathor kicks Leura through the open hatch. Gwynnetha tries to intercede, but Aldo and Flint hold her back.

GWYNNETHA

No, wait!

She cringes as the tomb shuts with a THUD.

ORLON

Queen Gwynnetha, only you can
ensure Leura will never escape.

Gwynnetha kneels at the hatch. She hesitates before placing the Amulet on the hatch door -- sealing it with a glowing light. Flint places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

FLINT

It is for the best.

ALDO

Time to leave, Orlon?

ORLON

Almost. Follow me.

The group follows him out. Susan and Gwyn trail behind...

EXT. CASTLE TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Royal Quartet (plus Susan and Gwyn) watch Orlon move to the rail, aiming his staff below. He whispers a spell and BLASTS a hole through the ground that swirls into a VORTEX.

ORLON

We might not be able to destroy
magic, but we can send it far away.
Queen Gwynnetha, if you please.

Gwynnetha moves to the railing, drops the Amulet into the--

INT. VORTEX - (FLASHBACK)

The necklace falls through the molten center of the earth. It keeps drilling to the other side. The Amulet stops deep in the ground before it reaches the surface. The Vortex closes causing a WAVE disruption.

EXT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The impact creates a crop circle-like depression on the ground above in -- KERGUELEN. Three thousand years before Susan and her Father would dig here and reclaim the relic.

EXT. CASTLE TOWER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

GROWLING and HISSING sounds echo from inside the castle. Aldo raises his mace, on alert.

ALDO

Leura's vilaks are coming.

A horde of terrifying part-dog, part-reptilian CREATURES race up the tower steps. Snake-like tongues FLICK and tails SLITHER as their red eyes hone in on their prey.

FLINT

Back to hell wi' ye!

Flint SLICES his axe and Aldo SWINGS his mace at the beasts. Raylathor STABS a vilak through the stomach like a shish-kebab with his sword.

RAYLATHOR

In formation!

The trio press their backs against each other, fending off the snapping vilaks.

RAYLATHOR (cont'd)

Gwynnetha, we could use some help.

Gwynnetha twirls her fingers in a circular motion. A vilak WHIPS in a circle, SPINE SNAPPING as it SPINS off the tower.

Another vilak lunges. SPINS. Another...

GWYNNETHA

There are too many, Orlon!

Orlon points his staff at an incoming vilak pack. The BLAST transforms them into STONE.

SUSAN

That explains the statue.

GWYN

Does it?!

Orlon raises his staff in the air.

ORLON

Queen Gwynnetha, I am sorry for the pain you experienced today, but you soon won't remember--

GWYNNETHA

Please... just do it already.

His eyes go white as his head snaps up to the heavens. The swirling clouds move in...

ORLON
(unknown language)
[The time of Varta is at an end...]

As he continues the incantation, Raylathor cranes his neck to yell behind him to Aldo and Flint, still fighting the vilaks.

RAYLATHOR
We won't recall, but it's been an honor fighting alongside you both.

ALDO
Agreed. It's not everyday the Trolls and Dwarves join forces.

FLINT
No matter how strong Orlon's spell, I hope that we--

Orlon SLAMS his staff on the floor -- PHOOM! A BLAZING WHITE SHOCK-WAVE emanates from the blow. Susan and Gwyn shield their eyes as the white wave passes through them towards--

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

-- Spurgeon, aka ORLON sleeping in a recliner. The shock-wave SLAMS into his chest, waking him with a start. His eyes brighten as energy flows through him. Orlon sits up:

ORLON
Leura.

He spots the bagged weapons laid out on the floor.

ORLON (cont'd)
No, no, no...

Mobility improved, he races to his staff. He rips it out of the plastic protector, and turns it in his hands.

ORLON (cont'd)
Hello, old friend. You were supposed to stay buried.

Off Orlon, the sad memory of his power flooding back to him.

INT. EXCAVATION SITE - PIT - DAY

Susan and Gwyn uncover their eyes to find they're no longer in Varta, but standing back in the pit. Gwyn looks ill, but Susan is giddy with delight.

SUSAN

It's real... Varta's real! The weapons... and that dinosaur we found... it was a dragon!

Susan's oblivious, but Gwyn feels the ground shaking again.

GWYN

Susan... we're moving...

The ground SPLITS as the castle tower under their feet ERUPTS, rising into the air like a slow geyser. Susan snaps out of her celebratory mood and grabs Gwyn's hand.

SUSAN

We have to jump!

As the castle frees itself from its Earthly confines, the pair LEAP from the parapet. A vilak stone statue breaks off, falling behind them.

EXT. EXCAVATION SITE - DAY

The castle JUTS out of the field, pushing the surrounding land from horizontal to vertical. Susan and Gwyn tumble down the newly-formed hill.

The Amulet spills out of Susan's hand as they crash to the flat ground. The shaking finally stops.

The women crane their necks to see the massive Vartan castle sitting in the middle of Gwyn's field.

GWYN

I think I'm going to miss harvest this season.

The broken pieces of the fallen statue lie scattered around a CREATURE shaking them off its hairy body. It bares its fangs, stretching its jaws for the first time in millennia. Gwyn scrambles backwards, terrified.

GWYN (cont'd)

It's one of those monsters!

Susan smiles, calmly moves towards the statue.

SUSAN

All of this is just a vision. It can't hurt us, remember?

She touches the vilak but instead of her hand going right through the disgusting creature, it connects! Its jaws snap, biting deep into Susan's forearm.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Ah!

Remembering the power of her doppelganger, Gwyn spots the necklace in the grass and grabs it. She holds it up to the snarling vilak's face. It whimpers, bowing respectfully.

GWYN

That's right, I've got the magic necklace. Back up, beast.

Gwyn pulls the wounded Susan to her feet.

GWYN (cont'd)

C'mon. Let's get you to the truck.

She tosses Susan's good arm over her shoulder, propping her up. The vilak stands down, letting them pass.

INT. CASTLE - CHAMBER - DAY

The hatch BREAKS open. Leura, who hasn't aged a day, crawls out. She rotates her head, working out the kinks. Touches her bare neck in disappointment.

LEURA

My Amulet...

Remembering it was stolen, she storms down the stairs on a mission...

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - DAY

Gwyn wraps a jacket around Susan's bleeding arm. Susan checks the rear-view mirror -- TWO VILAKS racing their way.

SUSAN

Hurry!

Gwyn starts the ignition when -- KA-THUNK. A vilak JUMPS into the back of the truck.

SUSAN (cont'd)

Go, go, go!

Gwyn puts the truck in DRIVE and speeds away from the castle. The second vilak LEAPS, digging its CLAWS into the tailgate.

Gwyn yanks the wheel to the side. The truck veers wildly. The vilak in the back TUMBLES out of the truck bed. The second monster swings wildly, holding on for dear life.

GWYN

Get. Off. My. TRUCK!

She HITS the brakes. The vilak FLIES over the top of the truck, SLAMMING into the parked tractor ahead. Its head splits open on impact.

Gwyn glances over at Susan -- unresponsive, sweaty, and pale.

GWYN (cont'd)
You alright?

BEEP, BEEP!

GWYN (cont'd)
Charlie!

Gwyn SWERVES, avoiding the oncoming mail truck.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Through his rear-view, Charlie sees Gwyn's truck speed away.

CHARLIE
Poor girl's got a lot on her mind.

He refocuses on the road. His eyes go wide at the sight of the HUGE CASTLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD!

CHARLIE (cont'd)
What the---?

EXT. CASTLE - DUSK

On a mission, Leura emerges from the castle gate. She spots the confused Charlie walking toward her from his mail truck. He takes off his hat, pointing at the castle, gobsmacked.

CHARLIE
Is that thing up to code?

Leura tosses him a vixen smile.

LEURA
Are you in charge?

CHARLIE
I handle the routes 'round here if that's what ya mean.

LEURA
I'm looking for an old friend, Orlon. Do you know him?

CHARLIE
Sorry, ma'am, ain't no Orlon on my route.

LEURA
The more things change, the more
they stay the same...

Leura touches Charlie's cheek. Her palm GLOWS a dark red and
MELTS him into a puddle before he can even cry out.

LEURA (cont'd)
...men are still useless.

A vilak LUNGES at her, ready to kill. She engulfs it in a
similar red glow. It calms immediately and bounds toward her
like a golden retriever.

LEURA (cont'd)
Let's go find my Amulet...

Leura's red glow encapsulates dozens of stone vilaks. They
emerge from their frozen stone state, HOWLING.

LEURA (cont'd)
...and kill my captors.

Off Leura leading her HUNGRY vilak army across the field.

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gwyn kicks open the front door, Susan hangs on her. They stop
short as an angry Orlon looms before them.

ORLON
You shouldn't have opened that
door, Queen Gwynnetha.

Shocked, Gwyn nearly drops Susan.

GWYN
You're... you're speaking!

ORLON
No doubt thanks to you two. Not
only have my faculties and my voice
returned, but so has Leura.

He notices Susan's arm injury.

ORLON (cont'd)
Vilak bite. Why haven't you healed
her with magic yet?

GWYN
Huh?

Orlon taps his temple.

ORLON

Ah, right. I wiped your memories.

GWYN

You did what?!

Dizzy and feverish, Susan moans. Concerned, Orlon helps Gwyn move her to the couch.

GWYN (cont'd)

Stay with me, Susan.

Orlon kneels by the couch, examining Susan's arm. The bite mark is deep into her muscle and inflamed.

ORLON

Vilak venom can cause a slow and painful death. You must hurry and heal her.

Gwyn shakes her head, completely mystified.

GWYN

Sure. How?

ORLON

The Amulet...

Gwyn pulls the necklace out of her pocket. Starts to hand it to him, but instead, he wraps her fingers around it.

ORLON (cont'd)

Close your eyes. Concentrate...

Suddenly, the Amulet TWINKLES with soft white light. Orlon guides Gwyn's hand near Susan's wound. Gwyn opens her eyes to see the bite mark beginning to FADE.

GWYN

How am I doing that?

Orlon smiles at her bewilderment.

ORLON

Elves possess the powers of healing. You're a natural.

SUSAN

You can say that again.

Susan sits up, flexing her newly healed arm. Good as new.

GWYN

You're not dead!

Gwyn hugs her, relieved. Susan squeezes her tight.

SUSAN
Thanks to your magic.

ORLON
It will take more than Elf magic to
fight Leura.

Orlon moves across the room to the weapons. He rips open the bags holding the Axe and the Mace.

ORLON (cont'd)
Where are the rest of the
survivors? A war is coming and
we've much to discuss...

INT. FARM HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gwyn, Susan, Ray, Aldo, and Flint sit at the kitchen table, listening to Orlon finish his history lesson.

ORLON
...And these are your heir-born
weapons.

Confused, Aldo and Flint stare at the Axe and Mace laid out on the table in front of them.

FLINT
An axe? What am I supposed to do
with it? Chop down a cherry tree or
somethin'?

Aldo proudly picks up his mace.

ALDO
Cool. I'm a warrior.

Susan clocks Ray with his arms folded, intensely skeptical.

SUSAN
I know it sounds insane but Gwyn
and I saw it with our own eyes.

RAY
You saw me in the past being an
asshole to a woman?

Off their, "Well, yeah" expressions.

RAY (cont'd)
Hey, I might hoard well water, but
I don't go around kicking broads
into trap doors. And I'd sure as
hell remember being a King.

GWYN
Grandpa-- Orlon wiped our memories.

ORLON
We all agreed it was for the best
to bury Varta and our memories. To
be safe, we hid our weapons and I
masked your unique features so we
could live a normal existence.

RAY
Normal? You said this was like
three thousand years ago. So how
come I still look so good?

Again, off their dubious expressions:

RAY (cont'd)
C'mon! You know what I mean.

ORLON
I suspended your aging and every
decade or so I would implant new
memories so you wouldn't go crazy.

FLINT
Are you saying I didn't make out
with Jenny Malone at prom? Damn it.

ORLON
Once the land healed, we were to
return to Varta and I would reverse
everything. It was all going to
plan until--

SUSAN
(realizing)
-- until I found the Amulet.

Orlon stands, pacing the room as he explains.

ORLON
I sensed the Amulet was unearthed
and used up all my power trying to
bury it back in the ground.

GWYN
That's the day you had your stroke.

SUSAN
And the day my Father died.

ORLON
I'm so sorry, Susan. I never meant
to hurt anyone.

Susan wipes tears from her cheeks.

SUSAN
Dad's death is my fault, not yours.
I'm the one who convinced him to
help me dig. And then, I brought
the Amulet here. I released Leura.
I put you all in danger. I'm the
one who should be sorry.

Gwyn gives Susan's shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

GWYN
None of this is your fault. Sounds
like we did this to ourselves.

RAY
Speak for yourself. I'm outta here.

Ray heads for the door.

ORLON
But Leura and her vilaks will come
to retrieve the Amulet. We will
need you and your sword to help us
fight these infernal beasts.

RAY
Oh, when you put it that way...

Ray leaves, SLAMMING the door behind him. The team exchange
worried glances.

GWYN
Coward. We'll be fine without him.

Off Orlon, not so certain...

INT. RAY'S BARN - NIGHT

Ray slaps Raylathor labels on his beer bottles. Chuckles at
the irony of the crown graphic after everything he heard.

RAY
King Raylathor, my ass.

Uneasy, he picks up the SWORD propped up against the wall. He SPINS it in his hand like a true swordsman. Reflexively, parries the blade in a circular movement in the air.

He looks at his own hand in awe. Before he can choose between denial and settling back into his comfort zone, he hears something SCRATCHING on the barn door.

RAY (cont'd)
I told ya, I'm not interested in
your bullshit D&D battle.

Ray listens expectantly for a response, but hears nothing. Curious, he moves toward the door, when -- A vilak SMASHES through it.

The enormous beast SNARLS revealing RAZOR-SHARP fangs dripping with saliva. It SWISHES its snake tail, knocking over anything in its path.

RAY (cont'd)
Sonofabitch, it's all true?

His stupor morphs into confidence. If the vilaks exist, then so must his noble title. Ray's entire demeanor changes from zero to hero as he raises his sword, ready to fight.

RAY (cont'd)
(shit eating grin)
Sonofabitch, it's all TRUE!

The vilak LUNGES -- claws extended and teeth gnashing. Muscle memory kicking in -- Ray swings the blade, slicing off the vilak's paw. It YELPS in pain.

RAY (cont'd)
Can't decide if you're a wolf or a
snake so you chose the ugliest
version of both. Good call.

He approaches the wounded animal for the final blow when -- THREE VILAKS burst in. Ray's victorious smile turns downward. He's out of practice and outnumbered.

Ray backs up, BANGING into a table of Raylathor merch and the experimental whiskey. A smirk crosses his face.

He quickly wraps one of the t-shirts around the sword. Tips the blade under the barrel spigot, letting the whiskey flow.

Ray flicks a lighter, holding the flame near the alcohol-saturated shirt.

RAY (cont'd)
Here poochy, poochy, poochies...

Ray lights the sword on fire. The vilaks hiss and snap as they move in...

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Susan, Gwyn, and Aldo barricade the windows with two-by-fours while Flint relaxes on the couch, whistling happily.

ALDO
Hey, why aren't you helping?

FLINT
You heard 'em, I'm Dwarf Royalty now. That kinda grunt work is below my pay grade.

The vilaks' vicious howls echo across the farmland. Flint leaps up from the couch and grabs a hammer.

FLINT (cont'd)
I suppose a little reinforcement couldn't hurt. Such a nice house...

Gwyn tries to give the Amulet back to Susan but she refuses.

SUSAN
It belonged to you in the first place and you may need it to do magic again.

GWYN
I hope I remember how. It's weird not knowing who I was... Or am. It's so confusing.

Susan takes Gwyn's hand.

SUSAN
The civilizations I dig up are defined by whatever I uncover. Those people's history is locked in. But you're a living and breathing woman. You still get to decide who you are.

Gwyn pulls Susan close.

GWYN
I might not know who I am but I know what I want.

The two women kiss. Whether it's their first or last, it's full of love and passion. A brief moment of calm before the coming storm.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Orlon strides out into the moonlit night. He waves his staff back and forth in the air as he chants:

ORLON
(unknown language)
[Circle of light, protect us from
the dark!]

A GOLDEN DOME WHOOSHES in the sky, covering the house and the immediate area in a shimmery glow.

ORLON (cont'd)
Magic has returned. And with it, a
cost too great for man to bear.

Orlon looks at his creation, sadly...

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As the vilak howling grows louder, Susan looks around for a weapon. Grabs a hammer and a fire poker. Gwyn shoots her a skeptical look.

SUSAN
(shrugging)
Listen, if those things can get
through a Wizard, a Troll, a Dwarf
and an Elf Queen then it really
doesn't matter what weapon I have.

ALDO
They aren't getting through us.
C'mon, Flint.

Aldo grabs his mace and tosses Flint his axe. The men stop on their way to the back door and awkwardly bow to Gwyn.

GWYN
Stop that. What are you doing?

ALDO
Felt like the right thing to do,
considering...

FLINT
We got your back, Queenie.

GWYN

Good luck.

As the guys head out, Gwyn readies her Amulet. Susan, her hammer. Bracing for the fight together.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Orlon faces off with Leura and her vilaks on the other side of the protective shield. The animals BANG their heads and scratch their claws into the shimmering barricade.

ORLON

Leura. I was foolish to think you could be locked up for eternity.

LEURA

For once we agree on something. Give me back my Amulet, Orlon.

ORLON

So you can wield it for evil? Had I known your intentions, I wouldn't have helped you hone your magic.

LEURA

Wizards are secretive elitists who hoard their gifts. Despite my race, I thought you had accepted me as one of your own. But now I realize I'm one of a kind.

Orlon's unnerved as Leura walks through his shield. She winces as her face BURNS and her hair SINGES to a crisp. She pushes through the pain until she reaches the other side.

A red glow emanates from her palm. She glides it over her charred skin and hair, restoring them back to normal.

Terrified at Leura's power, Orlon shoots a blinding white light across the lawn, knocking her down. As he approaches Leura's lifeless body, her eyes POP open.

LEURA (cont'd)

I burned your world once and I will do it again.

From the ground, Leura flicks her wrist. The BLAST of energy rockets from her palm towards the farm house.

ORLON

No!

He throws his body in front of the blast, taking the hit FULL FORCE. Dazed, his spell breaks -- protective shield falls.

Leura stands, smirking as her vilaks move in.

LEURA

I think it's high time to undo all
the damage you've done, Orlon.

She raises her arms, murmuring a spell. A swirling red cloud SHOOTs from her fingertips into the air.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Aldo and Flint stand at the ready. Weapons raised.

ALDO

Let 'em come. I'm not scared to die
with you by my side, buddy.

FLINT

I know most of our memories are
fake, but I hope that we--

Leura's red spell dissipates like smoky rain on top of Flint. He shrinks, transforming back into his DWARF state. Bulkier muscles strain his shirt. Tufts of bright red hair cover his face and arms. He picks right up where he left off 3,000 years ago:

FLINT (cont'd)

-- live to join forces again!
(beat)
What the...?

He cranes his neck to look up at the red spell raining down on Aldo's craggy, TROLL face, towering above him.

FLINT (cont'd)

I forgot how ugly you were.

ALDO

I forgot how hairy you were.

FLINT

It's genetic. Shut up, we've got
incoming.

The vilaks round the house. Flint smirks, tossing the axe in the air. He catches it with a spin in his palm. THROWS it into the skull of an incoming vilak.

FLINT (cont'd)

It's good to be back!

A vilak knocks Aldo aside, but not over. He SWINGS his mace, the spiked ball at the end CRASHES into the vilak's spine.

ALDO
I'm a warrior!

Aldo whips his mace above his head and SMASHES another vilak in the face.

ALDO (cont'd)
I'm ahead, two to one.

Flint grins, shaking the blood off his axe.

FLINT
Not for long.

Off the Dwarf and the Troll bearing down for battle...

INT. FARM HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leura's red mist seeps through the cracks of the windows and under the door frame. Scared, Gwyn backs away.

GWYN
What's that?

The mist engulfs Gwyn, returning her to her ELVEN state.

SUSAN
Gwyn... your ears...

Gwyn touches her ears, feeling the POINTS. She looks in the mirror over the fireplace. A golden shimmer sparkles in her platinum hair.

GWYN
I look--

SUSAN
--like a Queen.

KA-BOOM! An EXPLOSION rattles the house and rocks the women.

GWYN
Leura?

Susan races to the window to see Ray's barn lit up in FLAMES next door. Her face falls, knowing what it means.

SUSAN
Long live the King...

Gwyn spots movement outside Susan's window.

GWYN

Look out!

KRISSSHHH! A VILAK crashes through the window. Susan ducks the glass shards and splintered boards flying at her.

The monster shakes the glass off its coat. HOWLS at Gwyn ready to attack. But Susan JAMS the iron poker into the vilak's underbelly.

It writhes on the ground. Susan SMASHES her hammer into its skull. Killing the creature instantly.

Astonished, Gwyn pulls a breathless Susan in for a deep kiss.

GWYN (cont'd)

My hero.

Susan holds Gwyn's face. Touches her delicate pointed ears.

SUSAN

You remember me, Queen Gwynnetha?

GWYN

I remember everything. But
please... call me Gwyn.

(then)

Duck.

She shoves Susan's head down. A vilak stands at the broken window, snarling. Gwyn twirls her fingers. The creature CONTORTS and TWISTS. YELPS as it flies out the window.

Susan pops back up, in awe.

SUSAN

I've got the coolest girlfriend in
the world.

GWYN

So do I.

Off the pair, back to back, ready to fight another vilak breaking into the farm house...

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Leura looms over Orlon lying on the ground. His staff just out of his reach.

LEURA

Before I kill you, I should thank
you for moving to this world. So
many humans to join my Vartan army.

ORLON

(confused)

But you killed everyone in Varta.

LEURA

My Reckoning was merely a way to wipe the slate clean. To start Varta over. I collected Men, Trolls, Dwarves, and Elves and changed them into my army. A magical race greater than all the Wizards combined.

Orlon tries to contain his rage and disgust for her actions.

ORLON

Survivors?

LEURA

Before you captured me, I put them under a suspension spell. They're waiting for me to wake them up. For that, I'll need my Amulet back.

Furious, Orlon summons his staff. It FLIES into his hand and JOLTS Leura backwards. Orlon levitates into the air. Ready for battle. As the Wizard and Sorceress go toe to toe...

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Flint's axe SLICES a vilak in the leg. He shoves the wounded animal into the WELL. It scratches at the high walls, but can't get out.

FLINT

Take that, you ugly mongrel.

A vilak's tail SMACKS Aldo into the chicken coop. Chickens SQUAWK as the wooden structure collapses on top of Aldo. Pinning him underneath.

ALDO

I'm stuck! Flint!

Flint is busy fending off two vilaks at once.

FLINT

Little busy over here. I can't do everything all by myself.

The vilak targets Aldo, crawling through the wreckage. Suddenly, it SQUEALS. Its body slides off the tip of a SWORD... held by RAY.

ALDO
You're back?

RAY
And better than ever, baby. Kings
don't run away from a fight.

Ray helps Aldo out from the debris. He brushes off the chicken feathers and picks up his mace. Ray raises his sword.

RAY (cont'd)
In formation!

The trio stand back to back, pushing the vilaks away from the house. Taking them out one by one. Just like old times.

The vilaks GNASH their teeth, trying to find something to bite but only finding the ends of their weapons.

The last vilak PUNCHES through the mass of dead animals, leaping at Ray. SMASH -- Aldo WHACKS it across the maw. SWISH -- Flint CUTS its neck and blood SPLATTERS across Ray's face.

RAY (cont'd)
Thanks, guys.
(then)
Glad we're all back to normal.

FLINT
We? Other than remembering some
fancy sword skills, you look
exactly the same.

Ray pats his now non-existent beer gut and shoots that devil may care smile.

RAY
Let's just say some things got
smaller and some things got bigger.

King Raylathor may be back, but Ray didn't go away. Off the men surveying the carnage...

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Leura's palm CRACKLES with energy. She's ready to deliver a final blow at Orlon when --

GWYN (O.S.)
Hey, sis.

Leura spins to find Gwyn wielding the Amulet on the porch.

GWYN (cont'd)
You've done enough damage. Your
powers are infecting your thinking.
Stop this and let us help you.

LEURA
Help me by joining me. We are the
last Elves. We could easily conquer
this world and rule together.

GWYN
Raylathor was right. We should have
killed you when we had the chance.

Seizing the distraction, Orlon summons the last of his
strength to open a VORTEX in the front lawn.

ORLON
Now, Gwynnetha!

An ENERGY BOLT EXPLODES out of Gwyn's Amulet. Leura matches
its power with a shot. The deflection knocks both down.

SUSAN
Gwyn!

Susan bursts out the front door to check on the semi-
conscious Gwyn.

SUSAN (cont'd)
You've got to get up. C'mon...

Ray, Aldo, and Flint round the corner from the backyard.
Leura stands, grinning wickedly at the trio.

LEURA
Allow me to repay you all for the
kindness you showed me.

She raises her palm -- the red glow appears, when...

SUSAN (O.S.)
Leura, stop!

Leura looks back to find Susan holding out the necklace.

SUSAN (cont'd)
It's the Amulet you want, isn't it?
You can have it, if you promise not
to hurt anyone.

Leura smiles, lowers her hand.

LEURA
Fine. Bring it to me.

Gwyn tries to grab at Susan's ankles as she passes.

GWYN
(weakly)
Don't...

Susan ignores her and heads down the stairs. As she gets closer, Leura's eyes go wide, stunned.

LEURA
It can't be... My creation.

She gently touches Susan's face. A pale blue wave SPARKLES across her cheek. Susan pulls away in confused horror.

LEURA (cont'd)
You're alive?!

The Amulet GLOWS bright BLUE in Susan's hand. It ZAPS Leura, rocketing her towards the suction of the vortex.

LEURA (cont'd)
No!

She digs in her heels, but can't stop from being pulled towards the abyss. Before she's engulfed by the vortex she shoots a red beam HITTING Orlon and SHATTERING his staff.

He crumbles to the ground in agony. The vortex closes and Leura is gone.

GWYN (O.S.)
Grandpa!

Gwyn races down the steps towards Orlon, but Ray beats her there. He gently cradles Orlon's head.

RAY
Dammit, Orlon, c'mon. Do some magic spell or something. We can't lose you now.

Gwyn slides on the grass next to Ray and Orlon.

GWYN
Susan, quick, the Amulet!

Susan snaps out of shock and hands the necklace to Gwyn. She holds it on Orlon's chest. It barely flickers healing light.

GWYN (cont'd)
Why isn't it working?

ORLON
My dear Gwynnetha, what I suffer
you cannot heal. I pretended to be
your Grandfather to bring you
comfort after losing your sister.
But instead you gave it to me. I
hope you can forgive an old man's
foolishness.

Orlon puts his hand on his chest, covering the Amulet. It
glows a BRIGHT GOLD as it transforms into a BOOK.

ORLON (cont'd)
This book holds the spells,
knowledge, and history of Varta. It
will help you defeat Leura and save
our people...

Gwyn shakes her head confused.

GWYN
But Varta's gone. There's no one
left to save.

ORLON
Leura kept prisoners and turned
them into a mutant army. They lie
dormant, waiting for Leura to
return. If she gets this book, she
can revive her army and unleash
them onto this world.

Orlon passes the tome to Susan, looking at her in amazement.

ORLON (cont'd)
We couldn't stop her, but maybe her
creation can.

SUSAN
What does that mean? Who am I?!

Orlon falls into a fit of rasping coughs. Then goes still.
The group backs away as his body illuminates into a DAZZLING
GOLD AURA. The light dissipates. Orlon has vanished.

Silence fills the air as they mourn the old wizard's passing.
Gwyn wipes tears from her face.

GWYN
Orlon might not have been my blood,
but he was my family.

Gwyn puts an arm over Susan's shoulders, pulling her close.

GWYN (cont'd)
And so are you... whoever you are.

SUSAN
Let's hope this book will tell us.

FLINT
Better be a spell in there that
changes us back to human. People
are gonna freak out if they see us
like this.

Aldo points at the castle standing high across the field.

ALDO
Or see that.

RAY
If Leura comes back no one's seeing
anything. We need to stop her and
save those people in Varta.

GWYN
They aren't people anymore, not
after what my sister did to them.

FLINT
Then maybe we should leave the past
buried.

RAY
I abandoned our people before, I
won't do it again.

ALDO
We dig for people not things, right
Doc?

Susan smiles, remembering her father:

SUSAN
The past is worth saving which
means we're worth saving too.
(beat)
We're going back to Varta.

The Fellowship stands united, wondering where Leura went...

INT. KERGUELEN ISLANDS - HUT - NIGHT

Wind BLASTS the door open. Leura's bare feet step inside.
Impervious to the cold. She eyes the tiny hut in disdain.

Scattered paperwork. An unmade bed. A moldy cup of tea.
Someone left in a hurry.

Leura accidentally nudges the desk. The laptop screen comes
to life. She jumps back, startled by the glowing technology.

The Sorceress drops her guard, seeing the laptop isn't a
threat. She reads the social media page on the screen.

A USER IMAGE of GWYN next to the photo of the SWORD:

SUBJECT: FOUND IN GRAND TERRE, MONTANA.

MESSAGE: *"Anyone know what these symbols mean?"*

A smile curls on Leura's lips.

LEURA
See you soon, sis.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT