

RAVEN DESTINY RISING

1x01: "*Nightmares*"

Written by

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Executive Producers
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XaleCorp Productions 2016

CAST

RACHEL ROTH Malese Jow
GARFIELD LOGAN Connor Paulo
GRETA HAYES Evanna Lynch

WITH

SEBASTIAN BLOOD James Patrick Stuart
DR. ANGELA ROTH Paget Brewster

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

MADAME XANADU Indira Varma
VOICE OF TRIGON Kevin Michael Richardson

ALSO STARRING

THERESA Lindsey Morgan

FADE IN:

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - NIGHT

The familiar vista of the city lies in RUINS.

Buildings have been leveled, their remains crumpling. FIRES rage out of control. The sky itself seems to almost burn.

It's THE END.

PAN DOWN into the city itself, where the burning wrecks of CARS litter the streets, the debris from the destroyed city blasted across the entire area...

EXT. METROPOLIS STREETS - CONTINUOUS

It's desolate. Quiet. Until--

--A LONE FIGURE in a thin white dress runs past, weaving their way through the wreckage as quickly as possible. The figure, short in stature, clearly FEMALE, long dark hair flowing behind her, runs as if Hell's demons themselves are chasing her.

They very well could be, considering.

ON the figure as they push themselves harder and faster, long dark hair flying in the harsh wind that blows through the city, their breath panting as they run - before finally STUMBLING on some loose debris!

They hit the floor HARD, skidding and rolling to a stop, with a SOFT MOAN of pain, before finally looking up and allowing us to finally see who they are - a young woman in her early twenties, bright dark eyes filled with fear.

This is RACHEL ROTH... and she's terrified!

She looks around with a panicked gaze, her breath coming in short gasps as she looks around with fear.

In that moment of stillness, SINISTER NOISES can be heard in the background, all around. A kind of insect-like skitter, that only grows louder as SMALL SHAPES form in the shadows around her cast by the firelight--

-- as DOZENS OF GLOWING PAIRS OF RED EYES blink into existence and stare out from the darkness back out at the terrified Rachel!

Climbing to her feet as quick as she can, Rachel BOLTS down the street, turning the corner...

EXT. LEXCORP PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

... and comes to a DEAD STOP. Her hands fly to her mouth, as she STARES up and ahead in *pure horror*.

REVERSE ANGLE to see three large CRUCIFIXES placed on the plaza itself, each holding SKELETAL REMAINS, high in the air. Although all flesh has been stripped away, the tattered clothing remains, allowing them to be identified.

Superman. Wonder Woman. Batman.

Below them, surrounding the entire plaza, more dead heroes hang from their own crucifix. Green Arrow. Black Canary. Aquaman. Martian Manhunter. Zatanna. Booster Gold. Speedy. Countless others.

The world's heroes are DEAD.

Rachel, her last shred of hope extinguished, slumps to the floor, sobbing freely. *Defeated*. Resigned to her fate.

MASSIVE CRACKS begin to split the plaza apart. Rachel tries to stand, as the ground falls away, revealing a CHASM of fire and brimstone underneath her feet!

As the plaza gives way, sending a SCREAMING Rachel tumbling down into the dark abyss...

SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. BATHROOM, RACHEL'S DORM - NIGHT

The front of a BATHROOM CABINET is opened, revealing a mess of bathroom accessories, make up and various medicines. A feminine hand reaches in and fumbles for a moment before pulling out some ASPIRIN.

The cabinet is closed, and we see RACHEL reflected in it's surface mirror, exhausted looking, dark shadows forming under her bleary, unfocused eyes.

She quickly pops a couple of pills, swallowing them down with a sip of bottled water. She grimaces, as she rubs her forehead, a futile attempt to ease whatever pain she's feeling.

A faint, forced smile comes to her lips as she sees the reflection of someone behind her. A young man, short in height, but blessed with a big personality, a mess of curly black hair, and big dark eyes filled with worry.

This is GARFIELD LOGAN, Rachel's boyfriend. He wears a wrinkled, well-worn "Superman" t-shirt and boxers. He wraps his arms around Rachel closely, resting his head on her shoulder, as she leans into him.

GARFIELD

You okay?

RACHEL

Yeah, I'm fine. Just a headache.

Garfield lifts an eyebrow, staring deep into Rachel's eyes, reflected in the mirror. He's not buying what she's selling.

GARFIELD

Hey, you know you can talk to me about anything, right? I promise I can take it, whatever it is.

Rachel's smile fades ever-so-slightly... before she forces it back full force, dismissive of his concerns.

RACHEL

Really, it's all good. Go back to bed, I'll be there in a sec. Okay?

She kisses him lightly on the cheek, before moving out of his embrace. Garfield, resigned to her silence, shuffles out of the bathroom.

Rachel's smile fades as she considers her reflection for a long moment. Staring into dark eyes, as if searching for an answer.

But what kind of questions is she asking?

GRETA (PRE-LAP)

Nightmares? What kind of nightmares?

EXT. METRO COFFEE STOP, DOWNTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Rachel, fiddling with her coffee cup, sits at a table outside, across from a young woman, sipping a latte with delicate grace, dressed in pink and black, casual but stylish, very much the typical 'girly-girl'.

This is GRETA HAYES, Rachel's best friend. Bubbly, happy and friendly - she's the 'anti-Rachel', a light to Rachel's dark. They really shouldn't be friends, and yet somehow, they are, and loyal friends at that.

RACHEL

The "end of the world" kind, so yeah,
I haven't been getting much sleep.

GRETA

(teasing)

I can tell, sweetie. Foundation only
helps so much, you know.

(beat, serious)

How bad are they?

RACHEL

Bad. Like full-on 'hell-on-earth'
kind of bad. The thing is, I used to
have the same nightmare when I was a
kid, until I grew out of it.

GRETA

So, what? Your subconscious just
decided one day to go "oh, I think
I'll start this nightmare up again,
because finding out I'm a witch isn't
scary enough!"? Now with superheroes,
I might add.

RACHEL

(deadpan)

See, only you could say that with a
straight face right to me.

GRETA

(preens, proudly)

I'm keeping it real, girl. It's what
a best friend is for.

Rachel can't help but smile at Greta's natural charm.

GRETA (cont'd)

But why not talk to Garfield?

RACHEL

I don't want to risk scaring him away
for good.

Greta, sipping her coffee, shoots Rachel a dubious look.

GRETA

Oh please! Gar survived Hollywood's meat grinder. Apocalyptic nightmares won't faze him one damn bit. You're using that as an excuse.

Rachel looks away. *Guilty as charged.* She briefly looks up at the towering sight of the LexCorp building nearby--

QUICK CUT: The devastated, ruined plaza burns...

-- before snapping back to reality, feeling a sudden chill.

RACHEL

Maybe-- maybe I'm afraid he'll finally see me as the freak I am.

GRETA

Oh, honey. We're all freaky in our own way. Yours is just a little bit more... *useful.*

She offers Rachel a somewhat cheeky smirk. It immediately has the desired effect as Rachel smiles in return. She checks her CELL PHONE laying on the table.

RACHEL

Oh crap! I'm supposed to be meeting Mom at the Foundation in 20 minutes!
(beat)
We still on for tonight, right? All of us at my Mom's for movie night?

GRETA

Hell yeah! I am so in need of that.

Greta waves as Rachel quickly leaves...

EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Establishing shot of the building.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, ISIS FOUNDATION - CONTINUOUS

Inside the small, well-organized office, empty of patients, DR. ANGELA ROTH (40s, pale skin, a woman of determination and integrity) stands with an assistant, checking paperwork.

She is dressed professionally, as befitting her position as head of a non-profit charitable organization. Sleek dark hair is styled in a long bob cut just past her shoulders.

ANGELA

Okay, so we've got the group session tonight. Todd and Jackson will be handling it. I think that's it.

As Angela hands the papers off, she looks up and smiles, at the sight of Rachel watching her from the open doorway into the back office area.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Sorry, sorry, I'm nearly done here.

RACHEL

It's okay, Mom.

ANGELA

No, no, it's not. I promised I'd be done by the time you got here so we could get some proper mother-daughter time on before I surrender the front lounge to you for the night.

RACHEL

It's all good, it gave me and Greta some quality BFF time.

ANGELA

(laughs)

I honestly don't know how you two get along so well.

RACHEL

Tell me about it! Ask me 3 years ago if I'd ever be friends with a girl like her, I'd have thought you were joking. Now, I can't imagine my life without her in it.

ANGELA

She's definitely been good for you.

RACHEL

I think we've all been good for each other.

Angela picks up her handbag, and grabs her coat.

ANGELA

Come on. Let's get out of here.

As Rachel smiles back at her mom, and they leave the office behind...

EXT. ISIS FOUNDATION BUILDING, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - DAY

Angela and Rachel step out onto the sidewalk, arm in arm, smiling as everything FREEZES--

INT. BLOOD'S OFFICE, CHURCH OF BLOOD HQ - NIGHT

MATCH CUT to the frozen forms of the two friends as we PULL BACK to see it's a DIGITAL PHOTO displayed on a TABLET.

Holding it, sat at his desk, is SEBASTIAN BLOOD, a handsome dark-haired older man (late 40s), dressed impeccably - one might think him a lawyer or businessman.

The truth is much more sinister.

He studies the screen, brow furrowed deeply at what he sees. Lost in thought, Blood looks up, eyes unfocused, staring off at nothing for a moment. *Troubled*.

He looks to his assistant, THERESA (20s, eager, dedicated).

BLOOD

Where did our operative recover this?

THERESA

From the belongings of a Midnight Dawn member who had been working as a custodian at Metropolis University.

(beat, carefully)

It appears that they have maintained surveillance on the Raven.

BLOOD

(furious)

Unacceptable. What else did this person tell us?

THERESA

Very little. He took his own life before we could properly interrogate him in detail.

Blood turns away. He looks out his office window. *Disturbed*.

THERESA (cont'd)

Should I instruct Ms. Roth's removal from the college?

BLOOD

(firmly)

Absolutely not. We will not disrupt her every day life. No one is to interfere with her in anyway.

(beat, coldly)

Is that clear?

THERESA

Perfectly, sir. But how do you intended to address the issue?

Blood carefully places the tablet down on his desk, turning to face Theresa, adjusting and tidying his jacket.

BLOOD

(coyly)

Personally. Very personally.

Theresa nods, turning on her heel to make an exit, leaving Blood to his dark ruminations...

INT. FRONT LOUNGE, ROTH RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Rachel, Garfield and Greta are curled up on the sofa, dressed casually in joggers and t-shirts. Bowls of popcorn sit half-empty on the coffee table in front of them.

Garfield is stuck sandwiched between the girls, who cling onto him for dear life. Greta even has a pillow covering most of her face, occasionally peeking, wide-eyed.

From the entrance hall, leaning against the archway looking in, stands Angela. Her face is lit up with pure delight at the sight of her daughter with by friends, surrounded with love and affection...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FRONT LOUNGE, ROTH RESIDENCE - NIGHT (LATER)

The movie is long over. The now-empty bowls lay forgotten and overturned on the coffee table, joined by half-empty glasses of soda.

Greta lays on the floor, head resting on her pillow, tucked under a blanket, snoring ever-so-softly in an adorable way. On the sofa is Garfield and Rachel, entwined and somehow comfortable enough to fall fast asleep, a blanket over them.

Garfield remains still as Rachel flinches and squirms in her sleep. Sweat beads on her furrowed brow. Her eyes twitch furiously under closed lids as she dreams...

QUICK CUT: Rachel runs through the rubble of Metropolis...

QUICK CUT: Dozens of red eyes stare out from the darkness...

QUICK CUT: The dead heroes, skeletal remains hanging from where they were crucified...

QUICK CUT: Rachel screams as she falls into a fiery pit...

INT. HELLSCAPE, RACHEL'S NIGHTMARE - TIMELESS

Rachel - the dream-Rachel, anyway - jolts awake. She sits bolt upright, gasping for air, as she takes in the horrific sights around her.

We pull back to see she is sat on a RAGGED STONE PILLAR, high in the air in a SEA OF RAGING FIRE that burns everything in sight.

She's in HELL.

VOICE (O.C.)
(rumbling, menacing)
Raven...

Frantic, with no idea what's going on around her, Rachel fights to keep calm.

RACHEL
I'm dreaming, that's all. This is just another nightmare. It's not real. It'll be over soon!

VOICE (O.C.)
No, dear child, this is just the beginning.

The flames ahead of Rachel surge and dance, parting to reveal an enormous THRONE OF BONES. Sat on it is a HULKING FIGURE of a man, at least TEN FEET TALL, well built, with a reddish-hue to his skin.

He wears tribal clothing, made of skins and furs, *not necessarily animal*. Long white hair flows over and down his shoulders. Twin horns protrude from his forehead, arching upwards and tapering into wicked points...

... and twin pairs of GLOWING RED EYES stare out from an otherwise handsome face, which is twisted into a sneer of disgust as he looks down on Rachel.

All hail TRIGON THE TERRIBLE.

TRIGON
Did you really believe you could
escape your destiny?

RACHEL
(confused)
My-- my destiny?

Trigon raises his arms, making a sweeping gesture, encompassing the hellscape around them. In the inferno, we can see figures - DAMNED SOULS - screaming and writhing in agony as they burn for eternity.

TRIGON
All this.
(beat, mocking)
It's because of you. The daughter of
darkness.

He LAUGHS, a horrible, grating noise that grows louder and louder. Louder still, forcing Rachel to slam her hands against her ears in a vain attempt to shut it out.

As the fires rage on and turn towards Rachel, she SCREAMS--

GARFIELD (V.O.)
Rachel! Rachel, wake up!

INT. FRONT LOUNGE, ROTH RESIDENCE - AS BEFORE

Rachel, struggling furiously with the blanket, snaps awake, taking in lungfuls of air as she hyperventilates. Around her, all roused from slumber, stand Greta and Angela.

GRETA
What the hell was that?!

RACHEL
(sobbing, terrified)
Mom??

ANGELA
It's okay, it's okay! You're safe.

Rachel buries herself in Angela's embrace, eyes filling with tears as Garfield and Greta move back to allow a mother to comfort her stricken daughter...

INT. BLOOD'S OFFICE, CHURCH OF BLOOD HQ - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Blood, now clad in burgundy-hued CEREMONIAL ROBES, kneels in front of an ALTER. Two large black candles burn on either side of an emblem - A SKULL, sporting TWO PAIRS OF EYE SOCKETS, and a set of THICK HORNS.

He dips his fingers into a clay bowl filled with thick dark liquid - FRESH BLOOD. He dabs some in the shape of a cross onto the center of his forehead, eyes closed in reverent prayers.

He suddenly CONVULSES, head snapping back, eyes open - only the whites showing as he writhes in a cruciform pose.

BLOOD
The Raven has awoken!

As he collapses onto the floor, twitching, laughing with manic glee...

INT. FRONT LOUNGE, ROTH RESIDENCE - AS BEFORE

Angela gently strokes her daughter's hair, fighting a cold dread of realization that washes over her.

As Rachel is finally overcome with the fear she's been working so hard to hide, tears flowing freely...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE