

STAFF & LUTE

"Pilot"

written by

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HANDS - tense. Palms thrust outwards. A ring on the right index finger with mandalic circles inscribed in silver.

VICTUS (V.O)
What do you feel?

EXT. TRAINING YARD - SAME

CALEB GARCIA, 18, sweaty, clad in a blue robe - thrashes his hands around in attempts to make *something* happen. No dice.

CALEB
Supernatet!

IARA, 18, no-nonsense monk with shaved head, wearing a black robe - has her arms crossed. Shakes her head. Not impressed.

IARA
This is sad.

CALEB
I'm not even close, Iara. I don't feel the - you know - Chi?

He takes a scroll from his pocket and reads instructions.

IARA
Why stand there and admit to me how pathetic this is? I can already see how pathetic this is. Focus.

CALEB
That's not how it works-

IARA
How would you know!? You haven't cast a single one, and it's been a year!-

CALEB
-Of mostly theory-

IARA
-The kid over there does more and he's only twelve, Caleb!

Behind them, a TWELVE YEAR OLD WIZARD waves his hands.

TWELVE YEAR OLD
Supernatet, motha' fucka'!

We see him BLAST A LITTLE AIR from his palms. A pile of leaves SCATTERS. His MONK pats him on the back.

TWELVE YEAR OLD'S MONK
 Fantastic job, mate!

The Monk gives the Twelve Year Old Wizard a badge.

CALEB
 Don't try to sow discord. Jacob and
 I are tight.
 (to Twelve Year Old)
 Great job, Jacob!

TWELVE YEAR OLD
 (contempt)
 Fuck off, coward!

CALEB
 (painted smile)
 Can do, my friend!
 (back to it)
 SUPER-na... (losing focus)
 I'd do better with a nice, safe,
 healing, nice spell, instead of the
 aggressive, not-nice--

IARA
 --Leaf blowing child's toy?

Caleb clutches his pearls. She's right. This is sad. He
 FLINGS his palms out.

CALEB
 Super-NA-tet!
 (nothing, snaps)
 FUCK!

He THROWS his index ring on the ground and his eyes GLOW
 briefly. Weird. Iara CUFFS him on the head.

IARA
 Get your resentment under control.

CALEB
 I'm not angry. You can't hit me--

IARA
 (whiny mocking)
 "You can't hit me" - That's you.

Caleb nods. That is him. He picks up his ring.

IARA (CONT'D)
 It's a matter of time before Victus
 needs you to step up.

CALEB

I'm not threatening enough to be
an, "out in the battle" caster.
People know I apologize to plants.

(beat)

What if I'm not enough?

The sound of a demonic SCREECH cuts in:

INT. SHOWDOWN CAVE - SAME

A FRENZIED DEMON KING, garland of bones, bloodshot eyes--
RUSHES at MASTER VICTUS, 70s, an agile elder wizard with a
beard down to his waist, in full warlock garb.

The two seasoned fighters TRADE BLOWS in the vacuous cave--
Demon King CLAWS at Victus' ribs, ripping flesh from torso.

It opens its mouth. Shark-like rows of teeth OPEN TO BITE--

THWMP-- Victus STICKS HIS HAND in the DEMON'S MOUTH.

MASTER VICTUS

Purifico!

Demon King's head EXPLODES with fireworks. The body crumbles.

Victus rips his robe. Ties fabric around his waist as a
tourniquet. Relief. The end of a journey. Time to go home.

Except... We see the WALL SHIFT in the background.

IARA (V.O.)

No one's ready til they have to be.

Too alive to be a wall. We see toes.

The sinews of the gargantuan black-and-red leg. It raises.
Victus braces for impact. Eyes wide.

MASTER VICTUS

GLACIES CLIPEUM!

He LIFTS HIS HANDS. A shield of ice STARTS TO FORM ABOVE--

But the foot STOMPS him. MULTIPLE TIMES. MANY STOMPS.

The foot wipes itself on the ground. Robes, blood and ice
scrape the floor - nothing left of the elder wizard Victus.

We hear the bellow and BATTLE CRY of the colossal demon as we

END COLD OPEN