

The Blood of Pool
by
Jon Rakestraw & Bill Lundy

Based on the book
"Return of the Richmond Vampire"
by Jon Rakestraw

Chapter One:
The Warning and the Dream

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SUPER OVER BLACK:

INSPIRED BY TRUE EVENTS...

FADE IN:

INT. CASTLE DRACUL/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Silhouetted by a crackling fire and candlelight, a MAN (BÖLSCEM) wearing Goth clothing, a trapezoidal smartwatch and a signet ring, sits at an ancient desk. He writes in a leather-bound tome with a raven quill.

He stops writing and sighs. Unrolls a vintage map lying next to the book.

CLOSEUP OF A VINTAGE 1870S-ERA RAILROAD MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.

BölsceM places a bat-like pin on a certain spot in the map.

PUSH IN TO THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, WITH THE PIN OVER THE CAPITAL CITY OF RICHMOND.

BÖLSCEM (V.O.)
A quickening. What has been...
shall return?

Going back to the tome, BölsceM turns back to earlier pages within the book. Opens it to a two-page, hand-drawn map of Richmond's Church Hill Tunnel.

BÖLSCEM (V.O.)
Not so long ago...

CONSTRUCTION SOUNDS, DIGGING, HAMMERING rise as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH HILL TUNNEL/1873 - NIGHT

SUPER: RICHMOND, VIRGINIA. SPRING 1873. INITIAL CONSTRUCTION OF THE CHURCH HILL TRAIN TUNNEL.

Sweaty WORKMEN of various races and ages use picks, shovels and other tools to dig through the earth beneath Church Hill, lit only by oil lanterns hung from a wire above them.

Other WORKMEN lay railroad track behind them, pounding down the rails, ties and spikes.

GEORGE DORSETT (30s), the muscular, gruff night foreman, watches over the work, holding his own lantern.

Suddenly a blood-curdling SCREAM emanates from near the open Eastern portal of the tunnel. Dorsett and several Workers rush to the portal.

Dorsett shines his light on the body of EDWARD FOSTER (20s), lying face-up, a look of horror frozen on his face.

DORSETT
What the hell?

Dorsett leans down for closer inspection. Notices two red marks on Foster's neck and blood streaming from the wounds.

MOSES (40s), a grizzled African-American worker, shakes his head.

MOSES
Tol' ya this tunnel be cursed.
That's the Richmond Vampire's mark.

DORSETT
Shut up, Moses! Ain't no such
thing.

Moses shoots him a grim look.

MOSES
Mm-hmm.

DORSETT
Everybody get back to work! I'll
take care of this.

The Workers trudge back to their digging, several with apprehensive looks.

Dorsett sets down his lantern and begins pulling Foster's body toward the portal entrance.

EXT. CHURCH HILL TUNNEL EASTERN PORTAL/1873 - NIGHT

Dorsett drags Foster's body out of the tunnel and off to the side. Stops and takes a deep breath. Wipes his brow with his handkerchief.

DORSETT
Now what coulda--

Before he can finish the thought, WILLIAM WORTHAM POOL (30s), handsome but vicious, attacks him. Sinks his vampire canines into Dorsett's jugular.

Dorsett collapses with only a weak cry. William drains him dry then dashes off with inhuman speed.

Dorsett and Foster lie next to each other, dead. The SOUNDS of the work continue on inside the tunnel, the workers oblivious to the carnage.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. CASTLE DRACUL/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Still shrouded in firelit darkness, Bölscecm turns pages to go forward in his tome. Stops on a particular page.

CLOSEUP ON A DETAILED DRAWING OF THE CHURCH HILL TUNNEL, WITH A TRAIN ABOUT TO ENTER IT THROUGH THE EASTERN PORTAL.

BÖLSCECM (V.O.)
That fateful day...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH HILL TUNNEL, EASTERN PORTAL/1925 - DAY

SUPER: OCTOBER 2, 1925.

On a rainy day, C. W. JOHNS (50s), Chief C&O Engineer, heavyset, stern, reviews construction diagrams under a makeshift shelter.

An eager young ASSISTANT (20s) holding an umbrella brings him a steaming cup of coffee. Johns accepts it gratefully and takes a sip.

ASSISTANT
Widening project's almost finished,
right Mr. Johns?

JOHNS
Yep. A few more days' work.

They watch as Steam Engine #231, lugging ten flatcars, chugs slowly into the tunnel's eastern portal. A BRAKEMAN (30s) holding a lantern, and two other LABORERS hitch a ride on one of the flatcars.

ASSISTANT

Hope this is a good idea. Lotta folks wonder if they still need this tunnel.

JOHNS

Company thinks we do. That's all that matters.

The Assistant nods, still a little unsure.

INT. CHURCH HILL TUNNEL/1925 - DAY

The engine's headlamp provides the only light in this part of the tunnel.

TOM MASON (50s), thin, weathered Caucasian, drives the train, while Fireman BENJAMIN (BEN) MOSBY (30) a handsome, muscular African-American shovels coal into the engine.

Ben takes a short break from shoveling. Wipes his sweaty brow. A few pebbles and dirt from the tunnel's ceiling fall onto the engine and its tender. One pebble rolls in front of Ben, then off onto the track.

Goosebumps form on Ben's arms and neck.

BEN

I got the heebie-jeebies, Tom.

TOM

Ehh, you'll be all right.

BEN

I wasn't supposed to be here today.
Roy called in sick.

The train crawls through the tunnel. Hanging work lights cast eerie shadows as they get closer to the Western entrance.

Tom TOOTS the engine's horn three times.

TOM

Well, thanks for showin' up. I don't like shovelin'. Anyways, this'll be a short gig.

BEN

I reckon.

The CLANGING of tools grows louder as the opening of the Western portal comes into sight. The light silhouettes over 100 LABORERS working to widen the tunnel.

Tom pulls the train to a stop in the midst of the Laborers, about a hundred feet or so from the Western portal.

TOM
Uncouple the cars.

BRAKEMAN
Comin' right up!

The Brakeman works to uncouple the engine from the flatcars. The Laborers jump off and start dumping dirt, clay, and bricks onto the flatcars.

Ben hears a GROANING noise. Looks up. Sees a brick fall onto the train. Then another.

BEN
Watch out Tom! She's a-cavin' in!

THE CEILING AND SIDES OF THE TUNNEL COLLAPSE IN A ROAR OF DIRT, ROCKS AND BRICKS.

The locomotive's steam tank EXPLODES.

An incoming wall of dirt and rocks pin Tom against the brake lever. He SCREAMS as he's killed by scalding steam from the exploding engine.

Ben leaps out of the cab but gets hit by scalding steam. He lands on the ground head first, breaking his front teeth.

Skin peeling, bleeding, Ben somehow manages to crawl under the first flatcar, trying to escape the continuing deluge of rocks, dirt and bricks.

Laborers try to escape, but many get crushed. The ones that survive run toward the safety of the Eastern Portal.

Ben winces in pain and anguish. He crawls along the muddy tracks under the flatcars toward a faint lantern light in the distance.

Under the third flatcar, he's stunned to find a bruised and bleeding William Pool, wearing torn late 19th century clothes, lying next to a lantern.

Spike-like fragments of crossties protrude from Pool's right forearm and the left side of his chest near his heart. He writhes in agony.

WILLIAM
Pull' em out! Please!

Ben pulls the crosstie piece out of William's chest, but it SNAPS, leaving a small splinter there.

Ben then pulls the wooden shard out of William's forearm. Blood gushes out, but to Ben's astonished eyes, the wound quickly heals.

BEN

What the... What are you?

WILLIAM

What else, you fool? I'm a vampire.

William bares his fangs.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Want to live?

Ben grits his teeth in agonizing pain. He spits out saliva and a bloody tooth.

BEN

Ugh... Yeah! A'course!

William thrusts his bloody arm before Ben's mouth.

WILLIAM

Drink, or you're a dead man!

Ben hesitates. Then pulls William's arm to his mouth and begins drinking his blood.

EXT. CHURCH HILL TUNNEL EASTERN PORTAL/1925 - DAY

Dirt and smoke billow out of the tunnel. Johns and the Assistant watch in horror as a few injured WORKERS manage to straggle out, counting their blessings at their survival.

A crowd of PEOPLE of various ages, races and social status quickly gathers around them, attracted by the noise and commotion.

Ben, bloody, delirious, staggers from the tunnel. He locks eyes with Johns. Manages to croak out a word.

BEN

...R-run!

Ben collapses to the ground, seemingly dead.

Before Johns or anyone can react, William stalks out of the tunnel. Startled by the Crowd, he hisses and bares his fangs.

An ONLOOKER in the crowd recognizes him.

ONLOOKER
That's William Pool! The Richmond
Vampire!

William takes off running, clutching his chest where he still bleeds around the wooden shard.

JOHNS
Stop him!

Several of the Onlookers grab up shovels and other tools from the worksite and chase after William. Johns and the Assistant among them.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY/W.W. POOL MAUSOLEUM - DAY

Still clutching his bleeding chest, an exhausted, weakened William runs/staggers through the cemetery.

He heads toward a large mausoleum with the name "W.W. Pool" carved over its unusual entrance. The mob of Onlookers led by Johns close on his heels.

William yanks open the heavy iron door. Pulls out an ankh key with a Rosicrucian rose on its hilt.

Before he can enter the safety of the tomb, Johns, wielding a spade catches up to him. Brings the spade down onto his head, edge first, like an axe.

CUT TO BLACK.

SUPER OVER BLACK:

ALMOST ONE HUNDRED YEARS LATER - AUGUST 2025

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY/W.W. POOL MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

A warm, humid August night. Outside the gate to Pool's mausoleum, now 100 years older and worse for wear, a group of 7 PEOPLE of various ages and genders stands inside a circle of salt on the ground, each holding a lit white candle.

LUNIA (50s), a long-haired woman wearing Goth makeup and dress, stands in front of the group, holding two wooden dowsing rods toward the mausoleum. Her rods begin to spin of their own accord.

LUNIA
Mr. Pool is here.

Excited murmuring among the group. CHRIS HOULIHAN (40s), a bit nerdy, wearing a t-shirt with the "Haunts of Richmond Tours" logo across the front, pipes up.

CHRIS
Folks, this is a tour first.
Tonight, we've been allowed to open
the vampire's tomb!

He turns to his wife BETH (40s), wearing Goth clothing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Beth, want to do the honors?

BETH
Love to.

A slight breeze almost blows out all the candles and gently rattles open the gate door.

Beth takes a step toward the mausoleum. Calls out.

BETH (CONT'D)
(dramatically)
Greetings, William Wortham Pool. My
name is Beth. I'm here with my
husband Chris and others seeking
the unknown. Are you the infamous
Richmond Vampire?

The air goes still. Then a swarm of bats passes over the group, blowing out the candles.

Rivulets of blood seep out from under the mausoleum's iron door, forming a pool of blood upon the landing.

Lunia trembles and her dowsing rods suddenly point to her mouth. Her eyes go white as she speaks in William's deep voice.

LUNIA
You, mere mortals, think you've
summoned me...

Lunia gives a deep, guttural laugh. The bats return and circle overhead.

LUNIA (CONT'D)
No, Beth... I summoned you here. I
planted a seed. Behold the
nightmare you could not quite
remember, has finally bloomed to
the dark rose of omen!

Lunia drops her dowsing rods. Turns and touches Beth's forehead with her open palm.

Beth goes into a trance. Images flash through her mind as William's voice (through Lunia) poetically narrates.

BEGIN BETH'S VISION

WILLIAM (V.O.)

Tell the story, 'bout those who've
been buried. Lewis and others, they
long to be ferried. Ferried to
pastures green. Tell of my Mosby,
whose restless bones will rise. His
time's a-comin', he'll scatter the
flies. Flies of this world... and
the Other.

1) RAILROAD WORKERS buried alive in the 1925 Church Hill Tunnel cave-in.

2) William chased by the mob and decapitated by C.W. Johns outside his mausoleum.

3) Ben Mosby gets buried in small service in another part of the cemetery. His pretty wife MARIE (20s) and adorable daughter DOROTHY (5), both wearing black dresses, cry silently. A few MOURNERS surround them.

4) Lightning flashes over Ben's headstone in a driving rain. Below his name and date of death, it reads simply "At Rest."

5) Ben lies in his coffin, wearing a simple black suit. His eyes suddenly open, and his face merges with William's bloody head.

END BETH'S VISION

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY/W.W. POOL MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Lunia releases Beth, who collapses as the bats fly away. Chris kneels next to her. Pats her face.

CHRIS

Beth! Beth!

She regains consciousness. Tries to focus her eyes. Everyone else watches her intently.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

Beth sits up, supported by Chris.

BETH
Yeah. Yeah, I'm okay.

Lunia, no longer under William's control, looks down at her.

LUNIA
You had a vision, yes?

Beth nods.

CHRIS
What did you see?

BETH
The Church Hill train disaster.
William Pool. They're... connected
somehow.

LUNIA
I've long suspected as much.

Beth gets to her feet. Looks excitedly at Lunia.

BETH
We need to talk to Benjamin Mosby!

One of the TOUR MEMBERS speaks up.

TOUR MEMBER
Who?

LUNIA
He was a fireman on the train that
was buried under Church Hill.

CHRIS
He got out but died a few minutes
later.

BETH
Maybe not. Come on!

Beth leads the group away from Pool's mausoleum toward
another part of the cemetery.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH HILL - NIGHT

SUPER:

TWO NIGHTS LATER

The open, partially flooded Eastern portal of the Church Hill tunnel lies in darkness. Strange GROANS and NOISES emanate from its depths.

Suddenly a swarm of bats explodes out of the tunnel. They turn and head west over the tunnel's Western portal.

Below them stand cranes, heavy construction equipment, and a huge billboard with a painted rendition of a multi-use office complex with the wording:

COMING SOON: RETAIL | OFFICE | RESIDENTIAL

COURTESY OF CHARLES JOHNS/COLONIAL ESTATE AND ENGINEERING, IN PARTNERSHIP WITH HAROLD JONES/POSTBELLUM CONSTRUCTION AND RAIL-ONE

As the bats flutter away toward the sleeping city, the tunnel GROANS. A piece of masonry from the portal crashes to the ground.

EXT. RICHMOND/DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

The bats continue their westward flight over the misty skyline, passing the Main Street Clock Tower. A large CROW with spiked plumage sits on the edge of the clock, CAWING out at the bats.

They buzz a police drone, disturbing its flight path. Then swoop down past the National Bank Building, where a few GOTHs smoke weed on the roof.

EXT. JAMES RIVER VIADUCT - NIGHT

The bats turn and head over the moonlit viaduct, heading toward Hollywood Cemetery in the distance. A train RUMBLES over the viaduct's iron bridge.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY/W.W. POOL MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

The flock of bats arrive at the cemetery, swooping, swerving and darting around the tombstones and mausoleums. They pass rats, spiders, and faint reddish orbs darting amongst the graves.

They coalesce and swarm over the entrance to W.W. Pool's mausoleum.

A glowing blue light emerges from inside the crypt. It floats out and hovers in front of the entrance.

The light coalesces and becomes RUXANDRA CEL RAU (30s), a beautiful, exotic woman wearing a leather frock coat and crimson babushka scarf, and rings displaying a gargoyle, bat and dark gems. Her skin is pale and her hair dyed lavender.

Her heterochromia (different colored) eyes glimmer in the moonlight.

Ruxandra opens the iron gate in front of the mausoleum entrance and steps out, closing it behind her. She surveys the eerie cemetery as the swarm of bats circles overhead.

COLLETTE CEL RAU (late 20s) stands nearby. Long black hair, skin not as pale as Ruxandra's, wearing a black paisley blouse and chaos magick crimson ring.

Ruxandra looks up at the swarming bats. She makes a small gesture. The bats disperse. Collette smiles at her great-aunt's amazing powers.

COLLETTE

Your powers never cease to amaze
me, Aunt Ruxandra.

Ruxandra smiles, showing her vampire teeth. Speaks in a light Romanian accent.

RUXANDRA

Sometimes I almost forget I have
them.

The two women hug.

COLLETTE

I wasn't expecting you till next
month. Aren't you a little early?

RUXANDRA

My beloved William died in
September, Nineteen Twenty-Five.
But I last saw him in August of
that year, for our anniversary. To
me that is the more important date
to remember.

They start walking toward Collette's electric car, parked nearby.

COLLETTE

That's so romantic.

RUXANDRA

I miss him every day, Collette.

COLLETTE
Wish I could've met him.

They reach the car.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Mind if we stop for a snack on the
way to the house?

RUXANDRA
Depends on what you had in mind.

Collette giggles.

INT. WPA BAKERY - NIGHT

Ruxandra and Collette sit at a table, drinking coffee and tea, sharing canelés. Around them, CUSTOMERS eat, drink and order. Collette's key fob lies on the table next to her.

Ruxandra takes a sip of her tea. Collette shoots her a smirk.

COLLETTE
Wouldn't that taste better with a
tad of blood?

RUXANDRA
Shh... someone may overhear.

Collette notices an article in an abandoned newspaper lying on the empty table next to them. She picks it up. Reads it. Her eyes go wide.

COLLETTE
Auntie, listen to this.

RUXANDRA
What, my dear?

COLLETTE
It says here that Beth and Chris
Houlihan, Haunts of Richmond tour
guides, did a sort-of seance to
mark the hundredth anniversary of
the Church Hill Tunnel collapse.

She turns a page.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
They worked with a local medium
named Lunia and did a dowsing
session at Pool's mausoleum. They
claim that not only did Willie
speak to them--

RUXANDRA
That's William Wortham Pool to you,
Collette.

COLLETTE
Sorry. Anyway, they also contacted
a spirit who said he was Benjamin
Mosby.

Collette lowers the paper.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Wasn't that the poor fireman who
crawled out of the tunnel and died
right after?

RUXANDRA
Yes, it is. What else does the
article say?

Collette riffles through the paper, trying to find more of
the article.

A nearby FEMALE CUSTOMER stops browsing baked goods and
stares at Ruxandra's lavender hair. Ruxandra glares at her.

RUXANDRA (CONT'D)
May I help you?

CUSTOMER
Oh, no. I'm... I'm sorry, I was
just admiring your hair, and--

RUXANDRA
And now my varied eye coloration.

CUSTOMER
Well, ah...

RUXANDRA
It's heterochromia, thank you.

She turns back to Collette, who begins reading aloud the rest
of the article.

COLLETTE

The dowser asked the spirit its name... Beth said they got a 'yes' on Ben... talked for about twenty minutes. Ben's happy we tell the tunnel history... he doesn't like it when tour groups link him to the Richmond Vampire. He's a ghost in his own right... Whoa, maybe there's something to this?

Ruxandra finishes her tea.

RUXANDRA

How so?

COLLETTE

What I mean is, the Mosby and vampire part. He's definitely, you know, a wandering spirit. Could it be that he met William in the Tunnel?

RUXANDRA

Perhaps. Collette, I'm tired from the journey. Let's get back to the house.

She gets up and moves swiftly to the door. Collette scrambles to follow her. Ruxandra notes Collette's empty hands.

RUXANDRA (CONT'D)

Your keys.

COLLETTE

Oh, yeah.

Collette hurries back to the table to collect her keys. Ruxandra rolls her eyes.

EXT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Collette and Ruxandra arrive at an old Victorian gothic house with a bay window and front door portico. CATTERINA, Collette's black cat familiar, keeps a lookout from the bay window's nook.

A female spiked crow familiar, MORRIGAN, watches from a nearby tree as they enter the house.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is decorated in antique furniture and Romanian folk art. On the walls hang a photo of Hoia-Baciu Forest, a Nosferatu movie poster, and the House of Wallachia family crest, among other items.

Catterina greets them at the door. Collette tosses her keys onto a table near the entrance. Picks Catterina up and strokes her soft fur.

COLLETTE

What's new with Sange Nou? Company still doing well?

RUXANDRA

Relatively speaking. The good news is we're close to a breakthrough. With lab staff and our friend Bölsce's help, we created a coagulation enhancement for our new product, iBlood. Clinical results are imminent. It even tastes similar to the real thing.

COLLETTE

Better than Scarletvin?

RUXANDRA

Dear, you know that's strictly off-the-books. iBlood's for transfusions, for the general public.

COLLETTE

Gotcha. At least that'll make the Council happy.

RUXANDRA

Council? Archons, dear. Yes, profits will be handsome, but nothing can replace Scarletvin. Except of course if it's fresh and flowing.

COLLETTE

Did you bring me a vial?

RUXANDRA

Next time. Are the coffins clean?

COLLETTE

Really? Just for a nap? How about here?

She points to the divan off the hallway.

RUXANDRA
I'm more comfortable in a coffin.

COLLETTE
Auntie, you're so old-school.

RUXANDRA
Scuzati-ma? Only you speak to me
with such a tone.

COLLETTE
That's why I love being your niece.

Collette leads Ruxandra into a room with a coffin.

RUXANDRA
I allow it because I love you. And
I feel sorry that you're not yet
fully vampyre.

COLLETTE
Someday, right?

Collette opens the coffin. Ruxandra sniffs.

RUXANDRA
Someone's been here.

COLLETTE
Ah... Antonio used it last.

Ruxandra wrinkles her nose. Collette sighs and closes the coffin. Grabs her keys from the table by the door and selects a vintage one.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
There's a cleaner one downstairs.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Collette and Ruxandra walk down a spiral stone staircase lit by sconces.

RUXANDRA
What was Antonio doing here?

COLLETTE
It's not what you think. He'd never
cheat on Nastya. I made him a
necklace to give her.

RUXANDRA

Good. Russian Upirs are notoriously jealous.

They walk into Collette's jewelry workshop, which also contains an athanor (alchemist furnace) and escritoire.

Collette's trapezoidal smartwatch PINGS. She checks the text message. It shows the name "Brannbjørn" and the message "What's up?"

RUXANDRA (CONT'D)

Who's that?

COLLETTE

(Lying)

Um... just a customer.

She picks up a charcoal black chaos magick ring from her workbench. Hands it to Ruxandra.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Do you like? I was thinking for Edana.

RUXANDRA

Hmm.

Ruxandra studies the ring as Collette quickly texts "ttyl" on her watch.

EXT. NORWAY/ISTREHÅGAN STONE CIRCLE - DAY

SUPER: ISTREHÅGAN STONE CIRCLE, NORWAY

BRANNBjørn (40s), leaning against a monolith, looks disappointed at his smartphone. He texts back "Talk sooner."

Leader of the Fomorians, Brannbjørn is a hulking giant with shoulder length blond hair, six fingered hands, crystal blue eyes, and a burn mark on his forearm. He's covered in Nordic Rune tattoos.

IVOR (40s), a similar-looking Fomorian with numerous battle scars and a nose ring, smokes a Nordic pipe as he saunters up to Brannbjørn.

IVOR

Think she'll take the bait?

BRANNBjørn

Hard to say. The brooding aunt tightly clutches her offspring.

Nearby, two more giant FOMORIAN WARRIORS sharpen weapons - one a Skyrim Nordic dagger, the other a crossbow dart. The Warrior sharpening the dart dips it into a small vial of liquid.

FOMORIAN WARRIOR
Nothing a bit of poison can't
enhance.

The Warrior loads the dart into a crossbow. Takes aim at a passing bat.

THUNK! The dart impales the bat, which falls to the ground, instantly dead. He shares a smirk with Brannbjørn.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Collette smiles at Brannbjørn's message. Ruxandra sets the ring down.

RUXANDRA
Edana does like black.

She notices the athanor rumbling nearby.

RUXANDRA (CONT'D)
Are you using some of Bölssem's
gold?

COLLETTE
Yes, but the fumes really stink.

RUXANDRA
The scribe does love his alchemy.

Collette points to a coffin lying in the hallway outside the chamber.

COLLETTE
Try that one.

They walk over. Ruxandra opens the lid.

RUXANDRA
Is there a latch on the inside?

COLLETTE
Yep, it can be locked.

She points at the latch on the inside of the lid.

RUXANDRA
Good. Wouldn't want to wake up with
an oak stake in my chest.

COLLETTE
Bummer, you read my thoughts.

RUXANDRA
Very funny.

They hug.

COLLETTE
I've missed you, Auntie. Don't wait
for special occasions. You're
always welcome here.

RUXANDRA
Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/BASEMENT/COFFIN - NIGHT

Ruxandra lies sleeping in the coffin. Her face contorts in
anguish as she dreams.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

EXT. W.W. POOL MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Ruxandra stands before William Wortham Pool's mausoleum on a
misty, windy night. The mausoleum GROANS eerily. A pool of
blood forms before its iron gate.

Ruxandra hears FOOTSTEPS and WIND echo off the tombstones
around her.

A deep, Southern-accented voice fills the air.

BATEAU MAN GHOST (O.S.)
(slowly)
Dracnia. Dracnia.

Ruxandra turns around and around, searching for the source of
the voice.

RUXANDRA
Who's there?

The BATEAU MAN GHOST (30s) appears out of the mists. He's a
tall African-American man wearing 1920s boatman's clothing.

BATEAU MAN GHOST
Dracnia. Oh, Miss Dracnia?

RUXANDRA (V.O.)
A Bateau Man? An old-time boatman?

BATEAU MAN GHOST
Miss? Are you a-comin, Miss?

RUXANDRA
No! No, go away!

BATEAU MAN GHOST
But Miss Dracnia, it's been a
hundred years. I ain't a-comin'
back. Ya' gotta face this. It'll
keep on a-hauntin' ya'.

RUXANDRA
Has Morpheus sent you?

BATEAU MAN GHOST
Ma'am, that be my business.

He walks back into the mist toward the nearby James River.

EVERMORE, a large raven, lands on top of the mausoleum.

EVERMORE
Kraw, braw! Follow him, my lady.

RUXANDRA
Ugh!

She reluctantly follows.

EXT. NORTH BANK TRAIL - NIGHT

The Bateau Man Ghost leads Ruxandra along a trail running
parallel to train tracks heading for the Church Hill Tunnel.
The James River rushes by on the other side of the tracks.

Ruxandra hears something and stops. She watches in stunned
awe as a ghostly steam locomotive and tinder chugs toward the
tunnel.

Engineer Tom Mason and Ben Mosby stare at her as the train
passes by.

The Bateau Man Ghost turns and looks at her.

BATEAU MAN GHOST
I ain't a waitin' forever!

RUXANDRA
I'm... I'm coming.

They reach a crossroad near the James River. The Bateau Man Ghost points down it.

BATEAU MAN GHOST
Miss Dracnia, I'm docked down here.

Ruxandra nods. They follow the new road down to the river's edge. A small boat floats at the dock.

The Bateau Man Ghost helps Ruxandra into the boat. He unties it, takes a long pole out of the bottom of the boat, and shoves off into the river. The lights of downtown Richmond glow in the distance.

The Bateau Man Ghost uses the pole to steer and guide the boat upriver. They pass under a vacant car bridge. Rapids can be heard approaching. A fog rolls in.

The Bateau Man Ghost stakes his pole into the river bottom, stopping them.

BATEAU MAN GHOST (CONT'D)
Miss Dracnia, look over the port side.

Ruxandra gazes over the port side of the boat. Sees bubbles bursting open at the surface. First small, then larger.

Suddenly, swirling strands of hair appear in the current, mixed with blood, forming a crimson pool.

Ruxandra trembles. Her eyes go wide.

W.W. POOL (O.S.)
(ghostly)
Ruxy!

RUXANDRA
No! It can't be!

W.W. POOL (O.S.)
Ruxy, look at me!

RUXANDRA
William! My beloved!

The severed head of William Pool floats to the surface of the water. Covered in mud and algae, blood seeping from a gash in his crown, dripping over his visage.

The head speaks with an eerie voice.

WILLIAM

Ruxy, forgive me! My love, I tried
to return to you. But a mob
overcame me.

Tears stream down Ruxandra's face.

RUXANDRA

Yes, yes my dearest.

WILLIAM

Now your enemies, both mortal and
otherworldly, are coming! Coming to
vanquish you, you and all the
Dragonist lairs.

RUXANDRA

But who? Who, William?

WILLIAM

You know, my love. They are upon
your doorstep. Destroy them! Dress
it in vengeance, then save our
kind!

RUXANDRA

But how, my love?

WILLIAM

By my blood.

RUXANDRA

Your blood? I don't understand.

Pool's head begins sinking back into its watery grave.

WILLIAM

By my blood, avenge those who were
buried. Their souls long to be
ferried. Ferried, from Death's
Tunnel, to soothe its curse.
Seek my blood, in he who is at
rest. Surely my love, he shall pass
the test.

The head's eyes widen before it sinks completely.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Seek, my love! Seek he who is at
rest! AT REST!

Pool disappears beneath the water.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/BASEMENT/COFFIN - NIGHT

Ruxandra wakes with a start. She unlatches the coffin and sits up, disheveled, shaking.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Collette lies on the divan with Catterina, reading a book.

Ruxandra staggers in, still looking haunted. Collette sits up quickly.

COLLETTE
Auntie, you look like you've seen a ghost!

RUXANDRA
I have.

COLLETTE
What happened?

RUXANDRA
Remember the article you read?
About the Richmond Vampire and
Benjamin Mosby?

COLLETTE
Yeah, what about it?

RUXANDRA
I'll explain later. Call that
dowsing medium.

Collette places her smartwatch near her mouth.

COLLETTE
Call Madame Lunia.

The watch begins pulsing as it dials the number.

RUXANDRA
I have questions for Mr. Mosby.

INT. BEN'S COFFIN - NIGHT

Benjamin Mosby's body lies inside the coffin, dressed in his simple black burial suit. He doesn't look a day over the age of 30 - the age when he supposedly died.

His eyes are closed, but moving as if he's dreaming. Ben's mouth slightly opens, revealing his healed teeth and vampire fangs.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY/BEN MOSBY'S GRAVE - DAY

Ruxandra and Collette stand before Ben's tombstone with Lunia. She holds her two dowsing rods toward Ben's grave.

LUNIA

He is here. I can feel him.

Her dowsing rods start spinning.

LUNIA (CONT'D)

Ben, I am Lunia. Do you remember me?

The rods cross. She nods to Ruxandra and Collette.

LUNIA (CONT'D)

That's a "yes."

Evermore, Ruxandra's raven familiar, sits perched on a tree nearby. The rods return to the neutral position.

LUNIA (CONT'D)

With me are Ruxandra cel Rau and her niece, Collette. Like me, they too are great admirers of the tunnel's history. Would you mind answering a few of their questions?

The rods tremble for a moment, then cross. Lunia looks at Ruxandra.

LUNIA (CONT'D)

He's ready.

The rods go back to neutral.

RUXANDRA

Good evening Ben. During the collapse, did you encounter someone? Someone rather... peculiar?

The rods cross.

COLLETTE

(Whispers)

Another "yes!"

Ruxandra holds up a black and white photo of William over Ben's grave, as if showing it to him.

RUXANDRA
Was this the person?

The rods cross again. Ruxandra and Collette let out a collective gasp.

COLLETTE
Did he, ummm... bite you?

Lunia eyes the two women a little strangely.

The rods go outwards. Both Ruxandra and Collette look disappointed. Collette thinks of something.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Did you, maybe... drink his blood?

The rods cross. Lunia's hands tremble. Evermore screeches.

EVERMORE
William Pool, kraw... baw!

Lunia drops the rods in horror. Ruxandra glares at the raven in displeasure.

LUNIA
Who are you? That bird, it... it spoke! You have a photo of Richmond's Vampire? Who are you, really?

RUXANDRA
Be calm.

She gazes hypnotically into Lunia's eyes. Lunia's face glazes over into a trance.

RUXANDRA (CONT'D)
Rest now... All this is but a dream.

Lunia falls under her spell and faints to the ground.

EXT. W. W. POOL'S MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT

Ruxandra and Collette arrive at the mausoleum's courtyard.

COLLETTE
Do you think Lunia will remember anything?

RUXANDRA

Only as a dream. Human minds are so malleable.

A cloud of bats swirls over the crypt. Collette points at the engraving above the mausoleum entrance.

COLLETTE

Legend has it he put his initials there to portray fangs.

Ruxandra opens the mausoleum courtyard gate and enters. Collette follows her.

RUXANDRA

Ah, clever, but I doubt it. William filed down his fangs to avoid suspicion.

Evermore lands on a tree near the mausoleum. Watches them intently.

COLLETTE

Hey, about your dream. You mentioned "At Rest" echoed in your mind. Mosby's epitaph states 'At Rest.' Is Mosby the one we seek?

RUXANDRA

I believe so.

COLLETTE

You're not going to awaken him, are you?

Ruxandra places her glowing left hand on the crypt's iron gate lock chain. The heat makes the links malleable. She pries open one, uncoupling it from the padlock.

RUXANDRA

Perhaps.

Evermore flies over and alights on her shoulder. She enters the crypt and closes the gate, leaving Collette outside.

COLLETTE

But why? It's been a hundred years. Let it go.

Ruxandra reattaches the link to the padlock.

RUXANDRA

Greva Echilibrul.

COLLETTE

Sorry, my Romanian is--

RUXANDRA

It means, 'Strike the Balance.'
Now, everything's out of balance.
The planet is sick from too much
consumption. Humans possess dark
knowledge, as do our otherworldly
rivals, those covetous Fomorian.
Both are upon our doorstep. And our
vain, gluttonous leader--

COLLETTE

You mean Edana? I think she's
endearing. She wouldn't be so--

RUXANDRA

Careless? Indeed she is. She draws
attention to her lair, abducting
men and sheep for her blood baths.
Soon all the lairs of the
Dragonists may be unveiled.

Ruxandra places an Ankh key in a notch on the chamber wall.

RUXANDRA (CONT'D)

Perhaps the time of the "Great
Balance" has arrived. Perhaps here,
with Mosby, is where it will all
begin.

COLLETTE

Mosby? But he's no one. A poor
train fireman who died tragically.

RUXANDRA

It is amongst the unknowns, like a
mere fireman, my dear, who often
ignite the Balance.

The crypt wall begins to swirl. A neon blue vortex emanates
from the notch. Collette shakes her head.

COLLETTE

(softly)

Mosby.

The blue vortex grows into a portal as Ruxandra holds the key
in the slot. The mausoleum vibrates and hums. The bats swirl
above the tomb.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

What would it take to awaken him?

RUXANDRA

That, my dear, demands all the Dragonist Archons to be of one mind. And, we must have the approval of this city's demonic ruler, Lord Choíros.

Ruxandra steps forward and half her arm vanishes into the portal's swirling tunnel.

COLLETTE

Will you seek that?

Ruxandra turns to face the notched wall.

RUXANDRA

First I must consult with Bölssem. You'll have to come and see me soon. La revedere!

She steps through the portal. The bats unravel and fly off.

COLLETTE

La revedere!

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND CAMPUS - DAY

COLLEGE STUDENTS bustle about the manicured grounds of this prestigious private college. Some run to classes, others read on the lawns, a small group plays music.

MAGNOLIA (MAGGIE) JONES (22), rolls along the sidewalk in a motorized wheelchair. She's blonde and gorgeous with pale skin, wearing a cute sundress and sweater. Books fill a backpack slung over the back of the wheelchair.

CORNELIUS (O.S.)

Hey, Maggie!

Maggie stops her chair. CORNELIUS MCCONNELL (20s), thin, bearded, a bit nerdy, runs up to her. He catches his breath.

MAGGIE

What's up, Cornelius? I'm running late.

CORNELIUS

Can I walk with you?

Maggie shoots him a coquettish smile.

MAGGIE

Sure.

Cornelius escorts her toward an old, large brick building.

CORNELIUS

Just wanted to make sure you're okay. Didn't see you in class yesterday.

MAGGIE

Wasn't feeling well. You know how it is. I have good days and bad days.

CORNELIUS

Anything I can do for you? Maybe something to cheer you up?

Maggie takes Cornelius' hand.

MAGGIE

I really appreciate that, Cornelius. Believe me, if I knew of something I'd tell you. Just been depressed. More than usual.

CORNELIUS

Is it your Dad again?

MAGGIE

That's part of it. Ever since my accident it's like I'm not part of the family anymore.

CORNELIUS

That sucks.

MAGGIE

Tell me about it. He mostly just ignores me, unless he's hopped up on that weird stuff he drinks. Then he yells at me.

CORNELIUS

Any idea what he's hooked on?

MAGGIE

Beats me. Looks sort of like blood, but it affects him like about a dozen shots of whiskey. Been tempted to try it myself.

CORNELIUS

I wouldn't do that. Don't want to end up an asshole like him.

Maggie laughs.

MAGGIE

For sure.

CORNELIUS

Wanna come by my house later? Got a new invention I'd love to show you.

MAGGIE

Maybe. See how I'm feeling.

She stops at the entrance to the access ramp that leads into the building.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I get out around four. Call me, okay?

CORNELIUS

Will do.

Maggie pulls him down and gives him a peck on the cheek. Rolls off into the building as Cornelius watches her with puppy dog eyes.

Neither of them have noticed MAVROS, a huge black dog, hiding in some nearby bushes, watching them intently.

INT. CASTLE DRACUL/LIBRARY - NIGHT

SUPER: CASTLE DRACUL. THE OTHERWORLD

A vast library, filled with scrolls and ancient tomes from around the world. Candles and oil lanterns light the space.

Sitting at a large, ornately carved desk in the middle of the room is BÖLSCSEM KERTÉSZ (50s), sporting a spiky, tonsure-style haircut, goatee, and a prominent scar on his face.

He wears early 20th-century clothing, with a couple of modern accoutrements, including a trapezoidal smartwatch like Collette's and a ring with the Order of the Dracul signet.

Bölscsem writes furiously in a leather-bound book, using an antique fountain pen. He occasionally dips the pen into a small container of ink nearby.

Ruxandra sweeps into the room and heads toward Bölscsem. Bölscsem rises from his chair and bows to her. They both speak in Romanian.

BÖLSCEM
My lady Ruxandra.

RUXANDRA
Good evening, Bölscem.

BÖLSCEM
To what do I owe this honor?

RUXANDRA
Collette sends her greetings. And
asks that you clean your athanor
once in a while.

Bölscem chuckles.

BÖLSCEM
Of course, my lady.

RUXANDRA
I need the details for an
awakening.

BÖLSCEM
An awakening? The Dragonists
haven't performed one in over two
hundred years.

RUXANDRA
I know. I was there.

BÖLSCEM
As was I, my lady. I'm afraid it
did not go as planned.

Ruxandra's face darkens.

RUXANDRA
No. That's why I need more details,
so this one may succeed. And
everything you have on Lord
Choíros.

BÖLSCEM
Of course. Richmond, Virginia? Is
this connected to your late
beloved?

RUXANDRA
It is. But there's more.

BÖLSCEM
Have you informed Edana?

RUXANDRA

Not yet. Bring me everything first
so I may prepare before pleading my
case to the Council.

BÖLSCEM

As you wish, my lady.

RUXANDRA

Do not fail me, scribe. The future
of our kind may depend on it.

Ruxandra hurries out, leaving Bölscem with a perplexed look
on his face.

EXT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE - DAY

The sound of a jeweler tapping on metal emanates from an open
window.

Morrigan, the spiked crow, sits perched on the roof,
surveying the scene.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/BASEMENT - DAY

Collette, wearing a visor and jeweler's coat, creates a pair
of fancy earrings. Herbs and magic books lie strewn about the
desk. Catterina meanders around them. Alchemic equipment
bubbles and boils in the background.

She looks around for something.

COLLETTE

Now where'd that design doodle get
to?

Collette's smartwatch PINGS. She stops and takes off her
visor. Starts a video chat with Brannbjørn.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

BRANNBjørn

Hey there, what are you working on?

Collette displays the earrings to the camera.

COLLETTE

Making earrings for Nastya.

She puts them down.

BRANNBJØRN
(uncomfortable)
Oh.

COLLETTE
Hang on a sec.

Collette turns off her watch camera. Removes her coat and hangs it on a nearby hook. Unbuttons her blouse to show a little more cleavage. Turns the camera back on.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Just wanted to get comfortable.

Brannbjørn grins.

BRANNBJØRN
So I see.

COLLETTE
Guess what?

BRANNBJØRN
Hmm... What?

COLLETTE
I'm done with Steve.

BRANNBJØRN
Cool.

COLLETTE
You seeing anyone?

BRANNBJØRN
Nope.

COLLETTE
Good. Come see me.

BRANNBJØRN
When?

COLLETTE
Mabon Fest. It's in a couple days,
the Twenty-First.

BRANNBJØRN
Sounds like fun. But Richmond's a
pain to fly to. Can you portal me?

COLLETTE
Sure. Where do you want to meet?

BRANNBJØRN
How about the Comet Stone in
Orkney?

COLLETTE
Nice neutral choice. Midnight UK
time tomorrow?

BRANNBJØRN
I'll be there.

END INTERCUT

Collette's watch screen goes dark. She smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH HILL TUNNEL/WESTERN PORTAL - DAY

MOANS and RUMBLINGS emanate from the dark tunnel opening.
Bits of brick and masonry can be heard falling inside.

EXT. JEFFERSON PARK - DAY

A small city park sits on Church Hill above the tunnel. A few
PEOPLE enjoy the fall day, sitting on blankets, walking,
talking.

A sink hole suddenly appears in the middle of the park. A
male JOGGER narrowly avoids falling in. Keeps going while
mumbling to himself.

EXT. CHURCH HILL HOME - DAY

A stately home in the ritzy neighborhood near the tunnel.
CHILDREN play in the big front yard.

Another sink hole appears. A LITTLE GIRL falls in. An OLDER
CHILD grabs her by the arm and pulls her out just in time.

All the Children run into the house, SCREAMING.

EXT. ORKNEY, SCOTLAND/RING OF BRODGAR/COMET STONE - NIGHT

SUPER: ORKNEY, SCOTLAND. RING OF BRODGAR.

A circle of ancient monoliths, the Ring of Brodgar stands
majestically on a hill on the island of Orkney off the coast
of Scotland.

A glowing-eyed European Shag (bird) perches on the Head Stone, weathering the wind and cold. It grunts.

The Split Stone, one of the monoliths, starts to glow. Collette stumbles out through a portal within the stone.

She steadies herself on another nearby monolith. Shoves an ankh key with a black rose on its hilt into her pocket.

Collette takes a few deep breaths. Looks around. She's alone.

She shakes her head and starts walking to the Comet Stone, another monolith standing about 200 yards away. She admires the moon glowing on the Loch of Harray below the cliffs.

As she nears the Comet Stone, the ground starts to tremble. A vortex of electric blue light bursts from the Comet Stone.

Brannbjørn appears, holding a spherical smoky quartz crystal with six knobs. The hulking figure wears a Tuscan style sheepskin jacket. He sees Collette. Puts the crystal in his pocket.

BRANNBJØRN

Hallo!

COLLETTE

Not too late.

BRANNBJØRN

I'm getting better.

COLLETTE

Maybe an old bear--

BRANNBJØRN

Can learn new tricks.

They laugh and hug.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)

You look dazed.

COLLETTE

Portaling's not my thing. You know, not being a complete vamp.

She pushes her finger into his chest.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Or a super Fomorian.

Brannbjørn grins and emits a low growl. His crystal blue eyes glimmer, and briefly his muscles and skin hair enlarge. Then he reverts to human form.

Collette giggles. They walk arm-in-arm back to the Ring of Brodgar. Brannbjørn points at the Lightning Stone and its plaque commemorating a lightning strike that split the monolith.

BRANNBJØRN

What a night that was! Does your Auntie still conjure up storms?

Collette smirks.

COLLETTE

Only against Fomorians.

Brannbjørn takes Collette over to Split Stone. He passes his hand through the stone's gap.

BRANNBJØRN

Well, it's still holding up. You know it's amazing she toppled that stone...

He looks back at the Lightning Stone.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)

...and the ricochet split this one.

He touches the Split Stone.

COLLETTE

Well, none of that would've happened if you hadn't trespassed, whisking Lydia away like you did. It's still there...

She caresses the burn mark on his forearm.

BRANNBJØRN

You know, that was over forty years ago. You Dragonists need to let it go.

He takes a hold of her hand.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)

Anyway, I didn't know Lydia had vamp in her.

Collette shoots him a skeptical look.

COLLETTE

Humph.

She feels his stone-like long fingernails.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)

Did you know it took Ruxandra two new moons to recover from these nails?

BRANNBJØRN

Well, at least I don't bolt folks.

The Shag perched on the Head Stone grunts at them.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)

Hey, what's with that bird?

COLLETTE

You know, it's a Boobrie. A shapeshifter... just like you.

BRANNBJØRN

Boo!

The Boobrie squawks at him.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)

It's watching the portal to Dún Dreach-Fhola, isn't it?

COLLETTE

I don't know. The Serpent Ways, they change from time to time. Like you guys, you used to portal out of the Odin Stone over there.

She points to where the Odin Stone formerly stood.

BRANNBJØRN

Ja, 'til that damn ferrylouper toppled it.

COLLETTE

See, talk about us letting things go, you Fomorians can't let the Odin thing go. What was that, like Eighteen Fourteen?

The Boobrie squawks again and opens its wings. Collette pulls out her ankh and moves closer to the Split Stone.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Anyways, the Boobrie's kinda like
you. Bold, brash... just not as
cute. But he's a good lookout.

BRANNBJØRN
Ja, for me and my clan.

COLLETTE
It's for anybody trying to enter
Dragonist lairs.

She places her key's tip into the Split Stone's notch. Its
hilt sinks into the radiant monolith. The ground trembles.
Collette takes Brannbjørn by the hand.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Shall we?

The Boobrie eyes Brannbjørn then flies away.

BRANNBJØRN
With pleasure.

A blue vortex appears. The pair enter the vortex and vanish.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Collette and Brannbjørn enter the house. Collette drops her
keys on the table by the door as usual and closes the door.

Brannbjørn pulls her into a hug. Collette grins up at him.

COLLETTE
Ah, you missed me.

BRANNBJØRN
More than you know.

Collette runs her fingers through Brannbjørn's hair. They
kiss for a minute. She stops kissing, whispers.

COLLETTE
Can I entice you to stay for a few
days?

BRANNBJØRN
Ja.

COLLETTE
Good.

She pulls away and walks toward her bedroom. Points to the divan in the hallway.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Then we'll have plenty of time to catch up. I'm weak from portaling. You can take the guest bed... for now.

Brannbjørn looks dejected.

BRANNBJØRN
Oh, ok. 'Night.

Collette shoots him a quick flirty glance. Enters her bedroom and closes the door. Catterina hisses at Brannbjørn. He growls back.

Brannbjørn walks over to a liquor tray sitting next to one of the chairs. Pours himself some whiskey and quickly downs it. Eyes Collette's keys on the table by the door.

Making his decision, he puts down the glass. Goes over and grabs the keys. Quickly walks to the basement door. Figures out which key to use and unlocks it.

INT. VAMPIRE SAFE HOUSE/BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brannbjørn scans Collette's bookshelves, filled with ancient tomes.

BRANNBJØRN
Hmm... it's got to be here.

He doesn't find what he's looking for. Goes over to her jeweler's desk. Searches around. Stumbles onto a secret compartment in the desk, which he manages to open.

Inside lies another tome, labeled "Códex Caisleáin."

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)
Jaaa!

He takes the book out and rifles through it. Studies entries on portal keys, geodesic diagrams, other Dragonist lairs.

He uses his smartphone to photograph a layout of Dún Dreach-Fhola and its perimeter defense, the Ouroboros Ring of Fire.

He turns to the next page and grins.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)
 Ahh, there it is... Dorus Nathair!
 Entrance to Dún Dreach-Fhola.

The photo shows another monolith, this one in Ireland. Text underneath reads "Cnoc Na Peiste - The Hill of the Serpent."

Brannbjørn takes a photo of the page. His face breaks into a toothy, evil grin.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ELKO TRACT/ABANDONED AIRFIELD - DAY

SUPER: MABON AUTUMN EQUINOX FESTIVAL. OUTSIDE RICHMOND.

The Mabon festival is in full swing at an abandoned airfield outside Richmond.

PAGAN REVELERS of all ages, races and genders, don garlands and place offerings upon an equinox altar.

Morrigan the crow lands on a tree at the field's edge. CAWS.

Collette, wearing a festive fall outfit, approaches the altar and places some apples on it. Brannbjørn, sporting a collared sheepskin vest, offers nothing.

A feast begins around a bonfire. Collette introduces Brannbjørn to some PAGAN FRIENDS. She kneels down and rubs the head of MANCHO, a shaggy dark brown dog, part pit bull, part Tibetan mastiff.

COLLETTE
 Oh Mancho, you're such a good dog.
 So glad you're here.

As Collette pets Mancho, an imposing shadow covers them. The big, muscular STEVE BILSHARN (30s) glares down at her. He's dressed like a Goth biker and wears a Sigil of Chaos ring.

STEVE
 Hi. We gonna talk?

COLLETTE
 Yep. But not here, Steve.

STEVE
 Look, I have some ownin' up to do.

Collette stands and sniffs his breath.

COLLETTE
Oh really? You've been drinking.

Brannbjørn steps up to them.

BRANNBJØRN
Hey, is there a problem here?

STEVE
Who's asking?

BRANNBJØRN
You don't want to go there.

STEVE
Look, you six fingered freak,
you're encroaching. Go away.

BRANNBJØRN
Oh, I'm terrified.

He glances at Collette.

BRANNBJØRN (CONT'D)
(Whispers)
Thought you ended this?

A small log rolls out of the crackling fire near them.

COLLETTE
(Whispers)
Umm, not totally.

Brannbjørn rolls his eyes. As he turns back to Steve, he's met with a hard uppercut to the jaw.

The Fomorian teeters backward, trips over the log behind him, and lands in the bonfire, causing more burning logs to roll out of the fire pit. Some ignite the field grass.

Brannbjørn jumps to his feet. But the back of his collar catches fire. The Revelers stop their partying.

COLLETTE (CONT'D)
Brannbjørn! You're on fire!

CUT TO BLACK.

END CHAPTER ONE