

Necromancer

written by

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FADE IN

EXT. OPEN SKY. DUSK

THE WORLD IS ON FIRE. Black clouds boil and crash, thunderheads one upon another in a dark maelstrom. Jagged lightning splits the sky. The heavens are in a turmoil.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - DUSK

The dim, golden glow of the setting sun filters through the ornate window, casting long shadows across the stone walls of the chamber. The distant clamor of clashing steel and battle cries echoes from the courtyard below.

ERIC BLACKSTONE, 13, a naïve yet fiercely rebellious prince, stands at the window. His wide, determined eyes reflect the chaos outside—soldiers clashing.

Eric strides to a wooden box at the foot of his bed, Eric crouches, lifts the heavy lid, and peers inside. His hand trembles as he reaches in and pulls out a **short sword**.

With a sharp motion, he **slams the lid shut**, he stands, Eric's knuckles whiten around the hilt as he whispers to himself:

ERIC

"This time... I won't just watch."

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DUSK

The once-proud 13th century capitol city lies in utter devastation. The **majestic stone spires** of elegant buildings now stand charred and crumbling, silhouetted against a crimson sky. Smoke billows upward in twisting plumes, choking the air with ash.

The **paved streets**, once bustling with life, are now a nightmarish graveyard. Broken and pale **bodies of warriors and villagers** are strewn haphazardly, their lifeless faces frozen in agony.

The **KNIGHTS**, their armor battered and bloodstained, fight desperately to hold the line. Their swords clash against an endless swarm of **undead foes**:

**Wights**, and **zombies**, claw and bite in feral hunger. **Undead warriors**, skeletal and armored, wield ancient, rusted blades. **Ghouls**, hunched and snarling, leap through the carnage, tearing into anything living.

A KNIGHT is pulled down by three wights, their jagged weapons ripping through his chainmail. Another is surrounded by ghouls, their claws slashing as he lets out a final, guttural scream.

**The castle gates tremble** under the weight of the assault, splintering with every strike of a massive battering ram.

**INT. STABLE - CONTINUOUS**

The dim stable is eerily quiet, In the back corner, the **floor creaks and drops away**, revealing a **hidden passageway**.

ERIC climbs out of the darkness, he moves to a wall, twisting a **rake mounted on a wooden beam**. With a heavy groan, the hidden passage door **slides shut**,

Eric approaches the stable door. He **peers out into the alleyway**, scanning the shadows for threats. Deciding it's clear, he slips out of the stable.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Eric moves cautiously, the sounds of battle grow louder with every step—clanging swords, guttural growls, and human cries echo from the direction of the castle courtyard.

**EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DUSK**

Eric creeps through the shadowed alley, at the alley's end, Eric halts. He **peers around the corner**.

In the courtyard, a **furious melee** rages. Human **knights and soldiers**, bloodied but unyielding, engage in brutal, hand-to-hand combat with an army of **nightmare undead**:

Emboldened, he **steps out into the chaos**, weaving through the battlefield. He dodges skirmishes, ducking under slashing claws and sidestepping toppled bodies.

Eric reaches a mound of **overturned wooden carts**. He clambers up, his small hands gripping the wood as he ascends.

Eric surveys the battlefield. His **young eyes grow sad** as he takes in the devastation. Fires rage in the distance. The knights fight valiantly, but their numbers dwindle, their movements slowing with exhaustion.

Below, the battle devolves into a series of **vicious duels**:

**EXT. CASTLE WALL - CONTINUOUS**

The towering **castle walls**, once symbols of strength and protection, are now overrun by **undead creatures**. The swarm is relentless—ghouls and skeletal warriors climb the crumbling stone.

Above, knights shout orders as they attempt to fend off the invaders. Flaming arrows streak through the sky, some finding their mark, but it is like fighting a tide that will not stop.

Below, the **massive gates of the castle** shudder with impact after impact, the wood groaning under the battering ram wielded by undead warriors.

Through the **gates**, strides **DARKANE BLACKSTONE (50s)**. A figure of dread—tall, imposing, and wrapped in a **black shimmering cloak** that seems to absorb the surrounding light.

At his side are two fearsome lieutenants:

A **lich**, its skeletal form encased in decayed robes adorned with dark runes, A vampire, broad-shouldered and muscular, with a face as sharp and cruel as its fangs.

Darkane pauses, surveying the battlefield. With a slow, deliberate gesture, Darkane raises his hand. The lich steps forward, its staff glowing brighter. A **wave of dark energy** pulses outward, rippling through the air.

Above, defenders on the walls cry out as the **undead swarm redoubles its efforts**, scaling the walls with terrifying speed.

Darkane lowers his hand, his lips curling into a faint, cruel smile.

DARKANE  
(quietly)  
It is time to end this.

#### **EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

ERIC stands atop the mound of overturned carts, his young face pale with terror. His eyes remain locked on **DARKANE**.

#### **CRASH!**

The sound jolts Eric back to the immediate danger. He turns sharply to see a **skeleton warrior**, The undead creature's hollow eyes burn with malevolence as it locks onto Eric.

The **skeleton raises its battleaxe** in a challenge, stepping forward into a battle stance before suddenly charging at him.

Panic overtakes Eric. His short sword slips from his trembling grasp, he stumbles backward, scrambling down the unstable mound of carts. Losing his footing, he **falls hard onto the cobblestones** below, his breath knocked out of him.

The skeleton is relentless, its axe gleaming as it closes in. Eric's **closes his eyes**, bracing for the fatal blow.

**WHOOSH—CRACK!**

The skeleton's chest **explodes**, as a massive broadsword cleaves it in two. The jagged remains collapse in a heap beside Eric.

A strong, **gloved hand** grips Eric's shoulder firmly, pulling him upright. Eric blinks in astonishment, his fear giving way to recognition.

Standing over him is **SIR GALDIN**, (50) the King's Champion and sworn protector.

**SIR GALDIN**

Your Highness, Are you hurt? This is no place for a prince.

Galdin sheathes his broadsword, taking Eric by the arm to steady him.

**ERIC**

Sir Galdin. I—I thought I could help.

**SIR GALDIN**

You can help by staying alive. The realm needs its prince

Galdin steps in front of Eric, sheathing his broadsword with a fluid motion.

**SIR GALDIN (CONT'D)**

You need to get back to the castle. Stay behind me.

**ERIC**

You trained me to fight. I'm ready.

**GALDIN**

It's one thing to study war and another to live a warriors life.

**EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

The battlefield is a maelstrom of chaos and destruction. Sir GALDIN, the King's Champion, leads PRINCE ERIC through the carnage.

**ERIC**

Galdin, the others... we can't just leave them!

**SIR GALDIN**

Your duty is to live, Your Highness. The kingdom depends on you.

The second knight blocks another skeletal warrior's attack, shoving Eric forward with his shield.

**SECOND KNIGHT**

Move, Your Highness!

They reach the outer edge of the courtyard, where the **castle gates loom** ahead.

**EXT. CASTLE DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

The gates are half-shattered, with desperate **guards holding back the undead** onslaught. Galdin lifts a horn from his belt and **blows a sharp note**, signaling the gatekeepers.

**SIR GALDIN**

Open the gate! Let us through!

The doors groan as they open just enough for the group to squeeze through.

**INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The heavy doors slam shut behind them. Guards immediately set to reinforcing the barricades.

**ERIC**

We left them...

Galdin places a steadying hand on the prince's shoulder, his expression softer now.

**SIR GALDIN**

They fought for you, Your Highness. And they would do so again. Protecting you is the kingdom's only hope.

Eric looks up at Galdin, his fear mingling with a flicker of understanding.

**SIR GALDIN** (CONT'D)  
(to the knights)  
Secure the doors, then follow me.

The knights nod, barricade the doors. Then follow Galdin.

**INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

SIR GALDIN leads PRINCE ERIC down the **long, elegant corridor** toward the throne room.

Eric glances nervously the distant **sounds of battle**—clashing steel, monstrous roars—echoing through the castle.

**ERIC**  
Do you think... they'll reach us here?

**SIR GALDIN**  
Not while I draw breath, Your Highness.

They approach the **massive throne room doors**, which stand slightly ajar.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The **great hall** is majestic, though its grandeur is overshadowed by the palpable tension in the air. The vaulted ceiling looms high above, and a few guttering candles cast long shadows.

At the center of the room sits **KING BLACKSTONE (50)**, a rugged veteran warrior whose **scarred face** is grim as he leans forward on the ornate throne, his broad shoulders draped in a worn cloak.

Beside him, **QUEEN MARIANA (50)** sits poised, her fading beauty offset by the fire in her sharp eyes.

Behind are the **TWIN PRINCESSES, ALYSON and ANNE (16)**, identical in appearance but markedly different in demeanor.

Scattered throughout the room are **terrified noblewomen and their children**, huddled together and whispering in hushed tones.

**BOOM!**

The throne room doors **burst open**, slamming against the walls.

SIR GALDIN storms into the room, Eric trails closely, his gaze darting nervously between the frightened nobles and his family on the dais.

**QUEEN MARIANA**

What is the meaning of this,  
Galdin?

**KING BLACKSTONE**

Let him speak, Mariana.

Galdin bows his head briefly to the king, then straightens, his face taut with urgency.

**SIR GALDIN**

The outer defenses are breached,  
Your Majesty. The undead swarm the  
walls. We must act swiftly.

A collective gasp ripples through the noblewomen, some clutching their children tighter.

**ALYSON**

(to Anne)

I told you this would happen.

**ANNE**

And I told you we should be  
fighting, not hiding.

The king narrows his eyes, processing Galdin's words.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

(to Galdin)

What of the courtyard?

**SIR GALDIN**

The fight is desperate. If the  
gates fall, the castle will not  
hold.

The king steps down from the dais, his battle-worn boots echoing against the stone floor.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

Then we fight here.

Mariana rises, her voice sharp.

**QUEEN MARIANA**

You would risk your life—and the  
throne? What of your duty to the  
realm, to your children?

**KING BLACKSTONE**

My duty is to protect this kingdom.  
If that means standing in the  
breach myself, so be it.



Galdin nods approvingly, then gestures toward Eric.

**SIR GALDIN**

Your Majesty, we must ensure the  
prince's safety.

Eric steps forward, his voice trembling but resolute.

**ERIC**

I want to help, father.

The room falls silent, all eyes on the young prince.

The king approaches Eric, placing a calloused hand on his  
shoulder.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

Someday, you will, my son. But for  
now, you must live. This kingdom  
needs its heir.

He looks back at Galdin.

**KING BLACKSTONE (CONT'D)**

Is all prepared?

**SIR GALDIN**

Yes, Your Majesty.

Galdin motions for Eric to follow. As he does, the queen  
grips the king's arm.

**QUEEN MARIANA**

Don't be reckless, my king.

Blackstone nods his expression softening briefly before  
hardening once more.

**KING** retrieves a **dagger** from his belt—a magnificent weapon  
with a **gold-trimmed hilt** and a **bluish-tinted blade** that  
gleams faintly, as though imbued with a mysterious power.

He kneels in front of **ERIC**, holding the weapon out solemnly.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

This dagger has been in our family  
for generations. It is a symbol of  
our bloodline, of our duty to this  
kingdom.

Eric hesitates, wide-eyed, before reaching out to take the  
weapon.

**KING BLACKSTONE (CONT'D)**

Keep it close, my son. One day,  
you'll wield it to reclaim what is  
lost.

Eric looks into his father's eyes, swallowing hard as the  
king rises.

**KING BLACKSTONE (CONT'D)**

(to Galdin)

Take him. Protect him. Whatever it  
takes, get him out of here.

**SIR GALDIN**

You have my oath, Your Majesty.

Blackstone moves to a tapestry along the far wall, He pulls  
it aside, revealing a **hidden door**. It slides open, revealing  
a **dark, narrow passageway**.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

This will lead you beyond the  
walls.

Eric looks back, his young face wracked with anguish.

**ERIC**

Father... I-I don't want to leave  
you.

The king places his hands on Eric's shoulders.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

The kingdom needs you, Eric.  
Survive. That is your duty now.

The sounds of the **battle outside grow louder**—a deafening  
crash.

Blackstone pushes Eric toward the passage.

**KING BLACKSTONE (CONT'D)**

Go!

Reluctantly, Eric steps into the darkness, followed by  
Galdin. The king lingers for a moment, He watches as the  
secret door begins to slide shut, sealing his son and Galdin  
away.

**INT. SECRET PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Eric stumbles forward in the cramped passage, his breathing  
uneven. Galdin presses a hand against Eric's back.

**SIR GALDIN**

Keep moving, Your Highness. We don't have much time.

The muffled sounds of carnage echo through the walls, growing fainter with each step.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**DARKANE BLACKSTONE** strides into the room, his black cloak trailing behind him like living smoke. His **lich** and **vampire lieutenants** follow, Behind them, the undead horde floods into the hall, overwhelming the remaining defenders.

King Blackstone steps forward, his blade drawn, standing tall before the throne.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

You've come far, Darkane. But you'll go no further.

Darkane halts, studying the king with a cruel smile.

**DARKANE**

Brother, your defiance is admirable... and futile.

The lich raises its staff, its green energy illuminating the throne room.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**KING BLACKSTONE** stands tall his hand gripping his regal **scepter**, a magnificent rod crowned with a glowing **blue gemstone**. His expression hardens as he watches **DARKANE BLACKSTONE**, his exiled brother.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Brother, the years have not been kind to you. This throne was never yours to take. My exile is over.

Blackstone's gaze flickers to **QUEEN MARIANA**, who now stands beside him, She grips a finely wrought longsword.

Blackstone presses the **blue gemstone** atop his scepter. The gem pulses, casting a cold light through the hall. The scepter **shifts and elongates**, the shaft morphing into a gleaming **bladed staff**, sharp and deadly.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

You exiled yourself the day you betrayed our family.

The king charges forward, the **bladed staff spinning** in precise arcs. **Mariana** joins him, her blade swift and deadly.

The battle is brutal. Blackstone cuts through a **wight**, severing its head in a single strike, while Mariana dispatches a **ghoul** with a well-placed thrust.

**DARKANE** watches, amused, his glowing eyes fixed on his brother.

**DARKANE**

Such wasted effort. You've already lost.

Darkane conjure more wights and ghouls.

Blackstone fights valiantly, but the undead swarm is relentless. Suddenly, a **hulking zombie brute** swings a massive club, striking Blackstone. He crashes to the ground, his staff clattering away.

**QUEEN MARIANA**

No!

Mariana rushes to her husband's side, standing between him and Darkane, her sword raised defiantly.

**DARKANE**

Your loyalty is touching, Mariana. But you've chosen the wrong brother.

Darkane picks up the bladed staff

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Mine at last. Now you'll see what true power looks like.

With a swift motion, **Darkane plunges the blade into Blackstone's chest**. The king gasps, blood trickling from his lips.

**KING BLACKSTONE**

I'm sorry my love.

Mariana screams in fury and lunges at Darkane. Their swords clash in a flurry of sparks, but Darkane's strength overwhelms her. He twists her blade away and presses his dagger to her throat.

**DARKANE**

You are as fierce as you are beautiful, Mariana. Be mine, and I will spare the children.

Mariana glares at him, her voice cold and defiant.

**QUEEN MARIANA**

I would rather die than be yours.

Darkane's expression darkens.

**DARKANE**

So be it.

He **plunges his blade** into her chest. Mariana collapses.

Darkane kneels over her dying form, his hand glowing with dark energy. He brushes her cheek with a twisted sense of affection.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Such strength. Such beauty. You could have ruled beside me.

Mariana gasps her final breath, but her lips move faintly.

**QUEEN MARIANA**

You will not win...

Darkane places his hand over her abdomen, his twisted smile growing.

**DARKANE**

Ah... a son. Where is my nephew?

Mariana's eyes close, her defiance immortalized in her lifeless face.

Darkane rises and turns to the **twin princesses, ALYSON and ANNE**, who are frozen in terror.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Don't be afraid, my sweet nieces. You will soon see your

Darkane surveys the room with cold malice, then raises his voice, commanding his forces.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Search the castle! Room by room, floor by floor! Bring me the boy—alive or dead, it makes no difference.

The undead soldiers let out shrill howls of obedience and scatter.

Darkane turns his attention back to Mariana's still form. He crouches, dipping a finger into the **pool of her blood**.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)  
by my blood and my desire  
His death I require.

The blood on his finger begins to shimmer, glowing faintly as the air around him grows colder.

Suddenly, **three phantom specters** rise from the stone floor, their translucent forms armored in ancient, spectral battle gear.

Darkane stands, holding his **bloody finger** before the specters.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)  
The boy bears my blood, my scent.  
Find him... and destroy him.

The phantoms lean forward, sniffing the blood. They emit guttural, otherworldly hisses, their ghostly forms disappear like hunters on the prowl.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)  
Run, little prince. Run as far as  
you like. You'll never escape your  
bloodline.

The specters **phase through the walls**, disappearing into the darkness of the castle with a low, bone-chilling howl

#### **EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT**

The **single road** carves a jagged path through the dense forest, sir Galdin's powerful warhorse Roman, gallops at breakneck speed, its hooves pounding against the dirt road.

**SIR GALDIN** leans forward, shielding **ERIC**, whose arms are wrapped tightly around Galdin's waist.

The sky above darkens, and the forest grows **eerily silent**.

Galdin glances over his shoulder, Three **phantom specters** drift through the air, carried by the unnatural wind.

**ERIC**  
They're here!

**SIR GALDIN**  
Hold tight, lad.

Romulus surges forward as Galdin pulls his **broadsword** from its sheath. The cold metal gleams faintly in the dim light.

One specter swoops low, its **ghostly blade** slashing through the air. Galdin ducks, the blade missing by mere inches, and swings his broadsword in a wide arc. The steel passes harmlessly through the phantom's form.

**ERIC**

It didn't work!

**SIR GALDIN**

Then I'll try harder.

The second specter dives, Galdin twists in the saddle, plunging his sword through the creature's center. This time, the blade connects with a brilliant flash of light. The specter lets out a soul-rending shriek, its form **splintering apart into ghostly fragments** before vanishing into the night.

**ERIC**

You got it!

The third specter lunges for Eric, Galdin reacts instantly, raises his broadsword just in time to deflect the creature's blow.

The specter snarls, its form flickering as it pulls back, joining the second specter. The two phantoms hover.

**SIR GALDIN**

Come closer, if you dare.

Instead, the two specters emit low, guttural growls before **retreating into the forest**.

Galdin keeps his sword raised, his eyes scanning the shadows for any sign of their return.

**SIR GALDIN (CONT'D)**

Are you hurt?

**ERIC**

No... but are they gone?

**SIR GALDIN**

They'll be back. But we'll be ready.

Galdin nudges Romulus forward, the warhorse snorting as it resumes its charge down the road.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE CLEARING - NIGHT**

The **clearing by the river** is shrouded in a tense quiet. MARCUS (40s), a scruffy, pudgy man with a permanent air of mischief, sits slumped on the edge of the boat. His unkempt beard bristles as he takes a long swig from a **bottle of ale**,

**MARCUS**

Of all the places... can't believe  
I let him talk me into this.

He glances around the shadowed forest, the stillness gnawing at him, before taking another drink.

The **thunder of hooves** cuts through the night like a warning bell. Marcus flinches, nearly dropping the bottle.

GALDIN and ERIC ride up and dismount quickly. Marcus scrambles to his feet, trying to hide the bottle.

**SIR GALDIN**

Marcus. Of all nights, you choose  
this one to get drunk?

**MARCUS**

I'm not drunk. Just... steadying my  
nerves. This place gives me the  
creeps.

Galdin marches forward, grabbing the bottle from Marcus's hand and throwing it into the river.

**SIR GALDIN**

We agreed to this meeting because I  
trusted you. And this is how you  
prepare? By drinking yourself  
senseless?

Marcus raises his hands in mock surrender, his usual bravado faltering under Galdin's glare.

**MARCUS**

Alright, alright! I'm here, aren't  
I? Ain't that what matters?

Galdin leans in, his voice low and sharp.

**SIR GALDIN**

What matters is that the prince  
reaches Master Geoffroy safely. If  
you fail, Marcus, you'll wish the  
undead had caught you first.

Marcus's smirk fades. He looks past Galdin to Eric, his expression softening slightly.



**MARCUS**

So, this is the boy, huh? You've got his eyes... and his burden, it seems.

Eric shifts uncomfortably, glancing at Galdin.

**ERIC**

I won't go with this drunk.

Marcus blinks, surprised by the boy's bluntness.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

You need me. I can fight. I can help!

Galdin kneels in front of Eric, placing both hands on the boy's shoulders.

**SIR GALDIN**

Eric, listen to me. Your father fought to give you this chance—to live, to grow strong, and to one day reclaim the kingdom. Staying here... that's not your fight. Not yet.

Eric's eyes brim with tears, but he shakes his head stubbornly.

**ERIC**

But I don't want to leave you!

Galdin pulls the sacred dagger from Eric's belt, holding it between them.

**SIR GALDIN**

You carry his legacy now, Eric. This dagger... it's not just a weapon. It's proof of who you are. Someday, you'll use it to lead this kingdom out of darkness. But for that to happen, you must survive. Do you understand?

Eric hesitates, then nods reluctantly, wiping his eyes.

Galdin stands, turning back to Marcus.

**SIR GALDIN (CONT'D)**

You know the path. Get him to Geoffroy. He'll train Eric and protect him until he's ready.

Marcus sighs, rubbing the back of his neck.

**MARCUS**

Aye, aye. You've made your point.  
I'll get him there, brother. You  
have my word.

Galdin steps closer, grabbing Marcus by the collar and pulling him nose-to-nose.

**SIR GALDIN**

Your word used to mean something.  
Make sure it still does. Do not  
fail me, brother.

Marcus nods quickly, his bravado completely gone.

**MARCUS**

I won't let you down, this time.

Galdin releases him and turns back to Eric.

**SIR GALDIN**

Be strong, Eric. I'll see you again  
when the time is right.

Eric stares at Galdin for a long moment, then slowly climbs into the boat. Marcus follows, settling into the oars with a muttered complaint.

**ERIC**

Promise me you'll survive too.

Galdin places a hand over his heart, nodding solemnly.

**SIR GALDIN**

As long as there's breath in my  
lungs.

Marcus pushes the boat off the shore, the oars creaking as they begin to cross the river.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE CLEARING - NIGHT**

The **clearing trembles** as the **two specters** soar into the sky and dive into the ground, disappearing beneath the soil. The earth **shakes violently**, splitting open as **undead creatures** claw their way to the surface: skeletal warriors, decayed corpses, and snarling ghouls rise from the depths,

**ROMULUS**, sorts nervously, pacing in a circle as the undead horde grows. Galdin strokes his neck gently.

**SIR GALDIN (CONT'D)**

You've done your part, old friend.  
Time to go.

Galdin removes Romulus's **saddle, bridle, and armor**, casting them aside. The great horse hesitates, then trots off into the forest.

**SIR GALDIN (CONT'D)**

Come on, then.

Galdin fights like a lion, cutting through the horde with precise, devastating strikes. Skeletons shatter under his blows, and ghouls fall to his sweeping arcs. A towering **wight** charges him, its rusted blade swinging down. Galdin deflects the strike, spinning to slice through its spine. But the numbers are overwhelming.

Galdin is struck in the side by a **skeleton's sword**, blood soaking his tunic. He stumbles but keeps fighting. An **arrow from a skeletal archer** buries itself in his leg, forcing him to one knee.

**thundering hooves** fills the clearing as Romulus bursts from the trees, charging into the fray. The warhorse rears, smashing skeletons under his hooves. He kicks and bites, driving the undead back from Galdin.

Galdin watches Romulus fight, a faint smile on his bloodied lips.

**SIR GALDIN (CONT'D)**

Good boy...

Galdin collapses, his swords falling from his grasp. The once-fierce warrior lies still as the undead horde overwhelms him and Romulus.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE - ACROSS THE RIVER - NIGHT**

**ERIC** stands frozen on the riverbank, tears streaming down his face as he watches the battle.

**ERIC**

No! Galdin!

The sight of his fallen protector shatters him.

**MARCUS**

Come on, lad. There's nothing we  
can do. We have to go.

Eric doesn't move, his body trembling with rage. Suddenly, he bolts forward.

**ERIC**

No! I can't leave him!

He **rushes into the river**, the icy water splashing around him. His foot catches on a slick rock, and he slips, falling into the water with a splash.

For a moment, Eric is submerged, the current swirling around him. He pushes himself up, water dripping from his face, his breath heaving. His expression hardens.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

I'm ready now.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

I'll come back... and I'll make them pay.

**MARCUS**

Aye, lad. You will. But not tonight.

Marcus pulls Eric ashore and they disappear into the forest.

**EXT. WAR CAMP - DAY**

**TEN YEARS LATER:**

The **war camp** stretches across the barren plains, a sea of tents and banners encircling the once-mighty **Castle Blackstone**. The castle, now a crumbling shadow of its former glory, looms in the distance, its towers blackened and walls scorched by years of war.

On a **rise overlooking the castle**, **ERIC (23)** now a **powerfully warrior** marked by **battle scars** earned th tless conflicts.

**ERIC**

Father, if you can hear me... today  
I will make you p  
Today, I shall fulfill my destiny.

Eric rises, sheathing the dagger at his side, his eyes fixed on the castle.

**MARCUS** rides up, He dismounts and approaches Eric, stopping a few paces away.

**MARCUS**

SIR Geoffrey and your men await  
your orders.

Eric glances at Marcus, his expression calm but fierce.

**ERIC**

It's time.

Marcus nods, mounts his horse. Together, they ride down the hill toward the **battlefield**.

As Eric approaches, the soldiers straighten, their eyes filled with hope and loyalty to their young leader. **SIR GEOFFREY**, (60) a grizzled knight with a commanding presence, steps forward, bowing his head slightly.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

(to the men)

Today, we take back what was stolen from us. Today, we fight for honor, for justice... for the kingdom of Blackstone!

A resounding cheer erupts from the soldiers, their swords and spears raised high in unison.

Eric looks to Marcus, who nods knowingly. Together, they ride toward the **front lines**, the sound of the soldiers' cheers echoing behind them.

**EXT. BLACKSTONE CASTLE WALL - DAY**

The **castle walls** of Blackstone stand defiant, At the center of the wall, **DARKANE** surveys the battlefield Beside him is **ALINA (22)**, his apprentice, strikingly beautiful, with pale, flawless skin.

A **seven-foot undead mutant**, encased in full blackened metal armor, looms nearby.

**DARKANE**

(to the mutant)

The time has come for you to fulfill your purpose.

He lifts the **Scepter of Power**, its gemstone flaring brightly, and places it against the mutant's forehead. The dark energy, and tendrils of green light spiral around the creature.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

No mortal weapon shall pierce your armor. No blade, no arrow, no flame shall bring you down. You are invincible.

The mutant lets out a guttural roar, the sound vibrating through the stone walls.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Bring me the leader's head.

The mutant bows slightly, its deep, guttural voice echoing.

**MUTANT**

Yes, master.

**DARKANE**

By the storm and the shadow, by the will of the void...

A lightning bolt strike the **ground in front of the castle wall**. The **ground** begins to **buck and roll**, a monstrous force stirs beneath the surface. Dirt shifts, cracks form, Zombies, skeletons swarm onto the battlefield,

Alina watches, her eyes wide with fascination and dread.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Let them face my wrath!

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

(to Alina)

Here is your chance, apprentice.  
Show me what you have learned.

**ALINA**

I can't. I'm not ready.

Darkane's expression hardens, his voice sharp with disdain.

**DARKANE**

Hesitation leads to weakness, and weakness leads to death.

Alina's hands twitch at her sides. Slowly, she raises her hands, moving them in a **circular motion** as she mutters to herself. A small, flickering **flame** appears between her palms, but it sputters and fades just as quickly.

**ALINA**

It's no use. I need more practice.

Darkane's lips curl in disdain, his voice cold and cutting.

**DARKANE**

Practice? You think the battlefield cares if you are ready? Fight or go home.

Alina's jaw tightens. She exhales deeply, closing her eyes and forcing herself into a **state of focus**.

**ALINA**

(chanting)

I want fire, it's my desire. Make  
fire shoot from my hands, I want to  
catch fire to this land!

The fireball hovers above her hand, swirling and crackling with energy. With a sharp motion, she **hurls the fireball** toward the battlefield.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

**ERIC** rides at the head of the army, The army is a **patchwork of humanity:**

**Farmers, mercenaries and A handful of professional soldiers.**

**ERIC** moves through the ranks slowly, his horse's hooves crunching against the dirt. He meets the eyes of the men.

**ERIC**

I see your faces. I see your fear.  
And I see your courage. You're not  
just soldiers—you are the heart of  
this kingdom. together, we fight  
not just for survival, but for a  
future.

He pauses, scanning the crowd, his voice rising.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Today, we take back what was stolen  
from us. We fight for our families,  
for our freedom!

The army erupts into cheers, the clanging of weapons echoing across the battlefield.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

(to Geoffrey)

They're ready.

Geoffrey nods, drawing his sword and raising it high.

**SIR GEOFFREY**

Then let's give them a fight worth  
remembering.

Eric raises his sword high, the sun catching the blade as he roars.

**ERIC**

(to the troops)

Onward! For Blackstone!

The ground **shakes** as the mutant and a **band of undead warriors** charge into battle.

**ERIC'S ARMY** charges to meet them, shouting a resounding battle cry. The earth trembles beneath the pounding of boots and hooves.

At the last moment, the **lead force of Eric's army** splits in half, each group peeling off to either side like a well-rehearsed maneuver.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

Now!

The two groups swing wide, bypassing the center of the undead charge. The tactic catches the **mutant and its forces** off guard, their tightly packed ranks thrown into disarray.

The two halves of the split force converge again just behind the main front of the undead. They smash through a **line of spearmen**, their sharpened stakes no match for the momentum of Eric's warriors. The clash of steel and the cries of battle fill the air as the humans drive into the fray, cutting through the enemy line with swift precision.

Eric rides at the forefront, his **sword slicing through undead soldiers**, their bones splintering with each strike.

The battlefield descends into utter chaos as both sides are fully engaged.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

(to Marcus)

It's watching us. Keep the pressure up!

Marcus nods, driving his axe through another skeleton, then looks toward Eric with a grim grin.

**MARCUS**

Pressure? I think we've got its attention already.

Eric toward the **mutant**, his soldiers rallying behind him as the undead ranks begin to falter.

The **fireball** explodes with devastating force, engulfing soldiers and undead warriors alike in a roaring inferno.

From the castle walls, another **volley of arrows** streaks skyward, their black shafts cutting through the stormy skies in a deadly arc.



**ERIC'S HORSE** rears up as two arrows strike its flank. Throwing Eric violently to the ground. All around him, the **battle rages**.

Eric's face twists with frustration and desperation as he strains to move the dead weight of his horse.

**ERIC**

Come on...!

**SIR GEOFFREY**, goes to help Eric.

**SIR GEOFFREY**

(shouting)

Hold the line! Hold the line!

Without hesitation, Geoffrey dismounts his horse, drawing his **longsword** as he charges into the fray.

Geoffrey kneels beside Eric, his shield raised to fend off incoming blows.

**SIR GEOFFREY (CONT'D)**

Stay down, Your Grace! I'll cover you.

**ERIC**

I... I can fight. Just... get me out from under this!

**SIR GEOFFREY**

(to soldiers)

To me! Protect the prince!

Several nearby men rally to Geoffrey's call, forming a defensive ring around Eric. They brace themselves as the undead surge forward, their weapons clanging and sparking as the battle grows fiercer.

Eric clenches his fists, his frustration boiling over as he watches his men fight and die around him.

**ERIC**

I can't stay down... I won't.

The battle rages on, with flames, arrows, and steel dominating the chaotic field.

**MARCUS** charges the towering mutant, the mutant turns as Marcus attacks Marcus presses the attack, the mutant **tosses him aside** like a rag doll.

**SIR GEOFFREY** frees Eric from under his horse.

**ERIC**, finally free from beneath the horse.

**Marcus**, bloodied and battered, watches the fight through blurred vision, his hands clutching at the dirt.

Geoffrey lunges at the creature, his sword striking its chest. The blade **glances off the enchanted armor**, leaving no mark.

**GEOFFREY**

By the gods...

The mutant's response is swift. It **seizes Geoffrey by the throat**, lifting him off the ground and shaking him violently.

**ERIC** attacks the creature, it calmly grabs Eric's sword and **snaps it like a twig**, tossing the shattered blade aside. With a furious kick, the mutant sends Eric flying backward, **head over heels**, landing hard in the dirt.

Eric, dazed and desperate, grabs his dagger, with a deep breath, **Eric hurls the dagger** in a single, fluid motion.

The dagger spins through the air, **embedding itself in the creature's forehead**. The creature **collapses backward**, its body hits the ground with a thunderous crash.

**ERIC**

Rally to me! Rally to Blackstone!

The remnants of his force gather around him, their fear replaced by a desperate resolve.

With a fierce cry, Eric leads his men, **bursting through the shattered enemy lines**. They charge with unrelenting speed, **storming through the castle gates** and into the **courtyard**.

**EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

Eric enters the **courtyard**, his expression darkening. The sight of **Castle Blackstone**, once a proud and majestic stronghold, now fills him with sorrow.

The **stone pillars** that once stood as symbols of strength are **weather-worn and cracked**, surrounded by patches of **dead grass** and creeping vines. **Half-crumbled buildings** lean precariously, their roofs long since caved in. **Broken blocks and stones** are scattered across the courtyard, disrupted by **gnarled tree roots** that twist through the rubble. The **steps and staircases** leading to the castle's upper levels are pitted and uneven, worn down by time and neglect.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

My home... what have they done to you?

Behind him, **Marcus** and **Geoffroy** dismount as well, their wary eyes scanning the courtyard. The **castle doors** loom ahead, heavily guarded by rows of **undead soldiers**.

**MARCUS**

We need another way inside. Charging those doors would be suicide.

Eric turns back to face them.

**ERIC**

There's another way. The stable— it's over here.

He strides toward the **ruins of the stable**, weaving through the debris. Marcus and Geoffroy follow.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The **throne room** of Castle Blackstone, **walls are cracked and scorched**, and the air is thick with an oppressive energy.

At the center of the room stands a massive **gemstone**, pulsating with an eerie light. It is **90 percent black**.

**CHAINED TO THE COLUMNS** are **men and women**, tendrils of dark energy coil around them, pulling their **life force** into the gem.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - BACK WALL - CONTINUOUS**

The hidden **passage door** creaks open, **Eric, Marcus** and **Geoffrey move into the throne room**.

Eric sees Darkane and rushes to him.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

Darkane!

Geoffrey grabs Eric by the arm and yanks him back.

**GEOFFREY**

You're thinking like a warrior.

Eric jerks his arm away, his anger boiling over.

**ERIC**

This is war!

**GEOFFREY**

And warfare is based on deception.

Eric hesitates, Geoffrey's words cut through his fury.

**GEOFFREY (CONT'D)**

Think like a king.

Eric nods slowly, exhaling as he steadies himself.

**ERIC**

You're right.

**MARCUS**

So what's the plan, Your Grace?

Eric's eyes narrow as he studies the scene, his mind racing.

**ERIC**

We don't just fight him. We take away his power.

He gestures toward the **blackened gem**.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

That gem. Whatever it's doing, we stop it.

Geoffrey and Marcus exchange a glance, their weapons at the ready.

**GEOFFREY**

Then lead the way, my king.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**DARKANE** stands near the massive **dark crystal**. The final sliver of the crystal's tip begins to blacken.

From the shadows, **Eric steps forward**, his face a mask of determination. He grips the dagger.

**DARKANE**

I wondered when you'd arrive, boy.

Darkane turns, his expression calm and unimpressed. He lifts one hand, sweeping his arm in a fluid motion.

**An unseen force** explodes outward, Eric is sent **flying backward**, his body slamming into the **cracked stone pillars**

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

A king... charging into battle like a reckless child. Your father would be so proud.

Eric struggles to his feet, his knuckles white as he grips the dagger. **Darkane** strides toward him, the **Scepter of Power** glowing faintly in his hand.

**Marcus and Geoffrey** emerge from the shadows, weapons raised, move into the room with determination etched on their faces.

Darkane halts, his gaze shifting toward them. His lips curl into a cruel smile as he turns to **Alina**.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Kill them.

Alina hesitates, Closing her eyes, she chants.

**ALINA**

Green land and the white sky, the blue sea and the red inferno. Hear my voice, here's my command. Appear, the fire blade by my side. In battle, anyplace I am, anytime—make it begin.

Her hands tremble as a faint heat builds in the air around her.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

My heart and soul that I control...

Her eyes snap open, blazing with newfound confidence, as she shouts:

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

All my energy in one single goal!

A **flaming sword** suddenly bursts into existence, hovering in midair. Its fiery blade flickers and dances, an extension of Alina's will.

She directs it with a gesture, and the blade surges forward, slashing toward **Marcus** and **Geoffrey**.

**MARCUS**

What the bloody hell is that?

**GEOFFREY**

It's not just fire—it's alive!

The sword presses the attack, its fiery blade swinging wildly at both men.

Darkane raises the **Scepter of Power**, his voice booming with dark authority as he chants.

**DARKANE**

Oh dark angel of the underworld, I  
ask you to summon skeletons for me.  
So mote it be!

The ground beneath the throne room **cracks and splinters**, and with a sickening groan, **skeleton warriors** claw their way up through the stone floor.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Kill them all.

The skeletons rush forward, their rusted blades swinging wildly as they charge at Marcus.

**MARCUS**

(to Geoffrey)  
Great. Just what we needed—more  
friends!

Darkane turns his attention back to the **dark crystal**, with a powerful swing, he **smashes the crystal**, shattering it into pieces.

**A BLACK GELATIN** oozes from the fractured gem, its surface rippling unnaturally as it coalesce into a **portal-like mass**.

**DARKANE**

(chanting)  
I wish to locate me in another  
world, locate me now!

The gelatin quivers but does nothing.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

No die and no pain shall I feel!  
Locate me and give me knowledge!

The gelatin pulsates, but nothing materializes. Darkane's fury grows.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Apprentice! I need your assistance.

Alina approaches, Darkane's expression shifts to malice. Suddenly, his arm snaps out, his **hand clamping around Alina's throat** with crushing force.

**ALINA**

(choking)  
Master—!

She convulses, her body writhing as tendrils of **dark energy** spiral from her into Darkane. Her **life force** drains rapidly,

**DARKANE**

I wish to locate me in another  
world, locate me now!

The **portal begins to stabilize**, shifting from opaque black to a **bluish, liquid translucence**, now a rippling doorway.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

No die and no pain shall I feel!  
Locate me and give me knowledge! So  
mote it be!

Darkane moves with terrifying purpose, he grabs **Geoffrey's face**, his hands pressing against his temples

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

I invoke the power of Azrael,  
Loan to me your gifted touch,  
So that I may do your work.  
So mote it be!

Geoffrey's eyes widen in terror as tendrils of **black energy** flow from Darkane's fingers into his body.

**GEOFFREY**

No—!

Geoffrey's face begins to **rapidly age**:

**One year** passes in an instant, **Three years**, his skin sags.

**Five years**, his strength fades, and his once-powerful body weakens visibly.

Eric charges Darkane, with a swift motion, Darkane strikes Eric with the **Scepter of Power**, sending him crashing to the ground.

Darkane steps through the **portal**, his form vanishing into the swirling blue light.

The room, now still except for the faint hum of the fading portal. Geoffrey lies aged and weakened.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - LOS ANGELES**

A **blue-silver pulsating doorway** materializes in a dark, trash-strewn alley.

**DARKANE**, steps through the portal. his piercing eyes narrowing as he takes in the unfamiliar sights and smells.

From behind a dumpster, **GINA (23)**, a frail, homeless woman in **tattered clothes**.

Darkane approaches, he lifts his long fingers moving in a **slow, deliberate circle**. Wisps of **black smoke** swirl from his hands, enveloping Gina.

**DARKANE**

I seek an apprentice. You will do nicely.

**GINA**

I will do nicely.

**DARKANE**

Come with me, my child.

Gina stands, her movements stiff and mechanical.

**GINA**

Yes. I will come with you.

Darkane places a hand on her shoulder, guiding her out of the alley.

#### **EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The pair emerge onto a **neon-lit street**, Los Angeles is alive with its chaotic, modern energy. Cars honk as they race down the boulevard, music blares from passing vehicles, and pedestrians talk loudly on their phones.

Nearby, two **homeless men** argue drunkenly.

**DARKANE**

By my blood and my desire, their deaths I require.

The two men suddenly collapse to the ground, lifeless.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Licentia mihi vox, quod operor meus  
bidding huic vultus!

The corpses jerk unnaturally, their hollow eyes glowing faintly as they rise as **undead slaves**.



**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Welcome back, gentlemen. Your purpose awaits.

He turns back to Gina, who watches silently.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Is there a cemetery nearby?

**GINA**

Yes, my lord. Follow me.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

**DARKANE, Gina,** and the two **undead homeless guards** enter the cemetery. Darkane jabs the **Scepter of Power into the ground.**

**DARKANE**

The dead I beg and plea,  
Help me destroy my enemies.  
Rise from your graves in agony,  
Bring forth your songs of eternity.

The air grows colder, and the cemetery becomes unnaturally still. The faint rustling of leaves ceases entirely as a **low hum** reverberates through the ground.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

I ask you to raise,  
Let my words whisper to thee.

The ground begins to **ripple and churn, hands and bones claw their way out of the graves.**

All around the cemetery, the zombies rise from their resting places. Their decayed forms lurch forward.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Go, my children. Feed.

The zombies shamble out of the cemetery, spilling into the streets in search of prey.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Come, my apprentice. This is only the beginning. We have much work to do.

The streets are filled with terrified screams as the zombie horde emerges, descending on an unsuspecting Los Angeles.

**INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY**

Eric surveys the room, his expression cold and resolute. His gaze falls on **Alina**, her hands bound behind her back. Two soldiers flank her.

**ERIC**

(to the soldiers)

Take her away. She's to be executed at dawn.

Alina's eyes widen in fear and desperation.

**ALINA**

Wait! Please!

**ERIC**

Why should I spare you? You helped him destroy everything.

**ALINA**

I had no choice. He would have killed me too. But I can help you now. I can save Geoffrey.

**ERIC**

How?

**ALINA**

Darkane's death magic is killing him. I can ease his pain—maybe even reverse some of the damage.

**ERIC**

Then cure him.

Alina hesitates, her voice faltering.

**ALINA**

I... I can't. Not completely. Only Darkane can reverse the magic.

**MARCUS**

we have no time to waste. The portal—

The **slowly collapsing portal**, its bluish liquid surface rippling erratically.

**MARCUS (CONT'D)**

There's still a chance to follow him.

Eric looks at the portal, then back at Marcus.

**ERIC**

What if there's no way back?

**ALINA**

I can reopen the portal.

Eric turns sharply to her, his eyes narrowing.

**ERIC**

Why would I trust you?

**ALINA**

You don't have to. But I want him dead as much as you do. He used me, betrayed me, and nearly killed me.

Eric studies her, his expression unreadable.

**ERIC**

And what happens when we step into his world?

**ALINA**

I can guide you. I know his magic. His strengths... and his weaknesses.

Marcus looks to Eric, his tone cautious but supportive.

**MARCUS**

We may not get another chance to stop him, Eric. We can't let him escape.

Eric looks back at the **fading portal**.

**ERIC**

Fine. But know this—I don't trust you. And I hate magic.

**ALINA**

I understand. I wouldn't trust me either.

Eric gestures to the soldiers.

**ERIC**

Release her.

The soldiers reluctantly untie Alina's hands.

Alina chants softly, her deliberate motions. The portal flickers and brightens.

ALINA  
We must hurry.

ERIC  
Marcus, your in charge. take care  
of Geoffrey.

Eric glances at Marcus, then back at the portal.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Let's finish this.

Eric and Alina steps into the portal.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY - DAY**

Eric and Alina emerge from the **blue-silver doorway**.

Eric looks around, his eyes wide at the towering **modern buildings** rising high above them.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
What... is this place?

They cautiously out of the alley onto a **city street**, the scene of devastation unfolding before them.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The streets of Los Angeles are unrecognizable—vandalized, looted, and abandoned. Trash and debris blow across the cracked pavement, and **derelict cars** are strewn haphazardly, some overturned or burned out. The skeletal remains of a once-bustling city are eerily silent, save for the occasional **distant groan of the undead**.

Eric scans the area with a mix of suspicion and disgust.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
This place reeks of death.

The two make their way cautiously through the streets, their footsteps echoing ominously.

**EXT. UPSCALE SHOPPING STREET - DAY**

They turn a corner onto what was once a glitzy **shopping district**, now a shattered warzone. **Shattered store windows** are riddled with bullet holes, their displays destroyed. **Burned-out vehicles** and **scattered bodies** litter the streets, many showing signs of decay or violent deaths.

Eric surveys the destruction, his jaw tightening as his hand reflexively grips the hilt of his sword.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

We need to lay down some rules.

Alina raises an eyebrow, crossing her arms as she glances at him.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

Rule one: No magic unless I say so.

**ALINA**

Magic is like a flame—it can warm or destroy. It's what we choose to do with it that defines who we are.

**ERIC**

Rule two: I'm in charge. We capture Darkane alive.

**ALINA**

Capture? You're joking.

Eric steps closer, his tone sharpening.

**ERIC**

Your job is to get us back home. That's it. No tricks. No surprises.

Alina stares at him for a long moment before nodding reluctantly.

**ALINA**

Fine. But if you think this world is going to play fair, you're in for a surprise.

Eric turns away, his eyes catching movement in a nearby **destroyed storefront window**.

**EXT. DESTROYED STORE - CONTINUOUS**

Eric steps closer to the window, the shattered glass crunching under his boots. Inside the store, a single **television** flickers with static before displaying a **live news feed**.

On the screen, a **middle-aged TV reporter** stands on a desolate street, panic clear in his voice as he reports over a backdrop of chaos. Behind him, **people scream and scatter** as **undead creatures** attack and rip them apart.

The **text scroll** at the bottom of the screen reads:

**ZOMBIES OVERRUN L.A. PRESIDENT STEELE DECLARES STATE OF EMERGENCY.**

As the reporter continues, several of the undead turn and **shamble toward him**. He glances over his shoulder, his voice faltering. The camera shakes as the **cameraman drops it and runs**, leaving the view skewed sideways.

The reporter's screams echo as the undead overwhelm him, ripping him apart on live television.

The screen flickers and goes blank for a moment before **replaying the same footage**, the macabre scene repeating endlessly.

Eric clenches his fists, his face darkening as he turns to Alina.

**ERIC**

This is what Darkane's done.

Alina doesn't respond immediately, her attention caught by a **mannequin** in the store window. She looks down at her own tattered robes, then back at the mannequin's more modern clothing.

**ALINA**

I think we need to adjust our attire.

Eric glances down at his armor, frowning as he realizes how out of place it looks.

**ERIC**

You may have a point.

**MONTAGE - ERIC AND ALINA TRY ON CLOTHES:**

**Alina** puts on a leather jacket and sunglasses, striking a mock pose while Eric rolls his eyes. **Eric** tries on a hoodie and jeans but grimaces, clearly uncomfortable. **Alina** holds up a bright, neon-pink shirt with a laugh, and Eric shakes his head firmly. They both emerge in **practical, dark-colored outfits**—Eric in a black tactical jacket and cargo pants, Alina in a sleek leather coat with combat boots.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Eric and Alina step out of the store, their new looks more fitting for the world around them. Eric adjusts the sheath on his belt, his face set with grim determination.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Let's find him.

**ALINA**

And make him pay.

Eric and Alina walk cautiously down the desolate street. **Eric** carries his **sword and dagger**, his eyes scanning for danger, while **Alina** clutches a **leather bag of herbs and potions** slung over her shoulder.

A **newspaper** flutters down the empty street, caught in a gust of wind. It tumbles erratically before coming to an abrupt stop against a **six-inch red stiletto heel**.

The stiletto belongs to a slim, **sexy leg**, its upper thigh and torso clad in a torn **black evening dress**. The dress clings to the decayed figure of a **twenty-something blonde zombie**, her face a grotesque mix of once-beautiful features now rotted and warped.

The zombie tilts its head, spotting Eric and Alina, and begins to **amble toward them**, her stiletto heels clicking on the cracked pavement.

Eric quickly draws his sword, stepping into a **defensive stance**, his body tense.

**ERIC**

Stay behind me.

The zombie pauses suddenly, turning toward a **fast-moving car** that **screams around the corner**, tires squealing.

The car races down the street at breakneck speed. Behind the wheel is **KODY (30)**, a battle-scarred, impulsive rebel squad leader. In the passenger seat is **SID (30)**, a thrill-seeking spy grinning wildly as the wind tousles his hair.

In the backseat, **GINA** sits silently, her expression blank, beside **EUGENE (20)**, a jittery computer nerd adjusting his broken glasses nervously.

The car **slams into the zombie**, sending it flying into the air. The zombie **lands hard on the street**, only to be immediately **run over by a following military truck** in pursuit.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The vehicles bob and weaves through the wreckage on the street, dodging abandoned vehicles as it speeds away. Above, a **winged demon** swoops through the air, letting out a bloodcurdling screech as it chases the vehicles.

Eric, watching the chaos unfold, grabs Alina's hand.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Come on!

He pulls her along, running after the speeding car, his sword still in hand.

**EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY**

The car races down the street, careens around a corner, then **slams into a parked vehicle** with a deafening crash. The engine sputters, then dies, smoke hissing from the hood.

Kody and his team climb out of the car quickly, shaken but alive.

Ahead of them, a **large force of undead** blocks the street. **Zombies**, armored **wights**, and other twisted creatures form a menacing wall of death. At their head stands a regal-looking **vampire**, his pale skin gleaming in the weak sunlight, his black cloak billowing ominously.

Behind the **military truck skids to a stop.**

The truck doors fly open, and **ZACH (30)**, the battle-hardened leader of four **U.S. soldiers**, leaps from the rear, rifle in hand. He gestures sharply, and his team fans out, taking cover behind the truck.

The air crackles with tension as the rebels, soldiers, and undead prepare for a violent confrontation.

**ERIC AND ALINA** arrive just in time to witness the standoff, their faces a mix of shock and determination.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

It's about to get messy.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The interior of the car is tense and chaotic. **KODY** grips the steering wheel tightly, his battle-scarred face drenched in sweat as he furiously tries to **restart the stalled engine.** **SID** leans forward, scanning the **approaching undead mob** through the cracked windshield.

**SID**

Great. A dead car, for a dead city.  
You sure you're not cursed, Kody?

**KODY**

Shut up and let me think.

In the backseat, **GINA** sits silently, her blank stare locked on the carnage outside, while **EUGENE** fumbles nervously with his glasses, the lenses cracked and askew.



**EUGENE**

We can't just sit here! They're getting closer!

The ground shakes as the undead army, led by a **hulking ghoul**, advances toward the car. The snarling, decayed creatures close the distance quickly, their glowing eyes fixed on the immobilized vehicle.

Behind the car, **ZACH** and his team of **U.S. soldiers** fight desperately to hold the line. Their rifles bark as they unleash a torrent of bullets into the **zombie horde**, **wights**, and a massive **winged demon** that swoops down from above.

**ZACH**

Focus fire on the demon! Bring it down!

The soldiers target the demon, their bullets tearing through its leathery wings. The creature lets out a piercing screech before crashing to the ground in a heap.

**ZACH (CONT'D)**

Keep firing! Don't let up!

The soldiers celebrate briefly but are quickly overwhelmed as the **zombies and wights swarm them**. One by one, the soldiers fall under the relentless assault, their screams echoing through the desolate street.

**INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Kody grits his teeth and glances at Sid.

**KODY**

We're out of time. Everybody out-move!

The group scrambles out of the car as the undead close in.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS.**

Eric and Alina join the fight

Kody, Sid, Gina, and Eugene **retreat down the street**, weaving through abandoned vehicles as the undead horde surges after them. They take cover beside another **overturned car**, their breaths heaving as they regroup.

**SID**

What now, genius?

**KODY**

We fight.

The rebels take up whatever weapons they have—Sid wields a pistol, Kody grips a machete, and Eugene clutches a metal pipe. They engage the **zombie mob**, fending off the first wave of attackers.

**SID**

The plans! We can't leave them behind!

Without waiting for an answer, Sid jumps up and sprints back toward the stalled car.

**KODY**

Sid! Get back here!

Sid reaches the car and struggles to open the **trunk**, his hands shaking as he fumbles with the latch. The zombies swarm closer, and in his desperation, he drops, rolling under the car.

The undead claw at him from both sides, trapping him beneath the vehicle.

**ZACH**, still alive but badly wounded, sees Sid in danger. Summoning the last of his strength, he charges toward the car, firing into the mob.

**ZACH**

I've got you!

Zach pulls several zombies off Sid, creating a small opening. But before he can help further, a **wight** plunges a rusted sword into Zach's chest. He gasps, collapsing to the ground.

Sid, watching in horror, grits his teeth and **reaches into the trunk**, grabbing the **tube containing the plans**.

**SID**

Sorry, man.

Clutching the tube tightly, Sid **runs for his life**, leaving the undead swarming over Zach's lifeless body.

**EXT. STREET. - CONTINUOUS**

Sid arrive back to the group, panting heavily as he holds up the tube triumphantly.

**SID (CONT'D)**

Got it!

The group retreats further down the street, desperate to find safety.

Eric, Alina, Kody, Sid, Gina, and Eugene **sprint down the street**, dodging wreckage and derelict vehicles as a **swarm of wights and zombies** chases after them.

**KODY**

They're gaining on us!

**SID**

Thanks for the update, Captain  
Obvious!

**ERIC**

There—down the stairs!

**EXT. SUBWAY TERMINAL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

The group reaches the **subway terminal entrance**, a crumbling staircase leading underground. The faded sign above reads "**METRO TRANSIT**", its letters smeared with graffiti.

The group rushes down the steps, **Eric and Kody** taking the lead, while **Eugene** stumbles, nearly falling before Gina grabs him and pulls him along.

**INT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS**

The terminal is a dark, cavernous space littered with debris and abandoned luggage. The faint stench of decay lingers in the air, and flickering lights cast long shadows across the walls.

The sound of the **zombie horde above grows louder**, echoing down the stairwell.

**KODY**

We need to keep moving!

The group spots an **abandoned subway car** on the tracks below. The doors are partially ajar, its interior dimly lit by failing emergency lights.

**SID**

There—break in!

The group rushes to the subway car, **Eric and Kody** forcing the doors open with brute strength.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The group scrambles inside, slamming the doors shut just as the first **zombies pour into the terminal**. The undead **swarm the platform**, their guttural growls echoing through the station as they surround the car.

**EUGENE**

They're everywhere!

**GINA**

Just get us moving!

Eugene rushes to the control panel at the front of the car. His fingers tremble as he works frantically to power it up. Sparks fly as the engine hums to life.

**KODY**

Hurry up, or we're all dead!

The subway car jerks forward, lurching along the tracks as the engine sputters and groans.

**EXT. SUBWAY TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS**

The car begins to **move down the tracks**, but the zombies **leap onto the roof** and claw at the doors and windows.

**INT. SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The group braces themselves as the zombies **break through the windows**, their rotting arms reaching inside.

**ERIC**

Fall back!

The group retreats to the next car, slamming the door shut behind them. But the zombies **tear through the first car**, forcing the group to **move from car to car**, desperately trying to stay ahead of the horde.

**SID**

This is NOT how I pictured my day going!

The group reaches the last car, but the train suddenly lurches to a stop, its power failing.

**KODY**

You've got to be kidding me!

**ERIC**

Get to the tracks! Move!

**INT. SUBWAY TRACKS - CONTINUOUS**

The group jumps out of the stalled car onto the **dark subway tracks**. The air is thick and humid, the only light coming from faint emergency fixtures lining the tunnel.

The sound of the zombies **smashing through the train** grows louder.

**GINA**

They're coming!

The group runs down the tracks, their footsteps echoing in the confined space. The zombies **pour out of the subway car**, chasing after them with relentless speed.

**SID**

They're too fast!

**ALINA**

We need a plan, or we're dead!

Eric glances ahead, spotting a **metal door** embedded in the wall, its frame hidden behind debris.

**ERIC**

There!

The group rushes to the door, shoving aside the rubble and forcing it open.

**INT. SECRET REBEL BASE - CONTINUOUS**

The group stumbles inside, slamming the door shut behind them. Heavy bolts and locks are engaged, muffling the sound of the pursuing zombies.

The room is dimly lit but reveals a **hidden rebel base**—a large, industrial space filled with weapon caches, supplies, and maps pinned to the walls. A faint hum of electricity indicates that the base is powered by a backup generator.

The group collapses against the walls, panting and drenched in sweat.

**KODY**

We made it...

**EUGENE**

Barely.

Eric straightens, his expression grim as he surveys the room.

**ERIC**

Rest while you can. We're not safe yet.

The camera lingers on the group's exhausted faces as the faint sound of zombie growls echoes through the metal door.

**INT. LONG TUNNEL - NIGHT**

The group walks cautiously down a **long tunnel**, its walls lined with **candles inside mason jars** that cast flickering light and deep shadows. The faint sound of murmured conversations and crackling fires echoes from somewhere ahead.

Leading the group, **Kody** stops abruptly near the **entryway to a cavernous chamber**. Chained on either side of the tunnel are two large **German Shepherds**, their ears perked as they watch the newcomers approach.

**KODY**

This is George and Gracie.

The dogs sniff the air, growling softly as the group hesitates.

**KODY (CONT'D)**

They're our early warning system.  
They can smell the undead coming  
long before we can.

Kody crouches down, extending his hand. The dogs sniff it carefully, their growls subsiding as they recognize him.

**KODY (CONT'D)**

Good boys.

One by one, the group steps forward, allowing the dogs to sniff their hands.

**Eric** holds out his hand cautiously, his wary eyes watching the dogs closely. **Alina** steps up next, her face unreadable as Gracie sniffs her hand, huffing once before settling back down. **Eugene** hesitates before offering his hand, flinching slightly when George's wet nose touches it. **Sid** leans down confidently, muttering something about being a dog whisperer. After the last member is approved, Kody rises and gestures to the chamber ahead.

**KODY (CONT'D)**

Come on.

**INT. REBEL BASE - CAVERNOUS CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS**

The group steps into a **man-made cavernous chamber**, its high ceilings supported by rough-hewn beams and reinforced walls. **Dozens of people** are gathered in clusters, their faces illuminated by the glow of **small fires**. Families huddle together, their voices hushed, while others sort through supplies or maintain weapons.

A sense of both **desperation and determination** fills the air.

In the center of the chamber stands **REED DECKER**, late 50s, a tall, gray-bearded man with a commanding presence. He wears **fatigues** and carries himself like a seasoned soldier. Around him is a **squad of rebels**, all armed with military-grade weapons, their expressions tense.

Reed looks up as the group approaches, his piercing gaze locking onto Kody.

**REED**

You're late.

**KODY**

Glad to see you too, Dad.

The tension breaks as Kody steps forward and embraces Reed in a brief but heartfelt hug.

**KODY (CONT'D)**

We ran into some trouble.

Kody gestures to the group behind him.

**KODY (CONT'D)**

This is Gina—she helped us escape the fortress. Eric and Alina here saved our necks from a nasty batch of undead. And Eugene...

He nudges Eugene forward.

**KODY (CONT'D)**

He's got the secret plans.

Eugene steps up, his nervous energy spilling into a quick handshake with Reed.

**EUGENE**

It's a pleasure to meet you, sir.  
I've heard so much about you.

Reed's eyes narrow slightly as he studies Eugene.

**REED**

A lot of good men died for this. I hope it was all worth it.

Eugene stiffens but holds Reed's gaze.

**EUGENE**

What I have will turn the tide of the war.

Reed's expression softens slightly, a glimmer of hope breaking through his hardened exterior.

REED

It had better.

The group exchanges tense glances as the fires crackle, their unspoken doubts hanging heavy in the air.

**EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT**

**Firebase One**, a sprawling **fortified base camp**, sits on the outskirts of the desolate city. The perimeter is surrounded by **high chain-link fences topped with razor wire**, reinforced with **sandbags** and **gun towers**. Floodlights sweep across the darkened landscape, illuminating rows of **tents**, **armored vehicles**, and **satellite communication arrays**.

Patrolling soldiers move in tight formations, their weapons at the ready. The faint hum of generators fills the air, underscoring the tense atmosphere of the base.

**INT. COMMAND HQ - NIGHT**

Inside the **Command Headquarters**, maps and tactical screens cover the walls. The room is alive with activity as **officers and soldiers** work at computer terminals, coordinating operations across the city.

At the center of the room stands **DAN "BIG DOG" MALLOY (50s)**, the hardened Firebase Commander. He is tall and imposing, with a **steel-faced demeanor** and a presence that demands respect. His **battle-worn uniform** is adorned with ribbons and insignia, a testament to his years of service.

Malloy leans over a table, studying a **map of the city** marked with red zones indicating undead activity. His expression is grim as he reviews the latest reports.

**BAILEY**, a young but capable section lieutenant, approaches swiftly, stopping a few paces from Malloy and snapping to attention.

**BAILEY**

Sir, the President is on the line requesting an update.

Malloy straightens, his jaw tightening. He doesn't look up from the map immediately, his eyes scanning the zones of heavy undead presence.

**MALLOY**

Of course, he is.



Malloy takes a deep breath, then turns to Bailey, his steely gaze locking onto the young lieutenant.

**MALLOY** (CONT'D)

Patch him through.

Bailey nods and moves to a nearby terminal, signaling to the communications officer to establish the connection.

**MALLOY** (CONT'D)

Let's see how much more bad news they can handle.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

The **Oval Office** is bathed in the golden light of late afternoon. **PRESIDENT ANDREW STEELE (50s)**, a sharp-eyed and composed leader, sits behind the iconic Resolute Desk. His tailored suit is impeccable, but the strain of the **undead crisis** is visible in the tight set of his jaw and the dark circles under his eyes.

Around him, his **senior staff**—a mix of military advisors, intelligence officials, and aides—stand in tense silence, their expressions grim as they wait for the incoming report.

On the large **video screen** positioned in front of the desk, **Firebase Commander DAN "BIG DOG" MALLOY** appears. The connection crackles slightly, the signal relayed from the fortified military base.

Malloy's **steel-faced demeanor** commands the room even through the screen. He stands rigidly, hands behind his back, as he delivers his report.

**MALLOY** (CONT'D)

Mr. President, the rebels remain a nuisance, but they are not a threat to my men or our mission.

Steele leans forward slightly, his steepled fingers resting on the desk.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

Have you located their base?

Malloy shakes his head, his tone unwavering.

**MALLOY**

We have been unsuccessful in locating their base. They are resourceful, but disorganized. My intelligence teams are continuing to narrow the search.

Steele's eyes narrow, but he stays silent, waiting for more.

**MALLOY (CONT'D)**

We have the situation contained—for now, sir.

The room shifts slightly, staff exchanging uneasy glances.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

And the undead?

Malloy's jaw tightens.

**MALLOY**

Their numbers are increasing exponentially. Pockets of them are growing faster than expected. However, my men are holding them at bay.

A faint murmur ripples through the staff in the room. Steele lifts a hand to silence them.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

How long can you hold, Commander?

Malloy hesitates briefly, his stoic mask faltering for the first time.

**MALLOY**

As long as we need to, Mr. President. But I would advise... immediate measures to counter this growth. We cannot maintain containment indefinitely.

Steele exhales sharply, leaning back in his chair as his gaze drifts toward the window, where the **American flag** flutters faintly in the breeze.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

We can't afford for this to get worse, Commander. The world is watching.

**MALLOY**

Understood, sir. I'll send an update after the next sweep.

The connection flickers off, leaving the room in heavy silence. Steele looks around at his staff, his voice low but firm.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

Get me a plan. Now. Let's get to work.

The staff scatters, the room buzzing with urgency as Steele's gaze lingers on the darkened screen, his expression unreadable.

**INT. MILITARY BASE - COMMAND HQ - NIGHT.**

The door swings open, and **Lieutenant Bailey** enters quickly, his face pale with concern. He snaps to attention.

**BAILEY**

Sir, we've got a situation.

Malloy straightens, his sharp gaze locking onto Bailey.

**MALLOY**

Go on.

**BAILEY**

The Alpha Patrol is overdue—by two hours. No contact, no response.

Malloy's expression darkens, his jaw tightening.

**MALLOY**

That's not like Jenkins.

**BAILEY**

No, sir. We've tried comms repeatedly, but there's nothing.

Malloy exhales sharply, his hand gripping the edge of the table.

**MALLOY**

What about the gates?

Bailey hesitates, his unease growing.

**BAILEY**

The east gate is secure, but the south gate is undermanned. We should lock it down until we know more.

Malloy nods, his voice firm and decisive.

**MALLOY**

Do it. Double the guard and set up suppressive fire zones.

(MORE)

MALLOY (CONT'D)

If anything comes through those gates uninvited, I want it shredded before it hits the perimeter.

**BAILEY**

Yes, sir.

Bailey turns to leave, but Malloy's voice stops him in his tracks.

**MALLOY**

Bailey.

Bailey looks back, standing at attention.

**MALLOY (CONT'D)**

Send a recon squad to sweep Alpha's last known position. I want answers, not guesses.

**BAILEY**

Understood, sir.

Bailey salutes and hurries out of the room, leaving Malloy alone.

Malloy turns back to the map, his fingers tracing a route leading to the south gate. His expression hardens as he mutters to himself:

**MALLOY**

What the hell is going on out there?

The faint sound of alarms begins to echo through the base as Malloy grabs his radio, ready for the next move.

**EXT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - NIGHT**

The iconic **Capitol Records building**, once a symbol of Hollywood's cultural might, now looms ominously over the desolate streets of Los Angeles. Its cylindrical structure, once illuminated with vibrant lights, has been corrupted into a **dark, undead fortress**.

The once-pristine walls are cracked and blackened, with **dark veins of necrotic energy** pulsing across the surface. Gargoyles perch on the building's edges, their glowing red eyes scanning the streets below. Undead sentinels patrol the perimeter.

**INT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The elegant lobby has been transformed into a **macabre throne room**, filled with the stench of decay. The polished marble floors are cracked and smeared with ash. **Darkane's throne**, a twisted mass of bone and metal, stands prominently where the reception desk once sat.

Darkane stands near the pedestal, his **Scepter of Power** raised as he continues his chant, deep and guttural, sending waves of necrotic energy into the city.

**INT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - UPPER FLOORS - NIGHT**

The upper levels have been gutted and restructured with Darkane's dark magic. Walls of pulsating **flesh-like growths** now line the corridors. Winding staircases have been replaced with jagged stone steps. Rooms that once housed music executives and recording artists are now **filled with undead soldiers** standing at attention.

**INT. CAPITOL RECORDS BUILDING - DARKANE'S CHAMBER - NIGHT**

Darkane enters his private chamber, located at the building's heart. The room is suffused with dark energy, its walls lined with ancient tomes and relics.

On a large obsidian table lies a **map of the city**, pulsating with unholy energy. Red markings spread out from the Capitol Records building, signifying the areas Darkane's forces have overtaken.

**DARKANE**

The city will kneel, and the world  
will follow.

Larry, the imp, scuttles into the room, clicking and chittering nervously.

Darkane turns to face Larry. his expression calm but commanding.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

This City is only the beginning.  
The blood moon's power will reach  
its zenith soon. Once it does, the  
city's defenders will crumble, and  
all will be mine.

Darkane stares into a pool of water.

**MONTAGE OF EVENTS IN THE WATER:**

**WWI:** Trenches erupt with explosions, soldiers charge, screams and gunfire echo.

**WWII:** Bombs whistle down on cities, mushroom clouds rise, soldiers cheer victory in the streets.

**ASSASSINATION OF JFK:** The motorcade in Dallas, the gunshot, Jackie's horrified expression. **MOON LANDING:** Astronauts on the moon plant the American flag, the Earth rises majestically behind them.

The dimly lit chamber glows faintly from **runes etched into the stone walls**, their light pulsing in rhythm with the magic swirling in a **large bowl of crystal-clear water** at the center of the room. **DARKANE**, draped in his black and gold robes, stands over the bowl, his piercing eyes fixed on its surface.

The water begins to ripple, its reflection distorting as images of **Darkane's dead wife, son, and daughter** emerge.

His **wife**, her raven-black hair cascading around her shoulders, gazes back at him with sorrowful eyes. Her lips tremble as if trying to speak, but no sound escapes.

Beside her, **KYRAN**, Darkane's son, stands tall and defiant, his jaw clenched. The boy he once knew is now frozen in a moment of anger and pain.

Lastly, the innocent image of **his daughter**, a young girl with wide, trusting eyes, forms beside them. Her curls frame her delicate face, her expression one of confusion and longing.

Darkane's cold exterior cracks as he reaches out a trembling hand toward the images. His voice softens, tinged with regret and desperation.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Soon... I will bring us back together.

The water ripples violently, and the images distort, fading away into blackness as the faint sound of footsteps echoes through the chamber.

**GINA** enters, her expression wary yet determined as she approaches.

**GINA**

My lord.

Darkane doesn't look up immediately, his gaze lingering on the now-still water. Finally, he straightens, his mask of authority snapping back into place.

**DARKANE**

Speak.

**GINA**

Eric and Alina. They're here. They  
have joined the rebels.

Darkane's eyes narrow, his hand tightening on the edge of the  
bowl.

**DARKANE**

Good, two birds with one evil  
stone.pp

Gina steps closer, lowering her voice as if sharing a grave  
secret.

**GINA**

They've followed you into this  
time. Together.

Darkane's face hardens, his mind racing.

**DARKANE**

Together.

He moves to the window overlooking the desolate wasteland  
surrounding his fortress, his hands clasped behind his back.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Alina was strong, but she never  
understood the full power of what I  
taught her. And Eric... his  
bloodline is a curse of resilience.  
They've already endured more than  
most.

Gina watches him carefully, her voice soft but urgent.

**GINA**

Do you think they'll be a problem?

Darkane turns slowly, his gaze sharp and calculating.

**DARKANE**

They're more than a problem.  
They're a threat.

Darkane shakes his head, his expression unreadable.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

No. I will not let them interfere.

Gina tilts her head, studying him.

**GINA**

What do you want me to do?

Darkane smirks faintly, his voice filled with quiet menace.

**DARKANE**

Return to the rebels base with several undead soldiers and destroy them.

Gina nods, but hesitates.

**GINA**

As you wish.

He stares into the water again, murmuring softly to himself.

**DARKANE**

Soon, my family... soon we'll be whole again.

Gina watches him silently, her face a mix of loyalty and unease

**INT. FORTRESS - DIMLY LIT ROOM - NIGHT**

The damp, shadowy chamber flickers with light from a single torch mounted on the wall. **TIM GREEN**, a short, bald, and pudgy man in his fifties, leans against a battered wooden table, puffing on a cigar with nervous energy. His stained suit hangs loosely on his frame, and his eyes dart toward **CONRAD**, who stands nearby gripping a **leather leash**.

On the other end of the leash is **AVA THORNE**, (24) a raven-haired woman with **glassy eyes**, drugged bound and gagged. Ava stumbles slightly, her head lowered as if under some enchantment.

**LARRY**, a wiry, red-skinned imp, bounces into the room, his leathery wings fluttering slightly as he makes a series of clicking and chittering sounds.

**CONRAD**

Where's your master, you ugly little beast?

Larry tilts his head, clicking rapidly.

**CONRAD (CONT'D)**

I don't understand your gibberish! Where is he?

Larry clicks once more and bounds toward the door just as it swings open. **DARKANE**, towering in his black and gold robes, strides into the room. His cold, calculating eyes sweep over the occupants, lingering briefly on Ava. Larry scuttles to his side, clicking excitedly.



**DARKANE**

Did you succeed?

**CONRAD**

It wasn't easy, but I found her.  
She's Alina's descendant.

He tugs on the leash, pulling Ava forward. Darkane steps closer, inspecting her with a cold smile.

**DARKANE**

Good. She'll do nicely.

Darkane gestures to Larry.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Take her to my chamber. Ensure she doesn't escape.

Larry grabs the leash, his clicks becoming more frantic as he drags Ava out of the room.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Have you located the **Picatrix**?

Tim takes a long puff from his cigar, trying to mask his unease.

**TIM**

Yeah, I found it. Took some digging, but I always deliver.

Darkane raises an eyebrow, his smirk faintly amused.

**DARKANE**

Always, you say? We'll see.

Darkane turns his attention to Conrad, his expression darkening.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

But first, I need a servant worthy of me. Gina show me what you have learned.

Gina steps forward and begins to chant.

**GINA**

Let flesh be reshaped and purpose redefined. From arrogance to obedience, from man to eternal servant. Let Conrad become my succubus, bound to me forever. So mote it be!

A surge of **black and red energy** swirls around Conrad, lifting him into the air. His screams echo through the chamber as his body begins to transform:

His Overweight form stretches and reshapes into a tall, **voluptuous form**. His skin smooths to an almost ethereal quality, and flowing **fiery red hair** cascades down his back. **Leathery wings** sprout from his back, and his eyes glow a deep crimson. His suit transforms into a revealing, dark, otherworldly garb fitting a succubus. When the transformation ends, **TINA**, now a **six-foot-tall voluptuous succubus**, lands gracefully on the ground. Her glowing eyes burn with a mix of anger and humiliation as she glares at Darkane.

**TINA**

You'll pay for this. Breast's! I have breasts. And.

Tina grabs his crotch.

**TINA (CONT'D)**

What have you done! It's gone!

Darkane smirks, clearly pleased with the outcome.

**DARKANE**

Relax, it's not like you've used it lately, Tina. And you'll find rebellion... quite futile.

Tina's wings twitch with frustration, and her claws clench into fists as she struggles against the compulsion to obey.

**TINA**

What do you want from me?

Darkane steps closer.

**DARKANE**

I want you to prove your worth. Retrieve the **Picatrix**. You and Larry will bring it to me.

Tina glances toward the door, her lip curling at the mention of the imp.

**TINA**

And if I don't?

Darkane smirks, his voice low and menacing.

**DARKANE**

You will.

At that moment, Larry bounds back into the room, clicking excitedly as he leaps onto Tina's shoulder.

**TINA**

Get off me, you wretched thing.

Larry clicks louder, ignoring her protests as he settles onto her shoulder, grinning impishly.

**TINA (CONT'D)**

Hey, I can understand you.

Darkane steps back, raising his scepter.

**DARKANE**

Go now. Do not fail me, or your suffering will only begin.

Tina glares at him, then storms out of the room, Larry still perched on her shoulder.

**TINA**

Alright, but I'm not happy with this situation.

Darkane watches them go, a satisfied smile playing across his lips as he turns back to the now-empty chamber.

**DARKANE**

The pieces are falling into place.

**INT. REBEL BASE - MAKESHIFT COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT**

The **makeshift command center** is a cramped, low-ceiling room carved out of a natural outcropping from the larger rebel base. The walls are lined with maps, salvaged equipment, and tactical screens glowing faintly in the dim light. **Rebels** shuffle between stations, the air buzzing with tension and urgency.

**Reed, Eric, Alina, Kody, Sid, Gina** and a squad of **armed rebels** enter, their boots crunching on the gritty floor. Reed leads the group, his commanding presence cutting through the room's activity.

**REED**

Eugene, what've you got for us?

At the central table, **Eugene** is hunched over, carefully unrolling a **blueprint** extracted from a metal tube. The **detailed map of Darkane's fortress** spreads across the table, its lines sharp and precise.

The group gathers around as Eugene gestures to key sections of the map.

**REED** (CONT'D)

What are these dark symbols

**EUGENE**

These are traps.

Reed's eyes narrow as he traces the **dotted lines** connecting the traps.

**REED**

And the dotted lines?

**EUGENE**

They're the paths the traps take.

Reed frowns, leaning closer.

**REED**

The traps move?

**EUGENE**

They're timed to match the patrols.  
If you're not precise, you'll get  
caught by both.

Kody's attention shifts to the **symbols** lining the bottom of the blueprint. He taps one of them with his finger.

**KODY**

What are these weird symbols?

Eugene adjusts his broken glasses, sighing.

**EUGENE**

I haven't been able to decipher  
them yet.

**ALINA** leans in, her expression growing serious as she studies the symbols.

**ALINA**

Mystical runes.

Kody raises an eyebrow, his tone skeptical.

**KODY**

Mystical what now?

Alina points to specific symbols.

**ALINA**

They're powerful dark magic. These runes work in conjunction with a celestial event.

**KODY**

Celestial, like... planets?

**ALINA**

Exactly. This symbol here represents the **black sun**. This one—a skeleton—means death and mortality. And the hourglass here signifies resurrection.

Reed waves a hand dismissively, his impatience cutting through the conversation.

**REED**

Enough with the hocus pocus. We need practical intel to get in and take this guy down.

Reed's gaze sharpens as he turns to **Eric** and **Alina**, his tone demanding.

**REED (CONT'D)**

But first, I want answers. You two have been dodging questions since you got here. Who the hell are you? Where are you really from?

The room falls silent. All eyes turn to Eric, whose jaw tightens as he exchanges a glance with Alina.

**ERIC**

We're from the 13th century.

Reed blinks, caught off guard, his voice dropping with disbelief.

**REED**

The 13th century? Yeah right.

Eric nods, his voice heavy with emotion.

**ERIC**

Darkane destroyed my kingdom, my family... everything. He escaped into this future. I had no choice but to follow him.

Reed processes this for a moment, then gestures toward Alina.

**REED**

And her?

Alina steps forward, her voice calm but laced with bitterness.

**ALINA**

I was his apprentice. Darkane trained me in the dark arts. He promised me power, but he didn't tell me what it would cost.

Reed folds his arms, still skeptical but intrigued.

**REED**

So you're here to stop him. Together.

Eric's voice hardens.

**ERIC**

We don't care about your war or your rebels. This is personal.

Alina glances at Eric, then adds quietly:

**ALINA**

But we'll help, as long as it gets us closer to him.

Kody mutters under his breath, exchanging a glance with Sid.

**KODY**

Time travelers and magic. This just keeps getting better.

Reed leans in closer to Eric, his voice low and intense.

**REED**

If what you're saying is true, you've got more reason than anyone to stop him. But I need to know one thing: Can I trust you?

Eric meets Reed's gaze unflinchingly, his tone resolute.

**ERIC**

I've already lost everything. Darkane is all I have left to fight for.

Reed studies him for a long moment before nodding sharply.

**REED**

Then we do this together.

The room hums back to life as the group shifts focus to the map, dissecting every detail to form a plan of attack. Alina's gaze lingers on the mystical runes, her unease growing as she begins to piece together Darkane's intentions.

**EUGENE**

Perhaps, not. Check this out.

A window shows planets lining up to form a total solar eclipse.

**EUGENE (CONT'D)**

At precisely eleven thirty-five tomorrow night there will be a total solar eclipse.

**KODY**

So his plan is to do what?

Alina runs her hand over the symbols.

**ALINA**

Open the gates of the underworld.

**REED**

We will storm the fortress at first light and kill Darkane before the eclipse.

**ERIC**

You can't kill him.

**REED**

The hell I can't.

**EUGENE**

He's right if Darkane dies here. This becomes our future.

**ERIC**

He must be subdued and taken back from wince he came.

The tension in the room hangs thick as **Linda (30s)** enters, her face streaked with tears and worry.

**LINDA**

Please, someone help her! A lich touched her, and now her skin... it's rotting.

The room goes silent. **Reed, Eric,** and the others glance at **Alina**, steps forward, her expression calm and focused.

**ALINA**

Take me to her. I can help.

Linda and Alina exit room.

INT. LINDA'S TENT. SAME.

Standing by her side is Hope(12), her pale arm speckled with patches of **gray, decaying skin**. **Linda** gently nudges Hope forward. The girl hesitates, looking at Alina with wide, frightened eyes.

**ALINA**

It's all right. I'm Alina and I'm here to help.

Alina kneels, opening her **leather bag** and removing small bottles of **herbs and potions**. She works quickly, grinding herbs into a bowl and adding a few drops of liquid from a vial.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

This might take a while. Would you like to hear a story while I work?

Hope nods shyly, clutching her mother's hand.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

A long time ago a king and queen had a daughter that was kind and generous in nature but she was cursed with scars on her face. People called her ugly because she had scars and marks on her skin. They couldn't see her kind heart, so they locked her away in a tower, hidden from everyone.

Hope's curiosity gets the better of her.

**HOPE**

That's not fair.

**ALINA**

(smiling faintly)  
No it wasn't.  
(MORE)



ALINA (CONT'D)

But the princess wasn't sad for long, She decided that if the people would just get to know her they would see who she really was on the inside. so she sneaks out of the castle and goes into the village. the people all run and hide, all except one farm boy.

Alina stirs the mixture, her hands deftly blending the compound.

ALINA (CONT'D)

The princess walked up to the boy and asked why he did not run away. The boy replied that he could tell by her voice that she was kind. He said that if she would give him a kiss he would give her magic juniper berries that will make her as beautiful on the outside as she is on the inside. But, she had never kissed a boy before. Have you kissed a boy before?

HOPE

No.

ALINA

Well, neither had the princess. She closed her eyes and gave him the most gentle tender kiss she could. The boy then gave her a handful of berries and told her to mix the berries with her tears.

Hope watches intently as Alina finishes the mixture and dips a clean cloth into the salve.

ALINA (CONT'D)

The farm boy would sneak into the castle everyday and bring her gifts. Then one day he came to visit and she was not ugly anymore.

ALINA (CONT'D)

The farm boy knew her beauty came from her kindness and courage, not her scars. The princess was lucky to have someone who saw her for who she really was. Just like you're lucky to have your mom.

Hope glances up at Linda, who squeezes her hand reassuringly.

**ALINA** (CONT'D)

Now, let's fix that arm.

Alina gently takes Hope's arm, applying the compound to the decayed patches of skin. Her touch is careful and soothing, the gray discoloration seeming to lessen slightly under the salve.

**HOPE**

Will this make it better?

**ALINA**

It will, but we need to be patient.

She looks up at Linda, her voice steady and instructive.

**ALINA** (CONT'D)

Apply this salve to her arm every hour until it's gone. That should stop the decay and heal the skin completely.

Linda nods, tears of relief streaming down her face.

**LINDA**

Thank you... thank you so much.

Alina finishes, packing up her supplies and wiping her hands on a cloth.

**ALINA**

You're very brave like the princess.

Hope smiles shyly, her fear replaced by a flicker of hope.

**HOPE**

What happened to the princess?

**ALINA**

She married the farm boy, and lived happily ever after, because someone loved her for who she was.

Hope's smile grows, and Linda pulls her into a tight hug.

**LINDA**

You're a miracle worker.

Alina rises, her expression softening as she watches the reunion. **Eric** steps forward, his voice low but resolute.

**ERIC**

Let's make sure no one else has to suffer like this.

Alina and Eric exchange a look, their determination clear, as Linda and Hope disappear into the bustling base.

**EXT. SKY OVER LOS ANGELES - DAY.**

The **News 7 helicopter** roars through the dark, smoke-filled sky, its searchlight slicing through the chaos below. Inside the helicopter, **KARI KASH (30s)**, a sharp, ambitious reporter, grips her microphone tightly as she peers down at the devastation below: the undead swarming the streets, chaos engulfing every corner of Los Angeles.

**KARI**

(into mic)

This is Kari Kash, reporting live above the apocalypse. What you're seeing is no exaggeration—Los Angeles has fallen to an army of the dead.

Her **cameraman**, frantic but focused, films the streets below.

**CAMERAMAN**

Channel 4's chopper is up ahead. We should circle closer to the fortress.

The **Capitol Records building**, now transformed into **Darkane's fortress**, comes into view, glowing with dark energy. Black spires jut from the structure like claws, and **undead creatures** swarm around its base.

**KARI**

(to pilot)

Get us closer! I need a clear shot of that thing.

The pilot nods, banking the helicopter toward the fortress. As the chopper approaches, the air grows thick with tension, the hum of dark magic vibrating through the sky.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - ROOF - DAY.**

Standing on the roof, **Darkane**, his **Scepter of Power** in hand, watches the helicopters circling his domain. Behind him, two **gargoyle statues**, cracked and ancient, begin to tremble.

**DARKANE**

Awaken, my guardians. Destroy them.

With a deep, guttural rumble, the **gargoyles** burst to life, their stone exteriors crumbling away to reveal grotesque, winged beasts with glowing red eyes. They spread their massive wings and leap into the air, their deafening roars echoing across the city.

**EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS**

The **News 7 helicopter** shakes violently as one of the gargoyles dives past it.

**KARI**

I don't know what's happening, but something is attacking us! The fortress... Oh my god!

**PILOT**

(alarmed)

What the hell was that?

Kari terrified, gripping her seat.

**KARI**

Keep us steady!

The **Channel 4 helicopter**, slightly ahead, comes under immediate attack. One gargoyle slams into its tail rotor, sending it into a deadly spin.

**KARI (CONT'D)**

Oh my god!

The Channel 4 chopper spirals out of control, crashing into a nearby skyscraper in a fiery explosion.

**CAMERAMAN**

They're coming for us!

The second gargoyle locks onto the **News 7 chopper**, its glowing eyes narrowing as it streaks through the air like a missile.

**PILOT**

Hold on!

The gargoyle slams into the helicopter's side, its claws tearing through the metal fuselage. The entire craft lurches violently, and Kari is thrown against the window.

**KARI**

We're not gonna make it!

The cameraman clings to his equipment as the gargoyle tears at the rotors. Sparks and debris fly, the helicopter shuddering with each blow.

**PILOT**

I'm losing control!

The gargoyle roars, its jagged teeth gnashing as it rips through the side of the helicopter. Kari grabs a fire extinguisher, her fear giving way to desperation.

**KARI**

Not today.

She swings the extinguisher, smashing it into the gargoyle's head. The creature screeches, momentarily stunned, and lets go of the chopper.

**EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS**

The gargoyle regains its composure, circling back for another attack. The second gargoyle joins in, both closing in on the crippled helicopter.

**CAMERAMAN**

(terrified)

They're coming back!

The pilot, sweat dripping down his face, struggles to steady the craft.

**PILOT**

Brace yourselves.

**INT. NEWS 7 HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

The helicopter stabilizes, though barely, smoke pouring from its engines. Kari, panting and shaken, looks out the window as the jets streak by.

**KARI**

(into mic, breathless)

This is Kari Kash, still reporting live. It was touch and go for minute there..but the fight for Los Angeles is far from over.

**EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS**

The **News 7 helicopter** shakes violently as smoke pours from its engines, sparks flying from the shredded fuselage. Kari Kash clutches her seat, her knuckles white as the craft lurches downward.

**KARI** (CONT'D)

Can you stabilize it?

The pilot fights the controls, his jaw clenched in concentration.

**PILOT**

I'm trying, but we've lost the tail rotor! We're going down!

Cameraman drops camera, grips the sides of the helicopter.

**CAMERAMAN**

(terrified)

This isn't happening!

Suddenly, the remaining **gargoyle**, furious and wounded, dives out of the smoke-filled sky, slamming into the helicopter's side. The impact sends the craft into a deadly spin.

**KARI**

Keep filming.

**CAMERAMAN**

Fuck you.

**KARI**

(screaming)

Hold on!

**INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

The cabin tilts wildly as Kari and the cameraman are thrown around. The pilot desperately tries to regain control, but the gauges spin wildly, the alarms blaring.

**PILOT**

(shouting)

Brace for impact!

**EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS**

The helicopter spirals downward, trailing black smoke, as the gargoyle circles above, screeching triumphantly.

**EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS**

The helicopter clips the edge of a high-rise building, sending shards of glass and debris raining onto the street below. It careens into a nearby **parking structure**, skidding across the roof and bursting into flames as it comes to a violent stop.

**INT. WRECKED HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS**

The cabin is filled with smoke and fire. Kari coughs violently, unbuckling herself with trembling hands. Blood drips from a gash on her forehead, but her eyes burn with determination.

**KARI**

Is everyone... still alive?

The cameraman groans from the other side of the wreckage, pinned but conscious.

**CAMERAMAN**

I think so... barely.

Kari struggles to her feet, kicking open the warped door. Flames lick the edges of the wreckage as she pulls the cameraman free.

**EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT**

They stumble out of the smoldering helicopter onto the cracked concrete, coughing and battered. Above them, the gargoyle hovers, its glowing red eyes fixed on them, ready for another attack.

Kari and the cameraman collapse against a concrete barrier, watching the flames reflect off the fortress in the distance.

**KARI**

We made it...We're alive.everyones fine.

**CAMERAMAN**

Speak for yourself.

She looks up at the glowing fortress, her terror turns to grim determination.

**KARI**

This isn't over. Get me back up there.

**CAMERAMAN**

You're a crazy bitch. You know that.

**INT. MILITARY BASE - GENERAL'S OFFICE - DAY.**

The room is stark and orderly, with a large desk at its center covered in maps, tactical reports, and a half-empty mug of coffee. A TV in the corner broadcasts a muted news program.

**GENERAL DAN "BIG DOG" MALLOY**, seated behind the desk, leans over a map of the city, studying the strategic placement of patrols. His face is grim, his steel-gray eyes sharp with focus.

The door bursts open as **CAPTAIN REYNOLDS (30s)**, a wiry man with a sense of urgency in every movement, rushes in, clutching a tablet.

**REYNOLDS**

Sir, you need to see this.

Malloy looks up, his brow furrowed.

**MALLOY**

This better be important, Reynolds.

Reynolds strides over to the TV, flipping the volume up. The screen shows **breaking footage from the News 7 helicopter**. Kari Kash's terrified voice fills the room as the camera captures the chaos near Darkane's fortress: the monstrous gargoyles attacking the helicopters, and the Channel 4 chopper spiraling out of control.

**KARI (V.O.)**

I don't know what's happening, but something is attacking us! The fortress... Oh my god!

The footage cuts to static as the signal is lost.

Malloy's expression darkens, his jaw tightening.

**MALLOY**

Damn it.

Reynolds steps forward, his voice steady despite the tension.

**REYNOLDS**

Sir, this is near the last known location of Bravo Patrol.

Malloy rises from his chair, grabbing his uniform jacket and sliding it on with swift precision.

**MALLOY**

Get me a Blackhawk, now.

**REYNOLDS**

Yes, sir.

Reynolds turns to leave, but Malloy's voice stops him.



**MALLOY**

And dispatch all patrols in the area. I want them to converge on that fortress immediately.

**REYNOLDS**

Engagement rules, sir?

Malloy's gaze hardens, his voice like steel.

**MALLOY**

Full engagement. Neutralize any threats.

Reynolds nods sharply, leaving the office in a rush. Malloy picks up a radio from his desk, barking orders into it.

**MALLOY (CONT'D)**

This is General Malloy. All units near Bravo Patrol's grid, respond immediately. Hostile forces near the fortress. This is a high-priority engagement. Blackhawk support en route.

He slams the radio down, turning back to the screen, where the news station has resumed, now showing a wide-angle view of the fortress glowing under the blood moon.

**MALLOY (CONT'D)**

What the hell are we dealing with here?

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

The corrupted **Capitol Records building** looms ominously.

In the distance, the steady **thwump-thwump-thwump** of helicopter blades grows louder. A **Blackhawk helicopter** emerges over the skyline, its floodlights illuminating the twisted exterior of the fortress. Armed soldiers inside brace themselves for battle, their weapons locked and loaded.

**INT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the Blackhawk, the **squad leader**, CAPTAIN JAMES (40s), shouts over the roar of the rotors.

**CAPTAIN JAMES**

Eyes sharp! This isn't like anything we've seen before. Engage on my command!

The soldiers nod, adrenaline pumping as they grip their rifles.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - ROOF - CONTINUOUS**

On the roof, **Darkane** stands within the glowing ritual circle, his dark robes billowing unnaturally in the wind. His eyes gleam as he spots the Blackhawk approaching.

Perched nearby, the two massive **gargoyles** spread their jagged stone wings, their glowing red eyes fixed on the helicopter.

Darkane raises his **Scepter of Power**, his voice booming with authority.

**DARKANE**

Go. Bring it down!

The gargoyles screech in unison, leaping into the air with incredible speed.

**EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS**

The Blackhawk's gunners spot the incoming gargoyles and open fire, their mounted machine guns blazing. Bullets spark off the gargoyles' stone hides, but the creatures remain undeterred.

**CAPTAIN JAMES (V.O.)**

(over comms)

We've got contact! Engaging!

One gargoyle dives beneath the Blackhawk, then suddenly ascends, ramming its massive stone body into the helicopter's belly. The aircraft lurches violently, smoke pouring from its damaged rotor.

The second gargoyle claws at the side of the chopper, its talons tearing through metal as the soldiers inside struggle to maintain balance.

**INT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS**

The cabin rocks as the soldiers fire desperately at the gargoyle clawing its way inside. Sparks fly, and the chopper shudders again as the other gargoyle slams into the tail rotor.

**CAPTAIN JAMES**

Mayday! We're losing control!

**EXT. BLACKHAWK - CONTINUOUS**

The Blackhawk spirals downward, smoke and flames trailing behind it. The soldiers inside brace for impact as the gargoyles retreat back toward the fortress, their mission complete.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - CONTINUOUS**

Darkane watches from the roof as the Blackhawk crashes into a nearby parking lot, exploding in a fiery inferno.

Before he can relish his victory, **five military patrols** arrive at the fortress, their Humvees skidding to a halt in a defensive formation. Soldiers pour out, taking cover and aiming their weapons at the building.

One soldier lifts a radio.

**SOLDIER (V.O.)**

(over comms)

We've got multiple targets—  
preparing to engage!

Darkane steps to the edge of the roof, his eyes narrowing as he surveys the approaching forces.

**DARKANE**

Fools.

He steps off the edge of the building, his black robes billowing as he **floats gracefully to the ground**, landing without a sound.

**EXT. FORTRESS GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS**

Darkane raises his **Scepter of Power**, his voice resonating with dark energy as he begins to chant.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

From the depths of eternal slumber,  
I summon you. Rise and serve your  
master!

The ground begins to **shake violently**, cracks spidering out from beneath Darkane's feet. Soldiers exchange uneasy glances as the ground churns and **rotting hands** claw their way to the surface.

From the earth rise a massive **undead army**: skeleton warriors, decayed zombies, and hulking wights wielding ancient, rusted weapons. Their glowing eyes lock onto the soldiers as they groan and hiss in unison, awaiting Darkane's command.

Darkane extends his arm toward the military patrols, his voice cold and commanding.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Destroy them all.

The undead army surges forward, their weapons clashing against the soldiers' gunfire. The battlefield erupts into chaos as the **living and the dead collide** in a violent melee.

Darkane steps back, his lips curling into a sinister smile as he watches his forces overwhelm the soldiers.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - DAY**

The **Capitol Records building**, now a corrupted undead fortress, looms beneath a cloudy sky streaked with faint red. Dark energy pulses through the structure, sending ripples of necrotic power into the surrounding area.

On the cracked pavement below, **Darkane** stands with his **Scepter of Power** raised high, chanting in a deep, guttural tone. Around him, the ground shudders violently, and the dirt begins to churn.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

Rise, my children! Cast off your chains of death and serve your master once more!

The earth splits open, skeletal hands clawing their way out of the ground. Rotten flesh and rusted weapons emerge as **fallen soldiers** from decades of wars—some still in tattered military uniforms—crawl up from their graves. Their glowing eyes burn with unholy fire as they rise, forming ranks around Darkane.

The undead soldiers stand at attention, their weapons clutched tightly, as Darkane steps forward, his voice booming with dark authority.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

You are my army. Today, we crush the living and extinguish their hope. Destroy their last sanctuary. Leave nothing but ashes.

The undead roar in unison, their horrifying cries echoing through the desolate streets. Darkane strides confidently toward the horizon, his army marching in perfect formation behind him.

**EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY**

The fortified military base is a hive of activity. Soldiers patrol the perimeter, manning heavy machine guns and mortar stations. Inside the walls, tanks and armored vehicles are being prepped for deployment.

Suddenly, the alarm blares. A **spotter on the wall** raises a pair of binoculars, his face going pale as he sees the massive **undead horde** approaching in the distance.

**SPOTTER**

Incoming! It's the undead—thousands of them!

**INT. COMMAND HQ - CONTINUOUS**

Inside the base's command center, **General Malloy** leans over a tactical display as his officers scramble. The radio crackles with frantic updates from the perimeter.

**RADIO (V.O.)**

They're everywhere! They're—they're climbing the walls!

Malloy grabs the receiver, barking into it.

**GENERAL MALLOY**

Hold your positions! Engage at will!

**EXT. MILITARY BASE - PERIMETER - CONTINUOUS**

The soldiers open fire as the undead swarm toward the walls. Machine gun nests blaze, mowing down dozens of creatures, but the horde is unrelenting. Skeletons with rusted bayonets scale the walls, while zombies pound at the gates with unnatural strength.

Mortars and grenades explode among the horde, blasting chunks of undead into the air. But for every one destroyed, two more rise from the earth to take its place.

**INT. COMMAND HQ - CONTINUOUS**

An officer runs into the command room, his face pale with fear.

**OFFICER**

Sir, they've breached the west gate! We're being overrun!

Malloy slams his fist on the table, his composure cracking.

**GENERAL MALLOY**

(into radio)

Fall back to secondary defenses!  
Protect the civilians!

The radio crackles with chaotic screams and gunfire as Malloy's orders are lost in the noise.

**EXT. MILITARY BASE - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

The undead swarm into the base, cutting down soldiers with brutal efficiency. Tanks fire at point-blank range, their shells tearing through clusters of the horde, but the tide seems endless.

A towering **wight in ancient armor** smashes through a line of defenders, its massive battle axe cleaving soldiers in half. Darkane appears at the edge of the courtyard, his Scepter of Power glowing as he observes the carnage with a satisfied smile.

**DARKANE**

Your time is over.

**INT. COMMAND HQ - CONTINUOUS**

Malloy watches the chaos unfold on the surveillance monitors, his face grim. He grabs the emergency phone on his desk, dialing directly to the White House.

**PRESIDENT STEELE (V.O.)**

(over phone)

Malloy, what's the situation?

Malloy's voice is heavy with desperation.

**GENERAL MALLOY**

Mr. President... containment has failed. The base is lost.

A long silence follows. The camera lingers on Malloy's face as he watches the monitors, the last of his soldiers being overwhelmed.

**PRESIDENT STEELE (V.O.)**

(quietly)

Do what you can, General. God help us all.

Malloy sets the phone down slowly, his hands trembling. Outside, the sound of the undead breaking into the command center grows louder.

**EXT. LUXURIOUS MANSION - DAY**

The sprawling mansion basks in the midday sun, its tall iron gates gleaming, and a fountain burbling gently in the driveway. **Armed security guards** patrol the lush grounds, their movements precise, radios crackling softly.

Above, **TINA**, a towering succubus with flowing fiery red hair and crimson wings, descends gracefully, her seductive smile curling across her full lips. She lands lightly on her heeled feet, her revealing, dark leather outfit catching the sunlight. Behind her, **LARRY**, a wiry imp with leathery skin, bounds onto the gravel, clicking and chittering with excitement.

The nearest guard raises his weapon.

**SECURITY GUARD #1**

Freeze! Hands where I can see them!

Tina laughs, a soft, sultry sound that seems to float on the wind. She tilts her head, her glowing red eyes locking onto the guard.

**TINA**

Oh, sweetheart. Do you really think you can stop me?

Her voice carries an unnatural allure, her tone dripping with promise. The guard hesitates, his grip on the gun faltering.

**SECURITY GUARD #1**

(stammering)

W-what are you...?

Tina steps forward, her hips swaying hypnotically, her claws grazing the neckline of her outfit.

**TINA**

Let me show you.

Before he can react, her claws plunge into his chest. His eyes widen in shock as she smiles sweetly, leaning in to whisper.

**TINA (CONT'D)**

(seductively)

It's nothing personal, sweetie.

She pulls her claws free, his lifeless body crumpling to the ground.

**SECURITY GUARD #2**

Open fire!

The guards unleash a hail of bullets, but Tina moves with inhuman speed, twirling and weaving between their shots. Her wings snap open, propelling her forward with a powerful gust. She lands in the middle of the group, her claws slicing through one guard's throat with a graceful arc.

Larry scuttles behind her, clicking gleefully as he leaps onto a guard's back, clawing and biting with wild abandon.

**SECURITY GUARD #3**

(shouting)

Fall back!

Tina chuckles as she pulls a guard close, her claws digging into his shoulder. She strokes his cheek with mock tenderness.

**TINA**

You're adorable when you're scared.

With a flick of her wrist, she snaps his neck and tosses him aside like a rag doll. The last remaining guard tries to run, but Tina launches into the air, her wings propelling her forward. She lands in front of him, blocking his escape.

**TINA (CONT'D)**

(seductively)

Oh, darling... leaving so soon?

The guard raises his weapon in trembling hands, but Tina closes the gap, her claws piercing his heart in one fluid motion. She holds him upright for a moment, her lips brushing his ear.

**TINA (CONT'D)**

Goodbye, my lovely.

She lets him drop to the ground, lifeless.

Larry clicks excitedly, bouncing around her feet as he points toward the mansion.

**INT. MANSION - DAY**

The mansion's luxurious interior is silent, save for the distant hum of the fountain outside. Tina strides confidently through the grand entryway, dragging her claws along the polished marble walls, leaving deep gouges.

Larry scuttles ahead, his claws clicking against the marble floor as he sniffs the air. He stops suddenly, clawing at the edge of a **painting** in the study.

Tina enters, her glowing eyes scanning the room.



**TINA** (CONT'D)

What have you found, ugly?

Larry clicks insistently, pointing at the painting. Tina tilts her head, smiling faintly as she strides over.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

Let's see what secrets you're hiding.

She grips the edge of the painting and rips it from the wall, revealing a hidden safe. With a flick of her claw, the safe crumples and bursts open, revealing **stacks of cash, a box of cigars, and a black leather-bound book** adorned with glowing runes.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

Jackpot.

She plucks a cigar from the box, running it under her nose before lighting it with a spark from her claw. She inhales deeply, exhaling a plume of smoke.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

(to Larry)

Find the homeowner. We've got loose ends to tie up.

Larry scuttles out of the room, clicking excitedly.

**INT. MANSION - BASEMENT - DAY**

The **homeowner**, a middle-aged man in an expensive suit, is tied to a chair in the dimly lit basement. His face is pale, his eyes wide with terror. Tina saunters in, her heels clicking softly on the concrete floor.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

(softly)

Now, now. Don't look so frightened.shh.

She crouches in front of him, trailing a claw under his chin.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

(purring)

Tell me, darling... why keep a book like that hidden away?

The man stammers, unable to form words. Tina's smile fades slightly as she rises to her full height, her wings unfurling menacingly.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

No? That's a shame. I really hate it when they're stubborn.

Larry enters, clutching the glowing book and clicking triumphantly. Tina glances over her shoulder, a satisfied smirk returning to her face.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

Good boy. Well done.

She turns back to the homeowner, leaning down close to his face.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

You've been a lovely host.

She plunges her claws into his chest, silencing him instantly. As his lifeless body slumps forward, Tina takes another drag from her cigar.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

(to Larry)

Let's get out of here. Darkane doesn't like to wait.

**EXT. LUXURIOUS MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

Smoke begins to rise from the mansion as Tina and Larry step outside. She spreads her wings, grabbing Larry by the scruff, and puts him on her shoulder as she takes off into the air, the book clutched tightly in his claws.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

Tina strides confidently into the throne room, dropping the glowing **magic book** onto a black stone table in front of **Darkane**, who sits on his skeletal throne.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

One book, one massacre. I hope you're happy.

Darkane picks up the book, inspecting it with glowing red eyes.

**DARKANE**

Exceedingly.

As Larry clicks excitedly, bouncing around Tina's legs, she takes another drag of her cigar, blowing the smoke lazily toward Darkane.

**TINA**

I could really get used to this.

Before Darkane can respond, **Gina** enters the room, her expression triumphant. She bows slightly before addressing Darkane.

**GINA**

My lord, the rebels and their base  
have been destroyed.

Darkane rises slowly, his robes billowing unnaturally as he steps toward Gina.

**DARKANE**

No survivors?

**GINA**

None, my lord.

Darkane's smile widens, his voice cold and resolute.

**DARKANE**

Good. Now, that the rebels are  
gone. We can proceed.

#### **INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

The dimly lit throne room is filled with a sinister, unearthly hum. The glow of the **magic book** on the black stone table pulses faintly, casting eerie shadows on the walls. **Darkane**, seated on his skeletal throne, leans back with a satisfied smirk as the heavy double doors creak open.

Two undead guards escort **AVA**, visibly **pregnant**, into the room. Her glassy eyes suggest she's under a spell, her movements stiff and controlled as she steps forward, her hands resting on her rounded belly.

Darkane rising from his throne.

**DARKANE**

At last.

He descends the steps from his throne, his dark robes flowing behind him. Darkane's gaze locks on Ava's swollen belly, and a rare, almost reverent expression crosses his otherwise cold face.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

(to Ava)

You carry my son, my heir.

(MORE)

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

The one who will inherit all that I  
have built.

Ava stares ahead blankly, unresponsive. **Gina, Larry, and Tina**  
stand nearby, watching the scene unfold.

Darkane turns to them, his tone commanding.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

From this moment forward, she and  
the child is your highest priority.

Larry clicks rapidly, hopping in place, while Tina claps her  
hands together, her crimson eyes sparkling with excitement.

**TINA**

(enthusiastically)

A baby! Oh, this is wonderful news!  
We'll have such fun at the baby  
shower.

Darkane's gaze flickers toward Tina, his expression  
unreadable.

**DARKANE**

This is no time for frivolity,  
Tina. My son will be raised to  
rule, not to be entertained.

Tina pouts slightly, then smirks.

**TINA**

Oh, don't worry, boss. I'll keep  
things... **strictly professional.**

Darkane steps closer to Gina, his voice lowering.

**DARKANE**

(to Gina)

You will assist with raising him.  
Teach him loyalty, discipline, and  
cunning. He must surpass even me.

Gina bows slightly, her tone firm.

**GINA**

It will be done, my lord.

Darkane turns to Larry, who clicks and chitters nervously.

**DARKANE**

And you, Larry. You'll keep them  
safe. Failure is not an option.

Larry nods rapidly, clicking in agreement.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

(gesturing to Ava)

She must remain hidden and protected until the birth. No one must know of my son until the time is right.

Gina moves to Ava's side, gently guiding her toward the door. Tina saunters behind them, a satisfied smile on her lips.

**TINA**

I know the perfect place for us. It needs a little work.

Larry makes clicking noises.

**TINA** (CONT'D)

A little fire damage. Mostly smoke. Easy repairs. I Want to plan the baby shower. It'll be such fun.

As the group exits, Darkane stands alone in the throne room, his eyes narrowing as he looks at the glowing book on the table. His hand brushes over the runes, his voice a low whisper.

**DARKANE**

You will be the key to our dominion. My son will rule worlds yet unseen.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - SITUATION ROOM - DUSK.**

The tension in the **Situation Room** is palpable. The walls are lined with monitors displaying real-time footage of the chaos in Los Angeles: streets swarming with **undead**, burning buildings, and desperate survivors. At the head of the table sits **PRESIDENT ANDREW STEELE (50s)**, his face grim as he listens to the cacophony of voices around him.

Seated with him are his **CABINET MEMBERS**, military advisors, and intelligence officials. Maps of California with red zones marking areas overrun by undead are spread across the table.

**SECRETARY OF DEFENSE**

Mr. President, the fall of Los Angeles is just the beginning. If we don't act decisively, California will be entirely lost in a week. Two at most.

**SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY**

It's not just California. With the undead multiplying exponentially, they'll spread across state lines. We're looking at a nationwide collapse in less than six months.

The room falls silent for a moment as the enormity of the situation sinks in.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

What are our containment options?

**JOINT CHIEFS CHAIRMAN**

Sir, we've already deployed our full arsenal of conventional forces in and around Los Angeles. Firebase One is gone. Every other installation within the containment zone has been overrun.

He gestures to a screen showing a heat map of the undead horde spreading outward from Los Angeles.

**JOINT CHIEFS CHAIRMAN (CONT'D)**

This is beyond conventional warfare. They can't be contained by land, sea, or air.

**SECRETARY OF ENERGY**

Then we're out of options.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

Out of options? No. There has to be something else.

The **CIA DIRECTOR** clears his throat, his tone cautious.

**CIA DIRECTOR**

Sir, there is one option. It's drastic, but it will stop the spread cold.

All eyes turn to him as he gestures toward the map.

**CIA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)**

Nuclear deployment.

The room erupts in protests.

**SECRETARY OF STATE**

Are you insane? Nuking Los Angeles would make us pariahs on the world stage!

**SECRETARY OF DEFENSE**

We'd be killing millions of innocent people.

**CIA DIRECTOR**

They're already dead. Or they will be. This is no longer about saving lives—it's about saving the rest of the country.

The President leans forward, his hands clasped tightly together, his voice low and deliberate.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

Do we have a projection? What happens if we don't act?

The **NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR** flips to a slide on one of the screens, showing a grim timeline.

**NATIONAL SECURITY ADVISOR**

If the current spread continues unchecked, California falls within two weeks. Major metropolitan areas in the Southwest—Phoenix, Las Vegas—are overrun in a month. By the six-month mark, we're looking at a continental outbreak.

**SECRETARY OF DEFENSE**

And that's assuming the undead don't evolve further.

President Steele narrows his eyes.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

Evolve?

**JOINT CHIEFS CHAIRMAN**

Some reports indicate higher-level undead exhibiting intelligence, coordination. If that continues, they'll organize—and spread—even faster.

The weight of the words hangs heavy in the room. The President exhales sharply, his jaw tightening.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

And if we nuke Los Angeles?

**SECRETARY OF ENERGY**

We'd neutralize the epicenter of the outbreak.

(MORE)

**SECRETARY OF ENERGY (CONT'D)**

Fallout could be catastrophic for surrounding areas, but it would buy us time—weeks, maybe months—to prepare for any survivors.

**CIA DIRECTOR**

The key is speed. The longer we wait, the less effective the strike becomes.

The room goes silent as Steele leans back in his chair, staring at the maps. He rubs his temples, the stress of the decision visible.

**SECRETARY OF HOMELAND SECURITY**

Mr. President, whatever choice you make... you need to make it now.

Steele looks around the table, meeting each person's gaze.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

We're not just talking about a city. We're talking about our own people. Our culture. Our history.

His voice hardens.

**PRESIDENT STEELE (CONT'D)**

But if sacrificing Los Angeles is the only way to save the rest of the country, I won't hesitate.

The room remains silent as Steele rises to his feet, his expression grim and resolute.

**PRESIDENT STEELE (CONT'D)**

Draft the strike order. I want every possible contingency accounted for. If we do this... we do it right.

The **Joint Chiefs Chairman** nods, standing to salute.

**JOINT CHIEFS CHAIRMAN**

Yes, Mr. President.

The President looks at the screen showing the chaos in Los Angeles one last time, his voice soft but firm.

**PRESIDENT STEELE**

God help us all.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**



The **Capitol Records building**, corrupted into a pulsating **undead fortress**, looms beneath the blood-red glow of the moon. Jagged black spires have erupted from its sides, and glowing runes crawl across its walls like veins. The sinister hum of the **blood moon ritual** reverberates through the air.

In the shadows of nearby debris, **REED**, his son **KODY**, **SID**, **EUGENE**, and the remaining **rebel survivors** crouch, their faces set with grim determination.

**REED**

This is it. We end him tonight.

**KODY**

We've got to fight through the whole damned tower to get to him.

**SID**

Nothing new for us, right?

**EUGENE**

Yeah, except now it's full of undead horrors instead of mall cops.

Reed silences them with a gesture, his eyes narrowing as he studies the **fortress's entrance**, where two massive **skeleton warriors** wielding giant swords stand guard.

**REED**

Stick together. Watch each other's backs. No heroics. We fight our way up, floor by floor, until we reach the roof.

The rebels nod, clutching their weapons tightly.

**REED (CONT'D)**

Lead the charge.

Kody signals the group, and the rebels surge forward.

#### **INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - LOBBY - NIGHT**

The rebels storm into the **lobby**, its once-glamorous marble floors now cracked and littered with **bones and rotting debris**. The glow of flickering torches casts ominous shadows on the walls.

The skeleton guards turn toward them, their hollow eyes burning with unholy fire.

**KODY**

Take them down!

Gunfire erupts as the rebels unload their weapons on the skeletons. The bullets chip away at their bones, but the creatures refuse to fall. One swings its massive sword, slicing through a rebel and sending him crashing into a wall.

**SID**

(yelling)

Aim for the joints!

A rebel takes the advice, firing at a skeleton's knee, which crumbles under the impact. The creature collapses, and Kody drives a **combat knife** into its skull, shattering it.

**EUGENE**

This is insane! How many more floors of these things are there?

**REED**

As many as it takes. Move!

The rebels push forward, leaving the shattered remains of the skeletons behind as they enter the **stairwell**.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS**

The narrow, winding staircase is dimly lit by flickering torches embedded in the walls. **Groans and snarls** echo from above as the rebels ascend.

Suddenly, a horde of **zombies** lurches down the stairs toward them, their decayed hands clawing at the air.

**REBEL #1**

They're coming!

**SID**

Let them.

The rebels fire into the horde, the confined space amplifying the sound of gunfire and screams. Blood and decayed flesh splatter the walls as the zombies fall, but more keep coming, clawing over the corpses of their fallen brethren.

Kody throws a grenade.

**KODY**

Clear the way!

The explosion sends zombies flying, and the rebels charge upward, stepping over the writhing remains.

**EUGENE**

This better not go on for much longer.

**REED**

We keep moving.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT**

The rebels burst onto the fifth floor, a sprawling **hallway filled with traps**. Giant **pendulum blades** swing back and forth, and **spiked walls** lurch inward.

**SID**

Oh, great. A death obstacle course.

Kody studies the pattern.

**KODY**

We can make it through if we time it right.

**REED**

Go, one at a time. Don't hesitate.

The group begins moving carefully through the traps. Kody leads, dodging the swinging blades with precision. Sid follows, narrowly avoiding a spiked wall as it slams shut behind him.

Eugene hesitates, panic flashing across his face.

**EUGENE**

(terrified)

I can't—

**KODY**

Move, Eugene! Now!

Eugene makes a run for it, tripping over a loose stone but managing to crawl through just as a blade swings overhead.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - TENTH FLOOR - NIGHT**

The group emerges onto the tenth floor, bloodied and exhausted. The air is heavy with the smell of rot and decay.

Suddenly, the walls shudder, and **massive stone doors** slam shut behind them, sealing them in. The lights dim further as **Darkane's voice** echoes through the room.

**DARKANE (V.O.)**

You've come far, mortals, but your journey ends here.

From the shadows emerge **wights**, heavily armored and wielding glowing swords. They march forward with chilling precision, their eyes burning with malice.

**REED**

Hold the line.

The rebels form a tight circle, their weapons raised as the wights close in.

**SID**

So, uh... does anyone have a plan for getting out of this?

**KODY**

Yeah. Fight.

The wights charge, and the room explodes into chaos as the rebels fight for their lives. The sound of clashing steel, gunfire, and screams fills the air.

**INT. REBEL BASE - CELL BLOCK - NIGHT**

The dimly lit corridor echoes with distant sounds of chaos as **HOPE**, enters the cell block. Her face is tense with urgency as she reaches the **cell door holding Eric and Alina**.

Eric presses against the bars.

**ERIC**

What's going on?

**HOPE**

Reed and the others are already attacking the fortress. They're walking into a trap without you.

**ALINA**

You're letting us out?

**HOPE**

I trust you. If you're really here to help, now's the time to prove it.

The lock clicks open. Eric and Alina step out, their eyes resolute.

Eric grabs Hope's shoulder.

**ERIC**

You just saved their lives—and yours.

**INT. REBEL BASE - ARMORY - CONTINUOUS**

Hope leads Eric and Alina to the armory. Eric straps on a sword and dagger, while Alina fills a satchel with potions and herbs.

**HOPE**

Please bring them home.

**ERIC**

We will, I promise.

They grab gear, flamethrower, grenades, guns packed into a large bag and rush toward the exit.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

Eric, Alina, arrive at the **fortress gates**, which are partially blown open. The eerie glow of the blood moon illuminates the battle raging inside. Gunfire and explosions echo from within.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Stay alert.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT**

The lobby, now a **charnel house of undead** and rebel bodies. Skeletons armed with ancient weapons lurch toward them.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Let's go!

Eric charges forward, slicing through two skeletons with a wide arc of his blade. Alina throws a potion, the bottle shattering on impact and engulfing a zombie in flames.

**ALINA**

Try not to get us killed.

**ERIC**

Keep up!

They fight their way through the horde, reaching the **stairwell**.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT**

Eric kicks open a door, and they find themselves in the middle of the battle. **Reed, Kody, Sid, and Eugene** are pinned down by armored wights wielding glowing swords. The rebels are struggling to hold their ground, their ammo running low.

**REED**

We're not going to make it! We're out of ammo.

A wight raises its blade to strike Reed, but Eric lunges forward, blocking the attack with his rifle. He counters with a brutal strike, shattering the wight's armor.

**ERIC**

Thought you could use a hand!

**KODY**

Where the hell have you been?!

**ALINA**

Locked up, thanks to your father.

Alina's potion explodes in a burst of flame, taking out a group of zombies. Eric clears a path for the rebels to regroup.

**SID**

About time you showed up.

**REED**

You two... saved us. Thank you.

Eric doesn't respond, instead charging another wight. Together, the rebels **turn the tide of the fight**, taking out the remaining undead.

**EUGENE**

We can't stop. The ritual's happening now.

**ERIC**

We fight to the roof. Darkane dies tonight.

The rebels, reinvigorated, press forward together. Heading to the stairwell.

**INT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - ROOF STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

The stairwell shakes as the fortress itself seems to resist their advance. Runes on the walls glow faintly, and the temperature drops. Alina pauses, sensing the magical energy.

**ALINA**

He's drawing all the power from the ritual. We're running out of time!

**ERIC**

Then we don't stop.

The group bursts through the final door.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - ROOF - NIGHT**

The **blood moon** dominates the sky, casting an eerie crimson light over the **twisted road** leading to Darkane's fortress. The landscape trembles under an unnatural energy, black mist slithering across the ground. Darkane's **undead army**, an unholy legion of skeletons, zombies, wights, and towering abominations, stand in perfect ranks, awaiting their master's command.

**EXT. RITUAL SITE - NIGHT**

**DARKANE** stands in the center of a massive, glowing **ritual circle**, his **Scepter of Power** raised high. The ground vibrates as he chants, his deep, resonant voice weaving through the night air in an ancient, malevolent tongue.

**DARKANE**

Through the blood moon's light, I  
tear the veil! The bridge of  
eternity shall rise! Souls  
forgotten, rise and return to me!

The earth splits open, and a towering **rift** tears through the sky, glowing with ethereal blue and molten red light. From the rift emerges an **ETHEREAL BRIDGE**, a shifting, ghostly structure made of bones, glowing runes, and the faint cries of trapped souls. The bridge stretches infinitely into the void, connecting this plane to the **underworld**.

The **undead army** groans and stirs as a **howl** echoes across the land—a sound born from the depths of torment and darkness.

Darkane's eyes burn with triumph as he lowers his scepter, stepping forward to the edge of the glowing bridge.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Come, my family. Come to me.

A chilling silence falls over the battlefield. The undead army parts, creating a path toward the bridge. The air grows colder as figures emerge from the **rift**, their shapes cloaked in shadow.

First to appear is **ISOLDE**, Darkane's wife. She is **hauntingly beautiful**, her pale skin translucent, her long raven hair flowing as though underwater. Her eyes glow softly with spectral light, and her expression is serene yet sorrowful.

**ISOLDE**

Darkane...

Darkane's expression falters for a moment, a flicker of longing breaking through his cold exterior.

**DARKANE**

My love...

Behind Isolde, two smaller figures emerge: his **children**, a boy and a girl, cloaked in shadow but unmistakable. **ARIC** and **LYRA** look up at their father, their spectral forms flickering like dying candle flames.

Darkane kneels as his children approach, his voice soft and reverent.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

My son... daughter... it has been  
such a long time.

The children smile faintly, their eyes reflecting sadness as they stop before him.

**LYRA**

You promised, Father. You promised  
we would be together.

Darkane rises, his gaze burning with newfound resolve.

**DARKANE**

And now we are. Forever.

He gestures to the swirling horde of undead emerging behind his family—legions of creatures from the underworld stepping onto the bridge: **ancient warriors**, **twisted demons**, and **shattered souls**, all drawn by his power.

Darkane turns to face his massive army, his family standing behind him. The undead creatures—large and small—pour across the ethereal bridge, their unholy groans filling the air. The earth shakes beneath their march as they spill into the mortal world.

Darkane raises his scepter high, his voice booming over the roar of his army.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

Tonight, the dead reclaim the  
living! The underworld shall rule  
this plane!

He turns, his gaze falling on **Isolde** and his children.

**DARKANE (CONT'D)**

We will build a new world, one  
where we are together forever.

Isolde takes his hand, her spectral form shimmering in the blood moon's light.



**ISOLDE**

Then let the world burn.

the **bridge** stretching into the swirling rift, a **tide of undead horrors** surging into the mortal realm. The fortress stands bathed in the blood moon's crimson glow, Darkane and his family silhouetted against the chaos as his dark army spreads across the land.

**EXT. FORTRESS ROAD - NIGHT**

The **ethereal bridge** pulses with dark energy, a spectral path stretching from the rift in the sky to the mortal world. Undead monsters pour across the bridge in an endless tide: **skeleton warriors, rotting zombies, spectral knights**, and towering **abominations**. Their unholy groans and roars fill the night as they march toward destruction.

Suddenly, **explosions** rip through the ranks of the undead at the base of the bridge. **ERIC, ALINA**, and the **rebels**, armed and determined, charge forward into the fray.

**ERIC**

(yelling)

Push them back! Don't let them cross!

The rebels open fire, bullets tearing through the ranks of undead. **Grenades** and **flamethrowers** create fiery bursts that light up the battlefield, scattering zombie hordes.

**SID**

They just keep coming! How do we stop this?

**KODY**

We hold the line! Keep fighting!

Eric charges into the thick of the battle, wielding his sword with precision. He cuts through two skeletons, then ducks as a spectral knight swings its glowing sword. Countering with a quick thrust, Eric shatters the knight's chest plate, reducing it to glowing ash.

**ERIC**

Focus on the bridge! If we can stop them there, we can hold them back!

**ALINA**, moving deftly beside Eric, throws a glowing potion from her satchel. It explodes on impact, engulfing a group of zombies in **green flames** that burn unnaturally hot.

**ALINA**

This isn't enough. There's too many  
of them!

The **bridge trembles**, and a massive **abomination** stomps into view. The creature is grotesque, a towering amalgamation of rotting flesh, bones, and glowing runes etched into its skin.

**KODY**

What the hell is THAT?

**EUGENE**

(panicking)  
We're so screwed.

The abomination bellows, swinging a massive spiked club that sends three rebels flying. Eric grits his teeth, charging forward to engage it.

**ERIC**

(to Alina)  
Cover me!

Alina nods, conjuring a fireball. She throws it at the abomination, the fireball exploding against its chest in a burst of flames. The creature roars in pain, momentarily staggering.

Eric leaps, slashing at its knee with his sword. The blow connects, and the abomination drops to one knee, but it swings its massive arm, sending Eric tumbling across the ground.

**ALINA**

Eric!

As she moves to help him, a **winged undead creature** swoops down from the bridge. Its talons rake across her shoulder, knocking her to the ground. Alina rolls to avoid its second strike, throwing another fireball that bursts into flames, forcing the creature to retreat.

She scrambles to her feet, but the abomination charges, swinging its club. The blow lands near her, the shockwave sending her flying into a pile of rubble.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

(screaming)  
Ahh!

Her head strikes a jagged rock, and she collapses, unconscious.

**ERIC**

Alina!

Eric pushes himself up, blood dripping from a cut on his forehead. He fights his way toward Alina, cutting through undead that block his path. **Kody** and **Sid** move to cover him.

**KODY**

(urgently)

We've got to pull her out of there!

**SID**

(grimly)

We're not going to last much longer.

**ERIC**

(to Kody)

Get her to safety!

Kody moves to Alina's side, hoisting her over his shoulder as Eric and Sid hold the line. A spectral knight charges at Eric, its glowing sword raised. Eric parries the blow, slashing through the knight's ribs and sending it crumbling into dust.

**SID**

You're getting good at this.

**ERIC**

Keep moving!

**EXT. BASE OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

As Kody retreats with Alina, Eric and the rebels regroup at the base of the bridge. The undead horde continues to pour forth, and the situation grows desperate. **Eugene** crouches behind a pile of rubble, frantically wiring together explosives.

**EUGENE**

(shouting to Reed)

If I can get these charges on the bridge, I can blow it sky high!

**REED**

Then hurry! We'll cover you!

Eric fights his way toward the bridge, slashing and dodging with practiced precision. He reaches Eugene's side, grabbing one of the charges.

**ERIC**

Let's do this together.

The two move toward the base of the bridge, dodging attacks from the undead. Eric throws a charge onto one of the glowing support columns, while Eugene plants another near the swirling base of the rift.

The abomination roars, charging toward them, but Sid and Reed open fire, slowing it down just enough for Eugene to finish setting the explosives.

**EUGENE**

Charges are set! We've got to fall back!

Eric nods, rallying the remaining rebels.

**ERIC**

Fall back! Everyone, retreat!

The rebels begin pulling back, fighting as they go, while Eric keeps his gaze locked on the towering abomination and the endless tide of undead pouring across the bridge.

He glances back at Alina, unconscious but safe with Kody. His jaw tightens with determination.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

We're not done yet.

The ethereal bridge still pulsing with energy, the blood moon's glow intensifying as the tide of undead continues to pour forth.

**FLASHBACK**

**EXT. SUNNY FIELD - DAY**

A **young Alina (7)** stands in a grassy field, her eyes wide with concern as she looks at a **fallen baby bird** struggling on the ground. Her **MOM (30s)**, a kind woman with warm eyes and a gentle demeanor, kneels beside her. The sunlight filters through the trees, casting a serene glow over the scene.

**MOM**

(softly)  
What happened, my dear?

**YOUNG ALINA**

(tearfully)  
I think the bird is hurt.

Her mother studies the bird, her expression calm.

**MOM**

No, it's not hurt. It's afraid.

**YOUNG ALINA**

(confused)

How do you know?

Her mom gently takes Alina's small hand and places it on the ground, close to the bird.

**MOM**

Relax. Close your eyes. Clear your mind. Focus on the bird. Breathe.

Alina hesitates but obeys, closing her eyes. Her breathing slows as her mother continues, her tone soothing and rhythmic.

**MOM (CONT'D)**

Can you feel it?

Alina frowns in concentration. After a moment, her expression softens, and she smiles faintly.

**YOUNG ALINA**

(whispering)

I feel it... the bird's heart. It's racing.

She opens her eyes, marveling.

**YOUNG ALINA (CONT'D)**

It's afraid of me.

Her mother smiles, brushing a strand of hair from Alina's face.

**MOM**

All living things are connected by an unseen force. You have the ability to tap into this force. Like my mother, and her mother before her, going back generations.

Alina looks at her mother, her young face filled with wonder.

**YOUNG ALINA**

This is my gift?

Her mom nods, her tone serious but kind.

**MOM**

Yes. And with this gift comes tremendous responsibility.

She glances back at the bird.

**MOM (CONT'D)**

This is your first of many lessons.

Alina looks down at the bird, her smile growing as the tiny creature begins to calm.

**YOUNG ALINA**

It's amazing... so much life.

Her mother places a hand on her shoulder, her voice soft but resolute.

**MOM**

Always remember: fear clouds the mind. Clear your thoughts, and you will see the truth.

Alina looks up at her mother, her young face glowing with newfound confidence.

**FLASHBACK ENDS.**

**EXT. FORTRESS ROAD - NIGHT**

**ALINA**, unconscious and lying amidst the rubble, begins to stir faintly. The blood moon's glow reflects on her pale face, and a faint memory of her mother's voice echoes in her mind.

**MOM (V.O.)**

Fear clouds the mind. Clear your thoughts, and you will see the truth. Now wake UP!

Her eyes flutter open, determination flickering in them despite her injuries.

**EXT. BASE OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The battlefield roars with chaos. Alina makes her way to the podium, she places both hands on the magic book. The words lift from the page and engulfing her. She raises her arms.

**Alina**, now radiant with **crackling white lightning**, stands as the focal point of power, her glowing eyes locked on the **undead army** pouring across the **ethereal bridge**.

The air hums with energy as bolts of lightning surge from her outstretched hands, tearing through the ranks of **skeletons**, **zombies**, and **demons**, driving them back onto the spectral bridge. The tide has shifted, and **Darkane's forces begin to falter**, stumbling in confusion and fear.

**DARKANE**, watching from the edge of the battlefield, grips his **Scepter of Power**, his expression one of anger and desperation. Behind him, his **wife Isolde** and **children Aric and Lyra** stand at the center of the ethereal bridge, their ghostly forms flickering in the moonlight.

Eric stands behind Alina awed by her power.

**DARKANE**

(snarling)

No! Hold the line! Push forward!

The spectral bridge shakes under the force of Alina's magic as more undead creatures are obliterated, their forms dissolving into wisps of shadowy mist.

**ISOLDE**

(softly, to Darkane)

The light... it's too strong.

Alina raises her hands again, her voice echoing with power as she concentrates.

**ALINA**

By the light that binds us, by the force that lives within—return to the darkness from whence you came!

A massive **shockwave of white energy** bursts outward from Alina, racing across the bridge like a tidal wave. The **undead army** shrieks as they are swept backward, their forms dragged into the swirling vortex of the **underworld rift**.

Isolde reaches for Darkane.

**ISOLDE**

Darkane!

Darkane spins to face the bridge as his family begins to falter, their ghostly forms being pulled toward the rift by Alina's magic.

**ARIC**

(crying out)

Father, help us!

**DARKANE**

(horrified)

No! Stay with me! Fight bck.

Darkane raises his scepter, attempting to anchor his family to the mortal plane. Dark tendrils of energy shoot toward Isolde, Aric, and Lyra, wrapping around them in a desperate attempt to hold them in place.

**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

You can't take them from me again!

But Alina's power surges stronger. The tendrils of dark energy **shatter**, and Darkane's family begins to slip into the rift, their ghostly hands reaching for him.

**ISOLDE**

(softly)

Goodbye, my love..I..

With one final scream of anguish, Isolde and the children are pulled into the swirling abyss of the underworld. Darkane stumbles forward, dropping to his knees as he watches them disappear.

**DARKANE**

(roaring)

Nooooo!

The bridge trembles violently, cracks splintering across its surface as Alina continues her onslaught. The remaining demons and undead are driven backward, dragged screaming into the rift.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Eric and the rebels rally behind Alina, charging into the fray as the last of Darkane's forces crumble.

**ERIC**

(to the rebels)

This is our chance! Push them back!

The rebels fight with renewed determination, driving the remaining undead toward the collapsing bridge.

**EXT. BASE OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

Darkane staggers to his feet, his face contorted in desperation and fury. His eyes burn with unrestrained hatred as he grips his scepter tightly, its dark energy crackling wildly.

**DARKANE**

(enraged)

You took them from me...

He turns his gaze to Alina, who stands at the base of the bridge, glowing like a goddess of light, her hands still crackling with energy.



**DARKANE** (CONT'D)

(snarling)

I will see you broken for this.

Alina's glowing eyes lock onto Darkane, her face set in grim resolve.

**ALINA**

(steadily)

Not this time, Darkane.

The blood moon flickers ominously overhead as the bridge begins to collapse, the swirling rift growing unstable. Darkane raises his scepter, preparing for a final confrontation as the tide of battle shifts irreversibly against him.

**EXT. DARKANE'S FORTRESS - NIGHT**

The battlefield rages on as the rebels continue to hold the line. **Darkane**, his eyes blazing with fury and desperation, faces off against **Eric** near the crumbling base of the **ethereal bridge**. Alina, glowing with residual power, stands at the ready, her energy flickering as she holds back the collapsing portal.

Suddenly, a **loud roar** echoes through the sky.

**SID**

What the hell is that?

Above them, a **bomber plane** slices through the crimson glow of the blood moon, its engines screaming. The soldiers pause mid-battle as a heavy, ominous **metal object** drops from the sky—a **nuclear bomb**—hurtling toward the center of the battlefield.

**EUGENE**

(shouting)

They're nuking us!

The rebels scatter, screams erupting as the bomb plummets closer. Alina looks up, her eyes widening in horror.

**ALINA**

No...

The bombs close to the ground. **Alina thrusts her hands toward it**. Her eyes blaze with light as she summons the **last of the blood moon's energy**. The air crackles violently as a blinding beam of light wraps around the bomb.

**ALINA** (CONT'D)

I won't let this world burn!

With a scream of effort, **Alina hurls the bomb toward the collapsing portal**. The nuclear bomb rockets upward, suspended by her power, and shoots through the swirling rift.

**INT. UNDERWORLD - CONTINUOUS**

The bomb **explodes** inside the underworld with a brilliant, blinding flash, sending shockwaves across the bridge. The ethereal structure shatters, and monstrous **screams** fill the air as the undead army disintegrates.

**EXT. BASE OF THE BRIDGE - NIGHT**

The portal begins to collapse, shaking the battlefield with violent tremors. Alina falls to one knee, her power flickering as the energy surges through her.

**ERIC**

Close it!

Alina thrusts her hands forward, her voice echoing through the battlefield.

**ALINA**

(chanting)

By life, by light, by power  
unending—seal this gate forever!

The rift implodes with a deafening roar, collapsing inward until it vanishes completely. The **blood moon** flickers, its red glow fading as the sky begins to return to darkness.

Darkane stares at the now-sealed portal, a look of utter devastation on his face.

**DARKANE**

No...

Eric steps forward, sword in hand, his eyes blazing with fury.

**ERIC**

Darkane!

Darkane turns just in time to raise his scepter, deflecting Eric's first strike. Sparks fly as their weapons clash, the two locked in a furious duel amidst the smoking ruins.

Darkane swings his scepter wildly, but Eric dodges with precision, slashing at Darkane's side. Darkane stumbles, weakened and desperate.

**DARKANE**

You cannot kill me. I am eternal!

Eric raises his father's dagger, his face hard with resolve.

**ERIC**

Not anymore.

With a final, powerful thrust, Eric drives the dagger into Darkane's chest. Darkane screams, his dark energy bursting outward before finally dissipating. He collapses to the ground, weakened and defeated.

Eric grabs Darkane's **Scepter of Power**, its glow fading as he claims it.

**KODY** and the remaining rebels rush forward, binding Darkane's hands and gagging him with heavy chains and leather straps.

**SID**

Looks like the "eternal" king isn't so eternal after all.

Darkane glares at Eric, his muffled growls filled with hatred.

**ALINA**

Eric...

Eric turns to Alina, who is slumped on the ground, her glowing form dimming as the blood moon's energy begins to fade completely. She holds out her trembling hands, her voice soft but determined.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

The portal... we can still go home.

Eric kneels beside her as Alina reaches into the remnants of her power. She places her hands on the ground.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

I wish to locate me in another world, locate me now!

The earth rumbles, and a new **swirling portal** begins to form—a small, unstable tear in reality glowing with blue and gold light.

**ALINA (CONT'D)**

This is all that's left of the blood moon's power... It won't last long.

Eric looks at the portal, then back to Darkane, bound and struggling.

**ERIC**

We're taking him with us.

**REED**

What? You're leaving so soon?

**ERIC**

(looking at Reed)

This fight was never meant to be yours. This ends where it started—in our time.

Reed nods, understanding, though regret flickers in his eyes.

**REED**

Go. Finish it.

Kody and Sid grab Darkane, dragging him toward the portal. Eric helps Alina to her feet, her strength nearly gone.

**ALINA**

Let's go home.

**EXT. PORTAL - NIGHT**

The group stands at the edge of the swirling portal as it flickers, barely stable. Eric, Alina, and the chained Darkane step forward.

**ERIC**

Thank you. For everything.

The rebels watch as Eric, Alina, and Darkane step into the portal. The tear shudders violently, then collapses with a final burst of light.

**INT. GREAT HALL - DAY.**

The swirling **portal** glows faintly in the Great hall before **Eric, Alina**, still weakened—step through. **Darkane**, bound in and gagged, is dragged along behind them. The portal shudders violently before collapsing with a soft flash of light.

The group stands in stunned silence. The Great hall stretches around them, peaceful and untouched. The air is crisp, cool, and free of the dark magic that plagued their lives. Above them, the sky is clear, stars shining brightly—no blood moon, no lingering corruption.

**ERIC**

We're home.

Geoffrey stumbles, clutching his chest, his breathing still ragged from the lingering effects of **Darkane's death magic**.

MARCUS

(to Eric)

He's fading. He won't last much longer.

Eric looks at Alina, worry etched into his face. Alina, though visibly weak, straightens and steps forward.

ERIC

Alina... can you help him?

For the first time, Eric's tone holds no bitterness—only trust. Alina meets his gaze and nods faintly.

ALINA

No, only the caster can reverse the spell.

Eric turns to Darkane.

ERIC

Save him.

Darkane turns away.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Do it and I'll spare your life.

Darkane doesn't react.

ALINA

This is a waste of time.

Alina grabs Darkane by the throat, forcing him to his knees. She kneels beside Geoffrey, placing her other hand over his chest. Her eyes flutter closed, and she breathes deeply.

Darkane's energy moves through Alina into Geoffrey.

Eric steps back, watching as Alina's hands begin to glow with a warm, golden light.

ALINA (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Light to life... dark to shadow.  
What was stolen, let it be returned.

The **golden light** spreads from her hands, flowing across Geoffrey's body like rippling water.

His pained breaths slow as the black veins of Darkane's magic begin to dissolve, seeping out like smoke and vanishing into the night air. Geoffrey gasps, his back arching slightly as the curse breaks.

Moments later, his breathing steadies. The color returns to his face. Slowly, he opens his eyes.

**GEOFFREY**

Alina...

She releases Darkane and lowers her hands, exhausted but smiling.

**ALINA**

You're going to be all right.

Eric pulls Darkane to his feet. He pushes Darkane to Marcus and two guards.

**ERIC**

Take him away.

Eric steps forward, kneeling beside Geoffrey and taking his mentor's hand.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

Welcome back, old friend.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACKSTONE - DAY**

The once-ruined **Castle Blackstone** now rises proudly against the bright sky, its stone walls rebuilt, banners of the Blackstone crest fluttering in the breeze. The sounds of **hammering** and **laughter** echo throughout the grounds as workers and soldiers move about, repairing the last remnants of war. Villagers bustle through the gates, bringing life back to the kingdom.

**ERIC**, now fully adorned in regal armor with a crimson cloak draped over his shoulders, stands atop the grand staircase of the castle's courtyard. His expression is one of quiet pride and strength.

Beside him stands **ALINA**, dressed in elegant robes, her posture graceful but reserved. She watches the kingdom come back to life with quiet wonder. The shadow of suspicion that once surrounded her has lifted, replaced by admiration and respect.

**GEOFFREY**, healthy once more, stands proudly behind them, the color returned to his cheeks, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword.

Nearby, **Darkane**, bound in enchanted iron chains and gagged, is dragged by royal guards into the castle dungeons—his dark reign finally ended.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

(to Alina)

The kingdom stands because of you.

Alina offers a humble smile, her hands folded in front of her.

**ALINA**

I only did what was right.

Eric nods and gestures for the crowd to quiet. Trumpets sound, and the kingdom's people gather in the **grand courtyard**.

**ERIC**

People of Blackstone! Today, we celebrate not only the restoration of our kingdom but the bravery of those who fought to defend it.

The crowd cheers, voices echoing through the stone walls.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

Among us stands one who cast aside the darkness of her past to embrace the light, risking everything to save us all.

Eric turns to Alina with genuine warmth in his eyes.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

Alina, step forward.

Alina hesitates briefly but steps forward with grace. The crowd murmurs in anticipation.

Eric gestures, and a **golden medallion** is presented by a royal attendant. The medallion glimmers with the Blackstone crest, encircled by ancient runes symbolizing honor and unity.

**ERIC** (CONT'D)

By royal decree, I bestow upon you the **Medal of Valor**, the highest honor in this kingdom, for your courage, wisdom, and sacrifice.

He carefully places the medal around Alina's neck. The crowd erupts into thunderous applause.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

You are no longer a shadow of your past. You are a guardian of this realm.

Alina's eyes shimmer with emotion, and for the first time, she allows herself a proud, genuine smile.

**ALINA**

Thank you... Your Majesty.

Eric grins slightly.

**ERIC**

Eric will do.

**GEOFFREY** steps forward, placing a firm hand on Alina's shoulder.

**GEOFFREY**

We all owe you a debt that cannot be repaid. You saved not only me but all of us.

The villagers cheer her name, voices blending in celebration.

**CROWD**

*Alina! Alina! Alina!*

Eric turns back to the people.

**ERIC**

Today, we rebuild. Tomorrow, we thrive. Blackstone will rise stronger than ever before!

The crowd roars in approval.

**EXT. CASTLE BLACKSTONE - NIGHT**

The castle glows with lanterns and torches as a grand feast begins. Music and laughter echo in the air. From the battlements, Eric and Alina quietly observe the kingdom celebrating below.

**ERIC (CONT'D)**

We have peace, for now.

**ALINA**

And we'll fight to keep it.

Eric glances at her, a flicker of admiration in his eyes.



**ERIC**

Together.

They stand in silence, watching the joyful kingdom below as the stars glimmer overhead.

**INT. MODERN MEDICAL CLINIC - DAY**

The sterile, brightly lit **pediatric clinic** hums quietly with the sound of medical equipment. **AVA**, visibly **pregnant**, sits stiffly in the examination chair, her pale hands resting protectively on her swollen belly. Her eyes are distant, blank, as if lost in thought.

Beside her, **GINA** sits confidently, dressed in sleek black attire, a faint, knowing smirk on her face.

The cheerful **DOCTOR (40s)** enters, clipboard in hand, wearing a warm, professional smile.

**DOCTOR**

Good afternoon, Ava. How are we feeling today?

Ava remains silent, her eyes unfocused.

**GINA**

She's doing just fine. A little tired, but nothing to worry about.

The doctor glances between them, slightly unsettled but moving on.

**DOCTOR**

Let's take a look at how the baby's doing.

The doctor applies gel to Ava's stomach and begins the ultrasound. The machine hums, and the screen flickers to life, revealing the growing form of the **baby**.

A steady, strong **heartbeat** fills the room.

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

Ah, there's the little one. Strong heartbeat, rapid development. Everything looks excellent.

Gina leans in slightly, her eyes gleaming as she watches the screen.

**GINA**

Perfect, just as we expected.

The doctor studies the screen more closely, frowning slightly.

**DOCTOR**

That's... unusual.

**GINA**

Unusual how?

**DOCTOR**

Well, the skeletal development is... advanced. Much more than we typically see at this stage. Almost as if...

He trails off, unsure how to explain.

**GINA**

There's nothing wrong. Continue the exam.

The doctor hesitates, then nods.

**DOCTOR**

Of course.

As he makes notes on his clipboard, the doctor casually asks:

**DOCTOR (CONT'D)**

And what about the father? Will he be involved in the baby's care?

A tense silence fills the room. Gina's smile tightens.

**GINA**

Oh, he won't be in the picture. But don't worry. The baby will have plenty of support.

The doctor looks up, curious.

**DOCTOR**

And the grandparents? Any family support for Ava?

Gina's smile widens, though it doesn't reach her eyes.

**GINA**

Absolutely. Uncle Charlie and Aunt Tina will be very involved. They're... eager to meet the baby.

The doctor offers a polite nod, though something about Gina's tone feels unsettling.

**DOCTOR**

Well, that's good to hear. It's important to have family support, especially for first-time mothers.

Gina leans in slightly, placing a hand on Ava's shoulder, her voice dropping to a soft, sinister whisper.

**GINA**

We're all family now. And soon... our little prince will have everything he needs.

The ultrasound screen flickers for a moment. The baby's form momentarily **distorts**, revealing a brief flash of something unnatural—its **eyes faintly glowing**—before returning to normal.

The steady **heartbeat** grows louder, echoing ominously.

**GINA (CONT'D)**

Oh, we're going to raise him just right.

Ava sits motionless, her face blank.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

