



A WEB SERIES

"A Reluctant Warrior"
(Pilot Episode)

Hank Isaac

(v6.16)

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FADE IN:

1 INT. RUNDOWN CITY APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1) 1
(Lilac, Amy, Creepy Guy)

CLOSE ON A CREEPY LOOKING GUY

...AS HE SITS ON THE FLOOR WITH HIS BACK AGAINST THE WALL.
HE'S WIDE-EYED AND SWEATY SCARED. TOTALLY FOCUSED ACROSS
THE ROOM, HE BLINDLY REACHES TO HIS SIDE AND POUNDS ON A
CLOSED DOOR. (WE SEE FRAME AND THE THE KNOB IN C.U.)

CREEPY GUY

Hurry up!

NO RESPONSE.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

C'mon, hurry up!

HE POUNDS THE DOOR AGAIN.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

(OUT ACROSS THE ROOM) I'm doin' it!

See? (WAITS) You deaf or somethin'?!

I said I'm...!

AS HE TURNS TOWARD THE DOOR... SNAP! ZWACK!

A CROSSBOW DART STABS THE WALL, ITS SHAFT LODGING BOLDLY
IN THE HOLLOW OF THE MAN'S UPPER LIP, RIGHT UNDER HIS
NOSE.

THE GUY'S FACE LOOKS LIKE HE WAS JUST ZAPPED WITH A MILLION
VOLTS.

FURTHER AWAY

...AND IT'S CLEAR SEVERAL CROSSBOW DARTS HAVE STAPLED THE
GUY SECURELY TO THE WALL THROUGH HIS SHIRT AND TROUSERS.

HE TRIES EVERYTHING HE CAN THINK OF TO PULL AWAY, BUT
HE'S TOTALLY PINNED. HE EDGES HIS HEAD AROUND.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

Christ, you could'a killed me!

LILAC (O.S.)

If I wanted to kill you...

"LILAC GREEN," A 10-YEAR-OLD GIRL, SITS PRESSED AGAINST THE WALL OPPOSITE THE CREEPY GUY. SHE'S JUST AS SCARED AS HE IS.

LILAC (CONT'D)

...you'd be dead already.

HER FACE IS DIRTY AND SHE WEARS A RAG-TAG COLLECTION OF CLOTHING AND CLOSE-FITTING LEATHER GLOVES.

LILAC STRUGGLES TO RELOAD A CROSSBOW THAT'S NEARLY AS LARGE AS SHE IS. BUT SHE FINALLY DOES. THEN, SNAP! SHE FIRES.

THE GUY'S EYES NEARLY POP OUT AS...

ZWACK!

ANOTHER DART PINS HIS OPPOSITE SLEEVE TO THE WALL. NOW HE'S ALMOST TOTALLY IMMOBILIZED.

HE LOOKS ON IN HORROR AS...

HIS POV

...LILAC COCKS THE CROSSBOW ONE MORE TIME. SHE SLIDES A DART INTO POSITION AND PROPS THE WEAPON ON HER BENT KNEES.

CREEPY GUY

'Kay, 'kay, 'kay. Just hang on a sec, 'kay?

LILAC

Where is she?

CREEPY GUY

Look...

ZWACK!

THE DART GRABS THE FABRIC OF HIS SHIRT RIGHT NEXT TO HIS BELT AND NAILS IT TO THE WALL.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

JESUS CHRIST!

LILAC COCKS THE CROSSBOW.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

(TO THE DOOR) LOOK, KID...!

LILAC

I'm starting to get tired. My aim
isn't so good when I'm tired. Know
what I mean?

CREEPY GUY

(TO THE DOOR) KID!

LILAC SLIDES ANOTHER DART INTO PLACE.

LILAC

(TO THE DOOR) AMY!

CREEPY GUY

(HALF TO THE DOOR) Yeah, whatever.

Amy!

LILAC PREPARES TO FIRE AGAIN.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

AMY!

THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS. A LITTLE GIRL ("AMY") NERVOUSLY
SLIDES OUT INTO THE HALL. SHE'S BAREFOOT AND WEARS ONLY
A SLIP. SHE'S REALLY SCARED.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

Ha! There! See?!

LILAC

It's okay, sweetie. C'mere.

BUT AMY IS FROZEN TO THE SPOT. SHE LOOKS AT ALL THE DARTS
PINNING THE GUY TO THE WALL, THEN AT LILAC.

CREEPY GUY

(MELLOWS) Hey, how 'bout, ya know,
the two of you. Huh? Ya know...

LILAC

Over here, Amy.

CREEPY GUY

It's just us. No one'll know.
Yeah?

LILAC

Come to me, Amy.

AMY CAREFULLY NAVIGATES AROUND THE GUY AS IF HE WERE A FEROCIOUS ANIMAL WHO'S BEEN TEMPORARILY CAGED. SHE CAUTIOUSLY PADS ACROSS THE FLOOR AND CROUCHES DOWN NEXT TO LILAC.

CREEPY GUY

So, whaddya say? Huh?

ZWACK!

THE DART PINS HIS OTHER SHIRT CUFF. HE WRITHES AND SQUIRMS LIKE A JUST-LANDED FLOUNDER - BUT HE'S LOCKED IN PLACE.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

WHAT, ALREADY?

LILAC COCKS HER CROSSBOW.

SERIES OF SHOTS IN C.U.

AS LILAC TIES A PIECE OF STRING TO THE CROSSBOW'S TRIGGER THEN WEAVES THE STRING AROUND VARIOUS OBJECTS IN THE ROOM.

SHE FINALLY CAREFULLY PULLS THE STRING TIGHT AND TIES IT AROUND ONE OF THE GUY'S FINGERS.

CREEPY GUY

What the--?

LILAC

Wait here.

LILAC ESCORTS AMY AWAY.

THE GUY'S POV

LILAC'S CROSSBOW IS PROPPED UP AND AIMED RIGHT AT HIS HEART. THE STRING WINDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE CROSSBOW, A DOZEN ASSORTED THINGS, INCLUDING A PROPPED-UP CINDER BLOCK, THEN EVENTUALLY CROSSES THE FLOOR TO THE GUY'S FINGER.

THE GUY'S WIDE-EYED EXPRESSION REVEALS HE KNOWS IF HE EVEN TWITCHES, HE'S DEAD.

2 **EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT** **2**
(Lilac, Amy, Amy's Parents, Police Officers)

LILAC CROUCHES NEXT TO A SHIVERING AMY. DISTANT FLASHING COP CAR LIGHTS STROBE AT THEM.

THEIR POV - DOWN THE BLOCK

POLICE CARS, OFFICERS AND AMY'S MOM & DAD CLUSTER TOGETHER IN FRONT OF AN APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE.

AMY TURNS AND CLAMPS A BEAR HUG ON LILAC.

LILAC

Tell them you got away.

AMY STARTS TO GO BUT LILAC STOPS HER.

LILAC (CONT'D)

Just don't tell them how. Okay?

AMY SMILES THEN RACES TOWARD HER PARENTS.

LILAC'S POV

AS SHE SLIPS INTO THE SHADOWS AND BASKS IN THE REUNION.

3 **INT. RUNDOWN CITY APARTMENT - ROOM - NIGHT** **3**
(Lilac Creepy Guy)

LILAC'S FINGERS CAREFULLY LIFT THE STRING OFF THE CREEPY GUY'S FINGER.

THEN SHE BOLDLY PRESSES THE FRONT OF HER CROSSBOW AGAINST HIS THROAT. HE PREPARES FOR THE WORST.

LILAC

I know who you are. I know what
you do. I even know where you live.

HE CHUCKLES. SHE PRESSES HARDER. HE WINCES AND STARTS
TO GAG.

LILAC (CONT'D)

You think I'm going to the police?
(HE LOOKS AT HER) I know you've
gotten off before. I know all about
you. So no, what would be the point?
No. I hear you've done this again...
Well, my aim is very good. In fact,
it's excellent. Capisce?

CREEPY GUY

Huh?

LILAC

Find. A. New. Hobby.

SHE PRESSES HARD AGAINST HIS THROAT. HE STRUGGLES TO
BREATHE.

LILAC BACKS AWAY AND AIMS RIGHT BETWEEN THE GUY'S EYES.

CREEPY GUY

(TAUNTING) You ain't gonna kill me.

You already said so.

THE GUY LAUGHS. HE'S CLEARLY DISMISSIVE.

A MOMENT THEN LILAC LOWERS HER AIM. THOUGH IT'S NOT SEEN,
THE SUGGESTION IS SHE'S AIMING RIGHT BETWEEN HIS LEGS.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

(SUDDENLY SERIOUS) Wait.

ZWACK!

THE GUY SCREAMS. AS HE DOES, THE SCREAM BECOMES...

4 **INT. PETER'S SHOP - DAY (DAY 2)**

4

(Lilac, Peter)

...PETER'S SCREAM!

TINY PAINTBRUSH IN HAND, LILAC JERKS AWAY FROM A BRASS CROSSBOW DART CLAMPED IN A VISE.

PETER

That's the wrong fin. I told you,
it's the one that--!

LILAC

All right, all right!

"PETER LITTLEJOHN," ABOUT A YEAR OLDER THAN LILAC, EXAMINES HIS WORK. HE GRABS THE BRUSH FROM LILAC AND PAINTS ONE OF THE FINS.

LILAC FIXATES ON THE CROSSBOW DART.

PETER (O.S.)

Look, ya found her, right? (LILAC
STARES AT THE DART) Ya got her back
home, right? (LILAC KEEPS STARING)
So it's all good. Right?

AS PETER WORKS ON THE DART, LILAC CLICKS HER TWO MAIN FINGERS TOGETHER. WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT, PETER PASSES HER A LIT CIGARETTE.

LILAC TAKES A DRAG ON THE CIGARETTE THEN PASSES IT BACK. SHE GLANCES AROUND THE CLUTTERED SHOP AS PETER TAKES A DRAG ON THE SAME CIGARETTE. THEN HE PARKS IT ON A TOOL.

PETER (CONT'D)

Listen, Mom's on some kinda business trip. I'm goin' to my dad's tonight. Stay here.

LILAC

No.

PETER

In the house, I mean. It'll be empty all week.

LILAC DOESN'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT ANY OF THIS.

PETER (CONT'D)

I can put the key under the thing and--

LILAC

No thanks.

PETER

So... (HE OFFERS HER THE BRUSH)

LILAC TAKES THE BRUSH AND APPLIES SOME PURPLE TO THE FIN.

PETER WATCHES LILAC. IT'S CLEAR HE CARES ABOUT HER.

LILAC

What?

SHE KNOWS PETER IS UPSET OVER LOSING ALL THE DARTS.

LILAC (CONT'D)

I had no choice. I had to leave them.

PETER

We should test fire. Huh?

LILAC PULLS HER FOLDED CROSSBOW OUT OF A SLIM BAG AND SETS IT UP.

PETER RETRIEVES A TIP FOR THE NEW DART. BUT IT'S A LARGE SHARP 'HUNTING TIP' AND LILAC DOESN'T LIKE IT.

LILAC

Wait. That's a killing tip.

PETER

I know.

LILAC

I can't... I'm not using that.

I'm not a killer.

PETER

Someday you're going to need it.

LILAC

No I won't.

NEITHER ONE WANTS TO GIVE IN.

5 INT. RUNDOWN CITY APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY **5**
(Det. Gisborne, Police Officers)

THE CREEPY GUY'S SHIRT IS STILL PINNED TO THE WALL BUT HE'S NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. THE SHIRT CUFFS LIE ON THE FLOOR WITH A DART IN EACH AND A SIZABLE CHUNK OF THE WALL STILL ATTACHED TO EACH DART'S TIP.

DETECTIVE GISBOURNE EXAMINES ONE OF LILAC'S CROSSBOW DARTS.

AN OFFICER OFFERS UP ANOTHER ONE WITH HIS LATEX-GLOVED HAND JUST AS THE DETECTIVE'S CELL PHONE RINGS.

DET. GISBOURNE

(INTO HIS PHONE) Gisborne.

PHOTOS ARE TAKEN AND THE OFFICERS CONTINUE TO INVESTIGATE THE SCENE.

DET. GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

(INTO HIS PHONE) I dunno, Sir.
It's a little weird here yet.

OFFICER

No prints. Nothing. Anywhere.

DET. GISBOURNE

(INTO HIS PHONE) Yes, Sir, this is
number three. Well, we can't
actually call the perp a serial
killer, can we. There've been no
killings, Sir. Yes, Sir.

HE FINISHES THE CALL.

DET. GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

(UNDER HIS BREATH) Idiot.

HE DISPLAYS THE DART.

DET. GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

You don't get these in a store.

OFFICER

Some kinda ritual, maybe?

DET. GISBOURNE

Ya think. (STARES AT THE DART,
THEN...) Bag 'em.

HE HANDS THE DART OFF TO THE OFFICER THEN SCANS THE AREA.

DET. GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

(OUT INTO THE ETHER) Who are you?

HIS POV - THE FLOOR WHERE THE CREEPY GUY SAT.

THERE'S NO BLOOD. ANYWHERE. ONE OFFICER KNEELS WHERE LILAC WAS AND DISPLAYS A CIGARETTE BUTT WITH A PAIR OF PLASTIC TONGS.

OFFICER

Smoker.

HE BAGS THE CIGARETTE.

DET. GISBOURNE

Get it to the lab. Pronto. Not
that it'll make any difference.

AS HE GOES TO MAKE ANOTHER CALL ON HIS CELL PHONE, HE LIFTS PART OF THE STRING FROM LILAC'S BOOBY TRAP AND DISPLAYS IT TO ONE OF THE OTHER DETECTIVES.

THE DETECTIVE HASN'T A CLUE.

DET. GISBOURNE (CONT'D)

(INTO HIS PHONE) He available?

6 **INT. ANTIQUE SHOP ("RUSSIAN ROULETTE") - DAY** 6
(Lilac, Alexei, Customers)

ALEXEI VASSELIEV, THE STORE'S OWNER, ENCHANTS A CUSTOMER.

ALEXEI

...was by the bedside of Czar

Nicholas himself when...

LILAC BURSTS THROUGH THE ENTRY AND RACES DOWN THE MAIN AISLE.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

(IN AN ANXIOUS WHISPER TO HIS

CUSTOMER) Excuse me, please. (TO

LILAC) No-no-no-no-no! Little

purple flower! No!

ALEXEI TRIES TO KEEP UP AND NOT KNOCK EVERYTHING OVER. HE CONTINUES IN RUSSIAN, BUT TOO LATE. LILAC DISAPPEARS THROUGH CURTAINS AND INTO THE BACK ROOM.

ALEXEI (CONT'D)

(TO HIS CUSTOMER) Moment, please.

7 **INT. RUSSIAN ROULETTE - BACK ROOM - DAY** 7
 (Lilac, Irinka, Alexei)

ALEXEI'S HEAD BURSTS THROUGH THE CURTAINS.

HIS POV - IRINKA'S "SOOTHSAYING PARLOR"

LILAC AND IRINKA VASSELIEV, ABOUT LILAC'S AGE, SIT ON A MOUNTAIN RANGE OF PILLOWS AND FACE EACH OTHER ACROSS IRINKA'S "CRYSTAL BALL." IT'S ACTUALLY AN ORNATE BOWLING BALL. IRINKA IS TOTALLY DRESSED FOR THE PART.

STEAM SPIRALS UP FROM TWO BRASS & GLASS FIXTURES.

ALEXEI FIRES A SCOLDING VOLLEY IN RUSSIAN, THEN...

ALEXEI

(WHISPERS) Irinka! Homeworks!

IRINKA REPRIMANDS ALEXEI IN RUSSIAN, THEN...

IRINKA

(HEAVY RUSSIAN ACCENT) Papa, I have

customer. (POINTS TO LILAC)

Customer!

ALEXEI VANISHES IN A HUFF AS HE SNAPS THE CURTAIN CLOSED.

8 **SAME - LATER** 8
 (Lilac, Irinka)

LILAC AND IRINKA LEAN IN CLOSE OVER THE "CRYSTAL BALL."
LILAC NOTICES THE FINGER HOLES.

LILAC

What're the holes for?

IRINKA MAINTAINS A CONTESSA'S DIGNITY AS SHE CAREFULLY ROTATES THE HOLES OUT OF SIGHT.

THEN SHE MASSAGES THE AIR ABOVE THE BALL.

IRINKA

To be completely safe, you must put
yourself in danger.

LILAC

What do you mean?

IRINKA EXTENDS HER OPEN PALM TOWARD LILAC.

IRINKA

You have more coins?

9 **EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY**

9

LILAC IS TALKING WITH PETER.

LILAC

No, no. That's not what I mean.

(SHE NOTICES SOMETHING BEHIND PETER)

Wait... Money.

PETER

What?

LILAC

Money. Gimme some money.

PETER

Huh?

LILAC

Quick. Hurry.

PETER RUMMAGES THROUGH HIS POCKETS.

PETER

I don't--

LILAC

Anything. Hurry!

PETER FINDS SOME BILLS AND SHOVES THEM INTO LILAC'S HANDS
JUST AS TWO FELLOW CLASSMATES REACH HIM.

LILAC (CONT'D)

(AS SHE STARTS TO WALK AWAY) Thanks!

BOY #1

Who was that?

PETER

What? I dunno.

THEY ALL WATCH LILAC GO.

10 **EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - ELSEWHERE - DUSK** 10
(*Lilac*)

LILAC HURRIES ALONG THEN TURNS DOWN AN ALLEY AND
DISAPPEARS.

11 **EXT. HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT** 11
(*Lilac, Miles, Scarlet, Git*)

LILAC WARMS HERSELF OVER A FIRE.

"GIT," A MENTALLY-CHALLENGED YOUNG BOY, COMES UP BEHIND
HER. AS HE THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND LILAC...

GIT

Gotta use toilet.

LILAC

We don't have a toilet.

A MOMENT, THEN GIT BREAKS INTO WILD LAUGHTER.

LILAC STARTS TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE.

A HAND SNATCHES IT AWAY. THE HAND BELONGS TO AN OLD
HOMELESS PROFESSOR, "MILES MOTT."

MILES

Take him where he needs to go.

LILAC DOESN'T APPRECIATE THE GESTURE.

"SCARLET WILLS," A YOUNG LADY OF THE EVENING, PUSHES IN
NEXT TO LILAC AND OFFERS HER ANOTHER ONE.

MILES (CONT'D)

You ain't helpin'.

LIKE SHE REALLY CARES.

SCARLET AND LILAC SHARE THE CIGARETTE UNTIL...

HONK! HONK! (A NEARBY CAR HORN)

SCARLET

Oh look, someone...

LILAC MIMICS WITH EXAGGERATION - WORD FOR WORD.

SCARLET (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...wants to talk to me. Maybe it's
a friend. I should go see.

SCARLET GRABS THE CIGARETTE OUT OF LILAC'S MOUTH AS SHE
LEAVES. LILAC IS PISSED.

12 **EXT. CITY - ALLEY - NIGHT**
(Lilac, The Bishop)

12

LILAC TRIES TO FEEL THE CITY AS SHE BACKS AWAY FROM THE
STREET. BUT WHEN SHE TURNS TO CONTINUE ON...

BLAM!

...SHE WALKS STRAIGHT INTO A MOUNTAIN OF A MAN KNOWN AS
"THE BISHOP." HE COULD BE A DRUG DEALER, A PIMP, OR SOME
OTHER MASS OF EVIL. AND HE'S NOT PLEASED.

LILAC

I told you. I don't know where
they are.

THE BISHOP

You said tomorrow. (HE LOOMS ABOVE
HER) It's tomorrow.

LILAC

No, it's today. Tomorrow is
tomorrow.

THE BISHOP MOVES AGGRESSIVELY TOWARD LILAC. SHE REACHES INSTINCTIVELY FOR HER CROSSBOW. TOO BAD IT'S SEALED UP TIGHT IN HER CARRY BAG.

THE BISHOP LAUGHS. HE KNOWS SHE COULDN'T POSSIBLY GET IT OUT IN TIME.

THE BISHOP

No more word games. Capisce?

13 **EXT. CITY - ANOTHER ALLEY - NIGHT**
(Lilac, Father Tucker)

13

A NERVOUS LILAC LEANS AGAINST A BUILDING AND SMOKES.

A SUITED MAN APPROACHES - HE'S VISIBLE ONLY FROM THE WAIST DOWN. THIS IS THE PRIEST KNOWN AS "FATHER TUCKER" BUT WE WON'T KNOW THAT 'TIL THE NEXT EPISODE.

FATHER TUCKER (O.S.)

You look like you need a friend.

LILAC FLICKS SOME ASHES THEN TAKES ANOTHER DRAG ON HER CIGARETTE. SHE PUTS A HAND ON THE CROSSBOW SLUNG OVER HER SHOULDER THEN SQUINTS AT THE PRIEST.

FREEZE FRAME - WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?

SUPER: "TO BE CONTINUED..."

FADE OUT: