

# TRIFECTA

Pilot: Finders Keepers

Written by

Joe Ellis

Based on the comic book series by Joe Ellis

Joe Ellis  
Joe@orangemartinicomics.com

**EXT. ANCIENT RUINS - CENTRAL MEXICO - NIGHT**

6 MONTHS AGO...

DONOVAN CHASE, aka GLOBAL (32, treasure hunter with big dreams and reckless abandon) hikes through the dark and desolate ruins alongside a group of local tomb raiders.

They come upon a towering statue of an ancient cat. One of its paws is missing a nail, a detail that catches their attention. TOMB RAIDER #1 (50s, large rugged man with leathery skin) speaks for the local men.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

There it is... The Sacred Gray Paw!

TOMB RAIDER #1

It's beautiful.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

It is, but I'm more interested about what's inside.

Donovan retrieves a relic shaped like the cat's nail from his messenger bag. He inserts it sideways into the hole where the nail is missing and twists it like a key until it aligns with the other nails.

A loud click- the cat's eyes light up. Its mouth slowly opens, revealing a small golden box covered with shimmering jewels.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Jackpot!

Donovan opens the box. The men watch intently. Inside lies a golden pocket watch- THE CHRONO TICKER.

**He picks it up, the watch momentarily glows in his hand, as if recognizing and pairing with him.** The men exchange glances, aware they are witnessing something extraordinary.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, we've struck gold.

From behind, Tomb Raider #1 strikes Donovan in the back of the head, sending him crashing to the ground. He quickly snatches up the watch, his eyes gleaming with greed.

TOMB RAIDER #1

We'll take it from here, Gringo.

Donovan lies on the ground, unconscious. Tomb Raider #1 stands over him, clutching the watch tightly. The other tomb raiders watch intently.

TOMB RAIDER #1 (CONT'D)

It has been told that this watch has the power to freeze time. With it we will conquer our enemies and rule this land.

In the background, eerie cat-like eyes emerge from the darkness, observing the men. Unaware of being watched, they begin to celebrate.

Suddenly, large ancient mutated cats leap from the shadows. Their bodies are grotesque and unnaturally large, with parts of their skeletons on display beneath their matted fur. They ferociously attack the men like a pack of wolves.

TOMB RAIDER #2

They're here for the watch. I told you it was cursed!

Tomb Raider #1 watches in horror while his men are savagely attacked and mauled to death. One of the cats locks its glowing eyes on him.

He's surrounded, no escape. Desperately, he repeatedly presses the top button on the watch, trying to activate its power, but nothing happens.

TOMB RAIDER #1

(scared to death)

My God!!!

The cat pounces on him and he drops the watch on the ground next to Donovan.

Donovan regains consciousness. He's met with the horrifying scene of death and destruction around him. Still on the ground, he tries to quietly grab the watch. The cats, sensing the movement, shift their attention towards him.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Shit!

One of the cats lunges toward him. He frantically presses the button on top of the watch, activating its power. He shuts his eyes, bracing for the attack.

**CUT TO BLACK &  
WHITE:**

Donovan (still in color) opens his eyes to a surreal sight—the cats and the dying men are frozen in place. The leaping cat hangs suspended in mid-air, claws outstretched and motionless.

**CUT TO COLOR:**

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

Donovan emerges from the ruins, clutching the watch tightly. Behind him, the men are being savagely mauled by the monstrous cats. He glances back at the chaos, and then down at the watch, marveling at its power.

HE NOW POSSESSES AN ITEM THAT WILL ALTER THE COURSE OF HIS LIFE FOREVER. He turns back around and continues to leave, the sounds of horrific screams fading behind him.

**CUT TO:**

TITLE CARD

# TRIFECTA

Chapter 1: Finders Keepers

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. XIMENA ISLAND - DAY**

PRESENT DAY...

A small plane touches down on the water. Donovan steps out with a suitcase in hand and his messenger bag slung over his shoulder.

A group of local taxi drivers await while he approaches the shore. Each one shouting over the other in a frantic bid for his attention and business.

GURU (45, a short, wiry fellow with a know-it-all attitude) squeezes through the pack and approaches him.

GURU

Welcome to Ximena Island. My name is Guru. May I assist you with anything, Sir?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm looking for a cheap, but safe place to stay for the next couple of days.

GURU

I know just the spot. The Ximena Inn is safe and affordable. It's only about a fifteen minute drive from here. Let me take you.

Before he can get a word out, Guru grabs the suitcase out of his hand and begins leading him to his car.

GURU (CONT'D)

I'm parked right over there...  
Follow me.

Amused by Guru's boldness, Donovan smiles and follows him.

CUT TO:

**I/E. GURU'S TAXI - DAY**

An old, rickety car cruises down a winding road. Donovan rides in the back seat.

GURU

So what brings you to Ximena Island, business or pleasure?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm looking for THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS. Heard of it?

GURU

Of course. Everyone here knows the tale of the mask. They say that whoever wears it can transform into any creature they desire. Some swear it's true; others say it's just a story.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Well, I think it's real. And I'm here to find it.

GURU

I figured as much. We don't get a lot of visitors around here.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Really? This place is beautiful. You'd think it would be crawling with tourists.

GURU

Ximena Island is full of delicious food and white sandy beaches... but beneath all the beauty, it can be dangerous.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I heard there's a supernatural presence here.

GURU

Let's just say bad things happen if you're not careful, which is why you'll need an experienced guide. The jungles are full of traps and all sorts of dangers. Not to mention things that go bump in the night.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I don't believe in ghosts and goblins, but I could definitely use a guide. I have an idea of where I'm going, but I'll still need help navigating this terrain. Know where I can find one?

GURU

You're looking at him. I'm the best guide Ximena has to offer.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

How'd I know you were going to say that?

GURU

I know the ins and outs of this jungle like the back of my hand. I can safely guide you through it and help you find the mask... All for a small fee of course.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Well, if you're as good as you say you are, then I guess we're in business. How much do you charge for your services?

The car cruises down the street with a stunning view of the shore in the background.

GURU

Don't worry... I like you. I'll give you a good deal. And by the way... I only accept cash. You do have money on you, right?

CUT TO:

**INT. ART MUSEUM - LOS ANGELES - DAY**

FLASHBACK

One year ago...

Donovan (dressed in khakis and a wrinkled button-down shirt) sits in a cluttered office, surrounded by maps, tools, and stacks of books.

He tinkers with his new pistol-like prototype with tube-shaped ammo. Nearby, a box of items, including a gold encrusted horn, sits untouched gathering dust.

Suddenly, PROFESSOR TEMPLETON (57, disheveled, balding, and swallowed by an ill-fitting suit) bursts into the room, catching him off guard.

TEMPLETON

(angry)

Chase! What the hell are you doing?!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

(nervous)

Hi, Mr. Templeton... I wasn't expecting you today. I thought that you were at a conference.

TEMPLETON

It got canceled. Now answer my question.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm working on this new prototype.

TEMPLETON

Prototype?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

When I went on my first dig last year, I had to lug around a ton of equipment. Carrying all of that heavy stuff in the dry desert heat was brutal.

TEMPLETON

It's part of the job. What's your point?

Donovan holds up the pistol in one hand and a projectile in the other. He excitedly pitches his idea to his frustrated boss.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I found a way to store that same equipment in these small projectiles. One pull of the trigger and BAM... They can be deployed anywhere, anytime. It's going to be the biggest thing since the Swiss Army knife.

TEMPLETON

You and those damn gadgets again! (pointing to the box of relics)  
I told you to get those artifacts catalogued and ready for display!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Sorry, I meant to get started on that. I must've lost track of time.

TEMPLETON

If I wanted gadgets, I would have hired an inventor. I chose you to be my assistant because you seemed to understand the importance of learning about the history of different cultures. Maybe I was wrong about you.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm just trying to figure out new ways to advance the field. One day I want to travel the world and make historical discoveries.

TEMPLETON

You've been watching too many movies, Chase. Archaeology is about research, not thrill seeking. If you want to go on vacation, get a travel agent.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Why is it that every time I come up with an idea, you always put it down?

TEMPLETON

Because the problem with you and your generation is that you're all lazy and entitled. You want the fame and success, but you don't want to do the work.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Is that really your opinion of me?!? I come in early. I stay late. I work weekends. What more do you want?!

TEMPLETON

And yet, how many times have I asked you to do something only to find out that you haven't done it? You think that you're ready to lead your own dig, but you don't have the work ethic or experience.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Well how the hell am I supposed to get experience, when all I've done for the past year is dust off old relics and point people to the public bathrooms?!

TEMPLETON

It's called paying your dues, Chase.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Look, I understand that I have a lot to learn... but I also have a lot to offer. I think you're making a big mistake keeping me behind a desk when I could be doing so much more.

TEMPLETON

Well when you become the head of a museum you can make your own rules, but while you're working here, you're going to follow mine. Am I clear?!?

Donovan glares at Templeton.

TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

This conversation is over! And in the future, when I tell you to do something, I expect you to do it if you want to keep your job. Now give me that thing and get back to work.

Templeton attempts to grab the pistol. Donovan resists. They play tug of war. The pistol discharges. A projectile shoots into the air and out of the office.

A loud explosion echoes from the main gallery. They freeze, exchanging horrified glances.

They enter the gallery to find chaos: the upper half of a massive Greek god statue lies shattered. Nearby, flames consume several paintings on the wall.

Templeton, panic-stricken, grabs a fire extinguisher and hurriedly puts out the fire, trying to salvage what he can from the wreckage.

TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

Those paintings were irreplaceable! And that statue of Myron, the Discobolus was a one of a kind masterpiece! Your little stunt is going to cost this museum millions of dollars, you idiot!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Whoa... You're blaming this on me?!

TEMPLETON

If you were doing your job, this never would have happened. I should fire you right now!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Don't bother... because I QUIT!

Donovan marches back into his office. He gathers his things. He pauses and glances over at the golden horn sitting in the box. He grabs his bag and heads toward the exit.

TEMPLETON

You're going to regret this, Chase.  
You've just committed career  
suicide.

Donovan opens the door to leave, he turns around with a look of disdain on his face.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm tired of spending my days at a  
desk reading about people and  
places I'll never see. I appreciate  
the opportunity you've given me,  
but it's time that I do my own  
thing.

He storms out, slamming the door. A priceless vase topples from its pedestal and shatters. Templeton's face lights up in anger.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DONOVAN'S APARTMENT - DAY**

Donovan walks into his small, cluttered apartment. He grabs the TV remote and turns on an Indiana Jones flick. His girlfriend, Nikki (28, overworked and underpaid) steps out of the bedroom dressed in her waitress uniform for work.

NIKKI

Hey, Babe. What are you doing home  
so early?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

(nervous)  
I... I just quit my job.

NIKKI

You're joking, right?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

No joke. I really did it.

NIKKI

We talked about this! What happened  
to sticking it out for one more  
year?!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

My grandmother doesn't have another  
year! Her rent is already past due.

(MORE)

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
If I don't pay it soon, they'll  
throw her out of the facility. I  
need money now.

Nikki gathers her things to leave for work.

NIKKI  
And how does quitting help the  
situation?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I can barely pay my own bills, let  
alone pay hers. I need to make more  
money and Templeton was never going  
to give me a shot. It was time for  
a change.

NIKKI  
Look, I know you're frustrated. You  
think I enjoy waiting tables? I  
have a master's degree in  
Anthropology for God's sake. Yet  
here I am, putting on this apron  
every day because I have  
responsibilities.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
She IS my responsibility, Nikki.  
She raised me.

NIKKI  
I understand that, but quitting  
your job on a whim isn't a plan...  
it's reckless!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I know... I've been doing a lot of  
thinking about the future. I'm  
tired of waiting for someone else's  
approval. I'm going to start my own  
business.

NIKKI  
Doing what?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Treasure hunting.

NIKKI  
Are you serious?!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Just hear me out... I'll charge clients a ridiculous amount of money to track down lost items for them. And you'll be my partner in crime. You can handle the logistics and paperwork, and I'll take care of the tomb raiding. It'll be a global operation.

NIKKI

Ok, Mr. Global... And where exactly are you planning to find these so called clients... Craigslist?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Trust me, they're out there. Wealthy people are always searching for things they aren't supposed to have. Just the other day, some guy came to the museum asking about a watch that can stop time.

NIKKI

Did you really just say a watch that can stop time?! DC... I'm sorry, but I can't do this anymore.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

What are you talking about? I thought you'd be happy that I'm taking control of my life.

NIKKI

I sympathize with your situation, but you're so impatient! You want instant results instead of waiting for opportunities like the rest of us. And I'm supposed to be your "partner in crime", yet you didn't even bother to talk to me first.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

You sound just like my boss. Of all people, I thought you'd understand. Just because you gave up on your dreams doesn't mean I have to give up on mine.

The room falls silent. Nikki shoots him a sharp, unforgiving glare.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

Nikki grabs her keys and stomps toward the front door.

NIKKI

This just isn't working. And truthfully, it hasn't for a long time, we both know it. We should have ended things months ago.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Nikki, wait!

NIKKI

I'm going to stay at my mom's for a couple of days. I'll be back this weekend to pick up my things. Please don't be here.

She walks out the door and slams it in his face.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Shit!

Donovan sits down on the couch.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Great, now I don't have a job or a girlfriend.

He pauses for a moment.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

(thinking)

Global...that actually has a nice ring to it.

CUT TO:

INT. ASSISTED CARE FACILITY - DAY

Donovan steps into his grandmother's room. She lies in bed, eyes fixed on the soaps playing from a crooked TV mounted on the wall.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Hey, Grandma.

GRANDMA

Donovan... I wasn't expecting you today.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

You were on my mind. How are you?

GRANDMA

I'm doing okay. The people here are really kind, and they take good care of me. I especially like my nurse, Sarah. If you weren't taken, I'd set you two up. She's a catch.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Actually... me and Nikki broke up.

GRANDMA

I'm so sorry, Donovan. I know you really liked her.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

It's ok. Wasn't meant to be.

GRANDMA

Can you talk to her?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Nah... it's over. Honestly, now's a bad time to be in a relationship anyway. I'm about to head out of the country to Mexico.

GRANDMA

For work?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Yeah, something like that. But don't worry about me. I want you to get better.

GRANDMA

I'll be fine. A little stroke isn't going to stop me from living my life.

An administrator walks into the room.

ADMINISTRATOR

So sorry to interrupt.

GRANDMA

It's ok, Dear.

ADMINISTRATOR

Mr. Chase, can I have a word?

Donovan and the Admin step out of the room into the hallway.

ADMINISTRATOR (CONT'D)  
About your grandmother's account...  
it's three months past due.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I know... I'm working on it. Can  
you give me a little more time?

ADMINISTRATOR  
I can buy you a few more weeks...  
But it's out of my hands after  
that.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I'll take whatever I can get. I  
really appreciate it.

Donovan steps back into the room.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
Grandma, I gotta run. Is there  
anything you need before I go?

GRANDMA  
No, I have everything I need. Just  
be safe. And pack a lot of snacks  
for your trip. You know how hangry  
you can get.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I will. Love you, Grandma.

Donovan gives his grandma a big hug.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

**EXT. DEEP IN THE JUNGLE OF XIMENA ISLAND - DAY**

PRESENT DAY...

Donovan and Guru make their way through the hot treacherous  
jungle- sounds of exotic animals, rocky terrain and sharp,  
thorn-covered tree branches.

Once again Donovan dons his explorer gear. While Guru wears  
old, tattered clothes and an oversized backpack.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Guru, you sure that we're headed in  
the right direction?  
(MORE)

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
We've been out here for days and  
the only thing I've seen are snakes  
and mosquitos.

GURU  
I know where I'm going, trust me.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I hope you're right. I promised my  
client I'd only be gone for a few  
weeks... That was a month ago.

GURU  
You're not the first outsider  
that's come here looking for THE  
MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS, you know.  
Over the years I've watched guys  
like you come and go. No matter  
where they're from or how much  
money they have, the story always  
ends the same.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Oh yeah, what's that?

GURU  
Most leave disappointed with their  
tails between their legs. And some  
don't make it out at all. Honestly,  
I think the legend is just a bunch  
of hogwash.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Then why did you agree to be my  
guide?

GURU  
Because the mask might not be real,  
but your money sure is.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
(sarcastic)  
Well I'm starting to have buyer's  
remorse. I feel like we've been  
going around in circles.

GURU  
Do you know what the difference is  
between you and those other guys?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
What?

GURU

They didn't have me guiding them.  
Keep the faith, my friend.

They stumble upon a waterfall plunging into a pool of water below. Nearby, a large rock covered in cryptic symbols emits a faint glow that catches their eyes.

GURU (CONT'D)

That's weird. I've never seen that waterfall before. And I don't recognize that writing.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

And how is it glowing?

Donovan retrieves an ancient, weathered journal from his bag and flips through its fragile pages.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Maybe there's something in here about it.

GURU

I hope that you didn't get that from the airport gift shop. Those things are filled with a bunch of old wives' tales to entertain tourists.

After a moment, Donovan finds the page with the same mysterious symbols.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I think we're in the right place.

They stand at the cliff's edge, awestruck by the waterfall's long drop.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

That's one helluva drop. I hope you're not afraid of heights.

GURU

(nervous)

Of course not... You're not actually thinking about jumping, are you?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I don't see any rocks. I think we can make it.

GURU

Whoa! I want to find the mask just as bad as you do, but I'd prefer not to die in the process. Let's take a moment and regroup. I'm sure I can find a path to get us down the-

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

(interrupts)

Sorry, Little Buddy. We don't have time.

With a sudden, forceful shove, Donovan pushes Guru towards the edge.

GURU

Hey!!!

Guru stumbles, arms flailing, before losing his balance and crashing into the water like a ton of bricks.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Here we go!

Donovan leaps into the water with a splash. Guru flails in terror like a fish out of water. They're swept over the edge. A powerful current pushes them into the misty abyss below.

GURU

AWEEEEEE!!!

Donovan surfaces from the water. Panic sets in. He scans the area- there's no sign of Guru. He frantically swims in circles, searching for any trace of his friend.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Guru, where the hell are you!?!?

After a few tense seconds, Guru pops out of the water gasping for air.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Oh, thank God. I thought I lost you for a second.

GURU

(angry)

You could have at least warned me!  
I could've drow-

Guru stops mid-sentence, pointing to a cave hidden behind the waterfall.

GURU (CONT'D)

What is that?

They swim through the waterfall and into the cave, gradually emerging on the other side. They emerge from the water, looking up in astonishment.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Guru...

WIDE SHOT- LARGE ANCIENT STRUCTURE- TEMPLE OF SHANTIKI.

10 stories high. Made of dark stone, walls etched with detailed carvings depicting the island's ancient mythology.

A steep staircase, with what appears to be an endless number of steps, leads up to a massive doorway. On each side of the entrance stand giant columns decorated with images of mighty gods and fearless warriors locked in battle.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I think we found it!!!

CUT TO:

**INT. TANAKA'S OFFICE - SANTA MONICA - DAY**

FLASHBACK

1 month ago...

A secretary escorts Donovan into the high rise penthouse office of DONNIE TANAKA (60s, wrapped in a perfectly tailored suit). Every wall lined with framed degrees, awards, and accolades. Tanaka rises from his desk to greet him.

TANAKA

Mr. Chase, thank you for coming.  
Have a seat.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Please, call me DC.

Donovan sits down in the softest, most comfortable chair he's ever had the pleasure of sitting in.

TANAKA

Well, DC... I've heard a lot of good things about you. Word is you're pretty damn good at finding things.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm the best in the business. If it's lost, I can find it.

TANAKA

Good, because there's something that I need found. Have you ever heard of THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Mr. Tanaka, as much as I'd love to take your money, I'm afraid the mask isn't real. It's just a myth.

TANAKA

I thought so too, until I came across this...

Tanaka pulls an old, weathered journal out of his desk drawer and hands it to Donovan.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

What is this?

TANAKA

That journal was written centuries ago by a man who once lived on Ximena Island. It's filled with clues... each one pointing to where the mask was buried.

Donovan flips through the book.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

How do you know this thing is legit?

TANAKA

I've already had it examined by multiple experts. They've confirmed its authenticity. I wouldn't bring this to you if I wasn't certain.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Let's just say it is the real deal. An expedition like this doesn't come cheap. We're talking travel, lodging, supplies... and of course, my finder's fee.

TANAKA

Money is no object. I'll fund the entire expedition in advance, plus half of your fee.

(MORE)

TANAKA (CONT'D)

And when you return with the mask,  
you'll receive the other half along  
with a generous six-figure bonus.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

That sounds almost too good to be  
true.

TANAKA

Well, I do have one condition. If  
you fail to locate it, you'll have  
to reimburse me for every dollar  
I've paid.

Donovan pauses to think.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

You have a deal, Mr. Tanaka.

TANAKA

Are you certain? Because if you try  
to disappear on me there will be  
consequences. I have eyes and ears  
everywhere. I will find you.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I get it, but I'm not worried. I'll  
find the mask. It's what I do.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOJO'S BAR - DAY**

PRESENT DAY...

Filled with old furniture and tacky decor. A deer head  
mounted on the wall hangs near a worn pool table and a dusty  
old jukebox.

The bartender/owner, MOJO (late 60s, slightly tipsy) serves  
stale beer to a few of the regulars.

LEYLA CROSS (28, dark features, athletic build, dressed in  
casual island attire) walks into the bar with her 6 ft long,  
rope-like hair braid coiled around her torso. Attached to the  
end is a sharp, golden dagger with a red ruby in the middle.

MOJO THE BARTENDER

Well look what the cat dragged in.  
It's nice to see you, Leyla.

LEYLA

Good to see you too, Mojo. How's it going?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

Oh, you know... same shit, different day. I can't complain. Can I make you a drink?

LEYLA

No thanks. I'm just out on my morning patrol. Still having problems with those scroungers starting fights and skipping out on their tabs?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

Not since you tossed them out last month. Haven't heard a peep from them since. I really appreciate your help with that.

Leyla notices an empty barstool.

LEYLA

Where's Guru? Wouldn't he normally be on his 5th beer by now?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

The little guy actually found a job.

LEYLA

Really? That's great.

MOJO THE BARTENDER

Yeah, he came in here all excited. He said some guy from the states hired him as a guide.

LEYLA

Oh boy, another obnoxious outsider. I guess I should be grateful we're getting visitors at all, given our reputation. I just hope he's not one of those wannabe big-game hunters. I swear, if he hurts one of our animals, I'll break his jaw.

MOJO THE BARTENDER

According to Guru this guy is some kind of famous archaeologist.

LEYLA

Famous, huh? Did he mention the  
guy's name?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

(thinking hard)

I believe it started with a G...  
Was it Groggu? Oh I know, it was  
Groot. No wait, that's the talking  
tree. Maybe it was Gandalf?

LEYLA

OK... well did he tell you what  
they were looking for?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

Now that, I definitely remember.  
Guru said that he was trying to  
find THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS.

Leyla's cheerful demeanor quickly vanishes.

LEYLA

(serious)

THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS? Are you  
sure?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

(amused)

Positive. This guy is supposed to  
be some famous adventurer, and he's  
wasting his time on a fairytale  
that our parents used to tell us. I  
swear these outsiders are idiots.  
HA HA HA!

LEYLA

Did Guru give you any idea on what  
part of the island they were headed  
to?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

No, I didn't ask. I just assumed  
he'd give the guy the tourist  
treatment. You know... hike through  
the jungle, poke around some caves,  
snap a few selfies. And then send  
him home with some stories and a  
lighter wallet.

LEYLA

Do you have a way of reaching him?

MOJO THE BARTENDER

Not a chance. Getting reception in the city is hard enough. It's impossible in the jungle.

LEYLA

Mojo, can you do me a favor? As soon as you hear from Guru, call me immediately? It's really important that I speak with him.

MOJO THE BARTENDER

No problem.

Leyla heads towards the exit.

LEYLA

Thanks. I gotta go. It was nice seeing you.

MOJO THE BARTENDER

You too. And Leyla... I know that you're busy being our protector and all, but you still need to have some fun. You should come by and have a drink sometime. This place really gets hopping on karaoke night.

Leyla flashes Mojo a quick smile before heading out.

LEYLA

I appreciate that, Mojo. I'll try my best to stop by more often. Have a good day.

CUT TO:

**INT. TEMPLE OF SHANTI KI - DAY**

Donovan and Guru walk through the dark, creepy temple filled with cobwebs and insects. Ancient torch sconces line the walls, remnants of the original builders.

After several failed attempts, Guru manages to ignite a flame from his damp lighter. He lights a torch, illuminating their path.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I appreciate you helping me find the temple, but you didn't have to come inside with me.

GURU

It's no problem. We're in this together, Mr. Chase. Or should I call you Global?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Global is for publicity and social media. You can just call me, DC.

They venture deeper into the temple, strange noises echo from the distance.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

GURU

I don't know and I don't want to find out.

They step into an old cavern. The floor, covered with large, weathered granite tiles. On the wall, another symbol burns faintly in the darkness, etched into the surface.

Donovan pulls out the wet journal from his bag, shakes it off, and flips through the pages. He searches for any clues that might help them decipher the symbol.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Give me a sec...

GURU

I've been a guide for over 20 years. I don't need some book full of mumbo jumbo for answers. My sharp instincts will get us through this.

Guru moves forward; Donovan snaps his head up from the journal.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

(shouts)

Guru, wait!!!

Guru steps on a tile causing spikes to pop out from the walls. Suddenly, the walls rocket inward, ready to crush him. Donovan yanks him back by his backpack. A spike grazes Guru's nose, inches from him being pulled to safety.

The spikes retract and the walls slowly move back to their original position.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
 Be careful. These places are filled  
 with booby traps. (sarcastic) I  
 thought you'd be the first to know  
 that with your sharp instincts and  
 all.

GURU  
 (rubs the scrape on his  
 nose)  
 Hey, I'm a guide, not a tomb  
 raider.

Donovan points to the symbol etched into the wall and then  
 directs his finger towards the floor.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Look, the path follows the same  
 shape as the symbol. We need to  
 step on the corresponding stones to  
 cross safely.

Donovan leads the way, cautiously tiptoeing on the tiles that  
 match the shape of the symbol. Guru follows closely behind,  
 mirroring his movements.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
 (stern)  
 Stay right behind me. Only one  
 person can step on a single tile at  
 a time. You don't move until I tell  
 you, got it? One wrong step and  
 we're Shish Kababs.

GURU  
 I understand.

They move across the floor; Guru slips on a pebble. His torch  
 flies through the air. Donovan glances back and sees the  
 unfolding disaster.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Oh shit!

SLOW MOTION - The torch soars through the air, then begins to  
 fall towards the ground. Donovan yanks Guru by the collar,  
 pulling him off his feet, and sprints across the chamber.

The torch hits the floor. The spikes reemerge- the walls slam  
 inward. Donovan pulls Guru to safety just before being  
 smashed. One of the spikes impales Guru's backpack, leaving  
 him dangling, feet off the ground.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
You alright, Little Buddy?

GURU  
(embarrassed)  
I've had better days.

CUT TO:

They carefully continue walking through the temple.

GURU (CONT'D)  
I'd appreciate if you kept that little mishap to yourself. I might have exaggerated a bit when I claimed to be the best guide on the island. It's very competitive here, reputation is everything.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Don't worry, I get it. Treasure hunting is a cutthroat business. Your secret is safe with me. At the rate we're going, we might not make it out of here anyway.

They come across a carcass. The bones are big, suggesting they once belonged to a large animal. Donovan crouches down and examines the remains closely.

GURU  
Looks like there's animals living in here too. Great, more things that can kill us.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I don't think this is an animal. These are human remains.

GURU  
That's impossible. These bones are huge. They look like they belong to an elephant, or maybe a rhino?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I spent a lot of time studying bones at the museum where I used to work. And I can tell you with certainty that these are human bones. Judging by their size, this person must have been at least 20 feet tall.

GURU  
 (shocked)  
 20 feet tall!?!)

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 I can't explain it, but it's the truth.

GURU  
 Maybe there's something to those old wives' tales after all.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Let's keep moving. We'll grab a couple of these bones on the way out. I bet we can get a fortune for them.

They reach a dead end. The wall in front of them stands covered with more of the glowing symbols. Once again, Donovan checks the journal.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
 I think what we're looking for is on the other side of that wall.

GURU  
 Can you blow a hole in it with your fancy gun?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Too risky. This temple is over 1000 years old. An explosion could cause it to collapse and bury us alive.

GURU  
 So now what?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Not to worry. I've come prepared.

Donovan retrieves an ancient GOLDEN HORN from his messenger bag.

GURU  
 That's the Golden Horn of Ezra. Where did you get that?!?)

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 From the same museum I mentioned earlier. After I quit, my bonehead boss never bothered changing the locks. So sometimes I swing by and grab a couple things I need.

(MORE)

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
I always put everything back before  
anyone ever notices. I'll return  
the horn when we're done here.  
Hopefully it works.

Donovan plays the ancient horn. Its melody echoes through the hall. The glowing symbols on the wall intensify. Slowly, the wall starts to rise, revealing a hidden chamber.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE TOMB OF THE MASK - DAY**

Donovan and Guru step into the chamber, a vast room the size of a small auditorium. A set of stairs leads up to a platform where THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS rests on a pedestal, under a bright blue light from above that fills the room.

Two towering 20-foot warrior statues flank the stairs- one on each side. At the far end of the room, a smaller Cyclops-like statue watches the mask with its single, unblinking eye.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
Jackpot!

The wall crashes shut behind them, sealing them inside the tomb.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
Well, I guess we'll have to find  
another way out.

Donovan returns the horn to his messenger bag and flips through the journal once again searching for answers.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
I don't see anything in here about  
this chamber.

Guru's eyes light up, overwhelmed with excitement.

GURU  
I can't believe my eyes, the mask  
is actually real! I must be the  
first to hold it in my hands!

Guru loses his composure and sprints up the stairs haphazardly, his eyes locked on the mask.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Guru, wait! I told you, these  
places are filled with traps. Trip  
wires... hidden doors... There's  
always something.

GURU

(ignores Donovan)

When the news gets out, everyone will flock to the island begging me to be their guide. I'm going to be rich!

Guru reaches the top of the stairs and gets an up close view of the mask, shimmering with gold and crowned with devilish horns. HE SNATCHES IT FROM ITS RESTING PEDESTAL. THE BRIGHT BLUE LIGHT THAT WAS SHINING OVER IT SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS.

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. ERKAN'S SHIP - THE CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY**

ZELINA (35, sorceress, master of dark magic) sits cross-legged in a room, levitating just above the floor. Around her, candles, crystals, and totems hover in the air.

An eerie green glow surrounds her, highlighting her undead, zombie-like appearance. Her eyes are closed, her breathing slow and steady.

Suddenly, she senses a disturbance, snapping her out of her meditative trance. Her eyes fly open wide (revealing that she has no pupils). The floating items crash to the floor.

ZELINA

(stunned)

It can't be!

BACK TO:

**INT. THE TOMB OF THE MASK - DAY**

Guru triumphantly raises the mask over his head, like a hard-earned trophy.

GURU

You see, you worry too much. Good fortune is on our side, Mr. Chase.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Please, call me D-

The chamber suddenly shakes violently, cutting Donovan off. Guru tumbles down the stairs, clutching the mask. He lands at the bottom near Donovan's feet.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Are you ok?

Guru sits up holding the mask.

GURU

I'm good.

The rumbling starts again. Donovan stashes the mask in his bag.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

What the hell is going on?

Suddenly, the sconces ignite on their own, and the statues crack open like eggs revealing towering giants within. Their thunderous roars shake the cavern.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Like I said... There's always something!

GURU

What do we do?!?!

Donovan pulls out his pistol from its holster for the first time.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

We fight!

He tosses Guru the journal.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

I'll hold them off. You check the journal for a way out of here.

They dodge around the slow-moving behemoths.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

I can't believe how huge these guys are! I've never seen anything like this in my life!

One swings at Donovan. He leaps out of the way. The large fist slams into the ground, shaking the cavern, sending rocks crashing from above.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Heads up!

Guru scrambles with his short little legs to avoid being nearly crushed by a massive stalactite. One of the large rocks crashes down in front of the Cyclops statue, partially obstructing its view.

GURU

I'm getting tired of these close calls.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Now it's my turn.

Donovan fires a fire projectile at one of the giants. The projectile hits it and explodes, engulfing it in flames. He quickly grabs another projectile from his ammo belt and reloads. Guru frantically runs around screaming in terror.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

I need less panicking and more reading, Guru!

GURU

I'm doing my best. Give me a break. You try reading and running for your life at the same time!

Guru hides behind a rock, frantically flipping through pages. The other giant searches and eventually spots him. It grabs the boulder and lifts it over its head, exposing Guru's position. He tries to run but trips and falls to the ground.

Just before the giant can crush him with the boulder, Donovan fires an ice projectile, freezing its arms in mid-air. With no other options, they dash past the giants and race up the stairs.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

You see what happens when you don't listen to me!

They reach the top of the stairs with nowhere to go. Guru desperately flips through the journal, his eyes racing across the pages, searching for any hint of a solution.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Please tell me you found something!

GURU

I'm looking! I'm looking!

Guru locates the page and urgently points to the Cyclops-like statue on the other side of the chamber- partially obscured by the massive boulder.

GURU (CONT'D)

There! The statue! You gotta hit it in the eye!

The giant shatters the ice encasing its arms. The other giant, still engulfed in flames, grabs the ice shards and uses them to extinguish the fire and cool itself down.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

How the hell am I supposed to hit that from here?

GURU

I don't know, but we're dead if you don't.

Donovan pulls out his pocket watch- The Chrono Ticker. He pauses, contemplating for a moment before slipping it back into his pocket. He then grabs a projectile from his ammunition belt and reloads.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

This better work.

Donovan fires a ricochet projectile from his pistol. It angles off the ceiling, then rebounds off a wall. It zips past the large obstructing boulder and strikes the statue right in the eye- BULLSEYE!

Above them, a hidden entrance swings open. Hands trembling, Guru urgently points up directing Donovan's attention to it.

GURU

Up there!!!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I see it.

Donovan reloads and fires a grappling hook projectile toward the entrance. The hook secures itself firmly into the wall- the giants close in.

GURU

Hurry!!!

Donovan grabs Guru by the collar and they ascend up the rope towards the secret entrance evading the giants. Guru's grip on the book slips, it plummets back towards the ground.

GURU (CONT'D)

(screams)

AWWEEEEEE!!!

They reach the secret entrance and glance down with a sigh of relief. The giants' roars echo loudly from below.

GURU (CONT'D)  
OK, I admit it... I am afraid of heights!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Better up here with me, than down there with them.

CUT TO:

**EXT. ERKAN'S SHIP - THE CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY**

Zelina hurriedly steps onto the top deck. The vessel stands worn and weathered, with creaky wooden floorboards and tattered sails.

She approaches ERKAN (50). His tribal tattoos conceal numerous battle scars on his war-torn body. His facial expression reflects violence and pain. He stands at the bow, gazing out into the sea.

Standing nearby, his enforcer CLAWBACK (an ogre-like creature with a large claw for a hand). Erkan acknowledges her presence, but does not turn to face her.

ZELINA  
Erkan!

ERKAN  
What is it, Zelina?

ZELINA  
I just had a premonition about THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS.

ERKAN  
HMMMMM... I haven't heard anyone speak about the mask in quite some time.

ZELINA  
I sense its presence... and its power.

ERKAN  
I thought it couldn't be traced by magic?

ZELINA  
Something has changed. It must have been removed from its protective seal. It's calling out to me.

ERKAN  
Where is it now?

ZELINA  
Ximena Island.

CLAWBACK  
That's not too far from our current position. We could be there by sundown.

Erkan quickly turns to face Zelina, his interest piqued.

ERKAN  
Do you possess the sorcery needed to summon its power?

ZELINA  
I do.

ERKAN  
Ever since the council wrongfully exiled me, we've drifted aimlessly across the sea with no home or real purpose. But now, the Gods have given us a chance... An opportunity to take back our home.

ERKAN (CONT'D)  
(Turns to Clawback)  
Set sail for Ximena Island. Our time for redemption has finally come.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE TOMB OF THE MASK - DAY**

Donovan and Guru walk down a dark corridor.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Slow down, Guru. I'm running low on projectiles. We can't afford to have any more surprises.

GURU  
(frightened)  
This tomb is cursed. We need to escape before those nasty giants find us.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
You need to calm down before-

Donovan stumbles over a tripwire and a loud creaking noise fills the corridor. They exchange a tense glance.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
 (guilty)  
 OK, that one was on me.

The floor beneath them suddenly splits open like double doors. They slide uncontrollably and fall into the darkness, crashing to the ground below.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
 (falling)  
 Shittttt!!!

CUT TO BLACK.

**INT. ZOMBIE TOMB - DAY**

They awake in a dark chamber atop a pile of what appears to be trash that broke their fall. There's an overwhelming stench. Donovan reloads.

GURU  
 What did we land in, a garbage dump?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 I don't know, but it smells like shit in here.

Donovan fires a flare, casting a red glow over the chamber. The light reveals the entire room, filled with the bodies of fallen warriors- many impaled by arrows, axes, and swords. Horrified, they jump to their feet.

GURU  
 Oh my God!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Don't move.

Donovan cautiously navigates the area, moving slowly and carefully around the bodies like an obstacle course.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)  
 I think these people actually lived here.

GURU (O.S.)  
 I don't care why they're here. All I know is that I don't wanna be.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Check the journal.

GURU  
(guilty)  
I don't have it.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
What do you mean, you don't have  
it?!?

GURU  
I dropped it when we escaped from  
those nasty giants.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
(angry)  
How could you lose it?!? That book  
was our lifeline.

GURU  
I was hanging on for my dear life!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I should have left you outside.

GURU  
Well excuse me for being a team  
player.

While they bicker, one of the corpses grabs Guru's leg,  
catching him off guard.

GURU (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
AAWWEEEE!

Donovan sprints across the chamber and delivers a powerful  
kick to the zombie's head, sending it flying like a field  
goal. The head sails across the room and crashes against the  
wall.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Well, that wasn't good.

While their backs are turned, the other corpses slowly rise.  
The eerie moans catch their attention.

GURU  
Goodness gracious!

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
You gotta be kidding me!

The zombies close in. Donovan and Guru back pedal towards the wall. One of the zombies yanks an axe from its head and hurls it at them. Donovan tackles Guru, pushing him out of harm's way.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Get down!!!

The axe whizzes past them hitting the wall. They scramble to their feet- the zombies advance. While reloading, one knocks Donovan's pistol out of his hand and tackles him to the ground. He wrestles to break free.

Guru panics, his eyes dart around. He spots the axe embedded in the wall. He pulls the axe free and strikes the zombie in the back. The zombie lets out a piercing shriek. Donovan shoves it off of him.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GURU

You can thank me after you get us out of here.

Donovan looks up and notices a beam of light streaming through the crack where Guru pulled out the axe. He points to it, signaling a potential escape route.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

There... That's our way out!

GURU

We don't have time to break through that wall!

Donovan retrieves his pocket watch (THE CHRONO TICKER) once more, giving it a long contemplative look.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

(talks to himself)

I was hoping to save this, but we're in serious trouble.

Donovan presses the button on top of the watch. It begins to hum with energy. ITS GEARS START TO SPIN FASTER. SUDDENLY, A BRIGHT FLASH...

**CUT TO BLACK &  
WHITE:**

**TIME FREEZES...**

Guru and the zombies are in suspended animation, frozen in place. Donovan, unaffected by the watch's power due to their connection, remains free-moving and in full color. Anything he touches unfreezes and regains its color.

A timer appears on the screen, counting down from 30 seconds.

SFX: Tick... Tick... Tick...

Donovan carefully slides past the frozen zombies. He grabs his pistol off of the ground, returning it to color.

**21 seconds**

SFX: Tick... Tick... Tick...

He loads the pistol with a grenade projectile.

**16 seconds**

SFX: Tick... Tick... Tick...

He fires the projectile at the wall, aiming for the crack where the light shines through.

**8 seconds**

SFX: Tick... Tick... Tick...

The impact creates a loud explosion, sending debris flying. The wall crumbles.

**1 second**

**CUT TO COLOR:**

Time resumes, the zombies continue their assault. Donovan quickly grabs Guru. They leap through the hole in the wall, narrowly escaping.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TEMPLE OF SHANTIKI - DAY**

They fall towards the ground outside the temple. Guru snaps out of his daze realizing the gravity of their predicament.

GURU

(screams)

Why does this keep happening to me!?!

They plummet- Donovan reloads and fires a projectile towards the ground. It expands into a large crash pad. They land safely on the pad.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Let's get the hell outta here!

They walk away from the temple, heading back towards the waterfall.

GURU

What just happened? One minute we're surrounded by zombies, the next we're falling to our deaths.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I blew a hole in the wall and got us out. You must've fainted or something.

GURU

But your gun was on the ground out of reach. How did you get it back?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Honestly, you wouldn't believe me if I told you.

GURU

After what we just went through, I'd believe just about anything.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

We can talk about it on the way back. You know how to get back, right?

GURU

Of course. And I know the perfect place we can grab some drinks to celebrate.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Sounds good to me.

GURU

Looks like an explosion didn't cause the temple to collapse after all.

The temple collapses in the background. Hearing the rumble, they stop and turn around in shock. The ancient structure crumbles into ruins. The ground shakes beneath their feet, and dust fills the air.

GURU (CONT'D)  
I guess you were right.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
You were right too... Good fortune  
was on our side, Little Buddy.

GURU  
Indeed it was, Mr... I mean, DC.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOJO'S BAR - NIGHT**

Packed with locals drinking and chatting. A local band performs on a small stage.

Guru walks from the bar, balancing two hefty mugs of beer. He settles at a table and slides one of the mugs over to Donovan. Together, they toast to their newfound prize.

GURU  
So you're messing with me, right?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I shit you not. True story.

GURU  
So if that thing can really stop  
time, why didn't you use it against  
those giants?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
**The Chrono Ticker can only freeze  
time for 30 seconds. Then it has to  
wind for 24 hours before I can use  
it again.** I save it as an absolute  
last resort.

GURU  
Well I'm thankful that your magical  
watch saved our asses. People  
around here aren't going to believe  
me when I tell them about this.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
(jokes)  
Maybe you should write a book and  
sell it at the airport giftshop.

GURU

HA! Good one! So now that you finally have the mask, what are you going to do with it?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I'm heading back to the states to collect my fee. We're talking a shit-load of cash. Enough to finally pay off my grandmother's bills and keep her where she needs to be. What about you?

GURU

(deflated)

I was hoping to earn some good money guiding people to that temple, but now that it's in ruins, I'm back to square one- hustling just to make ends meet.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

I actually wanted to talk to you about that...

Four tough-looking, shady men interrupt their conversation.

THUG #1 (50s, tall, lanky man with a scar running down his cheek) and THUG #2 (Late 40s, wiry man with a scraggly goatee) position themselves in front of Donovan and Guru.

THUG #3 (early 30s, thin guy with a tattoo on his face) stands menacingly behind Donovan while THUG #4 (Late 30s, burly man with a shaved head) takes his place behind Guru, creating an intimidating presence around the table.

THUG #1

We couldn't help but notice all of the celebrating over here. You mind if we join you?

Sensing the men's bad intentions, Donovan stands up to leave the situation.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Sorry, fellas. I got a plane to catch.

THUG #3 (standing behind him) pushes Donovan by the shoulders back down in his chair.

THUG #3

Have a seat.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 Look, if its money that you're  
 after-

THUG #2  
 (interrupts)  
 We don't give a fuck about your  
 money. We want THE MASK OF  
 METAMORPHOSIS.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 What makes you think that I have  
 it?

THUG #1  
 Word travels fast around here. You  
 think that you can just come to our  
 island and steal from us?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 I didn't steal anything. I  
 DISCOVERED a relic that's been lost  
 for centuries.

THUG #2  
 You may have found the mask, but it  
 doesn't belong to you.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
 I beg to differ. Possession is nine-  
 tenths of the law. You ever heard  
 of finders keepers, Asshole!  
 Besides you're too late, I already  
 shipped it back to the states.

THUG #1 glances at Guru. He holds up a napkin with a note  
 sloppily scribbled on it.

**INSERT PAPER**

"The Outsider has the mask."

**BACK TO SCENE**

Guru looks nervous and uneasy.

THUG #1  
 That's not what we heard. Isn't  
 that right, Guru?

Donovan swiftly turns to Guru, his face a mask of anger and  
 disappointment.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
You tipped them off?!?

GURU  
I'm just looking out for myself,  
DC.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
It's Mr. Chase, you little  
backstabbing rat! I can't believe  
that I was actually going to split  
my payday with you.

GURU  
(shocked)  
You were?

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
Even though you almost got us  
killed, you did have my back.  
Loyalty is rare in my line of  
business. (shakes his head in  
disappointment) I actually thought  
we were friends!

THUG #1 slams his fist on the table, causing the glasses to rattle and beer to spill. The sudden action gets everyone's attention to the confrontation.

THUG #1  
Shut the fuck up! You can fight  
with your little girlfriend later.  
Now are you going to give us the  
mask or are we going to have to  
take it?!

Donovan slowly reaches for his pistol inside his vest pocket.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL  
I got it right here.

Donovan pulls his pistol. Before he can fire, THUG #3 (behind him) grabs his arm, causing the shot to misfire. The projectile flies across the room and hits the stage, blowing it up. Instrument fragments fly everywhere.

All hell breaks loose. Patrons drop their drinks and run for the exit.

While THUG #3 has him in a chokehold, Donovan kicks the table over, sending it crashing into Guru and THUG #4.

He grabs #3's head, flipping him over his shoulder into THUG #1.

THUG #2 catches Donovan off guard, tackling him to the floor. Donovan raises his arms, struggling to block the blows. #2 grounds & pounds him MMA style.

THUG #2

I'm going to turn your face into  
hamburger meat.

From off-screen, Leyla's rope-like braid whips around #2's neck, catching him off guard. He struggles to free himself.

JUMP CUT TO:

Leyla grips her six-foot-long braid. It tightens around his neck. She's now dressed in her tribe's traditional warrior attire.

LEYLA

The mask is coming with me.

Leyla swings THUG #2 by the head into #3, knocking them both out. THUG #4 nervously reaches for his gun. She hurls her braid at him, piercing his chest with the blade.

With a hard yank, she flings him across the room into the air, impaling him on the mounted deer antlers.

THUG #1 bolts for the exit. He collides with a large, imposing figure. He looks up and sees Clawback towering over him, blocking his escape.

CUT TO:

Erkan, Zelina, and Clawback enter the bar. Erkan now wears white warrior face paint and has a razor whip coiled at his belt- its leather cord covered with blades, built to shred flesh. The trio's fearsome presence stuns the room.

Clawback grabs THUG #1 by the head with his giant claw, lifting him effortlessly off the ground. He dangles helplessly, with his feet kicking in the air.

Erkan shoots Donovan a cold, hard stare.

ERKAN

You must be the outsider that found  
the mask.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Let me guess, you're going to  
threaten me and demand that I give  
it to you?

ERKAN

No, I'm just going to kill you and take it.

Clawback squeezes THUG #1's head with his claw CRUSHING IT LIKE A GRAPE.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Well it's nice to meet you too.

Guru and Mojo under a table.

MOJO THE BARTENDER

(whispers)

Oh my God... Erkan is back. I thought he was dead.

GURU

(whispers)

And now he's hanging out with witches and monsters?!?

Leyla and Zelina lock eyes. The tension is so thick, you can cut it with a knife.

ZELINA

Securing THE MASK OF METAMORPHOSIS is a victory all to itself. But now I get the chance to kill you too, Leyla. This will be a memorable day indeed.

LEYLA

We'll see about that, Zelina.

Leyla clasps her hands together in a prayer-like manner and begins to chant a magical incantation.

LEYLA (CONT'D)

Ancestors of Ximena, give me the strength, to transform into a powerful warrior... THE INVINCIBLE ECLIPSE.

Fragments of armor materialize around Leyla forming a sleek black and gold suit that provides her enhanced strength, agility, and protection.

She has transformed into a mythical warrior known as ECLIPSE. She stands poised for battle, her razor-sharp claws ready to shred her opponents like confetti.

**Unlike Leyla, her braid, now covered in metal, has become an extension of her body.**

**She can move it freely and independently like an elephant's trunk.** It coils in the air, resembling a snake ready to strike.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Holy Shit!!!

Using her telekinetic powers, Zelina launches pieces of broken furniture at Eclipse. Ghostly apparitions surround the fragments. Eclipse nimbly dodges each piece with grace.

Zelina then hurls a large pool table at her. Unable to evade it in time, Eclipse uses her sharp claws to tear through the table.

Eclipse strikes her braid at Zelina like a cobra. Zelina telepathically lifts a table, using it as a shield. The blade pierces through, but Eclipse leaps, crashing feet-first onto the table, collapsing it over Zelina.

ZELINA

(shrieks in pain)

AAAAHHHH!

Clawback lunges at Eclipse. He misses and smashes into a jukebox. He strikes again, but she catches his arm and flips him into a table.

Her braid then strikes at Erkan, who dodges it. He grabs the chain and pulls her towards him. He delivers a powerful uppercut that connects with her jaw, sending her crashing to the floor.

ERKAN

Enough!

Face cut and bruised, Donovan staggers to his feet. He reloads his pistol, ready to aid the mysterious woman and return the favor.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Leave her alone, Asshole!

He fires a grenade projectile at Erkan. Before it can reach him, Zelina uses her telekinetic powers to halt it in mid-air. With a quick hand motion, she reverses its direction, sending it hurtling back towards him.

ZELINA

I don't think so.

It hurtles toward him with the speed of a bullet.

DONOVAN/GLOBAL

Crap!!!

Eclipse leaps in front of Donovan, taking the hit- the projectile explodes, blasting them both backwards into the bar. It shatters on impact. They lie unconscious amid splintered wood, broken bottles, and spilled liquor.

ERKAN

Clawback, kill them both and bring the mask to me.

CLAWBACK

As you wish, Erkan.

With his giant claw raised, Clawback aggressively moves in for the kill. Donovan and Eclipse lay unconscious on the floor ripe for the picking.

END OF EPISODE

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF EPISODE**

