

"Gallea"
Episode Two: "Ey"

by

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BEGIN EPISODE

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

We open on a close shot of a girl named EYOTA (EY). She is a tough, teenaged, Lakota sniper, always aware of the exits, and uncomfortable in small spaces. She's someone who takes "fight or flight" to their extremes. She is prideful and chaotic, but appreciates beauty and art, often watching the sunsets from her sniper perch before eliminating a target. A sniper bullet hangs from her necklace.

We find her looking through the scope of her sniper rifle. Her expression is curious as she swings the rifle around, then shifts to shock before settling on excitement, like a kid finding a porn magazine.

EYOTA
Mmm Mmm. Will you look at that.

We pull back to see that Eyota is kneeling at the edge of a roof, staring into a building across the street. Between her building at the other is a tram rail. A short tram rolls past, carrying pallets loaded with building materials.

By Eyota's side is MIKA--her partner, spotter, and brother--also kneeling but not paying any attention to her. Instead, he's focusing on a briefcase of supplies.

Mika is a year younger than Ey, with short, shaggy hair and an eternally-upbeat expression. The world is a constant source of amusement for him. The siblings often pick on each other, but never with cruelty. He chuckles at her, but doesn't turn her way.

MIKA
No way, Ey.

EYOTA
Really Mika, you've gotta see this. That body.. mmmm.

Ey licks her lips while staring through the scope. Mika pulls a spotter's scope from the briefcase and adjusts it.

MIKA
Let me guess. It's another antique painting.

EYOTA
No...

Mika looks through the spotter's scope. We see through his scope as he settles his view on an open window, through which is a well-lit statue of a naked Czeroin.

EYOTA (O.S.)
It's a statue!

Mika shakes his head, smiling, and lowers his spotter's scope.

MIKA
(sarcastic)
You bring such pride to our family.

Eyota keeps her eye on her scope.

EYOTA
It's gotta be ninth century, right? Chalk-stone, I'd guess. Probably quarried from the eruption of Saint-Rai.

MIKA
A noble sacrifice on the part of the citizens of the town.

EYOTA
You cynic.

MIKA
Snob.

Eyota takes her eye off the scope to look through the window with her own eyes.

EYOTA
(serious)
Mika.

MIKA
No, Eyota. Some of us are actually focused on the mission--

EYOTA
Mika, I'm serious. I think that's him.

Mika jumps forward and looks through his spotter's scope. Eyota looks back through her own scope.

MIKA
Already? Where?

We see the target, a man named TERRANCE. He walks into view through the window, dressed formally and holding an urn. He looks like the definition of boring.

EYOTA

One window to the left. Blue blazer, red tie, and what is that a vase?

MIKA

Well he's not the most exciting person in the world, is he? How much are we getting for this guy?

Terrance walks towards another DANGEROUS MAN who looks threatening, even though he's smiling. They shake hands.

EYOTA

Couple mil.

Mika whistles.

MIKA

He sure pissed somebody off. Sucks for him.

EYOTA

Great for us.

Eyota pulls the rifle's bolt back, cocking the gun. She prepares to shoot, making small adjustments as Mika calls out calibrations.

MIKA

64 meters. Windows are standard glass, so no problems there. Three bodies in the room, two more outside.

EYOTA

This is a waste of our skill.

Ey places her finger on the trigger and breathes out. Between the buildings, another tram rolls past. This one is made from several pallet cars loaded with materials, which block Eyota's shot. She can see the target between each car.

As she watches, the Dangerous Man draws a gun. Terrance steps back, surprised and afraid.

EYOTA (CONT'D)

Shit, they're gonna kill him!

Eyota shoots the Dangerous Man in the neck, killing him instantly. Terrance looks at the body, then through the window. Another man walks into frame with a gun. Eyota shoots him as well, killing him. Terrance turns towards the other man, which he hadn't noticed before.

MIKA

Ey, what are you doing! What the hell?

EYOTA

They were going to shoot the target!

MIKA

You were going to shoot the target!

EYOTA

I know! I panicked!

They turn back to the building. The tram has passed. Terrance is looking up at them, confused. They scream at him from their building 65 meters away.

EYOTA AND MIKA

Well run, dumbass!

Terrance begins to run. Mika loads his equipment into the briefcase and picks it up. Eyota closes the tripod of the rifle and throws the shoulder strap over her head. Mika and Eyota run down the length of the roof, looking towards Terence as he runs behind the windows. Each time a new gunman appears, Eyota lifts the gun to her eye, aims, and fires instinctively, then says "Shit".

They finally reach the edge of the building. Terrence is out of view, descending the staircase. On the street level, several tactical vehicles appear.

MIKA

Are those unmarked vehicles? Who the hell is after this guy?

EYOTA

You mean besides us?

MIKA

Well, who's after him that isn't also trying to save his life for some reason.

EYOTA

Oh my god I said I'm sorry, how long are you going to hold that against me?

Eyota aims through her scope, but none of the mercenaries from the cars are visible.

EYOTA (CONT'D)

Damn, I can't get a clean shot. Did you bring the Tac-Pac?

MIKA

The one we haven't practiced with yet?

EYOTA

Yeah.

MIKA

The one you said not to touch until we've been trained with it?

EYOTA

Yeah.

MIKA

The one--

Eyota shoots a person that steps out of one of the vehicles.

EYOTA

Yes, Mika, now please. Try the Grav-Pipe. It's in the front pocket.

Mika unzips his jacket, revealing a tactical vest beneath, covered in warning labels. He checks the front pockets.

MIKA

Can't find it.

EYOTA

The velcro one.

Mika locates the velcro pocket and pulls out a rectangular grenade.

MIKA

Got it. Let's see. How do you--

Mika presses a switch on the grenade. It begins spewing purple sparks.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Uh...

Eyota looks away from her scope, see the sparking grenade, and gasps. She grabs it from Mika and tosses it lamely off the roof, as if she had found a spider on it. Mika and Eyota step back as the grenade hits one of the cars. The grenade erupts into a gravity surge that pulls all of the vehicles towards it, crushing them together. When it finishes, both of the siblings peek over the edge of the roof.

MIKA AND EYOTA

Whoa.

Terrence runs out of the bottom door of the building across the street. He stares at the crushed cars. Meanwhile, Mika pulls a grappling hook from one of his pockets, attaches it to the roof, and repels down the building with Eyota. They all meet up near the cars. Now that he's close, we can get a good look at the urn he's carrying. It's certainly filled with ashes.

TERRENCE

You...you saved me!

MIKA

(glaring at Ey)

Apparently.

TERRENCE

Who are you?

EYOTA

Funny story! We actually came here to kill--

MIKA

--We're freelancers.

TERRANCE

Freelance heroes? And someone wants me dead?

EYOTA

We can guarantee that that's true.

TERRANCE

Wow. This is all so...

Terrance's once-boring expression shifts to pure glee.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

...Exciting!

MIKA AND EYOTA

What?

TERRANCE

Nothing like this ever happens to me! Do you have any idea what my life is like?

EYOTA

I don't really ca--

TERRANCE

Everyday, I wake up at the same time. I wear the same color suit. I know how long it takes me to eat breakfast, because I always eat the same thing. I take the bus to work and read the news on my phone. Check my email. ...

While Terrance rants about the boring everyday occurrences of his life, Mika pulls Ey to the side to speak privately.

MIKA

Alright sis, you got us into this. What's your plan.

EYOTA

Plan?

MIKA

Well I assume you're not going to do the smart thing, which is just kill him like we had planned and collect our money. But we also can't exactly stand around the street while a team of mercenaries are after him either. Otherwise, they'll be a team of mercenaries after us. So. What's your plan?

EYOTA

Oh. That plan.

MIKA

Yes. That plan.

EYOTA

Well, we have plenty of safe houses...

Mika glares at her. Eyota hesitates.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
 ...which we aren't going to
 compromise by bringing a civilian
 into them.

Mika nods.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
 We have a lot of dependable
 contacts...

Another glare.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
 ...who would lose respect for us
 if we bothered them with a problem
 that we created.

Another nod.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
 Which means...we have to do
 something...completely stupid.

Mika looks over at Terrence, who's still ranting.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
 Something else completely stupid.
 I'm guessing you have something
 stupid in mind?

MIKA
 As a matter of fact, I do.

He smiles.

INT. TATTOO PARLOR -- DAY

The tattoo parlor is as clean as a hospital room. Its walls are covered in a blend of mechanical art and organic art. It is a museum of duality, representing the two distinct histories and cultures of Humans and Czeroin. Several henchmen relax near the entrance and by the back of the room, reading magazines, playing games, and looking at their phones.

Two tattoo artists are at work. One is a human, tattooing a Czeroin's leg. The second--who is tattooing a human's arm--is ROSHAN: a hefty, stocky woman with so many mechanical enhancements that she is essentially half-Czeroin. Both her biological and mechanical body parts are heavily tattooed. She is proud of her dual-nature, and is well-respected as a manufacturer and

distributor of the drug MECHANIN. She speaks roughly and skips unnecessary words.

ROSHAN
 Keep breathing, kid. Almost done.
 Pain is temporary. Badass ink is
 forever.

The kid breathes out and winces. Roshan finishes, cuts off the tattoo machines, and wipes away the excess blood and ink.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
 Take care of that. No swimming
 for few days, no drinks or drugs
 tonight. Not even Mechanin.

The kid thanks her and leaves. The bell by the door chimes as it is opened by a new customer. Roshan prepares her customer-smile and turns to the door, beginning a polite introduction, then falling silent as she sees Eyota has stepped in. Mika and Terrence are with her.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
 YOU!

The henchmen all jump up and point their guns at the group. Roshan also draws a pistol and aims it at Eyota.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
 (to Henchmen)
 Idiots, why you pointing guns at
 all of them? Aim at her!

The Henchmen--slightly confused--all aim at Eyota.

EYOTA
 Oh, that's cute, they must be new.

ROSHAN
 Course they new! You killed other
 ones!

HENCHMAN #1
 She what?

EYOTA
 Look, I'm just here to talk.

ROSHAN
 Then why you armed?

Everyone looks towards the enormous sniper rifle on Eyota's back.

EYOTA
 (matter-of-factly)
 I'm always armed.

Roshan considers this, then lowers her pistol. The henchmen follow suit, though hesitantly. They're obviously still unsure about the situation.

ROSHAN
 You want to talk? Talking takes time, and time ain't free. Time costs.

Roshan sits down at the tattoo chair again, and begins running the machine. Eyota looks back at Mika. Mika looks back at Terrence.

TERRENCE
 What, me? Why me?

EYOTA
 I don't want a tattoo.

MIKA
 Yeah that shit hurts.

ROSHAN
 Congrats, you won. Pick something. I get prepped.
 (points at Ey)
 You. Money.

Terrence walks to the board of tattoo art and excitedly skims them. Eyota pulls several blue chips from her pocket, counts out a few, and tosses them onto the counter. They look similar to computer chips, but with thinner components. Mika waits by the door, unsure what to do. He glances around, makes eye contact with one of the Henchmen, and nods at them politely. The henchman looks away. Mika looks away awkwardly.

The door opens again. This time, a POSTMAN enters. He greets everyone, pulls out a folded card, and holds it up towards Eyota.

POSTMAN
 Eyota. Delivery.

EYOTA
 What? No, I'm busy.

POSTMAN
 Oh come now. It was difficult to find you, you know. Could you maybe just--

EYOTA

Not now!

The Postman looks insulted. He leaves, mocking her.

TERRENCE

(to Roshan)

Do you have any ravens?

Roshan stops messing with her machinery and looks up at Terrence.

ROSHAN

What?

TERRENCE

Ravens. I don't know why, but I just always imagined having a raven tattoo on my shoulder. But on your board, I noticed that you didn't have any animals--

ROSHAN

I can do raven. Sit down.

(to Ey)

Girl. You want talk, start talking.

Terrence takes a seat in the tattoo chair and rolls up his sleeve while Roshan shaves his arm and sketches the raven with a marker.

MIKA

(fake cough)

Introductions.

(fake cough)

EYOTA

Ugh, fine. Roshan, this is Terrence. He's a boring man with a boring life. He's a nobody--

(to Terrence)

--no offense--

(to Roshan)

--but. Somebody...well multiple somebodies...is/are trying to kill him, and we don't know why.

(to Terrence)

Terrence, this is Roshan. She's the leading manufacturer and distributor of the drug Mechanin, enjoyed by Czeroin and Humans alike. If you know a Mech-head, you have Roshan to thank.

TERRENCE
Nice to meet you--

Roshan begins the tattoo. Terrence winces in pain.

ROSHAN
Uh huh. Girl, why you care?

EYOTA
Let's skip that part.

Roshan sighs.

ROSHAN
Fine. Why I care?

EYOTA
Because I've been behaving very nicely. And you would like for that to continue.

Roshan and Eyota make eye contact. Behind them, we can see the henchmen fidget. Roshan eventually looks back to the tattoo.

ROSHAN
Anything for customer. How can I help?

EYOTA
You know the underground. All the players. Word is you don't just deal in drugs, you also deal in information. I've heard royal advisors and ambassadors check with you before making a decision. So if anyone knows who wants Terrence dead, I'd guess it's you.

Roshan glances towards Eyota, then back to the tattoo.

ROSHAN
And if I know of a certain Assassin who's taken the job?

Eyota smiles.

EYOTA
Then obviously there's no need to mention that out loud. And I'd be looking for who else is after him.

Roshan nods.

ROSHAN

Can't say anything certain.
Underground works on...
probability. If something
happens, I know who probably
behind it. Might be wrong.

EYOTA

Do you think you're wrong about
this?

Roshan wipes the tattoo, revealing the outline of a raven.

ROSHAN

I wish.

Roshan cleans her machine before beginning the shading.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

You know about the Houses?

Eyota shakes her head. Roshan begins to add details and shading to the raven.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)

The Houses are only here, in this
nation. Hard to explain. Kind of
like...criminal dynasties.
Families of criminals. Held
together by tradition
and--maybe--a little magic. No
official names or titles. People
just call them by their symbols.

EYOTA

How many are there?

ROSHAN

Two. House of Eels and House of
Slugs. They control the
Underground. Drugs, guns, money,
politics. All of it.

MIKA

Tattoos?

Roshan nods and motions towards the tattoo board.

ROSHAN

No animals. Can't risk. Some kid
asks for tattoo of slugs? Would
be...bad.

EYOTA

So which one wants Terrence dead?

ROSHAN

My guess? Both. One pays a mercenary. One pays an Assassin. Doesn't matter who does it. Long as it gets done.

EYOTA

But that doesn't make any sense. Terrence is a nobody. (No offense.) Why would two untouchable mystical criminal dynasties waste time and money just to kill him? I mean I'm not--Assassins aren't cheap. I'd guess mercenary groups aren't either.

ROSHAN

Tattoo done. Time up.

EYOTA

Whoa wait, so that's it? You're not going to tell me?

Roshan shrugs.

ROSHAN

Can't tell. Don't know. Don't fuck with magic.

MIKA

That's a respectable policy. We should adopt that.

EYOTA

Hush.

Terrence stands and walks to a mirror, appreciating his tattoo. He smiles, nods, and speaks softly to himself while straightening his tie.

TERRENCE

..Carrion...

Ey and Mika look curiously at each other. Roshan watches Terrence and narrows her eyes.

Suddenly, a series of loud noises come from a room at the back of the parlor. Everyone stands and looks towards the door leading to the back.

EYOTA

What's back there?

ROSHAN
Warehouse. ...merchandise.

An explosion is heard from the back.

MIKA
They found us!

Mika tackles Terrence just as a sniper bullet shoots through the front window, barely missing him. As he falls, the urn nearly tumbles to the ground, but he catches it at the last moment. Eyota swings her rifle around and fires a few shots towards the shooter, then slides behind cover.

ROSHAN
(to henchmen)
We have front. Secure merchandise!

The henchmen crouch-run to the back room while Eyota covers them. Mika opens his suitcase and slides a mirror to Ey. She attaches it backwards to her rifle, then remains behind cover as she balances the rifle on her leg, pointed behind her through the broken window. Using the mirror, Ey adjusts the rifle, finds a few approaching mercenaries, and kills them with one shot each.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
Girl! He worth this?

Eyota glances towards Terrence, then back at Roshan. She shrugs. Roshan sighs, then motions towards the back room.

ROSHAN (CONT'D)
Can you help?

Ey nods.

EYOTA
Mika.

MIKA
On it.

Mika pulls two disks from the briefcase, hits a switch on them, and places them on the floor. He kicks one to the far side of the front wall, and pushes the other to the other side of the front wall. When they slide into place, a laser shoots between them, erecting a laser barrier that blocks incoming bullets. Once in place, Eyota sprints to the back room and disappears beyond it.

Through the open door of the back room, a henchman backs into view. He narrates the action of the warehouse, which we can't see.

HENCHMAN #1

There's too many of them! There must be thirty mercenaries back here. Whoa, look out girl, that one has a grenade launcher! Wow, nice shot. Oh no, those three have armor plating. There's no way to--amazing, right in their eyes! But what about--ooo, he never had a chance against that wrecking ball. What, they brought a tank?! How did they get a tank in here? Flame throwers! There's no way we can--. Oh my god, she shot the fuel on their backs, which ignited the tank! And then she shot the rafters above them to collapse part of the roof onto the retreating soldiers! Amazing! Oh, but one is getting away! Wow, a triple ricochet shot!

The henchman watches as a MERC crawl/runs towards him and through the door to the tattoo parlor. The Merc has a helmet with part of the side shot off, though the bullet only grazed his head. There's blood splatter on his armor from his fallen allies. He is bruised and can barely stand, but is desperately trying to escape the carnage.

Eyota returns without a scratch, holds her rifle in one hand, and grabs the escaping Merc with the other. She lifts him by the collar and tosses him against a column to a sitting position, then presses the rifle barrel against his shoulder, burning him, but doesn't fire.

EYOTA

I missed. I don't like to miss.

MERC

You killed two people with that bullet!

EYOTA

I wanted to kill three.

MERC

I'm sorry! I was just doing my job!

EYOTA

Well now I'm doing mine. Who's your leader?

MERC
I can't tell you that! He'll kill
me!

EYOTA
Then I'll just have to convince
you.

Ey draws a pistol from her back and aims it at the Merc's
kneecap.

MERC
Wait wait wait! You can't!
Torture doesn't work!

Eyota stops, then changes to a casual posture.

EYOTA
What, really?

The Merc hesitates in disbelief.

MERC
Well, yeah.

EYOTA
(to Mika)
Is that true?

MIKA
Yeah. It's pretty conclusive.
Torture doesn't get real
information.

EYOTA
Well shit. What does work?

MIKA
Being nice, actually.

EYOTA
Really!? Huh.

Eyota holsters her pistol.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
Mika, hood.

Mika tosses a black bag to Eyota. She catches it and
tosses it over the Merc's head.

MERC
Wait no!

CUT TO:

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT -- DAY

Eyota pulls the hood of the Merc's head. The group is all standing at the front register of a local fast food restaurant. The Merc blinks at the bright lights.

EYOTA

Alright. Pick whatever you like.

MERC

Anything? Like, not just off the value meal?

EYOTA

Anything at all. Even a combo.

The Merc smiles. He walks up to the register while Roshan receives her tray of food.

MERC

I'd like a number four please. And, oh, is it alright if I get a milkshake instead of a soda?

CASHIER

I'm sorry, we don't allow substitutions--

Ey slams her sniper rifle onto the counter. The cashier's eyes widen.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

What flavor?

INT. FAST FOOD DINING AREA -- DAY

The group are seated at a booth. Mika and the Merc are comparing the toys they got in their value meals. Across the table, Eyota is glaring at them while eating fries one at a time, but they ignore her. Terrence is sitting by Eyota, eating a sandwich. Roshan arrives last, pulling a chair up to the side of the booth. She has purchased a small salad, which sits in the center of her large tray. In the corner of the room, two male henchmen are sharing a milkshake and flirting.

MERC

(to Eyota)

Ah, this is great. Thank you. The Boss never takes us out anymore. It's always "eliminate this political dignitary," or "go infiltrate this armored sea vessel." Work, work, work.

EYOTA

Yeah, speaking of your "work." Do we need to be worried about another wave of mercenaries bursting through every entrance and filling the air with bullets?

MERC

Oh, no. There's a very strict policy against that. We only try twice. If we fail, then the Boss takes care of the hit himself. But we've only failed like, maybe three times, not counting this one.

EYOTA

And after that, how often does the Boss fail?

MERC

Never. That's why he started outsourcing. Kind of strange for an Assassin, I know, but that's just his style.

Mika and Eyota lean forward.

MIKA

Wait, Assassin? Like, capital-A "Assassin?" With the guild?

MERC

Well, yeah. Wait, are you guys also with the guild--

EYOTA

What's his name!?

MERC

Oh, I really shouldn't--

Ey slams her fist down, as if she had a knife to plunge into the table. Instead, it's her packet of small fries.

EYOTA

Would you like a fry!?

The Merc takes a fry. As he explains about his boss, Eyota's eyes slowly widen with recognition.

MERC

Oh, thank you, that's so kind!
You guys are so nice!

(MORE)

MERC (CONT'D)

Well, okay, I shouldn't really be telling you this, but the Boss' name is...well actually it's kind of a secret. He prefers his title, you know. Since he's the only guild Assassin with a title. Honestly I think it's a bit much, but I don't get paid to agree with him, right? Haha. So it would be rude to tell you his real name. But his title should be fine. They call him--

Eyota and Merc speak the name at the same time.

MERC AND EYOTA

Olympian.

MERC

Oh, you know him!

MIKA

He has a reputation.

Roshan gathers her things and stands up.

ROSHAN

Ha. Understatement.

EYOTA

Wait, where are you going?

ROSHAN

Girl, you good, but Olympian? He different. You I can talk to. You play fair. Olympian just destroys. You lose? He kills us all. Everyone you with. Everyone who help. Everyone you talk to. Probably the poor cashier too. That his style.

(leaning forward)

You: precision. Olympian: power. He only respects who beats him. And no one beats him. I recommend:

(points to Terrence,
still talking to Ey)

Kill him. Disappear. Quick.

TERRENCE

Aw.

ROSHAN
 (to Mika and Merc)
 Nice meeting you.
 (to Eyota)
 Good catching up.
 (to Terrence)
 No swimming for three days, if
 alive. Keep tattoo clean. No
 drugs until healed.

Roshan whistles to the Henchmen, who gather their trays and head for the door. They exit together.

MERC
 What a strange lady.

MIKA
 That's what I was going to say!

They laugh and return to playing with their toys. Terrence glances at Eyota.

TERRENCE
 Just so we're clear, you're not
 going to kill me, right?

EYOTA
 No Terrence, I'm not going to kill
 you.

MIKA
 So what's the plan? I mean, this
 seems like a good place to come up
 with a plan, right? Since
 Olympian can't find us here?

MERC
 Oh he can totally find you here.

EYOTA
 What? How?

MERC
 Same way we found Terrence before.

Everyone glances at Terrence, then back at the Merc.

MERC (CONT)
 The tracker.

The Merc looks at the Vase. Everyone follows his eyes. Eyota reaches for the vase, carefully lifts the lid, and glances into it. She quickly glances away, awestruck by Terrence's stupidity. She glares at him, then reaches into

the vase and lifts out an enormous, heavy mechanical device covered in blinking lights and a spinning mechanism.

TERRENCE

I thought that had gotten a little heavier.

EYOTA

Terrence!

Mika takes the tracking device in both hands, looks at each part of it, and hits the enormous "OFF" switch on the side. The lights go out.

EYOTA (CONT'D)

I have never regretting taking a shot so badly in my entire life.

MERC

Well I better head home. My shift ended about fifteen minutes ago. Hey Mika, you wanna come over and play video games tomorrow?

MIKA

Totally!

MERC

Sweet. See you then. Nice to meet everyone. I'm glad you didn't kill me.

The Merc exits. Eyota is dry-weeping into her hands.

TERRENCE

So. What do we do now?

MIKA

Well, we probably need to figure out why the Houses want you dead. And for that, we need to learn more about them. Roshan said that they were mystical, right? So I figure, we need to find a magician.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- DAY

The camera pans down a street of brightly-colored stone buildings, many covered in bright banners and ribbons of bells, wind chimes, and other decorations. The first building we stop at is the "Library of Magical Literature

and Mysticism". The camera continues to pan, finding "School of Mystic Artifacts and History." The third is "Criminal Stuff Involving Magic". Finally we stop on a sketchy alley way, with a skewed cardboard sign that says "Artists' Alley". This is where we find Eyota, Mika, and Terrence.

The group walk among several stalls selling questionable items and obviously-illegal goods. Though this is an open-air market/bazaar, it is certainly full of black-market goods and services. Ey finds the stall she was looking for, and stands in line behind the only other customer.

The proprietor--a Czeroin named CEAS (pronounced K-EYES)--is too busy with the customer to notice Eyota. Though Ceas has the typical genderless body build of a Czeroin, she has a female voice. It also has auto-tune on it, which differentiates it from the typical monotone of Czeroin voices.

CEAS

This particular piece was found in a tomb in the deserts of a distant nation, called "The Deep". You can tell from the glossy nature of the embedded gem. That's opal-crisp.

CUSTOMER

And it's magical?

CEAS

What? Of course not. It's just pretty. Now if you want magical--

Ceas glances up and notices Eyota. She stops speaking instantly.

CEAS (CONT)

Oh no.

Ceas pulls a translucent shield down over her merchandise, locking it, and then runs away down the alley. Ey swings her rifle into her hands.

TERRENCE

(to Ey)

You're not very good with people, are you?

EYOTA

Not especially, no.

Eyota pulls back the bolt of her rifle. She aims just as Caes pulls open a door at the end of the alley. Ey fires, hitting the door and slamming it shut. Caes turns around and chuckles at her.

CAES

Hi, Ey. I didn't see you there.

The group walk up to Caes. Caes backs against the wall.

EYOTA

Hi Caes. How's business.

CAES

Oh god please tell me this isn't about business.

EYOTA

Nope. Just a social call.

CAES

Oh good. For a second there--

EYOTA

Will you cut that shit off?

Ey slaps Caes in the neck with the rifle. The rifle hits the button on the side of Caes' neck that activates the autotune. When she speaks again, Caes is monotone, but still with a feminine voice.

CAES

Ow. For a second there I thought someone had put a hit out on me.

EYOTA

Don't tempt me.

CAES

Yes ma'am.

MIKA

We're just here for information, Caes.

CAES

You know I'm pretty stupid, right?

MIKA

It's not about what you know. It's about what you can find out.

Suddenly, there is a booth in front of Caes, covered in divination materials (tea leaves, a bowl of water, etc). Caes has also reactivated her autotune.

CAES

Ah, you're interested in mystical divination?

TERRENCE

(to Mika)

Where did that booth come from?

CAES

So what future are we looking for? Love? Career? Political?

EYOTA

We need to know about the Houses.

CAES

Ah, the Hous...

Caes stops speaking. She slowly rises her hand to her neck and presses the autotune button to disable it.

CAES (CONT'D)

You want to know. About the Houses?

Eyota nods. Caes coughs.

CAES (CONT'D)

I. Uh. That is. Um. Of course, I don't know what that is. But I suppose I could divine an answer for you. Uh. It..it might be difficult though. Divination of that particular...level...requires time. Preparation. Materials, of course. Yes, materials. I'll need you to gather some of them for me. We'll need a very rare flower from the top of a mountain far in the East. An unrefined ore from a mine deep beneath an ocean. The eye of a raven that speaks only in binary...

As she speaks, Eyota and Mika share a look. Mika opens the briefcase, lifts a hidden panel, grabs a fist-full of mechanical chips (the same currency used at the tattoo parlor) and drops it on the table in front of Caes. Caes stares at it and stops speaking.

CAES (CONT'D)

You know I just remembered that I have all those materials in the back. Follow me.

Caes scoops up the money and turns to the door she had tried to escape through. The group enters.

INT. ALLEY WORKSHOP -- AFTERNOON

The workshop is a menagerie of crafting stations. There's a blacksmithing station, a weaving station, a jeweler's station, a loom, a dentist's chair, a small classroom with a blackboard, etc. The group heads towards a corner with a curving book case. The floor is covered in an oriental rug. A series of shelves are covered in mystical materials, such as skulls, feathers, vials, chalk, and various bugs kept in jars. There are candle stands aligned in a circle surrounding the area.

MIKA

Whoa. What is this place?

CAES

Oh, this? It's just a kind of shared work space. All the alley proprietors share the rent on the warehouse, and anyone is allowed to use it for their job.

Caes shuffles items around the shelf, throws a few behind her back, and accidentally releases a butterfly that attacks her. She finally swipes it away and it flies out a window.

CAES (CONT'D)

(to self)

Bloodthirsty bastard...

Caes turns back to the shelf and shifts the items more irately.

CAES (CONT'D)

It's not here! Who the hell used my rabbits?

MIKA

What's wrong?

CAES

Look, the kind of divination you're asking for is extremely difficult. The Hou-- those things are difficult to divine. Their history is tied with fate itself. Learning about them is like...hacking the DNA of time.

(MORE)

CAES (CONT'D)

It's possible, but you need something living to act as a conduit. Like a...living sacrifice. Or a battery, really. That way, you can hijack their biological components to power the spell. But some asshole used my rabbits and didn't replace them!

TERRENCE

Can I do it?

ALL

What?

TERRENCE

Yeah, it sounds exciting. I'm a new Terrence, remember? Not boring anymore. I got a tattoo! That's crazy!

CAES

Uh, this is a little more extreme than getting a tattoo..

EYOTA

Just let him do it. If it gets us answers, it's fine with me.

CAES

Alright. But don't blame me if something goes wrong. I've only done this with rabbits. A human mind might be a bit...much. New Terrence, stand in the middle here. Everyone else, stand back.

Caes pulls the oriental rug from the floor, revealing a complex magical circle of multicolored chalk drawn into the floor. Terrence steps into the center. Caes cracks open a fruit and draws a Simba-mark on Terrence's forehead. She grabs a handful of pixie sticks and cracks them open as well, drawing a rune with the sugary candy as it spills out. Finally getting into the work, Caes begins humming to herself. She cracks her knuckles and twists a few dials on her arms.

CAES (CONT'D)

Okay. Now don't be alarmed. You may see a faint light and feel a little bit of wind, but that always happens with spells like this.

Caes speaks to herself, drawing several runes in the air and speaking in an ancient mechanical language. At the end, she closes her eyes and claps loudly, the echo silencing all other noise in the room. Faint white lines trace the runic circle from Terrence's feet, burn the pixie stick candy, and trace themselves up Caes' body. After a few seconds, she opens one eye. Noticing nothing spectacular, she opens both eyes and shrugs.

CAES (CONT'D)

Guess we need rabbits--

The white lines reach Caes' eyes. She jerks her head back violently. Her eyes glow bright. A fierce wind swirls through the room, like a small hurricane with the eye over Terrence. Caes screams. White fire bursts through parts of her body like wings growing at odd angles. The wind tears at the items in the room, tossing them around.

MIKA

Is it supposed to do this?

EYOTA

I don't think so. I've seen battle magic that isn't this strong.

MIKA

We've got to get her out of there!

Ey aims her rifle at Caes. Mika pushes the rifle down.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Not like that!

EYOTA

Ugh! You're so...good. How are we related?

Eyota pushes towards Caes, fighting against the wind. She reaches a hand out slowly, trying to grab Caes' shoulder. She slips and hits Caes' neck, activating the autotune, which autotunes her scream. The white light flashes across the screen as Eyota screams as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. IGNITIUM -- NIGHT

We cut to another dimension, called IGNITIUM. It is a silent world of gods and monsters, where primordial forces battle relentlessly like during the birth of a planet. The ground is molten, the rain is acid, and the sky is a constant whirling storm of bright colors.

The only thing from the normal world is the runic circle, and spectral representations of Terrence and Caes. Terrence is still asleep, but his body is pulsing like an energy source. Caes is still screaming, and the power is ripping through her body, holding open the portal between worlds. Ey lets go of Caes and remains in the Ignitium as her normal self. She looks around at the strange world, then turns to find an enormous monster called WRAENTIC.

Wraentic is a monstrous god, with a body like a beast, several eyes, and teeth that jut oddly from its mouth. It is five stories tall while sitting, and is currently sitting like a bored gargoye. It speaks like a deep, resonating roar.

WRAENTIC

You, mortals, have opened the path to the Ignitium. ...That was pretty stupid.

EYOTA

Getting that feeling, yeah. Where is this, then?

WRAENTIC

Ignitium. The halls of Fate, and the origin of all magic. Here are the graves of gods and magicians who thirst for knowledge beyond their place. Do you believe in Fate, mortal?

EYOTA

No.

WRAENTIC

Here Fate has designed...Oh. ...What, not even a little?

EYOTA

Look, I think we may have gone a bit further than we intended. I was just trying to divine an answer about some weird shit.

WRAENTIC

Using a human as a vessel? That was never going to work. Way too much power. You should've used a rabbit.

EYOTA

We were out of rabbits.

WRAENTIC

Ah. ...well, thanks for stopping by--

EYOTA

Hold the fuck on. I'm not done yet. I want some answers!

WRAENTIC

Here we go. Let me guess. Unlimited power? Immortality? Getting a job after college?

EYOTA

Just tell me about the Houses.

WRAENTIC

The Houses?

EYOTA

Yeah. Mystical magic fate criminal dynasties or some shit.

WRAENTIC

Ugh. Did Dave design that? That sounds like something Dave would do.

WRAENTIC (CONT'D)

(yelling off screen)

Dave, did you make the Houses?

DAVE (O.S.)

I don't think so...

WRAENTIC

Hm.

EYOTA

Dude. For real. Just, give me something. I've got this guy that, well, I was supposed to kill him for money, but I didn't, and I'm regretting it more every second, but I guess I'm in charge of keeping him alive now, so if you could just let me know why the hell both the Houses are trying to kill him, that'd be great.

WRAENTIC

Both?

EYOTA

Yeah. Both. As in, "all two."

WRAENTIC

...There are three houses.

EYOTA

What.

Wraentic picks up an enormous tome attached to seven chains and covered in bioluminescence. The book drips brackish water. He flips to the index, then finds a page about of the way through the pages.

WRAENTIC

Yeah. Says so right here. Three Houses. Oh, what's this asterisk for? Sorry, just a second.

(to self)

"See illeniar temporation"...

Wraentic flips to a new section in the book. It takes a frustratingly long time, and Eyota is simultaneously bored and incredulous.

WRAENTIC (CONT)

Here we are. Ahem. Given that time is a semi-sentient pseudo-fabric, some mystical forces may co-exist with their partners despite happening at different times. *Por exemplo*, Jane and Jack may be designated by Fate as 'friends' even before Jane has been born, or even after Jack has died." Oh, isn't that interesting.

EYOTA

What. Does that. Mean.

WRAENTIC

Oh you know. It's like, there are three Houses. Just, maybe not yet. Or maybe not anymore. From your point of view. But they all already exist still. As far as Fate is concerned. So, my guess--understanding that I'm not familiar with this particular situation--would be that two of the Houses are trying to prevent or delay the creation of the third House. Possibly by eliminating anyone that particular prophecies have determined to be instrumental in their creation.

EYOTA

Okay. Okay. So, even through all three Houses exist, and have to, and will, and are, it's still possible for two of them to keep the third one from ever existing, or existing again, for a while, maybe, in certain instances, even though it's impossible, because they're already all tied together by fate.

WRAENTIC

I mean, maybe, sure.

EYOTA

Alright. Thank you. That...was actually helpful. So if Terrence doesn't die, and since there's some magic mystical fate element to all of this, how would the third House be created?

WRAENTIC

Oh, any number of ways. Something involving extreme emotion, a mix of primordial elements, a connection both physical and emotional with an ancestor, and a significant source of magic, most likely.

EYOTA

Por exemplo?

WRAENTIC

Oh. Well I guess, just off the top of my head here, it might be something like, let's say, a perfectly aimed high velocity electromagnetic sniper round piercing through a pane of sun-scorched glass, passing across a high concentration of various mystical elements and spell-ingredients sifted through a magical vortex, and striking an individual while they were kept in a phantasmagorical stasis by ancient runes drawn in some sort of colored glucose powder.

(MORE)

WRAENTIC (CONT'D)

Of course, none of that would actually matter unless the poison on the bullet happened to react to the metal inside a fresh tattoo that represented the particular emblem of the House that existed but didn't exist yet, causing the host to flail and awaken dormant spiritual genetic memories, while accidentally shattering an ancestral artifact of great significance that was somehow coated in the ashes of another member of their genetic line that had been murdered by the will of the other Houses.

A beat.

EYOTA

Shit!

Eyota slaps the spectral form of Caes. This ends the ritual, pulling Ey back to the regular world. Caes drops to her knees, the wings shatter like ice, and her body begins to smoke. Ey leaps at Terrence, tackling him out of the vortex as the magic begins to die down. In the same moment, a sniper round shatters a nearby window (fired from outside) and hits Terrence in the forehead at a sharp angle, grazing his skull and leaving a long mark along his Simba scar, but not killing him.

Terrence flails as his falls. His tattoo glows and the light of the room dims. A growling is heard from everywhere, like a deep rumble shaking reality. Terrence lands on the ground, with his fingers stopping an inch from the vase. It does not break. The growl stops and the light returns to normal. The tattoo ceases to glow and the magic in the room abates. Terrence breathes furiously as if his insides are burning.

Mika pushes himself up from the floor.

MIKA

What the fuck was that?

EYOTA

Fate, apparently. We need to block that window.

MIKA

With what?

EYOTA

In the left shoulder pocket of the
Tak-Pak vest, there should be a--

MIKA

No way. This is crazy enough
without using more untested
devices.

Ey draws her pistol and shoots at Mika's left shoulder. The bullet grazes his jacket, making a large dodecahedron fall onto the floor from his inner shoulder pocket. She fires again, hitting the dodecahedron into the air. She drops her pistol, aims with her sniper rifle just as the dodecahedron lines up with the window, and shoots through it. It explodes, creating a large net made out of smaller metal shapes connected by magnetism, creating a transparent barrier like a net.

EYOTA

See? Nothing to worry about--

The barrier squeals, then releases an enormous burst that shatters the far wall and knocks the group further into the room. As the dust and rubble clear, they see that the barrier remains, but it has fully destroyed the other side of the room.

MIKA

You were saying?

EYOTA

(coughing)

Still counts.

From the other side of the barrier, through the smoke and rubble, a humanoid silhouette walks forward. We see details of their clothing, and hear the rustling of several layers of dog-tag-like necklaces hanging from their neck. They stop in front of the barrier and stand epically as the smoke clears.

This is OLYMPIAN. He has long black hair in a ponytail hanging down to his lower back. He wears a dark skirt and a dark tank-top, covered in belts and holsters full of weapons. He holds an electric sniper rifle that looks like an alien sci-fi weapon, which he can fire from his hip. A wide-brim hat sits skewed on his head. He's a mix between a general, a samurai, and a gentleman. He nods to Ey.

OLYMPIAN

Pleasure.

EYOTA

Shove it.

Olympian grimaces. He's a bit pretentious, and tends to be disturbed by rude behavior.

OLYMPIAN

Well. Eyota, is it? You killed a lot of my mercs. That's not easy. Surprised to find ya protecting someone instead of killing 'em.

EYOTA

It's a special case.

OLYMPIAN

Ah.

(looking at barrier)

I'm also surprised you used the MagShield in combat. You know the prototype tends to explode, don't ya?

EYOTA

It's keeping you out, isn't it?

OLYMPIAN

Results above safety. My type of gal.

Terrence coughs violently, roars, then sits up. He's breathing heavy, but the pain seems to fade. Olympian stares at him.

OLYMPIAN (CONT'D)

He's alive!? I shot him in the head!

EYOTA

Guess you're not as good as they say you are.

Olympian looks around the barrier, trying to find a way in. Meanwhile, Mika is tending to Terrence.

MIKA

Deep breaths. That's it.

EYOTA

Mika, where's the vase. Is it broken?

MIKA

What? No, it's fine. It's right here.

EYOTA

Okay. Caes, does this building have another exit?

CAES

I'm fine too, thanks for asking. Ugh. This place was built by criminals, for criminals. There are like six exits.

EYOTA

Okay. We need to move. Get as much distance from this guy as possible. Make sure we get the vase too.

OLYMPIAN

Ya can't escape, Eyota! No one escapes me. Not even you.

EYOTA

Keep talking.

The group head for an exit in the back.

EXT. BRIDGE -- EVENING

The group exit the building using a staircase that descends from a trap door in the floor. The stairs lead past the outer edge of the city. Above them, colorful stone buildings rise like a wall separating them from the city. In front of them, a long suspension bridge stretches towards a thick forest. The bridge spans a deep gorge filled with a frozen river. The snow blows madly across the bridge, limiting visibility.

Eyota and Caes walk in the front, while Mika helps Terrence walk down the steps.

EYOTA

I didn't know there was a bridge here.

CAES

It's not exactly advertised. The snow storms usually keep it concealed, so it's a great route for particularly extra-legal goods.

Terrence coughs. Eyota looks to him, then speaks to Mika.

EYOTA

How's he doing?

MIKA

He seems to be getting better by the minute. He should be fine by the time we reach the forest.

CAES

If.

EYOTA

Oh, don't be like that. We just have to walk along a straight line with limited cover while avoiding an expert sniper and carrying an injured ally.

Ey stops and looks around as they reach the middle of the long bridge, near some crates of cover.

EYOTA (CONT'D)

Now that I think about it, does this look like a boss fight to anyone else?

Ey and Mika exchange a glance. They dive to different sides of the bridge, ducking behind cover (and pulling their allies with them), just before a sniper shot tears past them.

EYOTA (CONT'D)

(to self)

Why, Ey? Why do you always have to say things out loud?

TERRENCE

Ugh. Woo. Does anyone have an antacid?

CAES

Fair question, but I've got a better one. How about someone explains exactly what the fuck I've gotten myself into?

MIKA

Oh, I can do that! This is Terrence. He was boring, but now he's cool. He's being hunted by both the House of Eels and the House of Slugs.

CAES

You're kidding.

MIKA

One of the Houses hired that guy
back there, whose name is
Olympian.

CAES

Are you serious!?! Olympian is a
monster!

TERRENCE

I don't know, he seemed alright to
me. I mean, he can't be that bad,
can he?

MIKA

I'll put it this way. When
someone wants a person dead, they
hire Eyota.

TERRENCE

So when do they hire Olympian?

MIKA

When they want to take out an
army.

EYOTA

Oh my god it was one army.

CAES

(to self)

We're going to die. We're all
going to die. I was saving up for
a vacation.

MIKA

We're not going to die. Probably.

EYOTA

It wasn't even a real army. It
was just a militia.

MIKA

Yeah, a militia with tanks. And
gun ships.

EYOTA

You know how these things work.
He probably made half of that up.
Here, throw me the scope and I'll
prove it.

Mika pulls the spotter scope out of his briefcase and
tosses it across the bridge to Eyota. As soon as it's out

of cover, a sniper shot hits it, shattering it. Ey and Mika stare at it.

EYOTA (CONT'D)

Okay, so maybe some of it is true.

Everyone sits silently, unsure what to do. Terrence twirls the vase in his hands. Ey watches him.

Suddenly, the Postman is sitting beside her, holding a folded card in his hand.

POSTMAN

Is this a bad time?

Ey screams in surprise.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a 'yes'. I don't suppose you'd just take--

Ey glares at him.

POSTMAN (CONT'D)

I'll come back later.

The Postman lifts a maintenance hatch that leads to the under-side of the bridge.

MIKA

Wait, does this lead back across the bridge?

POSTMAN

Of course. How do you think I got here?

The Postman glances at Ey again and shakes his head, disappointed. Everyone watches him disappear. Ey and Mika share a look.

MIKA

If I distract him, can you make the shot?

Ey nods sadly.

MIKA (CONT'D)

We'll only have one chance. If you miss--

EYOTA

If you get caught--

They take a moment to consider the ramifications of failure.

EYOTA (CONT'D)
(seriously)
Hey Mika. This was nice, right?
Helping someone for once?

MIKA
Yeah. It really was.

They share a final glance. Mika lifts the maintenance hatch on his side of the bridge and disappears below. Ey leans back against her cover, pulls up her rifle, and grabs the bullet on the necklace around her neck. She grips it, hesitates, then pulls it from its magnetic clasp. She pulls the bolt on her rifle, pops out the shell inside, and pushes in the necklace bullet.

Ey glances at Terrence, down to the vase, and then away from the others. She breathes deep and slowly. The wind whistles around her, tossing snow around the group.

OLYMPIAN (O.S.)
Ah!

Ey moves. Her body snaps around, pulling the rifle to her face in a motion practiced for years. It finds its spot against her shoulder as she aims. We see it happen slowly, from her aim to Olympian's reaction.

Olympian is pointing his rifle at Mika, who stands beside him, having just stabbed Olympian. Olympian glances up at Ey, notices her, and brings his rifle towards her.

Ey fires, the bullet flying across the bridge, through the snow storm, between the random bits of building materials littering the bridge. The bullet emits a red smoke as it spins through the air. Halfway to its target, the bullet ignites. It hits Olympian's rifle, tearing through its entire body from the end of its barrel to its shoulder stock.

Olympian screams as the bullet hits his un-knifed shoulder. Speed returns to normal. He flips his gun so it acts as a shield against Ey's next shot. He draws a pistol and aims at Mika. Ey shoots the gun-shield, knocking him back an insignificant amount with each shot, and moves forward. She continues this attack pattern.

Meanwhile, Olympian prepares to shoot Mika. Mika draws random Tak-Pak items and throws them at Olympian. They bounce off his head with a harmless thuds, being non-working prototypes. Olympian utters mild pain expressions (Ow, Hey, Ugh, etc). Finally, fed up with the

barrage of attacks, he switches his shield to face Mika, and fires at Ey. Ey's gun runs out of ammo. She tosses her gun forward to block the next bullet--which works, but the bullet shatters her gun. Shrapnel from the gun flies into her face, cutting her face and one of her eyes.

Temporarily blinded, she draws a pistol just as Mika throws another grenade at the shield. She shoots wildly, unable to see. One of her bullets glances off of Olympian's shield and hits the grenade that Mika throws. The grenade explodes, knocking all three of them away from each other.

A beat.

There is silence as the three combatants lay on the bridge moaning. Mika is face-down. He tries to push himself up, but can't. He falls. Olympian is sitting, leaning with his back against the side of the bridge. His heavy gun is on one of his legs, pinning it. He reaches forward, trying to grab a nearby grenade, but can't reach it.

Ey has landed on her side. She has blood dripping from her forehead. She coughs, then pushes herself awkwardly to her feet. She barely manages to stand, then stumbles forward slowly, making her way to Olympian. She has a busted pistol in her hand. She gets near him, aims the gun, and pulls the trigger. It jams. Olympian sighs with relief. Eyota rolls her eyes. She drops the gun.

Olympian and Eyota each reach to draw another gun. Ey draws her last one. Olympian reaches for his, but it was knocked away in the blast. His fist closes over air. He closes his eyes and grimaces.

EYOTA

You done?

Olympian laughs.

OLYMPIAN

Yeah. I'm done.

Ey drops her arm, then collapses next to him. They sit and stare out over the snowy cavern.

MIKA

I think I swallowed a bug.

Olympian pulls a flask from his chest pocket. He takes a sip, then offers it to Ey. As she drinks, Olympian glances to the wall that separates them from the city. There's a large crater blasted into the wall from Eyota's special bullet.

OLYMPIAN

What kind of fucking bullet was that?

EYOTA

One of a kind. A friend made it.

Olympian nods. Ey takes a drink and hands the flask back to him.

OLYMPIAN

Ya got some fucking scary friends.

Ey laughs.

EYOTA

Yes. Yes I do.

(looking back down
bridge)

Hey Terrence, it's over. How are you feeling? ...Terrence?

We cut to Terrence, still with the vase in his lap. He's staring at it, entranced. It has a crack in it. Terrence slowly smiles.

TERRENCE

I feel...wonderful.

INT. HIDEOUT -- NIGHT

Eyota and Mika enter their hideout. Mika closes the door, leans against it, and sighs. Eyota walks to the table in the center of the room.

MIKA

So. Just to summarize. We've managed to fail the guild, ruin our reputation, discover and make enemies with two magical criminal dynasties, possibly create a third, and all without getting paid.

Eyota stops when she reaches the table, which has the Postman's postcard standing on it, folded like a name plaque. On the back is Eyota's name.

MIKA (CONT'D)

Too much excitement. For one day.

Ey picks up the postcard and turns it so the camera can see the front. It has a symbol of an Oni on it. Inside is a date.

MIKA (CONT'D)

We deserve a vacation. I'm thinking of going to the beach for a while. Find some place without mercenaries and magic. What about you? ...Eyota?

EYOTA

I think...I might visit some friends.

END OF EPISODE