

UNTITLED FANTASY

Written by

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FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE

FADE IN:

LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - Various

Synth music plays over sweeping drone shots of cars and streets of Los Angeles.

Homelessness and Nightclubs. Grimy scenes of modern-day poverty interlaced with the luxurious lives of socialites and influencers.

Super: Los Angeles, Present Day.

CUT TO:

APARTMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. A phone vibrates and beeps, lighting up the room.

Two figures stir in bed. The phone screen screams 2:30am. JIM (25) gets up abruptly. He silences the noise and covers the phone's light. He quietly slips on sweatpants and a shirt. SAHERA (25) stirs.

SAHERA
(groggily)
What was that?

JIM
(whispering)
Sorry babe. Going out for a run.

SAHERA
Right now? It's like three in the morning.

JIM
It's part of that Mike Tyson training thing. I'll be back soon to nap.

SAHERA
Okay...

Jim grabs his keys and phone from the nightstand.

SAHERA (CONT'D)
Please don't forget your I.D. I don't want the cops stopping you again like that one time...

JIM
(beat)
You're right.

He adds the wallet to his inventory and walks to the door. He pauses. Forgot something.

He walks back to SAHERA and kisses her on the forehead. She smiles with her eyes closed.

JIM (CONT'D)
Love you, Sahera

He quickly walks back to the front door and closes it behind him. Ominous linger on the the closed door.

SAHERA
(to herself)
Love you too...

CUT TO:

Streets - Night - Ext

Jim is drenched with sweat. About half-way done with his run.

He turns down a large street with a cemetery on one side and the wall of a freeway on the other.[Wilshire and Sepulveda blvd.]

He shadow boxes and does the bob-and-weave. Headlights approach in the unfocused background. The distant lights go unnoticed as they swerve and sway along the street.

Jim finally notices as he is completely lit by the vehicle. A large white Land Rover stops inches from hitting him. The blaring music gets even louder as the doors to the car open.

SHORTY and TWO GOONS (all 30s) step out and approach Jim. They're tatted up and dressed impeccably. Organized crime.

BLUNT has a golden handgun, and BRUCE has a sub-machine gun. The small guy between them runs the show.

SHORTY
Sup! What you got?

Jim holds his hands up. He nervously scans the three men.

JIM
Just my keys and phone.

SHORTY
(snaps)
Phone.

Jim hands over his phone. Shorty passes the phone to Bruce. Bruce searches through the phone. Shorty and Jim stare-down.

BLUNT
I see something else in that other pocket.

JIM
(stammering)
Shit. Sorry. I usually don't bring my wallet on runs. Forgot I-

SHORTY
I feel a little disrespected.

Jim quickly hands his wallet to Blunt.

Silence in the air as Blunt rummages through the wallet.

BLUNT
Forty bucks. Ooh but look at this!

Blunt gives a wallet photo to Shorty. Shorty smiles and holds the photo up to Jim. It's a picture of Jim and Sahera together at a park.

SHORTY
This your lady?
(reading the back of the photo)
Happy two-year, babe. Love, Sahera.

Shorty passes the photo to Bruce. Jim stares.

BRUCE
She is a smokeshow! Dayum Jimmy-boy.

Shorty snatches the wallet and rifles through it. He holds up Jim's driver's license.

SHORTY
This the right address? Maybe we wanna pay her a visit.

Silence from Jim. He quietly gulps and clenches his fists. Snickers from the group.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
(sarcastic and menacing)
Tell you what. I see you're tryna
get that "work-out" in, we can help
with that! You get a five second
head-start.

Shorty wraps his gold festooned fingers around Jim's shoulder and points to a far-off distance down the road with his other hand.

SHORTY (CONT'D)
If we catch you before you get to
that light right there, you lose.
If you make it there before us, you
win. That sound good?

Jim looks up to the streetlight. So far away.

He looks back at the men, still wet and tired from his workout. A beat. He takes off running towards the light. Bruce fires a few rounds into the air.

BRUCE
WE GOT A RUNNER BAYBEE!

Jim sprints as fast as his legs will allow. In the background, the thugs get into their SUV. The headlights flicker on and off.

Jim's rhythmic footfalls stutter. His legs are failing him.

The metal behemoth effortlessly gains on Jim. He huffs and puffs, glancing back every few seconds.

Moments before Jim is a meat crayon, he rolls out of the way. The SUV screeches to smokey hault.

SHORTY
(from the window)
NOT THE RULES! YOU LOSE!

Thinking quickly, Jim climbs up the gate of the cemetery. BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. Jim runs into the heavy mist as the thugs fire their weapons into the misty graveyard.

The thugs blindly unload shots into the mist before climbing the fence and chasing Jim.

CEMETERY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jim sees a blur of white mist and headstones as he races through the cemetery.

He hobbles as much as he can before collapsing behind a large stone headstone. The large unique headstone has a stone dragon perched on top of it.

Still on his knees, he clutches his back and reveals a red soaked hand. His back and the side of his body are red with blood and bullet holes.

Sharp, wincing breaths. He slumps over.

Blood streams from his body up to his neck and pours onto the grave below him. The blood drips and plops forming a pool. The pool gathers at first, then sinks into the wet grass with an unearthly thump.

Jim's agonizing body writhes and convulses on the muddy grave. The dragon sculpture seems to wobble.

A deep and powerful voice can be heard throughout the cemetery.

DRAGON (O.S)
When the blood of the innocent
falls on the grave of wicked-

Other plots and graves tremble. The dragon statue's eyes glow purple as cracks form on the rest of its body.

DRAGON (O.S) (CONT'D)
A new beginning. The damned will
rise.
(beat)
Magic will reign once more.

Skeletal hands break through the layers of dirt. Rotten corpses and skeletal figures free themselves from their "eternal" rest.

The three thugs nervously look around at the mayhem with terror and confusion as the ground trembles below them. In desperation, they fire their guns at THE DEAD.

Futile. The dead are commanded by a fully reanimated DRAGON. The four-story tall Dragon roars a dark purple fire into the air. The sea of dead overwhelm the gunfire with a wall of carrion and bones.

CUT TO:

LOS ANGELES - NIGHT - VARIOUS

The scenes of LA nightlife are now magical in nature. The homeless man is now an elf, still in homeless garb.

6.

The socialites at the club are now a "who's who" of mythical beasts and plain-old Humans.

FADE TO BLACK:

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