

A FATAL PROPOSITION

Written by

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First Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. PORT HARADEM - DAY

An outlaw city on an island. Steampunk technology merges with society as airships hover in the sky. Below, buildings stack on top of one another, and pirate ships anchor at docks which extend into the sea.

The Acropolis, also known as the Pirate Court, looms in the center of the city, a tall and mighty structure that holds authority.

FIORA (V.O.)

As a commander, my duty is to my  
crew. Their fate is my hands, but  
how can I help them when this city  
is falling apart?

INT. DEJA VU TAVERN - DAY

A BARTENDER holds out a hand in protest as TWO PIRATES engage in a sword fight on top of a table. They knock down drinks with their boots that invite others to join the BRAWL. Swords CLINK as they strike each other, and SCREAMS arise as blades cut through flesh.

Blood splatters on the walls and bodies tumble to the floor.

FIORA (V.O.)

We live in an uncivilized time.  
There is no order, only chaos.

INT. ACROPOLIS - FIORA'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is spacious and of minimal design. Framed paintings hang on the walls, and the floor itself is a piece of art, a large sun made of mosaic tiles.

COMMANDER FIORA UMPALL (30s), sunburnt, flowing black hair, and golden lips, sits behind a desk. She wears a white dress, and with a SIGH, scratches her forehead with a long gold metal fingernail.

She picks up a small leather book, The Holy Book of El Olam, and stands. Fiora walks to a circular window which floods the room with light.

FIORA (V.O.)

The time has come to propose a  
dramatic solution.

She looks across the rooftops of the city, and watches an airship land.

FIORA (V.O.)  
However, I fear my answer will  
divide the court.

Fiora furrows her brows and tightens her grip on the holy book. She stands in silence, as if in thought.

FIORA (V.O.)  
But I must try.

A GRUNT and GROAN pull Fiora's attention to the street, where TWO MEN engage in a bare knuckle fight. As Fiora watches them, a WOMAN in a cloak approaches and pulls out a gun.

BANG. BANG.

The two men collapse, dead. Before Fiora can react, the woman is shot by another MAN who walks by.

BANG!

The woman drops to her knees and falls face first into a puddle. The water slowly turns red.

There is a HEAVY KNOCK on the door, and Fiora startles. She collects herself, walks back to her desk, and leans on the edge.

FIORA  
Come in!

The door opens and KODA (30s), thick red hair, athletic, and loyal, enters.

KODA  
They are ready for you.

Fiora INHALES a SHARP BREATH, and nods her head. She holds the holy book to her chest and marches for the door. Fiora smiles and puts a hand on Koda's shoulder before she exits.

PRE-LAP:

CANWEN (PRE-LAP)(V.O.)  
This is outrageous!

INT. ACROPOLIS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

COMMANDER CANWEN (40s), holds his hands in the air, and addresses the court. He pivots and points a skinny finger at Fiora, who sits across from him in a throne-like chair.

In total, there is a circle of twelve chairs. Each hold the governing commanders of the Acropolis, who represent the twelve crews sailing the local territories.

Canwen sneers, and his crimson garments flutter as he performs a sharp turn on a center pedestal.

CANWEN

Commanders, this woman is proposing  
the destruction of our society!

FIORA

That is not true!

CANWEN holds up the holy book. The auditorium fills with MUTTERS of concern. Fiora leans back in her chair, anxious.

CANWEN

It was religious prophets who  
nearly brought upon our extinction.  
Our forefathers banished their  
practices for a reason, because  
they were dangerous!

Fiora looks around the room. The commanders scheme to one another as all eyes slowly redirect to her position. She refuses to make eye contact, and stares down Canwen.

CANWEN (CONT'D)

By bringing this suggestion to the  
court, Commander Umpall has broken  
a sacred law, and thus, has  
committed treason.

Fiora GASPS as several commanders rise from their seats in response. COMMANDER PORO, (50s), boils with anger, while COMMANDER ADOLETTE (50s), also jumps to Fiora's defense.

PORO

Treason? This is preposterous!

ADOLETTE

Ludicrous!

COMMANDER TEMP and COMMANDER HEK stand as well.

TEMP

Everyone calm down. Let's give  
Commander Umpall a chance to  
explain herself.

HEK

Explain herself? This is treason!  
She must be banished.

The room is in chaos as the commanders bicker to one another,  
VOICES loud and furious. Canwen returns to his seat and  
glares at Fiora with sharp eyes. She collects herself and  
stands.

Fiora climbs onto the pedestal, and overlooks the council.

FIORA

Commanders please! We are trying to  
stop the chaos, yet here we are,  
indulging in it in our own  
assembly!

The commanders stop. They compose themselves and take a seat,  
then gives Fiora their full attention.

FIORA (CONT'D)

Citizens are reckless and our  
streets are a battlefield. If we do  
not act, the city will fall. Faith  
in the Prophet Society can provide  
that stability.

CANWEN

They killed our people in the past!

FIORA

Stop holding onto the past and  
consider the future!

TEMP

They saw us as a hive of heathens,  
and nearly burned this city to the  
ground!

FIORA

Were they so wrong? Our people are  
slaughtering each other! We need to  
restore order.

The commanders exchange glances. Fiora approaches Canwen and  
wrestles the holy book from his hands. She returns to the  
pedestal and lifts it into the air.

FIORA (CONT'D)

All I'm asking is that we allow our people to have hope. Religion can save us.

HEK

Sit down! You are a disgrace. Port Haradem thrives because it offers the one thing the rest of the world refuses to give. Freedom.

FIORA

Freedom? I live in constant fear! This city is not a sanctuary. It's a death sentence!

CANWEN

(mockingly)

And you think believing in a God will change that?

Fiora looks at the holy book, then back to the commanders.

FIORA

Yes, I do. Please, let us give hope to our people. To our crews. Let's make this city the paradise it deserves to be!

The commanders ERUPT into argument. Fiora stares at them with disappointment, and sadness. She returns to her chair, and with a SIGH, drops her forehead into the palm of her hand.

PRE-LAP:

FIORA (PRE-LAP) (V.O.)

I will not give up.

INT. ACROPOLIS - FIORA'S OFFICE - DAY

Fiora stands in front of the window.

FIORA (V.O.)

If the council will do nothing, then I will. This city must endure.

A KNOCK on the door alerts Fiora. It opens and Koda walks in, closing the door behind him.

Fiora approaches him.

FIORA

So?

KODA

The council will consider your proposition.

FIORA

They will!?

KODA

Yes, but Fiora, is it worth it? By defying the commandments of our forefathers, you have painted a target on your back.

(beat)

You would be surprised how many people live in the past, unable to forgive the Prophet Society for what they have done.

Fiora takes Koda's hand and kisses him. She steps back and walks towards a small table in the middle of the room. From it, she grabs a glass bottle of rum and two glasses.

FIORA

That was centuries ago. If we cannot forgive, then our bitterness will be our downfall. Look around you. Those consequences have already begun to take effect.

Fiora pours two drinks. She offers one of Koda, who after a pause, accepts it. She offers him a smile and returns to her spot in front of the window, and sips the rum while watching the horizon.

KODA

So what now?

FIORA

Now, we rejoice, for a new chapter is upon us.

Fiora lifts the glass for another drink, and admires the setting sun. She spins around, and catches Koda's eyes. He smiles.

FIORA (V.O.)

For once I feel at peace. This city now has a chance. All we needed was a spark of hope, and now, as a people, we must ignite the flame. Prosperity is waiting.

Fiora grins and turns around. Suddenly the window SHATTERS. An arrow soars into the room, and pierces Fiora in the back.

The arrow head breaks through her garments and pushes out the front of her chest before it stops.

FIORA (V.O.)

But it appears we are destined to  
die.

Her body SHUDDERS as the glass of rum drops from her hand. It SHATTERS on the floor and her body hits the ground.

KODA

Fiora!

Fiora stares up at the ceiling as her vision begins to blur. With a final BREATH, Fiora dies in a pool of her own blood.

The sound of two GUNSHOTS echo through the broken window, then SCREAMS as chaos returns.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**