

RIFT JUMPERS

"Unchosen"

by

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TEASER

EXT. WALMART - NIGHT

The day after Thanksgiving. Midnight, to be exact. Signs advertising BLACK FRIDAY smother every inch of the Walmart.

Tons of SHOPPERS line up in front, SALIVATING to get inside. But the COPS won't let them in.

Scattered RADIO CHATTER. Something about a "disturbance" inside...

A VAN rolls through the parking lot. Heads to the back. Stops next to a section of the wall that's been BUSTED OPEN.

SLIIIIIDE. The van door opens. A SWAT team files out, covered in cool battle gear. They look like ninjas from the future... probably the first clue they aren't a regular SWAT team.

The tallest in the group - and the only one wearing a helmet that completely obscures his face - investigates the broken wall with a silver scanner. This is BORIS. The scanner BEEPS.

BORIS

Okay. Standard two-six Breach,
occurred 'bout ten minutes ago.
Came from the Other Side, for sure.

COMMANDER STIX, bearded and burly, shakes his head.

STIX

A "two-six Breach"? I still don't
know how there can be more than one
kind of hole. A hole is a hole.

Boris chuckles. Then he stops and kneels by some PURPLE GOO on the ground. We definitely don't want to know what it is.

BORIS

Aw, shit...

Yep, that's probably what it is.

BORIS

...Elves.

Everyone groans. Stix glances at a nearby window decoration depicting a happy, innocent, "Santa's workshop" type elf.

STIX

Aw. If only. Am I right?

They all laugh reluctantly as they prepare to go inside.

Boris holds up a hand. Points the Scanner at the back doors.

BORIS

All the entrances are blocked.
Shield Charms. Someone's already
inside. Keeping us out.

STIX

God damn it.

BORIS

You know it. "The Chosen One."

They all curse and groan.

INT. WALMART - CONTINUOUS

"Elf on the Shelf" dolls line a shelving unit. Their stupid, creepy faces smile blankly at us.

WHAM! A TALL CREATURE is thrown through the shelving unit. The dolls tumble everywhere.

The creature turns -- purple skin -- red eyes -- sharp fangs! Red spikes all over its body! This ugly bastard is an ELF!

Out of nowhere, a SHORT FIGURE attacks the Elf. PUNCH. KICK. HEAD-BUTT. Bones SNAP. The Elf falls. The Figure PINS IT to the floor with a GLOWING BLUE CHAIN.

We finally see the Figure in full - a petite brunette named ELISSA. She looks over at the nearest "Elf on the Shelf."

ELISSA

Aw. If only.

SNARL! Another Elf attacks! Elissa flips over the Elf's back, SLAMS its face into a shelf, PINS IT with a glowing chain.

BAM! Two more Elves tackle Elissa. The three of them slide down the Christmas aisle. Right by the ugly sweaters.

Elissa rolls into a crouch. She feels her stomach. Her black jumpsuit has been torn open by three talon slashes.

She glares at the Elf who scratched her. Not a happy camper.

ELISSA

You, my friend, are going back home
without a head.

Elissa spins across the floor, dodges the Elf's swishing talons, jams something under its chin, presses a button.

SHANK! The blade of a RETRACTABLE SWORD extends up through the top of the Elf's head. The now-headless Elf falls.

The last Elf balks. Whimpers. Turns and runs.

Elissa reaches into her utility belt. Stops. Pats around.

ELISSA

Oop. No more glowy chains. Time to get creative... she, uh, said to no one.

The last Elf turns a corner, looking back over its shoulder. Scared out of its ever-lovin' gourd.

SNAP! Elissa whips a string of CHRISTMAS LIGHTS around the Elf's torso. She TUGS the Elf backward.

Elissa attaches the light string to a grapple gun. THOOT! She fires upward and pins the light string to the ceiling.

The last Elf now dangles and squirms. Elissa plucks a Santa hat off a shelf and places it on the dangling Elf's head.

ELISSA

(laughs)

Aw. Kind of a dick move, I know. Please forgive me. It's Christmas.

The other pinned Elves CURSE and YELL. Elissa takes out a little black square-shaped device.

ELISSA

Hang on, wait for the Translator! Jeez.

She turns on the device. STATIC. Now we can understand what the Elves are saying... and it is quite colorful and NSFW.

ELISSA

Oof, you're makin' me blush! Now...

Elissa places the Translator in front of her mouth. When she speaks, her voice comes out filtered and translated.

ELISSA

(in ELF language)

Are you handsome bastards here to steal toys and eat children? Or are ya here as a scouting party for the Darkness? Take your time.

The Elves immediately get quiet at the mention of the Darkness. Elissa looks at each of them in turn.

ELISSA
 (in ELF language)
 Awesome. In other words: "Yes,
 pretty lady, we're a scouting
 party." Okay. Well. Tell him that I
 know he's trying to cross over.

Elissa turns semi-serious. She strikes an action-hero pose.

ELISSA
 (in ELF language)
 Tell him the Chosen One is waiting.

With that, Elissa lobs a SILVER ORB.

The orb comes to a stop IN MIDAIR between the Elves.

SHOOM! A sparkling BLUE LIGHT shoots out of the orb.

WREEEENCH! A RIFT opens up in the fabric of space and time.
 The squealing Elves are SUCKED THROUGH.

SHOOM! The rift closes back up. Nothing left but a smoky haze
 and some burnt "Elf on the Shelf" boxes. A beat.

Then the SOUNDS of a STAMPEDE. Elissa grips her sword...

...as the crowd of SHOPPERS from outside lumbers around the
 corner, drooling and moaning (zombie metaphor, y'all).

The Shoppers stop. They take in Elissa, covered in Elf blood
 and holding a sword. They take in the headless Elf corpse.

Then they zero in on the "Elf on the Shelf" dolls.

DERANGED WOMAN
 FIFTY PERCENT OFF!

OLD COOT IN WHEELCHAIR
 FER MY KIIIIIIIDS!

The Shoppers charge the "Elf on the Shelf" display.
 They fight over the burnt, gore-covered dolls.

For a second, Elissa contemplates throwing a Rift Orb into
 the crowd. Instead, she backs away slowly.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The team waits. Nothing to do but sit and be pissed.

Elissa drops in through the sunroof. Without looking at any
 of them, she taps on the driver's seat - *Let's move.*

Up front, Stix gives Elissa a dark look. He sighs and gives
 the driver a "let's go" signal. The van takes off.

Elissa moves to the back of the van, where Boris sits by himself. No one wants anything to do with either of them.

Boris takes off his helmet, revealing GREEN SCALES, HORNS, and YELLOW EYES. Boris is a DEMON.

BORIS

I'm assuming you didn't capture any of them for me? Always wanted to dissect an Elf. Sadness.

ELISSA

Next time, Bo. I needed those guys.

BORIS

For?

ELISSA

Oh, you know, to piss off the Darkness. N-B-D.

Boris looks at her anxiously. Motions to their teammates.

BORIS

(voice lowers)

They are gonna get pissed if you keep pulling shit like this. They're gonna get drastic. They're gonna do whatever it takes to stop you from luring the Darkness here.

ELISSA

(singsong)

They can tryyy.

Elissa grins. POPS open a Grape Fanta. All in a day's work.

END OF TEASER