

WELCOME TO THE BEEHIVE  
Season 1, Episode 1  
"Welcome to the Beehive"

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**FADE IN.**

**EXT. THE VILLAGE OF OLAMINA - NIGHT**

Olamina is a large village in Medieval Ireland. The village sits at the foot of a cliff face and some buildings are carved into the side of the mountain.

It is the middle of the night, the streets are empty, houses and shops are dark. Only a few scattered torches dot the landscape.

A lone figure in dark robes quietly sneaks down the street and stops in front of a smithy. The figure looks around. Seeing no one, she turns and enters the building across from the smithy.

She opens the door and the darkness is pierced by the flicker of firelight inside. She shuts the door behind her.

**INT. NESSA CATHASAIGH'S HOME - CONTINUOUS**

The lone figure steps into the light. She pulls off the cloth that covers her face to reveal SAOIRSE DUNNE, WF, 30s. She opens her cloak to reveal shiny golden mail armor covered by cloth with the image of a lion on it.

SAOIRSE

This is it. Muireann ó Dochartaigh  
won't be joining us.

At the head of the dining table sits NESSA CATHASAIGH, WF, 40s, red hair. Her armor is silver; the front draped with brown cloth with the image of a bald eagle on it.

NESSA

Does she live?

Saoirse shakes her head. Next to Nessa sits EABHA MAOLOMHNAIGH, WF, 30s. Her armor is red, with the image of a red fox on the front.

EABHA

Rather disappointing. Her healing  
abilities would've been quite  
helpful.

ROISIN MODRDHA sits across from Eabha. Roisin's face is covered and their age, race and gender aren't clear, even once they speak. Roisin's armor and robes are all black, with the image of a long-eared bat on the front.

ROISIN  
 (almost a whisper)  
 There are other magicks.

No one responds to Roisin. They are afraid to.

The room is filled with dozens of other women, all armored with images of animals on the front.

Eabha eyes Roisin suspiciously.

SAOIRSE  
 If we don't act soon, we will be  
 stuck in the world of men forever.  
 And I, for one, would rather die  
 than live under the thumb of  
 Cillian Breathnach!

The majority of the women in the room agree with Saoirse. But not all.

NESSA  
 And if we act soon, will we not  
 perish sooner?

The crowd turns to face each woman as she speaks.

SAOIRSE  
 Your doubt will be the death of us  
 all.

ROISIN  
 If not your faith.

Saoirse stares at Roisin. A young CADHLA MAOLOMHNAIGH starts to cry at her mother's side. Eabha kneels to her level and lifts her chin up.

EABHA  
 This world does not love women who  
 cry.

The young girl stares at her mother. Then wipes the tears from her eyes.

EABHA (CONT'D)  
 Do you understand?

Eabha places her hand on her daughter's shoulder as she rises. Cadhla nods.

The sound of many horses can clearly be heard from outside.

SAOIRSE  
The hour for debate is at an end.

EABHA  
So we're going?

ROISIN  
What choice do we have?

NESSA  
We don't know where it goes.

Murmurs of agreement.

NESSA (CONT'D)  
And we can't stop them from following us.

The dissent grows louder.

SAOIRSE  
As to the former... I've gone through the portal.

Gasps. Cries of shock.

NESSA  
We agreed--

SAOIRSE  
YOU agreed. I did not.

NESSA  
Who do you think--

SAOIRSE  
Trust me. It's safe.

The crowd calms down.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)  
As for the latter. They won't be able to follow us. No we'll be enlisting help to stop them...

The entire room waits upon her next words.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)  
The Morrigan will cover our path.

Stunned silence.

**EXT. THE VILLAGE OF OLAMINA - NIGHT**

The women from the meeting move silently down the street, moving as fast as they can while crowding a larger group of women, children and a handful of men. All adults are armored, representing the various factions in approximately equal number.

SAOIRSE

It's too quiet.

She stops to chat with Nessa as they hurry the others along.

NESSA

I agree. It can't be this easy.

SAOIRSE

Maybe we DID catch the last of the spies?

NESSA

Curse their souls.

The women continue to move the crowd forward. The CAMERA remains on the village street as the last of the women moves out of the frame.

A LONE WARRIOR moves silently down the street, following the women at a safe distance. He is joined by ANOTHER and ANOTHER. The screen fills with the many, many SOLDIERS who follow the women.

**EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER**

Nessa and Saoirse stop their followers before a large cave that leads into the mountain.

Blocking the entrance are CILLIAN BREATHNACH, WM, 40s. He is a commanding presence in gold armor, but with no faction markings. None of his men wear faction markings. And he has many, many men.

Roisin joins Nessa and Saoirse.

ROISIN

More company.

She gestures towards the rear, where the following soldiers have caught up to them. Nearly as many men behind them as in front.

EABHA

They're all men.

SAOIRSE

I see.

NESSA

Meaning?

Saoirse reaches into a bag and pulls out scraps of cloth. She starts handing them out.

SAOIRSE

All men and boys. Completely cover their eyes.

They start to comply.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)

I can't stress how important it is to make sure they are ALL fully blinded.

NESSA

What happens if they aren't FULLY blinded?

SAOIRSE

They'll be fully dead.

The women carefully cover the eyes of the men and boys.

CILLIAN (O.S.)

To which of you fine ladies should I direct my remarks?

Nessa steps forward.

NESSA

(under her breath)

Whatever you're going to do, do it soon.

Nessa raises her hand. Unseen by the men, Saoirse drops to her knees and starts preparing a spell.

NESSA (CONT'D)

I. Nessa Cathasaigh.

Cillian steps forward, a grin dominates his face.

CILLIAN

Of course it would be you, Nessa Cathasaigh. I assume Saoirse Dunne and Eabha Maolomhnaigh are with you?

NESSA

Aye.

He laughs.

CILLIAN

The three of you were ALWAYS going to engage in a conspiracy of some sort, weren't you?

Dark green vapors begin to rise from Saoirse.

EABHA

You were always going to be an impotent little boy king who has better men do his dirty work for him, weren't you?

The humor drains from his face.

CILLIAN

The horrors we visit upon you will only be exceeded by those we inflict upon your followers before your very eyes over the next YEAR. The rivers of blood will be glorious.

Cillian's men share his bloodlust and cheer.

EABHA

(under her breath)  
Saoirse! Now!

NESSA

(to Cillian)  
Over my dead body!

He raises his sword to the sky. The eerie song of THE MORRIGAN starts to overcome all other sounds.

CILLIAN

That was the... what's that sound?

He smiles pleasantly as he looks for the source of the sound.

Saoirse stands and turns towards Cillian. The green vapors emerge from her and form three ghostly women, who fly in and out of the soldiers' formation, singing their song.

The soldiers freeze in place, enraptured by the ghostly sounds. The mists curl around the men, grabbing them, restraining them. The three ghosts combine into the single form of THE MORRIGAN.

EABHA  
Move! To the caves!

NESSA  
Hurry!

The women surge forward, leading their blindfolded men and boys.

The soldiers struggle to break free from the Morrigan's hold, but none is strong enough.

NESSA (CONT'D)  
That's it! Get Saoirse and run!

Nessa pushes the last of her crowd into the cave, moving them deeper and deeper into the darkness.

Eabha and Roisin grab Saoirse and pull her away from the mists of the Morrigan. The Morrigan doesn't want to let her go, but she seems weak against the women.

They rush past Cillian. He's able to force his head to the side and make eye contact with Saoirse.

Saoirse fully snaps free of the Morrigan's hold and Eabha and Roisin rush her inside the cave. The Morrigan once again splits into three ghostly forms.

ROISIN  
Hurry!

The three ghosts fly into the cave, over the heads of the women, back and forth, lighting the way towards a thin crack in the rock that only one person can pass at a time.

NESSA  
Move!

She leads the women through the tightest of spaces, single file.

Free from the Morrigan, the soldiers start to revive. Cillian is the first to return fully to normal.

CILLIAN  
Hurry! Their wickedness is wearing off! After them.

ALL of the soldiers crowd into the cave.

The last of the women stands at the crevice. Roisin makes their way inside.



SAOIRSE  
Go. I'll seal it.

EABHA  
We're not leaving you behind!

Saoirse smiles at her.

SAOIRSE  
Don't worry, you'll be cursed with  
my company for many years to come.

EABHA  
Promise?

SAOIRSE  
I promise.

Eabha's smile falters, but she goes into the crevice, anyway.

CILLIAN (O.S.)  
If my men are forced to dirty their  
armor to chase you, I will allow  
them to pursue their baser natures  
when they inevitably pull each and  
every one of you free.

She turns to face him.

SAOIRSE  
Know that today will be celebrated  
by generations to come.

Cillian laughs.

CILLIAN  
You honor me with your purple  
words.

He shrugs. She laughs. He's surprised. The humor drains from  
his face.

Above her the three forms of the Morrigan form one again. The  
soldiers tremble with fear.

SAOIRSE  
Today will mark the fall of your  
sad, pathetic dominion.

Cillian frowns.

Saoirse climbs into the crevice. Cillian orders his men to  
get her.

The Morrigan flies directly into the ceiling of the cave, completely destabilizing it. Rocks begin to fall, the ground begins to shake, the earth moves.

The Morrigan turns toward the ground and flies with the collapsing rock at Cillian's men, crushing and burying them. Cillian turns and runs and almost makes it.

Rocks smash him to the ground, burying every single one of his soldiers except for ONE YOUNG SOLDIER who runs without looking back.

Once the dust clears, the only sign of human life is Cillian's lone arm, which emerges from a pile of rocks. His gold armor crushing his arm into an unnatural angle.

**EXT. WARE FAMILY HOME - NIGHT**

The Ware home is a standard suburban, two-car garage, white-picket fence, middle class house.

A marked police car sits across the street with two officers watching the house.

**INT. WARE FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS**

The Ware family sits in their solidly Middle Class home. Their decorations are dominated by FAMU Rattler gear, particularly football and basketball.

MARLON WARE, BM, 50s, graying hair, lounges in his recliner, tired after a long day at work. He's doomscrolling.

His wife, NORA WARE, BF, 40s, sits on the couch.

OCTAVIA WARE, BF, 18, their daughter, watches Jeopardy. She is tall and thin, not fully grown into her adult body. She moves a bit awkwardly, but not without strength. She wears a gold chain with a black and white photo of her grandmother, ARNA WARE, BF, 60s.

OCTAVIA

What is the Sistine Chapel?

CONTESTANT (O.S.)

What is the Sistine Chapel?

KEN JENNINGS

Yes!

NORA

Did you just sweep the entire first round of Jeopardy?

OCTAVIA

No, I missed one. Stupid Hadrian.

NORA

That's amazing!

Octavia shrugs. Nora leans forward to get her husband's attention.

NORA (CONT'D)

I said that's AMAZING.

He doesn't respond, he continues doomscrolling.

NORA (CONT'D)

Marlon?!

MARLON

Huh?

He's distracted.

NORA

Maybe you should congratulate your daughter for being so smart.

MARLON

Well obviously she's the smartest girl in her school. She's smart enough she doesn't need me to tell her.

NORA

I guess that's as close as you're going to get to complimenting your daughter.

OCTAVIA

Thanks, dad.

MARLON

Do something real, I'll give a real compliment.

OCTAVIA

Rude.

MARLON

Hell, this show only ever has two Black answers.

NORA

What?

MARLON

Who are Harriet Tubman and Martin Luther King Jr.?

Nora shrugs in agreement.

OCTAVIA

Do you even watch the show?

MARLON

Not since they didn't give the job to my man from Reading Rainbow.

OCTAVIA

You mean the guy from Star Trek: The Next Generation.

Marlon crosses his arms. Grumpy.

MARLON

You know I only watch Deep Space Nine. Give me CAPTAIN Sisko over Professor X ANY day.

OCTAVIA

Dad, quit mixing your metaphors.

MARLON

I'll mix anything I want. Back in my day they only let the Black woman be the secretary on the Enterprise.

Both women roll their eyes.

MARLON (CONT'D)

Probably got space herpes from Kirk anyway. Have to hide my grandma when the Enterprise comes to town.

OCTAVIA

Dad, you're ridiculous.

Marlon's phone rings.

MARLON

Hey...

He frowns and walks away. He walks past a newspaper stacked on top of a messy desk that says "No Leads in Ware Disappearance." A photo of Arna accompanies the story.

Octavia watches him go.

OCTAVIA  
What's up with dad?

NORA  
Who knows?

The commercial ends and Jeopardy comes back.

Marlon walks back in. He grabs the remote and turns off the TV.

OCTAVIA  
Hey!

Marlon shakes with fear.

NORA  
Marlon?

OCTAVIA  
Dad?

He walks up to Nora, grabs her by the shoulders.

NORA  
Gagliano?

He nods grimly.

MARLON  
She need her pills?

NORA  
Yes. I'll get them.

Nora rushes out of the room.

OCTAVIA  
I'm right here. You can talk TO me.

He drops his head.

MARLON  
I... We don't have time. They're  
already on their way.

OCTAVIA  
Who?

MARLON  
You don't want to know that.

OCTAVIA  
That bad?

MARLON  
Worse.

OCTAVIA  
What do they want?

Marlon starts to tear up.

MARLON  
I made a mistake.

She rushes to comfort him, but he holds her at arms length.

MARLON (CONT'D)  
I got a favor from the wrong  
people. A favor that's come due...

OCTAVIA  
What does that mean?

NORA (O.S.)  
None of your business.

MARLON  
But it means you have to run.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a roll of hundreds. He hands them to her. Nora walks back into the room and gives her the pills.

NORA  
They'll be out looking for you. Do  
you remember the place we showed  
you?

Octavia nods.

OCTAVIA  
This is real?

Her parents nod.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Come with me?

Marlon turns away from her. Nora hugs her.

NORA  
We can't.

Nora pushes her mother away.

OCTAVIA  
Why not?

MARLON  
They gave us a choice.

NORA  
And we chose you.

They hug.

Four gunshots go off outside in quick succession.

MARLON  
You have to go! Now!

NORA  
They'll be looking for you. They  
think you know more than you do.

OCTAVIA  
What does that mean?

Another gunshot takes out the light on the front porch.

A shadow crosses in front of the window.

MARLON  
Shit!

NORA  
Go!

Octavia runs out the back door. Nora locks it behind her.

MARLON  
Will she be safe there?

NORA  
There's something I never told you.

He stares in anticipation.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. WARE FAMILY HOME, BACK YARD - MOMENTS LATER**

Octavia sneaks around the side of the house, making sure to stay below the window level.

Once she gets to the front yard, she sees a police car parked on the street. She runs to it and looks inside.

OCTAVIA

Off--

The two officers have been shot multiple times and lay dead.

Two gunshots go off inside her house. She wants to look back, but she doesn't. She cries. She runs. As fast as she can, staying close to the trees and shrubs and bushes along the sidewalk.

Another gunshot goes off.

She turns and runs down a side street. At the end of the block she takes another turn and yanks open the gate before an empty house. This place is OLD and unused. It looks impossibly old and broken down for this neighborhood.

She stops and stares at the house.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)

No fucking way.

A gunshot goes off in the distance. She looks in that direction, but doesn't see anything yet.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)

You'd better be right, mom.

She pulls the gate open and runs inside. She goes to the front of the house and pulls open the lattice around the front porch and slips underneath.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

SUPER: Earlier

A black sedan pulls into a warehouse, joining several similar cars. The gate closes behind it.

A SECURITY GUARD walks back into his booth and picks up a magazine.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The black sedan parks. The driver gets out and opens the back door. Out steps LUCA GAGLIANO, WM, 60s, dressed in a perfectly-tailored and VERY expensive suit.

He sits at the head of a table with several of his associates, all Italian men in their 30s: VALERIUS DECARAVA, NICOLO ROSSI and ABRAMO ESPOSITO.



The other men are eating dinner. A SERVER brings Luca a plate with a steak and mashed potatoes. The server pours Luca a glass of wine.

                  LUCA  
Is he here?

                  VALERIUS  
Who?

Luca looks at Valerius like he's stupid.

                  LUCA  
Who? Fuck outta here.

                  NICOLO  
Nah, he ain't--

The door opens and in walks VICTOR MARANZANO, WM, 30s. He also wears a finely-tailored suit, although Victor's suit sparkles from the sheen of its protective coating.

                  ABRAMO  
Nice shiny suit you got there.

Victor admires his own outfit.

                  VICTOR  
This old thing?

                  LUCA  
That is made from the FINEST  
materials and includes the NEWEST  
in technology.

                  VALERIUS  
It's a suit. What tech could it  
have?

Victor smiles.

                  VICTOR  
Stab me. Find out.

                  VALERIUS  
You've gotta be kidding?

                  NICOLO  
This guy? He's stabbed more people  
than Michael Myers.

Everyone laughs. Valerius stands up and picks up a knife from the table.

VALERIUS  
You sure about this?

VICTOR  
Do it.

He presents himself like a gift.

Valerius stabs him. As the knife gets close, the shiny parts of the suit glow and create an energy field. The knife ricochets off the suit and Valerius stumbles.

LUCA  
Impressive.

VICTOR  
What you got for me?

Luca hands him an envelope.

LUCA  
A family. Parents borrowed from us.  
Never paid it back. But they're  
raking in profits.

VICTOR  
You want the money?

LUCA  
Nah, I'm tired of dealing with  
these Black fuckers. Make an  
example of them.

VICTOR  
Even the kid?

Luca nods. Victor pockets the envelope and leaves.

**EXT. WARE FAMILY HOME - NIGHT**

A marked police car sits in front of the Ware home. Inside the car are BECTON, WM, and GENTRY, BM, two uniformed officers in their late 20s.

Further down the block, Maranzano arrives in a nondescript car. His lights are off and the cops don't see him.

GENTRY  
What kind of detail is this?

BECTON

Pretty standard. Keeping an eye out. Protecting witnesses from the bad guys.

Becton takes a sip from a cup of coffee.

GENTRY

How could THESE people be connected to the mafia?

BECTON

Nobody calls it the mafia. You've been watching--

Through the open driver's side window, a pink frosted donut flies in and lands on Becton's lap. He looks down in complete shock.

BECTON (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

Maranzano stands outside the driver's window, holding a Sig Sauer P365. He shoots Becton in the chest, blood splashing the donut.

Maranzano shoots Gentry in the chest.

Then he shoots Becton in the head.

Then Gentry in the head.

Everyone's dead. Maranzano looks towards the Ware house calmly, then walks toward it.

**INT. WARE FAMILY HOME - LATER**

Marlon sneaks towards the front window and peers outside.

NORA

(whispering)

What are you doing?

Someone tries to open the door.

MARLON

(whispering)

The chain is on.

Beat.

MARLON (CONT'D)

And the deadbolt.

NORA  
I don't care. Get away from there.

MARLON  
It's the cops.

Someone tries to open the door again. Quietly.

NORA  
What about them?

MARLON  
I can't tell... I think he killed them.

NORA  
We have to get out of here, too.

MARLON  
Not until she's been gone long enough to get through the Portal.

Nora takes a deep breath.

NORA  
Did you tell her what it was?

He tiptoes towards her.

MARLON  
No.

The window CRASHES in. A gloved hand reaches through the broken glass, holding the Sig Sauer. The CAMERA stays close on the gun as it fires a single shot at Marlon. Then one at Nora.

#### **INT. FRONT PORCH CRAWLSPACE - LATER**

SUPER: Now

Octavia lays flat in the dirty, cob-webbed darkness. Others have been here recently, though, so the way forward is clear.

Something skitters in the darkness, but Octavia ignores it as she crawls forward.

Once she reaches the house, there's a blacked out window that leads into the basement. It's unlocked, but she'll barely fit through it.

OCTAVIA  
This has to be the worst plan--

Something slithers in the darkness. She looks up and sees a glowing blue snake with too many legs.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)

Hell no!

She turns and opens the window to the basement. There's nothing but darkness beyond.

**INT. WARE FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Nora and Marlon sit tied to dining room chairs facing the front of the house. Each of them has been shot in the leg and is bleeding. Nora's wound is in her left calf. Marlon's wound is in his right thigh and it is bleeding profusely.

MARANZANO

Hubby here is about to bleed out. I hit an artery.

Maranzano is almost amused as he tears Marlon's pants, peeling them away from the wound.

Marlon shakes his head.

MARANZANO (CONT'D)

This is going to hurt.

He reaches down and places his hands on either side of Marlon's wound. Nora looks away.

MARANZANO (CONT'D)

Here we go.

He squeezes both sides towards the wound. More blood flows. Marlon screams.

Nora looks back and she screams as well.

Maranzano shushes them.

MARANZANO (CONT'D)

This can get a lot worse. Just tell me where she is.

MARLON

Fuck you!

Maranzano squeezes. Marlon screams.

MARANZANO

I can do this all day, as they say.

NORA  
Stop! Stop! I'll tell you!

Maranzano smiles. Marlon shakes his head.

NORA (CONT'D)  
She's already gone. He CAN'T catch  
her.

Marlon takes a deep breath. He considers it. He nods with a  
sigh.

NORA (CONT'D)  
I'll have to draw you a map.

Maranzano laughs.

MARANZANO  
You want me to squeeze YOU next,  
don't you?

She shakes her head. He laughs louder.

**INT. FRONT PORCH CRAWLSPACE - LATER**

The snake-thing makes an otherworldly screeching sound as it  
skitters towards Octavia. She swings her feet around and  
lowers herself into the darkness. The snake rushes at her,  
much faster than seems possible.

She drops into the darkness as the window smashes down on the  
blue snake. The blood that leaks from it's crushed form is  
what causes it to glow blue.

**INT. WARE FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS**

Maranzano finishes drawing the map in a small spiral-bound  
notebook and pockets it and a NICE ballpoint pen.

MARLON  
You happy? We told you. Now let us  
go.

Maranzano chuckles.

MARANZANO  
We're all going to sit here and  
wait.

NORA  
For what?

MARANZANO

Backup.

MARLON

Then what?

MARANZANO

Then I'm going to go get your daughter.

NORA

Then what?

MARANZANO

Then we're going to settle all debts.

MARLON

With Mr. Gagliano?

MARANZANO

You know what you did, no need for me to confirm it.

He checks his gun to make sure there is a round in the chamber. Marlon and Nora exchange panicked looks.

**INT. WARE FAMILY HOME - LATER**

Maranzano digs around inside the refrigerator.

MARANZANO

No wonder you're all so skinny, you don't have any real food in here.

The fridge is filled with fruits, vegetables, healthy stuff. He slams the door shut.

MARANZANO (CONT'D)

Disgusting. How do you survive on this rabbit food?

Someone knocks on the front door. Maranzano pulls out his pistol.

MARANZANO (CONT'D)

You order Grubhub? Tonight poker night?

MARLON

No. No.

Maranzano stares at Nora. She shakes her head.

MARANZANO  
Just making sure.

He walks to the front door. He holds his pistol at the ready as he slowly opens it.

He sees that Abramo is here.

ABRAMO  
Put that thing away. Before you hurt yourself.

Maranzano does.

MARANZANO  
You drew the shortest straw?

ABRAMO  
I'm the new guy. What you gonna do?

They both chuckle.

MARANZANO  
What did he say?

ABRAMO  
Some weird shit.

MARANZANO  
Hit me.

Abramo shrugs.

ABRAMO  
He said to tell you to go through the Portal.

Maranzano frowns.

MARANZANO  
Any idea what that means?

ABRAMO  
Your guess is better than mine.

Maranzano thinks for a second.

MARANZANO  
Keep an eye on these two. He's particularly lippy.

Maranzano nods towards Marlon. Marlon frowns in protest, but doesn't say anything.



ABRAMO

I hate the lippy ones.

He glares at Marlon as Maranzano walks out the front door.

**EXT. OLD HOUSE - LATER**

Maranzano stands before the old house. He pulls the lattice back and let's it slap back into place.

MARANZANO

You've got to be kidding me?

He kneels and reaches for the lattice again.

**INT. SUB-BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Octavia stands before THE PORTAL. It is large and circle-shaped, made from carved marble blocks. In the center of each block is a gem. Some are red, some blue, some green. The portal leads into blackness.

Octavia stares at it, unsure of what she's seeing. She reaches out to touch it and her finger disappears inside the blackness. She pulls the finger back but nothing bad happens.

She tentatively sticks a foot through the Portal. She confidently steps through.

As her back hip passes into the darkness, a small explosion bursts through her pocket and she falls forward into the darkness.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS**

Octavia falls to the dirt ground on the other side of the Portal. Her pocket is on fire. She swats at it and then rolls over until the fire is out.

She pulls her phone from her pocket and sees that it is totally bricked. She puts it back.

Octavia stands up and finds herself in a natural cave that is lit by torches in either direction. It's a single passage that runs North-South.

She shrugs and walks North. After a few feet, the cave dead-ends in a small room with another Portal in the wall.

OCTAVIA

Nah. I don't think so.

She turns around and sees two of the many-legged glowing blue snakes headed in her direction. A third joins them.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)

This place sucks.

She turns around and runs through the Portal.

**EXT. POCKET DIMENSION - CONTINUOUS**

Octavia steps through the Portal, half expecting her phone to flame up again. She checks it, but no further damage.

She is outside. The sky is dark. Before her is a large house that is obviously haunted. The architecture doesn't make sense. Parts of the house begin to shift and move. Or do they? It's hard to tell.

OCTAVIA

This day keeps getting worse.

The house is dark except for the light from a single candle in the attic window. Octavia looks up towards the light and it goes out.

Something growls in the dark. Something close.

Octavia looks towards the sound, but can't see anything in the shadows. At first.

The growls continue. They grow louder. Some THING steps from the shadows.

The thing is somewhere between a cat and dog in size, covered in thick, stiff, black fur. It has six legs and moves side-to-side, back-and-forth as it runs forward. The motion is unnatural.

Octavia backs towards the Portal. She didn't move very far away from it, so it's easy. She turns around and casts one last look in the direction of the thing.

Two more have joined it.

Octavia runs through the Portal.

**INT. SUB-BASEMENT - SECONDS AGO**

Maranzano stands before the Portal.

MARANZANO

I need a new job.

He walks through the Portal. The air shimmers around him and explodes.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER**

Maranzano's body is thrown from the Portal into the cave wall. The Portal collapses in the explosion and when the smoke clears, the Portal is closed. For good.

Maranzano stares at it. Blood trickles from a wound on his forehead. His suit is scorched from the explosion and still in flames. He's clearly woozy as he pats the fire out and collapses to the ground.

MARANZANO  
(trailing off)  
Honey! I'm gonna be late for din--

He passes out.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - SECONDS AGO**

Octavia carefully works her way through the cave when she hears a loud explosion behind her. She turns, but doesn't see anything.

OCTAVIA  
Shit... Crap. That was close.

She turns to move away from the explosion when she sees a fluffy white cat walking ahead of her.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Hey... kitty. Fancy seeing you here.

The cat meows and moves towards her.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Nice kitty.

The cat purrs. She reaches down to pet it.

Her hand passes right through it. She recoils.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Ghost kitty!

The cat meows and walks through her legs in the direction of the explosion. She watches it go for a moment and then runs in the other direction.

As she goes, the rough surface of the cave wall gives way to neatly and cleanly carved passage walls.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - LATER**

Maranzano wakes up. He sits up slowly. He pulls off the burned jacket and tosses it aside.

He looks at the Portal. What SHOULD have been the Portal. The cave-in has completely obscured any trace of the Portal or the way home.

Maranzano pulls his gun from a shoulder holster and checks it. It's in perfect working condition. He reaches his pocket and pulls out two full clips.

MARANZANO

Well there's that, at least.

From the North tunnel, Maranzano sees one of the glowing, blue, many-legged snakes emerge from the shadows.

MARANZANO (CONT'D)

And there's THAT.

He lifts his pistol and aims at the snake. It runs towards him. He fires twice, hitting it with the second shot.

Two more of the snakes emerge from the shadows. Maranzano tries to move back, but they're fast.

They're almost upon him. He fires five more times, taking out the two snakes.

He stands up and dusts himself off. He heads South.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS**

There are so many gunshots, they echo through the caves. Octavia looks back, but nothing's there. Yet.

She runs. The tunnel curves to the right. By now it is a fully-carved out and tended tunnel. The torches are mounted at more regular intervals.

She runs around the corner and smashes directly into CIARAN DUNNE, WM, 18. He is tall and athletic. He wears gold armor covered by a cloth with the image of a lion on it.

Octavia bounces off of him, but he catches her before she falls.

CILLIAN  
Careful. You should watch where you  
go.

She looks up at him. And he's EXACTLY her type. A medieval knight hottie kind of guy. She nearly drools.

OCTAVIA  
Can I kiss you?

He's taken aback.

CIARAN  
Umm... yes.

He's not confident. But she is. She kisses him. Aggressively. He's into it. She's into it. It's hot.

When they're done, Octavia takes a deep breath. She smiles.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
You're not from around here, are  
you?

She laughs.

OCTAVIA  
You can tell, can you?

CIARAN  
The women here aren't much like  
you.

OCTAVIA  
I don't even know where "here" is.

CIARAN  
That's obvious. Welcome to the  
Beehive.

He smiles. She's skeptical.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER**

Ciaran leads Octavia through the well-lit passageway, which starts to widen.

CIARAN  
You swear you've never visited this  
place before?

He gestures to the end of the passageway before him.

OCTAVIA

I've never left New York before.

Ciaran has no idea what she's talking about.

CIARAN

Welcome...

They walk through the end of the passage and into the:

**EXT. THE GRAND HALL - DAY**

The Grand Hall is a massive natural cavern, larger than anything seen on Earth.

CIARAN

...to the Grand Hall.

She can't help but smile in glee at the unparalleled vision before her.

OCTAVIA

What the hell?

CIARAN

Closer to heaven than hell, I'd say.

Octavia stares, taking in as much as she can.

The Grand Hall is a massive cavern, its ceiling nearly a mile above it's floor. It is lit and warmed by a massive ball of fire that floats near the ceiling.

The walls of the cavern are lined with passageways and dotted with cave entrances.

The landscape of the cavern includes eight cascading terraces. The city of New Olamina fills the terraces, which have very little unsettled land. There are parks and town squares on all but the top tier. A river winds its way through the bottom three tiers on the side opposite Octavia and Ciaran.

The lower the tier, the more tightly-packed the buildings and the more utilitarian the materials used to build them are. The lower the tier, the dirtier and more crowded the city is. While the homes on the eighth tier are castles and massive mansions.

OCTAVIA

What is this place?

CIARAN  
It is the Beehive.

OCTAVIA  
Thanks. That helps a lot.

CIARAN  
I'm a soldier, not a scholar.

OCTAVIA  
Fair enough.

Ciaran frowns at her.

CIARAN  
Let's go.

He heads along a path towards the upper tier.

#### **INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER**

Maranzano moves quietly through the tunnels, trying to stay unnoticed. He hears footsteps and murmurs from ahead.

He kneels close to the cave wall. He goes down on one knee and readies his pistol. Holding it steady with two hands.

Two SOLDIERS round the corner wearing silver armor and a bald eagle insignia on their chests.

Maranzano notices the armor and raises the gun higher. He fires one shot into the face of each man, instantly killing them.

He pulls the empty clip from his gun and puts it in his pocket. He puts in a new clip and continues down the passage.

#### **EXT. DUNNE MANOR - LATER**

Ciaran leads Octavia along the pathway to his home, DUNNE MANOR. The manor is a medieval castle. They make their way towards the front gate.

OCTAVIA  
Wow. Your parents must be a big deal?

CIARAN  
Mother is.

OCTAVIA  
She rich?

CIARAN

Until recently, she was head of the Council. She's retired now.

OCTAVIA

Retired? From fighting dragons? In dungeons?

Ciaran is puzzled.

CIARAN

She is the House Holder of Aoife Faction, a founding mother and until very recently, she led the New Olamina Council.

OCTAVIA

I feel like I should be impressed here?

CIARAN

You should. New Olamina is all that you see before you.

He gestures downward towards the lower tiers of the Grand Hall. She walks towards the edge and looks out over the settlement.

OCTAVIA

Okay. I'm impressed.

CIARAN

Let's hurry. Before someone sees you.

She follows him.

OCTAVIA

Why would that matter?

CIARAN

Outsiders are unwelcome here.

OCTAVIA

That sounds ominous.

CIARAN

Let's go.

The approach the front gates of the Manor. There are two, one larger gate that remains closed. It's intricately woven and highly ornamental, made to resemble trees, branches and leaves.



OCTAVIA  
It's beautiful.

CIARAN  
Everything my mother owns is  
beautiful.

OCTAVIA  
You can say that again.

She smiles at him. He blushes.

He leads her to a smaller personal gate. He uses a key to  
unlock it and they go inside.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Tight security around here?

He nods grimly.

CIARAN  
Very.

She follows him inside.

**INT. DUNNE MANOR - MOMENTS LATER**

Ciaran walks towards his mother's chambers.

CIARAN  
Follow me.

OCTAVIA  
Where we going?

CIARAN  
You can't stay here. Mother's staff  
is very loyal.

Octavia nods.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
And you can't walk around dressed  
like that.

OCTAVIA  
What's the matter with the clothes  
I'm wearing?

CIARAN  
They're illegal.

He digs through his mother's clothes until he finds something that isn't too flashy.

CIARAN (CONT'D)

Here.

She takes the long dress and pulls it on over her clothes. She straightens it out and looks up for approval. Ciaran nods.

CIARAN (CONT'D)

Come with me.

OCTAVIA

What's next?

CIARAN

We need information.

Octavia nods and follows him out of the chamber.

#### **INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - CONTINUOUS**

Ciaran leads Octavia through the same caves she ran through earlier, if not the exact same passages. They come to a fork and Ciaran takes them down the passage that moves further away from the Grand Hall.

Maranzano watches them from the shadows of the other fork. Once they've gone by, he follows them.

#### **INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER**

The tunnel Ciaran and Octavia travel through dead ends in a cul-de-sac. In the center of the far wall is the TANDERAGEE IDOL.

OCTAVIA

What is THAT?

CIARAN

The Tanderagee Idol.

The idol is a face carved into the wall. It is a man's face, with exaggerated features like an Easter Island head, wearing a horned headdress.

Octavia and Ciaran move closer. The Idol begins to talk, a gravelly sound, rock grating on rock as its lips move.

TANDERAGEE IDOL

Welcome to the Beehive.

Octavia unconsciously moves closer to Ciaran, clasping his wrist.

CIARAN  
Go ahead, ask it whatever you want.

OCTAVIA  
Anything?

He nods. She thinks for a second, then smiles.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
What IS the Beehive?

TANDERAGEE IDOL  
The Beehive is the place between places. The Beehive is the passage to ALL paces. The Beehive is the source of magic. The Beehive is the antithesis of death.

Octavia swallows, her throat dry.

OCTAVIA  
Wow. That's a lot.

CIARAN  
That's not even the tip of the spear, my good lady.

He smiles at his own joke. Octavia smiles back.

TANDERAGEE IDOL  
You may ask two more questions today.

Octavia looks at Ciaran. He nods.

CIARAN  
Yes, the Tanderagee Idol will only answer three questions a day.

OCTAVIA  
Per person? Or, like, for everybody?

CIARAN  
Per... uh... person.

She nods.

OCTAVIA

Good, because I was gonna feel like a dick if I used up, like, everybody's wishes on my basic questions, you know what I'm saying?

CIARAN

Indeed.

OCTAVIA

I heard an explosion... after I came through the Portal... is it safe for me to... go back?

TANDERAGEE IDOL

You cannot go back through that Portal. It was destroyed.

CIARAN

Destroyed?

OCTAVIA

Okay... uh... Is there any other way home?

TANDERAGEE IDOL

Not in the present.

OCTAVIA

What does that mean?

It doesn't answer.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)

Why won't it answer?

CIARAN

You already asked three questions.

OCTAVIA

Damn.

TANDERAGEE IDOL

You have one question left.

OCTAVIA

But you just said--

CIARAN

I think he meant me.

OCTAVIA

I... uh... oh.

CIARAN  
What did you mean when you told  
her...

OCTAVIA  
Octavia.

CIARAN  
I'm Ciaran.

She smiles.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
What did you mean when you told  
Octavia "not in the present"?

OCTAVIA  
The Beehive is growing more  
unstable. Something approaches.

Ciaran doesn't say anything. Octavia is shocked.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Aren't you going to ask it to  
explain?

He shrugs.

CIARAN  
That was MY third answer today.

She chuckles.

**INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER**

The Tanderagee Idol's chamber sits empty for several moments.  
Maranzano quietly moves in. He looks around, but sees no one.

MARANZANO  
Does anyone else know I'm here? Not  
here with you. Here in this place?

He waves his arms around.

TANDERAGEE IDOL  
No one knows you are in the  
Beehive.

MARANZANO  
The Beehive? Huh. How many  
questions can I ask?

TANDERAGEE IDOL

You may ask three questions each day.

Maranzano nods.

TANDERAGEE IDOL (CONT'D)

You have one question left.

He smiles.

MARANZANO

I'll be back.

He leaves.

**EXT. THE GRAND SQUARE - LATER**

The center of the Second Tier is dominated by a public park that borders the New Olamina River. The park is filled with people, numbering in the thousands. It's a celebration. Families. Couples on dates. Children playing. A bandstand is set up at the front of the park. A banner across the bandstand reads "New Olamina Centennial."

Ciaran leads Octavia through the crowd, getting close to the stage, but not close enough that anyone on the stage would recognize him.

They walk past BILLIE BONTEMPS, BF, 40s. She wears multicolored robes where orange is the dominant color. She holds a sign that reads "Prepare for the Fourth Great Migration!"

Billie spots Octavia and makes eye contact. Billie looks wild.

BILLIE

It's coming! It can't be stopped.

Ciaran leads Octavia away from Billie.

OCTAVIA

What's a Great Migration?

CIARAN

That's a long story. A myth in Billie's case.

Octavia clearly doesn't understand, but Ciaran doesn't go further.

DEARBHLA (O.S.)  
Ciaran! Over here.

CIARAN  
Trouble.

He looks at Octavia with concern.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
Play along.

Octavia nods. They turn to face DEARBHLA Ó BROIN, WF, 17, and JULIUS WALKER, BM, 19. Dearbhla wears black robes. Julius wears robes with a dominant color of orange.

Ciaran forces himself to smile.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
Dearbhla, my dearest.

She leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

Octavia and Julius awkwardly make eye contact.

JULIUS  
Who is your friend, Ciaran?

DEARBHLA  
Yes, who is SHE?

Dearbhla's smile fades as she looks at Octavia.

OCTAVIA  
Octavia. Octavia Ware.

JULIUS  
I'm Julius Walker. My rude friend here is Dearbhla Ó Broin.

DEARBHLA  
Not rude. Just curious. Very curious.

CIARAN  
Octavia is considering joining Aoife Faction.

DEARBHLA  
A soldier? Really?

She's amused.

OCTAVIA  
I like lions.

Dearbhla's smile fades.

JULIUS

That's great! If they allowed men to join, I would've joined Aoife long ago.

Octavia is puzzled.

OCTAVIA

But Ciaran wears the lion...

CIARAN

I'm a legacy. My mother is the founder of Aoife Faction.

Octavia doesn't really know what that means, but she seems impressed anyway.

DEARBHLA

You realize that your mother is on stage giving her retirement speech right now?

Ciaran frowns at Dearbhla.

CIARAN

I've already heard it.

DEARBHLA

The rest of us haven't. Quiet.

Ciaran looks from Dearbhla to Octavia to the stage.

The stage is lined with dignitaries. At the front of the stage is SAOIRSE DUNNE, WF. She appears to be in her 50s, but her real age is older. She wears the same gold armor and lion insignia as her son.

On either side of the stage stand a MAN and a WOMAN in black robes. They cast magic that amplifies the voices on the stage so they can be heard by the entire crowd.

SAOIRSE

It has been my honor to serve you all for these many years. And while I continue to serve you, I look forward to the blessings brought to us by the new leadership.

She returns to her seat on the stage. The crowd applauds enthusiastically, they love her and support her.



ROKHAN KASI, Pakistani male, 20s, steps up to the front of the stage. He wears tan-colored robes with a black rhinoceros on the back.

ROKHAN

Before we begin the installation of  
the new Council Leader, Zarish  
Dashti...

Rokhan nods towards ZARISH DASHTI, Pakistani woman, 30s. She wears white robes with the image of a snow leopard on the back. Standing at her shoulder is HUKAM DASHTI, her husband, a Pakistani man in his late 20s.

Zarish nods and smiles towards Rokhan.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)

Under order of the new Council  
leader, the wasteful and  
unnecessary superstition of human  
sacrifice will no longer be  
practiced.

Gasps in the crowd. Saoirse seems particularly upset. Rokhan waits for the crowd noise to die down.

OCTAVIA

(whispering)  
Human sacrifice?

He nods.

CIARAN

Yes. A barbaric practice. From  
superstition. The belief that  
without human sacrifice, evil  
spirits called the pischchas will  
eat us all.

OCTAVIA

A myth you say?

CIARAN

Stories for children.

She is bothered by his dismissiveness.

On stage, Rokhan gestures to the FOUNDING MOTHERS, who stand.

ROKHAN

As we begin the installation, let  
us first recognize the Founding  
Mothers and House Holders of the  
factions.

Ten women stand at the back of the stage.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Aoife Faction. House holder and  
founding mother, Saoirse Dunne.

Saoirse waves to the crowd without moving her hand.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Cathasaigh Faction. House holder  
and founding mother, Nessa  
Cathasaigh.

NESSA CATHASAIGH, WF, 60s, wears silver armor covered in  
brown cloth that has a bald eagle on it. She doesn't  
acknowledge the crowd.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Maolomhnaigh Faction. House holder  
and founding mother, Eabha  
Maolomhnaigh.

EABHA MAOLOMHNAGH, WF, 60s, wears red robes with a red fox  
on the back. She waves.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Mordha Faction. House holder and  
founding mother, Roisin Mordha.

ROISIN MORDHA wears a veiled mask over her face, revealing no  
skin or hair. She wears black robes with the image of a long-  
eared bat on the back.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Johnson Faction. House holder  
Teyana Robeson for founding mother  
Florence Robeson.

TEYANA ROBESON, BF, 50s, she wears purple robes with a hyena  
on the back. She smiles towards the crowd.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Shakur Faction. House holder Isabel  
Toomer for founding mother Althea  
Toomer.

ISABEL TOOMER, BF, 60s, wears orange robes with an elephant  
on the back. She also smiles.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
Washington Faction. House holder  
Kelis Locke for founding mother  
Nina Locke.

KELIS LOCKE, BF, 60s, wears green robes with a crow on the back. She never smiles.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
 Ghazan Faction. House holder Gul  
 Panrha for founding mother  
 Shaghalay Panrha.

GUL PANRHA, Pakistani woman, 40s, wears yellow robes with a krait on the back. She waves.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
 Nangialai Faction. House holder and  
 founding mother Bala Nashta.

BALA NASHTA, Pakistani woman, 50s, wears pink robes with a bharal on the back. She nods when her name is called.

ROKHAN (CONT'D)  
 Farishta Faction. House holder  
 Zarish Dashti for founding mother  
 Munawara Dashti.

Zarish nods towards the crowd.

In the audience, Octavia looks up. Dearbhla continues to stare at her. She turns to Ciaran.

OCTAVIA  
 Can we get out of here?

CIARAN  
 Something wrong?

OCTAVIA  
 Whatsername is giving me the evil  
 eye.

They look over and catch Dearbhla staring at them. She quickly looks away.

CIARAN  
 I think she's jealous.

OCTAVIA  
 Of me?

CIARAN  
 It would seem so.

OCTAVIA  
 Are you two a thing?

Ciaran shrugs.

CIARAN  
She hopes we will be.

He doesn't elaborate.

OCTAVIA  
Can we get out of here?

Ciaran leads her back in the direction of his home.

CIARAN  
Yes. We need to find you a place to stay.

Dearbla frowns as she watches them leave.

OCTAVIA  
I don't want to move in.

CIARAN  
Your Portal is closed. You don't have a choice.

OCTAVIA  
Are there other Portals?

CIARAN  
There are infinite Portals. They lead everywhere you can imagine. Good or bad.

OCTAVIA  
Tell me about it.

CIARAN  
What?

OCTAVIA  
Nothing.

CIARAN  
Let's go.

They continue to make their way towards the edge of the crowd.

#### **EXT. THE GRAND SQUARE - LATER**

The festival has ended for the day and the crowds continue to revel as they head home. Most are heading East or West along the Second Tier. Others take a large ramp or one of many staircases down to the First Tier. Much smaller crowds head up the ramp to the upper tiers.

The lone ramp is heavily guarded by armed SOLDIERS, all of whom wear gold armor and the lion image. They are ALL women.

Among the exiting crowd are numerous armed men in silver armor with a bald eagle insignia on them. The Cathasaigh guide the exiting crowd. They are law enforcement and are all male.

Ciaran and Octavia have reached the edge of the crowd. One of the women soldiers spots Ciaran and heads towards him.

SOLDIER

Where are you going, young Cia--

She stops short. Ciaran and Octavia exchange a look of concern.

The sound of muscles tearing. Bones breaking. The soldier's body starts to change into something else. She growls as she starts to transform.

OCTAVIA

What the hell?

CIARAN

I thought they were but rumors...

They look around and dozens of others scattered throughout the crowd are going through the transformation.

CIARAN (CONT'D)

Pischchas.

Octavia is baffled.

OCTAVIA

The same pischchas they were talking about in the thing we just watched?

CIARAN

Yes.

OCTAVIA

(disappointed)

So government is bad everywhere, huh?

The soldiers eyes bulge and turn red. Veins bulge and protrude. She grows larger. Claws extend from her fingers. She looks up and her teeth have grown longer and sharper.

CIARAN

Run.

The soldier is fully transformed into a pischcha. It looks up at Ciaran and Octavia and rushes after them.

Ciaran and Octavia run towards the river. Dearbhla and Julius see them and try to follow, but they are cut off by several pischchas.

As they run, they see a small IRISHMAN grabbed by a pischcha. The creature begins to visibly suck the energy from the Irishman's body, ripping away his soul and life.

**EXT. THE GRAND HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Ciaran and Octavia run alongside the river, the only human beings running in their direction. They are followed by numerous pischchas.

CIARAN  
We need the Balor.

OCTAVIA  
What's a Balor?

CIARAN  
Very dangerous. Deadly. This way.

They turn down an alley that declines sharply and ends in a cave entrance that leads under the river. The pischchas follow, growing more and more plentiful as they give chase.

Standing in front of the cave are two Cathasaigh members armed and guarding the entrance. They step forward when they see Ciaran and Octavia approaching.

CATHASAIGH GUARD  
Halt!

OTHER GUARD  
You may not pass. It is forbidden.

CIARAN  
Look out!

The guards are swarmed by the pischchas and torn to shreds. Ciaran pulls Octavia into the cave. The pischchas follow, but they are large and slow. Ciaran and Octavia get ahead of the monsters.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
Stop.

OCTAVIA  
What?

CIARAN  
From this point forward, do NOT  
open your eyes.

OCTAVIA  
Are you--

CIARAN  
Listen to me if you want to live.  
They're close.

She nods.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
The Balor can kill them.

OCTAVIA  
What's--

He shoots her a look and she zips her lips.

CIARAN  
Close your eyes. Do NOT open them  
again. Do you understand?

She nods. The sounds of the pischchas are getting close  
again.

She closes her eyes. He grabs her hand and closes his, too.

He leads her slowly down the passage.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
You okay?

OCTAVIA  
Not really. But... I trust you.

He can't help but smile.

He feels his hand along the cave wall until his hand finds a  
small hole in the wall. He stops and holds Octavia in place.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
Get down. Stay close to the wall.  
Get as small as you can.

The sounds of the pischchas is very close.

Something makes a louder sound. Something between a growl and  
toad's croak. It's closer.

OCTAVIA (CONT'D)  
The Balor?

CIARAN  
 (whispering)  
 Stay quiet.

She does.

Four pischchas rush towards them.

At the end of the hall is the BALOR. It is a large round gray mass of a beast that somewhat resembles a toad. It has one GIANT eyelid in the middle of its mass.

It growl/croaks again. Octavia shivers.

The pischchas are nearly upon them.

The Balor opens it's single, massive eye. As it does, a wave of purple energy flies forward and disintegrates the pischchas. Several more emerge from the passage and are instantly eradicated when the Balor blinks.

It closes its eye.

Ciaran waits for a few moments. Listening.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 They're gone. Let's go.

OCTAVIA  
 (a little too loud)  
 Can I--

CIARAN  
 (whispering)  
 No!

The Balor groans, but doesn't open its eye.

She reaches out for Ciaran's hand and finds it. He squeezes her hand tightly and they slowly move away from the Balor, then start to run.

#### **INT. WESTERN TUNNELS - LATER**

Ciaran and Octavia walk through the carved tunnels off of the Grand Hall. Ciaran walks to a wall where a torch hangs.

OCTAVIA  
 How do the torches stay lit?  
 Somebody come by here and light  
 them?



Ciaran laughs.

CIARAN  
The answer to anything you don't  
understand here is almost always  
"magic."

Ciaran takes the torch from the holder. A secret door opens  
in the wall. Octavia is shocked.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
Or "technology."

He grins.

OCTAVIA  
Where does it lead?

CIARAN  
A shortcut back to Dunne Manor.

Octavia walks through the doorway.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
It's almost never inhabited by  
haints.

OCTAVIA  
Haints?

CIARAN  
Don't ask.

Ciaran puts the torch back and walks through the doorway. It  
closes behind them.

The ghost cat walks by and meows.

**EXT. DUNNE MANOR - LATER**

Ciaran and Octavia walk along the path towards the gate.

OCTAVIA  
What are we going to do?

CIARAN  
You can't stay here. If mother  
found you...

She nods.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
I have a fri-- an acquaintance,  
really. She has... extra space...

OCTAVIA  
Then what are we doing here?

CIARAN  
I can't arrive asking her favor  
with my hands empty--

He looks up. The gate is open.

CIARAN (CONT'D)  
That's odd.

They approach the gate close enough to see inside.

SAOIRSE  
Seize her!

Saoirse stands before dozens of her faction SOLDIERS. Two of them rush forward and grab Octavia by the arms.

CIARAN  
Mother!

She walks directly to him and slaps him in the face. He winces in pain, but does his best to hide it and remained stone-faced.

SAOIRSE  
We'll deal with your criminal  
actions later.

She turns away.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)  
Take her inside.

They do. Saoirse and the others follow.

Ciaran lingers behind.

SAOIRSE (CONT'D)  
Now.

He complies reluctantly.

**EXT. THE VILLAGE OF OLAMINA - DAY**

Cillian's arm emerges from a pile of rocks. His gold armor crushes his arm into an unnatural angle.

Several of his SOLDIERS come forward and start to remove the rocks covering Cillian's body.

His hand twitches.

They dig faster.

**INT. CILLIAN'S HOME - LATER**

Cillian lays in his bed, heavily bandaged. Next to him is his wife, EITHNE, WF, 30s. At the foot of the bed stand LIAM Ó MURCHADHA and DARRAGH Ó SÚILLEABHÁIN, both WM in their early 30s.

LIAM

What is your condition, sir?

CILLIAN

I'll recover.

EITHNE

Over time. It won't be a quick recovery.

Cillian frowns, but he doesn't dispute his wife.

DARRAGH

What to do about the deserters?

CILLIAN

The cavern?

LIAM

Completely caved in. Blocked off. No way anyone is getting through that in either direction.

DARRAGH

There are magicks. The Warlocks of--

EITHNE

Do you all forget the Morrigan--

Cillian waves his unbroken hand to silence them.

CILLIAN

Set up a guard. No one again opens Pandora's box.

Eithne smiles. The men frown.

EITHNE

We're safe and we're alive and we  
own our own land.

CILLIAN

May that never change.

Cillian adjusts himself in the bed. He's clearly in pain. He frowns, his eyes raging with thoughts. Nothing is over for him.

**FADE OUT.**