

HIGH STAKES

Written by

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The Roleplayers

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Based on, THE RED OPERA: Last Days of the Warlock  
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INTRODUCTION

NARRATOR (V.O.)

1

In the heart of the Shadelands,  
beneath an Eldritch-colored Aurora,  
the split city of Yon'Cath bustles  
in the night. A city of Warlocks  
led by the Accursed King and  
protected by none other than Fayette  
herself. Many, like our reluctant  
heroes, travel to the Shadelands in  
search of powerful Patrons, to  
study the arcane arts and to find  
peaceful refuge.

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EXT. YON'CATH - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

TITLE CARD: YON'CATH: THE WARLOCK CITY

A towering city forest of black spires rakes the sky--  
impossible to tell where Yonder ends and Cathrach began.

The air sizzles arcane.

Imps, sprites, fairies, and familiars all abound, roaming the  
perpetually damp stone of glowing city streets, which reflect  
the ever-present Aurora streaking across the night sky.

Evening bells toll: Dong! Dong! Dong!

EXT. HOLE IN THE WALL - NIGHT

Two adventuring souls dart into a dive bar.

VERITAS (male, Dragonborn), tall, dark, donning a thick  
leather jacket brimming weapons and a bandolier strapped over  
his shoulder. His scales dance with iridescent rim lighting.

And CACIA (Female, Half-elf), 5'2", slim, dark jet black  
hair, dressed in a purple and black robe, with dexterity of a  
ninja warrior and elegance of a fashion runway model.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL - LATER

Red and silver accents flicker against black velvet walls as  
these two sit at a bar.

Cacia pounds her drink... shudders... squints.

2 CACIA  
Whoa. Two bartenders? I like it. 2  
Twice as many drinks... For me...

3 VERITAS  
You know what they say about pigs 3  
who drink too much?

4 CACIA  
No. What? 4

Veritas reaches over and takes Cacia's mug.

5 VERITAS  
They get slaughtered, pig! 5  
(sees her now empty mug)  
6 Refill! And if you've got 6  
something that makes me see four  
bartenders, I'll take it.

Cacia yanks the mug back, indicates for the bartender.

7 CACIA  
Hey! Drink meister? Refill! Just 7  
for me.

The Bartender, TILERIK SHALGREN, (middle-age human, male) approaches.

8 TILERIK  
This place can be a little hard on 8  
newcomers. Though... If you need  
somewhere to stay for the night...  
(waves to their luggage)  
9 We have a back room. 9

10 CACIA  
(sarcastic)  
Oh. Wow. A back room. That 10  
sounds great. Do we have to pay  
extra for the cockroaches or are  
they included?

11 TILERIK  
Better than sleeping out on the 11  
streets, Missy. That I can assure  
you.

12 VERITAS  
(to Cacia)  
Where's your manners? 12

CACIA  
(to Tilerik)

13                   Is the room safe?                   13

Tilerik Jingles 10-lbs of keys hanging from his waist.

TILERIK

14                   Of course. For a silver. Even           14  
                      safer for two.

Our heroes reluctantly hand over coins.

TILERIK (CONT'D)

15                   Tilerik Shalgren. I recognize           15  
                      adventurers when they set foot in  
                      my bar. As a young fool, thought  
                      I, too, was immortal, seeking  
                      fortune and fame. That was  
                      until... well, let's just say I'm  
                      still inclined to help your kind,  
                      within reason.

CACIA

16                   You can start by telling us what           16  
                      was in that drink.

TILERIK

17                   Just spiced wine. A little           17  
                      cardamom, orange peels--

CACIA

18                   Real good.                               18

TILERIK

19                   Cinnamon mélange.                   19

CACIA

20                   Ohhh, and fancy.                   20

TILERIK

21                   And something secret...           21

CACIA

22                   Really? What's that?           22

TILERIK  
(whispering)

23                   Catsup... and mayonnaise.           23

CACIA

24                   Really? Ugg.                           24

25 TILERIK  
No! Idiot. It's a secret family recipe... Like I'd tell you. 25

BANG!

All eyes shift--

A dashing, golden haired PIRATE stumbles into the tavern...

DOMADRED, (male, human), long blonde hair and striking iceberg blue eyes is dressed as one would expect a brazen pirate ship captain should look, as if he wanted everyone to indeed know he was a pirate.

He staggers, then doubles over in excruciating pain, pulls off his tricorne hat and wipes his sweaty brow.

26 DOMADRED  
Grrr... 26

The pirate props himself against the wall and winces. He shakes his head, attention engrossed on an OBJECT in hand.

27 TILERIK  
Sir, you okay? 27

The buccaneer holds up a GOLDEN COMPASS, clocks the room and points it directly at Cacia and Veritas.

28 DOMADRED  
I'm looking for adventurers, I, I. 28  
I, need your help.  
(re: compass)

29 This was given to me by the Mother 29  
of Mirrors. Originally owned by  
Fayte the Governess of Yon'Cath.

Domadred takes a much needed load off, drops into a seat next to Cacia. The bartender hands him a mug of ale.

30 DOMADRED (CONT'D)  
My compass companion says you two 30  
are adventurers, yes?

Cacia points at the compass.

31 CACIA  
It can tell all that? Let me see! 31

32 DOMADRED  
See, as in look? Yes. 32

33 VERITAS  
What about 'see', as in hold? Yes? 33

34 DOMADRED  
No. 34

Cacia and Veritas groan 'awe', but both lean in for a gander just the same. Domadred then yanks the compass away.

35 DOMADRED (CONT'D)  
Ah, ah, ah. That's enough! Now, I 35  
have a proposition. There's this  
lich. I need to kill him.

36 CACIA  
Look no further, we'll do it! 36

37 VERITAS  
Shut-up. 37

(to Domadred)  
38 Don't mind her. Too much cinnamon 38  
mélange if you know what I mean.  
Tell us more.

39 DOMADRED  
Not just a lich. A MAD DEMONIC 39  
LICH.

Cacia rubs her fingers together.

40 CACIA  
And the compensation for this mad 40  
endeavor?

41 DOMADRED  
Two-hundred gold is innit for the 41  
two of ya.

42 CACIA  
And the compass? 42

43 DOMADRED  
You wish. Its one-of-a-kind. I'm 43  
sure we can work something out.

44 CACIA  
Dragon biscuits, I will not *work* 44  
*something out.* I want that  
compass!

Veritas leans in toward Cacia.

45 VERITAS  
You can buy your own damn compass. 45

46 CACIA NO! I want the fancy magic one. 46

47 DOMADRED Tell you what. If I hold your hand and hold the compass in my other hand. That's like holding it, right? Does that work for you? 47

Cacia stares dumbfounded for a beat.

48 CACIA Yeah, it works if you're a total idiot. Even if I do see two of you, I'm not that stupid. 48

49 49

50 DOMADRED Time is of the essence. This mad, mad, mad, mad, mad demonic lich? His name is Mord Albtraum. He cursed me. 50

51 CACIA What did he call you? Can't be that bad. Sticks and stones, right? 51

52 DOMADRED No! He didn't curse at me, he put a curse on me. 52

53 CACIA Oh. My mistake. 53

Domadred is overcome for a moment by a shadow of pain.

54 DOMADRED What happened was... Recently a valued member of my crew was kidnapped. We, of course, were driven to save him. And we did except one tiny, itty bitty thing... 54

55 VERITAS If it's so itty, bitty, why do you need us? 55

56 DOMADRED (heavy sigh, exhale) Okay, it wasn't itty, bitty. It wasn't itty, bitty at all. How can I say this? 56

57 VERITAS 57  
You can just say it.

58 DOMADRED 58  
We killed their whole damn coven,  
all right? There!

He starts banging his fist against the table.

59 CACIA 59  
But you got your crewman back.  
That's good, right?

60 DOMADRED 60  
(still banging fist)  
No. It's horrible!

61 (stops banging fist) 61  
In the process me, my crew, my ship  
- all cursed! This compass? It  
says I have two days left to live.  
I... we... really need your help.

62 CACIA 62  
Wow. Okay, well, so that sounds  
rather important. So, I have a  
list of demands.

63 DOMADRED 63  
*Demands?*

64 CACIA 64  
Yeah. A list of demands. First,  
the cash. Like, no duh. We'll  
take it. Second... the compass.

65 DOMADRED 65  
We already went through that.

66 CACIA 66  
The compass! Want it. And... your  
hat.

67 DOMADRED 67  
I like my hat. Thank you. You  
know--

68 CACIA 68  
I. Would. Like. Your. Hat.

69 DOMADRED 69  
It does make me look rather  
dashing. I'm so appreciative that  
you covet it so.



70 CACIA I think that curse affected his hearing. 70

71 VERITAS Will you give the pirate a break? He's about to die. 71

72 CACIA Don't you see? We have leverage? On a freaking pirate? How cool is that? 72

73 VERITAS (to Cacia) Look, he's gonna kick the bucket in two days. We just bide our time a little, mosey around this here tavern, say... then grab the hat, compass off his cold, dead, corpse! 73

74 DOMADRED Ummm... If we kill the lich, I WONT DIE. Not sure you quite understand how all this works. 74

75 VERITAS (to Cacia) If he manages to live, I'll buy you a cute tricorne. 75

76 CACIA I can buy my own damn hat with my own damn stolen money. 76

Veritas puts his hand out to shake.

77 VERITAS What can we say, pirate? You had us at mad lich! 77

The bartender Tilerik approaches.

78 TILERIK Did I hear someone say something about a mad lich? 78

79 DOMADRED Yes. Mad demonic vampire lich to be precise. Are you familiar with him? 79





Her voice WHEEZES like a multi-centenarian, lifelong smoker.

95                                   MAGPIE (CONT'D)                                   95  
                                   What can I interest you in?

96                                   DOMADRED                                   96  
                                   (conspiratorially)  
                                   We are on a quest to slay the mad  
                                   lich, Mord. I heard you have an  
                                   artifact for just such a task.

BLURRING MOTION! Magpie is up and in Domadred's grill in an instant -- SNIFFING.

97                                   MAGPIE                                   97  
                                   Who are you? And why would I give  
                                   you one of my precious artifacts?

Domadred smiles, blue eyes twinkling. His bardic charm turned to eleven.

98                                   DOMADRED                                   98  
                                   I am Domadred Steele, ship captain  
                                   from Thalassocracy from the Western  
                                   Isles. Mord Albtraum is hated the  
                                   world over and I'm sure the same is  
                                   true here in Yon'Cath. If I'm  
                                   successful in my quest, his death  
                                   will be a good thing for your city.

A momentary wince of *cursed pain* courses through Domadred. He leans on a GHOST TABLE for support, but it's insubstantial properties can't support him.

He falls, hat flies releasing a flood of golden locks. He rolls fluidly, grabs his hat, pops back up and repositions it.

99                                   MAGPIE                                   99  
                                   A ship captain, ay? You got the  
                                   hat, but not the legs it seems.

100                                  DOMADRED                                  100  
                                   Seems I left my land legs on the  
                                   ship.

Domadred starts to laugh at his own ineptitude. Magpie aint laughing.

101                                  MAGPIE                                  101  
                                   Papers? To prove you are a...  
                                   (air quotes)  
 102                                  "Ship captain".                                  102

103                                   DOMADRED                                   103  
I have much gold. Perhaps that  
will suffice.

104                                   MAGPIE                                   104  
                                  (scoffs)  
*Much gold?*

Domadred whips out a tiny black satin bag.

105                                   DOMADRED                                   105  
My wee bag of holding. Never leave  
home without it.

From that small bag, he yanks forth a HUGE SACK OF COINS.

106                                   CACIA/VERITAS                                   106  
Whoa! Dragon Hoard.

Domadred rattles the bag of booty underscoring its sizeable girth.

107                                   MAGPIE                                   107  
Oh, you'll be wanting a much  
different kind of shop on this  
premises. Walk this way.

Magpie leads our little troop behind the desk and through a beaded curtain, then up dark, rickety narrow -

STAIRS

They finally emerge in a

SMALL ARMORY

Cacia's thievish eyes dart back and forth, the possibilities endless amid the soft glimmer of a thousand valuable things.

Magpie makes her way to a back counter and picks up a dusty small gem-covered chest.

108                                   MAGPIE (CONT'D)                                   108  
This, this is what you're looking  
for. I call it a Soul Stake. My  
friends and I forged it when we  
were young.

109                                   CACIA                                   109  
That must've been a long time ago.

Cacia laughs to herself. Veritas belts her in the gut.

110 CACIA (CONT'D)  
What? She's old as dirt? 110

111 VERITAS  
Shush... 111

Magpie opens the chest, revealing a VAMPIRE SLAYING STAKE, gilded in silver and gold.

112 MAGPIE  
The heart of this stake is a mechanical Horcrux to capture a vampire's Soul. 112

It emits tiny streaks of SUNLIGHT along its smooth sides.

113 MAGPIE (CONT'D)  
You must place the stake in sun for one hour each week to keep the captured soul within. Failure to do so would be bad. 113

She extends the stake to Domadred but just as he reaches for it, she quickly nabs it back.

114 MAGPIE (CONT'D)  
That'll be twelve-thousand gold. And... a favor. A minor favor. 114

She unravels a prehensile scroll that shifts as if alive.

115 MAGPIE (CONT'D)  
Sign, Pirate Captain. Oh. One thing. You wouldn't happen to know anyone in the legal profession, would you? 115

116 DOMADRED  
No. 116

She thrusts the document in his face.

117 MAGPIE  
Excellent. Sign on the dotted line, if you would? 117

Domadred quickly surveys the parchment. Satisfied, he signs with a flourish: *Captain Domadred Steele*.

118 DOMADRED  
Thank you, Magpie. It will be a pleasure and an honor to pay in full. 118

He dumps the bag, unleashing a torrent of gold coins onto the counter. You never saw an centenarian move so fast as Magpie, who overturns a trash bin to collect the stream of gold as it tumbles forth.

Magpie quietly MUMBLES, counting.

MAGPIE  
 (starts to raise hand)  
 119 That's... enough. Well, maybe a little more. 119  
 (raises hand, with finality)  
 120 Okay. That should about do it. 120

Payment collected, Magpie hands over the pirate the STAKE.

MAGPIE (CONT'D)  
 121 Alright. You can go now. Bye-eee. 121

CACIA  
 122 Hold on. Do you have any knowledge of this Mord? 122

DOMADRED  
 123 Advice to give us an advantage over him? 123

MAGPIE  
 124 You've got the stake? Do I have to do the job myself? 124

DOMADRED  
 125 How does it work? This particular one. 125

MAGPIE  
 (sighs)  
 126 Fine. 126  
 (bored)  
 127 Shank him with the stake in the chest. Heart is best. You're gonna wanna hold it stationary for about, ehh, eighteen-seconds. 127

VERITAS  
 128 Eighteen seconds? That's a long time. 128

CACIA  
 129 And exact. What if we hold it seventeen...? 129

MAGPIE

130                   Ah, ah, ah! Eighteen seconds! No                   130  
                           less! About three rounds.  
                           (shrugs)

131                   At that point it will suck the soul                   131  
                           out of Mord and into the horcrux.

The group stands there, not much else to say.

DOMADRED

132                   Alright, then. Well, nice to meet                   132  
                           you...

Magpie let's loose a HELLISH ORC GROWL, then an equally loud smoker's cough in their general direction.

MAGPIE

133                   Go! Now!                   133

CACIA

134                   *Leaving...*                   134

The group is outta there like Vladamir.

EXT. ALBTRAUM MANOR - NIGHT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

135                   It's the Witching Hour. Our would-                   135  
                           be band of vampire slayers approach  
                           Albtraum Manor.

The Victorian villa sits tall and narrow, recently updated to a small cathedral, its rooftop lies covered in pickets of wrought iron spears.

A 15-ft intricate iron fence surrounds the building.

ROSE GARDENS

Tilerik steps out of the shadows wielding a massive Maul, the moon aurora glistening off the meaty weapon.

TILERIK

136                   It's been a while since I've had                   136  
                           the honor of wielding *Sunset* in  
                           battle.

Domadred pulls up sharply, wincing from the painful curse he still endures.







DOMADRED (CONT'D)

Buddies. Pals. Give you back  
rubs. Get you tripping on catnip.  
But noooo... what do you do?  
Attack my friends. Shame. Shame  
on you, pussy cat.

The beast WHIMPERS and attempts to slink away.

TILERIK

154                   OMG. You shamed the creature.                   154

VERITAS

155                   And it's working. Nice.                   155

Cacia finishes the cat with a sneak attack coup de grace, an  
over the top chop to its remaining good eye.

The creature falls dead.

CACIA

156                   Dead kitties aren't much fun.                   156

DOMADRED

157                   That could be a title for a song.                   157

CACIA

158                   I know.                   158

AT THE SAME TIME -- ABOVE

A dark form appears at a window backlit by dancing light.

Cacia and Domadred jump behind the displacer beast corpse.  
Veritas turtles in place, hiding beneath his dark scales.

A number of figures (human?) move toward the window for a  
moment, then retreat.

Cacia and Domadred peek up from behind the beast. Veritas  
unturtles.

DOMADRED

159                   Stick to the plan.                   159

Cacia climbs to the upper window, followed by Domadred,  
Veritas and finally Tilerik and slide quietly inside.

INT. ALBTRAUM MANOR - CONTINUOUS

Boring nondescript bedroom. Nothing to see here! They move  
to the door and exit to the --

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They see stairs leading up to the left and down to the right.

160 VERITAS I vote down. 160

161 DOMADRED Why? 161

162 VERITAS Where would you put cargo in a boat that should not be in the sun? 162

163 DOMADRED In the cargo hold. 163

164 VERITAS Bingo, cap'n. Down. 164

Something catches Cacia's eye. She swivels--

165 CACIA Shit! 165

SIX VAMPIRES stand before the stairs, arms-crossed.

166 CACIA (CONT'D) Where is your boss? 166

167 VAMPIRE SQUAD LIEUTENANT Ah boys, how convenient. Dinner's come to us for a change. 167

The VAMPIRE SQUAD surge.

The sound of running feet shakes the floor above sending dust falling from the ceiling.

OUR HEROES RETREAT BACK INTO --

A BEDROOM

- Cacia finds a dumbwaiter elevator empty and scurries down.

- Domadred follows, casts *Feather Fall* and jumps headfirst.

- Veritas feeling much too large for the narrow shaft, casts *Feather Fall* and jumps headlong out the window spraying glass.

- Tilerik goes the dumbwaiter route and plummets--

EXT. ALBTRAUM MANOR - CONTINUOUS

WIDE - the vampire conclave comes alive with hissing vampires. The sound of commotion, running and calls to action echo from every corner of the villa.

INT. ALBTRAUM MANOR - KITCHEN

Veritas enters the room from a ground floor window to find old decayed corpses stacked in the corner and human bones littering tables.

The Dragonborn sniffs, spots a stone stairway opposite himself, makes a bee-line for it and heads down.

DUMBWAITER CELLAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

No worse for wear Cacia, Domadred, and Tilerik brush off a few minor scratches and bruises from their hurried descent.

They gaze above at the rafters which THrum with the sound of running feet. Then -

Veritas enters at a run, now FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY A GAGGLE OF VAMPIRES.

	VARITAS	
168	They're coming!	168

	TILERIK	
169	I'd say there already here!	169

Vampires scurry out of the dumbwaiter, giant, fanged cockroaches HISSING, hungry for blood.

Seeing that they are surrounded, Domadred casts, *Motivation Speech*.

	DOMADRED	
170	This reminds me of the time at sea, waves crashing across the bow, the stern, the mizen, the galley, the jib, tiller, waves all crashing, a giant squid wrapping its tentacles around the bow, the stern, the galley...	170

	VERITAS	
171	Ummm. What's your point?	171

	DOMADRED	
172	We can do this team!	172



DOMADRED

179                   Blurgh, we are surrounded by                   179  
                       vampires. Rid us of these pesky  
                       bloodsuckers and I'll be forever  
                       grateful and proudly assist Tilerik  
                       in his debt payment to you. Love  
                       this bartender!

Blurgh sighs, then closes his eyes for a beat, then a beat  
 later his stomach rumbles, and a beat after that...

DOMADRED (CONT'D)

180                   A patron's boon bestowed upon us                   180  
                       all.

Blurgh coughs up GREEN SMOKE again and then PUKES into hand a  
 GLOWING GREEN PEARL which he tosses to our pirate.

BLURGH

181                   When time resumes, crush this pearl                   181  
                       and it will free you of this  
                       nuisance so that you may retain  
                       your blood, if just momentarily.

MONTAGE OF BLURGH HANDING OUT REQUESTS

- He imbues Veritas' weapon with *Radiance* as Cacia looks on  
 with envy.

CACIA

182                   I'll take some of that. If you                   182  
                       don't mind.

- Blurgh, likewise, imbues Cacia's Boomerang with *Radiance*,  
 which soon drips green-goo-glow.

BLURGH

183                   It's like the same but different.                   183  
                       Radiance and Acid.

Now Veritas looks on with envy.

VERITAS

184                   Hey!                   184

CACIA

185                   Sucks to be you.                   185

BLURGH

186                   Now I'm going to sit back and enjoy                   186  
                       the spectacle.

He SNAPS his fingers loudly and the crew are back in action.







An army of servants stand at attention on the periphery, ready to respond to their master's demands.

The Lord, MORD ALBTRAUM, (Mad demonic lich vampire), dressed in blood soaked raiment's and black cloak, finishes off a cup of blood wine, then LAUGHS

The Lady of the Manor, CLARISSA, (female half-elf), dressed in a white velvet gown stained in splattered blood, finishes feasting on the exposed neck of a young man.

She turns, her undead eyes falling upon Tilerik, who sheds a tear.

TILERIK

198 Clarissa... that's my Clarissa. 198

She merely GIGGLES in return, blood dripping from her mouth. Then motions to a servant carrying a wine decanter.

CLARISSA

199 Fill glasses for our guests. 199

SERVANT

200 It's empty mistress. 200

CLARISSA

201 Then we should refill it, shouldn't we? 201

SERVANT

202 Yes, mistress. 202

She stands and shoves a corpse off the table, then pats the now vacant spot and motioning at the servant.

The servant climbs onto the table slipping in blood and lies down.

Clarissa turns to Tilerik.

CLARISSA

203 Would you like to do the honors? 203  
(off his horror)

204 No? Okay. 204

She slits his throat with her index finger putting the decanter to his neck.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

205 Right now has been a very good year. 205

206 MORD Give me a hand, my dear. 206

Clarissa tears off a hand and the servant SCREAMS. She French kisses him quiet and bites out his tongue.

Then hands the hand to Mord.

ON OUR COMPANIONS

Completely and utterly horrified.

207 DOMADRED Seems like your girl's chosen a different path than you, my friend. 207

208 TILERIK She's been forced, surely. 208

209 DOMADRED I think she's gonners to the land of the deadites. All in, know what I mean? 209

210 TILERIK We can save her, can't we? I mean, we're saving you. There must be a way. 210

211 CACIA I say we kill the vile lich first, then worry about your girl later, kay? 211

Domadred casts *Tasha's Hideous Laughter* on Clarissa, who suddenly doubles over in non-stop chuckles.

212 DOMADRED She might die of laughter. 212

213 VERITAS (reassuring) Yeah. Yeah. Could happen. 213

They all nod in agreement.

Mord looks up from his servant hand he's been feasting on.

214 MORD Okay, it wasn't that funny. It's like the oldest joke known, 'give me a hand'. 214

She topples over, writhing on the ground amongst the corpses, overcome by an extreme case of the cackles, chortles and chuckles. JUST THEN --

Mord stands and gets sideswiped in the face by a Boomerang.

And Veritas pushes his glowing Radiance blade through the vampire's back and out his chest.

MORD (CONT'D)

(grunts)

215 What's this? A scratch? 215

(seeing the blade)

216 No. No. More than a scratch. 216

He sees our heroes attack.

MORD (CONT'D)

217 Fools! You attempt to take the 217  
life of one who does not live.

- Cacia inflicts damage with her new rapier, her life force is renewed.

But Mord retaliates.

MORD (CONT'D)

218 Blight! Yes. GLORIOUS BLIGHT. 218

Necromantic energy quickly washes over Cacia.

Mord laughs, at her demise, then turns his *GAZE* upon Veritas.

MORD (CONT'D)

219 You are most talented Dragonborn. 219  
Perhaps I will keep you with me  
forever. Would you like that?

VERITAS

220 After the seventh time I stabbed 220  
you in the back, what do you think?

Cacia pokes her head around Mord.

CACIA

221 You have to tell him, no. 221

Veritas didn't and soon falls under Mord's charm.

MORD

222 DESTROY YOUR FRIENDS. Your former 222  
friends. Past. Present.

(MORE)

## MORD (CONT'D)

Those who look at you funny, give  
you suspect, give you the stink eye  
behind your back. Go to town.

Domadred casts *Dissonant Whispers* at Mord.

## DOMADRED

(whispering a discordant  
melody)

223

*Oh lord, here I have come. I've  
already slain your apprentice and  
you shall follow suit. You are  
here in your stronghold however we  
have already killed so many of your  
brethren and you are next.*

223

Whatever the desired affect might have been, Mord's *Legendary Resistance* negates it.

Domadred dramatically PLUNGES the horcux stake at Mord but shamefully MISSES spectacularly.

Mord SCOFFS and BACKHANDS Domadred, who reverses into a wall.

## MORD

224

Take that, wretch, for daring to  
stake me.

224

Veritas, still under the elder vampire's charm, attacks Domadred.

## VERITAS

225

I'm... so... sorry.

225

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

The Rogue sneaks up behind Mord, striking him with her rapier, finally pushing it deep into his back, the sword now protruding through his chest.

Mord HOWLS in frustration, slowly inching his way off the blade. When in range, he struggles to bite Cacia.

## MORD

226

The thirst takes precedence over  
all. Must quench this thirst.

226

Domadred gives it a second try - rears back, the stake up high, elbows out.

HE THRUSTS! The Horcux stake hits Mord square in the chest.

Domadred follows up the strike with a *SUGGESTION*.

DOMADRED  
 227 Mord, bring it in for a hug. 227  
 (pulls Mord close)  
 228 So we can really, really just get 228  
 it in there.

MORD  
 (shrugs)  
 229 I'm staked anyway, I might as well 229  
 get a hug out of it.

Mord bear hugs Domadred. It's nice. Gentle. But he just can't resist the blood on the Pirate Captain's face.

Mord licks it clean.

Mord distracted, Veritas is able to shake off the charm.

Following Magpie's instructions, Domadred continues to press the stake.

DOMADRED  
 230 This will not kill you. Your soul 230  
 will be trapped and preserved. One  
 day, I will release you. A  
 beautiful redemption tale  
 fulfilled.

ON TILERIK AND CLARISSA

He now has her tied up and, yet he's hugging her. Awwww. Why you ask? Because he loves her, silly. And even if your woman's a vampire, nothing can stop true love and those who want to love. Power of love, bitches. Power of...

But even after that wordy explanation of the sarcasm of love, even confined, she's ravenously attempting to bite Tilerik.

TILERIK  
 231 I'm sorry. 231

ON DOMADRED AND MORD

DOMADRED  
 She seemed to be into it, I don't really know. This clearly isn't working out for you. Maybe we can try a different course of action.

Mord realizes there is no possibility of escape.

MORD  
 233 Now, let me ask, in this stake, is 233  
 it like a genie's bottle?  
 (MORE)

MORD (CONT'D)

Do I get a cushy little apartment,  
giant pillows and such?

DOMADRED

234                   Magpie didn't exactly rate the                   234  
                          accommodations. How about, before  
                          you retire, we take my curse off  
                          the table, yes?

Mord cracks a fang-filled grin.

MORD

235                   Well, okay. *Because it's you.*                   235

MOMENTS LATER

AT COUNT 18 - Just as Magpie predicted, the stake activates.

A conjured wind whips through the room, spins around Mord and  
VOOP! body and soul disappears in the stake.

The stake remains suspended in space for a beat--

Then FALLS.

Domadred catches the sizzling stake, bloody darn tootin' hot.

ON DOMADRED, color and health returns to his face as the  
curse is lifted.

DOMADRED

236                   Yes. YES!                   236

(to companions)

237                   Thank you. From me and my fellow                   237  
                          crew. We owe all of you a debt of  
                          gratitude.

Domadred and his companions gather close around Tilerik  
holding Clarissa's unconscious body.

TILERIK

238                   We have to do something for my                   238  
                          love.

Domadred stashes the stake and pulls out a DECK OF CARDS.

DOMADRED

239                   I have here the Red Opera Deck of                   239  
                          Endless Possibilities.

He pulls a card and reveals it--

THE MOTHER OF MIRRORS.

DOMADRED (CONT'D)

240 I call upon the Mother of Mirrors. 240

The card floats up, shifting into three mirrors, representing three possible futures for Clarissa.

1. Clarissa lonely
2. Clarissa with Tilerik
3. Clarissa with Tilerik and our heroes

VERITAS

241 Clarissa can't choose for herself, 241  
It lies upon us.

CACIA

242 Well, I for one, am down for more 242  
stabbing.

TILERIK

243 Please, save her. 243

Tilerik gently kisses Clarissa's forehead.

DOMADRED

244 I agree. Save her, it is. 244

Domadred takes the 3rd option -- hoping it's the wise choice.

ECU ON CLARISSA - her eyes flutter open. She blinks and looks into Tilerik's loving face.

CLARISSA

245 Tilerik. 245

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. HORCRUX STAKE MANOR - POCKET APARTMENT - NOW

Horcrux Manor is miniscule by any reckoning with no exits. Simple furnishings give the place a vampire sense of home.

A coffin leans against the left wall, a short table in the middle, and a large stone fireplace dominates the right wall.

Mord Albtraum sits in a tall leather back chair next to the fire, his feet up, slowly sipping blood wine from a goblet.

Mord mutters quietly to himself.

The camera moves closer, so to better hear.



246 MORD 246  
Domadred Steel, Cacia, Veritas,  
Tilerik Shalgren. Domadred Steel,  
Cacia, Veritas, Tilerik Shalgren...

ON FIREPLCE MANTLE

VOODOO DOLLS of the four companions sit on the mantle with  
pins sticking out of them.

247 MORD (O.S.) (CONT'D) 247  
<Diabolical laughter>

FADE OUT: