

**1 INT. KADY'S EMPTY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

**1**

The apartment appears trashed. Lamps are knocked over and tables are upturned. The Chatwin clock is broken, the door now hanging off its hinge and the clock face is cracked.

The walls of the apartment flicker with wards beginning to misfire and fade.

We catch the briefest glimpse of the back of a familiar character exit the apartment into the hallway via the open door. As he disappears around the corner, the door of the Chatwin clock falls off completely.

CUT TO:

**2 EXT. NEW FILLORY - NIGHT**

**2**

Tents abound and in the distance construction on a New Whitespire Castle is in its very early stages. Those few still awake at this hour huddle closely around campfires as their breath steams in the cold night air.

Inside the nearest tent, ALICE is clearly having troubled dreams as she tosses and turns in her makeshift bedding.

Suddenly she sits up, eyes wide with shock.

CUT TO:

**3 INT. ELIOT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**3**

ELIOT mirrors Alice and wakes suddenly from his sleep, rousing CHARLTON who was sleeping beside him.

CHARLTON

What is it?

Eliot shakes his head, a puzzled look crossing his face.

ELIOT

Nothing. Bad dream. Go back to sleep.

Charlton nods, turning back over. Eliot, however, stands and gathers a dressing gown around himself and lights a cigarette. Placing the cigarette case down on his dresser

table, he idly fingers an intricately decorated eye patch hanging from the dresser mirror.

ELIOT  
(Murmuring to himself)  
Where are you when I need you Bambi?

**4 EXT. BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - DAY**

**4**

Two years later.

A young man with shoulder length hair exits a second hand book store. For a moment we think he could be QUENTIN, until we get a closer look at his face.

Pulling his jacket around himself, the Quentin-lookalike braces himself against the cold as he juggles a pile of books - which turn out to be well worn copies of all five of the Fillory and Further books.

A sudden gust of wind picks up, and the top book in the pile opens and a loose sheaf of paper goes flying out. The lookalike attempts to catch it, but it flies just out of grasp and down into a nearby alleyway.

The lookalike stops for a moment, hesitating about whether to follow the paper or not, and instead shakes his head and leaves it be.

Instead, HANNA, a young Chinese-American woman in a heavy jacket who had been watching from a nearby Newsstand puts down the magazine she had been flicking through and decides to chase the paper instead.

The paper leads her to the end of the alleyway, where it is stuck against an old metal gate.

Reaching the gate, Hanna takes hold of the paper and turns it over.

It reads "SURPRISE!".

Looking up, Hanna realizes the world around her has changed.

CUT TO:

**5 EXT. BRAKEBILLS UNIVERSITY - DAY**

**5**

The cold of New York winter is replaced by a warm summer day. Sitting on the Brakebills University sign where we first met Eliot all those years ago, is PLUM, swinging her legs with a card in her hand.

Hanna looks bewildered and doesn't even notice that Plum is there until she jumps down.

PLUM  
Hanna Yang?

HANNA  
(puzzled)  
Umm.. yeah.

PLUM  
I'm Plum. Plum Chatwin, pleasure to make your acquaintance. Welcome to Brakebills.

HANNA  
Brakebills?

PLUM  
Brakebills University for Magical Pedagogy. You've been offered a preliminary exam for entrance into the graduate program. You're a little early actually, first one here in fact. Any questions?

HANNA  
Ummm. Three actually. One - where am I? Two - what the actual holy fuck is going on. And three - am I dead or something?

Plum links her arm through Hanna's, guiding her toward the main hall.

PLUM  
It is a little much isn't it? They do tend to enjoy their theatrics around here. So to answer your first question: Again this is the main campus of Brakebills University, currently located in upstate New York. Though, the time of year is a little out of sync here with the rest of the planet, so you may find it's a little too warm for that coat of yours at present. You'll want that for the Southern campus though, if you ever get there of course.

Secondly, you've been selected to sit an exam.. of sorts. I'd explain

it more fully, but they kind of like their applicants walking in cold.

And finally, god I hope not. Though given everything that happens around here I probably wouldn't be surprised if you were.

Hanna recoils and gives Plum a troubled look.

PLUM

Sorry, British humor. But here, let me help.

Plum points to Hanna's heavy jacket, before helping her out of it and folding it over her own arm to carry.

Plum guides Hanna into the main hall, which now bears a sign above the door: "Quentin Coldwater Memorial Hall". The hall is completely empty, save for PROFESSOR LIPSON who is arranging piles of exam booklets at the front of the room.

Lipson acknowledges the pair's entrance with a brief nod before returning to counting the booklets before her.

Plum points to a nearby desk, indicating that Hanna should sit before she returns her coat to her.

PLUM

(turning to leave)

Good luck.

HANNA

Wait. What should I do?

PLUM

Try not to have a stroke. That'd be a good place to start.

Without another word, Plum turns and exits the hall, leaving Hanna to look around in bewilderment. Slowly the hall begins to fill with other examinees, at first Hanna attempts to talk with a young man who takes the desk to her immediate left but is cautioned by a raised warning finger from Lipson, and she instead picks up her pencil and begins twirling it from boredom.

Eventually DEAN FOGG enters from the back of the hall, still cradling a cat in his arms, with Eliot following quickly behind. As the two walk to the front of the hall, Lipson begins handing out exam booklets to the assembled examinees.

Eliot quietly confers with Fogg, who takes a nearby chair and begins stroking the cat. Eliot nods and turns to address the room.

ELIOT

I'm Eliot, you may refer to me as Professor Waugh. That dashing bald James Bond villain type behind me there is Dean Henry Fogg.

I know you all have questions, and let me assure you all.. I don't care.

Lipson reaches Hanna's desk and hand her an exam booklet.

ELIOT

What are you all waiting for? Begin already, Jesus.

Hanna opens the exam booklet and just like Quentin, the questions begin to change in front of her eyes. She slow blinks and shakes her head.

HANNA

(under her breath)  
Fuck me sideways.

**6 EXT. NEW FILLORY - DAY**

**6**

Construction of New Castle Whitespire has progressed significantly, though scaffolding still encases one of the half-built towers. In place of the tents we saw earlier, a small village now resides.

In the far distance an impossibly large equine, the long rumored Cozy Horse, trots by.

CUT TO:

**7 INT. NEW CASTLE WHITESPIRE THRONE ROOM - DAY**

**7**

The throne room of New Castle Whitespire is decidedly reminiscent of the original Fillorian throne room, though a distinctly modern flair has been applied to its design. On the central dais sit four new thrones, though there is little doubt which of the four belongs to High King Margo, being larger and far more flamboyant than its brethren.

MARGO sits regally, flanked on either side by the empty thrones of Queen Alice and King Josh, in the fourth throne (seperated from Margot by Josh's empty throne), QUEEN FEN,

Mother of New Fillory, sits sideways idly carving a wooden doll with one of her knives.

RAFE stands at the foot of the dais, wringing his hands in consternation.

RAFE

I humbly beg your forgiveness, your Majesty, but the messenger bunnies still steadfastly refuse to leave their new burrows. Ever since their arrival in New Fillory they..

Rafe doesn't get a chance to finish, as Fen throws the knife she is currently carving with passed Rafe's head and it sticks point first into a target hanging from a nearby column. Without missing a beat, Fen reaches down to a basket beside her throne bristling with more knives. She carefully selects another and resumes carving.

MARGO

(turning to Fen)

You quite right there Hawkeye? We have enough problems without you trying to shisk-kebab the help.

(turning back to Rafe)

Ignore her, she's been a little cranky since the knife trees stopped blooming. Girl needs some quality alone time to help vent her pent up frustrations in a more effective manner.

Fen shoots Margo a sour look, before throwing the second knife, which lands point first beside the second.

MARGO

(to Fen)

Enough with the knives already, you're bored, we get it. If I had wanted dangerous things flying at my face, I wouldn't have sent Hoberman off to negotiate the new border treaty with the Lorians.

Fen looks ready to retort, opens her mouth and then decides against speaking, instead retrieving a third blade from the basket and returning to her carving. Margo watches her for a moment, waiting for another outburst, before deciding she's finished and turns back to Rafe.

MARGO

I'm sorry. Please, you were saying?

Rafe hesitantly looks at Fen, before returning his attention to Margo.

RAFE

Ah.. the messenger bunnies, your Highness. They still refuse to cooperate and will not leave their burrows.

MARGO

Oh for love of Ember's unwashed goat's balls.

FEN

(without looking up from her carving)  
Sheep.

MARGO

(turning back to Fen)  
What?

FEN

Sheep. Ember and Umber were the twin ram gods of Fillory. Ember had sheep's balls.

Margo blinks in surprise, for once lost for words.

MARGO

Well thank you for that enlightening lesson in the history of divine Fillorian gonads. Unwashed sheep balls it is then.

(turning back to Rafe)

Now you go back and tell those precious, furry motherfuckers that if they don't grow some tits, pull their little fuzzy paws out of their little rabbit twats and get back to work I'm about to go all Elmer Fudd on their asses and turn all their adorable little toes into adorable little keyrings. It's been over two years since we arrived, and I want to send a goddamn letter.

RAFE

(shifting uncomfortably)  
Of course your Majesty.

MARGO

And take Queen Fen with you, have her tell them she once shoved this whole damned planet up inside her special lady wallet for them and every other talking animal in this place, the least they could do is quit their self-obsessed pity party and do their fucking jobs.

(turning to Fen)

Besides sweetie, you seriously need to bathe and get out of the castle before you drive me to murder you where you stand.

Fen opens her mouth to speak, instead she sighs and rolls her eyes.

MARGO

(to Rafe)

Is that it?

RAFE

Umm.. not quite your Highness. There's also the matter of the emissary from the talking boars.

MARGO

Talking pigs? No thanks, we've had quite enough of them already.

RAFE

Boars your highness. They're somewhat dismissive of their more domesticated cousins.

MARGO

And who can blame them? What do they want?

RAFE

They're demanding an audience to lodge an official protest over Queen Alice's bacon fields. They claim they're.. offensive, all that cooked flesh on open display.

MARGO

They've clearly never been to Burning Man.

RAFE

Pardon?

MARGO

Never mind. Tell them to take it up with Alice, they were her idea.

RAFE

(coughs)

Unfortunately Queen Alice's current whereabouts are unknown.

MARGO

Sweet cocaine Christ on a chocolate dipped prick. Where has she gotten to now?

**8 EXT. NEW FILLORY WILDERNESS - SUNSET**

**8**

Alice's clothes are stained and torn from days of hard travel, her face is smudged with dirt. Breaking out of a nearby thicket, she enters a clearing with a large fallen tree.

Unslinging a backpack, she retrieves a large, yet crudely drawn map titled "New Fillory", on which several locations have been crossed out.

Struggling to see in the failing light, Alice performs a one-handed phosphoromancy spell to focus the last vestiges of daylight onto the map.

Taking off her glasses to clean them, she traces the crossed out locations with her finger before performing a second spell. At first nothing happens, until the pool of light illuminating the map begins to shrink, until finally focusing on a single point on what appears to be a coastline.

Alice searches her bag again, retrieving a stick of charcoal and circles the illuminated location. Repacking her backpack, she gives the failing light a second look before setting back out into the wilderness.

A few moments after she disappears from view, a half-hidden face is briefly revealed among the trees before it disappears. Someone, or something, is following Alice.

**9 INT. BRAKEBILLS DORM ROOM - NIGHT**

**9**

Hanna sits on her bed in a first-year dorm room, identical to that once shared by Quentin and Penny. The distant sound of music and laughter can be heard in the distance, many of the new first-years are celebrating.

Hanna, however, is busy pouring over a pile of textbooks spread open on her bed while practicing her finger

positioning for some basic spell work. One particular combination with her fore and little fingers is causing her particular grief, and after several failed attempts she growls under her breath, picks up the book she is studying and throws it clear across the room, barely missing the head of her roommate, ALI, as she abruptly opens the door.

The sounds of the nearby party increase as the door opens and Hanna's roommate is clearly intoxicated and is clutching a bottle of vodka in one hand. Picking up the book, she checks the cover and puts it down on a nearby desk. The cover reads "Amelia Popper's Practical Exercises for Young Magicians".

ALI

Still having problems with number  
23?

HANNA

(collapsing back on her  
bed)

It's fucking impossible. The fingers  
aren't meant to bend that way, it's  
unnatural.

ALI

What's unnatural is you sitting in  
here trying to study when it's the  
weekend. No classes tomorrow, take a  
night off for once.

(handing Hanna the vodka)

Here, drink. Doctor's orders.

Hanna sits up to drink from the bottle, before coughing.

HANNA

(between gasps)

Smooth. Which fuel tank did you  
siphon that out of?

ALI

(retrieving the bottle and  
taking her own swig)

I swiped it from Professor Waugh's  
office.

HANNA

(putting her hand out for  
another swig)

You're stealing booze from the  
faculty now?

ALI

Relax, it wasn't his - far too cheap  
for his tastes. It was in a box of

stuff the Professor had me take down to storage for him. Belonged to whoever used to own Waugh's new office. Some Russian guy I'd guess by the name they were scratching off the door. Whole place had been locked and sealed off for years just judging from the dust.

HANNA

Well aren't you the teacher's pet? What's with Waugh's new office, old one not big enough?

ALI

(shrugs)

Not close enough to Fogg would be my guess. It's no secret that the old man is looking to groom his successor. Either way..

(takes another drink)

Free booze!

Just as Ali hands the bottle back across to Hanna, Plum's head appears around the corner of the door.

PLUM

There you are.

(Enters the room and takes the bottle from Hanna's grip before she can take another sip)

It's Friday night, and here you are sulking in your dorm room drinking..

(checks bottle)

Lichen vodka?

(Swigs from the bottle and nearly chokes)

Come with me, both of you. There are better drinks to be found on campus. Besides the Pink Moon reaches its peak in a few hours, it's well past time for you to see the sort of malarkey we have to go through just to make sure things keep running smoothly around here.

10 INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

10

Boxes are stacked on floors and surfaces, and a large bookcase remains empty. Clearly Eliot has not progressed too far into settling into the office once occupied by Mayakovsky, prior to his banishment to Brakebills South. The

window on the office door still shows the faintest outline of the words "Professor Mischa Mayakovsky" where they had been recently scratched off.

Eliot flicks idly through a file box, filled with ungraded student papers, clearly unimpressed with what he sees. Frustrated, he sighs, and dumps the entire contents of the box into an empty wastepaper basket before collapsing into the chair behind his new desk.

Retrieving a hip flask from inside his vest, he takes a swig and stares vacantly at the ceiling for a moment before turning his attention back to the desk before him. He quickly picks his way through the few possessions of Mayakovsky's not yet already sent away to storage, little more than an empty glass, a box of tissues, some stationary, an ornate letter opener and a small container of paper clips.

Continuing his investigations, he proceeds to open some of the desk drawers, again not revealing much more than a few old pens and blank paper. One drawer opens to reveal a risqué magazine with a scantily clad college girl and the title "Busty College Babes". On discovering it Eliot snorts and rolls his eyes.

ELIOT  
(to himself)  
Of course.

Grabbing a tissue from the box on the desk, so as not to touch the magazine directly, he plucks it gingerly from its resting place and dumps it into the waste paper basket along with all the ungraded papers, distaste painted on his face the entire time.

Reaching down to the last, unopened, drawer, Eliot attempts it and discovers it's locked. Raising his eyebrow in surprise, he attempts to unlock the drawer by performing a spell, but instead it glows white with an ornate set of warding and sparks jump to Eliot's fingertips. Yelping in surprise, Eliot sticks his burnt fingertips in his mouth as Fogg enters the room without him noticing, a bottle of scotch in one hand, a book tucked under his armpit and his cat in the other. Putting the scotch down on the table with a dramatic thud, Eliot jumps with surprise, nearly hitting his head on the desk as he straightens back up.

ELIOT  
(taking his fingers from  
his mouth and waving them  
in pain)  
Jesus Henry, do we need to get you a  
collar with a bell on it too?

Fogg smiles, placing the book next to the bottle of scotch and easing himself into the chair on the opposite side of the desk. He begins stroking the cat fondly.

FOGG  
(nodding to Eliot's  
injured fingers)  
Present from Mayakovsky?

Eliot nods.

FOGG  
He always was a paranoid bastard.  
Just another sweet note in the  
symphony that was his sparkling  
sense of narcissism. We can get you  
a new desk if you want, or have your  
old one moved in?

ELIOT  
No, it's fine. Besides unraveling  
those wards will give me something  
to do when I'm in here pretending to  
work and hiding from the students.  
(picks up the scotch)  
What's this? I thought you were on  
the wagon?

FOGG  
It's a gift. Just because I'm a  
recovering alcoholic, doesn't mean  
I'm uncivilized. You've done well  
Eliot, your first published text, if  
you could take your head out of your  
melancholic ass for a moment you'd  
see that's something worth  
celebrating. You're a real academic  
now.

Eliot sighs, puts down the bottle of scotch and picks up the book. The cover reads "On Minor Mendings by Prof. Eliot Waugh". He puts the book down, retrieves the old glass on the desk, blows the dust from it and pours himself a finger of scotch.

ELIOT  
(downing the scotch in a  
single gulp)  
Thanks.

An uncomfortable silence lingers for a moment, before Fogg leans forward.

FOGG

Can I impart some timely, and  
clearly much needed advice?

ELIOT

Do I have a choice in the matter?

FOGG

(smiles)

Not in the slightest. This..

(gesturing to the room  
around him)

This is not a prison, though it may  
very damn well feel like one from  
time to time. Teaching Poppers to  
first years while churning out  
instructional text books may not  
have been the life you first  
envisioned for yourself, but that  
does not mean it's the wrong one. As  
much as I bemoan the stressors of my  
role here, this University, these  
students, are the love of my long,  
interesting and somewhat bewildering  
life. A life that has often been  
made more difficult by the likes of  
you and your friends over the years.

ELIOT

(shrugs nonchalantly)

We try.

FOGG

(without missing a beat)

What I am saying is, that it's not a  
bad thing you haven't had to avert  
yet another apocalypse in the recent  
past, and whilst some of your loved  
ones are gone, there are still  
others here. What ever happened  
to...

(struggles to place the  
name)

The odd one in another's body,  
looked like he didn't know which  
plane of existence he was on half  
the time.

ELIOT

Charlton?

FOGG

Yes, Charlton? Is he still in the  
picture?

ELIOT

(sighs)

With all due respect, I'm not entirely sure this is a conversation I'm psychologically prepared to have with you Henry. At least while I'm still sober enough to feel my face.

FOGG

(nods understandingly)

You fucked it up then?

ELIOT

(Opens his mouth to protest)

I...

(nods in resignation)

Yes, I fucked it up. Is that it, or does your little motivational speech come with an encore performance designed to want to make me bite the veins on my own wrists open?

FOGG

It does, in fact. You see..

Fogg doesn't get to finish, instead a knock on the door interrupts them both, and TODD pokes his head into the room.

TODD

Sorry to interrupt sir, you wanted to know when it was time.

ELIOT

(smiles tightly)

Todd? No please, by all means. Perfect timing for a change.

Todd shuffles uncomfortably, not quite sure whether Eliot is making fun of him or not. Fogg gives Eliot a final glance, before nodding and standing.

FOGG

Thank you Todd.

(turning to Eliot)

Enjoy the scotch, it was once my favorite.

As Fogg moves to exit he spots the waste paper bin and the Mayakovski's old magazine. Without a word he retrieves it from on top and tucks it under his arm.

FOGG

(exiting the room with  
Todd at his side)  
So remind me again, why is it you  
haven't graduated yet?

Eliot waits to watch them leave and then picks up the book again. He opens the front cover and turns to the dedication page, it reads: "For Q, Know that when I'm brave enough, it's because of you."

Eliot pours himself another scotch and throws the book into the bin.

**11 EXT. NEW FILLORY WILDERNESS - NIGHT**

**11**

Alice sleeps on the ground, using her back pack as a pillow. Beside her a small fire crackles in the night, illuminating the the small clearing in which she has made camp for the night. Her sleep appears restless, and she murmurs and tousles about.

In the nearby shadows, bushes move and an ominous cloaked figure silently emerges from the darkness, creeping towards Alice's slumbering form, its movements are clearly not human.

Just as the figure's shadow touches Alice, she disappears, her sleeping form morphing back into the log on which an illusion had been cast. The real Alice steps out from behind the cloaked figure, who we now see has the four cloven feet of the WINTER'S DOE, the White Lady.

Alice has a battle spell prepared and ready to fire.

ALICE  
Who are you, and why are you  
following me?

The Winter's Doe turns, reaching up to pull the hood of her cloak down, the only clothing she wears. The Doe cocks her head, studying Alice with interest.

WINTER'S DOE  
You know he once asked me to return  
you to him. I think I can see why.

ALICE  
That doesn't answer my question. Why  
are you following me?

WINTER'S DOE  
It was you who has been seeking me,  
though not realizing the truth of  
it. It was you who was thinking you

needed to find your way back home,  
not knowing that you were already  
here. Your place is here, you are  
needed here.

ALICE

You don't understand, my dreams..  
They..

WINTER'S DOE

Dreams are my sister's concern, not  
mine. You helped give this new world  
form, you shaped it, brought it  
forth from the seed and now it needs  
you.

ALICE

New Fillory is fine, it has Margo.  
It has Fen and Josh, it doesn't need  
me. This world...

WINTER'S DOE

This world is dying. Like a child  
birthed from the womb too soon, this  
new world struggles to breathe in  
its earliest hours. Already the  
Blight begins to touch the  
furthest reaches of the realm  
that you helped give form, would you  
now leave it to wither? You may be  
a Child of Earth, but you are also a  
Mother of New Fillory.

Alice blinks in surprise.

ALICE

(under her breath)

Shit.

(to the Winter's Doe)

So what? You're here to give me  
another quest or something?

WINTER'S DOE

(barks a short laugh)

An epic quest? Sounds quite  
conceited doesn't it? No I'll  
happily leave that sort of thing to  
my brothers. I am a giver of gifts,  
and it is now a choice of gifts I  
offer to you.

Alice sighs, and stoops to collect her backpack from the  
ground where the illusion once lay.

ALICE

What choice would that be then?

WINTER'S DOE

I can give you that which you first set out to find, a way back to the world from whence you came.

ALICE

Or?

WINTER'S DOE

Or I can tell you of another of my brothers. The whereabouts of the Seeing Hare who knows more of this Blight than anyone.

ALICE

(frowns)

It's not much of a choice is it? Besides aren't there supposed to be three wishes or something? Can't you do both? Can't I just wish this whole Blight thing away?

WINTER'S DOE

You have not caught me, Mother of New Fillory, and even if you had, my patience is not without end. Besides, there are some things I simply can not do,

ALICE

Can't? Or won't?

WINTER'S DOE

That doesn't really matter, does it? Now which will it be? Choose quickly, what little remains of my patience draws thin.

**12 EXT. BRAKEBILLS UNIVERSITY GREEN - NIGHT**

**12**

A gathering of Brakebills students has assembled on the University Green. Drinks in hand, and music playing, the gathering has the atmosphere of an impromptu campus party.

At the center of the gathering, however, something more serious is happening. A ritual space has been marked out on the grass with chalk, and is surrounded by an eclectic mixture of nine people bearing either Hedge Witch tattoos, or wearing pins denoting them as senior Brakebills students. At each of the feet of the nine sits a single moonrock.

In the centre of the ritual space, three Lunatics, bared to the waist, stand back-to-back with their faces painted with crescent moons and looking up into the sky. Overhead, a full supermoon looms large and pink.

To the side of ritual circle, Fogg, who is flanked by Todd, stands talking with KADY, who is flanked by PETE. Todd, recognizing he currently finds himself on equal footing with Pete, attempts a smile and a friendly nod. Pete stares blankly back at him.

FOGG

I'm not entirely sure I wish to know, but where on Earth did all those moon rocks come from?

KADY

Did you hear about the fire in the storage labs at Johnson Space Center?

FOGG

No?

KADY

Good.

TODD

(smiling in understanding)

Cool.

Fogg gives Todd a cold look, before turning back to Kady.

FOGG

There are some things which it is often best not to know. Whatever their source, I can only assume they do not come cheaply.

KADY

(shrugs)

Gotta pay the bills somehow.

Kady turns and nods to Pete, who steps forward to hand Fogg a pile of documents. Fogg takes the papers, and flicks through them, distaste painted on his features.

FOGG

This is extortion. These volumes would comprise nearly half of our library's collection alone. Let alone what you're asking for in terms of our lab materials.

KADY

You don't want it, I can pack it all back up. The Hedges will survive eeking out what we can with jacked circumstances until you're willing to pay what's owed, we're used to it. Just remember though, you'll be looking at another 14 months until the moon is back in this sort of position again.

Fogg growls, handing the papers over to Todd.

FOGG

Fine. We'll have everything ready for you to collect by the end of the coming week.

KADY

Make it by Wednesday. I have a pair of trolls in Houston I need to repay for the Johnson job.

FOGG

What do I get the feeling I'm getting deep dicked by you and your Hedge Witch friends?

KADY

(smiles)

Just lie back and enjoy it, if you're nice we'll even buy you breakfast in the morning. After tonight you'll have another 14 months of stable circumstances and problem free castings to look forward to.

FOGG

As will all of you too, I might remind you.

KADY

(shrugs)

And we've done all the heavy lifting. Stop being such a little bitch about it, it doesn't suit you.  
(turning to Pete)

Are we good to go?

PETE

(checking his watch)

Everything's in place. Just a few more minutes, and the moon will be

in its optimal position.

KADY

(turning back to Fogg)

See? As promised we've upheld our  
end of the deal, now let's just see  
if your students can keep up.

**13 EXT. PHYSICAL KID'S COTTAGE - NIGHT**

**13**

The party atmosphere from the University Green continues on the front lawn, and inside the confines of the Physical Kids cottage. Music blares from inside, and an endless parade of party goers trek inside and outside of the cottage with drinks in hand.

On the lawn groups of students attempt to out do each other with an array of light spells, some working well, others which fizzle out and cause laughter and recriminations amongst the gathered crowd.

Clustered around a small fire pit, Ali, Hanna and Plum watch on as young student, watched on by a group of his friends, attempts to impress them with a fireproofing spell. Placing his hand into the fire, the flames wrap around his arm and continue to burn, changing colors as he pulls his arm back out. Taking a swig from a bottle of spirits, he then sprays it out through his burning fingers causing a fireball.

The ball of flame, however, comes too close to the three girls for comfort and Plum, drags Hanna back by her shoulders to stop her getting burnt.

HANNA

(patting herself down  
ensure nothing had been  
singed)

Jesus fucking Christ!

PLUM

Perhaps its time to put that trick  
away for the night, just so you  
don't go around setting people's  
hair on fire.

DRUNK STUDENT

(waving his arm to put the  
flames out)

Oh shit, I'm sorry.

ALI

Nice one dick.

DRUNK STUDENT

(still trying the  
extinguish the flames on  
his arm)

Look I'm sorry, I..

The flames on the student's arms change back to their original color, and pain begins to show on his face as the fireproofing spell begins to fail.

DRUNK STUDENT

Fuck! Arggh! Shit, put it out.

The student's friends begin to laugh, one of them attempting to pour their beer onto it to put it out, to no avail. Suddenly a male hedge witch, with a number of tattoos proclaiming his status weaving their way up his arm and onto his neck, pushes his way through the crowd. From his shirtless vest, to chained jeans and shoulder length hair, he has the bearing and appearance of an indy rocker.

Grabbing the drunk student's arm by the elbow, he twists him around and performs a quick spell with his spare hand. The flames quickly disappear, followed shortly by frost crystals forming on his reddened skin.

The student jerks his arm free.

DRUNK STUDENT

Oww, what's that hedge bullshit you just cast? Now it's fucking freezing.

HEDGE

The cold will help stop any blistering, but you'll probably want to get it looked at.

The drunk student says nothing, flexes his fingers and disappears back into the crowd.

HEDGE

(shouting after him)  
You're welcome!  
(shaking his head and  
murmuring to himself)  
Fucking dick.  
(turning to the girls)  
I thought you college types were all supposed to be smart or something.

HANNA

Yeah, or something.

ALI  
(flirtatiously pointing to  
his tattoos)  
What are these supposed to be? Merit  
badges?

HEDGE  
(shrugs)  
Something like that.

HANNA  
Great. Which one did you get for  
learning to tie your first knot?

The Hedge smiles and gives Hanna the middle finger, another  
hedge star showing on the back of his hand.

HEDGE  
That would be this one. You want to  
see where I got the one I got for  
selling cookies?

Ali laughs, louder than what the joke required, and Hanna  
rolls her eyes at her roommate. Plum leans forward to  
interject, and wraps a protective arm around Ali, pulling her  
away from the Hedge.

PLUM  
I think we'll take a hard pass on  
that one cowboy. Besides, we need to  
get on to the Green. The show's  
about to start and these two clearly  
have absolutely no idea what they're  
doing.

Without waiting for another word, Plum directs her two  
friends back into the crowd and away from the Hedge. Ali  
tries to break free of Plum's grip, but Hanna grabs her by  
the shoulders and keeps pushing her forward through the  
crowd.

ALI  
What's your problem? He was kind of  
hot.

HANNA  
Who? Bon Jovi back there? Guy looks  
like a walking VD clinic, I feel the  
need to bathe in penicillin after  
having just looked at him.

ALI  
Whatever. I..

Ali doesn't get to finish, and is instead cut off by a light spell, similar in appearance to a bright white flare or firework being launched into the sky from the distant green.

Plum begins to speed up, breaking into a run.

PLUM  
Hurry up you two!

**14 INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

**14**

Eliot is standing by his office window, looking down onto the University green outside. The flare spell glows brightly in the sky outside his window and the sound of frivolity from the green suddenly silences.

Given up on the glass, Eliot is now drinking the scotch straight from the bottle. He takes another swig, turns from the window and collapses onto a dusty couch in the corner of his office.

**15 EXT. BRAKEBILLS UNIVERSITY GREEN - NIGHT**

**15**

The flare hangs high in the sky, illuminating the gathered crowd with a ghostly glow. In the ritual space, the gathered hedge witches and students are involved in a cooperative spell aimed at sacrificing each of the moon rocks sitting at their feet.

In the center of the ritual circle, the three lunatics are swaying and chanting in nonsense - they may be speaking in a language akin to tongues, or might just be insane due sleep deprivation.

The gathered crowd watches on in silence, as Plum, Ali and Hanna can be seen pushing their way to the front.

The co-operative spell and the lunatics chanting reaches a crescendo as the moon rocks are all dissolved and the light from the flare darkens, and then silence.

The crowd looks around in confusion as no-one moves or speaks for a moment, and a lone cough rings out in the uncomfortable silence.

Finally Fogg steps forward to break the silence.

FOGG  
Are we done here?

Kady looks quizzically at Pete who shrugs his shoulders. After another moment one of the Lunatics covers herself and

walks out of the ritual circle. Passing a nearby student from the crowd, she grabs the drink out of his hand and moves to face Fogg.

LUNATIC

She is pleased, and will consent to your requests.

FOGG

That's it?

LUNATIC

That's it.

FOGG

Well that was delightfully anti-climatic. Nice to not have anyone die for a change.

KADY

You'd rather have someone die?

FOGG

Well you never know, a bit of mortal peril is good for the blood every now and then. But I'm sure we'll happily let this rare occasion slip by without any recorded fatalities. You'll have your payment by Wednesday, exorbitant as it is. Now if you'll excuse me.

Fogg leaves, and the crowd lingers, confused for a moment before it too begins to disperse. We move to where Plum and Hanna are standing, whilst Ali is nowhere in sight.

PLUM

So what now?

HANNA

(looking around for her roommate)

Ali seems to have disappeared, and this whole excursion of yours seems to have been a complete bust. Personally I'm thinking of heading back to keep trying to nail Popper 23.

PLUM

(smiles)

Oh I think we can manage something more fun than that.

HANNA

I don't know? Nearly getting set on fire, being hit on by Billy Ray Cyrus, followed by the world's most disappointing Cirque du Soliel performance? You're going to have to work hard to top all that.

**16 INT. CAR - NIGHT**

**16**

An older model car drives along the highway, the moonlight illuminating the bound and gagged figure of Ali who struggles against her restraints on the backseat, fear painted across her face. A rivulet of blood from her forehead trickles down across her face.

Whilst we can't see the driver clearly, a hedge-witch tattoo can be made out on the back of the hand which holds the steering wheel.

**17 EXT. NEW FILLORY BORDERLANDS - SUNRISE**

**17**

A large, regal tent sits atop a hilltop, surrounded by a group of three Fillorian soldiers appear sleeping more roughly on the ground. Horses are tied to a nearby tree and a small fire has long grown cold throughout the night.

Josh emerges from the tent in an old fashioned night shirt, yawns and sets off in the early dawn to a nearby tree.

We watch from the back as Josh proceeds to relieve himself against the trunk of the tree, stretching and yawning as he does so.

Looking up at an overhead branch, he spots a bagel and plucks it straight from the branch with one hand.

JOSH

Bagel tree! Score!

Taking a bite he continues to relieve himself, and then shakes off. Josh turns, the bagel in his mouth as he looks at his hands, unsure of where to wipe them, before he finally settles on his night shirt.

Josh looks through the tree, and picks off three more bagels and carries them awkwardly back to the camp. He throws one of the bagels onto the body of one of the sleeping soldiers.

JOSH

Morning guys. Fresh bagels, plucked straight from the tree!

Josh throws the other two bagels to the other sleeping soldiers, and none of them stir,

JOSH

Guys?

Josh kneels down to shake one of the soldiers awake, as as he turns him over we see that he is not only dead, but shriveled and desiccated.

JOSH

(standing back up in  
alarm)

Fuck!

Josh steps back, accidentally knocking the mummified head of another soldier clean off the top of his brittle corpse.

JOSH

FUCK!

Stepping back in fear again, he puts his foot straight through the middle of the torso of the third soldier with a crunch.

JOSH

FUCK!!!

Josh looks around in shock, and we zoom out to see the countryside. A clear line of death, stretching for miles, stops just before Josh's tent, on the other side nothing lives - grass, trees are all brown and withered, desiccated animal corpses litter the ground. Something appears to have come through and sucked the very life of everything it touched, stopping suddenly before the tent in which Josh had slept.

**18 INT. NEW FILLORIAN ROYAL CARRIAGE - MORNING**

**18**

The New Fillorian countryside passes by the carriage window as Rafe and Fen are accompanied by a heavily bearded dwarf, more in keeping with the more traditional notion of dwarvish culture - though still of full human size.

The dwarf is messily eating an end of bread, whilst clutching a tankard of ale. Crumbs and beer spill down his thick beard unnoticed. Rafe's distaste for the dwarf's habits is clearly written across his face, though Fen barely seems to notice.

The dwarf finishes his drink, turning the tankard upside down and tapping the bottom to get the last few drops, burps and throws the empty cup out of the carriage window.

DWARF

Pardon my late breakfast. I was not expecting to be roused so early from my bed and shuffled away from my work on the Castle's northern spire this morning.

RAFE

We.. ahh.. should be the ones apologizing, I realize the hour is early but the High King insists we make haste.

DWARF

Aye. Pushy sort is our fair King eh? Much like my good wife she is, minus the moustache of course. High King Margo could do with a few more whiskers, if you don't mind me saying so.

FEN

(under her breath)

Well she'd probably suit them better than King Josh.

Rafe coughs diplomatically, unsure of how to respond.

FEN

Your people know of the rabbits? Of why they refuse to show themselves.

DWARF

The wee talking bunnies? Aye, my clansfolk have settled in the hill not far from where they first laid their burrows in this land. Though I'm not sure what help we may be, we've seen little to nought of them since our arrival.

FEN

Nothing?

DWARF

Well next to nothing. A cousin of mine insist he knows what's become of them, but he's a little on the daft side. See his his mother tis also his aunt, making him both my first and second cousin at once.

FEN

(visibly confused)

His mother is his aunt?

DWARF

Aye. But his father is not his uncle  
if you catch my meaning.

FEN

(even more confused)  
Ummm... not at all.

DWARF

(ignoring Fen's visible  
confusion)  
Now she has a truly glorious  
moustache, thick and lustrous, has  
Auntie Glennis. Reaches right down  
to her knees it does. Not like those  
tinkerbee clock dwarves with their  
ham sandwiches and fancy pants  
cogwork. My clansfolk know the true  
worth of a good bit of facial hair.

FEN

Do you think your cousin would help  
us?

DWARF

(shrugs)  
If he be capable of it, bit touched  
in the head is old Cedric.  
(leans forward and  
whispers conspiratorially)  
After all, he be one of those who be  
claiming that all matter be made of  
teeny, little invisible particles  
that be called Utoms, or some such  
nonsense.

FEN

Atoms?

FEN

Aye. Adams. That be it, some Earth  
nonsense he picked up along the way.  
Those Children of Earth may be  
destined to rule, but one thing I  
know is just because you're a  
politician doesn't mean you know  
your science from your stink hole.  
Ha! Adams, says the stars in the sky  
are just giant balls of these here  
Adams collapsing under their own  
enormous weight and fusing  
thereselves together, creating these

here massive bursts of light, heat and energy when they does it. What utter twaddle I say, but then he always was a special one was dear Etrides.

FEN

But he'll be able to help us?

DWARF

Probably has a better chance than any other. Aye, no one knows of bunnies, moles and all things that burrow more than he.

**19 INT. HANNA AND ALI'S DORM ROOM - MORNING**

**19**

Hanna is sprawled sideways on her bed, still fully clothed from the night before with her shoes still on. Empty beer bottles litter her nightstand, and a large "RESERVED PARKING - DEAN HENRY FOGG" sign is propped up beside it, the sign's pole still baring the clump of dirt from where it appears to have been ripped out of the ground.

Hanna's snoring is interrupted by the sound of an alarm clock radio going off, playing Taylor Swift's "Shake It Off".

Hanna groans, grabs a pillow and shoves it over her face. After a moment she sits up and throws the pillow toward the alarm.

HANNA

Ali, please turn that fucking thing off?

Hanna rubs her eyes, and realizes that Ali's bed was never slept in.

HANNA

Ali?

**20 INT. ELIOT'S OFFICE - MORNING**

**20**

Eliot is asleep on the couch in his office, the empty bottle of scotch sitting on the floor beside him. Suddenly PENNY appears, holding the hand of his daughter HOPE.

Seeing Eliot, Hope squeals in delight and runs to jump on him, waking him in the process.

HOPE

El!

ELIOT  
(sitting up)  
Jesus!  
(realizing who is it, he  
smiles and sits up)  
Little Bambi. You come to let old  
Uncle Eliot teach you more special  
four letter words.

HOPE  
Shit!

ELIOT  
(laughs)  
That's right, I bet mommy loves  
that.  
(looking up to Penny)  
Not that I don't love these  
impromptu visits Penny. But what  
could possibly prompt you to wake me  
at this ungodly hour?

PENNY  
Dude, it's like 10:30 already. And  
you're in your office. Congrats by  
the way, how did you score  
Mayakovsky's old digs?

Eliot shifts Hope out of the way and stands. Hope indicates to Eliot she wished to be picked up, which he does with a theatrical sigh.

ELIOT  
(shrugs)  
Just lucky I guess. Or the air  
conditioning in my old one was  
likely to give me Legionnaires or  
some shit, I don't quite recall.

HOPE  
Shit!

ELIOT  
(to Hope)  
That's right. Now here's another  
one, can you say "fuck"?

PENNY  
(drily)  
Trust me, she's heard it already.

ELIOT

(to Hope)  
Is that right? Does mommy have a  
potty mouth?

Hope nods her head and Eliot laughs.

ELIOT  
(to Penny)  
I take it there's still no luck?

PENNY  
(shaking his head)  
Nothing so far. Julia seems to think  
we're getting closer, she has these  
new world maps she's tracked down  
from some elusive Buddhist monk  
looking dude who, in turn, got them  
from gods know where. I keep trying  
to tell her we're looking for one  
which wouldn't be on the maps, but  
at least she says that'll help us  
eliminate a lot of possibilities  
we'd otherwise need to canvass by  
hand.

ELIOT  
It's been years Penny, and thousands  
of worlds.

PENNY  
One thousand, five hundred and sixty  
two.

ELIOT  
Exactly, and not the slightest hint  
that they're still even alive. If  
they were still out there we should  
have heard something by now, found  
something.

PENNY  
You seriously think they're dead?

Eliot puts Hope down and shrugs, before shaking his head.

ELIOT  
(sighs)  
No. Not Margo, Bambi wouldn't go  
down without a fight.

On hearing her nickname, Hope looks back up at Eliot

ELIOT  
(scruffing Hope's hair)

No, not you Princess. The other  
Bambi, the mean one.

(to Penny)

Besides, this magic needs to be  
coming from somewhere. She'll  
undoubtedly be sitting pretty on top  
of a new wellspring, making Hoberman  
jump through hoops and having him  
worship the ground she walks on in  
her fashionable pumps.

Eliot walks over to a nearby pile of boxes and retrieves a  
glass jar full of marbles. He takes the lid off, and kneels  
down and offers the jar to Hope for her to choose one. Hope  
carefully sifts through the marbles, before selecting one and  
offering it to Eliot.

ELIOT

Good choice. What do you want this  
time?

HOPE

Duck-mouse!

ELIOT

(puzzled, he looks to  
Penny)

A Duck..mouse?

PENNY

The last world we checked. No signs  
of civilisation, but the entire  
place was overrun with these strange  
Duck-mice looking things. Looks like  
Mickey got drunk and decided to  
knock up Donald or something.  
Fucking weird things man, I tell  
you. Hope wanted to bring one back  
as a pet.

ELIOT

(to Hope)

I'm not sure I can do a duck-mouse,  
little Bambi. How about a horse?  
Your Aunty Alice showed me that  
once.

Hope frowns, before nodding.

ELIOT

Good, horse it is then. I'm not sure  
I could handle a duck-mouse this  
hung over.

Eliot stands and takes the marble over to his desk. Performing the same spell we once saw Alice perform as a first-year student, he melts the marble and creates a perfect glass horse. Once formed, it proceeds to gallop toward the edge of the desk, and Eliot catches it and hands it to Hope.

Hope smiles and wraps her arms around Eliot's legs, almost knocking him off balance.

PENNY

We'll find them. Julia's pretty sure she has a system worked out, and now the student travellers are competent enough to pitch in without travelling themselves right into the middle of a star or something.

ELIOT

(untangling his legs from Hope's grip)  
Blind optimism has never been my strong suit Penny, but I'll take it on faith.

**21 EXT. NEW FILLORY WILDERNESS - DAY**

**21**

Alice breaks her way out of a thicket of trees to take in a view of the New Fillorian coastline. In the far distance a chain of islands can be seen.

Making her way down the steep rocks, Alice stumbles and grazes her knee, yet rights herself.

Further up the rocky beach an ancient boat with a broken mast driven up on to shore, and vines have enveloped its hull.

Carefully Alice picks her way through the rocks, over to the damaged boat. Putting down her pack, she steps back to examine the ship wrecked boat before you.

ALICE

There you are. I guess we've both seen better days.

Alice begins clearing vines away from the ship's hull, revealing its name: Muntjac.

**22 INT. UNKNOWN BASEMENT - DAY**

**22**

A darkened industrial basement is covered in arcane sigils, painted in what appears to be dried blood. Light leaks in

from a small window, covered in grime, the only indication of the time of day.

Ali is chained to the wall, slumped unconscious and held upright only by the restraints which hold her hands. Her hair is plastered to her face with own dried blood.

Slowly she groans, and awakens. Coming to realize her current state she panics, and tries to fight her way free of the restraints.

Realizing it is futile she stops, takes a deep breath and attempts an intricate finger spell. As soon as she finishes casting pain wracks through her body and she screams.

Previously unseen, another prisoner, steps forward from the shadows as far as her own restraints will allow. From her pale and shrunken skin, through to her grimed stained clothes, she appears to have been held prisoner for quite some time.

PRISONER

It's no use trying to cast. It's a clean room, warded to stop any spell. Worst still, they've cast wards to inflict pain on anyone who tries. The more powerful the casting, the more painful the result.

Ali recovers and gathers her feet.

ALI

Where am I? Who are you? And what the fuck is going on?

PRISONER

If I knew the answer to any of those questions I'd tell you. I was hoping you would be able to tell me, these walls are all I can remember.

ALI

The last I remember I was on the Brakebills green..

PRISONER

Brakebills?

ALI

Brakebills University? I thought you knew of magic.

PRISONER

The name seems..

(shakes her head)

No, it's gone. I know some things,  
but the harder I try to remember the  
further the memories seem to move  
from my grasp. I can remember  
spells, some at least, but.. well,  
you've seen the result of trying.

Well, I may not know my own name,  
but what about yours?

ALI

My name is Prudence. Prudence  
McAllister. My friends call me Ali.

The Prisoner eyes Ali suspiciously, something in her name has  
stirred her.

PRISONER

(cautiously)

McAllister?

**23 EXT. NEW FILLORY DWARVISH OBSERVATORY - DAY**

**23**

The Royal Carriage sits outside of what appears to be a large  
astronomical observatory, covered in a veritable maze of  
pipes, cogs and other moving parts. Occasionally a whiff of  
steam will escape from one of the many pipes, letting out a  
soft and pleasant note as it does so.

The dwarf ETRIDES, a handsome man with a well groomed beard  
and a set of tinted goggles sitting on top of his head, offers  
his hand to Fen and helps her down from the carriage.

ETRIDES

Divine mother of New Fillory, your  
visit honors me more than you shall  
ever know. To what do I owe the  
illustrious pleasure of your beauty  
and wisdom?

Fen blushes and giggles, nearly tripping over herself as she  
steps out of the carriage. The bulk of Etrides' cousin,  
pushes Rafe aside and make his way out of the carriage  
shortly thereafter.

DWARF

That would be my doing, cousin.

(turning to Fen)

Forgive his obvious physical  
shortcomings your highnesss, as ugly

a bastard as they come is my cousin  
Etrides, unfortunately.

Etrides rolls his eyes and Fen laughs.

DWARF

(to Etrides)

She ain't here for none of your  
normal prattle cousin, so if you  
could keep it short for once. Her  
highnessness 'ere be looking for  
word of the rabbits.

FEN

(distracted by Etrides,  
she blushes and shakes her  
self back to the present)

Ah, yes. The bunnies. The High King  
Margo needs them to get back to  
work, your cousin here said you  
could do me.

(coughs)

Sorry, said you could TELL me. Where  
they were. The bunnies that is. Tell  
me where the bunnies are. Please...  
Thank you.

Etrides smiles, causing Fen to blush, and slips his arm  
through hers, guiding her toward the observatory.

ETRIDES

It breaks my heart to disappoint you  
Divine Mother, but no signs of the  
messenger rabbits have been sighted  
in nearly eighteen long months. It  
is my belief they are no longer on  
New Fillory at all.

Etrides' cousin snorts in disbelief, as he follows after them  
alongside Rafe.

ETRIDES

(casts his cousin a dirty  
look before returning his  
attention to Fen)

Like most creatures who burrow, the  
rabbits have sensed something...  
amiss. The ground moles are almost  
beside themselves with worry.

FEN

But we need to find them. It's been  
far too hard..

(coughs)

Too big.  
(coughs again)  
Too long. It's too long. It's been  
too long since we arrived here and  
we need to send word.

ETRIDES  
To Earth? The High King wishes to  
send a message to Earth?

Fen is now bright red with embarrassment, and unable to speak  
simply nods.

ETRIDES  
Than perhaps I may not end up  
disappointing you after all beloved  
Mother. The rabbits may be gone, but  
I had planned a sojourn to the High  
King's homeworld this very  
afternoon, I would be most honored  
if you would join me.

Etrides reaches the door of his observatory and opens it.  
Inside lies a massive collection Earth related pop-culture  
paraphernalia. Fen spots a set of Mickey Mouse ears, and,  
forgetting her embarrassment squeals and runs to put it on.

FEN  
You found a portal to Disneyland? I  
always wanted to go when I was on  
Earth but they wouldn't let me.

ETRIDES  
Sadly no such portal existed when we  
arrived on this world. So instead I  
had to make one. I must say I am  
particularly fond of the Pirates of  
the Caribbean.

**24 INT. BRAKESBILLS CLASSROOM - DAY**

**24**

Hanna sits at the back of the first year classroom, the desk  
next to her is conspicuously empty. Looking around nervously,  
the last of the students file into the room, with no sign of  
Ali.

Hanna leans forward in her desk and taps the shoulder of the  
student in front of her.

HANNA  
Have you seen Ali?

The student shakes his head, and turns back to the front. Hanna leans over to her left, leaning across the vacant desk to get the attention on another classmate.

HANNA

Have you seen Ali?

The second student shrugs and Hanna begins chewing the end of her pencil nervously.

Up the front of the room Eliot sits casually on the lab desk and lights a cigarette. He produces a pocket watch to check the time, and returns it to his waist coat.

ELIOT

This is us? Good, let's begin. I'm slowly losing perfectly good drinking time.

**25 INT. BASEMENT PRISON - NIGHT**

**25**

Ali, looking gaunt and dehydrated, nods slowly off to sleep, only to be awakened by the sound of the basement door being unlocked and opened.

A figure cloaked in black and wearing a roughly made bronze mask is carrying another unconscious girl slumped over his shoulder. Carrying her over to another set of empty restraints, the masked figure begins chaining her hands to the wall.

Ali stands, anger painted across her face.

ALI

Hey! Hey you!

The masked figure ignores her, continuing to restrain the new captive.

ALI

Hey dickless! Do you have any idea who I am? Who my family is? You are going to be so fucked when they find me gone.

With the girl restrained, the masked figure stands and moves to leave.

ALI

What? Nothing to say? Just another dickless coward looking to get his jollies by trying all this cliched

Buffalo Bill bullshit. You're a  
fucking joke.

The masked figure stops, turns and moves to stand face to  
face with Ali. She spits on his mask, yet doesn't flinch.

ALI

Come on! What are you waiting for?  
Looking to make up for the way mommy  
beat you? Or was it daddy who hurt  
you? You're just another..

Ali is cut quiet, as the masked figure raised a leather  
gloved hand and places his index figure against her lips.

MASKED FIGURE

Magic.. comes from pain.

FADE TO BLACK.