

RAVEN DESTINY RISING

1x02: "Encounters"

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
ZACHARY ZATARA David Henrie
ANGELA ROTH Paget Brewster

ALSO STARRING

BETHANY SNOW Elizabeth Mitchell
THE ENFORCER Aaron Taylor-Johnson
HOODED MAN Nikolai Nikolaeff

SPECIAL GUEST STAR

MADAME XANADU Indira Varma

FADE IN:

EXT. HOKUS POKUS OCCULT SHOP, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the building. It's display lights are off, and the sign on the door is positioned on 'CLOSED'.

XANADU (PRE-LAP)

Concentrate. Be at peace. Reach out with your mind.

INT. BACKROOM, HOKUS POKUS OCCULT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Now dressed in her usual, normal-for-her style of black on black, Rachel sits on a large overstuffed foot-stool, legs crossed lotus-style, eyes closed.

Opposite her, sits MADAME NIMUE XANADU (exotic, olive-skinned, regal), Rachel's teacher in the otherworldly arts. She wears one of her usual floor-length flowing dresses with a matching shawl over her shoulder.

Between them both is a small table, on which sits a CRYSTAL BALL. They're in the middle of a lesson. The room is darkened to help focus on the lesson.

XANADU

Feel the object in front of you. You can do it.

Rachel's eyes open, the picture of calm serenity, emotions tightly controlled, as she stares at the object in front of her--

--which suddenly glows with a PURPLE/BLACK energy and slowly begins to levitate off the table surface. It floats in the air, suspended by an unseen hand.

Rachel allows herself a small smile, maintains her focus--

QUICK CUT: The behemoth form of Trigon grins with sadistic glee, his cruel laugh echoing...

--only for the crystal ball to abruptly drop. Shattering as it hits the floor.

RACHEL

Dammit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

XANADU

(shakes head)

That's the third time you've lost focus. You're clearly distracted. What's going on, Rachel?

RACHEL

Nothing. I'm fine. Really. Let's keep going.

XANADU

Are you sure?

RACHEL

Positive. Let's go.

With a resigned smile, Xanadu waves her hand - and the CRYSTAL BALL reassembles itself perfectly, before slowly floating back onto the table.

As Rachel takes a calming breath, once again regaining her focus--

GRETA (O.C.)

Are you guys done in there yet?!

Rachel face-palms in sheer frustration, although thankfully Xanadu seems to find the funny side of the interruption...

EXT. METROPOLIS SKYLINE - EARLY EVENING

Establishing shot of the great city, light gleaming from the various skyscrapers, as the sun sets in the distance...

GRETA (PRE-LAP)

We're so going to be late!

EXT. STREETS, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EARLY EVENING

ON the petite, lithe form of RACHEL ROTH, dressed stylishly but casually in her usual black-on-black look, walking down the sidewalk arm in arm with the ever casual t-shirt and jeans wearing GARFIELD LOGAN.

Next to them, dressed in a figure-hugging pink dress, matching heels and purse loosely hanging from her shoulder, is an anxious looking GRETA HAYES.

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GARFIELD

Come on, you're the one that loves to arrive 'fashionably late', if I recall.

GRETA

Uh, yeah, obviously. But this is different.

RACHEL

Let me guess. 'You-know-how' is gonna be there?

Greta simply GRINS, excited. Rachel rolls her eyes, smiling.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Figured as much. You've been playing cat-and-mouse with that guy all year.

GARFIELD

(confused)

Who?

GRETA

What can I say? I like making guys work for it. Tonight's the night to see if it's worth it.

GARFIELD

If who's worth it?

RACHEL

I should have figured that from the dress. Pretty fancy for a Psi Omega Delta party.

GRETA

You gotta show them what they're missing out on, girl.

GARFIELD

(exasperated)

Show who what they're missing out on?!

GRETA

(teasing)

Quiet down, Gar, this is girl talk.

RACHEL

Yeah, babe, you wouldn't understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GARFIELD

No kidding!

They all share a LAUGH, as they continue down the street - not noticing a HOODED MAN watching them from further down the street. He finishes smoking a cigarette, crushing it with his boot, before MOVING OFF, following them.

Unaware of their 'tail', the three friends continue on down the street, passing an open ALLEYWAY. On the corner stands a YOUNG MAN, dressed in black t-shirt and jeans. In front of him is a portable table, and a small gathering of people.

YOUNG MAN

Step right up, folks. Spot the Queen of Hearts, only a \$5 deal in!

The LARGE PILE OF CASH he's accumulated indicates that it's not as easy as it sounds, as he SHUFFLES the three well-worn cards laying face down on the table.

As Garfield unsuccessfully tries to wave down a taxi, Greta and Rachel watch the street hustler work. Greta, shivering in the cool night air, eyes him like a man-shaped piece of candy. The tight t-shirt shows off an impressive figure.

GRETA

Hello, salty goodness. He could deal me in any day.

Rachel just gives her a 'give me a break' look.

GRETA (cont'd)

What? I'm a hormonal college girl. I'm fickle.

Unable to suppress a small smile at Greta's blatant man-hunger, Rachel looks back at the young man - who is now looking DIRECTLY at her. She REACTS, their gazes locking for a moment, until the guy WINKS, and shoots her a cocky grin.

Greta watches the interplay with a grin. Noticing, Rachel shoots her a dirty look.

RACHEL

What?

GRETA

Uh-huh. I saw that little looksie. Better not let Gar catch him making eyes at you, hun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RACHEL

Whatever!

Greta GIGGLES --

--just as the HOODED MAN, having been hanging around behind them, suddenly LUNGES forward. He SNATCHES Greta's handbag from her, the strap snapping as Greta tumbles to the floor with a SHRIEK!

Garfield, hearing it, TURNS, and quickly realizes the situation.

GARFIELD

Hey! Stop!

Without a second thought, he takes off RUNNING, following the thief as he dashes across the busy street, looking for safe haven. Rachel, tending to the stunned Greta, looks up, worried, as Garfield gives chase.

RACHEL

Gar, no, don't!

As the thief disappears down an alley, and Garfield pursues...

INT. ALLEYWAY, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - CONTINUOUS

Garfield skids to a halt in the dark, gloomily-lit alley, casting a quick look around for the thief - *nothing*.

GARFIELD

(panting, breathless)

Dammit!

He walks a couple of meters into the alley--

CLICK!

-- and FREEZES, swallowing nervously. Behind him, the Hooded Man steps out of the shadows and holds a SNUB-NOSED PISTOL aimed square at the back of Garfield's head.

HOODED MAN

Hands where I can see 'em. Then turn around. Slowly!

Garfield does as he's told, raising his arms in surrender, and carefully turning around. The Hooded Man looks at him in disgust.

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CONTINUED:

GARFIELD

Listen, dude, just give us the purse back, okay? I'll make sure my friends don't call the cops, you can just disappear.

With an ANGRY SNARL, the Hooded Man grabs hold of Garfield's t-shirt, PUSHING him against the wall. He holds the gun close to Garfield's head, as he leans in.

HOODED MAN

You're just a punk-ass kid. You ain't got any idea what's happening in this city, have you? What's really going down.

GARFIELD

(scared)

I-- I don't know--

HOODED MAN

Shut up!

He steps back, and aims the gun STRAIGHT at Garfield, whose eyes go wide as he realizes what about to happen.

HOODED MAN (cont'd)

I'm doing you a favor.

As he SQUEEZES the trigger, Rachel and Greta come tearing around the alleyway corner. Rachel stumbles to a halt, eyes wide with horror as she screams--

RACHEL

(desperate)

Noooooo!

A SHOCK-WAVE of blue/purple energy EXPLODES out from Rachel's body!

IN SLOW-MOTION: It sends Greta flying back out of the alleyway, and both Garfield and the Hooded Man down further into the alley itself. A nearby Dumpster is sent crashing against the wall, spraying it's contents everywhere!

NORMAL TIME RESUMES as Rachel sags, dropping to her knees, completely exhausted by the expenditure, as everyone hits the floor with exclamations of pain.

The first one to get to their feet is the Hooded Man. He looks towards the weakened Rachel with horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOODED MAN
You're one of the meta-freaks!

He reaches into his boot, and pulls out a SWITCHBLADE, opening it with a practiced *flick*. A pale, sweaty Rachel tries to crawl away as he approaches her with a menacing glare.

HOODED MAN (cont'd)
It's things like you that are making
this country sick.

He stands over the terrified Rachel.

HOODED MAN (cont'd)
Time to cut out the disease.

RACHEL
(weakly)
Please... no, don't...

YOUNG MAN
(echoey, firm)
Mrasid!

The switchblade FLIES from the Hooded Man's grasp, and EMBEDS itself into the wall.

Both Rachel and the Hooded Man look down at the alleyway opening to see the YOUNG MAN standing there, hand still outstretched, eyes narrowed. Standing next to him, looking a little shaken, watching, is an astonished Greta.

YOUNG MAN (cont'd)
(echoey)
Etaerc sgnidnib dna eruces!

PURPLE/WHITE ENERGY envelops the Hooded Man, despite his struggles and cries, holding him still. It fades, leaving him bound in rope, tumbling to the ground with a hard THUD.

HOODED MAN
(panicked)
Hey, what's the Hell? What're you
doing--?

YOUNG MAN
(echoey, impatient)
Revoc sih htuum!

One of the ropes LOOSENS enough to wrap around the Hooded Man's head, then GAG him, as he squirms, cries muffled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Greta quickly rushes to the aid of a dazed Garfield, as he comes around with a groan. Rachel, mouth open in stunned amazement, slowly takes the hand the young man offers to help her up.

RACHEL
(cautiously)
Who are you?

The Young Man shoots her another cocky grin.

YOUNG MAN
Call me Zack, babe.

Off his smugness at being the 'hero'...

XANADU (PRE-LAP)
I have just the thing for you three.

INT. BACKROOM, HOKUS POKUS OCCULT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

In the now brightly light, tastefully decorated, if somewhat chintzy, parlor, Madame Nimue Xanadu pours tea from a classic-looking china teapot into several matching cups.

Sitting in the variety of mismatched overstuffed chairs and sofas, are Garfield, Greta and a recovering Rachel. Xanadu quickly offers one of the now-full cups to Rachel. Standing nearby, idly playing with a pack of cards, is the YOUNG MAN - a.k.a ZACK.

XANADU
(motherly)
Here you go, my dear.

She then offers another cup to Greta. She nervously takes it, sniffing it before looking up at Xanadu.

GRETA
Is this like some kind of magical
drink to make us feel better.

XANADU
(amused)
Something like that.
(beat)
It's hot, sweet tea. Drink up.

She offers the final cup to a grateful Garfield, and all three take slow sips, reacting with delight to the taste.

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CONTINUED:

Xanadu offers them a final smile before she turns to face Zack, smile disappearing instantly as she fixes him with a hard glare.

XANADU (cont'd)
Now, let me guess. You were hustling again, weren't you?

Zach simply SHRUGS, continuing to play with the cards.

ZACH
I got bills to pay, remember?

XANADU
Bills be damned, Zachary! I thought we had an agreement? When I took you in, agreed to teach you more about your abilities, I thought you'd realized that abusing them in that way wasn't the way to go.

Rachel looks up in surprise at that.

RACHEL
You're teaching him magic too?

XANADU
Attempting too, would be more accurate.

Xanadu shakes her head as Zach shoots her a dirty look, unimpressed.

ZACH
Hey, I'm getting better. I saved them, didn't I? So what if I use my 'gift' on suckers on the streets? Anyway, pot, kettle, black, isn't it?

XANADU
That's different and you know it. Don't compare what I do to what you do. You'll end up in real trouble one day! We both know how Zatanna would react if she--.

GRETA
(confused)
Whoa, wait, what? Zatanna? As in Zatanna Zatarra, Mistress of Magic?

Zack's cockiness suddenly vanishes, instead looking rather uncomfortable. Xanadu takes delight in seeing him squirm.

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CONTINUED: (2)

XANADU

Oh, didn't he tell you?

ZACH

It's no big thing, it's not like I just go around telling people.

GRETA

Yeah, just making me more curious.

Zach groans, and slumps into an empty chair.

ZACH

(sighs, reluctant)

Okay, okay! She's my cousin.

Greta fixes Xanadu with an amazed look

GRETA

How many superheroes do you know?! Do you like, what, have them on speed-dial or something?!

Xanadu arches an eyebrow at the blonde girl's statement, while Rachel and Garfield look at Greta in embarrassment.

XANADU

No, dear. I'm on theirs. 1-800-MAGICK. With a K.

All eyes fall on Xanadu, who after a moment, allows a smile to break her stoic expression. Zack GRINS, letting out an surprised LAUGH.

The tense atmosphere filling the room finally disperses, as everyone breaks into relieved smiles...

EXT. ALLEYWAY, MIDTOWN METROPOLIS - EVENING

Squirming away on the dirt-ridden floor, is the Hooded Man, still bound and gagged by the ropes that Zack conjured.

The bleakness of the alley is briefly illuminated by the headlights of a luxurious-looking town car, that pulls to a stop outside of the alley.

The Hooded Man stops his squirming, and watches with trepidation as the driver steps out, and opens up the rear driver's side door. From it, steps out a smartly dressed woman in business attire, and a long overcoat on top.

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She is tall, carrying herself with grace and poise, her blonde hair long but neatly styled. Her cold blue eyes quickly find the Hooded Man, a hint of disappointment in them. Meet BETHANY SNOW.

BETHANY

Cut him loose.

With a nod, the driver pulls out a small blade, and quickly frees the Hooded Man from his bonds. He pulls out the one in his mouth as soon as his hands are free before standing.

HOODED MAN

You took your sweet time, lady!

BETHANY

I paid you to do a job, Mr. David. You failed. You're lucky I came here at all.

HOODED MAN

Yeah, well, you didn't warn me you were sending me after some meta-freak, either!

BETHANY

(frowns, curious)

A 'meta-freak', you say? Explain.

HOODED MAN

This girl, it was like, I don't know, a pulse or something, it came out of her. Threw me across the alley!

BETHANY

The 'pulse', as you call it. How did it make you feel?

HOODED MAN

Are you tripp'n, lady? What the hell does--

BETHANY

(intense)

How did it make you feel?!

HOODED MAN

(swallows, nervous)

Cold. It made me feel cold. Hollow.

Bethany slowly SMILES, nodding.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETHANY

It's her, then.
(beat, calling out)
We're done here.

HOODED MAN

(frowning, confused)
What are talking about? Look, I think
I--

SHUKK!!

The Hooded Man suddenly GASPS as his body spasms ever so slightly. Blood trickles from the corner of his mouth, as he looks down--

--to see the BLOODY BLADE OF A SWORD sticking through his chest! His breath catches in his throat for several seconds, before he exhales one final time, head slumping forward - DEAD.

With ease and swiftness, the sword is yanked out, allowing the body to fall to the floor with a wet slap. From out of the alley's shadowed recesses, it's wielder steps forward.

A MAN, incredibly well built, with pale skin. His hair is dark, long and straggly, hanging over his face, but not enough to hide the intricate red-inked tattoo that covers part of the upper left side of his face.

Other scars and other dark-inked tattoos mark his muscular physique, and are clearly visible through an open and ragged-looking gray overcoat. No shirt, only a bandoleer diagonally across his well-muscled torso.

This is THE ENFORCER. He looks down at the fallen form of his victim with disgust before he wipes the blood from the sword casually on a shirtsleeve.

ENFORCER

This one was not worthy to die by our blade. The sword must be cleansed and purified to make it ready for our next worthwhile claim.

Bethany carefully steps around the dead body, and reaches out a dainty finger to casually stroke the Enforcer's hair from his face.

BETHANY

Soon, we will have someone truly deserving of that honor ready for your blade, dear one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He looks at her, his eyes bright with reverence for her. He sheathes the sword in a scabbard on his hip, and drops to one knee, head bowed.

ENFORCER

We live to serve you, our Priestess.
Long may we do so, and many heretics
we will claim for our own.

BETHANY

You do us proud, Enforcer. The
Midnight Dawn's time will soon be
here, once we ensure that the Raven
can never come to power.

The Enforcer looks up, eyes almost glowing with religious fervor.

ENFORCER

We promise you this. The Raven will
never become the gateway for Trigon.

INT. BACKROOM, HOKUS POKUS OCCULT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: Rachel, as she smiles and laughs at something we can't hear.

ENFORCER (V.O.)

By our hand, Rachel Roth will die!

On the unsuspecting face of Rachel, we:

BLACKOUT:

END OF EPISODE