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### Chaotic Angel

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Chaotic Angel

Thesis submitted to the  
Graduate College of  
Marshall University

In partial fulfillment of  
the requirements for the degree of  
Master of Arts in English

by

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## ABSTRACT

### Chaotic Angel

By Nicole R. Pramik

*Chaotic Angel* is a sci-fi/action screenplay that speculates the existence of persons with literal dual natures. Such people are called Doppelgangers – two selves, one person, opposite equals both vying for control. The film's story focuses on Seraphina Striker, a vigilante, who battles her own personal dark side. Seraphina surrenders to her darker nature when Godric Raven, a notorious gangster, hires her as his personal hitman. But when Seraphina refuses to kill, she partners with a federal agent to hunt Godric down. But every step towards Godric is drenched in deceit; soon even trusted government figures are no longer be exempt from corruption. And Seraphina learns before she can defeat a crime lord, she'll have to defeat herself.

## *Chaotic Angel: an Introduction*

My reasons for doing a screenplay are simple enough: first, I love movies and have devoted quite a bit of time to studying them regarding their rhetorical nature as stories. Also, I've dabbled with screenwriting in the past but never actually produced a full-fledged script. I figured a creative thesis is as good an excuse as any to finally complete one.

The idea behind *Chaotic Angel* came to me over the course of last summer. While I can explain the mental processes that occurred during this time, I can't help but agree with C.S. Lewis when he spoke of generating creative ideas – “Making up is a very mysterious thing. When you ‘have an idea’ could you tell anyone exactly *how* you thought of it?” (42).

I always keep myself open to story ideas and, at any one time, have at least one or two plots in progress. Usually the first thing that comes to mind is a character's name – or at least an idea for one. My protagonist, Seraphina Striker, acquired her name simply out of me selecting it from a list. I knew I wanted a character with a name meaning “angel”; so I searched the meaning on my go-to website for names – Behind the Name.com. A simple search produced likely results (Angela, Angelina, Angelica, etc.); but the last name on the list was Seraphina. I thought it was both beautiful and unusual; I also discovered it was a perfect match, as the name itself comes from the Hebrew *seraphim* (meaning “burning ones”), which is a class of angel associated with dispensing God's judgment (“Seraphim”).

After I had my protagonist's name, I decided what I wanted to do with her. Over the summer, I saw *X-Men: the Last Stand*, which featured a character by the name of Jean

Grey who has a dark, dual nature (whom she calls Phoenix). I thought it was interesting to watch Jean's physical struggle with her darker, violent self, and I knew immediately that was a conflict I wanted Seraphina to face. The longer I toyed with the idea, the more I started researching these types of characters and how they're depicted in fiction. My search eventually lead me to Doppelgangers, which, as John Granger describes, are a "complementary figure or shadow, which reveals aspects of the character otherwise invisible" (38). Since Doppelgangers are, essentially, two selves in one person, I thought that would make a perfect character conflict for Seraphina, since I was torn as to how to approach a split personality (so to speak) story.

Lastly, I wanted to have a parallel plot dealing with some angle of law enforcement. Given the fact that my undergraduate minor was in Criminal Justice (with an emphasis in Law Enforcement), this was a natural gravitation for me. Initially, I wanted to have my story center on terrorists; but I decided against the idea since several storylines of this nature already exist, and it's not really a good idea to play into fads. So, I directed my attention to organized crime. In time, I've developed an interest in researching and studying organized crime, especially with regard to the machinations of the Italian Mafia. Therefore, I decided to invent the fictional Organized Crime Unit, which is based rather loosely on an actual branch of the FBI. Likewise, I made my villain, Godric Raven, a quasi-gangster – neither representative of *The Godfather* types nor entirely removed from Mafia etiquette and hierarchy (Abadinsky).

After establishing my main character, her conflict, and the primary direction of the story, I launched into my story-crafting process, which is haphazard, to say the least. But it works for me. I begin by mentally collecting scenes; these are usually out of

sequence and, at the time, make no logical sense only in that they contain my characters. My process is similar to the way C.S. Lewis wrote his *Chronicles of Narnia* – “everything began with images; a faun carrying an umbrella, a queen on a sledge, a magnificent lion” (36). For me, the various images included Seraphina’s physical transformations from herself into her dual nature (whom she dubs Akane) and Godric’s acts of brutality, especially the murder of his own father. Over time, and several notebooks later, I acquired enough scenes to synthesize a workable story.

Regarding influences specific to *Chaotic Angel*, I first must speak of my writing influences in the general sense. My style is dictated by the genre of screenplays and my preferred film genre – sci-fi/action. Before writing *Chaotic Angel*, I acquired multiple scripts from within that particular genre, such as *The Matrix*, *Aeon Flux*, and *Minority Report*. Unlike scripts for other movie genres, action movies must flow quickly yet provide enough detail for the reader to piece together – in a general sense – what’s going on in any one scene, especially action sequences. Also, screenplays cannot contain excessive description – only that which is necessary to developing a generic visual. Therefore, my style, with this particular script, reads quickly while establishing a generic place and time.

A further question might be why I choose the genre of sci-fi/action (science fiction being a form of speculative fiction) as opposed to other types. The answer is, again, simple enough – this is the genre I am most familiar with and enjoy viewing. Also, science fiction, fantasy, and other forms of speculative fiction, as I will explore below through the words of some famous writers on the subject, allows writers to explore realistic issues through the guise of a fictional realm. It is also, from a marketing

perspective, the most profitable in regard to rapid ticket sales; in fact, most of the top 50 highest grossing domestic films fall within this speculative fiction/action/adventure bracket (Box).

But there is a more theoretical answer as to why speculative fiction holds its appeal for me as a writer. Two authors I count as influences, more in an ideological sense than a stylistic one, are J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis. Both men, who wrote in various forms of speculative fiction, devised their own thoughts concerning the intellectual and cultural function of the genre. Tolkien admitted that, “at no time can I remember that the enjoyment of a story was dependent on belief that such things could happen...in ‘real life.’ [Speculative fiction is] not primarily concerned with possibility, but with desirability” (63). Therefore, in Tolkien’s views, this genre functions, not so much on a realistic, but on more of an imaginative level.

Lewis takes this idea a step further: “Stories of this kind...steal past a certain inhibition...casting all these things into an imaginary world, stripping them of their...associations, one could make them for the first time appear in their real potency... Could one not thus steal past those watchful dragons?” (37). What Lewis means, then, is that speculative fiction – since it’s not constrained by the limitations of reality – is free to explore questions and concerns otherwise squelched if placed under the scrutinizing glow of realism. Both Tolkien and Lewis’s thoughts on this subject push my own writing: while *Chaotic Angel* might occur in realistic environments, the fact that a non-existent entity (i.e. Doppelgangers) is a subject in play allows me to explore the underlying question of the internal human struggle of good and evil without fear of referring to things or events in the physical realm.

Since I prescribe to Christian theology, I have, as expected, applied this to, not only my script, but all of my writing. Specifically for *Chaotic Angel*, however, I decided to explore the Christian concept of the fallen nature of man and the potential to rise above this depraved state. By using several references from Paul's epistle to the Romans, I developed the spiritual significance of utilizing Doppelgangers – humans are inborn with the tendency to do what is wrong but there is also a desire to do what is right; however, the former is much stronger. It is, as Paul himself ponders:

I do not understand what I do. For what I want to do I do not do, but what I hate I do. ...As it is, it is no longer myself who do it, but it is sin living in me. I know that nothing good lives in me, that is, in my sinful nature. *For I have the desire to do what is good, but I cannot carry it out.* For what I do is not the good I want to do; no, the evil I do not want to do – this I keep on doing (7:15 – 19, NIV, emphasis mine).

Therefore, in relation to Seraphina's character, she, too, suffers from this internal – and essentially spiritual – dilemma. She is a vigilante and pursues criminals who deserve punishment for the wrongs they have committed; yet she herself has a side capable of being just as bad – if not, perhaps, worse – as they. In effect, Paul's statements here on the knowledge of doing good yet preferring to act in the contrary perfectly echo the essence of Seraphina's character; she wants to do what is right (i.e. capture criminals) but she also struggles with a powerful side of herself that relishes the desire to do evil.

However, Seraphina is not trapped in this fate; instead, her transformation in the end signifies the hope that human beings – though inherently evil – are not lost. Again, to reference Paul, there is a chance to be redeemed from this dark, depraved state: “[...] if Christ is in you, your body is dead because of sin, yet your spirit is alive because of righteousness. ...For if you live according to the sinful nature, you will die; but if by the Spirit you put to death the misdeeds of the body, you will live...” (8:10, 12, & 13, NIV).



Likewise, I wanted to represent this form of spiritual death through Seraphina; in fact, the very way to destroy a Mirage (one of the forms of Doppelgangers I created for this story) is to have one of either of the sides to die. But the purpose of representing this, visually through Seraphina and Akane, is to reflect what Paul has stated above; that, despite being born with a double nature – one of good and one of evil – humans have hope in that there is a way to be rid of this evil nature through the redemptive work of Jesus Christ.

Aside from this primary influence from actual Scripture, I was also inspired to attempt a good versus evil story from other works I have read. My literary background is primarily from the British canon rather than the American. I really cannot explain my fascination with British literature, other than the fact that, as I compare it to American literature, it seems to me that it's very organic, possess artistic vocabulary, and contains emotionally genuine characters. Another reason is probably because I've studied and been exposed to British literature more so than American. In relation to this, the works that influenced me were, of course, British. But these specific works also coincide with the Christian principles mentioned above on both a wide and personal scale.

The first book on my list would be *The Lord of the Rings* by J.R.R. Tolkien for its display of good and evil on a massive scale. However, Tolkien does not skimp on the personal aspect of this struggle; he portrays the tug of the dark lord Sauron – through the One Ring – upon Frodo Baggins and other members of his company. Also, through the character Aragorn, Tolkien explores the defeat of evil through his claim at kingship and physical endgame with Sauron.

Another series of texts that stand strongly alongside *The Lord of the Rings* are the *Harry Potter* series by J.K. Rowling. What attracts me to Harry Potter's story is its strong

allusions to spiritual warfare, especially given the fact that – as the novels progress – there is a growing emphasis on choosing sides (as depicted through the constant stress on defending oneself against the Dark Arts) and formation of the Order of the Phoenix. And depending on which side characters choose to be aligned with will determine their fate in battle.

Finally, yet another series is *The Chronicles of Narnia* by C.S. Lewis; again, this series, akin to *The Lord of the Rings*, depicts a struggle as actual, literal battles. One unique feature I will note among Lewis's works is his use of symbolism: very blatant references, sometimes, to his Christian faith. The most obvious, for one, would be Aslan, the ruler of Narnia, who undergoes a death and resurrection, resembling Christ's own actions.

Overall, these works influence me through their execution of story and use of Christian symbolism. While I understand these are novels, it was their treatment of subject matter – not their genre or style – that influenced my script. In this way, then, *Chaotic Angel* represents a more personal struggle of good and evil, while having the audience keep in mind that such a struggle exists in the real world and among real people, including themselves.

Perhaps now I should address some theoretical considerations that affected the composition process of this script. Aside from the ideologies expressed by Lewis and Tolkien regarding the function of speculative fiction, I also utilized concepts from dramatist/narrative criticism, alchemical symbolism, and marketing techniques.

Dramatist/narrative criticism, as Brummett explains, assumes:

...people create and use texts so as to help them understand and formulate responses to problems that they encounter in life...D/N critics would therefore

look for key individual symbols in a text to track their development throughout a narrative or drama, and to show how that development happened... (130, 131).

By keeping these concepts in mind, I purposefully crafted *Chaotic Angel* to be viewed as a narrative that looks at a common human condition – the internal battle between doing what is good and what is wrong. In terms of dramatist/narrative criticism, such an examination of my script would reveal, first, by using the genre of action/sci-fi, the story can explore its subject matter in a way audiences can relate to their own struggles with good and bad intentions and actions. Secondly, there are symbols and motifs scattered throughout *Chaotic Angel* careful viewers could recognize as meaningful; examples would be Seraphina’s physical transformations into her double nature, John’s adopted cat, and the Fawkes Chapel. (Their meanings I will refrain from telling here in hopes readers will figure out the significance on their own.)

Other motifs are the character names themselves. But I will interpret these under another, perhaps overlooked yet very intriguing, facet of narrative analysis – literary alchemical symbolism. Granger states, “alchemical symbols are a large part of classic English literature” (the primary critical resource for this criticism is Stanton Linden’s *Darke Hieroglyphicks*); therefore, since my literary background stems from the British canon, it makes sense I will be influenced by what I expose myself to the most (28). This idea of employing general concepts of alchemy (i.e. a process of dissolution, purification, and perfection) and its corresponding colors (i.e. black, white, and red) to narrative stories opens up a new avenue for critical exploration.

With regard to *Chaotic Angel*, alchemical symbolism arises from within character names, which, in a way, are representative of these persons’ functions within the story. It is important to note I did not initially compose this script to contain alchemical

references; but, upon reading the completed work, I found it interesting that my story did, indeed, follow an alchemical pattern. First, I noticed many of my character's names were colors - Godric Raven, Lincoln Grey, Akane, and Kenny Gold. Therefore, in relation to an alchemical (i.e. purification) process, Godric Raven represents the black or dissolution stage where Seraphina begins to realize the extent of her corrupted nature; Lincoln Grey signifies the white or purification stage, through which Seraphina is set up to be cleansed from herself; and Akane (Japanese for "brilliant red"), Seraphina's name for her dark self, stands for the red or perfection stage where Seraphina has her endgame with her double nature. Finally, Kenny Gold's name is symbolic of the final product of the alchemical process, which, in Granger's own words is, ultimately, "the transformation of something common into something special," just as the end product of alchemy is the transformation of an ordinary metal into gold (26).

A final concept I kept in mind while writing was marketing strategies. One work that drove this aspect for me was Sheldon Woodbury's *Cool Million: How to Become a Million-Dollar Screenwriter*, which interviews screenwriters to acquire insight into the promotion of scripts. The reason behind my protagonist being female is based on a marketing decision on my part; within the sci-fi/action genre, there has been an increase in female protagonists as opposed to the more traditional helpless female. Seraphina is only one among many in a list of female protagonists, such as Trinity from *The Matrix*; Violet from *Ultraviolet*; Storm from the *X-Men* franchise; and the title characters of Elektra, Catwoman, and Aeon Flux. It might be safe to say that, from a marketing perspective, this evolution as woman as hero is not so much a fad as a long-awaited trend.

However, I don't call *Chaotic Angel* a feminist story. While the protagonist is female and villain male, Seraphina's comrades are male and don't oppress her. Also, there is a female in an authority position – Amanda Valdez – who is the tyrannical figure within the Organized Crime Unit. For me, Valdez represents women who let feminist thinking go to their heads by disregarding feminine qualities and, instead, adopt masculine qualities and, as a result, become despotic, bitter, and always in competition with others, especially for power (Hammond 63). In the end, I think this combination of theory, attention to symbolism, and marketing strategies make *Chaotic Angel* a well-rounded work in that it combines the worlds of both analysis and promotion.

In all of my graduate courses at Marshall University, I believe I was able to pick up a little something from each class that could be utilized in my future career as a writer. I especially appreciated the feedback from all my professors, which I took as constructive criticism to be applied to not only my coursework but also towards my creative writing. However, regarding my script, I can specifically credit three courses that left a lasting impression on me.

First, in graduate school, I took a Fiction Workshop, since I've always loved to write but assumed I would produce novels. As part of the class's requirements, I submitted two (out of three) short stories that both received the same comments – readers liked the stories' flow, characters, and tension, but felt it was more suited to screen than page due to its minimalist description and details. For my third and final submission, I produced a 30-page script (interestingly enough, also featuring a character named Seraphina) that was received – at least by the Theatre majors in the Workshop – as the type of material I should be writing. Their comments were valuable to me, given that I

consider such individuals trained in acting that can be applied to both stage and screen, and, therefore, are the better judges of what constitutes a screenplay than those versed in strict literary traditions, such as the novel, short story, and poetry. After two tries, and receiving similar comments by nearly everyone in a class of over a dozen students, I took a hint and tried my hand at screenwriting.

As I've stated earlier, I'm more versed in the British literary canon than the American; but my interests particularly lie within Medieval works. If I had to select favorites, I would state *Beowulf*, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, and *The Wanderer*. Their appeal to me coincides with the reason I enjoy and am influenced by the works of Tolkien, Rowling, and Lewis (all three of whom, interestingly enough, also cite Medieval texts as their influences); such stories deal with battles between good and evil and – more often than not – utilize the Christian concept of these struggles, such as Beowulf's battle with the demon Grendel, Sir Gawain's judgment before the Green Knight, and the nameless Wanderer who relies solely upon God as his only companion (Longman).

I had the privilege of taking two Medieval Literature courses – once as an undergraduate and again as a graduate – and I learned these works set the cornerstone for all good stories. When I say *good stories*, I mean those not crafted for mere entertainment but containing valuable lessons about human nature that is relatable to any audience. And, like the Medieval works mentioned above, these, I believe are good stories because they explore such lessons, namely about the influence of evil in society and its eventual defeat.

Finally, I must mention my first exposure to rhetoric in visual media in an undergraduate course called *The Rhetorical World*. It was in this class that I pounced on

the idea of exploring visual media from an analytical perspective; and this led me to further explore the relationship between narratives and visual depictions through books like Brian Godawa's *Hollywood Worldviews*, Jim Piper's *Get the Picture?*, and Robert K. Johnston's *Reel Spirituality*. Furthermore, I've also examined the relationships between film and literature through works such as Thomas Leitch's "Twelve Fallacies in Contemporary Adaptation Theory," in which he states – and I concur - that:

Instead of saying that literary texts are verbal and movies aren't, it would be more accurate to say that movies depend on prescribed, unalterable visual and verbal *performances* in a way literary texts don't. [And] the dauntingly rich visual field of films does not inhibit viewers' imagination, because imagining ...cannot legitimately be reduced to "picturing" (160).

However, regarding the craft of screenwriting, I plunged into the genre on my own, given as the current English program does not offer any such courses. While I have acquired numerous how-to titles – from Syd Field's *Screenplay* to Skip Press's *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Screenwriting* - my favorite so far is *Save the Cat* by Blake Snyder, which breaks down the traditional three-act structure into fifteen workable parts. I also educated myself in the genre by acquiring scripts and reading multiple versions (from draft to shooting script) in order to see how certain elements – such as action sequences – were executed in writing.

In the end, my expectation for *Chaotic Angel* is for it to, not only be entertaining and exciting, but also contain elements of truth audiences can carry over into their own lives. This, I believe, is the highlight of screenwriting – the ability to craft a verbal story to be depicted through a visual medium. But, most importantly, one must remember movies are a critical form of cultural communication. As Johnston says: "Movies address a public and invite a response [because] the very nature of film is story" (99).

That is what I hope *Chaotic Angel* is ultimately – a story. One of inner struggle and ultimate redemption.

A *good* story.



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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - NIGHT

Glittering casinos and high-rises sprawl across the urban landscape.

A woman's VOICE.

SERAPHINA (V.O.)

What you see isn't always the truth. You think you're alone.

Sweeping up from the ground, the city of lurid lights rises disarmingly close.

Congesting the sidewalk is a THRONG of people.

Women. Men. Some children. All taking in the night life.

They pass in front of glass buildings.

Some cast reflections.

Some do not.

SERAPHINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There are twins walking beside you. Right at this very moment. Doppelgangers.

People pass each other, oblivious that many among them cannot be seen in the glass.

SERAPHINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's Mirrors. Two real, living people. But opposite equals.

Two MEN pass. Both turn to look at each other.

One's face is calm, collected. The other breeds hate in his eyes.

SERAPHINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There's Mirages. Two people. One body. Both vying for control.

A WOMAN sits beside a fountain. She hunches over, as if suffering from severe abdominal pain. Her pupils swirl with color before changing to an unnatural shade.

She rises up and joins the mass of pedestrians, but her person speaks of violent intent upon someone.

SERAPHINA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I am one of them. A Mirage. And I hate  
 her.

EXT. GALLERIA - NIGHT

Parting through the bustling crowd is SERAPHINA STRIKER.

She's like a feminine spider - wrapped in black,  
 slender, and lethal.

Tucked away at her hip is a crudely fashioned BADGE.

The vigilante's mark.

GRAYSON GREEN walks beside her. He wears a badge, too. A  
 more official one, bearing OCU - Organized Crime Unit -  
 etched into the metal.

SERAPHINA  
 Sorry for the short notice.

GRAYSON  
 Hey, it's not everyday we get to bag a  
 con this easily.

SERAPHINA  
 Don't be sure until you have him.

She visually inspects his badge and holster.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)  
 Don't flaunt those, Grayson.

GRAYSON  
 You think it'd help if I changed into a g-  
 string?

A gaudy, BUZZING neon angel looms over their heads.

SERAPHINA  
 Not unless you've got a pair of wings to  
 match.

INT. ANGEL'S CASINO - NIGHT

The game floor is alive with GAMBLERS and WAITRESSES  
 dressed like skimpy, seductive angels.

At the center of the action is VINCE ALONDRA, all decked  
 out in flashy attire. Dice CLINK in his hand.

VINCE  
Stay close, lady luck.

He lets the dice fly. FRANK, the table owner, scrutinizes the throw.

FRANK  
Keep it up and I'll have to inspect those.

Vince separates a few bills from his wad of winnings.

VINCE  
Keep the change and your mouth shut.

FRANK  
This is more than my salary. Thanks!

VINCE  
How about another round?

The CROWD around the table joins in drunken CHEERS.

But Seraphina and Grayson keep their distance.

SERAPHINA  
Where's your Mirror?

GRAYSON  
Back at base.

SERAPHINA  
I can't believe you actually work with him.

GRAYSON  
We don't work too close. He's a tech man, I'm down and dirty. What about you? Your Mirage, I mean? You two never collaborate in these stings, do you?

SERAPHINA  
She'll stay put.

GRAYSON  
That's fortunate. I'm stuck with my double. I mean, I wouldn't like it if he died. He's a separate person. But you. If your Mirage got bumped off, you probably wouldn't mind too much.

But Seraphina adverts her glance.

Vince steals away into the casino's interior. But he can't escape Seraphina's observant eye.

SERAPHINA  
Consider yourself lucky.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The posh decor is visually suffocating. Vince relaxes in a hot tub.

Seraphina and Grayson slip inside and enter the open bathroom.

They wait until they're right on top of Vince.

Seraphina's reflection in the water towers over Vince. But Grayson casts no image.

SERAPHINA  
Hello, Vince.

Vince jerks around, modestly sinking into the water. His eyes dart nervously, like a cornered animal, between Seraphina and Grayson.

VINCE  
Do I know you two?

GRAYSON  
You will soon enough.

VINCE  
Look, if it's money you want.

Vince nods towards the bedroom. There's a BRIEFCASE sitting on the floor in there.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Help yourself.

GRAYSON  
I couldn't. Now grab a towel and get going.

VINCE  
I've already had to deal with you people before. Now what do you want?

GRAYSON  
Evidence changed, Vince. This time you'll actually get to say hi to a judge.

VINCE

I'm not going! You stupid fed.

Seraphina raises a GUN at his chest. Grayson draws his weapon, too.

SERAPHINA

That's not your choice.

VINCE

Fine. You wanna haul me in?

Vince crawls out of the tub. Grayson keeps a close watch on him.

Vince reaches for his pants. But retrieves an ICE PICK.

Seraphina sees it.

SERAPHINA

Grayson!

Vince stabs Grayson in the back, right where his heart is. Grayson's body falls into the tub, filling it up with blood.

Seraphina stares into the water, in disbelief, in shock.

Suddenly, she doubles over, as if in intense pain. She's on the verge of screaming, but amazingly she can hold it in.

Vince gapes at her, pick posed.

Seraphina stands up, her eyes brilliant red, her reflection vanished.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

You're a wanted man.

Vince revels in his smugness.

VINCE

Stupid girl.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

Wanted dead.

She FIRES right at his chest. Right at his heart.

Vince collapses, joining Grayson's body in the water.

Seraphina doubles over again, unable to keep it together.

Her pupils fade to normal. Seraphina returns. She gazes cautiously into the crimson water.

Her reflection SCREAMS back at what she's done.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

KUNO, a twenty-something punk, sits entranced by a computer screen. He ogles at it like he's watching porn.

But it's code. Some kind of cyber hieroglyphics.

His phone RINGS. At the same time, he clutches his skull, like he's just been hit with a killer migraine.

Then, just like that, the pain's gone.

The RINGING is driving him crazy. He's almost afraid to pick it up.

He already knows something bad has happened.

EXT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

The Gothic hangout looks more like a warehouse left for rats and decay.

NARVI, the bouncer, stands like a sentinel outside the joint, just daring some underage punk to walk up.

He nods at some patrons, glares at others.

But he keeps his mouth shut.

INT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

The rave-bar pulsates with SHRIEKING MUSIC and gyrating DANCERS.

Seraphina sits, alone, at the farthest corner of the bar. She busies herself with her empty glass, relishing her reflection.

Across the dance floor, GODRIC RAVEN, sits in the thick of it, taking it in as if it's a panorama. He's a perfect fit with a freakish haircut and Gothic clothes.

He spies Seraphina and makes his way through the crowded dance floor.



GODRIC  
Sampling the night life a little?

Seraphina whips around. Godric's eyes fall to her badge.

GODRIC (CONT'D)  
Obviously you're not from here.

He fingers the back of a chair.

GODRIC (CONT'D)  
May I?

He helps himself to the seat, like it or not. Seraphina doesn't have time for a punk like him.

SERAPHINA  
You own this place or something?

GODRIC  
How did you guess?

SERAPHINA  
No surprise.

She turns back to her glass. Godric unabashedly sizes her up.

He leans into her ear. For the kill.

GODRIC  
The least indulgence of the passion for  
revenge is very deadly sin.

He sits back, waiting for her response. Seraphina stares as if he's spoken gibberish.

GODRIC (CONT'D)  
One of my favorite sayings. It humors me.

SERAPHINA  
I don't have time for this.

She gets up. Godric grasps her arm.

GODRIC  
But you do. You see, if you knew what  
you've already done for me.

SERAPHINA  
What are you talking about? Who are you?

GODRIC  
My apologies. Godric Raven.

He offers a hand. Seraphina doesn't dare touch it.

GODRIC (CONT'D)  
You've never heard of my family?

SERAPHINA  
Tristan Raven's son?

GODRIC  
He might be boss. But I'm the head.

SERAPHINA  
I've heard about your kind.

She shoves him aside. Godric isn't giving up so easily.

GODRIC  
Just a sliver of your time. You won't be  
sorry.

He gestures her to follow.

INT. LOKI LOFT - NIGHT

The private den sits above the dance floor. Kuno is there, nose buried in a LAPTOP, and BLACK, a heavily pierced thug.

Godric leads Seraphina up a serpentine staircase to his haven.

GODRIC  
Meet my staff. My hacker.

Kuno lifts a quick hand in greeting.

KUNO  
Hi.

GODRIC  
And bodyguard.

Black sits back, ogling Seraphina.

BLACK  
Hey there, sweets.

Godric plops down in the closest seat.

GODRIC

You did me a favor tonight. But I doubt you even know what you did.

SERAPHINA

Guess not.

GODRIC

You've heard of Vince Alondra. Right?

Seraphina adverts her eyes.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

He was a threat. A threat to my family. Don't tell father that. He fraternizes with the Alondras. Kisses up to them. It's enough to make you sick.

SERAPHINA

What does that have to do with me?

GODRIC

He was the Alondra family's CFO. King of their vice operations. Second only to me.

SERAPHINA

That sounds charming.

GODRIC

You eliminated him. But you didn't kill him. Your Mirage did.

Seraphina grips the stair rail, her knuckles whitening. Her pupils try to change. She grinds her molars in frustration.

Godric watches her in amazement.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

You see?

He leans in, as if ready to hear some big secret.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

What do you call her?

Seraphina's still fighting. This can't happen again.

SERAPHINA

Akane.

Godric admires her struggle like a piece of fine art.

He rises up and clasps both hands on her shoulders, drawing her closer in like for a kiss.

GODRIC

Akane. I know about your kind. The violent Mirages. I need your services. The Alondras are a splinter in my side. You can help me be rid of them.

Seraphina doesn't want to match his stare.

She's fighting back the pain. Akane is just below the surface.

She surrenders, reluctantly.

Her eyes turn red.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Go after them. I'll pay you.

Akane's crimson eyes are blank but listening.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

The name is Diana Alondra. A valuable target. More valuable than Vince. She'll be in town for a birthday gala. How sweet.

Akane stares at Godric, like she's on the verge of devouring his face.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Find her and I'll reward you. Kill her and you'll be paid again. Understand?

He slips a BUSINESS CARD into her pocket. The card reads RAVEN TOWERS. Handwritten is ROOM 808.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

This is where you'll find your reward. Now go.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

I will.

EXT. OCU - DAY

The Organized Crime Unit's complex is carefully disguised behind the veneer of an old warehouse.

INT. OCU - DAY

The main floor is honeycombed with work stations. Each section looks like a miniature continent laced with technology.

JOHN VOGEL's confident, experienced face stands out among the tired expressions of his colleagues.

He heads straight for his workstation and AGENT LINCOLN GREY, who is focused more on finishing a BURGER than the computer screen in front of him.

JOHN

Aren't you finished with that report yet?  
I gave you all morning.

Lincoln is surprised to see him. He CHOKES.

LINCOLN

Back from Chapel so soon? You pray fast.  
Why you go there every day?

JOHN

It helps me think.

LINCOLN

I thought Fawkes Chapel was condemned.  
It's a wreak, isn't it?

John won't be dissuaded.

JOHN

Just needs some work.

He looks at the food wrappings. There's some salvageable scraps left.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You going to finish all that?

LINCOLN

No. Not that stuff.

JOHN

Mind if I have it?

LINCOLN

Whatever. It's not for that cat, is it?

But John's already gone.

EXT. OCU - DAY

John goes behind a dumpster and crouches down. A scruffy TABBY emerges from behind the bin.

JOHN

There you are, Sam. Hope you're in the mood for fast food today.

He places the food on the ground. Sam devours it in delicate, feline bites.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That a boy. Eat it up.

It's not long before the cat's licking the empty wrapper.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Least you've put on weight.

Sam PURRS, contented. He brushes up against John's knee.

JOHN (CONT'D)

If my daughter saw me with you, she'd make me take you home.

John strokes his back and pats his head. Sam's had enough and takes off.

INT. OCU - DAY

John returns to his workstation. Lincoln's still staring at the computer.

LINCOLN

Enjoy your lunch?

JOHN

I'm full, thanks.

LINCOLN

Mandy would kill you if she knew you let a cat in here.

JOHN

I don't bring Sam in. He stays outside.

LINCOLN

You mean like the front lobby.

JOHN  
Only if it's raining.

LINCOLN  
You know, if you stopped feeding him,  
he'd go away.

JOHN  
Well, maybe I don't want him to.

LINCOLN  
Why not? He's obviously not pet material  
or he wouldn't be out on the streets.

JOHN  
Everybody's worth another shot, aren't  
they?

John motions towards the screen.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Now about the report?

LINCOLN  
I'm just cleaning it up.

JOHN  
Cleaning it up? Did you spit coffee on  
the screen again?

LINCOLN  
No. No one cracked any jokes while you  
were away.

John reads the document over Lincoln's shoulder.

JOHN  
I don't get it.

LINCOLN  
Get what?

JOHN  
The Ravens are a major crime family. But  
they're practically invisible.

LINCOLN  
Don't most mobsters want their stuff to  
stay hidden?

JOHN

Some things. But not an entire family.  
Godric Raven is more like a ghost than a  
person.

LINCOLN

We've got some good money trails on him.  
He sure dumps a lot on some joint called  
the Loki Club.

JOHN

A dance club and bar. That's about as  
visible as Godric gets.

LINCOLN

It's not our fault Mandy won't pass more  
stuff our way.

JOHN

Stop calling her that, Linc. Don't you  
know wisecracks are my job? Besides, she  
might hear you.

LINCOLN

Too late.

AMANDA VALDEZ, the intel director, storms up to them.

AMANDA

Good morning.

She looks at the screen.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

That better not be your report.

JOHN

It's the best we've got. Until you give  
us more to work with.

Amanda doesn't buy it.

AMANDA

My office. And bring that rag with you.

She stalks off.

Lincoln prints the report. He holds it up, admiring it  
like a precious stone.

John snatches the paper away and shakes his head.



INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amanda settles into a chair like a queen. John and Lincoln enter. She eyes John with contempt.

JOHN

You needed us, Ms. Valdez?

AMANDA

Tell me what you have on the Raven case.

Lincoln hands her the report. She promptly flicks it over her shoulder like cigarette ash.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I don't care about that. Tell me something!

JOHN

You know nothing we don't. The Ravens cover their tracks.

AMANDA

So, there's nothing.

LINCOLN

We traced some money trails on Tristan. But his kid is easier to track. He pours tons into that Loki Club.

AMANDA

I don't care how much he spends!

She sits back, expecting impossible answers.

JOHN

We can't pull this from thin air. Unless you'd like us to lie.

AMANDA

Are you insulting my work strategies, Agent Vogel?

JOHN

No. But unless you send us leads, we can't follow them.

AMANDA

Well, I'll soon have all the leads you can swallow. I've decided to send in a mole.

JOHN

Come again?

AMANDA

We need someone on the inside to extract information. More than what we can gather independently.

She eyes Lincoln as if inspecting a rack of beef.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Think you're up to it?

John can't believe what he's hearing.

JOHN

You're sending in Linc?

AMANDA

Is that a problem?

JOHN

A big one. Linc doesn't have experience dealing with Raven's line of people.

AMANDA

There's no better way to learn.

JOHN

You're making a mistake. These people are dangerous. Godric especially. He should have started a religion, because he can convert people like it's nothing. I should go.

AMANDA

What for?

JOHN

I've been on this case longer! I've done tons of cases like this. My work history speaks for itself.

AMANDA

Yet you can't catch them.

JOHN

That's not entirely my fault.

AMANDA

Don't critique my job performance, Agent Vogel! If you could, you wouldn't be stuck working in intel.

She sits back, victorious, staring at Lincoln.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Report to the debriefing room. You'll be told more then.

LINCOLN

Can I say something real quick?

Amanda is sick of these two

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

John should go. It's only fair.

Amanda leans forward.

AMANDA

Let me inform you of something. We are the OCU. We are the FBI's gopher. And we are not fair. Got it?

The men head out.

INT. OCU - DAY

John and Lincoln return to their workstations.

LINCOLN

What's her problem today?

JOHN

Same one she has every day.

LINCOLN

Why'd she chew you out?

JOHN

I questioned her abilities to be a good intel chief. In her opinion, that's as good as blasphemy.

LINCOLN

She should have picked you. But I'm not trying to get rid of you.

JOHN

I appreciate that, Linc. But write this down. Valdez loves fresh meat. Jerky like me can just hang up and dry.

LINCOLN  
But jerky is already dry. And you're not  
that wrinkly.

JOHN  
Thanks for noticing. I see I've corrupted  
you already.

Amanda leaves for the front doors.

LINCOLN  
Where she headed to?

JOHN  
Nicotine calls.

LINCOLN  
Think we drove her to it?

JOHN  
We all have.

LINCOLN  
Any tips before I enter Godric's den?

JOHN  
Just one. Always carry a backup weapon.

Lincoln proudly pats a holster under his jacket.

LINCOLN  
I already do.

JOHN  
Anything but a gun. It doesn't matter  
what it is. Just as long as it can kill  
in a quick notice. And it's easy to hide.

John gets up to leave.

LINCOLN  
Just for the record, what's your secret  
weapon?

JOHN  
Wire.

John walks away, leaving Lincoln completely confounded.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Lincoln takes a seat. Amanda enters and SLAPS a folder in front of his nose.

It's stuffed full of PHOTOS and paperwork.

LINCOLN

You want me to memorize all this?

She pulls out two pictures. One of Godric, the other of Black.

AMANDA

At least know what the men look like you'll be working with.

Lincoln starts flipping casually through the file.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Want to know why I'm sending you, Agent Grey?

Lincoln takes a hint. He puts the paperwork away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

You're the only one here who has a back-door connection.

She waits to see if he's catching on yet.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Remember Kenny Gold? Kuno, he called himself. Agent Vogel brought him in while Agent Green was still with us. Guess he felt sorry for the kid.

LINCOLN

John's good at that. Yeah, I remember him. We lived in the same apartment building. But I haven't seen him since. Why?

AMANDA

Ever since Kenny did work for us, I've kept track of him. Just to make sure he doesn't get any wise ideas to come back.

LINCOLN

But the only one who keeps in contact with him is Stewart. John oversaw Kuno, but I doubt he knows where he is.

AMANDA

Don't worry about making connections. I've done the talking for you. You'll head to the Loki Club tonight. Kuno is expecting you.

LINCOLN

But what'll be my story? You know, why I'm there in the first place?

AMANDA

I'll leave that up to you. Just say whatever comes to mind.

Lincoln likes this idea.

LINCOLN

I'll do it. But what about John?

AMANDA

What about him?

LINCOLN

He wants this really bad. What if he tries to retaliate or something? I don't figure he'd be the kind of guy. But I've not been with him that long.

AMANDA

John will take care of himself. I wouldn't worry.

She leans into his face.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Don't screw this up. Or your head will be on my desk.

INT. OCU - DAY

John's face is turned towards his computer. But he's really glaring at the debriefing room.

He's so mentally distant, he doesn't even see STEWART HANS, a youthful agent, standing beside him.

STEWART

That your sidekick in there?

John turns around to face the stranger.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Sorry. Stewart Hans. John Vogel, right?

JOHN

That's right.

STEWART

Heard you got an opening for a new partner. I've always wanted to work with you, sir. You're the best agent in intel.

John's eyes disobediently dart to the debriefing room.

JOHN

Thanks. But not everyone would say that.

Stewart wheels over a seat and plops down.

STEWART

Fill me in. I'd rather hear it straight from the horse's mouth, sir.

John studies Stewart for a moment. A smile slowly spreads across John's face.

JOHN

Good to have you aboard. Just one thing.

STEWART

What's that, sir?

JOHN

I drive a motorcycle to work. I have a child. I'm not that old. So cut the sir.

STEWART

Okay. John?

JOHN

Much better.

EXT. OCU - DAY

Lincoln heads for a CAR in the parking lot.

He spies Amanda, leaning against the building.

She's multitasking - in one hand a cigarette, the other a cell phone.

Her gestures show she's in serious conversation. But he walks up anyway.

LINCOLN  
Need a light?

Amanda SNAPS her phone shut, shoving it into a pocket.

AMANDA  
What?

Lincoln glances down at her pocket.

LINCOLN  
Heard anything?

AMANDA  
Later. Remember? We can't risk a leak  
now.

LINCOLN  
Right. I'm off to see the Raven. Wish me  
luck.

He heads for the parking lot.

EXT. BELSHAZZAR CLUB - NIGHT

The building looks like a temple to an unknown god of  
luxury.

CARS and LIMOS stretch across the front colonnade.

But danger hides on the roof.

Akane crouches down, like a vigilant gargoyle,  
overlooking the social splendor below her.

INT. BELSHAZZAR CLUB - NIGHT

Richly dressed MEN and WOMEN CHATTER, making their way to  
the dining hall.

GUARDS, carefully concealing firearms under sport coats,  
keep their eyes sharp for trouble.

In the thick of it is PETER ALONDRA. His build consumes  
his chair.

He summons ENZO PARVATI, Peter's gross physical opposite,  
to his side.

PETER  
I really outdid myself this time.



ENZO  
Sure thing.

PETER  
But something's missing.

Enzo goes stiff. Peter's eyes scan the crowd.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Where's my daughter?

ENZO  
She should be here soon.

PETER  
You don't think she forgot?

ENZO  
It's her birthday. I doubt it.

EXT. BELSHAZZAR CLUB - NIGHT

A white LIMO pulls up in front. WENDY and DIANA, a mother-daughter pair, respectively, exit the car.

Akane hurries from her post to the glass ceiling at the center of the roof.

Below, encased in glass, are the milling bodies inside.

The target is among them.

INT. BELSHAZZAR CLUB - NIGHT

Wendy and Diana enter the hall. Peter raises his bulk.

Diana runs for her father's open arms.

CRASH!

The ceiling overhead SHATTERS, raining down shards. Akane lands, catlike, in the center of the room.

The crowd freezes. Guards take aim but don't fire.

PETER  
Diana!

He shoves the little girl behind him.

Akane's eyes dart at Diana.

She can't believe it.

Diana is a girl.

A little girl, hiding behind Peter's legs.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

No.

Akane doubles over. Seraphina fights to get to the surface.

Peter approaches her, a bundle of pure rage.

PETER

Who are you?

Akane SCREAMS. Seraphina breaks free.

She does the only thing she can do now.

She runs.

Guards pursue Seraphina as she heads down a corridor.

Bullets fly, SHATTERING the front glass doors. Seraphina SMASHES out.

EXT. BELSHAZZAR CLUB - NIGHT

Seraphina sprints down the portico. She leaps, plunging off the side, landing in shadowy landscaping.

Her pursuers no longer keep up the chase. They FIRE a few warning shots and leave.

Seraphina PANTS in the underbrush, collecting herself before darting off.

Sight unseen.

INT. BELSHAZZAR CLUB - NIGHT

Enzo approaches a furious Peter and frightening Diana.

ENZO

It's alright. She's gone.

PETER

But who was that?

ENZO  
A hitman, no doubt.

PETER  
Hit woman. Mind your language.

ENZO  
Raven scum.

He snags a warning look from Peter.

ENZO (CONT'D)  
What would Tristan's son have against you  
anyway?

But Peter gazes down the corridor, as if hoping his  
mysterious guest will reappear.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Seraphina walks headlong into a crowd.

She keeps low, dodging glances, fingering the card in her  
pocket.

She pulls it out. RAVEN TOWERS. ROOM 808.

EXT. RAVEN TOWERS - NIGHT

Seraphina crosses to a sidewalk. Her eyes dart to the  
high-rise in front of her.

Seraphina is the only person around. She heads inside.

INT. RAVEN TOWERS - NIGHT

The lobby is deserted. Seraphina inspects the card again.  
Room 808.

An ELEVATOR PINGS, its doors open wide. Seraphina enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The rickety ride lurches to a stop. Seraphina waits  
eagerly at the doors. The metal slab doors CLANG open.

INT. RAVEN TOWERS - NIGHT

This place is meant to be an apartment complex, but it doesn't house many tenants.

Room 808 is at the very end of the hall. Seraphina puts one hand on the knob.

The other on her gun.

INT. ROOM 808 - NIGHT

It's empty. No surprise.

Seraphina turns to go.

BLACK

(O.S.)

Didn't figure you'd be this early.

She whips around. Black approaches her from the shadows.

SERAPHINA

Where's my money?

BLACK

Aren't you supposed to tell me something first?

SERAPHINA

I went after the girl.

BLACK

And?

SERAPHINA

I'm supposed to get paid for that.

BLACK

Did you finish the job?

SERAPHINA

What's it matter? Give me my money!

BLACK

Is she dead?

SERAPHINA

You seem to be the know-it-all. You tell me.

BLACK  
Sorry. No blood, no money.

SERAPHINA  
That wasn't the agreement.

BLACK  
Things change, sweets.

She closes the gap between them. Black swaggers to meet her halfway.

BLACK (CONT'D)  
If the boss changes the contract, his word is as good as God's.

SERAPHINA  
When did that happen?

BLACK  
Said if there was no kill, there was no cash. Right after you left.

SERAPHINA  
Are you his personal poet?

Black sneers.

BLACK  
Back out.

SERAPHINA  
No. I risked my neck!

Black reaches inside his coat. And draws out a GUN.

BLACK  
I'll send him your regards.

Seraphina lands a judo chop to his gun arm, bringing him instantly down. She pins him to the floor.

Seraphina bends dangerously close to his face.

SERAPHINA  
You tell Godric, next time he wants to kill a kid, he can do it himself.

She gives a farewell punch to his face before heading out.

Black remains on the floor, nose bleeding, as the door SLAMS.

EXT. RAVEN TOWERS - NIGHT

Seraphina exits in a rage. She stops to collect herself.

Her pupils churn but she shakes it off.

An SUV SQUEALS, turning a corner. It heads straight for Seraphina's piece of sidewalk.

She turns, facing blinding lights. She ducks inside an alley.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

GUNSHOTS echo around her. Tires PEEL OFF.

Seraphina gets up, eying the empty street cautiously.

She breaks into a run, no idea where she's headed.

EXT. RAVEN MANSION - DAY

The Raven home is nestled away from urban squalor. It's a quintessential portrait of country elegance.

And excess.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

TRISTAN RAVEN gazes out a massive window.

Godric enters with a flourish. Tristan doesn't notice.

TRISTAN

I said I needed to see you right away.

GODRIC

And I came as fast as I could.

Godric selects a seat and sits down smugly.

TRISTAN

What do you think you're doing?

GODRIC

Sitting. You want me to stand?

TRISTAN

You think I wouldn't find out?

Godric is purposefully blank.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

That you're running around, starting gang wars!

Tristan circles the DESK, careful to keep a corner of it between him and his son.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I heard about your stunt at Alondra's party. What's the matter with you? Trying to kill a little girl!

GODRIC

I was simply trying to eliminate a threat. Age and gender should make no difference.

TRISTAN

That's obvious. But a child?

GODRIC

I'm insuring the survival of our family.

TRISTAN

You mean you're out to save your own skin.

GODRIC

You never cared about it.

TRISTAN

My affairs are none of your concern. Alondra has done nothing to ensue this family's wrath.

Godric rises, menacingly.

GODRIC

You forget your dear, dead wife.

Tristan stands his ground.

TRISTAN

Don't insult your mother!

GODRIC

You sold Alondra your rotting casinos. And what did he do in return? He slept with your wife.

TRISTAN

That was ages ago. I've forgiven him.  
Besides, Kat's dead.

GODRIC

Then you have no regrets that you  
betrayed your wife for money. How sweet.

Father and son stare each other down, like two wild  
animals ready to devour each other.

TRISTAN

You're a madman. I didn't raise you to be  
like this. This family is about business  
not slaughter. You're tearing it apart  
with your own hands!

Tristan steps closer to Godric.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

And when it collapses, you can blame and  
thank yourself.

Godric's not fazed.

GODRIC

A corporate man asserts himself through  
how much he makes. Not how much he  
controls.

TRISTAN

Don't get philosophical on me.

Godric isn't letting up.

GODRIC

Cuts too close, doesn't it?

TRISTAN

Get out of here. Now!

GODRIC

Consider. If you take Alondra's side,  
you're my enemy.

Godric exits with a defiant SLAM of the door.

EXT. RAVEN MANSION - DAY

Tristan enters a LIMO. It inches out of the driveway.



INT. LIMO - DAY

Tristan lights up a CIGAR. Puffing smoke, he leans towards the screen between him and his CHAFFER.

TRISTAN

Let's take the scenic route today.

CHAFFER

Will do, boss.

Tristan sits back, enjoying his cigar like a juicy steak.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

The limo speeds along the highway. VEHICLES pass freely on both sides.

Two SUVs emerge from traffic and converge on the limo's blind spots, squeezing it in.

There's no place to go.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Tristan sits up, agitated.

TRISTAN

What do these idiots want?

But his cigar hand trembles slightly.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

The SUVs' windows roll down. Gun BARRELS jut out.

They FIRE relentlessly, riddling the limo with bullets.

The limo snakes, weaving uncontrollably before CRASHING into an island barricade.

BOOM!

It instantly BURSTS into flame.

The SUVs reenter the erratic traffic flow and speed away, as if nothing happened.

But the scene behind them is unadulterated chaos.

INT. LOKI LOFT - DAY

Godric is alone with his thoughts, his eyes numbly gazing at the space in front of him.

Black CLANGS up the staircase.

GODRIC

Good or bad?

BLACK

Good. The ambush worked. Your father is dead.

Godric rises, hanging his head in mock remorse.

GODRIC

He was such a loving, gentle man.

A venomous smile spreads across Godric's face.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Too bad this world had no place for him.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

SCREAMING KIDS pour out of the entrance, finally free.

VIOLET VOGEL bounds down the steps, heading straight for the parking lot across the street.

But she's not watching where she's going.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Seraphina meanders past the crowd of kids.

She doesn't look at them directly.

A SPORTS CAR rumbles down the street, shaking her out of her daze.

She immediately sees Violet. And the car headed straight for her!

INT. CAR - DAY

John spots the speeding car, too. He jumps out.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

John flies for the street, his arms flailing.

JOHN  
Violet! Stop!

Violet freezes in the middle of the street!

Seraphina jerks the girl backwards just as the car speeds past.

John races over.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Thank God you're alive!

He scoops Violet up, then looks at Seraphina.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

She walks away.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Wait! I should at least give you something.

SERAPHINA  
No thanks.

JOHN  
But you saved my daughter's life! Please?  
It's the least I can do.

John's eyes fall to her badge.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
You're a cop?

Seraphina fingers the badge, as if reminding herself.

SERAPHINA  
Close. I'm a vigilante.

JOHN  
Still. I'd like to give you something.

John heads to the parking lot.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I left my wallet in my car.

Seraphina follows, keeping her distance.

Violet turns around, smiling, her hand grasped in her father's hand.

VIOLET  
You're a nice lady.

Seraphina wishes the kid would stop looking at her like that.

It's too saccharine.

VIOLET (CONT'D)  
I like you. You're pretty. Don't you like her daddy?

JOHN  
Yes, honey. She was very nice to save you. But you have to be more careful. What did I tell you about crossing streets?

John picks Violet up and places her in the car. He fumbles around the floorboard for his wallet.

He emerges, victorious, billfold in hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Let's see what I've got.

He opens the wallet. There's a mishmash of bills. He hands Seraphina the wad.

But she's not looking at the money. She's looking at an ID badge inside the billfold.

It's an OCU badge.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I can't give you more. There's no price on what you did. I really thank you.

Seraphina ruefully accepts the money, nodding towards his ID card.

SERAPHINA  
I see you work for OCU.

John shuffles, suddenly anxious to get away.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

I used to work with one of your men.  
Grayson Green. Know him?

JOHN

I did, actually. But I didn't know him  
very well. Guess you know he was killed  
trying to arrest Vince Alondra. Our last  
real lead on Tristan Raven.

SERAPHINA

Ever heard of his son? Godric Raven?

John's eyes light up.

JOHN

You know something? Or someone I can talk  
to?

SERAPHINA

She's here, holding your money.

JOHN

I don't believe it. My very own guardian  
angel!

He winces slightly, rubbing his forehead. Seraphina looks  
at him carefully.

SERAPHINA

Hardly.

EXT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

Lincoln walks, nonchalantly, up to the front of the club.  
Narvi blocks his way.

NARVI

Wanna come in?

LINCOLN

I didn't think I needed a password.

NARVI

Now you do. Just made it up myself.

Lincoln looks around impatiently.

LINCOLN

I'm supposed to meet someone here.

NARVI  
Doesn't everyone?

LINCOLN  
How about Godric?

Narvi can't believe Lincoln said that.

NARVI  
Prove it.

Lincoln doesn't have to. Kuno bursts out of the front doors.

KUNO  
Hey, Linc! You're just in time.

Narvi won't let Lincoln go that easy.

NARVI  
Know this kid?

KUNO  
Yeah. He's an architect.

NARVI  
Architect?

KUNO  
Yeah, you know. An architect. And he wants to redesign this place. Give it a real Baroque feel. Now if you'll excuse us.

Kuno grabs Lincoln's wrist and yanks him inside.

INT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

Kuno presses through the throbbing crowd, shoving dancers out of the way.

Lincoln can't help but follow as Kuno drags him up the staircase.

INT. LOKI LOFT - NIGHT

Godric and Black stoop over a table covered with a BLUEPRINT. Kuno bursts in their huddle.

KUNO  
Told you he'd show.

GODRIC  
Don't flatter yourself.

Lincoln sizes Godric up carefully.

LINCOLN  
You're Godric?

GODRIC  
The very one. Have a seat.

Lincoln sits eagerly, eyes falling on the blueprint.

GODRIC (CONT'D)  
Kuno tells me you're quite the architect.  
Designed courthouses, is that right?

LINCOLN  
Yeah. But I quit. The feds don't like to  
pay.

KUNO  
I know the feeling.

Godric sits across from Lincoln.

GODRIC  
Apparently the OCU doesn't match your  
standards of living either. Kuno told me  
that, too. But I like to pay. The  
question is, do you want my money.

Lincoln digs in his pocket. He throws Godric his OCU  
badge.

LINCOLN  
Screw the feds. What do you need me to  
do?

Godric waves his hand across the blueprint.

GODRIC  
The Alondra estate. What's his weakest  
link in the security chain?

Lincoln won't even look at the blueprint.

LINCOLN  
I want an amount. Or I'm not in.

GODRIC  
Three million. Consider it point five if  
you're good with a gun.

Lincoln mulls it over.

He scrutinizes the blueprint, tracing a series of corridors.

LINCOLN

These lead from one of the gardens, all the way to the atrium. From here, you can go almost anywhere. Once you're that far in, it'd be hard to stop.

GODRIC

Looks like I'll be keeping your man after all, Kuno. But you realize what you have to do now?

KUNO

Practice my firing skills?

GODRIC

You get to play federal agent. Until the deed is done.

KUNO

Me? Seriously? Do I get a badge?

GODRIC

Absolutely.

Godric looks over at Lincoln.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

I don't know of anyone else who would want it.

EXT. OCU - DAY

John leads Seraphina up to the building. She spies a shiny MOTORCYCLE in a side parking lot.

SERAPHINA

Nice bike.

JOHN

Like it?

SERAPHINA

That's yours?

JOHN

Sure thing. Like cycles?



SERAPHINA

I did. Until I wrecked mine. I shouldn't have driven it on ice.

JOHN

That'll do it. Maybe I'll let you ride it sometime. But not in winter.

He diverts from the front doors to a dumpster beside the building.

SERAPHINA

Your office?

JOHN

I hope my desk's not this messy. Or smelly.

He crouches down, putting a hand in a pocket. He pulls out a sandwich wrapper with food scraps.

Sam comes running out from behind the dumpster. He MEOWS politely and John gives him the food.

Seraphina kneels down and watches the cat eat.

SERAPHINA

Does he have a name?

JOHN

I just call him Sam.

SERAPHINA

Does anyone else know him?

JOHN

My partner, Lincoln, did. I used to steal Linc's leftovers.

SERAPHINA

Why feed a stray?

JOHN

No one else will.

Sam finishes and walks gingerly up to Seraphina. She puts out a hesitant hand.

Sam walks under it, scratching his back. Then he trots off towards the parking lot.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Watch it Sam.

SERAPHINA

You realize you have two kids.

JOHN

Yeah. One Human, and one feline. Can't help it. Guess it's the father in me.

Seraphina studies John's face.

He might wear the OCU trappings but his face is like that of a saint.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on. We can't conference out here.

He heads for the front of the building. Seraphina follows.

INT. OCU - DAY

John leads Seraphina through a crowd of AGENTS.

A few of them in passing cast puzzled looks at Seraphina.

She ignores it.

SERAPHINA

Why the OCU?

JOHN

It puts bread on the table.

SERAPHINA

Isn't the usual answer I like people.

JOHN

That, too. And cats.

He stops by his workstation and FLIPS through several accumulated sheets.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What good is a mole?

SERAPHINA

What?

JOHN

A mole. An insider. Our intel director, Amanda Valdez, placed Linc on the inside. That's what's been missing for a while now.

He looks up from the papers, eyes glowing at her.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Good information.

SERAPHINA  
You have an agent on the inside? With  
Godric?

JOHN  
Yes. But it's protocol. Kind of.

He leads her to the debriefing room.

SERAPHINA  
Your mole has no idea what he's gotten  
himself into.

John's hand freezes momentarily on the door.

JOHN  
That's what I said.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

John pulls up two seats.

JOHN  
So, Ms. Striker?

SERAPHINA  
Seraphina is fine.

JOHN  
Okay. What exactly do you know about  
Godric Raven?

SERAPHINA  
I worked for him. But not for long.

John is immediately glued.

JOHN  
For how long?

SERAPHINA  
Two hours.

JOHN  
Come again?

SERAPHINA

Maybe three. Give or take. I can't remember.

JOHN

And what exactly did you do?

SERAPHINA

I was supposed to kill someone.

JOHN

You were a hitman.

SERAPHINA

Right.

JOHN

That wasn't a question. Who were you supposed to kill?

Seraphina hesitates.

She doesn't want to dwell on this again.

SERAPHINA

Diana Alondra. A little girl. He promised to pay me if I at least went after her. He didn't.

John studies her wounded expression.

JOHN

Why did you come here?

Seraphina is torn.

She's on the verge of spilling something. Something big.

SERAPHINA

I hunt killers, I don't kill myself. I don't know why I let Godric hire me.

John leans in closer.

JOHN

Don't know? Or you won't say?

Seraphina matches his stare. She's said too much already.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This isn't some type of vendetta, is it? Vengeance isn't a good motivator for turning people in. I've seen it before.

SERAPHINA

Trust me, if I wanted revenge, I could do it myself. Very easily.

John sits back. Seraphina is hunched over, as if she's in pain. She hides her eyes from him.

JOHN

Seraphina? You okay?

SERAPHINA

I'm fine.

She straightens up. She seems okay.

JOHN

Care if I bring Valdez in?

SERAPHINA

Your superior has no idea I'm here?

JOHN

Is she in for a surprise.

INT. OCU - DAY

John heads for Valdez's office. Stewart collides with him.

STEWART

What's with the head of steam?

JOHN

Is Valdez in?

STEWART

Unless it's out for a smoke. What's up?

His eyes dart to the debriefing room.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Who's that?

JOHN

She might be our lucky break.

John steers him away. But Stewart can't take his eyes off Seraphina.

STEWART

Hot dang! You know who that is? That's Grayson's old pal! What's her name? One of those fake cops.

JOHN

Seraphina. And you mean a vigilante.

STEWART

Yeah. But she ain't normal. She's one of those Doppelganger types. Does Amanda know she's here? I didn't think Doppelgangers were allowed on federal....

JOHN

Don't you have work to do?

STEWART

Not unless you give me something.

John hands him a WAD of crumpled paper.

JOHN

Here. Throw this away.

At the front doors, Kuno struts in past HANK, the security guard. Or tries to.

HANK

Hold up there.

Instinctively, Kuno displays his credentials.

KUNO

Kenny Gold. Used to work here.

HANK

Right. What's your story?

Kuno looks around anxiously. He spies Stewart standing around, looking bored.

KUNO

Ask him. He's my gatekeeper.

Stewart finally looks up and sees Kuno.

STEWART

Kenny? Hey, Kuno!

Kuno rushes past a frazzled Hank.

KUNO

Shut up, Stu.

Stewart lowers his voice.

STEWART

What are you doing back here?

KUNO

Filling in for someone.

STEWART

Who?

KUNO

What's it matter? It's private business.

STEWART

So private you can't even tell me? We used to be buddies, you know.

KUNO

Yeah, well, unlike some people, when I quit hacking, I never went back.

STEWART

That's not what you're here about, is it? Gonna tell me on Amanda?

KUNO

I've got better things to do. Where's your com station?

Stewart points it out.

STEWART

Thought you said you ain't a hacker no more.

KUNO

I'm not. I've found better ways to waste time.

He shoves past Stewart and heads for the com station.

Kuno puts on a headset. He sits and stares at the computer in front of him.

The screen shows a voice-pattern, flowing slowly.

It's a phone tap!

STEWART  
Practicing telemarketing? Or have you  
turned to crank calls?

But Kuno's in his own little world. Stewart decides to  
leave him there.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amanda yanks her office PHONE away from her mouth,  
covering the receiver with her hand, as John rushes in.

AMANDA  
This had better be important.

JOHN  
It is. I've got an informant.

AMANDA  
A what? When?

JOHN  
Her name is Seraphina Striker. And she  
could lead us to Godric Raven. She worked  
with him as a hitman.

AMANDA  
You brought an assassin in here?

JOHN  
A vigilante. And she's worked with us  
before. With Grayson Green on the Alondra  
case.

AMANDA  
I remember her. She was a Doppelganger. A  
Mirage, that's what Agent Green said. But  
that's not helpful. Here's some news that  
is. Tristan Raven is dead.

John stops in his tracks.

JOHN  
What?

AMANDA  
Yesterday morning. His limousine was  
attacked. Agent Grey reported it to me.

JOHN  
Attacked? By who?



AMANDA

He didn't say. He's figuring it was an inner-city gang. Tristan got caught in the middle of a gang fire fight.

JOHN

Or at least that's what Godric told Linc.

AMANDA

You think I'd make that up?

JOHN

You actually think Godric is above murdering his own father?

AMANDA

Look at you. Preaching morals to me when you brought a hitman on federal property. And a Mirage at that!

JOHN

She's not a killer. Seraphina could help us.

AMANDA

I'll head up leads around here. As for you and your assassin friend, you get her off these premises or I'll have you both locked up!

John bows out. But not defeated.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM - DAY

John finds Seraphina finally relaxing in her chair.

SERAPHINA

Was she happy to hear about me?

JOHN

Elated. Now I have to get you out of here.

SERAPHINA

Where?

JOHN

I know a better place we can talk. Come with me.

INT. OCU - DAY

John and Seraphina head towards a back corridor.

They walk right past Kuno's com station without so much as his notice.

He's staring, zombie-like, at the computer screen.

Stewart comes up to him, shaking him out his daze.

STEWART

Let me have a turn.

KUNO

Just a sec. Almost through.

STEWART

With what?

Stewart stares at the voice-pattern.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Who you snooping on?

Kuno yanks the headset off.

KUNO

Is Moody Mandy still boss over intel?

STEWART

Bossy as ever.

KUNO

Where's her office.

STEWART

Same place it's always been.

Kuno rushes off, leaving Stewart to stare at the enigmatic pattern on the screen.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amanda SLAMS down her phone as Kuno bursts in.

KUNO

Amanda Valdez, remember me? Kenny Gold?  
Kuno?

AMANDA

I thought I got rid of you after we nabbed those on-line white slave traders?

KUNO

Yeah. But I don't hack anymore. I'm reformed. I'm here to get information legally.

AMANDA

I'm impressed. Now what do you want?

KUNO

One of your boys got transferred to field. Lincoln Grey, right?

AMANDA

He's not been transferred. He's doing undercover work.

She eyes him hard.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Remember?

KUNO

I'm filling in for Lincoln. He's not coming back. He's been converted.

AMANDA

Are you saying one of my own agents is working with Godric?

KUNO

Not saying. Is. Heard it myself. Saw it, too.

Amanda looks ready to hit him.

AMANDA

You have some nerve coming down here. You've done your job.

She gets up and yanks opens the door.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

How do you about know all of this anyway?

KUNO

A bird told me. A big, black bird.

EXT. OCU - DAY

A SEDAN rolls out of the parking lot. It bears no government emblems at all. It's a personal vehicle.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

John heads in the opposite direction, away from the heart of town.

SERAPHINA

Where are we going?

JOHN

Someplace where even Valdez won't go.

SERAPHINA

What's that?

JOHN

Chapel.

EXT. FAWKES CHAPEL - DAY

The church is no place of worship. It's a collapsing structure needing drastic repairs.

John pulls up and gets out. Seraphina follows.

SERAPHINA

You come here?

JOHN

Every morning.

SERAPHINA

What for?

JOHN

To think.

INT. FAWKES CHAPEL - DAY

It's no better inside. Everything is covered in a film of dust and disrepair.

It used to be beautiful. But its loveliness has faded.

John paces down the aisle. Seraphina keeps her distance.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You have quite a reputation around the Unit. You and Grayson must have been close.

SERAPHINA

We were. He understood me. But Grayson was different. He was a Mirror.

JOHN

That you're a Doppelganger? A Mirage, if I'm right?

Seraphina inspects a broken stained glass window.

It would be a true work of art. If it were repaired.

SERAPHINA

You heard that, too, I guess.

JOHN

What do you call your Mirage?

SERAPHINA

Akane. What's this have to do with Godric?

JOHN

Who did Godric really hire? You, Seraphina? Or Akane?

Seraphina turns back to the broken window.

SERAPHINA

Akane.

JOHN

And who decided not to kill Diana?

SERAPHINA

I did. Not much help, am I?

JOHN

No. You're perfect.

He grasps his forehead. His breathing comes in short gasps, like he's in intense pain.

SERAPHINA

John?

JOHN  
I'm fine. It's just these headaches.

BAM!

A car door SLAMS outside. The sound echoes in the tiny space.

John and Seraphina look at each other. They rush to the entrance, John's hand on his sidearm.

EXT. FAWKES CHAPEL - DAY

A SEDAN is parked just behind John's car. John cautiously leans out of the chapel doors.

SERAPHINA  
Does anyone know you're here?

JOHN  
No.

He starts for his car.

BOOM!

It's obliterated in the EXPLOSION, taking out the sedan behind it in succession.

John and Seraphina are thrown back by the shock wave.

John composes himself, draws his gun, and approaches the smoldering lumps of fused metal.

SERAPHINA  
Guess someone did.

Seraphina whips out her own weapon and follows suit.

They converge from opposite sides. Seraphina takes one side, John the other.

No one. Seraphina's eyes flicker upwards.

Her eyes lock on an ASSAILANT emerging from the side of the chapel.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)  
John!

He gets the intruder in his sights.

But he almost drops his gun.

It's Lincoln!

LINCOLN

Hello, partner. Little late with the prayers today.

JOHN

What are you doing here?

LINCOLN

Just my job.

He comes closer, hand behind his back.

JOHN

Hands where I can see them, Linc!

Lincoln pulls out a GUN and FIRES. But he misses.

Another SHOT. This one from Seraphina's gun.

Lincoln slumps down, wounded but not fatally. He drops his gun, grasping his bleeding arm.

John snatches up the weapon and holds Lincoln at gunpoint.

Serpahina has John's back.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Linc, what's going on? Did Godric do this?

Lincoln's face is stripped of all professionalism.

LINCOLN

It's over, John.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

LINCOLN

I did my part. Got paid for it, too. Real money this time. You're a sucker.

JOHN

You sold out. You let Godric pay you off?

LINCOLN

No. I said screw the feds and got out.

Lincoln clinches his teeth, drifting in and out of pain from the shot.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
 You know what else? Godric's going blow  
 Alondra's spine out his belly.

John clutches his head, grimacing. He tries to shake off the pain, to listen to Lincoln.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
 One thing. Amanda knew you wanted what I  
 got a chance to do. Stand in the presence  
 of Godric himself. But I'll do something  
 for you.

Lincoln flicks a KNIFE from his pocket.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)  
 I'll make you take the fall.

In one, ultra-swift motion, he slices his own throat.

John stares at the bloody knife at his feet. He rises slowly.

JOHN  
 He set me up. Linc set me up!

He kicks the ground in frustration, his expression torn with confusion and anger.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Come on.

SERAPHINA  
 Where do you think we can go?

He retrieves his cell phone and dials a number.

JOHN  
 Back to OCU.

INT. OCU - DAY

Kuno answers the RINGING phone at Stewart's station.

KUNO  
 OCU.



JOHN  
 (in phone)  
 Stewart?

KUNO  
 Lucky guess. I'm Kenny.

JOHN  
 (in phone)  
 Kuno? Look, I need a ride back to OCU.  
 Think you could hook me up with one?

KUNO  
 John? Where are you at?

JOHN  
 (in phone)  
 Fawkes Chapel. How'd you know it was me?

Kuno looks around, making sure no one's watching. Or listening.

He ducks slightly behind the desk.

KUNO  
 You can't come back here. Mandy wants your head. She sent Lincoln after you. I heard it all! I tapped her phone.

JOHN  
 (in phone)  
 No. Lincoln set me up! Then he killed himself. After he tried to kill us.

KUNO  
 Us?

JOHN  
 (in phone)  
 Seraphina's with me. My informant.

KUNO  
 I hate to break this. But Lincoln didn't set you up. Mandy did. You have to get away from there. Go someplace. But not here. Got it?

JOHN  
 (in phone)  
 You can't go against Valdez alone.

KUNO  
 John.

CLICK. John hangs up.

EXT. FAWKES CHAPEL - DAY

John puts his phone away.

SERAPHINA

Did you say Kuno?

JOHN

Kenny Gold. He was a hacker I brought in to do some work for intel. Seemed like the redeemable type. He was friends with some of the guys. Especially Grayson.

He pauses, gauging her reaction.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Grayson never told you?

SERAPHINA

What? About some old childhood buddy?

JOHN

Kuno was Grayson's Mirror.

SERAPHINA

I asked. He never mentioned Kuno by name.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

He's also Godric's personal hacker.

JOHN

Maybe he was. I didn't ask him what he did before.

SERAPHINA

No. He was there when Godric hired me. He introduced me to him!

John shakes his head. He can't believe this mess. He takes off, Seraphina right at his heels.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

John breaks into a full run, headed straight for the urban center. And OCU.

JOHN

To find out the truth.

INT. OCU - DAY

John and Seraphina burst in the front doors.

There's already a welcoming committee of SECURITY GUARDS and Hank.

JOHN

Hank, what's going on here?

HANK

Sorry, John. You really shouldn't have come back. Valdez wants you taken into custody.

JOHN

What? What for?

Amanda emerges from the miniature crowd.

AMANDA

Maybe I should ask you.

JOHN

That meeting was set up. I want to know why!

AMANDA

You tell me.

John has no idea what she's talking about. She acts dumb to it all. Or she pretends to be.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Agent Grey told me, right after you disappeared, that he wanted to meet with you. He had something he wanted to tell you. And only you. So he did. Now I find out he's dead. Right?

JOHN

How did he know where I would be?

AMANDA

He knows you like run-down churches.

JOHN

And how do you know he's dead?

AMANDA

He was afraid of that. Especially after he took this assignment. He expected some kind of retaliation.

JOHN

This is insane! Linc was working for Godric, not us. He said so himself.

AMANDA

People will say a lot of things under duress, Agent Vogel.

Amanda's face is stone. She's not listening anymore.

She motions for Hank and he steps forward, reluctantly cuffing both John and Seraphina.

JOHN

This is outrageous!

AMANDA

I'll tell you what's outrageous! Bringing hitmen on federal property without consent and killing one of your own agents. Out of jealousy!

She turns to the guards.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Put them both in holding. I'll have someone from Bureau pick them up.

JOHN

You can't do this. I have a daughter! Christ!

But Amanda could care less. She just watches him go.

Hank leads John and Seraphina down a corridor with the other guards behind him for backup.

HANK

This wouldn't have been my call, John. Believe me. Wish I could help.

JOHN

I know, Hank. It'd be your head, too.

Hank casts a nasty backwards glance at Amanda. But she's already gone.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Seraphina and John share the same cell but are separated by a Plexiglas wall, dividing their space into two rooms. But each fully visible to the other.

John sits against it, his head turned away from Seraphina.

He doesn't want her to see him, defeated.

JOHN

I'm sorry I got you into this.

Seraphina leans against the wall.

SERAPHINA

You couldn't have known.

JOHN

But I should have! I'm one of the top analysts. How could I have been so stupid?

SERAPHINA

Godric has a way of getting to people.

JOHN

I know. He appeals to their appetites. And not their stomachs, either.

SERAPHINA

Only if you let him.

John gazes around his blank cell.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

There's a way out of here, John. But it's risky.

JOHN

I'm still listening.

She doesn't really want to say this.

SERAPHINA

I can let Akane go. She's stronger than I am. She could break this wall.

JOHN

And if you can't reel her in?

SERAPHINA

I said it was risky.

JOHN

What do I do if she goes crazy on me?

There's no hesitation on Seraphina's part.

SERAPHINA

Kill her. You'd be doing me a favor.

She presses her hands against the wall.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

You might want to step back.

John heads for the other side of the cell.

JOHN

Should I hold on to something?

SERAPHINA

Your breath.

Seraphina puts her full weight against the wall. She's nearly contorted as she doubles over.

JOHN

This is insane. You know that, right?

SERAPHINA

Shows how well you don't know me.

Akane bubbles to the surface. The wall becomes like water in her hands.

John watches on in fear. And amazement.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Hank WHISTLES down the hall. He stops outside the holding cell and swipes his ID badge.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

The door swings open. There's no one inside.

Hank reaches for his radio.

John grabs him from behind the open door.

JOHN  
Put it away, Hank.

HANK  
John, what the....

JOHN  
Just put your radio away. And give me  
your gun.

HANK  
But you're not supposed to....

JOHN  
Just give me your gun!

Hank's shivering hands fumble the weapon to John.

His eyes land on Akane, standing in a corner, just  
staring.

HANK  
Holy cow! Is that a Mirage?

John looks over at her.

JOHN  
Seraphina. Come back now.

Akane advances toward Hank. A glass shard in her hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Seraphina, please. Listen to me.

She raises her hand, the shard poised above her head in a  
perfect strike at Hank's neck.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
No!

She drops the shard. It SHATTERS as Akane crouches in  
pain.

She SCREAMS.

Seraphina returns. She looks at the broken glass at her  
feet. Then at a thoroughly frightened Hank.

John lets Hank go and grasps her wrist.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
He'll be alright.

John shuts Hank up inside the cell.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Hank. But you have to believe me  
on this one.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

John heads down the hall, gun in hand. Seraphina is in a bit of a daze, unable to shake off her attempted attack on Hank.

She stops beside a wall and slinks down. John crouches beside her.

JOHN  
Are you alright? Akane isn't coming  
again, is she?

Seraphina can't look at him.

SERAPHINA  
Kill her.

JOHN  
What?

SERAPHINA  
Kill Akane.

JOHN  
I can't do that.

SERAPHINA  
I told you if she got out of hand to kill  
her. Do it now!

JOHN  
But you're fine now. Akane is gone.

SERAPHINA  
She'll never be gone unless she's dead.

She hunches over.

John knows what's going to happen next.

FOOTSTEPS are coming down the hall, locking on their position.



JOHN  
You can't do this. She'll die, Seraphina.  
But not today.

She levels her eyes with his. She gets up and follows John down the narrow stretch.

A set of glass doors loom in front of them. A back exit.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
As soon as we get outside, we'll get on my cycle and head for it.

But they're not fast enough. SECURITY GUARDS are right on their heels.

SECURITY GUARD 1  
Freeze!

SECURITY GUARD 2  
Don't move!

GUNSHOTS ring around them. John and Seraphina take refuge behind a barricade.

JOHN  
When I say move, head for the exit.

SERAPHINA  
What about you?

JOHN  
I'll be behind you. Now move!

Seraphina heads for the glass doors while John keeps the guards at bay with nonlethal SHOTS.

She stops.

In the doors, she sees reflections of the three guards and herself.

But not John.

She whips around. John's still behind her.

Seraphina shoves open the doors and John follows right behind.

EXT. OCU - DAY

John runs to his motorcycle and hops on. Seraphina gets on and John drives away, tires SQUEALING.

EXT. STREET - DAY

John races through traffic, dodging cars like bullets. He glances in his side mirrors, making sure they're not being followed.

Seraphina and John simultaneously look in one of the mirrors.

Seraphina's face shows clearly. But John's image isn't present.

SERAPHINA

You're a Mirror! Why didn't you tell me?

JOHN

Yes. Yes, I'm a Mirror. But I couldn't tell you back there. Do you know how hard I fought to even work there?

SERAPHINA

If you want my sympathy, forget it.

JOHN

I didn't ask for it. But I will ask you to trust me.

SERAPHINA

Trust you? Why?

JOHN

Because I'm not a killer.

SERAPHINA

Then your Mirror is a demon.

John drives even faster.

INT. OCU - DAY

The intel floor is in an uproar. Amanda rushes from her office to the center of the room.

AMANDA

Listen up!

She rips mug shots off the wall and slaps up two, new photos. One of John. One of Seraphina.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

I'm pooling our available resources into apprehending these fugitives.

Everyone looks at her like she's lost her mind.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Well? You heard me. Get going!

No argument there. The agents know better.

Amanda sees Stewart, sitting idle, at his station.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Are you deaf?

STEWART

Not last time I checked.

AMANDA

Where's your friend?

STEWART

Kenny? Gone. Don't know where.

AMANDA

Just as long as he's out of here.  
I need you to head up a tact team.

Stewart gawks at her.

STEWART

But I've only worked intel! I've never manned a team before. You know that.

AMANDA

Now's a good time to learn.

STEWART

John's not a real threat.

AMANDA

He's no longer a federal agent. He's a wanted man. Treat him like one! And shoot the hitman.

STEWART

But.

AMANDA  
Is there a problem?

STEWART  
Nope. On it. But where?

AMANDA  
They probably went downtown. If Agent Vogel is working with Godric, there's only one place he'd go. Think about it!

Stewart decides to do just that.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

John pulls up quietly. Seraphina takes a look around.

JOHN  
Recognize this place?

It's the alley behind the Loki Club!

SERAPHINA  
Yes. But how would you know....

He yanks off his helmet and heads for the alley's exit.

JOHN  
Shows how well you don't know me.

EXT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

John and Seraphina are hardly noticed by the Goths gathering outside.

But they can't fool Narvi. He immediately locks on John.

NARVI  
Think you can just march on in, chum?

JOHN  
Actually, I can. I'm part owner.

NARVI  
I'm impressed.

JOHN  
Really? Want to be blown away?

John nods to a window directly behind the bulgy thug.

Narvi looks.

He only sees Seraphina and the Goths clamoring to get in.

He turns around for an explanation. But John and Seraphina are gone.

INT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

The dance floor is filling up with odd-looking patrons.

John and Seraphina press their way through.

JOHN

Good thing I kept my jacket on. There's more leather in here than a rodeo.

He keeps rubbing his forehead, like it's hurting again.

SERAPHINA

How did you know Godric was here?

JOHN

His money trail told on him.

SERAPHINA

You've known about this place all along?

JOHN

I knew it was here. I wasn't sure if Godric was.

SERAPHINA

And now you're sure?

His fingers threaten to drill into his scalp, he's pressing so hard.

JOHN

I can feel him.

Seraphina stops in the middle of the dance floor.

SERAPHINA

You're Godric's Mirror.

John can barely concentrate on her question and his pain.

JOHN

Yes. Whenever a Mirror senses something is wrong with his double, it causes pain.

SERAPHINA

But if you can sense him....

JOHN

He can't detect me. I said only if there's something wrong. Godric would never sense a thing from me.

They're being closed in on either side by clubbers.

John spies the loft.

JOHN (CONT'D)

He's up there.

SERAPHINA

This is suicide.

JOHN

No. It's stalling. Godric'll have to deal with us first before he goes after Alondra. And it's a sure bet Valdez will send someone after us. She'll know exactly where to go.

Seraphina looks at him like he's lost it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Come on.

He keeps his gun close.

INT. LOKI LOFT - NIGHT

Godric fumes, alone, his eyes locked on some unknown, invisible point in his mind's eye.

Black CLANGS up the stairs.

BLACK

We're ready to move when you are.

GODRIC

Good. But you won't be going.

BLACK

Why? I'm the best gunman....

GODRIC

And you're expendable. Right now, I need you to take someone else out for me.

Black likes this even better.

BLACK

Name him.

Godric slips him a BUSINESS CARD bearing the OCU seal. RAVEN TOWERS is scrawled overtop like irreverent graffiti.

BLACK (CONT'D)

Now?

GODRIC

Yes, now! Before anyone snitches I'm gone.

Black clutches the card, scurrying down the stairs.

EXT. RAVEN TOWERS - NIGHT

A TAXI pulls up in front of the dismal building.

INT. RAVEN TOWERS - NIGHT

The lobby is deserted. Its front doors open and a coated, shadowed WOMAN enters.

It's Amanda!

She looks around, searching for something. Or someone.

She doesn't have long to wait. Black steps out from behind her.

BLACK

Moody Mandy. In the flesh. Need a cig?

AMANDA

It can wait. I want my overdue compensation. I think I've earned it.

BLACK

Deal was you eliminate Godric's threat. Is he gone?

AMANDA

No.

BLACK

Let me get this. You sent Lincoln with a gun and a car bomb. And Vogel's still alive?

For the first time, Amanda is intimidated.

AMANDA

I can't control what happens behind my back! Agent Grey must have defected. That's why he killed himself.

He comes too close to her. Amanda backs away.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Godric doesn't know how these operations work.

BLACK

No. He just knows how to use the system.

AMANDA

There's nothing I can do. Agent Vogel isn't under my power anymore. He's a fugitive.

BLACK

That's forgivable. But what about the other one?

AMANDA

Other one?

BLACK

The cyberpunk.

AMANDA

He's gone. I have no idea where he is.

BLACK

Sure?

Amanda follows his glance. Over his shoulder.

Kuno emerges.

KUNO

Good to see you again.

Amanda LAUGHS to hide her fear.

AMANDA

I get set up by a thug and a hacker!



KUNO

No.

Kuno pulls a GUN out from his jacket.

KUNO (CONT'D)

You set yourself up.

Kuno pulls the trigger.

BOOM!

Black HITS the floor hard. He's dead.

Amanda looks on, wide-eyed. Kuno's not letting her go that easily.

KUNO (CONT'D)

I'll have to take you in myself.

Amanda relaxes. Her arms at her sides.

AMANDA

I wouldn't give a street punk like you the pleasure.

She reaches for her sidearm. But she's too late.

Kuno FIRES first. Amanda falls, instantly dead.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kuno races down the sidewalk. Two SUVs instantly block his path. Kuno raises his arms.

STEWART (O.S.)

Don't shoot!

Stewart walks out from among the agents.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Kenny? We thought you were John.

KUNO

Where's John?

STEWART

Escaped. He and Seraphina. We're headed downtown to rope them in.

KUNO

You don't need to do that. John's innocent.

STEWART

But I heard Amanda.

KUNO

She lied. I tried to warn John. She set him up, to get him out of the way. She was working with Godric.

STEWART

Where's she now?

Kuno nods towards the apartment complex.

KUNO

Dead. She was meeting one of Godric's men. I had to kill her first before she plugged me.

STEWART

You were wire-tapping that day.

KUNO

Yep.

STEWART

I'm open to suggestions now.

KUNO

You still wanna be buddies?

STEWART

Ain't got much of a choice, smarty-pants.

KUNO

Then take half of your team to the Loki Club. If Godric's not there, head for the Alondra mansion. Got it?

STEWART

Hope so.

Stewart turns back towards the tact team.

STEWART (CONT'D)

You heard him. Split up. Let's go!

INT. LOKI LOFT - NIGHT

Godric checks his gun to make sure it's loaded. He strokes the barrel lovingly.

JOHN

Ready for the hunt, Godric?

Godric whips around. And sneers at John.

GODRIC

My prodigal has returned.

Seraphina steps out from behind John.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Both of you! Come to see me off?

SERAPHINA

What do you think?

Godric closes in on her.

GODRIC

I'm not known for giving grace. But for you, I'll made an exception. You should be grateful.

John blocks his path.

JOHN

We haven't settled things between us first.

GODRIC

All in good time, double. But you were never under my employment.

SERAPHINA

Neither was I.

GODRIC

True enough.

Godric studies her.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

But Akane was.

Godric hones in on her, like a moth attracted to flame.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Kill the girl. And her father. Remember what I promised before? Consider it doubled.

Seraphina pulls away, repulsed.

SERAPHINA

If I didn't do it last time, what makes you think I'd do it again?

GODRIC

I don't want you to do anything.

Seraphina is as still as stone.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Where is my red angel?

There is no emotion in his eyes. Only madness.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Akane.

Seraphina grits her teeth.

SERAPHINA

Stop it!

GODRIC

She's hiding you, Akane. She's weak without you.

SERAPHINA

No!

She doubles over.

JOHN

Stop it, Godric! Christ!

Godric raises his gun at John's head.

GODRIC

I considered letting you tag along. But I've thought against it.

Seraphina SCREAMS. Godric stops.

She is deep in pain. But still in control.

SERAPHINA

If you kill him, I won't go.

Godric considers it. He puts his weapon at his side.

GODRIC

Fair enough.

He reaches for John's handcuffs.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

But I can't have you running amok when we get there.

John lets himself be cuffed. Godric frisks him and proudly displays John's sidearm.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

One can never have too many of these.

Godric tucks it away under his jacket. But John's eyes are on Seraphina alone.

Her look tells him she knows what she's doing. He just has to trust her.

She lets Akane go. Her pupils turn brilliant crimson.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

There you are. Are you ready?

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

Yes.

GODRIC

Good. You won't fail me again?

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

No.

GODRIC

That's my girl. Now, come.

Akane follows as Godric drags John beside him.

EXT. LOKI CLUB - NIGHT

An OCU SUV pulls up in front. AGENT GRAEM jumps out and accosts Narvi.

AGENT GRAEM

OCU.

NARVI

Prove it.

A gang of AGENTS in riot gear and guns clamor out of the vehicle.

Narvi takes a step back. He's not so tough now.

AGENT GRAEM  
Where's Godric Raven?

NARVI  
Ain't here. Left. Had a chick and her sugar daddy with him.

AGENT GRAEM  
(to agents)  
Scatter and search the premises.

Some of the group shove through the Goths at the entrance. Others go around the building.

Graem turns his attentions to Narvi.

AGENT GRAEM (CONT'D)  
Anything you'd like to add?

NARVI  
Yeah. Asinine feds.

In a flash, Graem whips out a pair of handcuffs and slaps them on Narvi.

AGENT GRAEM  
You'll see how asinine we are when you're being hauled back to OCU.

EXT. ALONDRA MANSION - NIGHT

The garden-infused estate rests peacefully in its own private haven. Its gates keep the world out.

INT. ALONDRA MANSION - NIGHT

Everyone is fast asleep. Except for the GUARDS patrolling the halls. The corridors are silent.

EXT. ALONDRA MANSION - NIGHT

Godric's HENCHMEN encroach.

But they're not the only ones there.

Stewart and the tact team wait, like spiders in a web. Waiting for the cue to strike.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

CARMINE, one of the guards, spies Enzo making the rounds.

CARMINE

Hey, zo!

ENZO

You ready for the night shift?

CARMINE

Ready and willing. He's not still paranoid about that boss's death, is he?

Enzo closes the gap between them, so they can speak freely.

ENZO

Pete would have your hide if he heard you talking. Tristan was Pete's lifeline to the Ravens.

CARMINE

I know. His son's a bastard.

ENZO

In more ways than one.

He takes a final look around, to make sure everything's alright.

ENZO (CONT'D)

Just keep your eyes open.

CARMINE

No problem.

Enzo heads for his own room. Carmine rejoins the other guards.

They have no idea of the danger in the shadows around them.

Godric's henchmen lurk, staying out of sight. So is the tact team. Closing in. Like crimson fireflies, lasers dart around the room.

Carmine takes aim at the shifting shadows and FIRES.

It's the shot that starts a massacre.

GUNSHOTS tear through the silence. Men on all sides are cut down, bullets sparring no one.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Godric shoves John down beside a GURGLING FOUNTAIN, a centerpiece among night-blooming plants.

Akane stands beside Godric. But it's hard for her not to look at John.

John is crumpled over. His head is killing him.

Muffled GUNFIRE echoes around them.

GODRIC

My men are already in. But I've given them special instructions not to kill Alondra. I've reserved hIm for you.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

Gladly.

GODRIC

And I want them dead. All of them. Including the brat.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

Yes.

GODRIC

Then you'll get your reward. Until then.

He kicks John in the ribs.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

No.

GODRIC

Don't get soft on me, Akane. I need you. For this one, last job. I won't kill John. You have my word.

John makes final eye contact with Akane.

She's a vicious figure. But there's still a trace of Seraphina there. Deep down. But there.



GODRIC (CONT'D)

Get going. Before Alondra rattles his  
brains enough to escape.

Akane walks towards the mansion, leaving John alone with  
his Mirror.

Godric leers into his face.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

We've never talked much. Care to catch  
up?

JOHN

You'll go to hell for this.

GODRIC

In the meantime, I can make it hell here.

Godric launches a tirade of abuse on John. John can only  
lie against the fountain and take it.

For now.

INT. ALONDRA MANSION - NIGHT

Akane enters, searching for her target. She heads towards  
the ruckus in the atrium, then veers into another hall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter barricades Wendy and Diana in his bedroom. He  
stands valiant, ready at the door, gun in hand.

But it shakes violently.

A single set of FOOTSTEPS echo outside.

Peter FIRES, without hesitation, riddling the door with  
holes.

DIANA

Daddy!

Wendy clamps a quick hand over her mouth.

WENDY

Quiet! They'll hear you.

Silence.

CRASH!

The door comes down with a swift kick from Akane.

Wendy and Diana cower in a corner. Peter blocks the way, gun aimed at Akane's chest. He studies her face.

PETER

You're the assassin! You won't get my daughter!

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

You're all dead.

But her face betrays her. Her expression is torn between two internal sides.

One wants to kill. The other doesn't.

AKANE (SERAPHINA) (CONT'D)

You're all...dead.

She SCREAMS as if in agonizing pain.

Peter backs up towards Wendy and Diana, shielding them from Akane. He keeps his gun out in front.

Akane stands back up. But it's not Akane anymore.

It's Seraphina.

PETER

What the devil is this? Who are you?

SERAPHINA

My name is Seraphina. And you need to come with me. There are OCU agents outside. They'll take you with them.

PETER

And so is Santa and his reindeer.

SERAPHINA

I know you can't trust me. I don't blame you. But you can't stay. You have to go now. You have to believe me.

PETER

How do I know this isn't a set up? That Tristan's kid won't cut us down?

SERAPHINA

Because he's not that deliberate.

Peter glances at the badge at her waist.

PETER

What's with the badge? You a cop or something?

SERAPHINA

I protect people from killers like Godric. It's my job. It's what I'm good at.

Peter looks at Wendy and Diana for help. Their worried looks are all the answer he needs.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

Trust me.

He lowers the gun.

PETER

I've got to let Enzo know I've left.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Godric gives John a chance to messily wipe blood from his broken lip.

GODRIC

You were always a tough one. Made you the perfect fed. Too bad we never got the chance to work together.

JOHN

You're a monster.

GODRIC

Don't flatter me, John.

JOHN

What will you do to Seraphina?

GODRIC

Don't worry.

JOHN

She won't do it, you know. She won't kill for you.

Godric leans close to his battered face.

GODRIC

You think I'm that stupid. I'm not  
planning on letting her live.

He kicks John hard in the side. John GROANS.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

But you won't be around to see her die.

John grimaces, overcome by pain.

But his contorted position gives him a look inside his  
jacket.

His backup weapon lies inside a breast pocket. A simple  
piece of wire. Simple but deadly, in the right hands.

Godric's not looking at him now. John makes his move,  
fumbling for the weapon.

Godric turns. John curls up in pain again.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

I bet that skull of yours is killing you.

JOHN

You wish.

Godric anxiously paces around the foliage.

John struggles for his weapon in cuffed hands.

INT. ATRIUM - NIGHT

Stewart rounds up the rest of his team, separating  
survivors from casualties.

Most of the henchmen are dead. But there are still those  
alive and SHOOTING.

Stewart takes aim at one of them and FIRES.

CLICK!

A gun barrel kisses the back of his neck.

ENZO

Don't move.

Stewart puts his hands up.

STEWART

I'm one of the good guys. OCU.

Enzo lets him turn around. The OCU seal is marked on Stewart's vest.

ENZO

Who called the calvary in?

STEWART

We had intel that Godric Raven was staging an attack.

ENZO

Godric! I knew it was that kid.

STEWART

Is Peter Alondra and his family alive?

ENZO

Pete just told me. Him, Wendy, and his kid were off to see you guys.

STEWART

What?

ENZO

Yeah. Left with some woman. It was dark. I couldn't see her face. Is she one of you?

STEWART

Count her in.

GUNSHOTS erupt around them. Both men take cover and return FIRE.

INT. ALONDRA MANSION - NIGHT

Peter leads his family and Seraphina down a series of corridors.

PETER

This way. It's a private exit.

He heads for two doors in front of him. The garden exits!

SERAPHINA

No! Stop!

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

Peter scrambles through the twisting garden path, Wendy and Diana close behind.

Seraphina draws her weapon. She knows what's ahead.

Peter rounds another turn, right into Godric!

GODRIC

Wonderful evening for a stroll, isn't it Peter?

Peter stops in his tracks. Wendy and Diana crash into him.

Seraphina keeps her distance in the shadows.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

And I see you brought the whole family. Convenient.

Peter sees John lying beside the fountain.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Never mind him. You'll fair much worse.

PETER

Let my family go, Godric. They have nothing to do with this!

GODRIC

I'm afraid they do.

He eyes Wendy like some kind of delectable treat.

GODRIC (CONT'D)

Tell me, dear. Did you know your husband slept with my mother? All because my father sold him his businesses. And that's how he repaid him.

WENDY

That's all been forgiven.

PETER

Godric. I'm warning you.

He takes a deliberate but wary step forward.

GODRIC  
This is the Alondra family's defender? A  
fat man in his pajamas?

Seraphina steps into the light.

SERAPHINA  
And me.

Godric's not surprised.

GODRIC  
Once burned, twice duped, I suppose. I  
thought the promise of letting your  
friend live would entice you.

SERAPHINA  
You're a liar.

GODRIC  
Another compliment. I'll have to keep a  
running list.

Godric closes the gap between him and Peter. But Godric's  
eyes flicker on Seraphina.

GODRIC (CONT'D)  
Never trust a Mirage.

She raises her gun.

SERAPHINA  
Or a Mirror.

GODRIC  
Clever girl.

Godric brandishes his own GUN. John sees it before she  
does.

JOHN  
No!

Seraphina cowers in pain. Just as the bullet flies.

It hits its mark. She SCREAMS. Godric looks satisfied.

Until he sees who he's shot.

Akane GASPS. Her blazing eyes look straight at Godric.

AKANE (SERAPHINA)

The least indulgence of the passion for  
revenge is very deadly sin.

Godric lowers his weapon in a stunned rage.

JOHN

Afraid it is.

John lunges from behind, swiftly wrapping the slender  
WIRE around Godric's neck.

John gives it his full strength, despite Godric's  
struggle, which only digs the wire in deeper.

Seraphina retrieves her fallen firearm. And FIRES.

Godric goes limp. John releases him to slide to the  
ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Seraphina?

Wendy helps the fallen woman. Seraphina rises, very much  
alive.

SERAPHINA

Nice shot.

John smiles through battered lips.

JOHN

No. I think that honor goes to you.

EXT. ALONDRA MANSION - NIGHT

The remaining OCU agents regroup and head out.

Kuno and his team arrive for the cleanup. He spies  
Stewart and rushes up.

STEWART

Good timing. Thanks a lot.

KUNO

Better than no show.

STEWART

What did you do? Stop for burgers?

KUNO

No. But now that you mentioned it.



Stewart punches his arm.

Meanwhile, Seraphina supports a limping John to see the Alondra family to a waiting van.

PETER

You better swear to me you won't hurt my family. You can drag me through court, but not my wife. Or my daughter.

John buckles Diana in her seat. But she won't go of Peter.

JOHN

So this is Diana. I have a daughter about the same age, too. Funny how little girls always love their daddies.

He looks Peter in the eye.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't worry.

John SLAMS the door shut and the van takes off, first in a caravan of vehicles. He watches them go.

SERAPHINA

You need to get cleaned up.

JOHN

I don't look that bad, do I?

SERAPHINA

Guess your headache is gone.

JOHN

He is.

John hops into an SUV. Seraphina sits beside him.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

John settles back in his seat, relishing its comfort.

JOHN

What I do need is a long vacation.

SERAPHINA

What about Sam?

JOHN

Sam needs a good home. Usually, he's wary of strangers. But he sure liked you.

Seraphina smiles. That's at least two allies she's made.

SERAPHINA

John, can I ask you something?

JOHN

Never objected. What's on your mind?

SERAPHINA

Ever wonder why some of us are Doppelgangers?

JOHN

Probably to keep us in line. And to learn to realize who we really are.

He shrugs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Bad answer, I know.

SERAPHINA

No. It's perfect.

She turns back to the window as the SUV drives away. And spies a faint reflection of herself.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Unsuspecting PEDESTRIANS pass by in droves.

SERAPHINA

(V.O.)

We all have a dual self.

But it's not real people. It's reflections, captured in a reflecting pool.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

Another side that appears real.

Not everyone's reflection appears. There's Doppelgangers.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

But it's a reflection.

Seraphina emerges from the sea of bodies. She pauses beside the pool, looking down.

Her own face stares up at her. She reaches down to touch the water.

SERAPHINA (CONT'D)

(V.O.)

And reflections cannot define who we are.

Ripples form from her immersed fingertip and float outward.

THE END

FADE OUT.