

The Plan

By

Stephan Bester
150047

The Magicians (US)

Email: scene53@gmail.com

INT. BROOKLYN - HALLWAY - MIDDAY - PRESENT

1

DEAN HENRY FOGG, mid-forties: highly intellectual, blunt and knows his way around a thick atmosphere; knocks on the thin **wooden door**.

Immediately a strawberry-blonde haired women answers the door. She sighs, it turns into a deep smile at her old friend.

Dean Fogg hugs PEARL SUNDERLAND, hot in a put together kind of way, with a **sigh of relief**: due to the fear of her perhaps throwing herself off her balcony.

INT. PEARL'S BEDROOM - BRAKEBILLS - EARLY MORNING - PAST

2

Fogg and Pearl both sigh, covered in wrinkled sheets, satisfied. They both stare at the ceiling, **wow**.

FOGG

I must say, for a first year,
even Sharlkovski wouldn't have
been able to phrase that
better...

Pearl twirls her hand into a snap and quickly **lights a joint**, then pulls hard on the filter. She offers it to Henry, he accepts. She exhales. He takes a deep drag, his **fingers dance** in a tango of shapes and movements. He exhales and the smoke **creates a show of fireworks**.

Pearl **mimics the hand gestures**, then ads one to the end of the sequence and the smoke becomes a **swirl of rainbow colours**. They both giggle.

INT. BROOKLYN - PEARL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY
- PRESENT

3

Henry takes a sip of his coffee and takes in the deep brown of the brew. Pearls studies his face, **focusing on his eyes now fixed eyes**.

PEARL

Who fixed your eyes?

HENRY

Julia, she has unique talents.

Pearl nods, frowning, consciously not prying.

HENRY

(CONTINUED)

How are you? Now that magic is gone?

Pearl tilts her head to the side, then puckers her lips.

PEARL

Well, I'm dealing. It's not easy, but I mean if they--
(she points out of the window)
--can do it how hard could it be.

Henry scans his surroundings. An **open plan kitchen, living room** meets him, along with a few scattered **dressers and tables**. He notices a pile of **ripped papers** in the corner of the room.

HENRY

As long as you're alright.

Pearl nods vigorously.

PEARL

Yeah, I mean, I think its hard on all of us, but what else can we do?

Henry reaches for her hand, she **lets it happen**.

HENRY

Well, whenever you're ready, we would love to have you back, even just to keep the theory alive. However, something is coming up that might help with that.

He gives her a sly wink. Pearl obviously forces a smile.

PEARL

Of course, Henry, but--

Pearl bites her lip as she meets his eyes.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - NEW YORK - LATE AFTERNOON - PRESENT

4

Dean Fogg readjusts his belt as he walks up to an old brownstone. He places his middle finger and index on both hands, plac^d horizontally. Then turns them vertically into a snap, nothing. He sighs and pulls a bundle of keys from his coat.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT - PRESENT

5

Henry Fogg gulps down a **tumbler of scotch** and continues his reading:

The Intricacies of Runes and Enchantments

By Jacquelyn Carter

The book lays open in his hand, worn from use.

He sets the book aside, rubbing his eyes.

EXT. CHESS COURT - CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - MIDDAY - PAST

6

A **younger** Henry Fogg(late thirties) sits across JANE CHATWIN(Eliza): hot, British, red-head.

Henry captures one of **her pawns**. He then frowns.

JANE

Deja vu?

They both scoff humorously. Jane takes a sip from **her Starbucks cup**.

HENRY

Well, at least some people learn from their mistakes.

He shoots a knowing eye at Jane as she reaches into her bag and produces a **circular charm, like a pocket watch**. She sets the **trinket** on the chessboard.

JANE

We need to discuss some things, I hope you agree.

Henry sighs then looks up at his opponent.

JANE

Its the children.

Henry reaches into his coat pocket and produces a hard candy. He unwraps it, then gives Jane a, **low-key, amused look**.

HENRY

I don't quite follow, but following your train of--
(he tosses the candy in his

(CONTINUED)

mouth)
thought has never been anyone's
strong suit.

She lets a single laugh escape her mouth, then purses her lips.

JANE

I'm worried that I really might
have messed up this time, Henry.

Henry crosses his legs and gives Jane an expectant look.

INT. BEDROOM - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - MORNING - PRESENT

7

Henry opens his eyes, still waking up. He leans over to his nightstand and turns on his iPod speakers. Jazz music starts playing. Henry takes a deep breath and swings his legs out from under the covers.

INT. KITCHEN - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - MORNING

8

Henry passes a long table on his way to the fridge in his open plan kitchen. A collection of class photos litter the table. All of them are marked "**Class of 2016**", but each with a number spanning from one to 39. Some familiar faces like Quentin and Alice can be seen.

Dean Fogg takes one of the **pictures**, and smiles reminiscently at the smiling faces of his students.

He glances at another picture. One of him and **another**, slightly older gentleman.

INT. BELOW DECK - MUNTJAC - FILLORY - DAY

9

ALICE, her blonde hair and glasses glint in the sunlight and QUENTIN, his hair pushed behind his ears, lay on the floor, smoking a **joint**. Quentin hands the joint to Alice.

QUENTIN

So, uh, you ready to save magic
or whatever?

Alice takes the joint, hesitantly, and takes a **deep** drag.

ALICE

Not really. Honestly, it does
seem kind of... impossible.

Her cheeks tighten as she holds in the smoke. She exhales then hands the joint to Quentin.

(CONTINUED)

QUENTIN

Oh right, cuz you, uh, decided to go and sell your soul to the library.

Alice scowls as she lets her head roll towards Quentin.

ALICE

I didn't sell my soul.

Quentin raises his eyebrow, avoiding her eyes.

Indistinguishable muttering emanates from the stairs on the far side of the room.

MARGO **stomps** down the steps from the upper deck, a **resting bitch-face** greets the other two.

MARGO

--Patriarchal ass-wipe, thinks he can just--

She stops when she notices Alice and Quentin on the floor.

MARGO (CONT'D)

Oh look its the writer and the fly.

(She continues toward them)

What are you two up to?

Alice and Quentin share a look, **taken aback**, to their first time meeting Margo. Then Alice looks away and Quentin turns to Margo.

ALICE

Just talking.

Margo reaches the pair, indifferent, and grabs the joint from Quentin and takes a **deep drag**. She **tosses** the joint back to Quentin. It falls to the floor and Quentin scrambles, feebly, and picks it up.

QUENTIN

Is it really that much to ask for a little breathing time?

Margo gives him a steel gaze.

MARGO

No rest for the wicked.

She throws him a **dazzlingly mischievous** smile.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - LATE MORNING

10

Dean Fogg sits in front of his desk. Stiff. He takes in his office.

Locator globes to his left, a drawer cabinet facing him, beautiful art on the walls, a bookshelf of his **favorite magical editions** to his right.

He takes a slow breath. His hand disappears into his pocket. When it reappears, it holds the **pocket watch**.

He stares at the clock-face with a painful look in his eyes.

EXT. ELSEWHERE - UNDERWORLD - NIGHT

11

On the edge of a **dark abyss**, a MAN stands, holding out his hands. He grasps a **beating heart** in each. A great wind blows up from the darkness.

The man turns over his hands and drops the hearts into the hole. A **hissing** sound emanates ominously from the darkness. Then, a single snake exits the hole and appears on the edge of it, beside the man. The sound of a **thick rumble** then screams from the hole.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NEW YORK - DAY - PAST

12

A **younger** Quentin, marches out of a book store, reading in a daze. In his hands he holds

Fillory and Further: book 1

Reimagined artwork edition.

He walks down the sidewalk dodging passers-by easily, He's had practice.

He walks by Dean Fogg, not even glancing at him, **unaware**. Fogg's eyes follow the **future magician** with interest. Just then a sharply dressed man appears next to him.

CHAMBERS, late forties, Scottish - but moved to the states at a young age-, sharply dressed in a crimson waistcoat, black trousers and formal dress-shoes. His bright blue eyes turn to Dean Fogg.

CHAMBERS

Master, I do not sense any

(CONTINUED)

malevolence around the boy.

Fogg checks the **position of the sun**, the corners of his mouth reveal curiosity and **amusement**.

FOGG

I don't think what we're looking
for will just let itself be seen
out in the open. Come--

Fogg sets off down the sidewalk in the **opposite direction** Quentin was walking in.

FOGG

--let's see if we can get some
help.

Chambers follows behind him.

CHAMBERS

Very well sir, I shall get the
kettle going then.

With that the two men **disappear from sight**.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

13

Jane Chatwin and Pearl Sunderland (mid thirties) sit on ornate wooden arm-chairs before Dean Fogg. Each with a cup of tea in their hands. Chambers waits behind the Dean.

Pearl looks around the room. She opens her mouth to speak, but **bites the inside of her cheek**.

FOGG

Please.

(He extends his hand to
her)

Jane sips her tea **loudly**, trying not to steal a glance at the young teacher.

Pearl takes a hard look at Dean Fogg, then takes a deep breath, exhales.

PEARL

I just don't see how we're going
to do this. Fighting something
like that, let alone finding it.

Jane taps the rim of her cup.

(CONTINUED)

JANE

You know, there is a very intriguing spell involving a match and a few words.

PEARL

Jane, stop pestering me, I am not a child you can just manipulate within your little time-loop.

Fogg puts up a **steady hand**. The others fall silent.

FOGG

If we want to succeed in the long run, we need to deal with this...
(he takes a beat)
problem.

He produces the pocket watch from his coat pocket and places it on the desk.

FOGG

We don't know how many chances we have, so we have to treat each one of them like our last.

He scans his colleagues' faces. He notes some hesitation from Pearl and worry from Jane.

FOGG (CONT'D)

Am I clear?

He doesn't wait for an answer. He gets up and steps toward his bookshelf.

He turns to Chambers.

FOGG

Chambers, would you please head to Brakebills South? Please make sure it is safe and secure, and check the armory there if everything is in order. I'll call for you when the time is right.

Chambers bows.

CHAMBERS

I will await your call.

FOGG (CONT'D)

Now, let's get this thing going.

INT. STUDY - BRAKEBILLS - NIGHT

14

Several golden bowls sit on an **arched table** like a crescent moon. Each bowl is filled with a reflective liquid showing **several people** respectively:

- KADY, late teens, sleeping.
- PENNY, late teens, dancing at a night-club.
- Alice, late teens, sneaking into her father's study.
- Quentin, late teens, reading one of his Fillory books.
- Margo, 20, looking at a fashion magazine with a margarita in her hand, lounging on an armchair.
- ELLIOT, 20, picking out an outfit and setting it on his bed.
- JULIA, late teens, studying by her desk under a soft lamp.

Multiple candles, various sizes, shapes and colours, are strewn throughout the room.

Pearl Sunderland stands in front of the bowls, her arms outstretched and her hands facing down. She pinches each of her **fingers to her thumb** in a sequence. Light trails dance around her fingers.

EXT. THE BOTTOMLESS FOUNTAIN - BRAKEBILLS - MORNING

15

Jane Chatwin stands in front of a deep blue pool of water. A fountain in the middle of the pool sprays water into the air and makes a **rainbow**.

Jane throws a **golden coin** into it while chanting and making a **triangle with her fingers**.

JANE

(Greek)

Tartarus deíchnei ton eaftó sas

(Tartarus show yourself.)

Suddenly the Fountain's water becomes **black** and a **hissing** sound fills the air.

She changes her fingers' shape to that of an **eye**.

(CONTINUED)

JANE
 (Greek)
 akolouthíste ti diadromí tou
 drapé
 (Follow the path of the runaway.)

She separates her hands slowly and the pool shimmers, showing a **map** of the USA. A pale yellow line traces it's way through the map toward **New York**.

INT. BEHIND THE BOOKSHELF - DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE -
 BRAKEBILLS - NOON

16

Dean Fogg scans the shelves in a dim light coming from the far wall. His fingers run past a few books and stops at:

Traps and Tricks for the Master Magician

A comprehensive index.

He pulls the book from the shelf along with a few others and rushes out of the room. The **bookshelf swings closed**.

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

17

POPPY KLINE, early twenties: red-head, cute, knowledgable; she knows she is one of the **better** students--

--stands in front of a large bookshelf in the back of the hall, scanning through a book filled with **monstrous illustrations**. Jane Chatwin draws, in the middle of the room, on a large blackboard, a **snake-like figure** among many other sketches.

INT. INFIRMARY - BRAKEBILLS - MORNING - PRESENT

18

Dean Fogg sits on a hospital bed in the open plan, naturally lit infirmary. He glances out of the floor-to-ceiling windows that show him the garden path.

In front of him is PROFESSOR LIPSON, late twenties: fair, wavy red hair in a refined style, sophisticated, sarcastic.

Lipson looks through a **multitude of colored lenses** attached to a contraption, kind of like scissors, but... weird. Her face reveals astonishment. She straightens with a satisfied huff.

(CONTINUED)

LIPSON

How did you do this Henry? I mean, this, we don't even have magic--

FOGG

Julia, she's going through some fascinating changes I must say.

INT. INFIRMARY OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON - PAST

19

Dean Fogg strolls into the office and sees a **younger** Lipson struggling with a pile of folders. She stumbles and they fall onto the desk she was approaching.

A few things fall to the ground, but **suddenly stop and float back into place.**

Lipson whips her gaze to Henry his hand outstretched, standing in the door, a soft light tracing his outline.

LIPSON

Fuck. I'm so so--

She looks to the ground. He gives her a soft smile.

HENRY

This is only your **second year** as head of the healing department.

She looks up and puts a loose strand of hair back in place in a stray bedpan on the desk. She turns. Lipson pours a drink from her liquor cabinet.

LIPSON

And the recent influx of injuries haven't helped. Those Physical kids' parties get really interesting around the Summer Solstice.

She gives Fogg an **exasperated eye roll.**

FOGG

Well I won't keep you for too long.

Lipson takes a sip from her **straight whiskey**, keeping eye contact, eyebrow raised.

(CONTINUED)

Fogg strolls over to the liquor, pours himself a glass and takes a slow sip. **Taking. His. Time.** He takes a deep breath.

FOGG

I would like your opinion on something. Not really your area of expertise, but--

(He waves his hand
indifferently)

--the more the merrier.

Fogg glances at Lipson's **potion cabinet** to his left. Lipson furrows her brow, but not too much. Curious enough, she follows Henry's gaze and notices the multitude of poisons, potions and elixirs she keeps as a hobby.

LIPSON

Oh.

INT. SPARE LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - NIGHT

20

Henry **inspects** the blackboard, moved next to the scrying bowls.

He runs his hands over the bowls and looks up at the group of people **watching him closely** from the other side of the table.

He looks over to his right. A large selection of various poisons and potions wait on a large wooden table. Lipson and Poppy watch his face **carefully**.

Poppy opens her mouth to speak, but doesn't. **Intimidation** is evident on her face.

Fogg notices, he extends a **begging hand** for her input. Poppy steps forward.

POPPY

(Nervous)

I wasn't s-sure what we were dealing with, but the snake tip did help.

(she glances in Jane's
direction)

With that I came up with a few viable counter poisons in the case of a, venomous variety--

(she indicates to Lipson)

(CONTINUED)

--with help from Professor
Lipson.

Fogg smiles supportively.

FOGG
Under the circumstances, you
performed admirably. Thank you,
Poppy.

She grins, ear-to-ear.

An **invisible force** nudges one of the scrying bowls. Pearl jumps. She hurries toward the affected bowl and peers inside. She puts her hands together, turns them horizontally and slides them **left to right**.

An image of a sleeping Elliot fades into view.

Pearl lets out a sigh of **relief**. Jane eyes the image in the bowl. She frowns.

JANE
Why don't I see him running like
a headless chicken?

Pearl steps back and **rubs her eyes**.

PEARL
If he were in immediate danger,
the water would have caught fire.
(She pulls a cigarette from
her satchel on one of the
desks and lights it with a
snap)
He isn't in danger at this very
moment. But at least now we know
that he's the creature's first
target.

Poppy looks up at Pearl, the others look up as well.

POPPY
How long before it reaches him.

Pearl, **hand shaking**, takes a deep drag, then exhales, scanning the others.

PEARL
Not long, so we should go get
ready.

She gets up and puts her coat over her arm and satchel clutched in her free hand. She saunters to the door. She stops and turns to the others.

PEARL

Now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

21

Pearl stands at a high-table, facing a copper plate with a heap of gravel in it's centre. She closes her eyes and **chants, lifting her hands** in front of her chest.

Across the room, Jane flips through an issue of *Cosmopolitan*. She **sighs loudly** as she takes a seat on the couch. Poppy inspects Dean Fogg's bookshelf. Lipson lounges on an arm-chair in the corner.

JANE

Honestly.

PEARL

(Without looking)

I'm **trying** to get this as specific as possible.

Jane rolls her eyes.

Pearl finishes her spell with a **snap and upward lift of her right hand**. The gravel in the plate **ignites**. The **green flames arch** towards the front door.

Fogg, leaning against the wall, looks up and clears his throat.

FOGG

That's our cue.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEW YORK - MORNING

22

Elliot **lounges** under a large Red Mulberry tree, tossing mulberries into his mouth. Some CIVILIANS mull about in the park.

Fogg and the gang hurry into the park. Pearl holds the copper plate in her hands as they follow the arc of the flame. As they spot Elliot, **the fire sputters out in a blue spark**.

POPPY

(CONTINUED)

So. If my research is correct,
the monster is some sort of snake
variant. It may be self-aware and
capable of higher thought, but...

(She rubs the back of her
hand)

uh, never mind.

Jane crosses her arms, **already bored**.

JANE

Honestly this is quite
underwhelming. I don't mean to be
rude, but are we sure this is
where it will appear?

Pearl turns to Jane, **furious**.

PEARL

(livid)

I cast that spell perfectly, how
dare you insult me like that. You
childrens' book knock off!

Jane gasps. She moves toward Pearl, **teeth bared**.

Lipson steps between them, hands outstretched.

LIPSON

We don't have time for this. We
have a job to do and instead of
fighting--

(She takes a breath and
lets her arms fall to her
sides)

--we should focus our efforts on
that. Okay?

The two women step back, **keeping eye contact**.

Fogg tenses.

FOGG

Look alive everyone. The game is
afoot.

A **large, distorted swatch of space** slowly creeps toward
Elliot from his far right.

Lipson rubs her fingers together and with both hands
makes a **small window with her index fingers and thumbs**,

(CONTINUED)

the **Mann Reveal spell**.

She holds it up to where Fogg is looking and **shrieks**.

LIPSON

Guys, we really need to get
Elliot out of here and that thing
away from civilians.

Poppy hurries forward, a **vial in her hand**.

POPPY

If it is a snake like creature,
then this should do the trick.

She opens the vial, puts her **middle finger over her index and extends her thumb backward**. She begins an incantation.

POPPY

Pierde legaturile de gravitatie
si plutesc liber--
(Loses gravity links and floats
freely. Like dust)

Fogg then casts the **Sumerian Shield Charm**. He **entangles his pinkies, palms forward**. He pushes his hands forward and the charm extends **between** the CREATURE and Elliot.

It bangs against the barrier and a **loud hiss** can be heard. Some of the civilians look around.

POPPY (CONT'D)

--obiect mare pentru a acoper.
(now will this great object move
to cover)

The vial **floats** off Poppy's hand. She blows over the vial in the monster's direction. More **hissing**. The distortion makes it's way toward the group. Poppy **flicks her hand forward** and the vial shoots into the air, away from the group.

A large gust of wind blows over the ground and the group. **Silence**.

Elliot sighs. He tosses the last berry into his mouth and turns a page in his book. Poppy **slumps down** to the grass, she sighs satisfied.

Fogg and the others stand, mouths agape.

(CONTINUED)

PEARL

Where--

POPPY

Out of the city. Elliot is out of danger, thats a win. Right?

JANE

What was that?

POPPY

It was the strongest rat pheromones I could make short notice.

Fogg comes back to his senses.

FOGG

Yes, however, we still don't know what it is, or where it is going next.

Lipson clears her throat. The others turn to her.

LIPSON

I did get a pretty good look at it earlier.

Jane sighs and puts her hand over her eyes and the other on her hip. Pearl looks over to a smiling Fogg. He gives Lipson a **satisfied smile**.

INT. BELOW DECK - MUNTJACK - FILLORY - NIGHT - PRESENT

23

An **older** Elliot stands near the tree at the front of the boat. He looks over his **friends and allies**: Alice(21), Quentin(21), JOSH(24), Margo(23), Kady(21).

He raises a glass of champagne and smiles, regally, down at his peers.

ELLIOT

To saving everything and all the shit we had to go through to get here. Bitches.

Cheers and **yeahs** fill the room, some **half-hearted**. Alice just flicks her eyes around the room. Everyone **downs their glasses**. Margo and Elliot moan, almost **too** satisfied. The others eye them curiously. Everyone bursts out laughing, except for Alice, she just giggles. Next to

(CONTINUED)

everyone is their **own bottle of champagne**.

MARGO

Fuck, I missed actual champagne.
(She wipes her eye)

Elliot raises his glass again.

ELLIOT

Lets get fucked.

Quentin raises his hand.

ELLIOT

Yes, king Quentin?

QUENTIN

I don't think we should save the
world... you know...
(He scans the room)
Hungover.

Both Elliot and Margo burst into laughter again.

MARGO

Haven't we taught you guys the
hangover-cure charm, yet?

Josh, his curly hair combed back, gets up and pours
himself another glass. The others follow suit.

JOSH

Also, we all might die when we
reach the castle.
(He pulls a small bag of
weed from his pocket)
So I say lets go out with a bang.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON - PAST

24

FOGG

Rat. Quite ingenious, Poppy.

Fogg, Poppy, Lipson and Jane sit around a small table
near the windows of the Coffee Shop, **cups in their hands**.

LIPSON

Where's Pearl?

Fogg **fidgits** with his cup.

FOGG

(CONTINUED)

She has... other commitments for the day.

He **taps his finger** on the table.

FOGG

Now, the creature. What do we know.

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

25

Fogg, Poppy and Jane sit on desks, facing Lipson. Pearl is **still absent**.

Lipson stands next to a large blackboard. On the blackboard is **two sketches** of an **oddly beautiful** snake woman, her lower half is a large snake trunk. From her back, two wings extend. Instead of hair she has **snake scales running down her back**.

LIPSON

This is the closest likeness I could get to. I only got a quick look.

Poppy stares **intently** at the sketch, rubbing her chin. Fogg gets up from his chair. He **wrings his hands**.

POPPY

As far as I can tell, this is a greek entity. But the sheer amount of snake women in greek myth is astounding. Lamia, Medusa, Scylla, the Gorgons.

Fogg turns to her, his fist under his chin.

FOGG

How long?

Poppy furrows her brow.

POPPY

Give me a day and a half. I do still have to go to classes, so yeah, thats what I can give you.

Jane gets up and saunters to the desk at the end of the hall, she scans the contents on it's surface. She spots a stopwatch, grabs it and turns to Poppy. She **starts the stopwatch**.

(CONTINUED)

Everyone looks at her confused.

JANE

A day and a half. Go!

She smiles as Poppy snaps back to her senses and hurries past the group and out of the hall. Jane sways on the spot.

Fogg shakes his head, **amused**.

INT. PEARL'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - NIGHT

26

Henry Fogg opens the door to Pearl's apartment. He closes it and **replaces the magical wards**, his hand horizontal, moving side to side. **Shimmering lines and equations appear** over the door and all around the apartment.

He turns and scans the **dirty open-plan living space**. He spots a pipe on the kitchen counter, a minor blade, a mirror and half a joint. **A foot sticks out** from behind the counter, on the floor. He hurries over and sees Pearl. **Asleep**.

He holds a shard of **purple glass to his eye** and scans her. He sighs, **satisfied**, but **grim**.

Fogg picks her up and takes her to the bedroom. He lays her on her bed and puts her **under the covers**. He returns to the main room and takes in the mess.

He goes to the pantry and grabs a few vials and ingredients. He sets them down at the coffee table near the windows. He measures and pours the ingredients into a small bowl.

Finally he adds a **dash of rose water**. He gets up and dips his hands in the concoction. He **pinches his fingers together** and puts the points against each other. He **blows over the tips of his fingers**.

A **faint pink vapor trails from his fingers** as he walks through the space. Things move back to their respective places. The dishes wash themselves and fly into the cupboards. The floors begin to brighten and the windows seem clearer.

Fogg then sits at the coffee table and lights a cigarette he finds in a packet on the table. He **twirls his fingers** near the end of the cigarette and **pulls up**. The end **lights up**. He takes a deep drag, then exhales, looking

(CONTINUED)

into the bedroom at the sleeping Pearl.

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - MORNING

27

Lipson stands in front of a BODY OF STUDENTS, some taking **extensive notes**, others are fascinated by what they see. Lipson has a small table with a bowl of water in front of her.

LIPSON

Since the moon is in it's waning crescent phase, we cannot do the spell to its full extent.

(She puts her hands together, then suddenly pulls them apart)

However--

(She punches her right ring-finger and thumb together)

--we will be able to see some fascinating results.

Finally she touches her **left index-finger to her thumb** and turns her palms facing down. Suddenly the **water rises** up and out of the bowl. She closes the distance between her hands and the water begins to **swirl clockwise**, into a flat disc.

She **tenses the muscles** in her arms and **inhales sharply**. The **water freezes** and stays floating in mid-air.

She grabs the disc and **flings** it to one of the students who catches it. Many **oohs** and **ahhs** fill the room.

LIPSON

This is a variation of Harper's Fire shaping spell.

(She takes the disc from the student)

It is much more useful, but it only came to be after some alterations in its base specs were implemented.

(She uses her right hand and puts her middle-finger over her index and pinches them with her thumb)

Such as replacing the original circumstances with moon phases.

(CONTINUED)

She **pulls upward quickly** and the disc **dissolves** and b
back into the bowl.

Lipson notices Jane Chatwin standing in the back of the
lecture hall. She has a small smile going in the corner
of her mouth.

Lipson inhales and scans her students.

LIPSON
End of class--

The students all pack their things.

LIPSON (CONT'D)
Please read chapters 7 and 8 for
tomorrow.

The students trickle out of the hall as Jane steps toward
Lipson. Lipson leans on the desk behind her. Jane stops a
few feet away.

JANE
I thought your mastery was in
Healing magic.

Lipson **studies her face**, then saunters over to the small
table. She picks up the bowl.

LIPSON
The teachers here should have
knowledge of many different
fields.
(She sets the bowl down on
one of the desks near the
windows)
Also, the water charm works when
treating burn wounds in the
field.

She turns to Jane and clasps her hands together.

LIPSON
So, what can I help you with? I
thought you would be with Poppy,
trying to find the creature's
name?

Jane turns to the desk and picks up Lipson's **three-armed
pliers with colored glass plates** on the ends. She studies
it.

JANE

Do you know anything of spacial
magic?

Lipson lets her head lower to the side. Eyes squinted.

LIPSON

I am familiar with it, yes. Why
do you ask?

Jane sets the pliers down and turns to the teacher. She
has an **interested look in her eyes**.

INT. PEARL'S APARTMENT - NEW YORK - MORNING

28

Henry fog stands in front of a gas stove, **frying up a few**
rashers of bacon. They **sizzle** in the pan.

Behind him, Sunderland **wobbles** out of the bedroom,
rubbing her eyes. She scans the apartment, still not
fully awake.

Her gaze halts on Fogg's back. He **senses her**, he glances
behind him and smiles.

FOGG

Oh. You're awake. It was pretty
touch and go for a bit. I had to
take you to the bathroom in a
haze at 2 am.

Pearl clocks the pipe on the counter, still there after
the cleaning spell. She runs her fingers through her
hair, regretful.

PEARL

Ah **fuck**. Didn't mean for you to
see that--

FOGG

Well I did. And for now. Sit.
Eat. You need at least something
in your stomach.

Pearl smiles **weakly**.

PEARL

Thank you, Henry.

Fogg takes the bacon out of the frying pan and places the
rashers onto a plate. He **sets it in front of Pearl** as she

(CONTINUED)

sits on one of the barstools by the island-counter.
Pearl grabs a piece and moans into it as she chows down.

PEARL

(Still chewing)

I don't do this often, you know.
I--

(She swallows)

Just wanted a break from whatever
happened. I haven't done anything
like that in years. Remember
third year? HAH.

Fogg smiles at the memory. He takes a piece of bacon and nibbles on it, an intent look on his face.

FOGG

I remember many things Pearl. And
I remember that you were never
this into--
(He meets her eyes)
self-medicating.

Pearl **looks away**.

PEARL

So, any luck with the creature?

Fogg **raises an eyebrow**.

EXT. GARDEN - QUINN RESIDENCE - MIDDAY

29

STEPHANIE and DANIEL QUINN sit on a bench, overlooking their **extensive collection of magical flora**. Stephanie: short, curly red hair, fair, entitled, **thinks** she is the perfect mother.

Daniel: thinning grey hair, glasses, shearing scissors in his right hand, is an academic in historical magic, highly skittish.

The two of them chatter indistinctly. They both stop when a **loud thud** emanates from the far edge of their garden. A **line glows**, and runs over the **warded perimeter** around their home. The pair jump from their seats and watch as the invisible creature **bashes** against the ward perimeter.

They run inside.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

30

(CONTINUED)

Fogg sits **stiffly** by his desk, checking his notebook, rummaging through his drawers. He produces a stack of papers. He signs one before flipping it over.

Suddenly a **note appears** before him. The text, written in a **hurried hand**, reads:

*Monster attacked. We need help.
With family. Please advise. The
Quinns.*

Henry rips a page from his notepad. He quickly scribbles on the page and folds it twice.

Fogg then puts his **hands vertically, bends his ring fingers, crosses his middle- and index-fingers and mutters** something under his breath. The note vanishes.

INT. FOUNTAIN SQUARE - BREAKBILLS - LATE AFTERNOON

31

Fogg and a **fresh faced, nervous**, Pearl stand, waiting, near the fountain next to the coffee shop in the communal square.

Pearl turns to Fogg, **downcast**.

PEARL

I am so sorry about this. If I were monitoring the scrying bowls more closely, we would have been able to rea--

Fogg puts up a hand. Pearl stops, then turns back to facing the fountain.

FOGG

It is quite alright. We can be lucky the Quinns have exceptional wards.

Pearl nods solemnly.

Fogg notices on the far side of the garden, past the fountain, the Quinns **emerging** from the perimeter of the estate, alumni keys ready. Alice in tow.

Fogg strolls in their direction, Pearl follows close behind. The Quinns notice Fogg approaching, their faces **relax**.

The two groups reach each other. Fogg puts out his **right hand** in Alice's direction. He puts it **flat and then slaps**

(CONTINUED)

his other hand on top of his right and **thrusts downward**.

Alice **faints** and Daniel catches her. He and his wife look at Fogg, **reluctant**.

FOGG

She is not ready for what is
about to happen.

Stephanie and Daniel nod in agreement, they meet each other's eyes. They look up at Fogg.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - LATE AFTERNOON

32

Fogg sits at his desk, studies Stephanie and Daniel's worried faces.

STEPHANIE

Henry, please tell me that you
have answers.

Fogg puts his hands on his desk, **takes a breath**.

FOGG

We are currently tracking a
strange creature that is
targeting the potential magically
adept. Teenagers.

Daniel wipes his hands over his face.

DANIEL

So, why us, why Alice?

Fogg glances to his left to a sleeping Alice on the couch. Suddenly, Poppy **bursts** through the door **excitedly**. She notices Fogg's guests and composes herself.

Fog leans back in his chair with a huff.

FOGG

(To the Quinns)

This is Poppy, a knowledgable
student in the field of magical
creatures.

(To Poppy)

Yes Poppy, what is it?

Poppy **bites her lip**.

POPPY

I found something.

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - NIGHT

33

Fogg, Jane, Pearl, Lipson and the Quinns sit on desks, facing the chalkboard and Poppy. Poppy faces the group, a large book open in her hands. On the chalkboard is the **sketch of the snake-woman** and some **notes** next to it.

She looks over her crowd, **nervously**.

POPPY

I can say with confidence that the creature we are dealing with is, ECHIDNA.

Daniel's eyes widen, he **springs** up from his seated position.

DANIEL

Wait, you mean, the Echidna, the one Argus, the hundred-eyed giant killed. All the way back in Ancient Greece?

The others eye Daniel curiously. Poppy nods, **grimly**.

POPPY

The one and only.

Daniel **staggers**. Stephanie grabs his arm to **support him**.

Lipson folds her arms with a huff.

LIPSON

So, we're fucked.

Daniel composes himself. He looks each of the others in the eyes respectively.

DANIEL

Not entirely. We may not have the power to kill the Mother of Monsters. However, if we can possibly trap her--

Fogg clears his throat and waits for everyone's attention.

FOGG

We do have something for that. I hope.

Daniel glances over at the others, a curious glint in his

(CONTINUED)

eyes.

INT. PAYPHONE - FOUNTAIN SQUARE - BRAKEBILLS - NIGHT

34

Dean Fogg dials a number into the **payphone near the communal square**. He puts the earpiece to his ear. He waits. **Dial tone**. The other side picks up

CHAMBERS (O.S.)

Hello?

FOGG

Chambers. Its time.

He hangs up the phone. He readjusts his jacket and quickly scans the area and walks away.

INT. LIBRARY - BRAKEBILLS - MORNING

35

Jane Chatwin and Professor Lipson stand in front of a large book case. One of the **books fly down** to her outstretched hand. She grabs it and hurries to one of the desks. Jane follows.

Poppy flips through the pages. Jane watches, curiosity evident on her face.

LIPSON

You said Spatial Magic, right?

JANE

Yes, but this isn't just any Spatial Magic.

(She looks down at her fingers)

The Magician's Land.

Lipson stops. She turns to Jane, eyes wide.

LIPSON

That is one of the most advanced spells... I mean, most first years don't have the guts to even try it. It takes at least a week to prepare.

Jane sighs.

JANE

Poppy said that we should have about two days.

(CONTINUED)

(She adopts a positive smile)
Also, we have help.

Lipson looks back at the book and **gulps**.

JANE
So, lets get started shall we?

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - MORNING

36

Fogg and Jane lean over a large number of open books, spread across three **large** desks. Fogg takes notes as Jane translates from one of the books.

Fogg stops her.

FOGG
We can skip the
(He waves over the page)
intense fabrication spells, we don't need to make a living world. Just a ton of rats, some land and a cage.

Jane nods and flips the pages, skimming them quickly.

EXT. GARDEN - BRAKEBILLS - LATE MORNING

37

Daniel, Stephanie and Poppy sit cross-legged, in a **triangle**, on the grass. A **round glass sphere** in the middle of the triangle. They all chant incoherently.

Inside the sphere a **small fog grows into existence**. Poppy opens one eye, sees the fog growing, and smiles, not breaking the chant. She glances at Daniel and Stephan. She inhales slowly and closes her eyes.

They keep the chant going.

INT PEARL'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - LATE MORNING

38

Pearl sits at her desk **focusing** on a roll of parchment. She straightens her back and puts her hands in front of her, punches her index-fingers and thumbs together respectively and straightens the other fingers.

She puts her pinched fingers together and keeps her eyes focused on the parchment. She sways her right hand in an arc away from her left in a downward pendulum motion. She does the same with her other hand

(CONTINUED)

She blinks, her eyes dry. She lets her hands fall.

PEARL

Fuck!

She inhales and does the entire sequence again. The **parchment rises** from her desk and **symbols burn into the scroll like writing**.

EXT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - NOON

39

Fogg faces the office door. He traces it's outline with his index- and middle-finger and a faint light follows them.

He opens the door and steps back. The opening reveals a cold blue light. Through the door steps Chambers and MISCHA MAYAKOVSKY: late thirties, Russian, cold expression, wearing a polar-bear skin fur coat.

Mischa gives Henry a slightly distasteful look.

MISCHA

Fogg. Good tyo see you.

FOGG

Likewise. Lets get you up to speed.

Mischa raises an **unimpressed eyebrow**.

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - JUST PAST NOON

40

Jane and Poppy stand over a **large net woven with twine**. Mischa stands to the side, he **studies them**.

Jane and Poppy put their **hands together, pull away and pat them together again**, they repeat this over and over, almost like **patty-cake patty-cake**. They **bend and straighten one finger at a time with each pat**.

Mischa steps forward.

MISCHA

No, no, no. You are doinge de popper 87 **all wrong**.

(To Poppy)

Move.

Poppy hurries from her spot. Mischa takes her place and meets Jane's eyes. They restart the patty-cake sequence. The net **slowly rises** from the floor.

INT. GARDEN - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

41

Dean Fog inspects the glass sphere intently. He pinches it between his fingers. He inspects it from all sides. Poppy, Stephanie and Daniel watch, nervously.

Inside he sees a miniature farm with vegetable crops and other things you might find in farms. Flat, with a large cage in the middle. A ton of rats scurry around.

He nods approvingly.

FOGG

I see you took my advice **quite** literally. Excellent.

He tosses the five and a half hours worth of work back to Poppy, she catches it quickly and lets out a sigh of relief.

DANIEL

At least the downsized scale cut the amount of chanting down by three quarters. Hah!

Stephanie smiles and rubs Daniel's arm affectionately.

STEPHANIE

You have a **very** talented student here, Henry.

She glances over at Poppy, whose **cheeks redden ten-fold**.

INT. PEARL'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

42

Dean Fog stands facing Pearl. As Pearl **chants**, she opens her eyes. She recites the chant **two more times** and the **last symbol is burned** onto the **parchment**.

She stops her incantation and the roll of parchment **rolls closed**. Pearl takes a **steadying breath**. She gets up and moves to her liquor cabinet. She opens the door and pulls out a bottle.

PEARL

Thank the gods for these. You?

Fog nods and takes a seat in front of her desk.

FOGG

So the enchantment went well, I gather?

(CONTINUED)

Pearl sighs deeply, **exhausted**. She pours two drinks

PEARL

Yes, but the parchment can't be unrolled until the final execution of the spell is in progress.

(She hands Fogg his tumbler)

You do know that the last quarter of the spell has to be done in the situation, right?

Fogg takes a sip from his drink. He gives her an **amused smile**.

FOGG

Do you think I didn't do my reading assignment, Professor?

Pearl giggles for a moment. She resumes her seat behind her desk. She puts down her drink and **carefully** picks up the scroll. She slides it into a **glass cylinder and seals it at both ends**. She replaces it carefully on the desk

PEARL

We do have a plan, right?

FOGG

Why do you think we have 9 other, very, competent master, and otherwise, magicians gathered for this task.

Pearl squints at the Dean. She takes a sip from her drink, **keeping eye-contact**.

INT. LIBRARY - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

43

Fogg drops a pile of books on a desk in front of Daniel. The Historian stares up at Fogg.

FOGG

Cliff's-notes. We need an updated incantation. 5 minutes or less.

Daniel looks back at the Dean. A **massive grin** grows on his face.

DANIEL

You really know how to **treat** a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

(CONT'D)

man, Henry.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - BRAKEBILLS - LATE AFTERNOON

44

Fogg sits, elbows on his knees. He faces the Brakebills butler, Chambers. They **both** sip on glasses of wine.

CHAMBERS

Master Fog, I must urge you to perhaps, take extra precautions in this very delicate matter.

Fogg leans back into his chair.

FOGG

I am taking every precaution I can without it being overkill. Nine magicians. It has to be enough.

CHAMBERS

I am just worried for your personal well-being, Henry. I have been your assistant for as long as you have been the Dean and--

(He pulls on his ear)

--I would hate to have to look for new employment. It just seems like too much of a hassle.

Fogg **downs his drink** and sets the glass down.

FOGG

Chambers. You know that you will always have a place here at Brakebills.

Chambers **wrings his hands**. He takes a large gulp from his drink and meets Fogg's eyes. He has an **intense look** on his face.

His expression **softens**.

CHAMBERS

I trust you Henry. Over the years, I have grown rather fond of you. I would hate to see you come to harm.

INT. KITCHEN - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - MORNING - PRESENT

45

(CONTINUED)

Henry Fogg grabs a tea strainer and a bag of Chinese tea from his pantry and shuffles to his gas stove. He lights the burner and puts the kettle above it.

He notices the symbols engraved in his sugar pot. He rubs his forehead. He picks up the sugar pot. The **symbol**, the **same** as the symbol on one of the incantations they used in the **in-situation spell casting**.

INT. LECTURE HALL - BRAKEBILLS - EVENING - PAST

46

Pearl stands, facing Mischa. Pearl has the rolled up scroll **floating** in front of her. Mischa **levitates** the twine net. He **ignites it with a twist of his index- and middle-fingers**.

The net **burns and dissolves** into an **ashy mass in the air**. He moves forward, closing the distance between the ash and the parchment.

He widens the distance between his hands and **the ash expands**. It **covers the scroll** and both Pearl and Mischa **clap their hands together and push**. The **ash merges with the parchment**, leaving a slight **grid-like indent** in the parchment. Pearl exhales a sigh of satisfaction as she replaces the scroll in it's container

EXT. GARDEN - BRAKEBILLS - NIGHT

47

In the light of a **half moon** and one of the perimeter floodlights, the group of magicians stand in a large circle.

The **glass sphere sits on a wooden stand** in the middle of the circle.

Everyone's hands are connected by **entwining their index fingers** with the **next person's ring finger**. They all **chant in a low inaudible mutter**.

The **chant stops** and the **orb glows** with a faint golden light. Everyone opens their eyes. Some of them giggle. Fogg exhales a **breath of relief**.

FOGG

Done.

DANIEL

Now, the incantation on the orb is extremely delicate and--

(CONTINUED)

FOGG

All of that will be taken care of. Jane and I have worked out the kinks and we believe the plan is nigh-foolproof.

Jane clears her throat. Mischa scoffs.

FOGG (CONT'D)

Sorry. It will hopefully work, adequately.

(To Poppy)

Would you add the finishing touche, Miss Kline?

Poppy moves to the orb. She picks it up, **very carefully**. She places it on a **solid onyx base** and **mutters an incantation under her breath**.

She **lifts her hand, facing the sphere**. She **crosses her ring- and index-fingers under her middle-finger**. She then makes a **tight fist and inhales sharply**. The orb shell **fuses** with the onyx.

She hands the object to Dean Fogg. He exhales through his nose, **satisfied**.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - MIDNIGHT

48

Chambers stands facing Dean Fogg, sitting behind his desk.

FOGG

You made sure that Alice is taken care of?

Chambers nods and takes a seat.

CHAMBERS

Alice is fast asleep in the infirmary. Her parents are with her now. The wards have been fortified four fold as have the wards on all the buildings all over the campus. Students and teachers will be well protected.

(He glances back at the door and back to Fogg)

Given that we succeed in our efforts.

(CONTINUED)

Fogg **swallows**.

FOGG

And so, we ring the bell at first light.

Fogg grabs the drink to his right. His hand **shaking slightly**. He takes a sip.

EXT. ATHLETICS GROUNDS - BRAKEBILLS - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

49

Chambers walks down the gravel path to the athletics grounds. He takes each step with purpose. He looks up and the grounds become visible. He sees Dean Fogg, Professor Pearl Sunderland, Poppy Kline, Professor Lipson, Jane Chatwin, Mischa Mayakovsky, Daniel and Stephanie Quinn.

They all stand **ready**. The **sphere**, on a **small table**, stands inside a **protective circle** in the middle of the field. The **enchanted scroll** hangs at Pearl's side.

Fogg looks over the group, **meeting everyone's eyes**.

FOGG

I trust that we are all here of our own volition?

Poppy frowns, she turns to the Dean.

POPPY

What?

FOGG

People can sue you for anything these days my dear. Best to be thorough.

Poppy nods, best not to pry. Mischa spits at the ground. Fogg notices, but **doesn't acknowledge it**.

FOGG

Good luck to everyone and I hope we can all laugh about this--

(He looks up at the slowly brightening sky)

--someday.

He nods at the group.

Stephanie and Daniel give each other **determined**, but **worried** looks. Fogg **takes in his peers** as the all get

(CONTINUED)

into position. Pearl, Mischa and Jane stand 100 meters from the sphere. Lipson, Poppy and Chambers stand opposite Poppy and Lipson across the field. Fogg and Stephanie stand right behind the globe inside the protection circle. Daniel brings up the rear.

Fogg nods to Pearl. She **lifts her hands in front of her**. She draws a **circle in the air**, with her **right index finger**. She keeps her index in the air. She **lowers, lifts and entangles her left hand's digits**. A **grid of glowing lines become visible** over the entire estate. Over the athletics grounds, a **circle appears and within the circle, the ward dissolves**.

Poppy pulls a **vial** from her satchel. **Pheromones**. She **uncorks the container**. They all look up and around. Waiting.

Everyone eyes the sky and scans the grounds **nervously**. A few seconds go by and Jane sighs.

JANE

Underwhelming.

Just then a **hissing shriek crawls** through the air. Jane jumps.

A **large scaly** woman, ECHIDNA, with a snake trunk where her feet should be, large leathery wings and no hair, at all. She flaps down to the grounds and gives the magicians an **irritated hiss**.

ECHIDNA

(Hissing)

Fool me once. I remember you from before. Why have you summoned me. I could easily dispose of you all, however, you don't smell very tasty. The younger the better.

Her head **twitches to the side**. Her snake trunk flits from side to side.

FOGG

Why are you attacking innocent people?

Pearl watches the creature, **shellshocked**. Her hands grips the scroll casing.

(CONTINUED)

ECHIDNA

Why tell you?

(She studies her claws)

You'll all be dead in a few seconds.

Daniel takes a step forward, a **determined** look on his face.

DANIEL

B-because you c-came after our daughter!

Echidna hisses with a strange twitch in her mouth. That must laughter.

ECHIDNA

Oh you humans have always been so protective of your offspring. How amusing.

Jane, almost shaking.

JANE

I thought that even monsters have parental instincts?

Echidna laughs again.

ECHIDNA

Oh, well if we do, then it is to eat our young if they are not quick enough to run away. Also, I was commissioned by quite the influential man in Fillory these days.

She scans the humans.

ECHIDNA

So--

(Her tongue flicks wildly)

--are we doing this?

MISCHA

Please.

She slithers hurriedly towards Pearl and Jane. Jane puts her **hands over one another, her left, 90 degrees vertical on top of her right**. She flattens her left hand on top of the right. She **lifts her above hand, wrist still against**

(CONTINUED)

the other, and claps her hands together facing the monster.

A magic missile shoots from her hand and lodges itself in the creature's shoulder. Echidna **screeches** in pain, she reaches the women and **swipes through the air**. Both of them **duck and roll out of the way**.

Fogg closes his eyes and chants under his breath, facing the sphere. Stephanie and Daniel move in, between Fogg and the creature across the field.

Chambers **steps forward**. He **draws a straight line through the air**. A **thick light trail follows his fingers**. The **light stays in the air**. Chamber **claps his hands together, the point of the light moves** to face Echidna. He **swings his hands closer to his stomach**. **Turns them**. Extends it forward and **opens his hand in a forward thrust**.

The **spear of light shoots at breakneck speed** at the monster. It **runs straight through** the middle of the snake-woman's tail and **slowly dissolves**. Echidna howls. She turns with a **vicious grin on her face**. Her **fangs glint in the light**.

Jane and Pearl get up. Jane **casts a battle spell**. Pearl **winces** and her hand runs to her shoulder. **Claw gashes stretch over her shoulder**, her clothes around the wound **redden slowly**.

Dean Fogg chants while Stephanie And Daniel ready themselves. The move in front of Fogg, hands clasped together respectively. They **chant** under their breath.

Echidna **flaps her wings** as she speeds toward Chambers, Lipson and Poppy. Poppy casts a **basic shield spell**, She **thrusts her hands open and up** while her **pinkies are entwined**.

Pearl stares at the monster. Her hand **fumbles with the scroll**. Echidna reaches the three magicians and **swipes down**. Her claws **scrapes gashes into Poppy's shield**. Poppy is **shot back hard** into the ground.

Jane **casts her spell** and pulls the creature back **10 feet**. Echidna flattens on the ground.

She **yells** toward the Quinns

JANE

NOW.

(CONTINUED)

Stephanie and Daniel cast a **co-operative freeze spell**. Their **hands extent forward, facing the ground**. Their **fingers all point to the snake-woman**. They yell.

STEPHANIE & DANIEL
(In unison, loud)
DONMAK.
(FREEZE)

As she struggles to get up, she is **frozen in place**. Stephanie **strains**. They look back. **Light trails float around Fogg**. The sphere and it's base **rises from it's perch**.

STEPHANIE
I don't know how long this will
hold Henry.

He does not respond, or move, **at all**.

Stephanie and Daniel share a **worried** look. Chambers approaches them. Poppy follows. Jane turns to Pearl. She spots the **gash in Pearl's shoulder**. She **winces**, then turns to Lipson, pointing at Pearl.

JANE
(Yelling across the field)
Lipson! Could you take a look at
this?

Lipson looks over, she approaches. As she gets closer, Mischa saunters to Stephanie and Daniel. Lipson notices the gash in Pearl's arm with a gasp. Pearl sighs.

JANE
It really isn't that back. You
two should go help the others.

Lipson meets her eyes.

LIPSON
Pearl, we have no idea what that
monster's claws could do to you.
They could be poisonous,
cursed...dirty.

She **inspects the wound**. Jane watches, **worry in her eyes**.

Fogg chants. Chambers instructs everyone around him to move in behind him. He looks over to Pearl.

CHAMBERS

Professor Sunderland! Get ready.

Pearl whips her gaze up to Chambers. Lipson withdraws and stands back. Pearl **grabs the scroll and unscrews its seal**. She **twirls her fingers, then flattens her hand**. The scroll lifts out of its container. It unrolls.

Stephanie **crashes to the floor** when Echidna's Arm twitches. Daniel **holds the spell, his entire body shakes**.

Chambers stands ready, **hands in front of him**, the others behind him. Echidna slams her arm into the ground and Daniel **crumbles to the floor**. He catches a glimpse of his wife, on the ground, out cold.

DANIEL

(A whisper)

Stephanie.

Echidna sneers at the magicians. She slowly rises from the ground.

ECHIDNA

Weak. This is your attempt to kill me? Even Argus Panoptes did a better job back in the old day.

She spits on the ground. It smokes. She hurries to Fogg.

Chambers's **fingers glow**. He **draws a vertical line in the air**. He **brings his hands together**. He **thrusts them up and apart**. The **glowing line grows longer, curving back in a half circle over everyone**. They multiply and create a **grid cage**, covering the group.

Echidna pulls back her head. As she **spits acid venom at them**, Chambers **slams his fingers into each other and the light cage grows into a solid, glowing, yellow shield**.

The **venom sprays on the shield**. It spatters everywhere. Echidna stops. She hisses grossly. She slithers closer to the shield.

Chambers pants, his body straining. Fogg, still chanting slowly puts his **hands together to form a balled set of fists**.

Echidna **rams into the shield**. A **small crack** appears. She bashes over the magicians, **cracks appear in the dome with**

(CONTINUED)

each punch.

Chambers looks back at Fogg, **his eyes tear up.** He looks back at Echidna and takes a **deep breath.**

Echidna swipes from the side. Her **talons dig into the shield.** She **pushes and strains.** The **shield shatters,** her attack **hits Chambers and sends him flying to the side.**

Lipson gasps, her hands over her mouth.

Pearl **chants in greek** as she **telekinetically** holds the scroll in the air. Her last word, she **yells.**

PEARL

DÉNO.

BIND.

The **scroll glows bright orange,** like an **intense sunset.** It **crumbles into little pieces** of **glowing paper.** The pieces **fly to Echidna and swirl around her violently.** She struggles, but the **papers grow in number and swarm around her.**

Fogg opens his eyes and looks up at Echidna. He **thrusts his hand out towards her and he splays his fingers with a yell.** His wrists still together. The paper pieces **swirl tightly** around Echidna and **she lifts into the air.** The **papers cover her and she dissolves into golden dust which swirls to the movement of Dean Fogg's hands.**

He **moves his hands steadily over to the sphere which starts to glow.** The **golden dust funnels into the sphere** and with a **flash, it stops glowing.** The **glowing dust trapped inside,** forming the **minuscule figure of Echidna.** She thrashes about inside the globe. Rats scurry around her.

Every magician on the field breathes a **heavy sigh of relief.** Dean Fogg lets out a laugh, then a **groan emanates** from where Chambers fell to the ground.

Fogg hurries to him. He **skids to a halt, dropping to his knees** before Chambers. His side is **littered with deep gashes, blood pups out of them and pools** on the ground. Fogg supports Chambers' neck, he tilts it so Chambers sees Fogg.

FOGG

Chambers, what have you done?

(CONTINUED)

Chambers lets out a **pained groan**.

CHAMBERS

My job, Master Fogg. To protect
the head of the school.

FOGG

(Tearing up)

Oh Chambers. At least you finally
get to rest. You have mentioned
taking a vacation. Good luck, old
friend.

Chambers gives Fogg a **bloody smile** as the **light drains**
from his eyes. The **sun peaks** over the tree line and
lights the field in a warm glow. The **luminous rays gild**
Chambers' lifeless body.

Fogg swallows as he **closes the butler's eyes**. Everyone
else watches this **grimly**. Stephanie and Daniel come to
and share a **relieved look**. Pearl steps up to Fogg, she
puts her arm on his shoulder as **he mourns the loss of his**
friend.

EXT. GARDEN - BRAKEBILLS - NOON

50

Dean Fogg, Pearl Sunderland, Professor Lipson and Jane
Chatwin all nod to Stephanie and Daniel Quinn, who lead a
confused Alice through the wards and back home.

JANE

She's going to have a slight
headache for the next few days.
Had to do some tinkering to fill
in her loss of time.

Fogg nods, a furrow in his brow.

FOGG

At least she's **safe**.

(To Jane)

The others as well. The **timeline**
will continue.

Jane sighs, satisfied. Jane brightens

PEARL

We did nip this in the butt at
least.

Lipson leans on one of her legs. She folds her hands in

(CONTINUED)

front of her.

LIPSON

I am curious as to how this will
all play out in the long run.

FOGG

Quite.

He looks up at the sun, a desolate look in his eyes.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - AFTERNOON

51

Dean Fogg sits, facing his band of experts, teachers,
colleagues and student. He meets each one's gaze. He
raises a tumbler glass to them.

Everyone in front of him raises their glasses. They all
perform a uniform nod and **down their drinks.**

FOGG

Thank you all.

INT. BEDROOM - HENRY'S BROWNSTONE - MORNING - PRESENT

52

Henry Fog straightens his tie in front of his standing
mirror in the corner of the bedroom. He huffs, **satisfied.**

He checks his watch and heads out.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - EARLY EVENING

53

All the lamps in Dean Fogg's office throw a one sided
light on Alice Quinn's face. Her face is stricken with
worry, fear and anguish.

ALICE (O.S)

I'll always be tempted. Once I
can feel it everywhere again.
And. Unless I have no memory.

Dean Fog looks at her, sorrow in his eyes.

ALICE

I wanna live my life. All I know
is the one I'm on is the bad one,
and I'm stepping off.

Dean Fog steps over to his potions cabinet and retrieves
a **vial of memory-wipe potion.** He hands it to Alice.

FOGG

(CONTINUED)

Give it about a full day for everything to get rebooted. After that you are on your own.

She gives him a solemn nod.

INT. DEAN FOGG'S OFFICE - BRAKEBILLS - LATE MORNING

54

Dean Fogg closes the door behind Alice, a **blue memory-wipe potion in her hand**. He runs his hands over his face.

INT. LIBRARY - BRAKEBILLS - NIGHT

55

Dean Fogg, hands in his pockets, saunters over to a seated ZELDA SCHIFF, a librarian, one of many librarians working for the **largest depository of knowledge in all the worlds**. He stops next to an arm-chair by a burning fire place.

Zelda looks up from her book.

ZELDA

So?

FOGG

We need to talk--
(He takes a beat)
--about our arrangement.

He takes a seat in the arm-chair opposite Zelda and gives her a **steely look**.