

BRIGHT

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red and blue lights flash in the dark  
rushing down streets you recognize  
a glimpse of magic, just a spark  
the monsters are familiar  
but the castles are amiss  
you've been here before  
but not quite  
like this

For JRR Tolkien and David Ayer, who bring worlds to life.

INT. WARD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

**SCOTT WARD** can't sleep. He scowls in defiance at the golden midday sun scorching through the blinds. Plain but handsome, with an '*I'm in charge here*' buzzcut. A thoughtful man, but no genius, he's stymied by the daylight. We note the ANGRY BRUISING on his 200-pushups-a-day chest.

Ward tries to fall back asleep. *No dice.* He shifts his weight and peels his Glock off his sweaty back. Sighs and starts counting the cracks in his bedroom ceiling...

SMASH TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WARD'S FLASHBACK - DAY

A **GANGBANGER** in a *black hoodie* bursts out the door with a shotgun! WARD stands there in LAPD uniform. Reaches for his holster -- Breaks leather. Steps into a textbook shooting stance. Muzzle coming on target. Too Late...

*The GANGBANGER spins aims fires -- KABOOM!*

INT. WARD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Ward gasps awake. His fingertips skim the ugly green and purple bruises on his chest. *I'm still alive...*

INT. WARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ward shuffles into the kitchen -- Sees **SHERRI**, his age, inspecting dishes in the sink, looking for the easiest one to wash. Pretty in a champagne room kind of way. She has an air of entitlement, things should've been easier for her.

The tension between them is palpable. Ward grabs a huge box of Cheerios, fills a plastic bowl. *Without looking up:*

SHERRI

There's a fairy in the bird feeder again.

Ward sighs. Gets the milk from the fridge. Smells it. Expired. Pours it anyway.

SHERRI (CONT'D)

It's the same fuckin' one, too.  
Isn't it? Cause you didn't kill it last time.

Ward steels himself as he tamps cornflakes into sour milk. *He's been over her shit for a long time --* His tone immediately counters her aggression, mellow, even...

WARD

I thought you were out looking for a job.

SHERRI

Oh. Right. Of course. Of course you'd bring that up.

WARD

Yesterday you indicated you would be actively looking for employment. We had a plan, a timeline. And I'm concerned--

SHERRI

--Don't. Don't do that.

WARD

Do what?

SHERRI

Your Zen cop *'I'm talking to a crazy person'* voice you do.

WARD

*...I'm trying to not escalate...*

SHERRI

For your information, I had an interview this morning.

WARD

Okay. That's good.

SHERRI

I don't need you to tell me it's good. I won't fuckin' get it.

WARD

How do you know?

SHERRI

Because I can tell. Okay? The woman was a snotty bitch.

WARD

Keep at it. Your next interviewer might be a man. You can shake your six thousand dollar bolt-on-tits at him.

SHERRI

Way to de-escalate asshole. We all know I can make more money than your broke ass ever will dancing. So fuck you. Sophie's staying at mom's tonight. You gotta give her a ride. And get the fuckin' fairy. Kill it this time. Pussy.

She grabs her keys and charges out of there.

EXT. WARD'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Ward peers through the bars of his shitty Craftsman in South Central LA. Gangster THUMP emanates from the house next door. Two Low Riders on the lawn, cabled together. **HOMIES** solemnly gathered around open hoods.

Ward slides the Glock in his pocket. Grabs a broom. Steps out into the sunlight -- His neighbor **MIGUEL** clocks him.

MIGUEL

Good afternoon officer. We didn't wake you up?

He salutes. Ward salutes back, on a mission, not slowing down...

WARD

No, never. Because bass doesn't carry at all. You know that's bad for the grass. The cars.

MIGUEL

Grass grows back. How's your old lady?

WARD

Save up your lunch money and ask her yourself.

The Homies sense his venom and wince -- *Damnnnnn.*

MIGUEL

Yo, that fairy in your bird feeder's been up in my pad eating my dog food. I'm a call the city.

WARD

I am the city. Motherfucker's about to go to Fairy Heaven.

Ward approaches the bird feeder slowly. A dead pigeon lays beneath it -- **Badly burnt**. Ward stops and thinks. He doesn't need this shit. *Raises the broom...*

The Homies look on, expectant, as they slowly back up...

Ward gently pokes the bird feeder. Nothing.

THEN: *The FAIRY bursts out SCREECHING at him!* A sparrow-sized hybrid of lemur and insect. It HISSES like vermin...

MIGUEL

Aw shit. Ring the bell. It's on.

Ward jabs it with the broom -- *It flings a handful of sparks at him!*

WARD

Ah! Fuck!

The Homies erupt into laughter. Ward ignores them, locked onto his enemy. He fakes left, spins, swats it against the house with a thud -- The Fairy drops to the ground, *HISSING*, helpless, injured...

MIGUEL

That's it right there. LAPD style.  
Now watch him finish off the little homie.

Ward advancing slowly, clearly pitying the fairy -- *It throws sparks again -- Ward looks away and brings down the broom with finality -- He's sprayed with purple blood.*

This gets the expected eruption from the onlookers...

INT. WARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ward returns and regards his forgotten bowl of soggy cereal. His mind tumbles, something washes over his face. *He's suddenly somewhere else...*

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WARD'S FLASHBACK - DAY

Ward is on his back next to the front tire of his black and white. He's stunned. The buckshot in his vest smoking. The Gangbanger steps around the corner of the vehicle. Presses the shotgun to Ward's forehead -- *His eyes locked onto the face of holy motherfucking death itself. A face we don't get to see yet...*

CLICK. The shotgun is jammed. The Gangbanger takes off running. ECU WARD -- Gritting his teeth in rage...

INT. WARD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

He shakes his head, wiping his face...

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Daddy!

INT. WARD'S HOUSE - SOPHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ward's little daughter SOPHIA tries to cram a mound of stuffed animals into her backpack. Ward sits on her bed, eating a banana.

SOPHIA

They don't fit.

WARD

So just take a couple. You're only going to Grandma's for one night.

SOPHIA

If I only take two the rest will miss them.

WARD

You're very considerate. But what about like clothes and toothbrushes and socks and stuff?

SOPHIA

Daddy I'm only going for one night.

Ward laughs. Then...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Are you in trouble?

WARD

Am I in trouble? Did mom say something?

SOPHIA

Mom said you and Nick are in trouble because Nick did something dumb.

Ward makes a mental note -- Total information lockdown time with Sherry. Before he can craft a response...

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Kayla at school says orcs do dumb stuff because they're not as smart as people. Did Nick get you in trouble? I don't want you be in trouble.

Ward speaks carefully.

WARD

Orcs aren't dumb. Okay? All the races are different than us. And being different doesn't make them smarter or dumber. They're just like us. Okay? Everyone just wants to get along and be happy.

SOPHIA

Can elves really talk to dragons?

WARD

Not unless they go to the zoo.

SOPHIA

Kayla says--

WARD

--you gotta stop listening to Kayla. Kayla sounds like trouble.

SOPHIA

No, Kayla never gets in trouble.

WARD

Not yet. Being so judgemental won't do Kayla any favors in life. Look. Don't let anyone tell you what to think. Treat everyone nice and they'll treat you nice.

Suddenly a crash outside -- **KATHUNK!** -- Ward reacts, quickly gets up...

EXT. WARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Ward exits and sees an LAPD Black and White on his lawn.

WARD

Aw come on. What the actual fuck?

**NICK JAKOBY**, early 30s, exits from the driver's side with a grin -- By the way -- **JAKOBY'S AN ORC...**

Like most orcs, he's bald with green skin, orange eyes and slightly animalistic facial features. He's friendly and easy going, but right now he's gently on the defensive.

JAKOBY

What? They put new shocks in. I was testing them on your curb.

WARD

On my curb? That makes no sense.

JAKOBY

Your driveway's full?

*From next door...*

MIGUEL

Hey officer, that's bad for the grass.

WARD

Yes. Thank you. It grows back.  
(to Jakoby)  
Why are you here in our car?

JAKOBY

I had that diversity training thing up at Elysian. Thought you were going.

WARD

I did it. You can't run errands in a city car.

JAKOBY

Your house is on the way to the barn. Hop in. Let's go to work.

SOPHIA

Hi Nick!

Sophia exits with a big smile for Jakoby...

JAKOBY

Hey Sophia, what's up rockstar?

SOPHIA

We're packing for grandma's.

JAKOBY

That's cool.



WARD

Will you shut up, bro? I don't want you catching days over a stupid mileage beef.

SOPHIA

Don't tell Nick to shut up, he's a person too!

JAKOBY

Enlightened kid there, Scott.

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jakoby drives. Sophia in back listening to headphones. Ward quietly seethes...

JAKOBY

What?

WARD

This is stupid. I'm in soft clothes with my kid in the car. If we get popped.

JAKOBY

Right. Because maybe Internal Affairs is running integrity stings on vehicle mileage this week.

WARD

You suck at sarcasm. You're supposed to use a sarcastic tone when you're being sarcastic.

JAKOBY

I put what, five extras miles on the car? A buck of gas. That's a criminal violation. Bro we gotta deny everything. Delete Facebook and lawyer up.

WARD

Exactly like that. A sarcastic tone.

JAKOBY

Dude. Is it your man-period? Did you sleep?

WARD

No. Yes. Sort of. I keep seeing that asshole who blasted me.

JAKOBY

You gotta try melatonin. I gotta bottle in my warbag I'll flip you. Pop one an hour before bed and stay off the laptop. The screen fucks up your circadian rhythm.

WARD

Yeah, okay mom.

A beat of silence. What Ward really wants to talk about bubbles agonizingly to the surface.

WARD (CONT'D)

Nick, did you let that asshole go?

JAKOBY

Yeah I let him go. Because that's what I do. Dude's who shoot my partner get a pass.

WARD

It's me and you brother. Just me and you talking.

JAKOBY

It's fucked up you'd ask me that.

WARD

I saw his face, okay? He was an orc. He was *clan-blood*.

JAKOBY

I don't give a shit about clan-blood. I don't. You've never came at me racial. Not once. You think I'd kick the dude who shot you loose because *he's green*? Scott?

Ward sighs checks his texts. Then...

WARD

I know you didn't. But the guys on our Watch are talking mad shit. So it's out there. Just know it's out there.

(then)

If you came out on front street about it I totally wouldn't care.

Jakoby looks at Ward, with that intense open honesty he has.

JAKOBY

You would. Scott, you would.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Ward hugs Sophia goodbye. **SHERRI'S MOTHER** looks on, while Jakoby waits with the car. Ward SEES Sophia's crying.

WARD  
Hey, Sophia, don't cry, don't cry.

SOPHIA  
I don't want you to die.

WARD  
Honey. I'm not going to die. I promise. Go with Grandma.

SOPHIA  
But mommy said Nick is going to get you killed.

*Ward can barely contain his anger.*

WARD  
Mommy's kidding. She says silly things sometime.

SOPHIA  
I don't want you to be dead. I hate you being a policeman. Everybody hates policemen!

Sophia twists away. Runs crying towards the house. Ward absorbs the blow for a moment. When he returns to the car, Jakoby *is gentle with this...*

JAKOBY  
Remind me, partner, why Sherri's not watching her tonight?

WARD  
She's got a date.

JAKOBY  
Bro. Why are you still letting her live with you?

WARD  
You know why.

JAKOBY  
Sophia's not your daughter.

WARD  
Funny. Cause it sure fucking feels like she is, Nick.

JAKOBY

I'm sorry. You know what I mean.  
I don't know how to be on your side  
when you're not on your side.

Ward angrily gets in the car...

WARD

Save me, Nick. Save me from all  
the ex-strippers of the world.

EXT. LAPD STATION - DAY

Solidly in the hood. A black SUV pulls up. Two Federal Agents step out in black suits. One is human, he's all about Gracie Ju-Jitsu and fine tailoring -- This is **MONTEHUGH**.

The taller Agent is lithe with striking dark skin and dazzling teal eyes. *LIKE MOST ELVES his features are nearly human*, if perhaps slightly stretched. Almost too perfect, barring of course, his pointed ears -- This is **KANDOMERE**.

MONTEHUGH

It's, um, rustic here. I'm sure  
the inhabitants of this outpost  
have priceless knowledge to aid us  
on our quest.

*Kandomere cocks an eyebrow at him.*

KANDOMERE

I apologize there are no local  
shops with artisanal kale smoothies  
and organic chicken breast in ten  
pound servings. Stay on task.

Montehugh glares at Kandomere as they enter the station.

MONTEHUGH

My gains, bruh. Never mock my  
gains.

INT. LAPD STATION - DAY

Crammed and with lead paint and peeling asbestos. Kandomere and Montehugh check in at the front desk.

**CAMERA FINDS JAKOBY** -- In a nearby hallway, watching the Agents from the shadows. Nervous.

Kandomere feels Jakoby's gaze. Looks over. Jakoby is already gone.

INT. LAPD STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Cops suit up to protect and serve. Ward peels the dry cleaning bag off a fresh uniform.

WARD

Hey, any of you seen my partner?

**HICKS**, a middle aged bulldog of a man, laughs thickly.

HICKS

Big green dude? Orange eyes? Not exactly a Rhodes Scholar? Why yes. I have seen your *partner*.

**BROWN**, 20s, with fratboy excitability, jumps in...

BROWN

Hah. You said partner with airquotes.

HICKS

See, Ward's partner is a *peace officer*.

BROWN

Fucking outstanding. Airquotes again.

HICKS

(announces loudly)  
Anyone have a location on our diversity hire? He likes to wander.

Ward fumes. **POLLARD**, late 30s, with the bitter cold demeanor of a broken street cop, mutters this:

POLLARD

Cops don't wander. Pets wander. Ward, you wanna ride with a dog, work K9.

They laugh in that stupid, self congratulatory way racists always do. *Ward about to explode...*

POLLARD (CONT'D)

If I get smoked, gentlemen. Let the asshole go.

BROWN

Dude. I so got you. Done.

WARD

And now I say fuck you to you.  
You. And you.

HICKS

You know what they say about clan  
blood.

(ominously)

Once for the Dark Lord, always for  
the Dark Lord.

WARD

How can dumb-asses like you who  
can't remember your wife's birthday  
still have beef against a whole  
race of people for some shit that  
went down thousands of years ago?

HICKS

*Race of people.*

BROWN

Bam! Airquotes! You are the  
fucking master.

Ward spins to about to break Brown's neck...

**BANG-BANG-BANG!** **SERGEANT CHING**, a badass intelligent female,  
is pounding on a locker...

SERGEANT CHING

Hi guys. If we're done handing  
Ward ammo for his inevitable  
lawsuit against the Department,  
it's time to drink in the Captain's  
wisdom.

INT. LAPD STATION - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

The Cops we met sit at tables. Jakoby and Ward noticeably  
isolated from the "cool kids". Jakoby *whispers to Ward:*

JAKOBY

I saw feds in the building. They  
had an elf and everything. Think  
they're here for me?

WARD

You'd be suspended already if  
something was up. Lay off the  
energy drinks.

JAKOBY  
Right, man, yeah.

**CAPTAIN PEREZ** enters...

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
I'd like to welcome everyone to the latest episode of "We Are All Fucked" starring the PM Watch.

Mock cheers and real laughs from the boys and girls.

CAPTAIN PEREZ (CONT'D)  
Tonight we got the trifecta. Full moon on a Friday night in a Summer heatwave. The streets will be seriously assholed-up and we're spread thin as Royce's comb-over.

One of the officers, ROYCE, chuckles.

CAPTAIN PEREZ (CONT'D)  
That means clear your calls fast and help your colleagues clear theirs. Get me outta this reporting period without another murder, I'll buy you all coffee.

This gets a positive, serious response. *As he rushes off to the next thing...*

CAPTAIN PEREZ (CONT'D)  
Sergeant Ching, all yours.

SERGEANT CHING  
Yessir!

A former Marine, she snaps to with her clipboard...

SERGEANT CHING (CONT'D)  
After I call your name, get your shotguns and radios and deploy. I don't want to see you here unless there's badguys under the desks. Pollard. Brown. You're working Three-A-Four.

POLLARD  
Shotguns and radios? When do we get the graham crackers and apple juice?

SERGEANT CHING

I will fuck you up, Pollard. I give zero fucks how much time in grade you got. Zero fucks. Ward, Jakoby. Three-A-Nine. Gomez and the rookie with the unpronounceable Thai surname. Three-A-Six.

Jakoby and Ward can't get out of there fast enough...

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ward grinds his teeth as Jakoby drives. Jakoby cranks his bluetooth speakers to fill the silence.

WARD

Bro. No. We're not listening to Orkish folk music.

JAKOBY

You gonna act like a little bitch all watch? I thought Orcs were supposed to be dark motherfuckers. You need to get laid. Get a Sancha like every other cop working South Central. You got all the hoodrats chasing you.

WARD

I don't need to get laid.

JAKOBY

Yes you do. Humans are easy to read. Like you guys have all these little tells.

WARD

Little tells like what?

JAKOBY

Like when you make this face...

Jakoby makes a bizarre face. Ward can't help it, starts chuckling.

WARD

What face is that? That's not a face.

JAKOBY

It's the face you're making right now. It's a human who needs some pussy face.



WARD

Sure. I see it now. Show me  
another human face.

Jakoby makes a bizarre pouting expression.

JAKOBY

This is when a human finds out he  
isn't getting any pancakes.

WARD

(laughing now)  
It's true, we do love pancakes.

Ward changes the music -- A *BANGING TRACK* starts. The boys  
laugh, rolling through the hood. *Its modest homes and palm  
trees splashed with golden late afternoon sunlight...*

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA/COP CAR (MOVING) - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

*WE SEE brief, beautiful images of the view from their car.*

MUCH IS FAMILIAR -- **KIDS** playing football in the street.  
**HOMELESS PEOPLE** in tent cities. **HISPANIC FAMILIES** buying  
from push carts. **HOOKERS** selling their souls.

SOME LESS SO -- A tough looking group of **ORCS** glares AT  
CAMERA from the porch. An **OGRE** loads an Engine Block into a  
pick-up. A **LIZARD MAN** sorts bottles and cans. A dwarf woman  
hurries along with her groceries, walking a small dog.

South Central's as South Central always was, and is as South  
Central's never been...

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Three-Adam-Nine. Four fifteen man.  
Alameda and Jefferson. Code two.  
Incident two eight zero six two.

WARD

Three-Adam-Nine. Roger, show us  
enroute.

Jakoby busts a U as Ward checks the computer for deets on the  
call.

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - DAY

A bearded **HOMELESS MAN**, shirtless, dirty and emaciated,  
wildly swings a broadsword in the middle of the intersection.  
*Screaming his head off...*

## HOMELESS MAN

A great cloud is coming, a great  
black cloud of fire! The Dark Lord  
grows closer every day! We may  
have forgotten about magic, but  
magic has not forgotten about us!

Jakoby and Ward's cruiser glides to a stop alongside an LA Sheriff's car. Alone behind the wheel is **RODRIGUEZ**. A good dude and a good cop, he gives Jakoby and Ward a "wassup" head tilt. The three nonplussed cops watch the show...

## HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

The Dark Lord's eyes are opening!  
They are opening!

## WARD

Suspect's nine feet tall, burning  
red eyes, black armor, flaming ax,  
got it.

## RODRIGUEZ

It's the full moon, dude.

## WARD

Yep. What's your plan Rodriguez?

## RODRIGUEZ

My plan? Nothing. He's on your  
side of the street. But he crosses  
that yellow line, I'm dumping him  
with the crowd pleaser.

*Rodriguez grabs his shotgun. Jakoby sighs. Grabs the  
microphone. Flips the console to PA mode...*

## JAKOBY

(booming over the PA)  
Sir. Sir. Drop the sword. Drop.  
The. Sword.

## HOMELESS MAN

*YOU!*

The homeless man points his sword directly at Jakoby...

## HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Two thousand years ago we fought  
him with swords and arrows! Now he  
rises again. We will fight him  
with bullets and bombs!

## JAKOBY

Why're Orcs always the bad guys?

RODRIGUEZ

Don't look at me, man. Mexicans  
still get shit for the Alamo.

Ward's had enough -- Pops out with his Glock...

WARD

Yo. Unless you wanna die, drop the  
sword. Right. Fucking. Now.

Wow. Ward can be a real asshole. The Man tosses the sword.  
Drops to his knees. Shows his hands -- He knows the drill...

JAKOBY

I got him, partner.

Jakoby snaps on his gloves. Approaches. Cuffs the Man.  
Walking him back to the cars. Rodriguez about to bail...

RODRIGUEZ

Real quick, eh. Gang Intel guys  
are sayin' Fogteeth activity's off  
the chain. And Altamira's  
gangbanging like it's 1999. Watch  
your backs tonight.

He takes off as Jakoby stuffs the Man in back. The second  
he's in the car he VOMITS...

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jakoby and Ward endure the puke smell as the Man rants.

HOMELESS MAN

The army of 9 races fought shoulder  
to shoulder to give you the world  
you take for granted now! Remember  
the old ways before the darkness  
returns! The clock ticks! The  
minute hand moves towards midnight!

WARD

Can you just chill for a sec?

The Man bores into Ward's eyes with his. Low and quiet:

HOMELESS MAN

The Blood Moon is nigh and your  
test begins. Remember, the only  
truth is in your heart. Pass the  
test and thirty three seconds will  
be your reward.

Ward looks at him entranced. Snaps out of it. Looks at Jakoby -- *Who's feeling the creepiness too...*

INT. LAPD STATION - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Ward hoses the vomit out of the back. Captain Perez and two scary Internal Affairs Detectives -- **ARKASHIAN** and **YAMAHARA** approach. All duly grim...

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
Where's Jakoby?

WARD  
Booking our body, sir.

The IA Detectives get in Ward's space. Eye him head to toe. Pure intimidation. Perez looks around. Leans on the car. He can be pretty scary himself. Quietly:

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
The Department's always been cutting edge. First radio cars. Helicopters. SWAT team. First to hire Orcs. We're committed to diversity. As is Sacramento and Washington. But the politicians haven't worked the ghetto. They're not boots on the ground like we are.

WARD  
Where's this going, sir?

CAPTAIN PEREZ  
The Orc who shot you is on the street because of Jakoby.

WARD  
Respectfully I disagree. Jakoby did no wrong.

ARKASHIAN  
Do Orcs have mad hops? How many Orcs are ballers?

WARD  
Excuse me?

YAMAHARA  
You fucking heard the Detective. How many Orcs play pro basketball?

ARKASHIAN

None. They're slow. They're heavy. That's why half the NFL linebackers are Orcish. It's simple physics.

WARD

I'm sorry. Who are you?

ARKASHIAN

*Fuck you.* That's who we are.

YAMAHARA

Okay, let's review kids.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WARD'S FLASHBACK - DAY

*Resuming the backstory here -- Ward, flat on his back, stares into the angry orange eyes of the Orc Gangbanger -- CLICK! The Orc tosses the jammed shotgun and runs into a crowded **SWAP MEET.** Jakoby takes off after him...*

YAMAHARA (V.O.)

You respond to a silent ringer and some Orc lays you out with buckshot. Jakoby foot pursues and corners shithead in a dead end alley. Then it gets mysterious.

**IN THE DEAD END ALLEY** -- The Gangbanger charges. Knocks Jakoby down. His Glock SKITTERS across piss-soaked asphalt...

ARKASHIAN (V.O.)

Jakoby stated dude tackles him. Disarms him. Jumps up, grabs a fire escape ladder. Evades arrest.

**ON THE FIRE ESCAPE** -- Gangbanger kicks in a window, dives in.

INT. LAPD STATION - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Arkashian and Yamahara glaring at Ward...

ARKASHIAN

Jakoby's on record saying this. Signed, sealed, witnessed.

YAMAHARA

Ladder's thirteen feet off the ground. Thirteen. We measured it. No Orc has a six foot vertical.

WARD

Suspect was light on his feet, sir.

ARKASHIAN

Your boy kicked loose the green  
fuck who blasted you. Do the math.

*Ward doing the math...*

CAPTAIN PEREZ

Jakoby was a social experiment  
mandated by outsiders. Clan Blood  
isn't compatible with law  
enforcement. Problem is we can't  
fire him without cause.

YAMAHARA

You're going to tie the noose that  
hangs him. Get him to admit it.  
Record him on this.

Yamahara proffers a small digital recorder...

WARD

This guy's my brother. He's the  
best street cop I've worked with.  
I can't fuck him like that.

CAPTAIN PEREZ

Then you're fired. I want your  
badge, gun and ID.

Ward REACTS...

ARKASHIAN

You got a house in the hood you  
can't sell. Student loans up the  
ass. Shacked up with a stripper  
and her kid. Have fun looking for  
work as a disgraced ex-cop.

*Ward stares at the recorder. At his antagonists. If looks could kill they'd all be dead...*

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Ward driving. Tense. *He's palming the recorder.*

WARD

Hey partner?

JAKOBY

What's up buddy?

Jakoby looks up from the logbook -- With that open, honest energy he has. Ward is pole axed. *He can't betray him.* Surreptitiously tosses the recorder out his window.

WARD

Where you wanna eat, partner?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Three-Adam-Nine. Unknown disturbance. 341 Abrams Street. Code two. Incident two eight one one five.

JAKOBY

Three-Adam-Nine. Show us enroute. KMA.

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA - DEAD END STREET/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Isolated. High walls everywhere. Barbed wire. Black iron spikes. *This is Altamira Locos country. Their graffiti everywhere.* Ward and Jakoby cruise slowly. Jakoby clocks a **LITTLE HOMIE** watching them from a porch...

JAKOBY

Spotter. There.

WARD

Hiii buddy. How old do you think he is, fifteen?

JAKOBY

If that. This is it on the right.

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

They pull up to the house. It's a 2 storey death trap. The overgrown yard filled with junk cars garbage. Scary as fuck.

WARD

They should fire their landscaper.

JAKOBY

(into mic)

Three-Adam-Nine. Show me Code Six at Three Four One Abrams.

Jakoby staring at the house, spooked...

WARD

What's up? What do you see?

JAKOBY

Nothin.

They exit the car -- The Little Homie has drifted over to watch them...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

Why's always kids doing the dirty work out here?

WARD

Altamira jumps 'em in at twelve. They don't have *Hair One* but they're down for life.

*Crossing to the house...*

JAKOBY

Sucks. Even Orc clans wait till you're fifteen before you get blooded.

WARD

Different strokes.

JAKOBY

I don't see it, man. Must be a California thing.

WARD

(laughing)

That's so you. That's your catchphrase.

JAKOBY

I don't have a catchphrase.

WARD

Anything you don't agree with, it's always like "must be a California thing."

JAKOBY

*Partner!*

**KABOOM!** -- SHOTGUN FIRE **ERUPTS** FROM AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW!

WARD

*Fuck me! Holy shit!*

They scramble back to their car -- Wards sliding over the hood, Jakoby over the trunk. **KABOOM! KABOOM!** Shotgun fire shredding their black and white!



WARD (CONT'D)  
 (into radio)  
 Three-Adam-Nine. Shots fired.  
 Officer needs help. Three Forty  
 One Abrams.

JAKOBY  
 What the fuck, man? This is bad,  
 this is so bad.

WARD  
 Easy partner. Stay in cover.

**KABOOM!** -- The windows above them explode, spraying them with glass! Ward calculates the next move...

JAKOBY  
 Holy fuck! Holy shit!

WARD  
 Okay. Be cool. On three we're  
 dumping on this asshole. Just  
 empty your mag. I'll do the rest.  
 One. Two...

**KABOOM!** -- The hood is shredded. **KABOOM!** -- The light bar explodes...

WARD (CONT'D)  
*Three!*

They pop up and return fire on the darkened window...

**BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!** -- Jakoby sprays. Ward takes careful aimed shots -- They drop back into cover. Breathing hard.

WARD (CONT'D)  
 You okay?

JAKOBY  
 No holes. I'm good. You okay?

Ward's fine. They trade nods. Pop up again and SEE...

An arm hangs from the window. *Blood drips off fingertips.*  
They got him. Now they hear a CHILD CRYING inside the house.

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
 There's a kid in there.

Ward doesn't hesitate. Breaks cover, running...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
 Wait for the cavalry. Scott?  
 Fine. Fuck it.

Jakoby runs to join him...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - DAY

WHAM! -- The front door is *kicked open* -- Ward and Jakoby charge in.

WARD  
 Police Officers! Stay where you  
 are, we'll find you!

No reponse. Ward and Jakoby ease further in.

JAKOBY  
 I smell blood.

They ease forward. Tactical. Careful. Through a gloomy darkness of ratty furniture and exposed walls...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
 Body.

Legs poke from a door frame leading into the kitchen. The partners advance and REACT...

WARD  
 Wh...oh shit. What is that? What  
is that bro?

The entire top half of the dead man has been *BLASTED INTO ASH*, he's a blackened, charred, skeleton from the waist up. A massive scorch mark on the wall...

Ward stares, blinking, trying to snap himself out of shock. Jakoby isn't doing as well.

JAKOBY  
 Look. Shit dude, look.

Ward turns, SEES a hole blown in the wall, into the back yard. *Like a bomb went off...*

An ORC dead in the yard, half of him turned to stone, his other half gruesomely dead, a pistol next to him. Another dead man, *blown in half*, is in the kitchen. The two cops stare in awe.

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
 Wh- what the fuck happened here?

WARD  
 (into radio)  
 Three-Adam-Nine. Possible Bright  
 on scene.

Nothing back from the radio...

WARD (CONT'D)  
 Three-Adam-Nine. Three Four One  
 Abrams. Possible Magic User at our  
 location. Request additional units  
 for a perimeter and a supervisor.

His radio replies with an eerie HISS. The hair stands up on  
 the back of their necks...

JAKOBY  
 Where's the troops? Where is  
 everyone.

Then ... a noise. Both men startle. Then push further into  
 the dark house...

WARD  
 Door.

JAKOBY  
 Got it.

Jakoby gently pushes the cracked door, it drifts open...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - SHOOTER'S ROOM - DAY

The **SHOOTER** is slumped against the window, breathing shallow,  
 shotgun on the floor. Bloody. His eyes follow the cops...

WARD  
 Do not move. Do not move.

Ward advances, kicks the gun away, eyes his wounds.

JAKOBY  
 Is he staying or going dude?

WARD  
 Hey can you hear me? Can you hear  
 me, man, can you..?

The Shooter mutters something with his *dying breath*...

SHOOTER  
*T' rein...Oter...T' lias o' ter...*

WARD  
What's he saying? That Elvish?

JAKOBY  
Yeah, it's Old Elvish.

Suddenly a FIGURE *bursts out of hiding*, scrambles out the door!

WARD  
Shit. Grab em. Grab em.

Jakoby takes off...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

The figure *bursts out the front door at a full run* with Jakoby in hot pursuit -- Jakoby dives and tackles the figure, knocking it to the ground...

WE SEE it's a young **ELF GIRL**, screaming, frantic. Fighting like a banshee. Clutching something to her chest -- She snaps at Jakoby...

JAKOBY  
Fuck, she's trying to bite me! Get her hands she's got something!

Ward rushes out to help restrain the kid. She's clearly trying to keep something away from them.

WARD  
What's she got? What's she holding!?

Ward and Jakoby pin her down -- **AN ARC OF PURPLE ELECTRICITY BLASTS UP AND STRIKES THE POWER LINES -- IGNITING THEM!**

Jakoby and Ward jump back, drawing their guns. The little girl cowers, drops what she's holding...

WARD (CONT'D)  
*Shit! ... Shit!*

Both cops stare in shock -- At the reedy white piece of wood, with a black handle and gold detailing...

JAKOBY  
Is that...that's not...is that a...

Yes...it's a WAND!

CAMERA FINDS the LITTLE HOMIE. Now across the street, he saw everything. He turns and runs up the block at full speed...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - DAY

Pollard, the dick cop from earlier, Hicks and Ward all stare at the wand on the kitchen table. Sergeant Ching enters...

SERGEANT CHING

There's a blood trail leaving the property. Smells weird like gasoline.

WARD

Gasoline? Jesus Christ, what bleeds gasoline, what's that mean?

POLLARD

The blood trail belongs to our bright. Whatever went down, he gets shot and bailed out back without his wand.

WARD

Why aren't we evacuating the neighborhood? Remember how all those people died when the kids in Philly found a wand?

SERGEANT CHING

That was before Twitter. We don't want to start a panic. You said the elf kid used the wand?

WARD

The kid's not a bright. The wand just went off or something.

SERGEANT CHING

What's the kid saying?

WARD

The kid isn't saying shit, she's freaked out. Plus she doesn't speak English, only Elvish.

HICKS

Ever seen a wand in person?

WARD

What? Sure ... yeah. That broken one in the Smithsonian.

POLLARD

So what are we gonna do about this?

WARD

Secure the scene until the feds show up. This is way above our paygrades.

HICKS

I didn't call the feds. Pollard, you call the feds?

POLLARD

Nope.

Pollard, Sgt. Ching and Hicks exchange looks. Ward beginning to clock something's wrong.

WARD

What are we talking about here, guys. C'mon. Sarge?

Sgt. Ching just stares with her cold black eyes.

POLLARD

Wands royally fuck up radio reception. Dispatch never heard you. We did 'cause we were close by. But the Department knows fuck all about the wand. If they did the whole world would be here. The wand doesn't exist. The wand was never here.

(finally...)

We're taking the wand.

WARD

What the fuck are you even saying? You don't know how to use a wand.

POLLARD

Don't worry. I know people who know people.

WARD

Come the fuck on, this isn't happening, this is a joke.

*Then...*

POLLARD

That's magic. On the table. That's whatever you want. Want a million bucks? Ten million?

(MORE)

POLLARD (CONT'D)

You got it. Wanna be taller?  
Shorter? You want a bigger dick?  
You want fame? Power? Eternal  
health? That wand is anything you  
want. Follow your heart, Ward.

A beat as Ward looks in his heart...

WARD

You're not stealing a wand.

HICKS

No one's coming Ward.

SERGEANT CHING

Hicks back off. Scott, you need  
this just as much we do. Maybe  
more. People depend on you.  
People care about you. You want to  
be there for them, right?

*Fuck she's scary.*

HICKS

*...what about Jakoby..?*

Boom. There it is...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

Two more cop cars outside. The little elf girl sits on  
Pollard's hood, her purple eyes stare through long white  
blond hair hanging down over pale skin. Wrapped in a  
blanket, Jakoby comforts her in halting, imperfect Elvish.

JAKOBY

(subtitled)

I will keep you safe. On my honor.  
Can you tell me your name?

The little girl speaks quietly, through tears.

TIKKA

(subtitled)

Tikka. My name is Tikka. We have  
to leave before they come back.

JAKOBY

(subtitled)

Before who comes back?

*Tikka's eyes say it all -- Someone utterly terrifying...*

INT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

Ward is sweating now. Pacing. The three corrupt cops are anxious, impatient...

WARD

This isn't happening, this isn't  
fucking happening, this is a dream,  
man. This is a bad dream.

SERGEANT CHING

Pollard, he's spinning.

POLLARD

He's fine. Let him catch up to it.

WARD

I'm not catchin' up to shit. You  
don't know magic! People will die!

Ward shoves Pollard. Sgt. Ching gets in between them...

SERGEANT CHING

Whoa. Easy. Bring it down.

POLLARD

Fuck this. Ward, lemme reframe  
this. Want your little girl to not  
have a father AND Jakoby dies? Or  
just Jakoby dies? Because you're  
in fuckin fantasy land if you think  
you're walking outta here with life  
as you know it intact.

WARD

You threatening me motherfucker?

HICKS

I think he just caught up to it.

POLLARD

Who means more to you? Your little  
girl or your pet monster? We're  
leaving with the wand. You wanna  
go home tonight? The orc dies  
either way. *End of story.*

There's a brutal silence. We hear the flies buzzing. The whine of the old light bulbs. Hicks is smooth as Satan...

HICKS

Use your gun. The kid got your gun  
away from you. And shot Jakoby  
with it. Right out front there.



WARD

How's a little elf girl gonna disarm me?

HICKS

The kid was the bright. The kid got away. The kid disappeared.

WARD

No ... come on...

POLLARD

We got people coming to help. People who know how to fix things. This will work out good for you.

Pollard puts a brotherly arm around Ward...

POLLARD (CONT'D)

You're not making the decision, okay? The situation is making the decision for you. It's not your fault. It's just how things worked out.

SGT. CHING

Enough bullshit. You or him.

WARD

Fuck! Shit!

Ward takes a deep breath. We see him slowly realize there's no way out...

HICKS

Perfect storm, bro. It's a perfect storm.

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

Ward bursts out door, walking with purpose towards Jakoby.

JAKOBY

Hey man, where the fuck is everyone? We don't have a perimeter. I think that pee-wee gangster saw the wand. And the Elf kid's hell'a spooked. Saying someone's coming back and shit.

Jakoby notices Ward can't face him...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

WARD

You let that kid go because he was clan blood. Admit it.

JAKOBY

What the fuck are you doing right now? What is this?

WARD

*Tell me now!*

Ward shoves Jakoby, who snarls.

JAKOBY

Don't put your hands on me.

**ON THE HOUSE** -- Sgt. Ching, Hicks, Pollard drift outside. Watching from a distance. Hicks holds the wand...

WARD

You fucked me! You fucked us both!  
You stupid piece of green shit!

Ward shoves him again. Jakoby growls at him, menacing like a Doberman, frightening and animalistic. Ward gets in his face, pressing foreheads...

WARD (CONT'D)

You fucked my fucking life for some thugged out punk ass Orc fuck.

JAKOBY

Fuck you. Fuck off.

Jakoby snarls. Now clearly dangerous. He doesn't notice Ward flip the release on his holster...

WARD

You fucked yourself more. Shit comes back, motherfucker. Ready you fucking pigface piece of shit? Here it comes...

JAKOBY

(snapping)

*Okay! I let him go! Is that what you fucking wanted to hear?*

WARD

I knew it, I fucking KNEW it you lying sack of shit. Blood's thicker than water, right?

JAKOBY

I don't give a shit about clan-blood! I'm not blooded! My father's not blooded. His father's not blooded. We're not all caught up in that ignorant antiquated shit. My whole life I've caught shit from Orcs for it. Look dumbass. I have my teeth filed!  
(then, deflated)  
It's not blood. It was the wrong kid.

WARD

(faltering)  
Wha...What?

EXT. SOUTH LA - SWAP MEET - JAKOBY'S FLASHBACK - DAY

**BLACK HOODIE** runs through the stalls. Jakoby chases him. People wiping past as he runs. Jakoby exits the back. Realizes he lost the suspect -- Then SEES him in the alley...

JAKOBY (V.O.)

He ran through the swap meet. Into the crowd. Then I saw him again.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DEAD END ALLEY - JAKOBY'S FLASHBACK - DAY

Jakoby running. Stops pulls his gun. Black Hoodie stops. His back to us. Cornered...

JAKOBY (V.O.)

I had the motherfucker dead to rights. But it wasn't him.

Black Hoodie turns. This is a younger Orc. SIRENS approach.

JAKOBY (V.O.)

The troops were coming. Responding to an assault on a peace officer. And here's a kid matching the description. He's fucked. A bunch of jacked up humans with guns. And an Orc kid? We know how it ends. So I did the right thing.

CLOSE ON BLACK HOODIE'S HAND as it grasps the fire escape ladder. WIDER TO REVEAL Jakoby helping him up...

A beat later two black and whites scream into the alley. Pollard, Hicks, Brown and Ching pop out with guns...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

Ward reeling...

WARD

How do you know it was the wrong guy? You see his face?

JAKOBY

No. Smell. Evolution never took our sense of smell away. He smelled different. What jury would believe that?

WARD

So why the fuck was he running?

JAKOBY

History. Cops and Orcs? I'd run too. I'm sorry the Orc who shot you's in the wind. I lost him in the swap meet. I didn't help him escape. I helped some kid climb a ladder to avoid a lifetime of hell. The worst part's been lying to you.

Jakoby shakes his head, trying to calm himself down.

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

And you know what, *fuck you* for making me tell you.

Ward staring at Jakoby. A weirdly dead look of calm passes over Ward's face. The situation is making the decision...

WARD

(quietly)

I need you to stay calm, okay?

JAKOBY

What?

Pollard steps forward.

POLLARD

Time's up, Ward. Do it.

JAKOBY

Do what--?

*This happens so fast you can't catch your breath -- Ward draws his gun, spins:*

**BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!** Fires textbook LAPD 'accelerated pairs' into center mass -- Tikka recoils screaming -- **Pollard, Hicks and Ching falling! HOLY SHIT!**

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

Wha...what the fuck?

Jakoby blinks, looks at Ward thinking -- "*I can't believe you did that you idiot.*" Jakoby quickdraws. Aims at Ward...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

*Drop it. Drop it now. I will kill you. I will fucking kill you.*

Ward tosses his gun, slowly drops to his knees...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck? What the fuck?

WARD

Listen to me, Nick, I need you to-

JAKOBY

*Shut up and show me your hands!*

Ward does, Jakoby shoves him down, knee in his back. Cuffs him. All business...

WARD

Nick?

JAKOBY

Shut up!

WARD

Stop telling me to shut up, just fucking listen to me!

JAKOBY

SHUT UP!

Jakoby hauls Ward to his feet, stuffs him in the cruiser. SLAMS the door.

WARD

Jakoby! I can explain!

Jakoby grabs Tikka. Puts her in the passenger seat...

JAKOBY  
 (subtitled)  
 Stay here, don't move.

WARD  
 Nick! Hear me out!

Jakoby crosses to the bodies -- Tikka turns to Ward. And smiles -- Grateful. It means the World to Ward...

**ON JAKOBY** -- SEES Ching and Hicks are motionless. Pollard crawling towards the house, leaving a wide swath of blood. Jakoby turns him over -- Pollard looks at Jakoby in terror. Tries to pull his gun, but his hand slick with blood.

JAKOBY  
 Hey Pollard, shit man, I'm getting you medical. Gimme your hand. Keep pressure on this, don't let go. I got you, brother.

Jakoby helps him staunch the wound. Next Jakoby checks Ching and Hicks. *Both are dead.*

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
 (into radio)  
 Three-Adam-Nine. Officer down. Conscious and breathing. Two more officer's down. Not conscious not breathing. One in custody. Send me additional units. Get me an RA and a supervisor.

No reply from dispatch -- Just eerie distortion...

Now Jakoby notices the wand -- He grabs it. Returns to the car. Tosses it on the dash...

WARD  
 Nick! Heads up! We got looky-loos!

Jakoby turns and REACTS -- Seven yoked and tatted VETERANOS from Altamira approach in a phalanx. Backlit by the setting sun. *The menace palpable...*

Jakoby stares a beat -- "*I don't need this shit.*" Then grabs the shotgun and racks it -- KERCHACK!

JAKOBY  
 Sir. Stay back.

**POISON**, the shotcaller, smiles, shows his hands. Ever so friendly. Ever so cunning. Easing forward...

POISON

You need some help officer?

JAKOBY

Sir. This is an active crime scene. Cross the street.

POISON

So why are all the cops blasting on each other?

JAKOBY

Get the fuck back.

POISON

And sabes que, homie? Word on the street's there's a wand in the hood.

Jakoby REACTS. The Veteranos slowly encircling him...

WARD

Nick, unless you're down to smoke these dude and twenty more we have to un-ass this place right now.

JAKOBY

(whispering)

*Shut up, just shut up.*

POISON

When the little homie told me, I'm like 'hell no'. A wand? In this motherfucker? Naw. Then I hear all these cops are blasting each other. Now that's worthy of exploration.

Jakoby, noting how close they are, gets behind the driver's door...

JAKOBY

(subtitled)

Tikka, we're gonna be fine, stay calm.

Jakoby is now surrounded. SEES hands in pockets, hidden behind backs. These fuckers are armed. Now Poison SEES the wand on the dash...

POISON

That's it, huh? That shit don't belong to the Government.

(MORE)

POISON (CONT'D)  
It belongs to the Community. To  
the people. We'll take it now.

Jakoby aims the shotgun at Poison...

JAKOBY  
Anyone makes a move, I'm shooting  
you in the face. You. Not them.

Poison just smiles. Jakoby slowly sits in the driver's seat.  
Still aiming at Poison. Jakoby keys his radio:

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
(into mic)  
Three-Adam-Nine. I'm Code Six  
George at Three Four One Abrams.  
Get me back-up and an airship.

Just more creepy HISSING in response...

WARD  
It's the wand. Radios don't work.

JAKOBY  
Shut up, man. I got this.

WARD  
We have to go! Jakoby!

JAKOBY  
I'm not leaving Pollard!

WARD  
Pollard wanted me to kill you!  
He's not the victim here!

WHAM! -- The windshield is hit with a CROWBAR! Veteranos  
jump on the hood and trunk. Attacking from all sides...

WARD (CONT'D)  
They're gonna kill us! Go! Go!

Jakoby starts the car and stomps the gas. Throws it in  
reverse. Sending Veteranos tumbling. He does an E-brake  
turn. Then guns it up the street, siren blaring...

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Jakoby barrels up the street. Tikka screaming in fear.  
Jakoby breathing hard. It feels so good to get away...



WARD

Slow down. Dude. Slow the fuck  
down!

The wand starts to GLOW...

WARD (CONT'D)

Nick! Snap out of it! Slow d...

*The wand floats into the air, vibrating with energy...*

**KA-WHAM!** -- The car plows into ... *nothing.* The front end  
crushes in like it just hit an invisible brick wall!

Then silence. The wand stops glowing. The smashed vehicle  
steams, bleeding oil and water in the middle of the street.

Night has begun to fall over South LA...

INT. LAPD STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Kandomere, the Elf Fed we met earlier, flips through boxes of  
arrest forms. His photographic memory drinking in the info  
fast as he turns the page. Montehugh, his human partner,  
enters in a rush...

MONTEHUGH

Something's going down.

Kandomere looks up and cocks an eyebrow: "Go on."

MONTEHUGH (CONT'D)

Tech services flagged some weird  
ass cellphone intercepts. Bunch'a  
cops talking about a bright-

KANDOMERE

I've heard nothing on the scanner.

MONTEHUGH

-and talking about a wand.

KANDOMERE

Where?

He has Kandomere's full attention...

MONTEHUGH

*Guess.*

They can't get out of there fast enough...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

The sky is hesitant to release the day, its final soft blue glow recedes from the darkness. It's unnaturally quiet on this evil isolated little street...

**HIDDEN ON THE PORCH** -- Pollard, in agony, trying to dial his iPhone. It's maddening to work a touch screen through so much blood. He hears an SUV pull up. FOOTSTEPS approach. He sets down his cell. Grabs his gun...

**GIBSON** crosses to the house. Stops to pick up WARD'S GUN. She could be 20 or 40. Her age and gender are a mystery. But she's clearly an apex predator. Everything she does is weighted with thought, meaning and intent, down to the smallest movement.

She steps over the bodies of Sergeant Ching and Hicks. Behind her are SLASHER and COWBOY, with carbines and body armor. They have that Special Forces vibe, a couple hundred confirmed kills between them.

Gibson stepping, Pollard slumps with relief...

POLLARD  
Gibson? Thank fuck.

She turns to her muscle...

GIBSON  
Get him inside.

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pollard sits at the kitchen table. Slasher and Cowboy regard the hole blown in the wall. Pollard groans in pain. Gibson studies him silently for a time. Then sits across from him.

GIBSON  
You going to be all right?

POLLARD  
What? Fuck no, I'm ... *help me.*

GIBSON  
Of course. Help is coming.  
(beat)  
Where's the wand?

POLLARD  
They took it ... they took it ...  
fuckers shot me!

GIBSON  
Describe it.

POLLARD  
What?

GIBSON  
The wand. Describe it.

POLLARD  
S'white ... gold ... black handle.

GIBSON  
"They" who took it are...  
(reading off her phone)  
Scott Ward and Jakoby the Orc? Is  
that correct?

POLLARD  
That's...that's right...Local  
gangsters chased them off.

GIBSON  
Humans?

POLLARD  
Yeah. Hispanic gang.

GIBSON  
Do they know about the wand?

Pollard just groans. Gibson turns to Slasher and Cowboy.

GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Priority one is to secure that  
wand. It might be with the gang.  
It might be with the cops.

Gibson thinking as Pollard bleeds on the floor. Drip. Drip.  
Drip...

GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Are there GPS units in your patrol  
vehicles?

POLLARD  
Yes.

GIBSON  
We'll find him that way.  
(to Cowboy and Slasher)  
Get on the bodies.

Cowboy and Slasher quickly exit. She shows Ward's Glock to Pollard...

GIBSON (CONT'D)  
Is this the weapon Ward used?

POLLARD  
Yeah.

**BAM!** -- Gibson shoots Pollard in the head.

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

Slasher rolls Ching's body in a carpet. Another rolled up carpet presumably contains Hicks. Cowboy uses a metal detector to locate shell casings from Ward's gun...

Gibson exits. Looking around. Scanning for prey. Feels someone watching her. Spins to SEE SOMEONE duck behind the curtains of the little house across the street...

EXT. SOUTH LA - OLD MAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gibson KNOCKS -- Holds an LAPD badge to the window.

GIBSON  
Police! LAPD!

The door opens. Still chained. An **OLD MAN** peers at her...

GIBSON (SPANISH) (CONT'D)  
I need to ask you some questions.  
You can talk to me here, or talk to me downtown.

The door closes. The chain is removed. It opens again.

INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - 5 MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

The **OLD MAN** and **OLD WOMAN** clearly want no part of this. But are cooperating. Gibson takes notes...

GIBSON (SPANISH)  
The police were shooting at each other?

OLD MAN (SPANISH)  
We've lived here for thirty years, and never seen that.

GIBSON (SPANISH)  
Who shot the other police? The  
Orc?

OLD MAN (SPANISH)  
No the white man. The Orc took him  
away in handcuffs.

GIBSON (SPANISH)  
*The Orc handcuffed him?*

OLD WOMAN (SPANISH)  
Yes. The Orc was mad at the other  
one for all the killing.  
(then)  
They have a wand.

GIBSON (SPANISH)  
Do they? Who have you told?

OLD MAN (SPANISH)  
Nobody.

GIBSON  
Good.

**BLAM-BLAM! BLAM-BLAM!** Gibson kills them. This person is not a police officer. There's blood in the air -- *And the animals have come out to hunt...*

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The wrecked cop car still smoking. No movement inside -- Two cars slowly approach. Stop at a distance. Doors open. Poison and six Veteranos get out. **SHADOW** starts toward the cop car. Poison grabs his collar, stopping him.

POISON  
Kick back, fool.

Poison pulls a Mac 10 from his back -- **BRDDDDDDDDDT!** Punches a couple dozen holes in the wreck. Dogs bark. Lights burn in houses. *No one dares come out.*

POISON (CONT'D)  
Alright, let's do this.

They advance on the wreck -- Find it empty. Poison reaches in. His fingers come out wet -- *Blood.* He shows his homies.

SHADOW  
Poison, let's jam outta here before  
the rollers show up.

POISON

Tranquilo, ese. No one's coming for them or they'd be here. These fools got no ride, no back-up and they're leaking blood.

SHADOW

So what's up then?

POISON

I want every homie in the Hood going door to door like Avon. These dudes are close.

The Veteranos start texting the world on their cells. Poison squats in the street. Smells the night air. Looks around with a hunter's eye...

EXT. SOUTH LA - ALLEY BETWEEN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

BEHIND A DUMPSTER -- Jakoby holds Tikka, one hand over her mouth, the other grips the shotgun. Ward next to them. *A bloody cut on his forehead from the crash.* The wand is tucked into Jakoby's belt. Jakoby leans out. SEES Poison and his homies spreading out. Searching.

WARD

Don't do anything.

JAKOBY

Shut up, man.

WARD

I'm serious. Be cool.

JAKOBY

I'm not doing shit. They're gonna fucking hear you. Shut up.

WARD

Uncuff me bro. Uncuff me.

JAKOBY

Hell no. *Shut up dude.*

His teddy-bear personality isn't built for this intensity.

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

What the fuck did the car hit?

WARD

It's the wand, man, it went nuts and we crashed.

(MORE)

WARD (CONT'D)

Bet it's a binding spell, stops it from getting too far from its owner. Nick you have to uncuff me, there's blood in my eyes.

JAKOBY

Get up. Move. Tikka, stay behind me.

Jakoby roughly pulls Ward to his feet, frog marches him away from the cholos...

EXT. SOUTH LA - DARK STREET - NIGHT

If you ain't from here, stay out. Sad little houses. Peeling paint. Iron fences. Pitbulls.

WARD

We got to get off the street.

JAKOBY

(whispering)

*Stop fucking talking!*

Two Cholos appear up the street--

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

Shit...

--start running towards towards them! Jakoby *decides to stand his ground*. Aims the shotgun. Ward pulls away and disappears up a driveway. Tikka looks at Jakoby like he's crazy and votes with her feet, runs after Ward...

EXT. SOUTH LA - GARAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ward kicks off a padlock then leans on the garage door, using his weight to roll it up. Tikka dives under it. Then Ward drops and rolls inside...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Ward closes it with his boot. Then it rolls back up. **Revealing Jakoby** -- *He had second thoughts*. Jakoby closes the door behind him. Tikka cowers in the corner. Ward looks at Jakoby, yell whispers:

WARD

You uncuff me right fuckin' now Nick. I swear to God I'm gonna lose my shit.

Jakoby paces, nervous, shaking his head. *They go back and forth in hushed tones...*

WARD (CONT'D)

If you ever trusted me, I need you to trust me right now.

JAKOBY

You shot three cops. You whacked out our Sergeant. You're a fucking psycho. Why dude? Why'd you snap?

WARD

I'll explain. It's me, partner. It's still me. I can explain but you gotta unhook me.

TIKKA

*Shhhhh.*

Both men go quiet, listen -- HEAR approaching VOICES. Jakoby looks at Ward. Ward looks at Jakoby. *THEN...*

Jakoby uncuffs him. Pulls his Glock. Hands it to Ward.  
They aim their gun at the door.

WARD

*Fuck, man, the lock.*

JAKOBY

What?

WARD

Lock's on the ground out there.

The VOICES are close. Very close. They wait. Guns ready. Tikka says an Elvish prayer to herself. The VOICES pass. And fade. Jakoby lets out a shuddery exhale.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DARK STREET - NIGHT

Ten Homeboys the block, one with a pair of pitbulls, enter yards and check cars like a Sheriff's posse...

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (5 MINUTES LATER)

Tikka draws odd runes in the dust on an old mirror. Jakoby cleans Ward's forehead wound. Ward has been explaining.

WARD

They just turned, man. They were like wolves, like fuckin animals.

(MORE)



WARD (CONT'D)

I could kill them. Or I could kill you. And I'd never hurt you.

Jakoby lowers his head, sad, weary...

JAKOBY

'Real Orcs' don't give me any respect, I ain't blooded so they treat me like I'm nothing. Since I was a little kid. And humans hate me cause I'm green.

WARD

That's not true.

JAKOBY

Stop. We know who likes us and who doesn't. We picked the wrong side a long time ago and have been paying for it since.

(tearing up)

Shit dude, you're the only motherfucker who didn't look down on me. And then you come tearing outta that house with a look in your eye like you hated me.

WARD

*...I don't hate you...*

JAKOBY

I'm sorry I lied to you.

They are still brothers. It feels good.

WARD

Nick, what the fuck are we gonna do? What's our gameplan here?

JAKOBY

We're not calling anyone in the department. That's for sure. Let's take someone's car. And get out of this neighborhood.

WARD

The wand will just stop us again.

JAKOBY

Then we leave the wand.

WARD

No way. Even without a bright, dude, you took History.

(MORE)

WARD (CONT'D)

In the wrong hands it's bodies in the streets. It's all of LA on fire.

JAKOBY

The Feds are the obvious play here.

WARD

I'm not in a good spot, bro. With three dead cops on my gun.

JAKOBY

I...shit. Bro you need to say something positive right now.

WARD

Can't lie, you look pretty bad ass with the shotgun.

Jakoby laughs -- *Then bingo...*

WARD (CONT'D)

I got it. Rodriguez. Dude's solid as fuck. We call Rodriguez, he's still working. He can--

--*Tikka speaks up, startling them both...*

TIKKA

(subtitled)

She's coming for her wand. We must go.

WARD

What'd she say?

JAKOBY

(subtitled, to Tikka)

Who will come looking?

She points at the wand in Jakoby's belt and whispers...

TIKKA

(subtitled)

*The witch.*

Jakoby REACTS...

WARD

Nick? Translate please.

There's a NOISE OUTSIDE -- They freeze...

EXT. SOUTH LA - GARAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Pitbulls strain against their chains as ten armed VETERANOS stare at the garage door. Poison picks up the lock. Turns to the others with a finger over his lips.

POISON

*...shhhh...*

Nods for a Veterano to open the door. Guns are raised...

INT. GARAGE HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby and Ward enter the connected house from the back of the garage with Tikka in tow and silently clear the dark house. They startle a Latina **SINGLE MOM** in her pajamas...

SINGLE MOM

*Por favor, no me hagan daño.*

WARD

*Calmate. No le vamos a hacer nada.*

In a carseat on the table, her Baby starts CRYING. Ward and Jakoby exchange a look. Tikka alert with fear.

WARD (CONT'D)

*Que callas al bebe por favor.*

The gangsters outside circle like jackals -- Their menacing SHADOWS sweeping across the curtains. They are being surrounded -- Now the Baby starts SCREAMING.

WARD (CONT'D)

*Muevate.*

The woman grabs her baby from the carseat. The Baby SCREAMS EVEN LOUDER...

WARD (CONT'D)

*Que callas al bebe. Shut your fucking baby up right now, shut it up right now.*

SINGLE MOM

*Lo siento. Perdoname.*

WARD

*Don't fucking apologize, lady. Shut your fucking kid up right now.*

She frantically shushes the baby. Impossibly the baby HOWLS louder and LOUDER. The tension unbearable.

Jakoby looks to Ward, frantic. Acting on pure instinct, Ward pushes the woman to the ground...

WARD (CONT'D)  
Stay low, don't m--

**BRDDDDDDT! BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!** *The gangsters open fire on the house. Windows explode. Bullets rip through the walls.*

WARD (CONT'D)  
We're not stayin here and getting them killed. Move! Move!

With bullets SMASHING all around them, Ward and Jakoby make a break for the back door with Tikka in tow...

EXT. GARAGE HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby nearly takes the back door off its hinges. A VETERANO is right there! He opens fire -- **POP-POP-POP!**

**KABOOM!** -- Jakoby fires the shotgun. Shredding the fucker. Ward covers Tikka's eyes so she doesn't see the body. Jakoby jumps a fence. Ward hands him Tikka and follows...

EXT. SOUTH LA - LONG ALLEY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Veteranos YELLING. WHISTLING. Ward and Jakoby running. Jakoby holding Tikka. Two Veteranos vault the fence into the alley and open fire -- **POP-POP-POP-POP!**

Ward stops. Draws and aims. Bullets ZIP past his head. Ward focuses on breathing. Sight picture. Trigger squeeze.

**BAM-BAM!** -- The two Veteranos drop with headshots. Say what you want about Ward but the dude's a natural born gunfighter. He runs to catch up to Jakoby...

EXT. SOUTH LA - ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby and Ward running. Tikka in Jakoby's arms. We hear the WHISTLES and SHOUTS of the angry storm of Gangsters intercepting them...

**UP THE STREET** -- Is a raucous HOUSE PARTY. Bass THUMPS. Vapes glow. 40's are drained. Girls in underwear are hosed down. *Fun and games to escape the heat.*

WARD  
*There, go go!*

They cut towards the party. Tikka SCREAMS in warning...

BEHIND THEM -- Ten Altamira Soldiers explode out of the alley behind them. *Sprinting like cheetahs on the Serengeti.*  
Cheetahs with guns -- **POP-POP-POP-POP!**

Ward stops and turns to return fire -- **THWAP!** -- HE'S IMMEDIATELY SPUN BY A BULLET HITTING HIS LEFT ARM.

WARD (CONT'D)  
Arghhhh. Fuck! Fuck!

He drops to a knee. Aims one handed -- **BLAM-BLAM-BLAM!**  
Drops another asshole. Scattering the Gangsters, buying precious seconds. Ward keeps running...

JAKOBY  
Scott!?

WARD  
Keep going!

INT. FOGTEETH PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

**PARTYGOERS** react to the gunfire. Squatting down as one does in the Hood. They're mostly ORCS, many in Fogteeth Gang colors -- Black and orange. *They aren't happy to see the cops...*

**WHACK!** -- An Altamira bullet hits the porch. Now the Orcs pull guns and RETURN FIRE!

ORC VOICES  
... Fogteeth motherfuckers! ...  
... This is Fogteeth's Hood! ...  
... Fogteeth for life! ...

*Ward and Jakoby run straight past them into:*

INT. FOGTEETH PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Claustrophobic, dark and way too loud. Crowded with dancing bodies. Mostly Orcs. A few Humans. With no clue about the drama outside. Jakoby and Ward plowing through them. Ward's blood-slick arm smears a HOTTIE. She starts SCREAMING. *Getting them noticed...*

Orcs close around Ward. Shoving him roughly. Jakoby sees one draw a knife! Jakoby covers Tikka's eyes and **PEPPER SPRAYS THE ENTIRE ROOM!** *The fucking Red Sea parts and Jakoby grabs Ward by his belt...*

EXT. SOUTH LA - FOGTEETH PARTY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jakoby crashes out the back door dragging a blinded and bloodied Ward and a screaming Tikka. Livid pepper sprayed Orcs following him out...

**KABOOM!** -- Jakoby fires the shotgun in the air and growls something in ORKISH. Stalling their pursuers. He scoops up Tikka and hauls Ward through the back gate into another alley. *They disappear into the night...*

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Cowboy and Slasher regarding the wrecked black and white. Gibsons circling it in silence. She looks up, studies the houses. Measuring time and distance in her mind. She notices something on the ground. Crosses to it...

Footprints -- In black iridescent blood, like gasoline.

SLASHER

What's up, Gibson?

GIBSON

The bright. Looking for the wand.

SLASHER

This change anything?

GIBSON

Yes. We're not the biggest shark in the water. So we have to be the smartest.

EXT. SOUTH LA - DEAD END STREET - NIGHT

Kandomere KNOCKS on the back of an old plumbing van hidden in the shadows. *Nothing.* Grabs door handle. The door falls off CLATTERING to the street...

***Revealing two OBLITERATED BODIES inside!*** The first has been blasted into what looks like red spider-webs. The other is shattered like glass. It's clear from the equipment racks it's a SURVEILLANCE VAN. Montehugh joins Kandomere, holding two assault rifles...

KANDOMERE

The bright was here.

Montehugh tosses Kandomere a rifle. The hair stands up on the back of his neck when he SEES his colleagues are now modern art displays...

MONTEHUGH

Lemme get local PD down here to contain the area.

KANDOMERE

Take a beat on that. Until we know who's who and what's what.

They're a few houses up 341 Abrams -- Kandomere steps out into the street and SEES parked black and white just visible. Nods for Montehugh to follow...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

Kandomere and Montehugh approach on foot, cautious, rifles in low ready position. They SEE BROWN, the fratboy cop from the station. Talking on his cell. *He quickly hangs up...*

KANDOMERE

What do you got?

BROWN

Sir this is LAPD business, we have an active crime scene.

KANDOMERE

(flashing badge)

Homeland Security Magic Task Force. It's my crime scene now.

BROWN

Sorry, sir. Uh. Yes. Sure. But look, it's all fucked.

KANDOMERE

Mind if we drill down a bit on what you mean by 'fucked'?

BROWN

There was a shooting between the responding officers. I got three dead cops. Two more missing. A dead couple with gunshot wounds across the street. Four bodies inside. And someone staging and cleaning the crime scene. That's what I meant by fucked, sir.

KANDOMERE

Where's the bright come into this?

BROWN

The four bodies from the original  
call are magicked the fuck up.

(then)

Who called you?

KANDOMERE

This is a Shield Of Light  
safehouse. An extremist group  
convinced the Dark Lord will return  
and initiate a second Age of Magic.

BROWN

The crazy ass conspiracy theorists?  
They just hand out fliers on the  
corner. It's bullshit.

KANDOMERE

Right. Until someone kills four of  
them and the two Agents surveilling  
them with a magic wand. Then, I'm  
not so sure.

BROWN

*You guys been watching this place?*

MONTEHUGH

Agent Kandomere?

He nods for him to join him. Out of earshot. For all of  
Kandomere's Elvish wisdom and intellect, he's not street-smart  
like Montehugh.

MONTEHUGH (CONT'D)

Hey. We gotta get Vance's people  
down here right the fuck now and  
lock this place down. Local PD's  
got some dirty ass Rampart shit  
going down. There's a wand on the  
streets. All bets are off.

Kandomere processing. He's right. The two Agents fading  
back to the street...

KANDOMERE

Pull the hard drive from the van.  
Right now. We need those  
recordings safe.

Kandomere dials his cell...

INTERCUT:



INT. TASK FORCE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

A dozen Federal Swat Operators towel off, overdo Axe body spray, comb their hair carefully. It's Friday night and time to slay it in the bars after a long training day. GORDON VANCE, Alpha of these Alphas, grabs his RINGING cell...

GORDON VANCE

Vance.

KANDOMERE

Where are you?

GORDON VANCE

Up at the facility. We're punching out for the day.

KANDOMERE

No you're not. Shit went down at the Shield of Light House we've been watching. The bright killed everyone inside and killed my men monitoring the place. The bright's here. Here in LA.

GORDON VANCE

Aw fuck, man.

KANDOMERE

LAPD's all twisted up in this. I'm behind enemy lines with no back-up. You're it. Get down here. At the speed of light.

GORDON VANCE

We're in fucking Lancaster, boss. It's gonna be while. Stay safe and hang on.

Vance hangs up. SIGHS. Turns to the boys...

GORDON VANCE (CONT'D)

Suit back up! We got a magic user on the street. Grab your gear and get on the road!

Their REACTIONS say it all. *A bright? Magic user? They know people are going to die tonight...*

END INTERCUT:

Kandomere hangs up. Worry etched on his face.

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

Kandomere and Montehugh looking through the mess...

MONTEHUGH

We got the two bodies in the kitchen and the one in back the bright wanded. The guy the first responders shot. We know the Elf Girl was taken.

KANDOMERE

Someone's missing.

Kandomere charges upstairs with Montehugh in tow...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Kandomere studies the walls...

MONTEHUGH

We searched up here.

KANDOMERE

I hear a candle burning.

He pulls down a bookcase revealing a hidden door. He draws a pistol open it. Revealing...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - SHRINE ROOM - NIGHT

A single candle burns on an altar. Various magic relics and scrolls. On the floor is a dead human -- His upper body has been turned to solid gold! Montehugh blinks...

KANDOMERE

They're training a bright.

BEHIND THEM -- Is Brown. Gold fever in his greedy eyes...

MONTEHUGH

Get the fuck outta here. That's evidence.

BROWN

Evidence? Looks like a house in Big Bear and a new Tesla to me.

Kandomere and Montehugh give him withering looks. Brown just smiles and backs away...

WE FOLLOW BROWN -- As he pulls his cell and dials...

BROWN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Get down here right now. I found  
something interesting.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jakoby sets water bottles on the counter. Looking just beat to shit. Smiles at the **CLERK**, a hardass Korean man behind Plexiglas. Jakoby grabs a handful of candybars.

CLERK  
Are you a real cop?

JAKOBY  
Yeah. I'm a real cop.

CLERK  
But you're green.

JAKOBY  
I'm blue. Cops are blue.

Jakoby pays the man.

INT. SHERRI'S MOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ward's daughter Sophia lays under a blanket with a flashlight. Drawing a picture with crayons. Her grandmother pulls the blanket aside.

SHERRI'S MOTHER  
You're supposed to be sleeping  
young lady.

SOPHIA  
I'm making daddy a card.

She shows grandma a crude drawing of Ward, Jakoby and herself under a smiling sun. It reads: "SORRY I WAS MEAN DADDY I LOVE YOU SO MUCH EVERYTHING WILL BE OK!"

EXT. GAS STATION - ROUND BACK - NIGHT

Jakoby gives Ward a water. Tikka curled up, asleep.

JAKOBY  
How the fuck is she sleeping?

WARD  
Adrenaline dump. She shut right  
down. Sophia does it too.

Jakoby sits. He and Ward tap waters -- "*Cheers*"

JAKOBY  
Your arm okay?

WARD  
My arm's fucked.

JAKOBY  
Can you move it?

WARD  
I can move it.

JAKOBY  
Bro. Running into a Fogteeth  
party? Man, I don't know about  
that. That was a bad move.

WARD  
*I didn't deploy pepper spray.*

JAKOBY  
I'm just saying, Orcs hold grudges.  
(then)  
That crazy homeless fucker we  
hooked this afternoon? Remember  
what all he was saying? Like you  
think there's a chance we're ... in  
a prophecy right now?

WARD  
It was just a coincidence. Shit  
happens. Shit is happening.  
(a beat, sadly)  
You know there's no way we're still  
cops after this.

JAKOBY  
*...are you sure..?*

Yeah. He's sure. Jakoby visibly sags. *He needs hope.*

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
Why choose me as your partner? I  
mean, no one wanted to work with  
me. But you did.

WARD  
I dunno man. You seemed cool.

JAKOBY

I couldn't believe it 'cause to me you were like, you know. You're the guy on the poster. You're fearless. You always know what to do.

WARD

Except for the dating thing.

JAKOBY

That's how you get blooded as an Orc. You do an act of great bravery. *And what you did back there ...* I mean the way I see it, you're a blooded human now. You're who I want be.

WARD

Nick. You're a good cop and a good guy. It's just that everyone's really hard on you. So you are too.

Jakoby can see that. Then...

WARD (CONT'D)

Why'd you to lie to me, man? I'm not saying shit would'a gone down different, but it might have.

JAKOBY

Dunno. I just lied. And then with humans, everything's so fucking definite. You know? You say one thing and then it's like law and you can't walk it back. I got confused.

WARD

Okay. We make it through the night: just clue me in next time, dumbass.

JAKOBY

Sorry, man. You're right.

A siren **WHOOPS** -- A BLACK AND WHITE PULLS UP -- Jakoby and Ward grab their weapons. On high alert. Tikka stirs...

RODRIGUEZ

Drop your fucking guns! Right now!

It's Rodriguez in his Sheriff's car -- He pops out with his pistol aimed at them -- Ward protectively guards Tikka. Jakoby lays his shotgun on the ground. Then Ward his pistol.

WARD

Not you too, man.

RODRIGUEZ

"Not me too" what? There's a shit-load of radio traffic about you guys. Shooting cops? Evading?

WARD

It's complicated.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm taking you into custody.

WARD

We got a wand with us. It was at a call with this kid. Everything went sideways. The guys on our watch lost their shit and were gonna do us over the wand.

RODRIGUEZ

Show me the wand.

Jakoby looks at Ward -- Who shakes his head: No. Jakoby takes the wand from his belt, shows Rodriguez anyway...

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Aw shit. Just put it down. Please. We gotta evacuate this neighborhood. Look. I'm calling my supervisor. I'll blow you outta your socks if you make a move.

WARD

Rodriguez. Don't call it in man. There's major forces at play here. We don't know who's dirty and who's not. This is a fucking magic wand, dude.

RODRIGUEZ

Shut up.

Ward turns to Jakoby and smiles -- *A callback to earlier...*

WARD

See how it feels?  
(as Jakoby)  
*Shut up shut up shut up.*

JAKOBY

Shut up.

RODRIGUEZ

I'll call the Magic Taskforce,  
We'll get the feds here, the big  
guns. I'll keep you guys safe.  
But priority one is to keep the  
wand out of the wrong hands. Right  
now I don't trust anybody but the  
feds.

Rodriguez is one of the good guys. No doubt. Ward sighs,  
nearly collapsing onto Jakoby, who lets out a sob-like noise  
of relief. Rodriguez dialing his cell...

EXT. SOUTH LA - BEHIND A BUILDING - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Gibson watches Slasher swing an axe at a bundle of cables on  
a steel pole -- **THWACK!** -- *There's a shower of sparks...*

TILT UP TO REVEAL -- He's just disabled a CELLPHONE TOWER...

EXT. GAS STATION - ROUND BACK - NIGHT

Rodriguez looks at his phone. He lost signal. The  
significance isn't lost on him...

RODRIGUEZ

Ward, I need you to cuff Jakoby.  
For my safety and your safety.  
Then I'm going to cuff you.

Ward not a fan of that...

JAKOBY

Just do it, Scott. It is what is.  
I'm tired of running.

Ward cuffs Jakoby. It's hateful. Rodriguez approaches Ward.  
Cuffs him. Searches him, tossing away his knives and back-up  
gun. Searches Jakoby, tossing away his weapons, his keys.

RODRIGUEZ

It doesn't look good. A green cop  
and three dead humans?

WARD

The fuck is that supposed to mean?

RODRIGUEZ

I'm not being a dick. I'm being real as fuck. They're gonna want it to be Jakoby. Even if it's not.

JAKOBY

I can't go to prison. Big Orc Family runs that shit. They'll fucking skin me alive.

WARD

You're not going to prison. I did it. I shot everyone.

RODRIGUEZ

Both you guys need to shut up and lawyer up. I'm gonna Mirandize you. Then you're getting counsel. Promise me. Whatever went down, the truth always comes out. No matter how painful--

--**THWACK!** Rodriguez's chest explodes! He pitches forward and hits the ground...

REVEALING GIBSON BEHIND HIM! -- Stalking forward with an automatic weapon...

WARD

No no no!

He tries to protect Tikka -- But Tikka isn't having it -- She runs out, grabs Jakoby's keys and throws them to Ward. Smart girl. Jakoby snatches up the wand. The three of them bolt for the front of the Gas Station...

**BRDDDDDDDT!** -- Gibson chases them with a burst -- Hitting Rodriguez's car -- Spraying them with glass and plastic...

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby and Ward hug the floor, uncuffing each other with the keys Tikka recovered...

WARD

Who the fuck is that?

Now the Apocalypse starts -- **BRDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDT!**

Bullets shatter windows and rip apart shelves, filling the air with Slim Jims and Flamin Hot Fritos. Wall coolers explode with rainbow bursts of colored soda. *A pause in the gunfire* -- The Clerk pops up with a magnum and a scowl...



JAKOBY  
Sir! Stay down!

**THWAP!** -- The Clerk is cored out with a slug, blood paints the inside of his Plexiglas security window...

EXT. SOUTH LA - GAS STATION - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Slasher jacks a fresh round into his sniper rifle. His weapon lays across the hood of a random parked car.

SLASHER  
(into radio)  
Target down. You're clear.

**ON GIBSON** -- She shoulders her weapon and scans the shattered windows for movement.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

It's quiet. Just the sound of leaking soda. Ward nods at the back door. Jakoby shakily nods back. To Tikka...

WARD  
Sweetheart I need you to run. As fast as you can. We have to cross the street. Run and don't look back. Okay Tikka?

Tikka looks up and nods once. Ward turns to Jakoby:

WARD (CONT'D)  
On three. One--

--Jakoby is already up and moving. *Shit.* Ward and Tikka follow, *staying low...*

**BRDDDDDT!** -- Gunfire rakes the walls. Jakoby is first through the back door...

EXT. SOUTH LA - GAS STATION - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Ward, Jakoby and Tikka exit -- **BRDDDDDT!** -- Cowboy is right there and opens fire! Tikka balks, Ward scoops her up with his good arm...

It's Jakoby's turn to shine -- *He scoops up the shotgun, turns and fires -- **KABOOM!** -- The blast flooring Cowboy!*

Now Slasher appears from the side -- **BRDDDT!** His burst crashes into Jakoby's shotgun, smashing the receiver.

In a fit of rage Jakoby hurls the shotgun Slasher with all his considerable might...

Slasher just blocks it from smashing his skull, but is sent tumbling ass over tea kettle. Ward, Jakoby and Tikka make it across the street. Vanishing between a row of shops...

Gibson arrives to find Slasher staggering to his feet. And Cowboy laying in an expanding pool of blood, already slapping on a bandage. He's one tough motherfucker...

COWBOY

I'm fine. I got it.

Gibson doesn't wait for them. She stalks her prey across the street...

EXT. SOUTH LA - FREEWAY UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Ward, Jakoby and Tikka running. Suddenly wand in Jakoby's belt begins GLOWING -- *He's YANKED BACKWARDS* -- Lands hard on his back, the wand falling free:

Once again they went too far and too fast and triggered the spell binding the wand to its owner -- *Whoever or whatever that may be...*

Jarred loose, the wand lays in the street, next to Jakoby. Ward rushes back to help his partner. Finds Jakoby is stunned. His uniform smoking from the wand.

WARD

Nick, you okay? Shit, you gotta get up, dude.

A black Escalade screams into the underpass. Onto the sidewalk next to them -- Ward sits up Jakoby...

WARD (CONT'D)

We're moving. Now.

Jakoby staggers to his feet. **SCREECH!** -- A second Escalade screams up, boxing them in. Ward reaches for his gun. Remembers it's not there.

JAKOBY

This night's gettin' better and better.

Ten **FOGTEETH ORCS** pop out in unison. Big, bad, scary and pissed off. *We may recognize them from the party.* Ward knows they're fucked. But he can't help smiling...

WARD

Hey guys. Look. I'm going to give you a pass for the reckless driving. I need you to return to your vehicles. And drive away. *Safely.*

Jakoby drops his head in his hands -- *Oh God did he just do that?* Even the Fogteeth Orcs pause. **DORGHU**, the pack leader, cocks his massive gnarled head...

DORGHU

You think it's funny to trash our home and disrespect our celebration? Pinkskin?

WARD

Guys. Seriously. I'm not in the mood. This is your last chance to walk away or you're all going to jail.

The Orcs trade looks -- *'The balls on this guy!'* They close in so Ward throws the first punch! He's hurled to the ground and the beating begins. *They just pummel Ward and Jakoby.* Tikka screams in fear!

**NEW ANGLE** -- Gibson is just visible down the block. Frowning at this new development...

INT. FOGTEETH SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The windows are boarded, the furniture torn. Orc black velvet paintings and Orc kitsch decorate the place. The room is packed with **FOGTEETH ORCS** of various shapes and sizes, all repping their gang with black and orange.

Kneeling among them on the floor are Jakoby and Ward. Tikka between them, crying silently. Dorghu kneels in front of Jakoby. He smiles. Fatherly.

DORGHU

You know I'm not from here. I grew up in Miami. Great orc communities there, strong orc communities. We'd have block parties with dwarves, humans, it was fun. I wasn't in the game then. I was a bus driver. Then I move to LA. City of Angels, right? I see these kids, I see how broken the system you got here is.

(MORE)

DORGHU (CONT'D)

Orcs caught between the police and the gangsters. I see I need to change. And I do. I organize things. We have our own thing now. I know what I am. And I still give back to the community. Not just Orcs. Every month I throw a big house-party, get people drunk. Feed them. Whole neighborhood's invited, black, brown, yellow, green. Partying together. With one rule - No guns, no fights inside. It's sanctuary. Three years of peace. And who breaks sanctuary? Who's first to bring in guns? *The motherfucking police.*

He sighs, runs a curious finger across Jakoby's filed teeth. Time to teach the youngsters...

DORGHU (CONT'D)

An unblooded orc. And a cop. Grew up with humans. Never had a claw raised for him in his life. Playing the "nice guy" the "sweet guy." Your buddies so happy to say they have an "orc friend." *Here's your opportunity to give back.*

He switches to orkish, suddenly animalistic, he snarls:

DORGHU (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

Where is the wand?

Jakoby is silent, breathing hard. Dorghu nods to a couple **BIG ORCS** -- They begin *WHIPPING JAKOBY AND WARD WITH STEEL CHAINS!* *The Two men scream in agony.*

WARD

Fuck! You!

Tikka **SHRIEKS** in a panic, her whole body shaking convulsively. *Dorghu suddenly grabs her by the face.*

DORGHU

(subtitled)

Where is the wand?

Eyes wide with fear, Tikka speaks in shaky English...

TIKKA

There is no wand.

Dorghu stares at Tikka, then nods to Jakoby, who is pulled up to his knees. He grabs Jakoby's face.

DORGHU  
Roundtooth. False orc. Unblooded  
coward.

The other Orcs murmur in agreement, Jakoby stares at Dorghu.

DORGHU (CONT'D)  
Where is the wand?

Jakoby sneers -- WHAM! -- Dorghu *PUNCHES HIM IN THE FACE*, grabs his ear...

DORGHU (CONT'D)  
Where is the wand, boy?

WARD  
There's no wand, dude.

DORGHU  
*Was I talking to you pinkface!?*

JAKOBY  
There is no wand.

Dorghu pulls an Orkish ceremonial dagger. Ornate. Ancient.

DORGHU  
Where is the wand?

JAKOBY  
What wand?

Dorghu grins. Predatory. *Stabs down into the top of Jakoby's shoulder.* Jakoby ROARS in pain. Dorghu drives him to the floor with a knee in the chest. *And twists the knife.*

WARD  
You motherfucker! Stop it! Leave  
him alone you piece of shit.

A Big Orc loops a chain around Ward's neck. Hauls back making his eyes bulge. Ward claws the air. Dorghu will kill Jakoby if he doesn't stop. Each word a knife twist...

DORGHU  
Where. Is. The. Wand?

JAKOBY  
(agony)  
There's no wand! Arggh!

DORGHU

Altamira thinks there's a wand.

The Orc choking Ward loosens his grip. Ward coughs this out:

WARD

First, you seriously need to pop a gum. Second, there never was a fuckin wand. Altamira's a bunch of crackheads. It's ghetto rumors, dude. Just ghetto rumors.

DORGHU

The police think there's a wand.  
The feds think there's a wand.  
(roars)  
I think there's a wand!

**WHACK!** -- A Fogteeth Orc *PUNCHES WARD in the jaw*, knocking him to the floor. Dorghu rips his dagger from Jakoby. And grabs Tikka by her hair. Ward gets deliberate and quiet...

WARD

Please leave her alone. She's just a little girl. She's going home. Let her go home.

He's WHIPPED WITH A CHAIN, screams in pain.

JAKOBY

*We're police officers! You can't do this!*

An orc *kicks Jakoby down, stomps his face into the floor. Again and again. Breaking his nose...*

Now both of the cops lay defeated, broken, rasping in pain. Dorghu presses his dagger to Tikka's throat...

DORGHU

I'll cover you with her hot blood.  
Where is the wand?

The cops just moan in pain. Dorghu wrenches Tikka's tiny, fragile arm. She cries out in pain...

Ward looks at her. She looks at him -- Telling him to **STAY STRONG** with her eyes -- A flicker of respect and awe roll across Ward's face -- *This little girl is someone special.*

WARD

*I don't know! I don't know where the wand is, I don't fucking know!*

Dorghu senses he's been bested but doesn't understand how. It's over -- He nods to his subordinates. Ward, Jakoby and Tikka are dragged down the hallway into...

INT. FOGTEETH SAFE HOUSE - PIT ROOM - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

THE FLOOR HAS BEEN RIPPED OUT -- Above an incredibly deep pit, dug deep beneath the house, vanishing into darkness.

Ward and Jakoby are laid face down so their heads hang over the edge. The Big Orcs stand over them, a boot on their backs. *Ward and Jakoby staring into the abyss.* They trade looks and sad little smiles -- Each saying to the other "*I'm with you my brother, I'm with you.*"

Dorghu's huge paw clasping Tikka's throat...

DORGHU

Watch your friends.

Ward fights back tears...

WARD

I'm sorry, Sophia. I'm so sorry.  
Please forgive me! I didn't say  
goodbye. I didn't say I love you.

The Orcs are all business now. Ward and Jakoby are just objects to be disposed of. Both men now stoic. Tikka sobbing. Dorghu tries one last time...

DORGHU

Where is the wand?

JAKOBY

*There is no fucking wand, stupid.*

Dorghu stares at them, and then:

DORGHU

Kill them.

A Big Orc presses a shotgun to the back of Jakoby's head. An **ORC GANGSTER** steps up with a fucking big bolt action deer rifle. CLACK-CLACKS a round in the chamber. Holds the muzzle to the back of Ward's head. The Gangster hesitates...

ORC GANGSTER

(subtitled)

Wait.

All the Orcs look at him.

ORC GANGSTER (CONT'D)

Turn over.

Ward slowly turns over.

ORC GANGSTER (CONT'D)

You too.

Jakoby turns over, his smashed nose bleeds into his eyes...

DORGHU

(subtitled)

What are you doing?

ORC GANGSTER

(subtitled)

Father, I am sorry, I know these men.

All of the Orcs wait expectantly.

ORC GANGSTER (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

I was in the swap meet going to school when an Orc from another Clan lit up a liquor store.

(re: Jakoby)

He saw me and chased me. I was trapped. And he saw I was the wrong Orc. He helped me escape the police. The human police.

Dorghu processing this...

ORC GANGSTER (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

I owe him an honor debt. We cannot kill them.

DORGHU

(subtitled)

They mock us.

ORC GANGSTER

(subtitled)

Maybe there is no wand.

Father and son stare at each other. The father nods, releases Tikka. Kneels by Jakoby.

DORGHU

What did you call me roundtooth?  
"Stupid?"



Dorghu pulls him up by the shirt -- WHAM! *Punches his face, now he stomps his ribs, his legs.* The Orc Gangster cringes.

DORGHU (CONT'D)  
(subtitled)  
False orc! Unblooded coward!

He stomps and stomps. Ward's heart breaking as Nick's blood spatters his face...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Montehugh's laptop connected to the server rack...

KANDOMERE  
Any luck?

MONTEHUGH  
Drive's fried. The wand cooked it.  
If there's video of our bright,  
it'll take a forensic lab to  
recover it.

Kandomere frowns.

KANDOMERE  
Pull the drive and bag it.

Then Kandomere sees something...

KANDOMERE (CONT'D)  
Shit. We got company.

EXT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

A couple cars of LAPD SWAT COPS has pulled up. Brown talking to them excitedly. Kandomere and Montehugh rapidly approach the knot of cops. *Wearing body armor over civilian clothes.*

KANDOMERE  
Evening. Can I help you? Who are you?

BROWN  
Easy, sir. I called them. We're a little short handed.

Kandomere turns to the **SWAT SERGEANT...**

KANDOMERE

Fine. Gimme a perimeter. Take the corners of the block. And stay out of sight.

SWAT SERGEANT

You're not in charge here.

KANDOMERE

What the fuck did you say to me?

BROWN

I think you heard him. This is LAPD's jurisdiction.

KANDOMERE

I'm a federal agent. It's your jurisdiction but it's my country. Now all of you get the fuck off my crime scene.

SWAT SERGEANT

We're not debating this. *Elf.*

Kandomere grinds his jaw in disbelief. Montehugh gripping his carbine. Thumb on the safety. The tension is very real.

KANDOMERE

(quietly)

Don't let them out of your sight. When the Strike Team gets here, we're arresting all these assholes.

Kandomere turns and heads for the house. A **SWAT COP** blocks him. Montehugh scanning the big men with scary faces.

KANDOMERE (CONT'D)

Step aside.

SWAT COP

I will put you in handcuffs, compadre.

KANDOMERE

*Get the fuck out of my way.*

The SWAT COP shoves him. Kandomere stares at him, intense. The moment hangs pregnant in time. *With eerie calm...*

KANDOMERE (CONT'D)

What's your plan? You know I'm an elf, right? I can hear your heart speeding up. I can smell the adrenaline in your sweat.

Brown is right there. Menacing...

BROWN

Can you dodge a bullet?

MONTEHUGH

Kandomere. We're going.

**BRDDDDDDT!** -- Brown and the SWAT Cops open fire. Montehugh falls dead -- *But Kandomere flips backwards. Repeatedly, weaving and spinning as bullets hit all around him. Insanely agile. Moving as only an Elf can.* He dives in his SUV. Punches the gas and tears out of there.

**TICK-TICK-POCK!** -- Bullets smashing into the back as he goes. He disappears up the block. The SWAT Cops about to pursue. Brown WHISTLES piercingly...

BROWN

Hey! No, no! Stay on mission. We grab the gold and find the wand.

EXT. SOUTH LA - EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

The neighborhood illegal trash dump. Ward and Jakoby are shoved out of a truck. Then Tikka is pushed out as well. Both of them are virtually pulped at this point. But Jakoby is in truly dire shape. Ward crawls to him...

WARD

Nick? Nick? Can you hear me?

JAKOBY

... my leg's broken ... my ribs ...  
I can't breathe ... I'm done ...

WARD

No you're not. Hold on. I'll get you help. Don't leave me, brother.

Jakoby fading -- The beating broke something important inside. Ward grabs his arm, tries to drag him to the street. But Jakoby's too big and Ward is too weak. Ward collapses, screams at the dark houses, clutching Jakoby in his arms.

WARD (CONT'D)

*Somebody help us! This is a good man here! Help this man! He's a good man. Help him!*

Tikka slowly approaches. Ward notices her. She has a steely look in her eye. The with a flick of her wrist -- **THE WAND APPEARS FROM NOWHERE RIGHT IN HER HAND!** Ward stunned...

WARD (CONT'D)

Holy shit. You're a bright.  
You're a fucking bright. You had  
the wand the whole time.

Tikka speaks quietly, nervously...

TIKKA

(subtitled)

My job was to learn magic to keep a  
wand safe. The Dark Lord will  
return and I am meant to fight him.  
But I have no wand of my own. A  
witch came to kill me and the  
Brothers of Light saved me. The  
witch left her wand behind.

WARD

I don't understand you. I have no  
idea what you're saying. I'm  
sorry.

TIKKA

(subtitled)

I can't fix him.

WARD

I don't know what that means. I  
don't know what you're saying.

TIKKA

(broken English)

If I use this ... Witch find us.

WARD

Fuck the witch. If you can help  
him, then help him. He was ready  
to die for you.

Tikka sees the desperation in Ward's face. She motions for  
him to get back. Tikka centers herself. Rubs her hands.  
Then points the wand at Jakoby and whispers:

TIKKA

*Mendovia.*

A beautiful, rippling pulse of "energy" drifts off the wand  
and passes over Jakoby's limp form -- Instantaneously we hear  
CLICKS and SNAPS as Jakoby's body repairs itself!

WARD

Oh holy shit. Oh wow.

Jakoby suddenly sits up, spitting out blood and sucking in air. Ward rushes in to help him, but Jakoby pushes him away. He's not dying, but not a 100%. We can feel Ward's relief.

*Tikka passes out cold. Bleeding from her ear. Dangerously drained...*

WARD (CONT'D)

You okay? Tikka? You gonna be okay?

Jakoby scoops her up like a ragdoll. Slides the wand back into his belt. Helps Ward up.

JAKOBY

C'mon partner. I got you. We have to keep moving.

They start walking -- An odd little family: A big Orc, a broken man, a tiny Elf Girl. Tikka leads the way. *A little warrior, who has been called to fight much too soon.*

EXT. SOUTH LA - DARK ALLEY - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

CAMERA FOLLOWS gloppy footprints of black, shiny blood. They lead to bare feet which drag, shuffle and twitch ... WE TILT UP and SEE a veiny woman's body in a ratty dress. This is **THE WITCH**. *The wand's owner...*

Tikka's voice rolls in like a distant echo -- "Mendovia."

*The Witch's face whips toward us* -- Stringy black hair on a patchy scalp framing her sunken pink eyes. Her face a well of darkness as she sniffs the air...

THE WITCH

....*Mine*...

EXT. SOUTH LA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

GIBSON'S SUV parked in the shadows. Cowboy in back. He's breathing slow. But still in the game. Slasher listens to RADIO INTERCEPT equipment, rapt. Gibson drums her fingernails on the steering wheel.

GIBSON

What's so interesting?

SLASHER

Bunch'a LAPD SWAT guys racing balls out to the bright house.

GIBSON

You sure? I haven't heard anything on their Tac Channels.

SLASHER

They're not on department Icoms. They're running encrypted satphones. This is eight or so SWAT operators working off the books.

COWBOY

Sounds like they're bad pennies.

SLASHER

Indeed. And let's just say they sound, um, *excited*.

GIBSON

Might be our wand. Let's go. Maybe we can have a gunfight with some real players for once.

She takes off fast...

SLASHER

What's our limit here, Gibson?

Gibson just stares at him. Cowboy smirks as he pulls a grenade out of his pack and cuts off its safety tape...

EXT. SOUTH LA - USED CAR LOT - NIGHT

A bright oasis in the darkness. With lots of good deals. Ward and Jakoby settle down behind a row of minivans. Tikka stands guard. Jakoby and Ward are hurting, exhausted, raw. Jakoby regards the giant blood red full moon rising...

JAKOBY

That kid, man. The Orc kid I let go.

WARD

The one who was gonna shoot me in the head and throw me in a pit? Great kid.

JAKOBY

Listen to me. Listen. He was there. What are the odds of that? What are the fucking odds?

WARD

Sure, it was a little unexpected.

JAKOBY

No. It was impossible, Scott.

Jakoby fishes a smashed candy bar from his pocket. Shares half with Ward.

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

This is a prophecy. We're living prophecy right now. We're just little people man, people they don't write about. But tonight's like the old days of the Heroes. Like Jirak doing epic shit.

WARD

Just stay awake, keep talking.

*A cop car with LIGHTS AND SIRENS blows blindly past the lot.*

JAKOBY

Jirak was unblooded. Like me. He was just a farmer. But when he found out the Dark Lord was going to destroy the World. He raised a sword against him and led an army.

WARD

Homeboy earned his baller status.

Tikka cocks her head SEES SHADOWS among the vehicles...

JAKOBY

Before the deed is the word. A farmer was called by prophesy and united the Nine Races against the Dark Lord. He turned the Orcs from evil and they all raised their blades to him. He was blooded right there. Fulfilling the Great Prophecy.

(beat)

That's what we're in, *a prophecy*. This all means something. It's important.

Ward is losing faith in the world. He looks at Jakoby.

WARD

It's not prophecy, bro. It's just one bad fuckin' night and it's almost over.

Tikka spins on them, scared, eyes like saucers...

TIKKA  
(subtitled)  
She's coming. She's coming.

Ward hauls Jakoby to his feet.

WARD  
Lunchbreak's over. We're moving.

A **WHISTLE** behind them. They freeze. Turn. It's Poison!

POISON  
Hey.

Ward and Jakoby look around -- Altamira Veteranos have taken up positions all around the car lot. They're surrounded and unarmed. *It's over.*

POISON (CONT'D)  
My pops bought lottery tickets every week. Wanted to get us out of the hood. To put us through college. His number never hit. Dude dropped dead mowing someone else's fucking lawn. So I learned you only bet on sure things. The wand's a sure thing.

A long, empty beat. You can feel the sweat in the air.

WARD  
My old man was a fucking underwater welder and drowned. You don't see me shitting on the world and blaming The Man so I can get mine.

POISON  
Fuck you. Here's what's up. Elf girl gets a pass to grow up and do whatever she's gonna do with her life. But you two putos are dead. And I get the wand. Because dreams do come true. *My dreams.*

Jakoby stares at Ward, Ward stares at Jakoby. Tikka steps forward and holds out the wand...

WARD  
Tikka! No!

Poison and his homies stare at the wand. *Victory.*



POISON  
Is... Is that it?

THE LIGHTS FLICKER. Several go out. Tikka REACTS.

TIKKA  
...no...no...no...

The wand starts glowing, shedding heat ripples -- We've seen this before...

POISON  
Hey little homegirl. Why's that  
shit glowing?

TIKKA  
(subtitled)  
She's here.

Jakoby looks at Ward -- *Shit!*

POISON  
Fuck this. We're killing everyone  
right now.

...silence... Poison looks over to his men. SEES a splatter of blood here. A torn piece of flesh there. They're all gone...

POISON (CONT'D)  
What the f--

--**THWICK!** -- A pallid veiny hand **RIPS HIS THROAT OUT!** Poison falls facedown on the asphalt -- And there she is!

JAKOBY  
What is that? *What is that?*

WARD  
...it's a witch...

Yes it is. The owner of the wand has returned for her property and she is TERRIFYING -- Greasy black hair falls around a sickly white face, tremendously old and misshapen, forced onto a young, lithe body. She bears a shotgun wound from her initial fight at the house.

A weird, long beat. It's not even clear if the witch is aware of them. Her body sways gently in the night breeze.

JAKOBY  
Scott? Are we about to die, bro?

Ward exhales shakily.

WARD

If that's what it takes. You with me?

**SCHWACK!** -- Snaps out his collapsible baton and grins. His tired eyes burn with madness...

WARD (CONT'D)

We're arresting this bitch.

Jakoby stares at him. Then understands. It's the only move. They're still cops. And they'll die with their boots on.

**SCHWACK!** -- Jakoby snaps out his baton. They trade determined nods. Although barely able to stand, they square off against the Witch...

WARD (CONT'D)

LAPD. Turn the fuck around and get on your knees. Put your hands behind your head and interlace your fingers.

The Witch **HISSES** exposing black gums.

JAKOBY

She seems noncompliant.

WARD

I'm getting that too.

The Witch **HISSES AGAIN**. The two brave cops raise their batons to strike...

*Tikka steps between them and raises the wand...*

TIKKA

(screaming)

**TALIOS!**

**BLUE FIRE ERUPTS FROM THE WAND TOWARDS THE WITCH!** She swats it away like a tennis ball and makes a yanking motion...

Pulling her wand towards her, jerking Tikka towards the Witch. Jakoby and Ward grab Tikka...

WARD

The wand! Get the wand!

Both men grab for the wand with frantic hands. Jakoby gets his hands around it just as Tikka loses her grip and falls to the side...

JAKOBY  
*I got it I got it!*

Ward gets a hand on it too. Now the two of them go for a ride, as if pulled by a tractor...

WARD  
*She gets it we're dead!*

They hold on for life. Their boots sliding over the pavement. An insane game of tug of war. Blood drips down Ward's gunshot arm. Jakoby's battered body creaks. He GROANS in pain...

Their hands wrapped tightly around the wand -- The wand cutting into their palms, blood leaks out over their knuckles...

WARD (CONT'D)  
 Bro, don't let go. We go and we're dead!

Jakoby ROARS like a lion at the Witch, blood streaming down his face...

The Witch laughs as she drags them closer and closer. **FUCK! THEY ARE FUCKED!** Ward slides a hand towards his gunbelt. Pivots his tazer in its holster...

**BAM!** -- Fires blind from the hip -- Tazer darts hit the witch in the neck. Her body goes RIGID as the tazer pumps high voltage into her...

She releases the wand from her spell -- Ward and Jakoby tumble backwards to the ground in a jumble. Jakoby finds himself staring at Poison's dropped machine gun -- "Yes!"

Jakoby grabs the ugly black weapon and comes up firing...

**BRDDDDDT!** -- His shots go wide, shredding cars. CAR ALARMS scream out in the night...

WARD (CONT'D)  
 KILL HER NICK KILL HER!

Jakoby aiming carefully -- **BRDDDDDT!** -- Slugs smash into the Witch. Splattering black blood in all directions! The Witch drops. Jakoby out of ammo...

Now the Witch slowly stands. **HOLY SHIT SHE'S STILL ALIVE!** She **SHRIEKS** and summons her wand!

JAKOBY  
 The wand, the wand!

Ward, on the ground, is brutally dragged across the pavement towards her. Metal on his belt throwing sparks...

Jakoby thinks fast. He grabs a heavy steel truck rim from a pile of tires. *Hurls it with all his heart and might...*

ON THE WITCH -- Grinning with evil delight -- Here comes her prize, her wand. *She's winning...*

**K-TANG!** -- The rim crushes her head against an old truck with a burst of black goo. She drops lifeless...

The wand instantly goes slack to Ward's relief. Jakoby falls against a car. Slumped there in a symphony of car alarms.

WARD

Good looking out, partner.

They reach out pathetically to bump fists and give up. Ward flops over. His uniform torn, road-rash over half his body. He lifts the wand in his hand, stares at it, then looks over to the dead witch, then to Jakoby...

WARD (CONT'D)

Where's Tikka?

Jakoby and Ward look around -- THEY REALIZE TIKKA IS GONE!

JAKOBY

Why would she run? Where would she go?

WARD

She's just a kid. Only one place she'd go.

Ward pulls himself up against a car, wincing...

WARD (CONT'D)

She's going home, Nick.

The silence hangs. Jakoby speaks quietly.

JAKOBY

We could leave. The binding spell's off the wand right? 'Cause the witch is dead? We can't run and can't hide. Consequences or not, we gotta get to a hospital, man. And get out of this fucking neighborhood.

WARD

Yeah. But we're not gonna.

Ward spits blood, wipes his drawn, pallid face.

WARD (CONT'D)

My dad ran out on me. And Sophia's  
dad ran out on her. Everywhere you  
look it's people giving up and  
running away.

(beat)

Someone's gotta do it. Someone's  
gotta be the good guy.

A long pause. Then Jakoby nods. *He's in.* Both men haul  
themselves to their feet. *One last time...*

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

It's quiet. *Dead quiet...*

CAMERA SLOWLY REVEALS -- A dead SWAT COP. Then another. And  
another. And another. All the SWAT Cops are dead, shot to  
pieces. *All killed in a vicious gunfight.*

CAMERA FINDS BROWN -- Crawling to his car, dying from  
gunshots. He SEES two figures approaching. Ward and Jakoby  
emerge from the night mist like zombies...

BROWN

*...not you assholes...*

He tries to draw his pistol. Ward easily takes it away. Now  
Jakoby and Ward watch in total silence as Brown dies.

THEN A NOISE FROM THE HOUSE -- Ward nods for Jakoby to pick  
up a SWAT shotgun. He does. Ward and Jakoby approach the  
house. Limping up the porch stairs, Ward motions for Jakoby  
to go around the side...

As Jakoby slips along the side, WE SEE something he doesn't:

*Slasher, holding a rifle, watching him from the shadows...*

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Ward moves very slowly, clearing the house. Now in the  
living room -- *There's Cowboy dead in a pool of blood...*

A NOISE from the kitchen. Ward heads toward it...

**NEW ANGLE** -- Gibson standing there breathing softly. Hidden  
by a bookcase. She's looking at Cowboy. Who looks back.  
*He's not dead.* Despite heavy injuries, he rises to his feet.

Together they close in on Ward...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby moves toward the back yard. Quiet deliberate steps. Slasher starting to follow...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

FROM A LOW ANGLE -- We watch Ward enter the kitchen...

REVERSE -- Tikka's curled up under the sink, hidden by soup pots. She waves gently. Trying to get Ward's attention. He doesn't see her...

**ON GIBSON** -- Moving almost spectrally as she glides forward. Trying to get an angle on Ward...

**CLOSE ON WARD** -- He can't see her. But he pauses. Biting his lip. Maybe he feels a change in air pressure or something. Ward suddenly spins around -- Cowboy is right there!

**POP-POP!** -- Ward hits Cowboy in the face. Dropping him. Now Ward spots Gibson! But she has the drop on him. Her carbine aimed at his face...

But Ward has skills -- He jukes, spins and fires -- **POP-POP!**

**BAM!** -- GIBSON FIRES AT THE SAME TIME

Ward is hit in the chest. Gibson once in the face. Both of them fall. Tikka SCREAMS and bursts from her hiding place with a CLATTER of pots...

**BAM!** -- Gibson shoots Tikka in the back! -- Sending her spinning into the cupboards...

WARD

*Noooooo!*

Tikka writhes in pain on the linoleum -- Ward raises his gun at Gibson. And hesitates...

Because Gibson has her carbine trained on Tikka...

GIBSON

Don't.

Jakoby appears in the big hole in the wall -- Shotgun aimed at Gibson...

WARD

*Wait wait wait! Nick wait!*

Jakoby SEES the jeopardy that Tikka is in. Sees the state of Ward, he's bad. Real bad. Gibson slowly pushing herself to her feet, keeping her gun on Tikka...

JAKOBY

She just shot a kid Scott.

WARD

Yeah. And she'll do it again.

Gibson SEES Slasher sneak past the kitchen window, moving to flank Jakoby. Her eyes flick to Ward...

GIBSON

Drop your weapon.

No way Ward will do that. Gibson looks at Tikka, finger on the trigger...

GIBSON (CONT'D)

This trigger has a four pound break. Maybe you'll destroy my brain stem with a perfect shot. But the girl will still die.

Ward glares at her -- She's being covered by Jakoby -- So he tosses his gun away...

JAKOBY

Bro. Don't. *Shit.*

GIBSON

Get up. Go to the table.

Ward, in excruciating pain, plants his feet and drives himself slowly up the wall...

WARD

You're crazy. You're a fucking animal.

Jakoby staring down his sights at Gibson. Hyper focused.

GIBSON

Please. Sit down. Take a moment to think about what you're doing.

Ward staggers to the table, slowly sinks into a chair.

GIBSON (CONT'D)

Where is the wand?

WARD

What the fuck are you?

GIBSON

(after a long beat)

I represent a larger interest. One that watches. And waits. For opportunities and capitalizes on them. The wand is an opportunity.

(beat)

You're going to give me the wand.

WARD

And then what?

GIBSON

I'm going to kill you and your orc friend. I'm going to walk out of this house. I'm going to work out and train and wait for my next assignment.

WARD

Right.

Suddenly they hear a storm of TRUCK ENGINES AND SCREECHING TIRES out front...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

SIX BLACK SUVs swarm the property. Kandomere and Gordon Vance pop out with a dozen hi-tech **SPECIAL OPERATORS**, everyone armored and tooled up for a firefight...

Kandomere regards the house a beat. His eyes go wide.

KANDOMERE

There's a bright in the house.

GORDON VANCE

You sure? How do you know?

KANDOMERE

Have I been wrong yet?

Vance turns to his men as they form assault teams...

GORDON VANCE

It's confirmed a bright's in there. Kill everything that moves.

An Assault Team heads for the back of the house.



INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Ward heard them. *Gibson heard them...*

WARD

So ... do you have a new plan?

Gibson doesn't waver. Tikka moaning in pain on the floor. Ward slides a hand towards the pocket on his thigh where the wand is stashed...

WARD (CONT'D)

The second she lowers that gun even an inch you kill her Nick.

JAKOBY

Roger that, partner.

Gibson regards Jakoby. Looks back at Ward. SEES Ward now holds the wand...

GIBSON

Interesting. Now put it down.

WARD

No.

GIBSON

You're either born a bright or you study for years. Are you a bright? No. Do you know any spells? No. Try to use that wand and it will kill you.

WARD

Shut up.

GIBSON

There's no way out. Give me the wand while this little creature is still breathing.

WARD

Nick. Get Tikka out of here.

GIBSON

No, Orc. You don't move.

Jakoby, still aiming his gun at Gibson, slowly moves into the kitchen, towards Tikka...

GIBSON (CONT'D)

*Don't move another fucking inch.*

Jakoby stops. The shotgun shakes in his hands...

WARD  
Nick. It's okay. Get Tikka.

JAKOBY  
What are you doing, Scott?

WARD  
It's gonna be okay.

GIBSON  
Listen to your Orc.

JAKOBY  
*What are you doing?*

Ward smiles at his friend. Quietly...

WARD  
It's like you said. It's a prophecy. It's all a prophecy.

JAKOBY  
You really believe that?

WARD  
No. So I need you to believe it for me.  
(then)  
Get Tikka out of here.

GIBSON  
You'll do no such thing.  
(to Ward)  
Imagine sitting in front of a candle day and night for years. Learning the stillness of mind a wand requires. Years of repeating the same spells. Precise articulations of ancient word forms.

Tikka, looking at Gibson, realizes something. *At the same time Ward does...*

WARD  
...you're a bright...

NEW ANGLE -- Slasher steps through the hole into the kitchen. Weapon trained on Jakoby. Softly whispers...

SLASHER

Easy friend. I got the drop on you. Let's not have any mistakes here. I need you to slowly lower your weapon.

Jakoby knows he fucked up...

JAKOBY

What do I do?

WARD

Don't you dare lower that shotgun.

Gibson takes a step towards Ward...

WARD (CONT'D)

Stop.

JAKOBY

...Scott..?

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - BACK YARD - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

The Assault Team creeps up -- THEY SEE Slasher in the kitchen through the hole in the wall...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Gibson's eyes bore in on Ward...

GIBSON

It's over. It's hopeless.

WARD

*SHUT THE FUCK UP!*

NOW. EVERYTHING. HAPPENS. AT. ONCE...

**POP-POP!** -- Slasher is shot in the back by the Assaulters...

Jakoby fires his shotgun at Gibson -- **KABOOM!**

...just as Slasher falls onto him, knocking his aim askew...

...so he only blows out a chunk of wall by Gibson's head.  
Who swings her carbine from Tikka to Ward...

*WARD SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND SCREAMS:*

WARD (CONT'D)

*TALIOS!*

THE FUCKING ROOM EXPLODES INTO LIGHT. The wand **BLOWS APART INTO A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE, VIOLENTLY LAUNCHING WARD BACKWARDS INTO THE WALL...**

A *LIQUID INFERNO OF LIGHT* splashing in all directions.

BLOWING APART GIBSON INTO A SCREAMING FLAMING SKELETON!

EXT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

*LIGHT AND FIRE EXPLODE OUT THE WINDOWS -- Vance and the other operators dive to the ground.*

ON KANDOMERE -- He doesn't flinch. Even as the shockwave blows back his clothes...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

THE KITCHEN LOOKS LIKE LITERAL HELL -- Everything engulfed in fire...

Jakoby sees Slasher is still alive. Taking aim at him. Jakoby fires -- Buckshot knocks Slasher into the flames.

JAKOBY

*Scott! Scott where are you!?*

*Nothing.* He SEES Tikka unconscious on the floor. Jakoby lifts her, he staggers to the front door...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby stumbles out of the house with Tikka in his arms. Towards a jittery firing squad of Special Operators!

GORDON VANCE

*ORC!*

**BRDDDDT!** -- Gordon opens fire, Kandomere with his Elvin reflexes shoves his gun down just in time...

Jakoby stumbles and drops to his knees...

KANDOMERE

*Help the child!*

Jakoby is surrounded. Tikka is immediately taken away from him, rushed to the **PARAMEDICS**. **FIRE ENGINES** arrive...

Jakoby is clearly dazed, barely able to stand, but he manages to get up -- He's headed back towards the house...

Across the street -- The intimidating Orcs of the Fogteeth Gang have gathered to watch...

Kandomere blocks Jakoby's path...

KANDOMERE (CONT'D)  
Stop. We got you. It's safe now.

JAKOBY  
You don't understand, there's a prophecy. This is part of something bigger...

KANDOMERE  
Calm down. I know it's something bigger. *But you need to calm down.*

The house is now a complete inferno -- And Jakoby is willing to walk right back in. Kandomere won't allow that...

Jakoby looks around, dazed. PEOPLE have finally come out of their homes. Now liberated from the predations of the Altamira Gang. Sensing something special has happened...

JAKOBY  
Please listen, listen to me. He saved me and the girl, you can't just let him burn.

Gordon Vance helps out...

GORDON VANCE  
Sir, you need you need medical help.

JAKOBY  
He's my best friend! My best friend, let me in there! Scott! Hey Scott! That's my best friend!

Jakoby collapses. Kandomere and Vance trying to keep him seated. Quietly now:

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
*... my best friend. Please. That's my best friend....*

KANDOMERE  
It's over. You have to accept it.  
It's over.

Jakoby stares at the house and shudders in anguish. Heartbroken. Tears roll down his face...

KANDOMERE (CONT'D)  
Breathe. You need to breathe.

JAKOBY  
You're an elf you can hear in  
there. Tell me he's dead. Tell me  
he's really dead.

Kandomere turns and looks back at the house, focusing. Then  
falters. And Jakoby sees it...

JAKOBY (CONT'D)  
What did you hear?

KANDOMERE  
*He's dead.*

Jakoby stares at him, searching his face. Then:

JAKOBY  
You're lying!

Tapping into some reserve of incredible strength, Jakoby  
shoves Kandomere off him! *He's up and stumbling into the  
burning house before anyone can stop him --* Kandomere can  
only watch. So brave. So pointless...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby enters, coughing, choking on dense smoke. EVERYTHING  
BURNS. The ceiling falling around him. Glass breaking...

He searches fruitlessly for Ward -- EVERYTHING IS JUST FIRE.  
Too disorienting and bright. He's being cooked alive!

A SECTION OF WALL COLLAPSES -- Revealing Ward curled up in a  
corner. Jakoby staggers to him, throws an arm around, hefts  
him over his shoulder...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby and Ward COME CRASHING out the window, slamming into  
the ground as fire erupts from the doors and windows!

The CROWD GASPS -- Now yelling and cheering...

Jakoby drags Ward across the yard. Finally collapsing next  
to him. Ward looks ... dead.

JAKOBY  
You're out, you're out of there, I  
got you. I got you. You're okay..  
(MORE)

JAKOBY (CONT'D)

Be okay. Just be okay. Breathe.  
Please breathe! C'mon Scott say  
something, say...

Ward's eyes are fixed in the distance, past Jakoby. Ward weakly points...

WARD

*... Nick ... look ...*

Jakoby does. And SEES the Fogteeth Orcs standing behind police lines. He just stares at them, uncomprehending...

Then Dorghu steps forward and draws his ceremonial dagger. He cuts his own paw and raises his clawed hand high. *Then all the Orcs behind him raise their hands too...*

Jakoby watching this -- HE'S BEEN BLOODED -- Overcome with emotion, he starts to cry...

JAKOBY

Hey, Scott, we're gonna be okay.  
Everything's ... Scott?

Ward is done.

FADE TO WHITE

CLOSE ON SOMETHING BROWN -- Unclear what. A vortex of some kind. A spiral. WE SLOWLY REALIZE IT'S HAIR. We're in a POV shot of someone's hair. There's FAINT BEEPING...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ward is in a hospital bed with someone else's hair next to his face. It's SOPHIA! She's crawled into the hospital bed with him. She's asleep.

Ward is heavily bandaged, pale, hooked up to machines. Everything's blurry and confusing. He looks down at Sophia and buries his face in her hair, tears streaming down his face. *He didn't believe he'd get this moment...*

Sophia hugs a piece of paper. Ward reaches for it. Slides it out of her arms. Looks at it. Chokes with emotion...

*It's her crayon drawing of Ward and Jakoby...*

An **ELVEN NURSE** enters. Checks numbers on machines. SEES He's conscious. Checks his pulse. All business...

WARD

*...where's my partner..?*

ELVEN NURSE  
Please don't talk.

WARD  
*...where is he..?*

She SNICKS back the curtain between the beds...

**REVEALING JAKOBY** in the adjacent bed -- Equally beat to hell. Ward smiles...

Jakoby looks over at him. His broken face smiles back. They try to bump fists -- **CLACK-CLANG** -- They're handcuffed to their beds! Now Ward SEES the **FEDERAL MARSHALS** in SWAT gear guarding them...

WARD (CONT'D)  
How fucked are we?

Jakoby just shakes his head gravely -- *It's really bad...*

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Outside their room Kandomere talks to a Marshall. He gets a call and steps aside to take it...

KANDOMERE  
Any luck?

INTERCUT:

INT. COMPUTER FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Three **TECHNICIANS** cluster around a monitor. The Drive from the Surveillance Van on their table...

TECHNICIAN  
We got something. Not much but we got something.

KANDOMERE  
How much is something?

TECHNICIAN  
Thirty three seconds.

KANDOMERE  
What value is thirty three seconds?

TECHNICIAN  
You'd be surprised.



He pushes play and holds the phone to the speaker as video from INSIDE THE KITCHEN AT 341 ABRAMS plays...

POLLARD

... the Department knows fuck all about the wand. If they did the whole world would be here. The wand doesn't exist. The wand was never here. We're taking the wand.

Kandomere listening to the rest. Amazed...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Kandomere enters. Looks at the Jakoby and Ward. *At these two incredible brave men.* He's proud to know them...

Kandomere unlocks Ward's cuffs. Then frees Jakoby. ***The Marshall's see that...***

US MARSHALL

Whoa. What the hell are you doing? Those guys are cop killers.

KANDOMERE

No. They're not. They're the good guys.

Ward and Jakoby trade looks. Not fully understanding, but they know everything will somehow be okay. They reach out to each other and shake...

SLAM TO BLACK.

INT. SHRINE - NIGHT

Tikka sits staring at a candle. Reciting magical incantations -- *Training for what's to come...*

--The End--