

The Chosen Blank of Porphecy Pilot

an original screenplay by

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EXT. SMOLDERING RUINS OF A TAVERN - DAY

The "Sacred Band" consisting of Manuel, Miranda, Amira and Miles, stand around the smoldering ruins of a burnt down tavern.

Amira picks through the rubble, Miranda sits atop an exposed support pillar and looks off into the distance. Miles and Manuel stand in the middle of the wreckage.

MANUEL

You you, I think--

Miles groans.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

I think we did good. I think, yeah I think we about nailed it.

MILES

We were supposed to save this tavern and we burnt it to the ground.

MANUEL

Okay but in a way--

MILES

No, not in a way, Manuel. Your prophecy said to save the Tavern, we burnt it down.

MANUEL

It's not my prophecy, it's *the* prophecy.

Miles groans.

AMIRA

Well it's for the best this place is gone, they were definitely manufacturing meth in here.

MILES

Wait for real?

Amira holds up a huge round bottomed flask.

AMIRA

I mean yeah, unless you wanna tell me they were using this thing to store liquor.

MILES

Oh shit is that intact?

AMIRA

Surprisingly yeah.

MILES

Those things are really valuable.

AMIRA

I was thinking the same thing.

Miles picks his way over to Amira.

MILES

Did anything else make it through?

AMIRA

That's just what I'm about to find out. Here help me lift this.

Amira and Miles set about lifting pieces of rubble and scrounging around underneath.

MANUEL

Okay, well that just goes to my point. There was a meth lab corrupting this place. We saved it by destroying the lab.

AMIRA

So we cleansed it of it's corruption by killing half the staff, and burning the place to the ground.

MILES

Yeah there's no way they're rebuilding after this, especially if we steal all their remaining meth stuff.

Miles pulls a piece of chemistry equipment from the rubble.

MILES (CONT'D)

Speaking of... hello.

AMIRA

Yeah I hate to say it Manuel but there's not really a way you can spin this for your prophecy, this is just a fat L.

MANUEL

No, no it's not *my* prophecy it's *the* prophecy.
I'm the Chosen Hero of Prophecy
(points to Amira)
You're the Chose Damsel of Prophecy.
(points to Miles)
And you...

MILES

Say it.

MANUEL

The Chosen... Useless Drunk... of Prophecy...

MILES

And yet here I am, 5 weeks sober. Take that Prophecy.

Amira holds up her hand, Miles gives her a high five.

MANUEL

That's not... it doesn't...

Amira lifts another huge flask out of the rubble.

AMIRA

Look, Manuel, you gotta learn to lighten up.
Success or fail, these jobs are working out for us.
Like look it this.

Amira unloads the huge flask into Manuel's arms.

AMIRA (CONT'D)

Yeah, see that? That's got to worth be worth like
what? 6 gold pieces?

MILES

Stamped or unstamped?

AMIRA

Unstamped. Like I wanna pay taxes on looted
meth gear.

MILES

Well excuse me for asking, but no unstamped
that's gonna be at least double.

AMIRA

Oh, nice.

Manuel smashes the flask.

AMIRA AND MILES

Noooooo!

AMIRA

That could have bought us a whole day at a bath-
house!

MILES

Okay it's not the end of the world, there's still
more stuff to find.

MANUEL

Will you two take this seriously! We, all of us,
have been visited by higher powers. Angels! And
been given a sacred purpose to carry out on this
earth! We're not here to just bum around the
country side looting and pillaging. We're here for
a purpose, a *higher* purpose.

Beat.

AMIRA
Okay but are we though?

MIRANDA
He's coming.

Everyone turns to Miranda.

MILES
It still freaks me out how she can do that.

AMIRA
I know right? It's like a superpower.

MANUEL
Who's coming?

MIRANDA
The tavernkeeper.

Manuel, Miles and Amira busy themselves readying their weapons. Amira strings a bow, Manuel pulls out a sword, Miles pulls out a Uzi. Amira and Miles both take positions with cover.

MILES
Is it just him?

MIRANDA
No.

MILES
Very helpful.

AMIRA
Who's with him Miranda?

MIRANDA
A Raccoon.

AMIRA
A big one?

MIRANDA
Yes.

AMIRA
Alright I've got some bleeders left. If I put a few in his neck he should go down in just a couple of seconds. But Miles, I'm still going to want you to kite him with your chopper.

MILES
Got it.

Manuel steps forward with his sword at the ready.

MANUEL

And I'll take down the tavernkeeper.

AMIRA

Okay, yes, if he doesn't have a gun. Otherwise I'm gonna need you to stay out of the line of fire buddy.

MANUEL

No. I've been practicing. If he doesn't have an automatic, I should be able to serpentine and get into strike distance.

MILES

Serpentine?

AMIRA

Yeah I don't think that's a think buddy.

MANUEL

No I've been practicing, I can do it.

MILES

How do you practice that?

MANUEL

Look, just, I'm just saying, as long as he doesn't have an automatic I can handle it.

The sound of automatic gunfire sounds from over a nearby ridge.

Manuel groans.

AMIRA

It's alright pal, just get into cover, we'll let Miranda handle the tavern keeper. You got that Miranda?

MIRANDA

Yes.

TAVERNKEEPER (O.S.)

Hear that you freaks!

(he fires his gun some more)

That's what's coming for you! And that's not the only thing neither!

The Tavernkeeper crests the ridge. He holds a AK-47 in one hand and a leash in the other. He struggles to hold back a Raccoon that is several times his size.

TAVERNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Yeah! We call this guy Little Rickey! You freaks thought you could come into my Tavern! Disrespect my guests!--

MILES

There were like two guests when we came in there, your Tavern sucked!

TAVERNKEEPER

Fuck you! You're gonna get what you deserve! And Rickey's done tearing you a new one, I'm gonna track down whoever it is that sent you, and I'm gonna kill his whole stinking family!

AMIRA

If we knew who it was we'd tell you ourselves!

TAVERNKEEPER

Rickey, sick em boy!

Rickey the Raccoon lunges towards Miranda, she leaps from her perch and rolls out of the way. Rickey smashes past and runs for the other three.

The Tavernkeeper turns his gun on Miranda. Miranda whips out her Magnum revolver and fires. The bullet obliterates the tavernkeeper's lower right arm. The AK flies from his hand. He falls to one knee. Miranda keeps her gun trained on him.

TAVERNKEEPER (CONT'D)

Say something. Say something you mute whackjob.

MIRANDA

I'm sorry.

The Tavernkeeper reaches behind him for a concealed pistol. Miranda fires her revolver dead center into his heart.

Rickey the Raccoon charges at Manuel. A hail of bullets from Miles causes Rickey to stumble. Two arrows land in Rickey's neck.

Manuel charges Rickey with his sword, shouting.

AMIRA

Manny, don't!

Rickey grabs Manuel with his jaws and shakes him. Manuel screams, his sword goes flying.

Miranda rushes Rickey and body checks his head. Rickey lets go of Manuel. Miranda catches Manuel as he falls and puts the revolver to the roof of Rickey the racoon's mouth.

MIRANDA

Find peace, little one.

Miranda pulls the trigger, blood explodes from the top of Rickey's head. Rickey the racoon collapses.

Amira and Miles gather around Miranda. They look over Rickey.

AMIRA

You know you didn't have the waste the bullet he was about to bleed out.

MIRANDA

Mercy.

AMIRA

Oh... ooooooh.

EXT. FORREST CAMPFIRE - EVENING

Manuel lies against a tree by a small campfire. His torso is wrapped in bandages. Miles tends too them.

MILES

You know, I was thinking about it, I think your serpentine thing could work.

MANUEL

I don't want to talk about it.

MILES

Okay.

Miranda and Amira emerge from the woods. They carry knapsacks of wild berries and quail eggs. Amira holds a bunch of dead squirrels.

AMIRA

Guess what we got?

MILES

Sweet!

AMIRA

And that's not all

Amira produces a quail egg.

MILES

Quail eggs? Nice!

Miles gets up to inspect the quail eggs. Miranda squats down by Manuel. The two exchange stares.

AMIRA

Yeah we found a whole cluster of nests!

Miles and Amira kibitz about quail eggs. Miranda places a green pinecone on Manuel's chest. Manuel stuffs it in his pocket.

MANUEL

Gee, thanks.

Beat.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

I'm just worried okay. I'm telling the truth when I say we're fulfilling the prophecies, I think we are even if... even if we don't fulfill the strict letter of them. I just, I don't know if they see it that way and I'm worried, I'm worried they're going to leave me behind.

Beat.

MANUEL

Miranda, if I don't have the prophecy what do I have?

MIRANDA

You have the world.

A droning sound rises. Harsh light shines down from above. Wind whips the surrounds, including the fire. Manuel locks his eyes towards the source of the light and noise.

MILES

Oh great another one.

AMIRA

The fire! Put it out before it spreads!

Miles and Amira stamp out the fire. Manuel stands and holds out his arms towards the source.

MANUEL

Yes! Yes! Lay it on me! Come'on! That's right!
Let's go!

SMASH CUT:

Moments later Manuel holds a pristine scroll in his hands. Amira, Miles and Miranda watch him from near the campfire.

MANUEL (CONT'D)

Now I know I've been difficult, in the past. This all has been difficult. I'll be the first to admit that I don't fully understand what the Prophecy means, I don't know where it's taking us. But for a while now, I've had the theory, that they've been training us. Training us for larger and grander missions down the road.

(he holds up the scroll)

But this, this is the first big step. The culmination of this mission will ring over all of Neo Jersey, it'll radiate through Neo York, Pen Syl, maybe even all the way to Ohio. Our mission, is to kill Kirby, the last and first Dragon.

AMIRA

Okay first of all no.

MILES

Yeah there's no way we're doing that.

AMIRA

He's famous Manuel!

MILES

Yeah like uber famous, the dude's got a helicopter!

AMIRA

A helicopter Manuel!

MILES

We can't just rock up to Neo Harlem and whack the most famous guy there!

AMIRA

Yeah, Manuel, how the fuck are we supposed to get off scott free after that!?

MILES

Manuel you're asking us to kill the guy that's on half our money!

END