STORMBOUND

EPISODE 1 - PILOT

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKY BEACH - NIGHT

A large beach bordered by a dense forest. Jagged rocky outcroppings of varying sizes jut out of the waters. A violent storm sits on the horizon. Thunder sounds.

We pan across the beach. A BABY'S sudden cry cuts through the rhythmic sound of the waves echoing across the lonely landscape.

The tide now begins bringing debris onto the shoreline.

As we continue to travel across the beach a grim scene is slowly revealed. Roughly half a mile off the coast a large colonial style ship flying the "Cross of Burgundy" flag collided against a rocky outcropping.

It's evident the storm led the ship to ruin. Smoke and small fires can still be seen coming from the wrecked ship. More unsettling is the overturned or damaged lifeboats that float nearby. There are no survivors.

However as we pan down away from the wreckage back onto the beach we can see one lifeboat that has managed to make it to shore, badly damaged. The baby's cries come from within the boat.

Cut to the side of the lifeboat along the beach. Something unseen can be heard walking towards the lifeboat, their footfalls heavy and uneven.

Seeing form THE CREATURE'S POV slowly getting closer to the lifeboat, we can hear its labored breathing.

A large monstrous dirty hand reaches out from THE CREATURE who's perspective we are looking through. It grasps the side of the boat and tilts it towards us.

The BABY'S cries continue.

A woman lies dying inside a large wound on her side bleeds profusely. In her arms is a the crying infant she's been protecting.

Cut to look up from the lifeboat, reviling THE CREATURE. A massive humanoid with unkempt wiry hair and multiple sets of large wild horns protruding from it's head and body. It stairs down at the two with a hungry expression. Distant thunder rumbles, covering a sadistic chuckle.

THE CREATURE reaches forward causing the infant to cry harder. Yet before it reaches them another figure, WILHELM, approaches from behind.

He is like THE CREATURE, a devil, but smaller and carries himself in a much more "human" manner, standing upright, wearing ornate clothing, his horns are more well kept. He holds a spear tipped with a sturdy looking iron blade.

Without a word WILHELM and thrusts it deep into THE CREATURE'S back. It lurches backwards with a growl of pain and rage. Wherever the iron touches the creatures flesh sizzles.

Focus back in on the dying woman. Her gaze refocuses for an instant as she looks up at the scene before her. She inhales sharply her body trembles.

Then the woman goes limp, the light in her eyes fades along with her infants crying. The woman has died.

Cut back to THE CREATURE and WILHELM.

THE CREATURE turns around violently causing WILHELM to loose hold of the spear that is still embedded in THE CREATURES back.

THE CREATURE lunges at WILHELM, who jumps back mere inches from THE CREATURE's claws.

WILHELM goes to grab the spear again but THE CREATURE lashes out at him, clawing WILHELM'S arm sending him stumbling back again.

THE CREATURE grunts and grips the spear hilt in its back, yanking it violently out. It haphazardly throws the spear to the side, blood trickling down its side.

WILHELM eyes the spear but THE CREATURE steps in front of it blocking him from reaching it.

Not taking his eyes off THE CREATURE sparks dance around WILHELM'S fingers.

THE CREATURE charges WILHELM again put he throws his hand out sending a blinding flash out light towards it. THE CREATURE, momentarily blinded falls back with a howl.

WILHELM dives for the fallen spear and grips it just as THE CREATURE recovers and lunges at him again.

WILHELM thrusts the spear straight at THE CREATURE'S heart. It stops mid pounce, mouth agape, as WILHELM'S spear pierces it's heart.

After a moment WILHELM, panting, pulls the spear out of THE CREATURE, blood sizzling on the iron.

THE CREATURE falls to the ground, dead.

Lost in thought WILHELM doesn't hear the sound of others approaching behind him.

AVENA (O.S.)
Your Grace!

WILHELM'S pointed ears shoot up at the sound. We see shadowy outlines of others coming towards him.

WILHELM turns to face the incoming group. Another devil, runs to him.

WILHELM
(Calmly)
Ah, Captain Avena.

Using the spear as a support WILHELM addresses AVENA who is flanked by guards all wielding weapons. However unlike his, most appear to be make of bronze rather than iron.

AVENA gives a quick, polite bow.

AVENA
(Formally)
My king.

AVENA rises glancing at the dead monster, other guards already inspecting it.

AVENA (cont'd)
I see you managed to dispatch the feral without need of our aid.

WILHELM nods solemnly as he looks towards the dead creature.

WILHELM
(out of breath)
Any others?

AVENA
No your grace, my squadron has dealt with the rest of the pack.

WILHELM
(sighs in relief)
Good.

WILHELM rips his gaze from the dead CREATURE towards the smoldering ship. AVENA follows his gaze.

AVENA
Is it one of ours.

WILHELM
No, its not.

AVENA tenses.

AVENA
Nothing this big has shown up before, regardless the sirens should be able to handle any survivors.

WILHELM grimaces.

WILHELM
(quietly)
There were children on that ship...

AVENA
I beg your pardon your grace?

WILHELM gestures to the lifeboat. Another guard begins approaching it.

WILHELM
A human women and her child lie dying within that boat. No doubt the smell of their blood is what drew the feral here.

AVENA
(grimly)
I see...are they-

WILHELM
Dead?, The woman succumbed to her wounds before I could do anything. The child...

Before WILHELM can finish the screech from the BABY interrupts him.

Shocked AVENA and WILHELM look at the guard who was inspecting the lifeboat. He has a similar expression. The BABY resumes it's crying.

WILHELM rushes back over, AVENA quick behind.

WILHELM hands the guard his spear before leaning into the lifeboat. After a moment WILHELM rises carrying the crying BABY.

AVENA
(stunned)
It's...still alive?!

WILHELM inspects the BABY for injures before wiping some of it's mother's blood off it's face.

WILHELM
It appears to be, given what it survived.

WILHELM begins rocking the child gently, he seems to know what he's doing, her cries begin to quite.

AVENA looks in disbelief from her king to the other guards.

AVENA
My king what do you plan to do with it?

WILHELM pauses, he hasn't thought of that. After only moment he comes to a decision.

WILHELM
Come, the hunt is over.

AVENA
Your not taking that thing with us are you?

WILHELM begins to make his way back towards the woods. AVENA follows.

WILHELM
That is none of your concern Captain.

AVENA
(shocked)
But your grace it's...

AVENA pauses and looks around.

AVENA (cont'd)
...a human!

WILHELM stiffens and looks straight at his captain.

WILHELM
Be that as it may, it is still a child, who's just lost its mother. I shall not abandon it to most certainly die.

AVENA
But King Wilhelm-

WILHELM raises a hand for silence and AVENA complies with a low bow.

WILHELM
Besides what threat could one infant human with no family pose.

AVENA
The legends say much...

WILHELM
Legends are often exaggerated Captain.

AVENA
(not convinced)
I hope for all our sakes you're right.

WILHELM nods not caring weather or not AVENA believes him and signals for her to rise.

He makes his way back from where they came. AVENA and the other guards follow.

The camera beings to pan upwards past the back of the wreck with only the painted word "*Isla*" and towards the storm that seems to be coming closer.

WILHELM
Now Let us return home before the storm gets here.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. DORSTON PALACE - DAY - 15 YEARS LATER

An establishing shot of an imposing medieval labyrinthine castle and castle town sat atop a cliff overlooking the ocean. Many tall spires touch the sky and countless large stain glass windows allow light to flood in.

A distant storm sits far off on the horizon.

Zoom into a cobblestone street within the castle town. Devil blacksmiths work with bronze, casting and hammering the material into various tools.

A group of young devil children race giddily through the streets chasing a large minotaur hulling a cart packed with supplies by themselves.

Travel up along the castle wall we can see through the many large windows of servants working and nobility dressed in brightly colored robes entertaining themselves.

INT. DORSTON PALACE HALL - DAY

Cut to a shot within the one of the halls in the palace. Various servants and staff toil within.

The staff's relatively peaceful day to day work is suddenly interrupted by loud sounds of a commotion from down the hall.

VIOLET (O.S.)
(Shouting)
...This way!

Servants and staff jump away narrowly avoiding VIOLET, a short fox-like teen kitsune with only two fluffy tails and thick dark bangs obscuring her eyes, barreling down the hall on all fours. She pushes aside those who don't make it out of her way fast enough.

Following close behind her is first a dark-haired lean teenage devil, SEVERN, dressed in very fine clothing of varying shades of violet and blue. SEVERN chases after VIOLET a mischievous grin on his face.

Bringing up the rear is a human girl, ISLA. The same human that we saw as a baby earlier now grown into a sweet looking healthy teen with short brown hair and bright eyes. She apologizes profusely as she passes the stunned staff.

ISLA
Sorry, Sorry! (a beat) Oh, let me help you.

ISLA pauses, offering her hand to help a fallen servant who looks up at her a nervously. Hesitating to take her hand.

SEVERN runs up to ISLA and playfully grabbing her arm, dragging her away.

SEVERN
Come on Isla!

The two run off as another servant ruses to help the fallen one up.

SERVANT
It didn't touch you did it? I heard humans can curse you by touching you.

FALLEN SERVANT
Um no, I think I should be alright.

ISLA, having overheard, frowns looking back at the servants. But as SEVERN gives her a hard tug she looks forward.

SEVERN, still holding onto ISLA's arm continues running down the hall. Up ahead VIOLET stands in a small doorway, now on two legs, beckoning for them to follow quickly.

INT. DORSTON STAIRWELL - DAY

The teens race into the stairwell. SEVERN finally freeing ISLA's arm.

SEVERN and VIOLET laugh loudly as they make their way down the staircase. ISLA remains quite.

SEVERN
Think we lost him?

VIOLET
(Snort)
Of course! I know the palace better than half the people who live in it, including you.

SEVERN wrinkles his nose in mock offense.

SEVERN
You're so full of it Vi.

VIOLET shoots a glance back at Severn sticking her tongue out at him playfully. He does the same in response.

ISLA
Do think Magister Helix will tell your father Severn?

SEVERN shrugs, his smile fading.

SEVERN
I don't know (a beat) maybe? I mean Violet did break into the alchemists' storehouse.

The group reaches the bottom of the stairwell. VIOLET grabs the door handle turning to her friends.

VIOLET
Even if that old goat does tell, we'll be fine. I mean we can always just lie about where we got that gravely stuff from and it's not like we-

VIOLET is cut off as she opens the door coming face to face with tall slender devil, JORA. SEVERN and ISLA gasp taking a cautious step back.

JORA
So you're my little silver fulminate thief Lady Konran.

VIOLET
(Squeaks)
Shit...

BEGIN FLASHBACK: EXT. AZTEC VILLAGE - DAY

A now smoldering village sits nestled in a clearing of a dense tropical forest. The air is thick with smoke and the sounds of battle. Screams, the clash of steel, and gunfire fill the air.

Spanish conquistadors, clad in armor, wielding swords and arquebus', are engaged in a brutal massacre of the native population.

The scene is chaotic and bloody as the conquistadors ransack buildings and attack both armed and unarmed civilians indiscriminately.

Focus on one conquistador, HECTOR DE TORO, who stands amid the carnage. His face one of horror, as he watches the slaughter unfold around him.

His comrades are ruthless, cutting down anyone in their path as they continue their slaughter.

HECTOR'S eyes are wide, filled with rage and despair. His breathing is heavy, almost gasping, as he struggles to comprehend the brutality before him. *This isn't what he signed up for*.

Suddenly, a rustling sound comes from the bushes next to Hector. His instincts kick in, and he raises his Arquebus, aiming toward the sound.

The rustling grows louder. His hands shake, sweat dripping down his brow.

A small shadowy figure we cannot fully see emerges from the bushes.

Close up on the side of HECTOR'S face, focusing on his eye. The shot from Hector's gun echos through the clearing.

END FLASHBACK

INT. TAVERN - DAY

HECTOR jolts awake in the back of a crowded Tavern. The sounds of the past massacre replaced by the murmur and laughter of patrons (all in Spanish), the clinking of mugs, and the crackle of a roaring hearth fire.

A much more disheveled HECTOR sits slumped over at an empty table. His face shadowed and eyes glazed.

He reaches for the tankard he's been nursing only to find it empty. He stares into the dry mug and scowls.

HECTOR slams the tankard down on the table with a dull thud.

HECTOR
(Drunk)
Barkeep! Another!

The murmuring quiets somewhat at HECTOR'S sudden shouts. A few nearby patrons shoot the man looks of either annoyance or pity.

Across the room THE BARKEEP glares back at Hector for disturbing his other customers.

BARKEEP
(firmly)
I think you've had enough for tonight Hector.

HECTOR'S eyes flare with anger. He slams both hands against the table and stands up. However his intoxication is evident.

HECTOR'S empty tankard is knocked to the floor.

HECTOR
I said, another drink!

The tavern falls fully silent, the patrons watching nervously as the scene unfolds. THE BARKEEP holds HECTOR'S stare unflinching.

Suddenly the tavern door swings open, as two men enter breaking the tension immediately.

The men are Captain LUCAS CANAS and DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ.

HECTOR turns towards the newcomers, his expression darkening as he immediately recognizes LUCAS. His posture falters and he hunches forward.

HECTOR (cont'd)
(bitterly)
You...

LUCAS catches HECTOR'S gaze and begins making his way over to him. DON DIEGO following close behind, stoically.

THE BARKEEP visibly relaxes and the other patrons turn back to their own business. The murmuring starts back up although quieter than before.

LUCAS
(forced politeness)
Hector De Toro. It's been a long time.

HECTOR slumps back down to his seat.

HECTOR
(coldly)
Not long enough. What do you want Lucas?

LUCAS looses the smile instantly. Without asking he pulls out a chair at HECTOR'S table and sits across from him. DON DIEGO remains standing.

LUCAS
We need to talk Hector, it's...

A beat as LUCAS glances at DON DIEGO.

LUCAS (cont'd)
...important.

HECTOR laughs bitterly and leans back in his chair.

HECTOR
Is that so? Than why in god's name would you waste your time bothering me.

LUCAS scowls at HECTOR.

LUCAS
(growing annoyed)
Listen hear you drunken fool, I-

DON DIEGO
(cutting Lucas off, calmly)
If I may Captain Canas.

LUCAS regains his composure and gives a respectful nod to DON DIEGO.

DON DIEGO walks closer to HECTOR and looks down at him. His face a mask of calm authority.

HECTOR merely raises an eyebrow.

DON DIEGO (cont'd)
Señor De Toro, my name is Don Diego Velasquez. I serve as representative to the various merchant guilds seeking to establish a foothold here in the new world.

HECTOR appears uninterested.

LUCAS gives DON DIEGO a nod to encourage him to continue.

DON DIEGO (cont'd)
Additionally, I also have close ties with many in the Spanish royal court who seek to expand the current trade routs between Spain and her colonies.

HECTOR rolls his eyes.

HECTOR
So you have powerful friends, what's that got to do with me?

LUCAS shoots HECTOR a glare.

A brief flicker of annoyance crosses DON DIEGO'S face for only a moment before he regains his composure.

DON DIEGO
To the point then. The Spanish Crown has sanctioned an expedition in hopes of establishing more efficient trade routs between the old world and the new. Specifically in the largely unexplored region between San Salvador and Bermuda.

HECTOR who up until this point has only been half listing with a mocking smile suddenly sits straight up, serious.

HECTOR
Are you mad?! Those waters are a death trap if even the mildest of stories are to be believed.

DON DIEGO rolls his eyes dismissing any of HECTOR'S concerns.

DON DIEGO
Yes, yes, an alleged "endless storm that promises death to all who dare enter it." I assure you Señor De Toro those stories are nothing more than baseless superstitions.

LUCAS gives a sound nod agreeing with DON DIEGO.

HECTOR
(unconvinced)
Regardless if the rumors are true or not I won't be part of another massacre!

HECTOR shoots LUCAS a look of pure malice.

LUCAS meets HECTOR'S gaze unfazed, *he did what he had too*.

DON DIEGO'S frown deepens.

DON DIEGO
Señor De Toro this is purely an exploratory mission. While precautions must, of course, be taken we will only resort to violence if absolutely necessary.

HECTOR gives a dry mirthless laugh.

LUCAS
(Jumping in)
I know it's a lot to ask, Hector. But this is our chance- your chance to…

HECTOR
(cutting Lucas off angrily)
Chance to do what?! You think I care about some damn trade routes? Last time I listened to you, you dragged me through **fucking** hell!

LUCAS takes a deep breath to steady the rage building in him.

LUCAS
(Attempting to calm)
This time is different Hector.

HECTOR
(scoffs)
Is it now? Give me one good reason to trust you on this, just one.

LUCAS shoots a glance at DON DIEGO before leaning.

LUCAS
(quietly)
You might find out what happened to the "Melodía de la Isla."

At the mention of that name HECTOR shoots up. Standing over LUCAS threateningly his face twisted in a look of old pain.

DON DIEGO flashes a worried glance at LUCAS who subtly reaches for the rapier at his belt.

HECTOR
(A mix of rage and sorrow)
I. Don't. Want. To. Know. What. Happened!

HECTOR storms off, heading out of the tavern. The door slams loudly behind him.

DON DIEGO gives LUCAS a disapproving scowl and shakes his head. LUCAS sighs.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Cut to the top of a large open throne room. Dark purple banners depicting the image of an indigo wyvern roaring hang from the ceiling. The banners of the royal house Stormcaller. Begin panning down.

WILHELM
(Disappointed)
The sheer immaturity!

WILHELM paces in front of a throne.

Sitting on a smaller throne besides the central one is an elegant devil woman, ISKAH. She gently fans herself unamused.

Before the king stands SEVERN with ISLA and VIOLET on either side of him.

WILHELM (cont'd)
The blatant lack of respect you have for your tutor is shameful.

WILHELM stops his pacing and looks down at the three teens. Specifically Severn.

Noticing his father's stare SEVERN looks down. A mix of frustration and shame on his face.

ISKAH continues to fan herself as a cold smile plays on her lips.

ISKAH
(Directed at Severn)
Not to mention such behavior is quite unbecoming for someone of their age and station.

WILHELM nods in agreement.

WILHELM
What do you three have to say for yourselves?

All three look down at their feet in shame.

SEVERN
We're sorry father...

WILHELM
It's not me you should be apologizing to.

WILHELM gestures to the side.

Near the wall of the throne room waits JORA and an older goat-like satyr man, HELIX. The satyr is attempting to clean a pair of spectacles that are coated in a layer of soot.

WILHELM (cont'd)
Try Lady Jora, for stealing from her supplies, **and** Magister Helix for that little prank of yours.

SEVERN winces, hesitating on what to do next.

ISLA takes a step forward.

ISLA
Lady Ashpeak, Magister Helix I would like to deeply apologize for the actions of myself, Prince Severn and the Lady Konran...

ISLA gives a low bow at the waist, her expression genuinely apologetic.

SEVERN and VIOLET exchange a glance before following ISLA's lead.

SEVERN & VIOLET
We're sorry!

WILHELM nods satisfied.

WILHELM
Thank you Isla dear, perhaps you can remind your brother and friend the proper manners their expected to have.

ISLA looks up at her king wide eyed at the statement.

ISLA
(politely)
Of course your grace.

ISKAH doesn't share the sentiment, grimacing when WILHELM refers to SEVERN as ISLA's brother but hides her disproval with her fan.

ISKAH
(mutters)
To think that beast has more manners than a crown prince...

Both SEVERN and ISLA wince at the comment and ISLA looks down again, deflated.

WILHELM
(Sighs, exacerbated)
Now than-

AVENA (O.S.)
(Alarmed)
King Wilhelm!

Everyone in the throne room turns towards to the sudden intrusion.

AVENA, followed by two others barge through the large throne room door devils much bulkier than her. One devil supporting the other who's clearly been injured and patched up. All three have a look of panic.

Iskah pushes herself off her throne.

ISKAH
What is the meaning of this?!

The three teens jump out of the way as AVENA throws herself before her king and queen.

AVENA
(tense)
Deepest apologies my liege, however an urgent matter has arisen that needs to be brought to your attention.

WILHELM glances at the teens.

WILHELM
Severn, Isla, Violet, you are dismissed.

SEVERN's face goes from excited to confused

SEVERN
But-

WILHELM
(cutting Severn off)
Now son!

SEVERN begrudgingly relents. ISLA and VIOLET nervously follow.

WILHELM (cont'd)
(To Avena)
Commander, please continue...

INT. DORSTON PALACE HALL - DAY

The group leave the throne room.

ISLA
What was that about?

SEVERN shrugs.

SEVERN
Must be something important to stop one of Father's lectures.

ISLA
Wanna find out?

SEVERN and VIOLET turn to ISLA studded.

SEVERN
Are you serious Isla? We could get into a lot of trouble.

ISLA shrugs.

ISLA
I mean, were already in trouble. Besides aren't you curious?

VIOLET grins.

VIOLET
My thoughts exactly. Come one we can sneak in from the roof.

VIOLET runs over to an open window and starts climbing out.

SEVERN
You're both insane you know that right.

VIOLET
Yep, now come on!

VIOLET climbs out the window, onto the roof. SEVERN starts to follow.

ISLA looks behind her before following SEVERN.

EXT. DORSTON PALACE - DAY

The three crawl along the side of the palace walls and roof.

VIOLET leads them to a narrow open window high above the throne room.

While squeezing through the window, ISLA slips nearly falling. SEVERN quickly grabs her arm.

SEVERN
Careful!

ISLA
T-Thanks Sev.

SEVERN pulls ISLA through the window.

INT. RAFTERS - DAY

The window leads to the rafters over the Throne Room.

VIOLET, SEVERN, and ISLA quietly crawl along the beams over the group below.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

AVENA stands at attention before the royals.

AVENA
...I issued a search party and by noon we'd managed to find them.

AVENA hesitates for a moment.

AVENA (cont'd)
However, we found one man injured. Looked like he'd just taken tumble off the trail.

WILHELM
And what of the other?

AVENA
(grimly)
Dead, a broken neck by the looks of it.

WILHELM and ISKAH tense.

ISKAH
How did this happen?

AVENA
We are currently investigating my lady, as of now-

INJURED GUARD
(Panicked)
It was a dragon!

Everyone stares at the injured guard in stunned silence.

INT. RAFTERS - DAY

SEVERN tenses.

VIOLET
(whispering)
Did he say a dragon?

SEVERN
(whispering)
Killed someone...

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

WILHELM
Calm yourself soldier. Are you certain that is what you saw?

INJURED GUARD
Yes, my lord! A dragon attacked me and Aldous last night when we were making our rounds!

WILHELM
It attacked you?!

The guard nods frantically still leaning on his comrade.

INJURED GUARD
We were heading up the trail when out of nowhere it swoops right over our heads. Knocked the two of us clear off the cliff.

WILHELM nods solemnly.

WILHELM
My condolences to your comrade...

WILHELM looks from the guard addressing Avena.

WILHELM (cont'd)
(sternly)
Commander, why wasn't this brought to my attention immediately?

AVENA shifts uncomfortably but remains stern.

AVENA
I wanted to verify the reports for myself first my lord. I didn't wish to bother you over something that would end up being mere delirium.

WILHELM
Be that as it may, such an accusation is not to be taken lightly. From now on you are to report directly to me on matters of such importance. Do you understand Commander Avena?

AVENA bows.

AVENA
Yes my king.

INT. RAFTERS - DAY

VIOLET
(whispers, mocking)
Oooh, she is in trouble.

ISLA
(Whispers)
SHH!

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

WILHELM
Good. Now was anyone else injured?

AVENA
No my lord. All guards and staff have been accounted for.

WILHELM
That's at lest some good news.

ISKAH steps forward.

ISKAH
And what of the beast? Have you received anymore reports since last night?

AVENA
None that we can be certain of my lady. I have heard claims of others hearing its roar or caught glimpses of it last night but nothing that can be proven.

INJURED GUARD
It's probably made it's lair somewhere in the caves by the cliffs!
(MORE)

INJURED GUARD (cont'd)
We should send a raiding party to drive it out-

WILHELM
(quickly)
NO!

Everyone including the kids in the rafters all go rigid.

HELIX breaks the tension.

HELIX
We should not act so hastily, dragons are themselves a force of nature. Attacking one is sure to cause greater damage.

WILHELM regains his composure.

WILHELM
You are correct as always Magister. The safest option is to leave it be until a more secure way of dealing with it can be found.

ISKAH
(skeptical)
Can you be so sure? The last time a dragon appeared, it caused quite the calamity.

JORA steps forward.

JORA
If I may suggest... Dragons are said to migrate, I highly doubt it will stay so close to a city for long especially given the lack of sufficient food. As long as it remains unprovoked it should not be a threat to anyone and leave on its own accord.

ISKAH brings her fan up to her face and narrows her eyes at JORA.

ISKAH
Forgive me for being wary Lady Ashpeak, I merely worry for the safety of my subjects.

WILHELM rests a reassuring hand on Iskah's shoulder.

WILHELM
We shall take proper precautions to protect all those both inside and outside the palace.

WILHELM looks up, addressing everyone in the room.

WILHELM (cont'd)
No one is to head near the cliff base, or any of the western cave systems until we know for certain the dragon isn't residing there. Understood?

ALL GUARDS
Yes my king!

WILHELM
Commander Avena, once you ensure this gentleman has returned to his quarters to rest I want you to alert all nearby settlements about the situation.

AVENA bows.

AVENA
As you command your grace.

WILHELM
Excellent, you are all dismissed.

WILHELM sighs turning to ISKAH.

WILHELM (cont'd)
Fetch Nessa while I assemble the court.

ISKAH
Of course, she should be finished with her lessons for the day by now.

ISKA turns to leave.

WILHELM
Oh, and please keep an eye on all the children. Spirits know Severn and Violet will already be concocting another scheme to drag poor Isla into by now.

ISKAH
(tightly)
Yes, my lord.

They both leave.

INT. RAFTERS - DAY

VIOLET and ISLA exchange a glance. SEVERN stares blankly ahead.

ISLA
(Whispering)
We should get out of here.

SEVERN
(Out of it)
Y-Yea...

All three crawl out of the rafters.

INT. DORSTON PALACE HALL - DAY

The teens crawl back through the window they came out of.

VIOLET
Well that was something. I still don't get why Severn's dad didn't want us there though?

ISLA shrugs

ISLA
His majesty can be a bit... overprotective at times.

VIOLET
I guess. What did you think about all that Sev?

SEVERN looks deep in though.

SEVERN
I'm going to find out more about that dragon. I'll see you guys later okay?

VIOLET
Wait don't tell me you want to go looking for the thing?!

SEVERN starts leaving without responding.

VIOLET (cont'd)
(shouting after him)
Hey, wait if you're going to do something stupid I want in!

SEVERN turns a coroner still not responding.

VIOLET (cont'd)
The heck was that about?

ISLA
I'm not sure...

VIOLET rolls her eyes.

VIOLET
(annoyed)
Well whatever, if he wants to get himself killed that's not my problem.

ISLA
Violet!

VIOLET
Woah, I'm not serious. I just hate it when he ditches us like that y'know...

ISLA looks down.

ISLA
Yeah I know, but I'm sure he didn't mean it like that...

The two stand in awkward silence.

VIOLET
(breaking the tension)
Sooo...I was going to go hide the rest of stuff I stole from the alchemist storehouse before anyone finds it. Wanna help?

ISLA looks at VIOLET stunned, before face palming.

ISLA
(amused sigh)
Severn's right, you really are insane.

VIOLET
I know that, so are you going to help me or not?

ISLA looks around sheepishly

ISLA
...fine, but this is the last time alright

VIOLET
(With a grin)
At least for today

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. DORSTON PALACE HALL - DAY

ISLA makes her way through the hall carrying some of VIOLET's stolen items.

GUARD (O.S.)
...It's a bad omen I tell ya!

AVENA (O.S.)
Oh hush, it's just bad luck.

ISLA stops dead in her tracks as she hears the voices coming from a nearby room. Quietly she presses against the wall next to the open doorway from which the voices came from, trying her best to hold onto VIOLETS items

AVENA and the guard that was aiding the injured guard stand in the room making preparations for heading to the nearby towns and cities.

GUARD
(hushed)
Bad luck?! We have an human living in the palace!

ISLA winces, they're talking about her. one of the bottles in her hands is slipping out ISLA tries to hold onto it without making a noise.

AVENA
It's harmless, stop being so paranoid.

GUARD
(scoffs)
We'll see whose paranoid when it comes to flay us all!

AVENA
It's a child... what can it do to someone like you

AVENA gestures to the guards immense bulk and size

GUARD
Well... it may be harmless now but... when it grows... you know the stories of what they did to us...

ISLA begins trembling and the bottle drops to the floor shattering

GUARD (cont'd)
What was that?!

ISLA drops the stuff and runs off.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. STREETS OF VERA CRUZ - NIGHT

HECTOR stomps lost in thought through the dark empty streets of Vera Cruz.

LUCAS (O.S.)
(Shouting)
Hector!

HECTOR freezes stunned for a moment before turning to face LUCAS.

HECTOR
I thought I told you I wasn't interested!

LUCAS frowns but continues making his way towards HECTOR.

LUCAS
Will you please just listen to me?

HECTOR
Why should I?! After all these years you don't so much as give me a second glance but now you suddenly want my help?! I want nothing to do with this, with you! Haven't I given enough already?!

LUCAS closes the distance and grips HECTOR'S shirt.

LUCAS
(seething)
You really think I want anything to do with your sorry drunken ass?! I'm doing this as a favor to Alvarez!

HECTOR freezes at the name. He stares at LUCAS stunned.

HECTOR
(quietly)
Rodrigo?

LUCAS lets go of HECTOR with a shove. HECTOR stumbles backwards trying to balance himself.

LUCAS digs into his jacket pocket.

LUCAS
He asked for you specifically. Told Don Diego you could provide "valuable insight."
(scoffs)
God if only he could see you, drinking yourself to death.

HECTOR just stares blankly at LUCAS taking in his words.

LUCAS pulls out a letter and shoves it hard into HECTOR'S hands.

LUCAS (cont'd)
This is from Alvarez. If you decide to pull your head out of your ass and care to join us (a beat) head to the docks. Look for "El Sol Naciente."

LUCAS turns around to head back. HECTOR looks down at the letter.

LUCAS without truing around calls back.

LUCAS (cont'd)
They could be alive in there for all you know, your family. Certainly worth a shot, don't you think?

HECTOR doesn't respond but a hint of resolve enters his face as he opens the letter.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. DORSTON PALACE - NIGHT

Warm candle light can be seen from a handful of windows. Most of the palace has turned in for the night.

The storm seen earlier that day has begun to roll in. The distant rumble of thunder can be heard and the moon is only partially visible through the incoming clouds.

Zoom in on one of the lit windows in the upper levels of the palace. As we get closer we can clearly see ISLA working on some kind of task involving organizing books. She appears dejected and lost in thought.

INT. DORSTON PALACE - NIGHT

ISLA thumbs absentmindedly through one of the books. Behind her a cleaned up HELIX is reading something on a tattered paper.

HELIX
(In the middle of a one-sided conversation)

Isla, only half listing, pauses and looks down at the book she's been flipping through.

On the page is a germanic style illustration of humans running a group of devils out of their home. The humans are portrayed as monstrous and violent. Under the illustration is the caption "Schwarzwald Caedem." (The Black Forest Massacre)

ISLA'S frown deepens as she studies the page.

ISLA
Magister Helix, can I ask you something?

Helix looks up from his paper.

HELIX
Huh? Of course Isla! What's on your mind?

ISLA
(hesitant)
Are humans really as...terrible as everyone says...

HELIX pauses for a moment, thinking carefully on how to respond.

HELIX
(gently)
Has uh... someone said something to you

ISLA
No...well not directly. I just... overheard...and sometimes I wonder is all...

HELIX walks over to ISLA. He looks down at the page of the massacre and closes the book.

HELIX
(sighs)
Centuries of myths and legends tend to distort perceptions of things. Its a natural phenomenon when dealing with the unknown.

ISLA doesn't meet his gaze, not convinced.

HELIX (cont'd)
Look in the mirror Isla, you've only ever show kindness to all those you meet. Is that the same face you see in that book?

ISLA
How can you be sure, wasn't Eshua meant to be a haven from... my kind? No one even knows how I got here, what if one day I start hurting people like the humans from legend.

HELIX
(soft chuckle)
Oh, I doubt you would ever hurt anyone, besides those two foolish friends of yours... do pardon my tongue I speak of our prince.

ISLA turns around to face HELIX.

ISLA
But-

HELIX
(cutting her off)
Isla, its been said in thousands of books and by hundreds of scholars 'what you are and where you come from doesn't define **who** you are.'

HELIX places his hands on ISLA'S shoulders.

HELIX (cont'd)
I have traveled all throughout the isles in my meany years and I have seen many exceptional and unordinary things. So trust me on this you're an exception.

HELIX gives a comforting smile. While not convinced ISLA can't help but give a small smile back.

HELIX (cont'd)
(in a lighter tone)
Besides, if I may speak freely, I fully believe the human in you is the only thing that can rain in Violet and Severn's uncouth 'antics'

ISLA can't help but laugh.

ISLA
(giggles)
I try.

HELIX
No, you don't try you do.

HELIX lets go of ISLA.

HELIX (cont'd)
Now, it is quite late already so why don't you go get some sleep?

ISLA
Are you sure? I can still help.

HELIX waves her off.

HELIX
No, I'm practically finished already. Besides you've got much to do in the mourning.

ISLA
Alright Magister I'll say goodnight.

ISLA makes her way out of the room. Once she reaches the door HELIX nods a farewell and ISLA leaves.

HELIX picks up the book ISLA was reading and flips to the page with the depiction of humans.

HELIX
(Whispers to himself)
She might be a exception, but I wonder... where one is others shouldn't be far behind?

INT. DORSTON PALACE HALL - NIGHT

A long shot of ISLA making her way through the dark and deserted halls of the palace.

Outside lightning flashes, temporarily illuminating the hall in a harsh light. The storm breaks and rain begins pore in droves.

Close in on ISLA. She looks up towards the wall.

Hanging there are the Stormcaller's banners framing a large portrait of the current royal family. WILHELM, ISKA, SEVERN, and a young devil girl who resembles ISKA, NERISSA, are shown in a regal light. ISLA is of course not present in the portrait.

ISLA walks up to the portrait and lightly brushes her fingers against a spot where she could theoretically fit.

Another flash of lightning bathes the painting in harsh light and shadows contorting the faces making ISLA wrench her hand away.

As soon as the lighting fades a sudden loud BANG sounds on the window next to ISLA.

ISLA flinches and whips around to the massive hallway window.

At first she sees nothing, the storm obscuring all but a large shadow. However as lighting strikes again it shows the shape of a large dragon clinging to the side of the palace.

ISLA
(Gasps)

ISLA stumbles back unable to take her eyes off the dragon.

The dragon fixes it's gaze onto ISLA, staring down at her, following her every movement. The beast makes a low growling noise

TEMPESTENETUR
(In a long low roar)
IIIIISSSSSSLAAAAAAAA

Without waning the dragon launches itself off the side of the castle, it's massive wings catching the wind with ease as it flies off into the night.

The power of the dragon's departure is enough to blow the window open causing ISLA to shield her face.

Once ISLA recovers she runs over to the now open window and looks out into the storm. A strange static energy fills the air.

ISLA stares at where the dragon was.

A distant bellowing can just be heard over the storm.

FADE OUT

EXT. STREETS OF VERA CRUZ - DAY

The sun begins to rise on Vera Cruz, very few people are about.

HECTOR steps out of an unkempt home, a traveling sack slung over his shoulder. He takes a moment to take in the morning.

looking back at his home he turns and with a deep breath HECTOR steps out of the threshold.

CUT TO:

INT. DORSTON PALACE HALL - NIGHT

ISLA sprints through the palace in panic, her hair and clothes still being wet from the storm.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF VERA CRUZ - DAY

HECTOR walks through the streets towards the docks. A large galleon stands out against all others, El Sol Naciente.

HECTOR stops before the ship, hesitating.

CUT TO:

INT. DORSTON STAIRWELL - NIGHT

ISLA races up a set of stairs.

HECTOR (V.O.)
Well I suppose...

ISLA reaches a door yanking it open.

ISLA
(Panicked)
Severn! I-I saw it! The dragon, i-it was-

SEVERN'S room is in a state of disarray. Sheets torn to shreds, books and papers scattered, and the door to the balcony broken open letting in the rain.

SEVERN is nowhere to be found.

HECTOR (V.O.)
...there's no turning back now.

ISLA
Severn?

FADE TO BLACK

HECTOR (V.O.)
For any of us...

END