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

For JRR Tolkien and David Ayer, who bring worlds to life.
INT. WARD’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

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

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

SMASH TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WARD’S FLASHBACK - DAY

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

The GANGBANGER spins aims fires -- KABOOM!

INT. WARD’S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

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

INT. WARD’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

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

SHERRI
There’s a fairy in the bird feeder again.


SHERRI (CONT’D)
It’s the same fuckin’ one, too.
Isn’t it? Cause you didn’t kill it last time.
Ward steels himself as he tamps cornflakes into sour milk. *He’s been over her shit for a long time* -- His tone immediately counters her aggression, mellow, even...

WARD
I thought you were out looking for a job.

SHERRI
Oh. Right. Of course. Of course you’d bring that up.

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

SHERRI
--Don’t. Don’t do that.

WARD
Do what?

SHERRI
Your Zen cop ‘I’m talking to a crazy person’ voice you do.

WARD
...I’m trying to not escalate...

SHERRI
For your information, I had an interview this morning.

WARD
Okay. That’s good.

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

WARD
How do you know?

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

WARD
Keep at it. Your next interviewer might be a man. You can shake your six thousand dollar bolt-on-tits at him.
SHERRI
Way to de-escalate asshole. We all know I can make more money than your broke ass ever will dancing. So fuck you. Sophie’s staying at mom’s tonight. You gotta give her a ride. And get the fuckin’ fairy. Kill it this time. Pussy.

She grabs her keys and charges out of there.

EXT. WARD’S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

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

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

MIGUEL
Good afternoon officer. We didn’t wake you up?

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

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

MIGUEL
Grass grows back. How’s your old lady?

WARD
Save up your lunch money and ask her yourself.

The Homies sense his venom and wince -- Damnnnn.

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

WARD
I am the city. Motherfucker’s about to go to Fairy Heaven.
Ward approaches the bird feeder slowly. A dead pigeon lays beneath it -- **Badly burnt**. Ward stops and thinks. He doesn’t need this shit. **Raises the broom...**

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

Ward gently pokes the bird feeder. Nothing.

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

**MIGUEL**  
Aw shit. Ring the bell. It’s on.

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

**WARD**  
Ah! Fuck!

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

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

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

This gets the expected eruption from the onlookers...

INT. WARD’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

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

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WARD’S FLASHBACK - DAY

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

INT. WARD’S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

He shakes his head, wiping his face...

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Daddy!

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

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

SOPHIA

They don’t fit.

WARD

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

SOPHIA

If I only take two the rest will miss them.

WARD

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

SOPHIA

Daddy I’m only going for one night.

Ward laughs. Then...

SOPHIA (CONT’D)

Are you in trouble?

WARD

Am I in trouble? Did mom say something?

SOPHIA

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

Ward makes a mental note -- Total information lockdown time with Sherry. Before he can craft a response...
SOPHIA (CONT’D)
Kayla at school says orcs do dumb stuff because they’re not as smart as people. Did Nick get you in trouble? I don’t want you be in trouble.

Ward speaks carefully.

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

SOPHIA
Can elves really talk to dragons?

WARD
Not unless they go to the zoo.

SOPHIA
Kayla says--

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

SOPHIA
No, Kayla never gets in trouble.

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

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

EXT. WARD’S HOUSE - DAY

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

WARD
Aw come on. What the actual fuck?

NICK JAKOBY, early 30s, exits from the driver’s side with a grin -- By the way -- JAKOBY’S AN ORC...
Like most orcs, he’s bald with green skin, orange eyes and slightly animalistic facial features. He’s friendly and easy going, but right now he’s gently on the defensive.

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

WARD
On my curb? That makes no sense.

JAKOBY
Your driveway’s full?

From next door...

MIGUEL
Hey officer, that’s bad for the grass.

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

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

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

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

SOPHIA
Hi Nick!

Sophia exits with a big smile for Jakoby...

JAKOBY
Hey Sophia, what’s up rockstar?

SOPHIA
We’re packing for grandma’s.

JAKOBY
That’s cool.
WARD
Will you shut up, bro? I don’t want you catching days over a stupid mileage beef.

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

JAKOBY
Enlightened kid there, Scott.

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

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

JAKOBY
What?

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

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

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

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

WARD
Exactly like that. A sarcastic tone.

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

WARD
No. Yes. Sort of. I keep seeing that asshole who blasted me.
JAKOBY
You gotta try melatonin. I gotta bottle in my warbag I’ll flip you. Pop one an hour before bed and stay off the laptop. The screen fucks up your circadian rhythm.

WARD
Yeah, okay mom.

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Nick, did you let that asshole go?

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

WARD
It’s me and you brother. Just me and you talking.

JAKOBY
It’s fucked up you’d ask me that.

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

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

Ward sighs checks his texts. Then...

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

(then)
If you came out on front street about it I totally wouldn’t care.

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

JAKOBY
You would. Scott, you would.
EXT. GRANDMA’S HOUSE - DAY

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

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

SOPHIA
I don’t want you to die.

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

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

Ward can barely contain his anger.

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

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

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

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

WARD
She’s got a date.

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

WARD
You know why.

JAKOBY
Sophia’s not your daughter.

WARD
Funny. Cause it sure fucking feels like she is, Nick.
JAKOBY
I’m sorry. You know what I mean.
I don’t know how to be on your side
when you’re not on your side.

Ward angrily gets in the car...

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

EXT. LAPD STATION - DAY

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

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

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

Kandomere cocks an eyebrow at him.

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

Montehugh glares at Kandomere as they enter the station.

MONTEHUGH
My gains, bruh. Never mock my
gains.

INT. LAPD STATION - DAY

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

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

Kandomere feels Jakoby’s gaze. Looks over. Jakoby is
already gone.
INT. LAPD STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

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

WARD
Hey, any of you seen my partner?

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

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

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

BROWN
Hah. You said partner with airquotes.

HICKS
See, Ward’s partner is a peace officer.

BROWN
Fucking outstanding. Airquotes again.

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

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

POLLARD

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

POLLARD (CONT’D)
If I get smoked, gentlemen. Let the asshole go.

BROWN
Dude. I so got you. Done.
WARD
And now I say fuck you to you. You. And you.

HICKS
You know what they say about clan blood.
(ominously)
Once for the Dark Lord, always for the Dark Lord.

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

HICKS
Race of people.

BROWN
Bam! Airquotes! You are the fucking master.

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

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

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

INT. LAPD STATION - ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

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

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

WARD
You’d be suspended already if something was up. Lay off the energy drinks.
JAKOBY
Right, man, yeah.

CAPTAIN PEREZ enters...

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

Mock cheers and real laughs from the boys and girls.

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

One of the officers, ROYCE, chuckles.

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

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

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

SERGEANT CHING
Yessir!

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

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

POLLARD
Shotguns and radios? When do we get the graham crackers and apple juice?
SERGEANT CHING
I will fuck you up, Pollard. I
give zero fucks how much time in
grade you got. Zero fucks. Ward,
Jakoby. Three-A-Nine. Gomez and
the rookie with the unpronounceable

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

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

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

WARD
Bro. No. We’re not listening to
Orkish folk music.

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

WARD
I don’t need to get laid.

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

WARD
Little tells like what?

JAKOBY
Like when you make this face...

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

WARD
What face is that? That’s not a
face.

JAKOBY
It’s the face you’re making right
now. It’s a human who needs some
pussy face.
WARD
Sure. I see it now. Show me another human face.

Jakoby makes a bizarre pouting expression.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DISPATCH (V.O.)

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

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - DAY

A bearded HOMELESS MAN, shirtless, dirty and emaciated, wildly swings a broadsword in the middle of the intersection. Screaming his head off...
HOMELESS MAN
A great cloud is coming, a great black cloud of fire! The Dark Lord grows closer every day! We may have forgotten about magic, but magic has not forgotten about us!

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

HOMELESS MAN (CONT’D)
The Dark Lord’s eyes are opening! They are opening!

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

RODRIGUEZ
It’s the full moon, dude.

WARD
Yep. What’s your plan Rodriguez?

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

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

JAKOBY
(booming over the PA)

HOMELESS MAN
YOU!

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

HOMELESS MAN (CONT’D)
Two thousand years ago we fought him with swords and arrows! Now he rises again. We will fight him with bullets and bombs!

JAKOBY
Why’re Orcs always the bad guys?
RODRIGUEZ
Don’t look at me, man. Mexicans still get shit for the Alamo.

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

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

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

JAKOBY
I got him, partner.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WARD
Can you just chill for a sec?

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

HOMELESS MAN
The Blood Moon is nigh and your test begins. Remember, the only truth is in your heart. Pass the test and thirty three seconds will be your reward.
Ward looks at him entranced. Snaps out of it. Looks at Jakoby -- Who’s feeling the creepiness too...

INT. LAPD STATION - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

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

CAPTAIN PEREZ
Where’s Jakoby?

WARD
Booking our body, sir.

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

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

WARD
Where’s this going, sir?

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

WARD
Respectfully I disagree. Jakoby did no wrong.

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

WARD
Excuse me?

YAMAHARA
You fucking heard the Detective. How many Orcs play pro basketball?
ARKASHIAN
None. They’re slow. They’re heavy. That’s why half the NFL linebackers are Orcish. It’s simple physics.

WARD
I’m sorry. Who are you?

ARKASHIAN
Fuck you. That’s who we are.

YAMAHARA
Okay, let’s review kids.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - WARD’S FLASHBACK - DAY

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

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

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

ARKASHIAN (V.O.)

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

INT. LAPD STATION - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Arkashian and Yamahara glaring at Ward...

ARKASHIAN
Jakoby’s on record saying this. Signed, sealed, witnessed.

YAMAHARA
Ladder’s thirteen feet off the ground. Thirteen. We measured it. No Orc has a six foot vertical.
WARD
Suspect was light on his feet, sir.

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

Ward doing the math...

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

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

Yamahara proffers a small digital recorder...

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

CAPTAIN PEREZ
Then you’re fired. I want your badge, gun and ID.

Ward REACTS...

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

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

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

Ward driving. Tense. He’s palming the recorder.

WARD
Hey partner?

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

WARD
Where you wanna eat, partner?

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Three-Adam-Nine. Unknown disturbance. 341 Abrams Street. Code two. Incident two eight one one five.

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

EXT./INT. SOUTH LA - DEAD END STREET/COP CAR (MOVING) - DAY
Isolated. High walls everywhere. Barbed wire. Black iron spikes. *This is Altamira Locos country. Their graffiti everywhere.* Ward and Jakoby cruise slowly. Jakoby clocks a LITTLE HOMIE watching them from a porch...

JAKOBY
Spotter. There.

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

JAKOBY
If that. This is it on the right.

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY
They pull up to the house. It’s a 2 storey death trap. The overgrown yard filled with junk cars garbage. Scary as fuck.

WARD
They should fire their landscaper.

JAKOBY
(into mic)
Three-Adam-Nine. Show me Code Six at Three Four One Abrams.

Jakoby staring at the house, spooked...

WARD
What’s up? What do you see?
JAKOBY

Nothin.

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

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
Why’s always kids doing the dirty work out here?

WARD
Altamira jumps ‘em in at twelve. They don’t have Hair One but they’re down for life.

Crossing to the house...

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

WARD
Different strokes.

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

WARD
(laughing)
That’s so you. That’s your catchphrase.

JAKOBY
I don’t have a catchphrase.

WARD
Anything you don’t agree with, it’s always like “must be a California thing.”

JAKOBY
Partner!

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

WARD
Fuck me! Holy shit!

They scramble back to their car -- Wards sliding over the hood, Jakoby over the trunk. KABOOM! KABOOM! Shotgun fire shredding their black and white!
WARD (CONT’D)
(into radio)
Three-Adam-Nine. Shots fired.
Officer needs help. Three Forty
One Abrams.

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

WARD
Easy partner. Stay in cover.

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

JAKOBY
Holy fuck! Holy shit!

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Three!

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

takes careful aimed shots -- They drop back into cover.
Breathing hard.

WARD (CONT’D)
You okay?

JAKOBY
No holes. I’m good. You okay?

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

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

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

Ward doesn’t hesitate. Breaks cover, running...
JAKOBY (CONT'D)
Wait for the cavalry. Scott?
Fine. Fuck it.

Jakoby runs to join him...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - DAY
WHAM! -- The front door is *kicked open* -- Ward and Jakoby charge in.

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

No response. Ward and Jakoby ease further in.

JAKOBY
I smell blood.

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

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
Body.

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

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

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

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

JAKOBY
Look. Shit dude, look.

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

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

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
Wh- what the fuck happened here?
WARD
(into radio)
Three-Adam-Nine. Possible Bright on scene.

Nothing back from the radio...

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

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

JAKOBY
Where’s the troops? Where is everyone.

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

WARD
Door.

JAKOBY
Got it.

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

INT. 341 ABRAMS – SHOOTER’S ROOM – DAY

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

WARD
Do not move. Do not move.

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

JAKOBY
Is he staying or going dude?

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

The Shooter mutters something with his dying breath...

SHOOTER
T’rein...Oter...T’lias o’ter...
WARD
What’s he saying? That Elvish?

JAKOBY
Yeah, it’s Old Elvish.

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

WARD

Jacoby takes off...

EXT. SOUTH LA – 341 ABRAMS – DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Shit! ... Shit!

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

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

Yes...it’s a WAND!
CAMERA FINDS the LITTLE HOMIE. Now across the street, he saw everything. He turns and runs up the block at full speed...

INT. 341 ABRAMS – KITCHEN – DAY

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

SERGEANT CHING
There’s a blood trail leaving the property. Smells weird like gasoline.

WARD
Gasoline? Jesus Christ, what bleeds gasoline, what’s that mean?

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

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

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

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

SERGEANT CHING
What’s the kid saying?

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

HICKS
Ever seen a wand in person?

WARD
What? Sure ... yeah. That broken one in the Smithsonian.
POLLARD
So what are we gonna do about this?

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

HICKS
I didn’t call the feds. Pollard, you call the feds?

POLLARD
Nope.

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

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

Sgt. Ching just stares with her cold black eyes.

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

(finally...)
We’re taking the wand.

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

POLLARD
Don’t worry. I know people who know people.

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

Then...

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

(MORE)
POLLARD (CONT'D)
You got it. Wanna be taller?
Shorter? You want a bigger dick?
You want fame? Power? Eternal
health? That wand is anything you
want. Follow your heart, Ward.

A beat as Ward looks in his heart...

WARD
You’re not stealing a wand.

HICKS
No one’s coming Ward.

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

Fuck she’s scary.

HICKS
...what about Jakoby...?

Boom. There it is...

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

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

JAKOBY
(subtitled)
I will keep you safe. On my honor.
Can you tell me your name?

The little girl speaks quietly, through tears.

TIKKA
(subtitled)
Tikka. My name is Tikka. We have
to leave before they come back.

JAKOBY
(subtitled)
Before who comes back?

Tikka’s eyes say it all -- Someone utterly terrifying...
INT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

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

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

SERGEANT CHING
Pollard, he’s spinning.

POLLARD
He’s fine. Let him catch up to it.

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

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

SERGEANT CHING

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

WARD
You threatening me motherfucker?

HICKS
I think he just caught up to it.

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

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

HICKS
Use your gun. The kid got your gun away from you. And shot Jakoby with it. Right out front there.
WARD
How’s a little elf girl gonna disarm me?

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

WARD
No ... come on...

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

Pollard puts a brotherly arm around Ward...

POLLARD (CONT’D)
You’re not making the decision, okay? The situation is making the decision for you. It’s not your fault. It’s just how things worked out.

SGT. CHING
Enough bullshit. You or him.

WARD
Fuck! Shit!

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

HICKS
Perfect storm, bro. It’s a perfect storm.

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

Ward bursts out door, walking with purpose towards Jakoby.

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

Jakoby notices Ward can’t face him...
JAKOBY (CONT’D)
What’s wrong?

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

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

WARD
Tell me now!

Ward shoves Jakoby, who snarls.

JAKOBY
Don’t put your hands on me.

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

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
You fucked my fucking life for some thugged out punk ass Orc fuck.

JAKOBY
Fuck you. Fuck off.

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

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

JAKOBY
(snapping)
Okay! I let him go! Is that what you fucking wanted to hear?
WARD
I knew it, I fucking KNEW it you lying sack of shit. Blood’s thicker than water, right?

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

WARD
(faltering)
Wha...What?

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

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

JAKOBY (V.O.)
He ran through the swap meet. Into the crowd. Then I saw him again.

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

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

JAKOBY (V.O.)
I had the motherfucker dead to rights. But it wasn’t him.

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

JAKOBY (V.O.)
The troops were coming. Responding to an assault on a peace officer. And here’s a kid matching the description. He’s fucked. A bunch of jacked up humans with guns. And an Orc kid? We know how it ends. So I did the right thing.
CLOSE ON BLACK HOODIE’S HAND as it grasps the fire escape ladder. WIDER TO REVEAL Jakoby helping him up...

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - DAY

Ward reeling...

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

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

WARD
So why the fuck was he running?

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

Jakoby shakes his head, trying to calm himself down.

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
And you know what, fuck you for making me tell you.

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

WARD
(quietly)
I need you to stay calm, okay?

JAKOBY
What?

Pollard steps forward.

POLLARD
Time’s up, Ward. Do it.
JAKOBY

Do what--?

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

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

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
Wha...what the fuck?

Jakoby blinks, looks at Ward thinking -- “I can’t believe you
did that you idiot.”  Jakoby quickdraws.  Aims at Ward...

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
Drop it.  Drop it now.  I will kill
you.  I will fucking kill you.

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

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
What the fuck?  What the fuck?

WARD
Listen to me, Nick, I need you to-

JAKOBY
Shut up and show me your hands!

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

WARD
Nick?

JAKOBY
Shut up!

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

JAKOBY
SHUT UP!

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

WARD
Jakoby!  I can explain!

Jakoby grabs Tikka.  Puts her in the passenger seat...
JAKOBY
(subtitled)
Stay here, don’t move.

WARD
Nick! Hear me out!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jakoby stares a beat -- “I don’t need this shit.” Then grabs the shotgun and racks it -- KERCHACK!

JAKOBY
Sir. Stay back.

POISON, the shotcaller, smiles, shows his hands. Ever so friendly. Ever so cunning. Easing forward...
POISON
You need some help officer?

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

POISON
So why are all the cops blasting on each other?

JAKOBY
Get the fuck back.

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

Jakoby REACTS. The Veteranos slowly encircling him...

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

JAKOBY
(whispering)
Shut up, just shut up.

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

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

JAKOBY
(subtitled)
Tikka, we’re gonna be fine, stay calm.

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

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

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

Jakoby aims the shotgun at Poison...

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

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

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

Just more creepy HISSING in response...

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

JAKOBY
Shut up, man. I got this.

WARD
We have to go! Jakoby!

JAKOBY
I’m not leaving Pollard!

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

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

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

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

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

Jakoby barrels up the street. Tikka screaming in fear. Jakoby breathing hard. It feels so good to get away...
WARD
Slow down. Dude. Slow the fuck down!

The wand starts to GLOW...

WARD (CONT’D)
Nick! Snap out of it! Slow d...

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

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

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

Night has begun to fall over South LA...

INT. LAPD STATION - OFFICE - NIGHT

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

MONTEHUGH
Something’s going down.

Kandomere looks up and cocks an eyebrow: “Go on.”

MONTEHUGH (CONT’D)
Tech services flagged some weird ass cellphone intercepts. Bunch’a cops talking about a bright-

KANDOMERE
I’ve heard nothing on the scanner.

MONTEHUGH
-and talking about a wand.

KANDOMERE
Where?

He has Kandomere’s full attention...

MONTEHUGH
Guess.

They can’t get out of there fast enough...
EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

Gibson stepping, Pollard slumps with relief...

    POLLARD
    Gibson? Thank fuck.

She turns to her muscle...

    GIBSON
    Get him inside.

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

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

    GIBSON
    You going to be all right?

    POLLARD
    What? Fuck no, I’m ... help me.

    GIBSON
    Of course. Help is coming.

    (beat)
    Where’s the wand?

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

POLLARD
What?

GIBSON
The wand. Describe it.

POLLARD
S’white ... gold ... black handle.

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

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

GIBSON
Humans?

POLLARD
Yeah. Hispanic gang.

GIBSON
Do they know about the wand?

Pollard just groans. Gibson turns to Slasher and Cowboy.

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

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

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

POLLARD
Yes.

GIBSON
We’ll find him that way.
(to Cowboy and Slasher)
Get on the bodies.
Cowboy and Slasher quickly exit. She shows Ward’s Glock to Pollard...

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

POLLARD
Yeah.

BAM! -- Gibson shoots Pollard in the head.

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

GIBSON
Police! LAPD!

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

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

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

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

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

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

OLD MAN (SPANISH)
We’ve lived here for thirty years, and never seen that.
GIBSON (SPANISH)
Who shot the other police? The Orc?

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

GIBSON (SPANISH)
The Orc handcuffed him?

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

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

OLD MAN (SPANISH)
Nobody.

GIBSON
Good.

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - NIGHT


POISON
Kick back, fool.

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

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

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

SHADOW
Poison, let’s jam outta here before the rollers show up.
POISON
Tranquilo, ese. No one’s coming for them or they’d be here. These fools got no ride, no back-up and they’re leaking blood.

SHADOW
So what’s up then?

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

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - ALLEY BETWEEN APARTMENTS - NIGHT

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

WARD
Don’t do anything.

JAKOBY
Shut up, man.

WARD
I’m serious. Be cool.

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

WARD
Uncuff me bro. Uncuff me.

JAKOBY
Hell no. Shut up dude.

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

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
What the fuck did the car hit?

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

(MORE)
WARD (CONT'D)
Bet it’s a binding spell, stops it from getting too far from its owner. Nick you have to uncuff me, there’s blood in my eyes.

JAKOBY
Get up. Move. Tikka, stay behind me.

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - DARK STREET - NIGHT

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

WARD
We got to get off the street.

JAKOBY
(whispering)
Stop fucking talking!

Two Cholos appear up the street--

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
Shit...

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - GARAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

WARD
You uncuff me right fuckin’ now Nick. I swear to God I’m gonna lose my shit.
Jakoby paces, nervous, shaking his head. *They go back and forth in hushed tones...*

WARD (CONT’D)
If you ever trusted me, I need you
to trust me right now.

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

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

TIKKA
Shhhhh.

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

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

WARD
Fuck, man, the lock.

JAKOBY
What?

WARD
Lock’s on the ground out there.

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - DARK STREET - NIGHT

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

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT (5 MINUTES LATER)

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

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

(MORE)
WARD (CONT'D)
I could kill them. Or I could kill you. And I’d never hurt you.

Jakoby lowers his head, sad, weary...

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

WARD
That’s not true.

JAKOBY
Stop. We know who likes us and who doesn’t. We picked the wrong side a long time ago and have been paying for it since.
(tearing up)
Shit dude, you’re the only motherfucker who didn’t look down on me. And then you come tearing outta that house with a look in your eye like you hated me.

WARD
...I don’t hate you...

JAKOBY
I’m sorry I lied to you.

They are still brothers. It feels good.

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

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

WARD
The wand will just stop us again.

JAKOBY
Then we leave the wand.

WARD
No way. Even without a bright, dude, you took History.
(MORE)
WARD (CONT'D)
In the wrong hands it’s bodies in the streets. It’s all of LA on fire.

JAKOBY
The Feds are the obvious play here.

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

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

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

Jakoby laughs -- Then bingo...

WARD (CONT’D)
I got it. Rodriguez. Dude’s solid as fuck. We call Rodriguez, he’s still working. He can--

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

TIKKA
(subtitled)
She’s coming for her wand. We must go.

WARD
What’d she say?

JAKOBY
(subtitled, to Tikka)
Who will come looking?

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

TIKKA
(subtitled)
The witch.

Jakoby REACTS...

WARD
Nick? Translate please.

There’s a NOISE OUTSIDE -- They freeze...
EXT. SOUTH LA - GARAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

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

POISON
...shhhh...

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

INT. GARAGE HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

SINGLE MOM
Por favor, no me hagan daño.

WARD
Calmate. No le vamos a hacer nada.

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Que callas al bebe por favor.

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Muevate.

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Que callas al bebe. Shut your fucking baby up right now, shut it up right now.

SINGLE MOM
Lo siento. Perdoname.

WARD
Don’t fucking apologize, lady. Shut your fucking kid up right now.

She frantically shushes the baby. Impossibly the baby HOWLS louder and LOUDER. The tension unbearable.
Jakoby looks to Ward, frantic. Acting on pure instinct, Ward pushes the woman to the ground...

WARD (CONT’D)
Stay low, don’t m--


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

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

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

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

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

WARD
There, go go!
They cut towards the party. Tikka SCREAMS in warning...


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

WARD (CONT’D)
Arghhhh. Fuck! Fuck!

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

JAKOBY
Scott!? WARD
Keep going!

INT. FOGTEETH PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

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

Ward and Jakoby run straight past them into:

INT. FOGTEETH PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

Orcs close around Ward. Shoving him roughly. Jakoby sees one draw a knife! Jakoby covers Tikka’s eyes and PEPPER SPRAYS THE ENTIRE ROOM! The fucking Red Sea parts and Jakoby grabs Ward by his belt...
EXT. SOUTH LA - FOGTEETH PARTY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - INTERSECTION - NIGHT

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

Footprints -- In black iridescent blood, like gasoline.

SLASHER
What’s up, Gibson?

GIBSON
The bright. Looking for the wand.

SLASHER
This change anything?

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - DEAD END STREET - NIGHT

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

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

KANDOMERE
The bright was here.

Montehugh tosses Kandomere a rifle. The hair stands up on the back of his neck when he SEES his colleagues are now modern art displays...
MONTEHUGH
Lemme get local PD down here to contain the area.

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

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

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

KANDOMERE
What do you got?

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

KANDOMERE
(flashing badge)

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

KANDOMERE
Mind if we drill down a bit on what you mean by ‘fucked’?

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

KANDOMERE
Where’s the bright come into this?
BROWN
The four bodies from the original call are magicked the fuck up.
(then)
Who called you?

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

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

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

BROWN
You guys been watching this place?

MONTEHUGH
Agent Kandomere?

He nods for him to join him. Out of earshot. For all of Kandomere’s Elvish wisdom and intellect, he’s not streetsmart like Montehugh.

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

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

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

Kandomere dials his cell...

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

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

GORDON VANCE

Vance.

KANDOMERE

Where are you?

GORDON VANCE

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

KANDOMERE

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

GORDON VANCE

Aw fuck, man.

KANDOMERE

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

GORDON VANCE

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

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

GORDON VANCE (CONT’D)

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

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

END INTERCUT:

Kandomere hangs up. Worry etched on his face.
INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

Kandomere and Montehugh looking through the mess...

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

KANDOMERE
Someone’s missing.

Kandomere charges upstairs with Montehugh in tow...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

Kandomere studies the walls...

MONTEHUGH
We searched up here.

KANDOMERE
I hear a candle burning.

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

INT. 341 ABRAMS - SHRINE ROOM - NIGHT

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

KANDOMERE
They’re training a bright.

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

MONTEHUGH
Get the fuck outta here. That’s evidence.

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

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

WE FOLLOW BROWN -- As he pulls his cell and dials...
BROWN (CONT’D)
(into phone)
Get down here right now. I found something interesting.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

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

CLERK
Are you a real cop?

JAKOBY
Yeah. I’m a real cop.

CLERK
But you’re green.

JAKOBY
I’m blue. Cops are blue.

Jakoby pays the man.

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

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

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

SOPHIA
I’m making daddy a card.

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

EXT. GAS STATION - ROUND BACK - NIGHT

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

JAKOBY
How the fuck is she sleeping?
WARD
Adrenaline dump. She shut right down. Sophia does it too.

Jakoby sits. He and Ward tap waters -- “Cheers”

JAKOBY
Your arm okay?

WARD
My arm’s fucked.

JAKOBY
Can you move it?

WARD
I can move it.

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

WARD
I didn’t deploy pepper spray.

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

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

JAKOBY
...are you sure...?

Yeah. He’s sure. Jakoby visibly sags. He needs hope.

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

WARD
I dunno man. You seemed cool.
JAKOBY
I couldn’t believe it ‘cause to me you were like, you know. You’re the guy on the poster. You’re fearless. You always know what to do.

WARD
Except for the dating thing.

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

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

Jakoby can see that. Then...

WARD (CONT’D)
Why’d you to lie to me, man? I’m not saying shit would’a gone down different, but it might have.

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

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

JAKOBY
Sorry, man. You’re right.

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

RODRIGUEZ
Drop your fucking guns! Right now!
It’s Rodriguez in his Sheriff’s car -- He pops out with his pistol aimed at them -- Ward protectively guards Tikka. Jakoby lays his shotgun on the ground. Then Ward his pistol.

WARD
Not you too, man.

RODRIGUEZ
“Not me too” what? There’s a shit-load of radio traffic about you guys. Shooting cops? Evading?

WARD
It’s complicated.

RODRIGUEZ
I’m taking you into custody.

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

RODRIGUEZ
Show me the wand.

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

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

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

RODRIGUEZ
Shut up.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. GAS STATION - ROUND BACK - NIGHT

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

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

Ward not a fan of that...

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

Cuffs him. Searches him, tossing away his knives and back-up
gun. Searches Jakoby, tossing away his weapons, his keys.

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

WARD
The fuck is that supposed to mean?
RODRIGUEZ
I’m not being a dick. I’m being real as fuck. They’re gonna want it to be Jakoby. Even if it’s not.

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

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

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

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

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

WARD
No no no!

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

BRDDDDDDDDDT! -- Gibson chases them with a burst -- Hitting Rodriguez’s car -- Spraying them with glass and plastic...

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

WARD
Who the fuck is that?

Now the Apocalypse starts -- BRDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDT!

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

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

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
On three. One--

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

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

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

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

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

Now Slasher appears from the side -- BRDDDDT! His burst crashes into Jakoby’s shotgun, smashing the receiver.
In a fit of rage Jakoby hurls the shotgun Slasher with all his considerable might...

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

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

COWBOY
I’m fine.  I got it.

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

EXT.  SOUTH LA - FREEWAY UNDERPASS - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
We’re moving.  Now.

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

JAKOBY
This night’s gettin’ better and better.

Ten FOGTEETH ORCS pop out in unison.  Big, bad, scary and pissed off.  We may recognize them from the party.  Ward knows they’re fucked.  But he can’t help smiling...
WARD
Hey guys. Look. I'm going to give you a pass for the reckless driving. I need you to return to your vehicles. And drive away. Safely.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DORGHU (CONT’D)
An unblooded orc. And a cop. Grew up with humans. Never had a claw raised for him in his life. Playing the “nice guy” the “sweet guy.” Your buddies so happy to say they have an “orc friend.” Here’s your opportunity to give back.

He switches to orkish, suddenly animalistic, he snarls:

DORGHU (CONT’D)
(subtitled)
Where is the wand?

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

WARD
Fuck! You!

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

DORGHU (subtitled)
Where is the wand?

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

TIKKA
There is no wand.
Dorghu stares at Tikka, then nods to Jakoby, who is pulled up to his knees. He grabs Jakoby’s face.

**DORGHU**
Roundtooth. False orc. Unblooded coward.

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

**DORGHU (CONT’D)**
Where is the wand?

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

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

**WARD**
There’s no wand, dude.

**DORGHU**
Was I talking to you pinkface!?

**JAKOBY**
There is no wand.


**DORGHU**
Where is the wand?

**JAKOBY**
What wand?

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

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

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

**DORGHU**
Where. Is. The. Wand?

**JAKOBY**
(agony)
There’s no wand! Arggh!
DORGHU
Altamira thinks there’s a wand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

JAKOBY
We’re police officers! You can’t do this!

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

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

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

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

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

WARD
I don’t know! I don’t know where the wand is, I don’t fucking know!
Dorghu senses he’s been bested but doesn’t understand how. **It’s over** -- He nods to his subordinates. Ward, Jakoby and Tikka are dragged down the hallway into...

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

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

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

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

DORGHU
Watch your friends.

Ward fights back tears...

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

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

DORGHU
Where is the wand?

JAKOBY
There is no fucking wand, stupid.

Dorghu stares at them, and then:

DORGHU
Kill them.

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

ORC GANGSTER
(subtitled)
Wait.

All the Orcs look at him.
ORC GANGSTER (CONT’D)

Turn over.

Ward slowly turns over.

ORC GANGSTER (CONT’D)

You too.

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

DORGHU
(subtitled)
What are you doing?

ORC GANGSTER
(subtitled)
Father, I am sorry, I know these men.

All of the Orcs wait expectantly.

ORC GANGSTER (CONT’D)
(subtitled)
I was in the swap meet going to school when an Orc from another Clan lit up a liquor store.
(re: Jakoby)
He saw me and chased me. I was trapped. And he saw I was the wrong Orc. He helped me escape the police. The human police.

Dorghu processing this...

ORC GANGSTER (CONT’D)
(subtitled)
I owe him an honor debt. We cannot kill them.

DORGHU
(subtitled)
They mock us.

ORC GANGSTER
(subtitled)
Maybe there is no wand.

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

DORGHU
What did you call me roundtooth?
“Stupid?”
Dorghu pulls him up by the shirt -- WHAM! Punches his face, now he stomps his ribs, his legs. The Orc Gangster cringes.

Dorghu (Cont’d)  
(subtitled)  
False orc! Unblooded coward!

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

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

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

Kandomere  
Any luck?

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

Kandomere frowns.

Kandomere  
Pull the drive and bag it.

Then Kandomere sees something...

Kandomere (Cont’d)  
Shit. We got company.

EXT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

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

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

Brown  
Easy, sir. I called them. We’re a little short handed.

Kandomere turns to the SWAT SERGEANT...
KANDOMERE
Fine. Gimme a perimeter. Take the corners of the block. And stay out of sight.

SWAT SERGEANT
You’re not in charge here.

KANDOMERE
What the fuck did you say to me?

BROWN
I think you heard him. This is LAPD’s jurisdiction.

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

SWAT SERGEANT
We’re not debating this. Elf.

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

KANDOMERE
(quietly)
Don’t let them out of your sight. When the Strike Team gets here, we’re arresting all these assholes.

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

KANDOMERE (CONT’D)
Step aside.

SWAT COP
I will put you in handcuffs, compadre.

KANDOMERE
Get the fuck out of my way.

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

KANDOMERE (CONT’D)
What’s your plan? You know I’m an elf, right? I can hear your heart speeding up. I can smell the adrenaline in your sweat.
Brown is right there. Menacing...

BROWN
Can you dodge a bullet?

MONTEHUGH
Kandomere. We're going.

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

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

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - EMPTY LOT - NIGHT

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

WARD
Nick? Nick? Can you hear me?

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

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

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

WARD (CONT'D)
Somebody help us! This is a good man here! Help this man! He's a good man. Help him!

Tikka slowly approaches. Ward notices her. She has a steely look in her eye. The with a flick of her wrist -- THE WAND APPEARS FROM NOWHERE RIGHT IN HER HAND! Ward stunned...
WARD (CONT'D)
Holy shit. You’re a bright.
You’re a fucking bright. You had
the wand the whole time.

Tikka speaks quietly, nervously...

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

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

TIKKA
(subtitled)
I can’t fix him.

WARD
I don’t know what that means. I
don’t know what you’re saying.

TIKKA
(broken English)
If I use this ... Witch find us.

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

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

TIKKA
Mendovia.

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

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
You okay? Tikka? You gonna be okay?

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

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

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

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

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

Tikka’s voice rolls in like a distant echo -- “Mendovia.”

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

THE WITCH
....Mine...

EXT. SOUTH LA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

GIBSON
What’s so interesting?

SLASHER
Bunch’a LAPD SWAT guys racing balls out to the bright house.
GIBSON
You sure? I haven’t heard anything on their Tac Channels.

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

COWBOY
Sounds like they’re bad pennies.

SLASHER
Indeed. And let’s just say they sound, um, excited.

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

She takes off fast...

SLASHER
What’s our limit here, Gibson?

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - USED CAR LOT - NIGHT

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

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

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

JAKOBY
Listen to me. Listen. He was there. What are the odds of that? What are the fucking odds?
WARD
Sure, it was a little unexpected.

JAKOBY
No. It was impossible, Scott.

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

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

WARD
Just stay awake, keep talking.

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

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

WARD
Homeboy earned his baller status.

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

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

*(beat)*

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

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

WARD
It’s not prophecy, bro. It’s just one bad fuckin’ night and it’s almost over.
Tikka spins on them, scared, eyes like saucers...

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

Ward hauls Jakoby to his feet.

WARD
Lunchbreak’s over. We’re moving.

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

POISON
Hey.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WARD
Tikka! No!

Poison and his homies stare at the wand. Victory.
POISON
Is... Is that it?

THE LIGHTS FLICKER. Several go out. Tikka REACTS.

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

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

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

TIKKA
(subtitled)
She’s here.

Jakoby looks at Ward -- Shit!

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

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

POISON (CONT’D)
What the f--

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

JAKOBY
What is that? What is that?

WARD
...it’s a witch...

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

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

JAKOBY
Scott? Are we about to die, bro?

Ward exhales shakily.
WARD
If that’s what it takes. You with me?

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

WARD (CONT'D)
We’re arresting this bitch.

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

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

WARD (CONT'D)
LAPD. Turn the fuck around and get on your knees. Put your hands behind your head and interlace your fingers.

The Witch HISSES exposing black gums.

JAKOBY
She seems noncompliant.

WARD
I’m getting that too.

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

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

**TIKKA**
(screaming)
**TALIOS!**

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

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

WARD
The wand! Get the wand!

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

I got it I got it!

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

WARD

She gets it we’re dead!

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)

Bro, don’t let go. We go and we’re dead!

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

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

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

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

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)

KILL HER NICK KILL HER!

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

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

JAKOBY

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

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

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

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

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

WARD
Good looking out, partner.

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

WARD (CONT’D)
Where’s Tikka?

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

JAKOBY
Why would she run? Where would she go?

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

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

WARD (CONT’D)
She’s going home, Nick.

The silence hangs. Jakoby speaks quietly.

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

WARD
Yeah. But we’re not gonna.
Ward spits blood, wipes his drawn, pallid face.

WARD (CONT'D)
My dad ran out on me. And Sophia’s dad ran out on her. Everywhere you look it’s people giving up and running away.
(beat)
Someone’s gotta do it. Someone’s gotta be the good guy.

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

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT

It’s quiet. Dead quiet...

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

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

BROWN
...not you assholes...

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

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

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

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

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

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

NEW ANGLE -- Gibson standing there breathing softly. Hidden by a bookcase. She’s looking at Cowboy. Who looks back. He’s not dead. Despite heavy injuries, he rises to his feet.
Together they close in on Ward...

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

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

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

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

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

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

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

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

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

BAM! -- GIBSON FIRES AT THE SAME TIME

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

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

WARD

Nooooo!

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

Because Gibson has her carbine trained on Tikka...

GIbson

Don’t.

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

Wait wait wait! Nick wait!

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

JAKOBY
She just shot a kid Scott.

WARD
Yeah. And she’ll do it again.

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

GIBSON
Drop your weapon.

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

GIBSON (CONT’D)
This trigger has a four pound break. Maybe you’ll destroy my brain stem with a perfect shot. But the girl will still die.

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

JAKOBY
Bro. Don’t. Shit.

GIBSON
Get up. Go to the table.

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

WARD
You’re crazy. You’re a fucking animal.

Jakoby staring down his sights at Gibson. Hyper focused.

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

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

GIBSON (CONT’D)
Where is the wand?
WARD
What the fuck are you?

GIBSON
(after a long beat)
I represent a larger interest. One that watches. And waits. For opportunities and capitalizes on them. The wand is an opportunity.
(beat)
You’re going to give me the wand.

WARD
And then what?

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

WARD
Right.

Suddenly they hear a storm of TRUCK ENGINES AND SCREECHING TIRES out front...

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

SIX BLACK SUVs swarm the property. Kandomere and Gordon Vance pop out with a dozen hi-tech SPECIAL OPERATORS, everyone armored and tooled up for a firefight...

Kandomere regards the house a beat. His eyes go wide.

KANDOMERE
There’s a bright in the house.

GORDON VANCE
You sure? How do you know?

KANDOMERE
Have I been wrong yet?

Vance turns to his men as they form assault teams...

GORDON VANCE
It’s confirmed a bright’s in there.
Kill everything that moves.

An Assault Team heads for the back of the house.
INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Ward heard them. Gibson heard them...

WARD
So ... do you have a new plan?

Gibson doesn’t waver. Tikka moaning in pain on the floor. Ward slides a hand towards the pocket on his thigh where the wand is stashed...

WARD (CONT’D)
The second she lowers that gun even an inch you kill her Nick.

JAKOBY
Roger that, partner.

Gibson regards Jakoby. Looks back at Ward. SEES Ward now holds the wand...

GIBSON
 Interesting. Now put it down.

WARD
No.

GIBSON
You’re either born a bright or you study for years. Are you a bright? No. Do you know any spells? No. Try to use that wand and it will kill you.

WARD
Shut up.

GIBSON
There’s no way out. Give me the wand while this little creature is still breathing.

WARD
Nick. Get Tikka out of here.

GIBSON
No, Orc. You don’t move.

Jakoby, still aiming his gun at Gibson, slowly moves into the kitchen, towards Tikka...

GIBSON (CONT’D)
Don’t move another fucking inch.
Jakoby stops. The shotgun shakes in his hands...

WARD
Nick. It’s okay. Get Tikka.

JAKOBY
What are you doing, Scott?

WARD
It’s gonna be okay.

GIBSON
Listen to your Orc.

JAKOBY
What are you doing?

Ward smiles at his friend. Quietly...

WARD
It’s like you said. It’s a prophecy. It’s all a prophecy.

JAKOBY
You really believe that?

WARD
No. So I need you to believe it for me.
(then)
Get Tikka out of here.

GIBSON
You’ll do no such thing.
(to Ward)
Imagine sitting in front of a candle day and night for years. Learning the stillness of mind a wand requires. Years of repeating the same spells. Precise articulations of ancient word forms.

Tikka, looking at Gibson, realizes something. At the same time Ward does...

WARD
...you’re a bright...

NEW ANGLE -- Slasher steps through the hole into the kitchen. Weapon trained on Jakoby. Softly whispers...
SLASHER
Easy friend. I got the drop on you. Let's not have any mistakes here. I need you to slowly lower your weapon.

Jakoby knows he fucked up...

JAKOBY
What do I do?

WARD
Don't you dare lower that shotgun.

Gibson takes a step towards Ward...

WARD (CONT'D)
Stop.

JAKOBY
...Scott..?

EXT. SOUTH LA - 341 ABRAMS - BACK YARD - NIGHT (SAME TIME)
The Assault Team creeps up -- THEY SEE Slasher in the kitchen through the hole in the wall...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)
Gibson’s eyes bore in on Ward...

GIBSON
It’s over. It’s hopeless.

WARD
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

NOW. EVERYTHING. HAPPENS. AT. ONCE...

POP-POP! -- Slasher is shot in the back by the Assaulters...
Jakoby fires his shotgun at Gibson -- KABOOM!
...just as Slasher falls onto him, knocking his aim askew...
...so he only blows out a chunk of wall by Gibson’s head.
Who swings her carbine from Tikka to Ward...

WARD SPRINGS TO HIS FEET AND SCREAMS:

WARD (CONT’D)
TALIOS!
THE FUCKING ROOM EXPLODES INTO LIGHT. The wand BLOWS APART INTO A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE, VIOLENTLY LAUNCHING WARD BACKWARDS INTO THE WALL...

A LIQUID INFERNO OF LIGHT splashing in all directions.

BLOWING APART GIBSON INTO A SCREAMING FLAMING SKELETON!

EXT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

LIGHT AND FIRE EXPLODE OUT THE WINDOWS -- Vance and the other operators dive to the ground.

ON KANDOMERE -- He doesn’t flinch. Even as the shockwave blows back his clothes...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - KITCHEN - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

THE KITCHEN LOOKS LIKE LITERAL HELL -- Everything engulfed in fire...

Jakoby sees Slasher is still alive. Taking aim at him. Jakoby fires -- Buckshot knocks Slasher into the flames.

JAKOBY
Scott! Scott where are you!?

Nothing. He SEES Tikka unconscious on the floor. Jakoby lifts her, he staggers to the front door...

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

Jakoby stumbles out of the house with Tikka in his arms. Towards a jittery firing squad of Special Operators!

GORDON VANCE
ORC!

BRDDDDDT! -- Gordon opens fire, Kandomere with his Elvin reflexes shoves his gun down just in time...

Jakoby stumbles and drops to his knees...

KANDOMERE
Help the child!

Jakoby is surrounded. Tikka is immediately taken away from him, rushed to the PARAMEDICS. FIRE ENGINES arrive...

Jakoby is clearly dazed, barely able to stand, but he manages to get up -- He’s headed back towards the house...
Across the street -- The intimidating Orcs of the Fogteeth Gang have gathered to watch...

Kandomere blocks Jakoby’s path...

KANDOMERE (CONT’D)
Stop. We got you. It’s safe now.

JAKOBY
You don’t understand, there’s a prophecy. This is part of something bigger...

KANDOMERE
Calm down. I know it’s something bigger. But you need to calm down.

The house is now a complete inferno -- And Jakoby is willing to walk right back in. Kandomere won’t allow that...

Jakoby looks around, dazed. PEOPLE have finally come out of their homes. Now liberated from the predations of the Altamira Gang. Sensing something special has happened...

JAKOBY
Please listen, listen to me. He saved me and the girl, you can’t just let him burn.

Gordon Vance helps out...

GORDON VANCE
Sir, you need you need medical help.

JAKOBY
He’s my best friend! My best friend, let me in there! Scott! Hey Scott! That’s my best friend!

Jakoby collapses. Kandomere and Vance trying to keep him seated. Quietly now:

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
... my best friend. Please. That’s my best friend....

KANDOMERE
It’s over. You have to accept it. It’s over.

Jakoby stares at the house and shudders in anguish. Heartbroken. Tears roll down his face...
KANDOMERE (CONT’D)
Breathe. You need to breathe.

JAKOBY
You’re an elf you can hear in there. Tell me he’s dead. Tell me he’s really dead.

Kandomere turns and looks back at the house, focusing. Then falters. And Jakoby sees it...

JAKOBY (CONT’D)
What did you hear?

KANDOMERE
He’s dead.

Jakoby stares at him, searching his face. Then:

JAKOBY
You’re lying!

Tapping into some reserve of incredible strength, Jakoby shoves Kandomere off him! He’s up and stumbling into the burning house before anyone can stop him -- Kandomere can only watch. So brave. So pointless...

INT. 341 ABRAMS - NIGHT (SAME TIME)

Jakoby enters, coughing, choking on dense smoke. EVERYTHING BURNS. The ceiling falling around him. Glass breaking...

He searches fruitlessly for Ward -- EVERYTHING IS JUST FIRE. Too disorienting and bright. He’s being cooked alive!

A SECTION OF WALL COLLAPSES -- Revealing Ward curled up in a corner. Jakoby staggers to him, throws an arm around, hefts him over his shoulder...

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

Jakoby and Ward COME CRASHING out the window, slamming into the ground as fire erupts from the doors and windows!

The CROWD GASPS -- Now yelling and cheering...

Jakoby drags Ward across the yard. Finally collapsing next to him. Ward looks ... dead.

JAKOBY
You’re out, you’re out of there, I got you. I got you. You’re okay..

(MORE)
Be okay. Just be okay. Breathe. Please breathe! C’mon Scott say something, say...

Ward’s eyes are fixed in the distance, past Jakoby. Ward weakly points...

WARD

... Nick ... look ...

Jakoby does. And SEES the Fogteeth Orcs standing behind police lines. He just stares at them, uncomprehending...

Then Dorghu steps forward and draws his ceremonial dagger. He cuts his own paw and raises his clawed hand high. Then all the Orcs behind him raise their hands too...

Jakoby watching this -- HE’S BEEN BLOODED -- Overcome with emotion, he starts to cry...

JAKOBY

Hey, Scott, we’re gonna be okay. Everything’s ... Scott?

Ward is done.

FADE TO WHITE

CLOSE ON SOMETHING BROWN -- Unclear what. A vortex of some kind. A spiral. WE SLOWLY REALIZE IT’S HAIR. We’re in a POV shot of someone’s hair. There’s FAINT BEEPING...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Ward is in a hospital bed with someone else’s hair next to his face. It’s SOPHIA! She’s crawled into the hospital bed with him. She’s asleep.

Ward is heavily bandaged, pale, hooked up to machines. Everything’s blurry and confusing. He looks down at Sophia and buries his face in her hair, tears streaming down his face. He didn’t believe he’d get this moment...

Sophia hugs a piece of paper. Ward reaches for it. Slides it out of her arms. Looks at it. Chokes with emotion...

It’s her crayon drawing of Ward and Jakoby...

An ELVEN NURSE enters. Checks numbers on machines. SEES He’s conscious. Checks his pulse. All business...

WARD

...where’s my partner..?
ELVEN NURSE
Please don’t talk.

WARD
...where is he..?

She SNICKS back the curtain between the beds...

REVEALING JAKOBY in the adjacent bed -- Equally beat to hell. Ward smiles...

Jakoby looks over at him. His broken face smiles back. They try to bump fists -- **CLACK-CLANG** -- They’re handcuffed to their beds! Now Ward SEES the **FEDERAL MARSHALS** in SWAT gear guarding them...

WARD (CONT’D)
How fucked are we?

Jakoby just shakes his head gravely -- *It’s really bad*...

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Outside their room Kandomere talks to a Marshall. He gets a call and steps aside to take it...

KANDOMERE
Any luck?

INTERCUT:

INT. COMPUTER FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Three **TECHNICIANS** cluster around a monitor. The Drive from the Surveillance Van on their table...

TECHNICIAN
We got something. Not much but we got something.

KANDOMERE
How much is something?

TECHNICIAN
Thirty three seconds.

KANDOMERE
What value is thirty three seconds?

TECHNICIAN
You’d be surprised.
He pushes play and holds the phone to the speaker as video from INSIDE THE KITCHEN AT 341 ABRAMS plays...

POLLARD
... the Department knows fuck all about the wand. If they did the whole world would be here. The wand doesn’t exist. The wand was never here. We’re taking the wand.

Kandomere listening to the rest. Amazed...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY
Kandomere enters. Looks at the Jakoby and Ward. At these two incredible brave men. He’s proud to know them...

Kandomere unlocks Ward’s cuffs. Then frees Jakoby. The Marshall’s see that...

US MARSHALL
Whoa. What the hell are you doing? Those guys are cop killers.

KANDOMERE
No. They’re not. They’re the good guys.

Ward and Jakoby trade looks. Not fully understanding, but they know everything will somehow be okay. They reach out to each other and shake...

SLAM TO BLACK.

INT. SHRINE - NIGHT
Tikka sits staring at a candle. Reciting magical incantations -- Training for what’s to come...

--The End--