

COLD OPEN

EXT. CITY - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

It's a foggy night as TIMID MAN slinks his way nervously down the dank, garbage littered alleyway. He clutches a briefcase like his very life is locked inside.

He comes upon SHADY SALESMAN (40s, Southern lawyer feel) who stands behind his two brawny HENCHMEN.

HENCHMAN 1
Were you followed?

TIMID MAN
(nervous)
No, I don't think so.

HENCHMAN 2 moves his hand to the waistband of his dark suit.

HENCHMAN 2
You don't "think" so?

Shady Salesman steps forward, his Cajun accent thick and intimidating.

SHADY SALESMAN
Alright boys, that's enough.
Anymore and this fellas gon' fill
his boots. You got my money, son?

TIMID MAN
Y-yes s-s-sir.

Timid Man stares at Shady Salesman.

SHADY SALESMAN
...well.

TIMID MAN
Oh, yes of course.

He scrambles to open the case. He flashes stacks of cash lining the inside. Shady Salesman thumbs a stack.

SHADY SALESMAN
Looks good. Boys.

The Henchmen open the back of the van and grab two large suitcases. They hand them over to Timid Man.

SHADY SALESMAN (cont'd)
Pleasure doin' business--

A low howl fills the air.

TIMID MAN
W-w-what was that?

A shadow moves on the rooftop. The Henchmen draw their guns.

HENCHMAN 1
Up there!

He fires and misses. The street lamp goes out.

HENCHMAN 2
Idiot! You hit the light.

Another street lamp pops out. Two left. The Henchmen box the Shady Salesman into the side of the van.

HENCHMAN 1
Don't worry boss--

The third street light pops out and a low howl chills them.

SHADOW FANG (early 20s, Brown) perches atop the final street lamp, his gray eyes piercing the night.

SHADY SALESMAN
SHOOT HIM!

POP!

The final light goes out drowning them in darkness.

The Timid Man surveys the alley with his phone's night mode. He hears a low growl behind him and turns to face it.

In the viewfinder, he sees Shadow Fang just long enough to register the war paint underneath his intense gray eyes before he's incapacitated.

The Henchmen fire their guns, but with a swish of his cape Shadow dives behind a dumpster for cover. He places his finger to his ear and presses the communicator.

SHADOW FANG
What!?

INT. HQ - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

A pair of full lips talks into a receiver.

RHEA
Shadow I--

The gunfire is heard through the receiver.

RHEA (cont'd)
Do I hear guns? What are you doing?

SHADOW FANG (V.O.)
Uhh...

RHEA
(annoyed)
Forget it.

RHEA LARENTIA (late 20s, brown, wears red) stands, walks to the window, draws the curtain, and takes in the foggy city as she talks to him.

RHEA (cont'd)
I need you to report to Wright Square immediately. I have intel to suggest that a P.O.I. may be there.

EXT. CITY - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Shadow peeks from behind the dumpster.

POW!

A bullet ricochets off.

SHADOW FANG
Uh...give me like five minutes?

RHEA (V.O.)
You have forty-five seconds.

Shadow sighs and thinks.

The Henchmen wait with their sights trained on the bin.

A can hits the wall opposite the bin and they fire on it. Like lightning, Shadow Fang vaults off the bin into the air.

He disarms them with blunt throwing needles.

The second his toes touch pavement, he dashes towards the criminals.

They try to fight, but without guns they're no match for Shadow Fangs acrobatic attacks. He's a wild dog.

He knocks them out and cuffs them to a fire escape.

RHEA (V.O.) (cont'd)
Five...four...

Shadow puts his finger to his ear.

SHADOW FANG
I'm back, where's the P.O.I.

RHEA (V.O.)
Wright Square.

INT. HQ - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Rhea moves back to the computer.

RHEA
And how many times have I told you
to lay off the vigilante shtick?
You move on my orders! Understood?

No response.

RHEA (cont'd)
Shadow?

EXT. CITY - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The communicator lies on the ground as Shadow scales the building in the distance.

RHEA (V.O.)
SHADOW!

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. WRIGHT SQUARE - CHURCH - NIGHT

Shadow perches in the darkness of the church steeple.

He watches people walk about. Nothing seems unusual.

He puts his finger to his ear and chuckles. No communicator.
He pulls out his cellphone and dials "Nag-ula."

A caricature of Rhea with fangs and a bullhorn takes ups the screen as the call connects.

RHEA
(through the phone)
Why do you do this to me?

SHADOW FANG
Nothing seems out of place here.
Are you sure this is right?

He jumps from the church down to the--

EXT. WRIGHT SQUARE - PATH - CONTINUOUS

It's a picture perfect scene of Southern Gothic charm from the Spanish moss to the cobblestone streets.

An old man in a wide-brimmed hat watches Shadow.

RHEA
(through the phone)
I'm always sure.

INT. HQ - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Rhea hunches over the computer. The screen is filled with figures, charts, and pictures of Wright Square.

RHEA
Sniff around. You're missing something. I'll check the street cams.

She clicks a few times, and a window pops onto her computer. She cycles through the cameras until Shadow Fang pops up.

He waves. She hangs up.

EXT. WRIGHT SQUARE - PATH - NIGHT

He pockets the phone and looks around.

SHADOW FANG
Hey, old timer, notice anything
screwy 'round these parts tonight?

As he approaches, the man just stares.

SHADOW FANG (cont'd)
Gramps! I asked you a question. You
alive over there?

Shadow reaches his hand out to rouse the old man when a
voice echoes through his head.

FEMALE VOICE
Don't touch him!

He whips around, but there's no one there.

FEMALE VOICE (cont'd)
Pay attention!

Shadow side steps as a knife glints through the air. It
misses his face by a hair's width.

In a flash, the old man is on the attack. He slashes with
murderous intent, though his face holds no emotion.

SHADOW FANG
And here I was worried about
gettin' old.

He gets his bearings and knocks out his assailant with a
flashy kick combo.

Shadow sees a small crowd has gathered.

SHADOW FANG (cont'd)
It's okay folks. Gramps just
partied a little--

SMACK!

Shadow takes a hard kick to the face. He falls but recovers.
The crowd charges at him. They all wear the same soulless
expression as the old man.

Shadow holds his own, his acrobatic maneuvers keeping his
zombie like opponents at bay.

He tires. He can't keep this up.

POW!

INT. HQ - COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Rhea watches as Shadow takes a punch to the face.

RHEA
Shoot!

She reaches for the phone as the crowd swarms Shadow.

RHEA (cont'd)
I need back up immediately at--

A bright flash whites out the monitor.

RHEA (cont'd)
What the--

EXT. WRIGHT SQUARE - PATH - NIGHT

It's a sea of bright white light. The crowd is paralyzed.

FEMALE VOICE
--Help, has arrived!

The light fades and UNDERTONE (Late teens, Black, waist length hair), the source of the voice, is here.

UNDERTONE
Cast off your chains.

She raises her arms and shadowy chains appear at the napes of the possessed crowd's necks.

She absorbs them into herself. The light returns to their eyes. They've been restored.

The crowd huddles around Undertone thanking and hugging her.

CROWD MAN
Are you one of the Timber Wolves?

UNDERTONE
Me? Uhh...yup! But my boss there
did all the hard stuff. .

The crowd directs their attention to Shadow.

Undertone takes out a radar and studies the screen.

CROWD WOMAN
Without the Timber Wolves we'd be
goners for sure! Thank you!

He tries to break through the crowd to Undertone.

SHADOW FANG
Uhh..yeah. Sure. You're welcome. I
just need to--

CROWD GRANDPA
What can we ever do to repay you?

SHADOW FANG
Just doin' my job. Now can you--

UNDERTONE
(to herself)
...He's not here.

She closes the device and puts it away.

SHADOW FANG
Who's not here?

In another flash of light, Undertone is gone.

INT. ACADEMY - CLASSROOM - DAY

A stern looking PROFESSOR lectures at the SMART board.

Most of the class pays close attention, but--

MONTIAUGOES DUPONT (actually Shadow Fang. If his bedsheets
were dress code appropriate, he'd probably wear them) open-
mouth chews a wad of gum and draws.

PROFESSOR
Am I boring you Mr. DuPont?

MONTIAUGOES
Obviously.

The class laughs. The professor turns beet red. Monti
realizes he actually said that aloud.

MONTIAUGOES (cont'd)
Uhhh...I...uhh--

PROFESSOR
Save it!

Professor strides over and snatches up the drawing.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
THIS! Is why you're not listening?

He turns the page around, it's a sketch of Undertone with questions like, "who is this weirdo?" scrawled on it.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
For comic books?

The door swings open and in walks ELEGUA HALIM (actually Undertone, but don't tell Shadow yet). Her mini fro and beaded jewelry scream, "I'm an African spritualist."

She stands at the front of the room and clears her throat. The timbre and regal cadence of her voice in step with her androgyny.

ELEGUA
Professor.

Professor turns his attention to her.

PROFESSOR
Ah, you must be EL-juh.

ELEGUA
eh-LEH-gwah, sir.

PROFESSOR
Yes, of course, Elegua. Come, come, Lady Larentia told me you would be arriving today.

He ushers her to the front of the room.

PROFESSOR (cont'd)
Everyone, this is your new classmate, Elegua Halim. She's from Paradise Province.

Monti's ears perk up.

MONTIAUGOES (V.O.)
Paradise Province?

She bows her head slightly. Everyone but Monti welcomes her.

ELEGUA
Thank you all for your kindness. I look forward to becoming friends.

PROFESSOR

You'll have to excuse Monti. I was actually just scolding him for day dreaming during my lecture.

She notices the paper in Professor's hand.

ELEGUA

May I, sir?

He hands it to her almost involuntarily. Monti squints.

PROFESSOR

Of course, though really it's just a silly comic.

She studies the image.

ELEGUA

I must respectfully disagree, sir. It is beautiful. He clearly has an eye for detail. Were it not for dreamers like him, we would never have had the courage to fly.

She gives a sweet smile. Monti gives a confused squint.

DING-DONG! BING-BONG!

A mechanical voice plays over the speaker.

ANNOUNCER

Montiaugoes DuPont, your presence is requested in the Headmistress's office. Montiaugoes DuPont report to the Headmistress's office immediately!

CLICK!

Monti rolls his eyes and drags himself out of the chair. As he exits he locks eyes with Elegua.

She gives him a coy smile.

He gives her stank face.

As the door closes behind him, he feels her eyes on him.

MONTIAUGOES

(under his breath)

What a freak show.

INT. ACADEMY - HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE - DAY

Rhea sits behind the large oak desk. Her outfit is a cross between military formals and a school uniform. She's more irritated than the previous night, if that's even possible.

Monti enters.

MONTIAUGOES

What's--

RHEA

Sit.

He shuts up. He knows when she's not to be pushed.

RHEA (cont'd)

What happened?

MONTIAUGOES

I'm not sure. This girl showed up. Had some kind of E.S.A and used it to fix those towns people.

RHEA

That's not possible. We have absolutely no reason to suspect an unregistered E.S.A. is in Knight Province.

MONTIAUGOES

Well there is, and she's strong.

She sighs.

RHEA

Anything else?

MONTIAUGOES

Yeah, before she showed up, I heard her speak to me.

RHEA

And?

MONTIAUGOES

No you don't understand. I mean like not with her mouth, it was more like...she was in my head?

RHEA

You mean like telepathy?

MONTIAUGOES

Sure.

RHEA

Also impossible. E.S.P died out long ago. The only E.S. related abilities come from those rebels and their twisted experiments, and every wave is traceable.

MONTIAUGOES

Well it happened, and she's responsible. Maybe get your doo-dads checked for bugs, but I know what I saw...uh...heard?

Rhea studies Monti. He's too frustrated to be untruthful.

RHEA

...I'll check into it. Get back to class. Don't mention last night's mission to any of your peers. Understood?

MONTIAUGOES

Yes ma'am.

He exits.

She waits until his footsteps die and picks up the phone.

RHEA

Yes. It's Rhea. It appears he made contact with a Bloodborn E.S.P.

INT. ACADEMY - OUTSIDE THE HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE - DAY

Monti perches over the door.

RHEA

(through the door)

Of course I didn't tell him. Yes... very well. I'll do it tonight.

A mix of curiosity and fear, Monti exits quick as a shadow.