

VALDFELLGAR

Written by

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EXT. SEATTLE - DAY

SUPER: 2025 - SEATTLE.

The rays of the setting sun reflect off the skyscrapers across the city, sending light every which way. One particular skyscraper, FAR taller than the rest, stands in the middle of the city.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - RAPHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Orange light filters in through the tinted windows, bathing the room. A SCREEN built into the far wall displays numerous NEWS reports all running at the same time.

NEWSREPORTERS (TV)

The leaks continue to damage/ The President has been approached for an official response/ Already tensions have risen between the United States and other leading nations/ China has threatened an attack--

RAPHAEL CANTRY (37) trim suit, smart, piercing eyes, pale skin, SNAPS his fingers and the TV switches to a single news story, the others shrinking as it takes up the entire screen.

NEWS REPORTER 1 (TV)

New information has surfaced concerning the United States security scandal. As tensions continue to rise between the United States and other leading nations the government has finally tracked down the source of this highly damaging leak.

Raphael SNEERS.

NEWS REPORTER 1 (TV) (CONT'D)

Arms businessman Raphael Cantry--

Raphael's FACE appears on the TV.

NEWS REPORTER 1 (TV) (CONT'D)

Has been determined as the man leaking sensitive information concerning the U.S. Government and its approach to foreign intelligence.

(MORE)

NEWS REPORTER 1 (TV) (CONT'D)

The government is currently
preparing an attempt to apprehend
Raphael before tensions become any
more strained--

Raphael SNAPS his fingers and the TV turns off. He turns to his laptop on the table and begins typing away FURIOUSLY. His phone next to the Laptop turns on and a progress bar slowly fills across its screen.

A BODYGUARD, big and brutish, enters the room.

BODYGUARD 1

The Enclave wants you out of here.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

I'm not exactly interested in
staying here myself.

BODYGUARD 1

They suggest you continue the data
upload on the go.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

What do you think I'm doing?

Raphael raises an eyebrow at the Bodyguard and then stops typing. He turns to his phone and picks it up, the progress bar only 1/10th of the way, and shoves it in his pocket.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

How long do we have until the U.S.
forces arrive?

Raphael rises from his desk and moves around it. The Bodyguard follows him to the door.

BODYGUARD 1

I don't know. The intelligence
network has been hit.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

(disgusted)
You lot are almost as useless as
the humans.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - OFFICE HALLWAYS - DAY

Raphael, followed by his Bodyguard, heads down the long and winding hallways. As the two continue on BODYGUARDS come around corners, out of offices, all swarming around Raphael and following.

BODYGUARD 1

We have a chopper waiting on the roof.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

Good. We have about ten minutes before things get crazy. Are our operatives set in China and Russia?

BODYGUARD 1

Intelligence says they're good to go.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

Pity. I was hoping for a little more than ten minutes. Come on. Let's pick up the pace.

Raphael pushes through his Guards and rushes down the hall. The Guards speed to catch up.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - 107TH FLOOR - GLASS HALL - DAY

Raphael comes out into a MASSIVE HALL. The walls are made of large glass windows looking out over the city below. The windows tinted black, so as to dim the light coming in. DOZENS of Bodyguards follow Raphael out into the hall and speed to move ahead of him.

Raphael looks to his watch. He winces.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

Come on, Come on. We're cutting it close as it is.

Raphael SMACKS into the back of one of his Bodyguards. He looks up to see those in front of him have stopped moving. The rest slow and come to a halt.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

He glances over the shoulder of one and his eyes widen--

A SWORDSMAN (33) piercing eyes, black hair, wide muscly features stands at the other end of the hall. He's wrapped in a long black cloak, a hood pulled over his head, barely hiding his intense features. A sword, as wide as a man and six feet tall is strapped to his back, sheathed beneath the cloak.

The group comes to a complete stop and Raphael stares with confusion.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)
Who the hell--

Bodyguard 1 puts a hand in front of Raphael.

BODYGUARD 1
Sir. Please stay behind me.

The Bodyguards all reach into their breast pockets, grabbing the guns tucked away in their holsters.

The Swordsman takes a step forward. The Bodyguard's eyes narrow as this mysterious Swordsman takes another step. And then another. And another and--

His body shimmers, limbs, sections of his form blinking away, disappearing and then--

He's gone.

Some of the Guards gasp and EVERYONE glances around the room.

BODYGUARD 2
Where did he go?

BODYGUARD 3
Shit.

The footsteps continue. A number of the Bodyguards draw their guns aiming wildly around the room. Eyes flick back and forth, desperately trying to find the source of the noise. And then the footsteps PICK UP in pace.

RAPHAEL CANTRY
Oh no. Oh no, oh no.

And without warning the footsteps stop and the sound of metal grinding against its holster reverberates through the air--

The swordsman REAPPEARS, his body becoming visible again in patches--

INCHES away from the front most Bodyguards. Their eyes WIDEN as--

The Swordsman's sword, HIGH in the air, COMES right down ON TOP of them. SPLITTING the men in two. Blood FLYING into the air.

The sword SMASHES into the floor, SLICING and breaking through the concrete. GUNFIRE RINGS OUT through the air as the remaining Guards FIRE at the swordsman. The bullets HIT and-- FALL to the floor, failing to penetrate his thick black hide-like armor.

Raphael FALLS onto his ass, his eyes wide and his mouth agape with dismay.

One of the bullets SCRAPES the cheek of the swordsman and he suddenly shimmers, fading out and becoming invisible again.

Footsteps echo again and the gunfire SPRAYS randomly throughout the hall.

The Swordsman becomes visible again, now RUNNING towards one of the glass walls. The gunfire MOVES after him, RIPPING the floor to bits. Raphael's eyes fix on the gunfire as it moves toward the windows and after the Swordsman.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

Stop. Stop firing!

Realizing no one is listening, Raphael RISES to his feet and RUNS for the double doors at the opposite end of the hall. Several Guards follow, the rest continue to fire, their bullets inching ever closer to the windows--

The Swordsman reaches the windows and--
RUNS up them. The spray of bullets follows--

SHATTERING the glass. Light SPRAYS into the hall and the Guards--

RECOIL! Smoke pouring from their skin and all who are hit by the light FALL to the floor in pain. The rest try to back away into the shadows.

The Swordsman SPINS on his heels and LAUNCHES himself off the glass wall, preparing his sword for another strike--

He SLASHES through the stunned Guards, sliding across the floor and SPINNING, SWINGING his sword around and CLEAVING another set in two.

The Swordsman catches sight of Raphael heading through the doors, several Guards following. The Swordsman reaches down with his free hand to a GUN holstered on his thigh. He opens the strap and pulls out a LONG barrelled handgun. He moves it up, aims, and FIRES, BLOWING away the shoulder on one of the Guards following Raphael.

Raphael DUCKS out of the hall and through the door as the Swordsman SPRAYS gunfire at the door, taking out another five Guards before stopping.

He finally comes to a halt, rises, sheathes his sword, and DASHES after Raphael. The room's floor is now stained heavy with blood, bodies ripped in two.

A number lay in the heavy sunlight coming through the shattered windows. The bodies in the sun OOZE with smoke.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - OFFICE HALLWAYS - DAY

Raphael DASHES down through the halls, his Guards following.

BODYGUARD 2
Who the hell was that?

RAPHAEL CANTRY
 It doesn't matter! Just keep him
 away from me.

BODYGUARD 1
 Yes sir.

Raphael continues down the hall and the Bodyguards stop. Bodyguard 1 puts a hand to his ear.

BODYGUARD 1 (CONT'D)
 Mr. Cantry requires additional
 security. Teams four and five
 report to the helipad.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - OFFICE HALLWAYS - DAY

The Swordsman RUNS through the halls, turning corner after corner. He comes face to face with Bodyguard 1, now surrounded by at least twelve more Guards. The Swordsman grabs the hilt of his sword and begins to draw.

He pulls the sword up and its TIP punctures the ceiling, becoming stuck. Bodyguard 1 smiles.

BODYGUARD 1
 Seems your weapon is a bit
 impractical now, isn't it?

The Swordsman's eyes NARROW. The Guards draw their guns.

The Swordsman lowers his sword back down--

And YANKS it up, SLICING through the ceiling as he CHARGES forward. The Guards eyes WIDEN and they FIRE--

Bullets RIP through the walls, the floor, and SMACK into the Swordsman's armor. He DASHES forward, his sword TEARING through the ceiling and walls with ease.

He charges into the Guards, SLICING them horizontally and vertically, their bodies collapsing into pieces. He DASHES onward as the hallways behind him WHINE and CREEK--

And BUCKLE. The halls COLLAPSING in a domino-like effect and CHASING after the Swordsman.

He DASHES onward keeping ahead of the chain of destruction. He sheathes his sword and continues toward a large door at the top of a small staircase--

He RAMPAGES up the stairs, dust from the collapsed hallways wafting up behind him--

He BURSTS through the doors--

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - ROOFTOP HELIPAD - DAY

And out onto the large rectangular roof. At the far end is a the helipad. Raphael LOOKS back to see the Swordsman in the doorway, dust wafting out of the stairwell behind him as the COLLAPSE of the hallways echoes out into the open air.

DOZENS of Guards stand between the two, armed with far deadlier weapons. Shotguns, Rifles, Uzis, the lot. Each Guard is masked, hiding his features from the sun. Raphael shakes his head with disbelief and smiles. He sticks to the shadows, keeping his head down and runs for the helicopter.

The Guards FIRE, their blasts RIPPING through the ground around the Swordsman. The bullets SMASH into his armor. His left leg buckles and he begins to kneel.

Drawing his sword again he SLAMS it into the roof, using it as a shield. The massive sword, silver in color, seems impenetrable as the bullets BOUNCE off it.

The Swordsman BRUSHES his cloak away revealing a brother to the handgun he drew before. He grabs both now and removes them from their holsters.

He rises from behind his sword and FIRES with both guns. Boom. Boom. Two Guards taken out, their bodies SMACKING into the roof and skidding with incredible force. Several of the Guards stop firing and look back with sheer shock at their brutally murdered comrades.

He FIRES again and AGAIN. Four more Guards fall. The others start to run and are easily mowed down by this unstoppable assassin.

The Swordsman holsters his guns and YANKS his sword from the roof. He looks up towards the helipad.

Raphael has just reached the copter. The Swordsman sheathes his sword as he RUNS across the rooftop in an effort to catch his target.

Raphael looks back, fear in his eyes, he then turns and motions to TWO more Guards inside the chopper. They nod and jump out, running towards the Swordsman, their rifles in hand.

They reach the edge of the pad as the copter begins to RISE into the air. They FIRE. Bullets SPRAY across the roof but the Swordsman CHARGES forward.

He DRAWS his sword and it--

FLIES from his hand, out into the air and to his right. Raphael watches and smiles, almost laughing at the pathetic mistake--

The Guards continue to fire, their bullets SMASHING into the assassin's armor. But then one of them notices--

A LONG METAL CHAIN flies through the air, attaching the Sword to the Swordsman charging towards them. Suddenly it becomes TAUT the sword stalling mid-air.

The Swordsman GRABS the tight chain and YANKS it back. The Silver Sword FLIES down through the air its blade shifting horizontally.

The Two Guards stop firing and turn, watching with total disbelief as the sword FLIES toward them and--

SLICES them in two!

Their torsos JUMP into the air and SMACK back down, rolling across the rooftop.

The Sword flies to the left and circles the Swordsman.

Raphael watches with complete disbelief as the Swordsman stands back, his sword circling him, the chain wrapping around his torso and he--

JUMPS into the air, PULLING on the chain, forcing the sword to descend--

Its tip CUTTING lightly into the rooftop--

Pulling back up into the air--

And heading straight for the tail of the chopper. Raphael's eyes go WIDER than ever.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

No.

The sword approaches and--

MISSES, by inches. The chain gives and the sword falls back and away. The Swordsman lands and CATCHES the sword by its handle.

Raphael laughs with relief, almost hysterical.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

That was close. So close. But it
looks like I win. I win.

The Swordsman grabs the hilt of the sword with his left hand and SMASHES the butt of the handle into his thigh. Suddenly the sword begins to morph! Its upper half unfolds to reveal a long barrel CANNON. A handle and trigger FLIP out from the bottom side of the sword and he grips it tight with his right hand.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

(shock)
What the fuck--

The Swordsman aims the sword, now more of a high powered cannon, right at the chopper.

Raphael looks around with disbelief and seeing no other way of escape--

JUMPS from the chopper and down to the roof.

The Swordsman FIRES. The rooftop SHAKES and a great BOOM sounds as the BLAST HURTLES toward the chopper and--

OBLITERATES IT. Debris PLUMMETS down onto the roof and the chopper's main body SKIDS down the side of the building, SHATTERING glass windows straight down the skyscraper's side.

Raphael FALLS to the roof, landing on all fours. His eyes fill with anger and he CHARGES across the roof top and into the sun, his skin oozes smoke as he moves toward the Swordsman.

Raphael's assassin SMACKS the butt of the handle against his thigh again and the sword morphs back to its original form. Raphael SCREAMS as he rushes the swordsman LAUNCHING at him--

Raphael's hands morph into CLAWS, his finger nails STRETCHING and sharpening into long jagged bone like knives--

The Swordsman SIDESTEPS. Yanks the sword back and--

SLICES. The sword CUTS right through Raphael's RIGHT ARM which goes FLYING into the air and BOUNCES down across the roof.

Raphael SCREAMS and FALLS, sliding across the roof, clutching at his now barren shoulder.

The Swordsman sheathes his sword one final time and then draws the gun holstered on his right leg. He moves to the quivering Raphael and aims. Raphael looks up, fear, anger, pain all across his features.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

I-- I can't believe it. The legends were true.

The Swordsman remains silent. The wind begins to pick up and his cloak flows and dances in the air. Raphael struggles to right himself, or to at least sit up straight.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

Who would've thought I'd ever meet the Valdfellgar.

The Swordsman remains unphased as Raphael gives him a name.

VALDFELLGAR (SWORDSMAN)

The files.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

What?

VALDFELLGAR

I want the files. The security leaks.

Raphael doesn't move and the Valdfellgar FIRES, the bullet passing INCHES from Raphael's ear. He swallows and nods obediently. He reaches with his remaining hand into his pocket and pulls his phone out.

He looks at the screen and begins to laugh uncontrollably. The Valdfellgar watches, unamused. Raphael looks up to his attacker and holds the phone out. The progress bar has finished.

RAPHAEL CANTRY

You're too late. You're too late!

The whole world knows.

(laughs)

We've won. I've won!

The Valdfellgar's eyes narrow. He tightens his finger around the trigger--

A WHISTLING fills the air--

BOOM. AN EXPLOSION ROCKS the skyscraper, a DOZEN or so floors below Raphael and the Valdfellgar are totaled in an instant.

Raphael falls back to the ground as the building shakes violently. The Valdfellgar looks around as DOZENS of missiles RAIN across the city.

Explosions OBLITERATE building after building.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

No. It's too early. What are you doing? Stop! I'm still here!

The Valdfellgar winces at the destruction.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You.

He looks back at Raphael, still on the ground and shaking with fear, pain, and anger.

RAPHAEL CANTRY (CONT'D)

You did this. You doomed us. You took out our only escape.

The building is HIT again, another missile BLASTING away the floors below and the building--

WHINES as the support beams BUCKLE. The entire building SINKS down COLLAPSING in on itself.

The roof CRACKS, SPLINTERING into sections. A crack FORMS between Raphael and the Valdfellgar. Raphael SCREAMS and reaches out for help--

As the floor falls away and he PLUMMETS, SCREAMING, to his death. The floor beneath the Valdfellgar becomes unstable and he loses his footing, falling along with everything else.

He grabs at his wrist, a touchpad interface, and types in a sequence. A blue light SHINES over him and he begins to phase out, his body becoming translucent--

A metal pipe SPEARS itself into his shoulder. He CRIES OUT and--

Vanishes. The rubble PLUMMETS down and the skyscraper CRUMBLES along with the rest of Seattle.

INT. NEW YORK SANCTUARY - HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

A GIGANTIC MACHINE sits in the back of the room. In its center is a large circular opening and within it--

A STORM of blue and white. Electricity SPARKS around the storm and FLIES OUT, charring and electrocuting anything it touches.

Suddenly the VALDFELLGAR is THROWN from the storm and SKIDS across the floor. DOZENS of TECHNICIANS and SCIENTISTS turn with surprise at his return.

BEREM HASHEN (51) lanky, thinning hair, stern, wearing a lab coat turns from a console to the right and watches the Valdfellgar squirm across the floor, his blood dripping from his open shoulder wound. Berem sneers with disgust.

BEREM HASHEN

Can't you do anything right?

The Valdfellgar attempts to stand and he fumbles, falling back onto his hands and knees. FIONA SAVELLEN (27) tied back hair, professional doctor look to her, RUNS toward the Valdfellgar and kneels, checking him over.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Try to relax and stay still.

The Valdfellgar's eyes waver, unable to maintain focus on anything. He glances over at Fiona and looks her over.

VALDFELLGAR

Who are you?

FIONA SAVELLEN

I'm Fiona Savellen. Medical Specialist. I was brought on just a few days after you left.

VALDFELLGAR

How long have I been gone?

BEREM HASHEN

Five days, Michard. Five completely
wasted days.

The Valdfellgar, MICHARD ECKLEVEN, hangs his head, closing his eyes and struggles to get a grip.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

You should know in the time it took you to utterly fail to change anything at all we've lost significant ground against the Vampiric armies.

Michard tries again to rise to his feet, this time he seems to be succeeding, if slowly.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

But you're in luck. I've covered your ass. Give me ten minutes and I'll have your mission all prepped.

Fiona's eyes widen and she turns, rushing over to Berem.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Dr. Hashen are you insane? We can't allow Michard to go anywhere in his present state. He's far too drained.

Berem shakes his head in disgust. Michard, meanwhile, finally gets to his feet. Fiona flags over two GUARDS.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

Help me get him to the infirmary.

The Guards nod and approach Michard, grabbing his arms--

HE THROWS one off and to the floor. The other lets go and puts his hands up in defeat. The Scientists and Technicians murmur with shock and surprise.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

Michard what do you think you're doing?

Michard starts toward the door at the opposite end of the room.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (VALDFELLGAR)

I'm going out.

Fiona starts after him but it's too late. Michard reaches the door, it slides open for him, he moves out in the hall, and it slides shut behind him. She lets out an exasperated sigh.

BEREM HASHEN

He's just wasting time.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Damn it.

Fiona taps at a wrist communicator on her arm.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

Commander Winther. Commander
Winther?

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - CARL'S APARTMENT - DAY

CARL WINTHER (38) hardened, military cut, combat suit, sits on the couch next to his WIFE (30s). He rubs her shoulder as they watch their SON (7) playing with a toy truck on the floor.

Carl's wristband beeps and he raises it to his mouth.

CARL WINTHER

What is it, Dr. Savellen?

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)

Michard Eckleven has just returned from his mission. He's left the lab and I have no idea where he's gone. I need him brought to the medical bay immediately. He needs time to recover.

Carl looks to his Wife who nods understandingly.

CARL WINTHER

Don't worry, Doctor. I know exactly where he's going. I'm on it.

Carl rises and moves to his son.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

Daddy has to go to work now.

CARL'S SON

When are you coming back?

CARL WINTHER

(smiles)

Soon.

(kisses Son's forehead)

Don't worry.

His Son smiles and Carl pats him on the head before heading out of the apartment.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michard walks, slowly, one foot before the other, through the deserted halls. One of the walls next to him is glass, allowing him to look out--

And across the CITY. NEW YORK or what's left of it. Many of the buildings appear abandoned, some crumbling. There's a distinct absence of people. Entire chunks of the cityscape are now nothing more than gaping CHASMS.

SUPER: 2045 - NEW YORK, SANCTUARY FOR HUMANITY.

In one of the chasms, which appears to be recent, lay the remains of a LARGE WARSHIP, something resembling a stealth fighter but the size of a battleship.

The building Michard is in is easily fifty stories higher than any other building across the city.

SIRENS sound from outside.

WARNING MESSAGE (INTERCOM)

Vampiric incursion has ceased.
Vampiric incursion has ceased. All citizens may again venture beyond the shelters. We are finishing repairs to the light barrier. It should be up momentarily.

Across the city a WAVE of RED LIGHT passes overhead and forms a kind of dome over the remnants of the city. Michard continues past the windows and into a section of windowless hallway.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - PERSONNEL QUARTERS - DAY

Michard enters into a set of halls filled with doors. A kind of barracks/apartment complex. Michard eyes the area. PERSONNEL (20s-40s) watch him, scared by his very presence.

Michard, groggy, steps forward through the hall, obviously a bit lost.

CARL WINTHER (O.S.)

Eckleven.

Michard glances back over his shoulder to see Carl coming down the hall. Ignoring Carl's call, Michard continues through the personnel quarters.

Carl RUNS ahead and turns to face Michard, blocking his path.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)
 Let's just turn around and see the
 doctor first alright?

Michard grunts a "No." And PUSHES Carl out of the way. Carl stumbles back. Even injured Michard still possesses incredible strength.

Carl motions to SEVERAL GUARDS and they RUSH Michard, grabbing his arms and trying to force him back. Michard THROWS one of the men off, but his strength starts to falter.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 I said no.

CARL WINTHER
 There'll be time to see her later,
 Michard.

Michard KICKS one of the Guards off him and THROWS another away. He rounds on Carl, preparing to draw his sword. The THROGS of PERSONNEL GASP. Carl JUMPS back and draws his gun from his holster--

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (O.S.)
 Daddy.

Michard's eyes return to their senses and he looks back as--

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (8) adorable, cute, brown hair, RUSHES up to him and tackles his stomach. In her arms is a small brown teddy bear. Michard lets go of his sword and it CLANGS to the floor, the echo resounding throughout the room.

Michard places his hand on the back of Ellen's head.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
 I missed you.

She looks up to Michard, worry, fear in her eyes. Michard smiles and strokes her head.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 I missed you too, Ellen. I--

Life seems to fade from Michard's eyes and he stumbles back. Ellen's eyes widen with horror and she SCREAMS.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
 Daddy!

Michard FALLS to the ground. Carl and Guards RUSH around.

CARL WINTHER
Eckleven. Michard? Damn it.

Carl speaks into his wristband. Ellen watches with horror. She tries to move to her father's aid but she's quickly PUSHES and PULLED out of the way by Guards.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
What's wrong with my Daddy?

CARL WINTHER (O.S.)
I need emergency teams down here now. Eckleven has collapsed.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Daddy!

Michard's blood SEEPS across the floor as Ellen's tears STREAM down her cheeks and she SCREAMS for her father.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Michard lays back in a large glass tank, filled with liquid. The tank is horizontal and the top section open like a casket. Michard is still unconscious but it's obvious his wounds have begun to heal within the liquid. His bruises appear to be disappearing at a rapid rate and the wound along his shoulder is closing in real time.

Fiona stands a short ways away next to a pile of Michard's things. Armor. His weapons. She runs a hand over the sword and then notices, caught between the folds of his chest plate, a small gold locket. Fiona pulls it free and opens it. Inside is a picture of ELLEN, a year or two younger, sitting in the lap of, presumably, her MOTHER (20s).

The doors to the hall slide open and Berem enters. His eyes move from Michard to Fiona. She spots him and places the locket in her pocket.

BEREM HASHEN
Wake him. We're sending him on the next mission immediately--

FIONA SAVELLEN
You must be joking. He's in no state for another one of your "tumble through time" rides of death.

Carl enters the room to see Berem grab Fiona by her arm.

BEREM HASHEN

Your job isn't to question my instructions but to simply follow them.

Fiona RIPS her arm out of Berem's grasp.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Not when they're impossible.

Carl approaches the two.

CARL WINTHER

What's going on?

BEREM HASHEN

Dr. Savellen is refusing--

FIONA SAVELLEN

Only because what he's asking could kill Michard.

Fiona grabs a small data pad, stationed in a slot along the top of a nearby console, removes it, and shows it to Carl.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

You think most of his wounds were superficial? Wrong. He's got heavy internal bruising, at least one major ruptured organ, and seven broken or at least fractured bones.

Berem grimaces.

CARL WINTHER

Cause?

FIONA SAVELLEN

Near as I can tell most of this isn't from his battle with the Vampires but from Dr. Hashen's damn Time Tunnel. Michard may be able to survive the strain when most can't but to believe it doesn't cause him damage is absurd.

CARL WINTHER

Mmm.

BEREM HASHEN

Need I remind you that it won't be long before the Vampiric armies launch another assault?

(MORE)

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
 We barely survived the battle
 against one of their war ships.

Carl runs a hand along his chin and Fiona shifts uneasily.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
 We've already wasted one chance to
 alter present events and we are
running out of time.

FIONA SAVELLEN
 That may be true but look at the
 effect this is having on him.
 Commander Winther if we send
 Michard through that Time Tunnel
 again it won't matter if he's
 "generally immune" to the effects
 unlike everyone else. He will die.

Carl's eyes flick between Fiona and Berem. They then fall
 back on Fiona.

CARL WINTHER
 I understand, Dr. Savellen. Do
 everything you can to get Eckleven
 back on his feet. I'll-- I'll make
 sure this place doesn't fall until
 he does.

Berem shakes his head in disgust and Fiona nods.

FIONA SAVELLEN
 Thank you, sir.

CARL WINTHER
 You have two days, Doctor. Make him
 walk by then.

FIONA SAVELLEN
 (balks)
 Ah-- Yes. Yes, sir. I understand.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - NIGHT

Fiona sits at her desk and pours over the data on her
 console. She rubs her temples and shuts her eyes. A bell
 RINGS off by the door and she turns around just as the doors
 open--

To see a GUARD along with ELLEN. Fiona smiles as she
 recognizes the girl from the locket.

FIONA SAVELLEN
You must be Michard's daughter.

Ellen, her teddy bear nestled in her arms, looks over its head and to Fiona. She nods shyly.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
Want to see your father?

Ellen nods again. Fiona rises from her seat and moves to Ellen, offering the little girl her hand. Ellen looks at it a moment and then, as if deciding Fiona won't bite, takes her hand.

Fiona leads Ellen over to Michard and lifts her up on a stool next to her father. Ellen looks in at Michard, his wounds now basically gone, but that doesn't help to quell her worry. Fiona notices and places a hand on Ellen's shoulder.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
Don't worry.

Ellen nods and Fiona heads back to her work station. After a moment Michard's eyes begin to open and he looks over to see his daughter. He smiles.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Hey, hun.

Ellen lowers the teddy bear revealing her nervous smile.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
What have you been up to while I
was gone?

Ellen looks over her father's body, noticing the scars, and seems to clam up.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
How are you liking your new school?

Ellen's eyes move back to her dad.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
It's-- It's okay. Some of the other
kids-- they kind of avoid me.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I'm sure not all of them, right?

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
(shakes head)
Brianna is nice to me.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Well there we go.

Ellen smiles and seems to bounce as she begins to calm around her father. Fiona smiles, watching the two.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

So. Daddy. I was thinking since you're back we could have tea time--

Michard's smile fades into pained disappointment. Ellen holds out her teddy bear so Michard can see him better.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Bear and I would love to have you at our table--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

And I'd love to be there, sweetie. But daddy has work to do.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

(extreme disappointment)
But I miss you.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I know, sweetie. I promise when this is over you won't ever have to be lonely again.

Fiona's smiles falters and she watches the two in fear.

Ellen, tears filling her eyes, jumps down from the stool and, still clutching the bear, RUNS from the room, The Guard struggling to catch up.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Ellen.

But it's too late. The doors to the hall slides shut and Michard is left alone with Fiona.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

The doors to the medical room open and Fiona walks in, eyes shut, still yawning. She opens them to see Michard is no longer inside his recovery cylinder.

She glances around the room and spots him towards the back, putting a shirt on.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Michard.

She moves to him.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
I'm glad to see you're up and
about.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Mmm.

Michard gets his shirt on and finishes buckling his pants. He looks around the room. His armaments, cloak, armor, none of it in sight.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
Where are my things?

FIONA SAVELLEN
What? No, you won't be needing
them. You've still got another day
of--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I guess they're back in the armory.

Michard moves past Fiona and heads for the hall. She struggles to say something, fumbles a moment--

FIONA SAVELLEN
Wait.

Michard looks back to see Fiona holding out his locket. He takes it and puts it back around his neck.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Thanks.

FIONA SAVELLEN
You- I don't have to sign you out
right away. A few days off. Spend
time with your daughter.

Michard seems to think for a moment, as if to accept, and then he stops.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I don't have time to relax.

He starts again for the door and Fiona races around to stop him, placing a hand on his chest.

FIONA SAVELLEN
You need to rest. If you don't you
could die. Your body has been under
so much strain and your daughter--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

A lot of people died because I failed. I'm lucky she wasn't one of them.

Fiona's mouth is agape. Completely caught off guard. Michard places a hand on Fiona's shoulder and moves past her, heading into the hall. The doors open and shut behind him.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - ARMORY - DAY

Michard stands toward the back of the armory, reassembling his armor and strapping it over his chest, legs, all down his body. Berem enters the room and, spotting Michard, rushes over to him.

BEREM HASHEN

Michard.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I'll be ready to hunt down Raphael again in a minute.

BEREM HASHEN

You're not getting a second shot at him, Michard. That ship has sailed.

Michard looks back at Berem.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Why?

BEREM HASHEN

(annoyed)

Time travel is not an easy thing. Most people don't have the physical durability to survive the journey. You do. But if you tried to access that particular segment of time again I doubt your extra endurance would make any bit of difference.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I don't understand.

BEREM HASHEN

Heh. I didn't suppose you would. The Temporal Tunnel, or time tunnel, is strenuous on the body. We're basically ripping you free of the confines of time and then forcibly reinserting you into the natural flow of the time stream.

(MORE)

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
Most humans don't have a prayer of surviving the trip.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
But I can.

BEREM HASHEN
Very fortunate. But if we were to try and reinsert you into a time segment you've already been in-- well. I see one of two things happening.

Michard finishes equipping his armor and begins strapping the gun holsters to each leg.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
Either you'd "bounce" off that particular time segment and end up god knows where or--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Or?

Michard finishes strapping his guns on and moves to the wall, grabbing his cloak and sliding that over his shoulder and head. Fiona enters the room and moves to Berem and Michard.

BEREM HASHEN
You'd die from the strain.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I'd risk it.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Michard no. What good is trying to change things if you just end up dead?

Michard ignores her and grabs his massive silver sword from the wall.

BEREM HASHEN
The point is moot anyway. I've already spoken with the Governing Council and they've approved my plan of action.

Michard slings the sword into the holster on his back and moves for the hall door.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I'm all ears.

Berem and Fiona follow Michard into the hall.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michard, followed by Berem and Fiona, moves through the halls in the direction of the Temporal Lab.

FIONA SAVELLEN

I don't understand. Michard wasn't able to stop Raphael Contry from uploading the classified data on the U.S. Government. We've already failed to avert the events that sparked the apocalypse.

BEREM HASHEN

Vampires didn't just pop up out of nowhere. For generations they integrated themselves into human society.

FIONA SAVELLEN

I read theories about that. Vampires being something akin to Neanderthals, an off shoot of modern man.

BEREM HASHEN

They bred with humans, out of necessity and become a secret part of our society, waiting until the day they could topple us and take the world for themselves.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

So it's like an Easter egg hunt. I've never been very good at games.

BEREM HASHEN

There isn't a need for that. Numerous wars, catastrophes and the like are believed to have been instigated by vampires. All efforts as part of their ultimate goal. The fall of man.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The doors to the lab open, Guards on either side of the door, as Michard, Berem, and Fiona head inside. Technicians and Scientists continue their work around the room.

BEREM HASHEN

My idea is to target various Vampiric bloodlines. We can damage the Vampiric armies of today by cutting down their ancestors of yesterday. And perhaps, if truly lucky, we can avert disasters of the past entirely.

FIONA SAVELLEN

So either weaken the forces of today or prevent them from ever existing.

BEREM HASHEN

A decent summation.

Berem moves to his console, off to the side, as Michard moves toward the circular center of the machine, where the blue electric portal appeared before. Fiona watches Michard as he checks over his gear, tightening armor. Preparing for war.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Absul Hav'ar. A member of the Israeli armed forces during the 1967 "Six Day War."

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

He's my target?

FIONA SAVELLEN

What does the Six Day War have to do with anything? I thought the vampires would've only been involved with global conflicts.

BEREM HASHEN

Not all plans are so grandiose. I believe the true purpose of the war was to keep the middle east in a constant state of conflict, in an effort to permanently damage and hinder world relations.

Michard turns to Berem.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Lets see if I can cut six days down to five.

BEREM HASHEN

What? No that's-- ugh. Whatever makes your sickeningly dark bravado happy.

Berem starts up the machine. It whirs and HUMS violently. Within moments electric sparks FLY around the room and in the center of the machine--

The Temporal Portal from before. Blue swirls of electricity and color float inside the time tunnel. Michard steps forward and looks inside. Out the other end he can just barely make out ENDLESS SAND DUNES.

Michard looks back at Berem.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Remember you have two goals.
Eliminate Absul. And do what you
can to stop the Israeli forces from
winning the six day war.

Michard nods and moves into the portal. Fiona makes to shout something to Michard over all the wind and chaos--

But it's too late. He steps into the portal and his body is SUCKED in, TUMBLING through the tunnel and towards the past.

EXT. ISRAELI DESERT - DAY

A large blue swirling portal hangs in the sky. Michard SHOOTS from the portal and SMASHES into the sand below, sending it FLYING into the air around him.

Rising from his knees Michard takes a step back, woozy from the trip. He looks around. Nothing but sand for miles. Suddenly the pad on his wrist beeps and Michard pulls it to his face.

Berem and Fiona appear on it.

BEREM HASHEN (VID. COMM)

You appear to have landed seven
miles from the Israeli forces base
camp. They'll be moving on the West
Jordan Bank by the next day.

Michard looks into the sky. The sun hangs low.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

So less than twenty four hours.

BEREM HASHEN (VID. COMM)

From your present position head due
east.

Michard makes to end the call when Fiona pushes past Berem.

FIONA SAVELLEN (VID. COMM)
 Michard. Michard! Please-- be
 careful. Don't be afraid to end the
 mission if it gets too dangerous.

BEREM HASHEN (VID. COMM)
 What?

The portal behind Michard begins to falter and close. The
 communications video starts to frizzle out.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 Beginning the operation. Over and
 out.

The video communication dies and the portal shuts, the bangs
 of thunder and wind dying out, leaving Michard in the silent,
 barren desert.

Michard presses a sequence into his pad and a compass pops
 up. Pointing himself East he starts off across the barren
 sands and pulls his black hood up.

EXT. ISRAELI DESERT - ISRAELI STAGING GROUNDS - NIGHT

A LARGE camp. Tents, makeshift buildings, tanks, and
 THOUSANDS of TROOPS. Many of the Israeli Troops hang out in
 groups, drinking, preparing for combat, etc.

Michard watches from atop a sand dune a short distance away.
 His body shimmers a moment, fading in and out-- and
 disappears.

His footsteps sink into the sand as he heads, shrouded by his
 nano-tech invisibility cloak, across the camp. Without others
 noticing he opens flaps of tents, peering inside, checking
 for Absul.

ISRAELI SOLDIERS sit around a small campfire, five of them. A
 sixth, in a drunken stupor, heads across the camp to his
 buds.

Michard walks between the tents, the drunk soldier ahead of
 him. The others call to him and he turns abruptly walking
 right into--

Michard. He smacks into him, Michard still invisible, and
 falls onto his ass. The others get up, startled. The drunkard
 looks up at where Michard is. His body becomes visible for
 one instant and immediately disappears again. The soldier
 goes wide-eyed and backs away across the ground.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

(sighing)

Damn.

The sound of Michard's sword unsheathing echoes through the air and--

SMASHES down cutting the drunk soldier in two. The others, wide-eyed with terror, draw their weapons and FIRE.

Bullets spray where Michard is standing. Some strike and his body fades back into visibility. He YANKS his sword from the ground and HURLS it at one of the soldiers--

The massive blade FLIES through the air and PIERCES the man's chest THRUSTING him to the ground. The others, terrified, RUN FOR IT.

A nearby tank starts and turns to face Michard. He spots it and YANKS his sword back, the blade flying through the air and into his arms. Michard SMASHES the hilt's butt into his thigh and the sword again converts into its cannon form.

He aims at the tank as its barrel turns to him--

And he FIRES. BLOWING the tank away. It BURSTS apart in a sea of debris and flames. PANIC spreads throughout the camp.

Michard converts his sword back into its blade form just as another soldier comes around a tent and aims a ROCKET LAUNCHER at him.

Michard spots him as he pulls the trigger. The ROCKET FLYING through the air--

Michard SMASHES his sword into the sand--

It hits and EXPLODES. Fire raging all around where Michard had been standing. The Soldier edges near the blaze of smoke and fire--

And as it clears it becomes clear--

The Silver Sword is INTACT, having withstood the blast. Michard rises from behind the sword and aims a gun at the Soldier. BAM. Headshot and the man falls to the sand, lifeless.

INT. ISRAELI STAGING GROUNDS - ABSUL'S TENT - NIGHT

SCREAMS of terror echo in from outside. ABSUL HAV'AR (28) big, muscular, built like a tank, looks up from his desk and out the opening of his tent.

EXT. ISRAELI DESERT - ISRAELI STAGING GROUNDS - NIGHT

He THROWS the tent flap open and watches as his men run SCREAMING out of the main body of the camp. A SOLDIER runs past him and Absul GRABS the man by the arm.

ABSUL HAV'AR
(Hebrew)
What's going on?

ISRAELI SOLDIER 1
(Hebrew)
A demon! Some kind of monster is attacking.

He pulls his arm free of Absul's grasp and RUNS out into the desert. Absul nods with understanding.

ABSUL HAV'AR
Valdfellgar.

More SOLDIERS approach Absul.

ISRAELI SOLDIER 2
(Hebrew)
Sir. What should we do?

ABSUL HAV'AR
(Hebrew)
Abandon the plan. Return to your families.

ISRAELI SOLDIER 3
(Hebrew)
But sir--

ABSUL HAV'AR
(Hebrew)
If you die here they will never again see your smiling faces.

The Soldiers, reluctantly, evacuate at Absul's order. Absul turns towards the main part of the camp, gunfire, explosions and screams of death echoing from it. Absul becomes sullen and steps toward the chaos.

EXT. ISRAELI DESERT - ISRAELI STAGING GROUNDS - NIGHT

Michard PIERCES a man from behind, with his sword, skewering him on the blade. Another group of Soldiers come up behind Michard, readying to blow him away with excessive fire--

Michard spots them out of the corner of his eye, he wheels around--

They FIRE. Their bullets riddling the body of their dead comrade skewered on Michard's sword.

They stop and Michard swings his sword to the ground, the body sliding off it. He draws a gun from his left holster and FIRES, taking out the Soldiers easily.

The remaining Soldiers RUN. However one falls to the ground, too terrified to do anything else but cower with fear. Michard walks over to him, aiming the gun at the poor man.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Where's Absul?

The man shakes his head, unable to respond.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Where is Absul?

ABSUL HAV'AR (O.S.)

Welcome Valdfellgar--

Michard, hearing Absul's voice starts to look to his left--

A FIST SMASHES into his cheek. Michard stumbles and uses his sword to steady himself, DIGGING it into the ground. He looks up to see Absul cracking his knuckles, his eyes cold, his features harsh and battle hardened. Absul glances at the man still on the ground.

ABSUL HAV'AR (CONT'D)

Go.

The man nods profusely and crawls across the ground and then pulls himself up and RUNS away from Michard and Absul.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

How do you know me?

ABSUL HAV'AR

Everyone knows the legend of the Valdfellgar.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Valdfellgar?

Michard rights himself and YANKS his sword from the ground.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Mean punch.

ABSUL HAV'AR
I do not hold back when fighting
for the future of my progeny.

Absul opens his mouth, growling, his canines growing into fangs, his finger tips SPROUT bone claws and--

He RUSHES Michard. Michard aims his gun at Absul and FIRES--

The bullet hitting Absul's chest, sinking into his flesh--

But that doesn't stop him.

Absul THROWS another punch into Michard's cheek and another on the opposite. He continually pummels Michard, forcing him back with each step.

Michard SWINGS his sword at Absul who--

JUMPS him into the air. He comes back down and lands, THROWING an uppercut into Michard's chin sending him a foot into the air--

Absul swings his leg into Michard's SIDE--

And sends him SMASHING into a nearby tank. Michard falters and uses his sword again to keep himself from falling.

ABSUL HAV'AR (CONT'D)
The legend speaks of the
Valdfellgar. He who slays all
around him. But it does not explain
why.

Michard coughs, blood trickling from his lips. He inhales and pulls his sword from the ground again. Exhaling Michard seems to make a remarkable recovery from the assault.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Your reasons are my own.

Michard steps forward readying his sword for combat.

ABSUL HAV'AR
Your child then. Admirable. I can
respect you. And now kill you.

Michard CHARGES Absul, swinging his sword--

Absul DODGES again. Michard lets the sword slip through his grasp and SLIDE across the ground--

Absul throws a punch and Michard dodges--

The sword reaches its max length the chain becoming taut--

Michard YANKS at the chain, the sword swinging around behind Absul--

And the chain WRAPS around his legs, FORCING them together. Absul's eyes widen as he falls back--

Michard pulls a gun from his right holster and aims at Absul--

Who presses his palms into the ground and THROWS his feet into the air--

KICKING Michard's chin and throwing him off his feet. The gun FIRES. Sand FLIES into the air from the point of impact.

Absul BACK FLIPS and readies to charge Michard--

Michard disappears, his body fading out.

Absul looks around, startled, becoming worried--

A WHISTLING sound fills the air, the sound of the sword's metal chain CLANGING--

Absul spots it--

The sword's shadow SPEEDING across the ground toward him--

HE DODGES, the sword appearing and FLYING PAST him--

He GRABS the chain as Michard becomes visible again--

And YANKS it, PULLING Michard off his feet--

Absul GRUNTS with RAGE as he YANKS Michard through the air and HURLS him across the camp through MULTIPLE tents--

They each collapse under Michard's weight--

Michard SPINS through the air and lands on his feet, SLIDING across the ground. His sword bounces over the sand and comes to a halt.

Michard reaches for the chain--

Absul RUNS toward Michard PUNCHING at him--

Michard DODGES, allowing the chain to pull at the sword, dragging it across the ground as he dodges and strikes back at Absul. The two exchange blows to the gut, ribs, jaw--

And then Absul gets the upper hand, DECKING Michard. One blow after another. Michard stumbles back, unable to pull himself free of the assault--

ABSUL HAV'AR (CONT'D)
Is this everything? I had imagined
the Valdfellgar tougher than this.

Michard YANKS on the chain again--

Metal clangs as the sword SPEEDS over the sand, it twists to the side, FLYING towards Michard and Absul--

Absul bares his FANGS and goes in for the kill--

The sword SPEEDS over the sand and--

SLICES through Absul's left leg--

His eyes widen as he watches the sword, bloodied, fly into Michard's hand--

And his leg rolls on behind Michard--

Absul FALLS to the ground and he GROANS in agony, his claws CLUTCHING at where his leg should be.

Michard steps back, exhaling, his face bruised badly. He takes deep hard breaths, watching his fallen foe.

Regaining his stamina Michard takes a step forward. And then another. His shadow, cast by the burning wreckage of tanks behind them, lands over Absul.

Absul glances up at Michard, barely containing the pain.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Last words?

Absul groans, forcing back the agony. He almost smiles.

ABSUL HAV'AR
Well fought. I-- I just wish I
could've seen my wife one more
time.

Michard pauses, lowering his sword, allowing the tip to cut into the ground. Absul watches him, noticing his sudden hesitation.

ABSUL HAV'AR (CONT'D)
Sympathy for the enemy?
(beat)
Now is not the time for emotions.
(MORE)

ABSUL HAV'AR (CONT'D)

Now is the time for truth. I have a mission. You have a mission.

Absul grabs at the stump where his leg was, pulling at the remains of his pants. Tears stream down Absul's cheeks.

ABSUL HAV'AR (CONT'D)

Finish me.

Michard seems to harden with Absul's words and he SWINGS his sword HIGH into the air, straight up at the moon--

LASER fire RINGS OUT, patches of the ground EXPLODE around the two! Michard SLAMS his sword into the ground and takes cover behind it.

Absul, seizing the moment, CRAWLS across the sand and behind the wreckage of some supply crates.

VANESSA KOVALT (O.S.)

Now I am impressed.

Michard, confused by the high tech weaponry, peeks over the top of his sword--

VANESSA KOVALT (30) sexy, long dark hair, nice curves, incredibly seductive and dangerous, stands atop a sand dune at the edge of the camp.

Absul glances at her from behind the crates. Vanessa spots a group of Israeli soldiers hiding behind a nearby tank. They spot her and she nods at them.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

Well? I think now is a good chance to go get your beloved commander.

The Soldiers, complying, DASH across the camp towards Absul. Michard spots them and draws his gun, rising to shoot--

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

Oh no. I don't think so.

Vanessa aims her hand, each fingertip replaced by a long metal claw--

They light up. Red light emanating from the tips--

And they fire. Red beams of energy STRIKING Michard's sword and the ground around him--

Explosions force Michard to duck back behind the sword.

The Soldiers rush to Absul.

ISRAELI SOLDIER 2
(Israeli)
Commander!

ISRAELI SOLDIER 3
(Israeli)
Sir!

Absul groans as his troops pick him up and carry him across the battlefield and away from Michard and Vanessa. She slows her laser fire as Absul and his men get away. Finally it ceases.

VANESSA KOVALT
Alright you may come out now.

Michard sneers and rises from behind his sword. He grabs the hilt and YANKS it from the ground.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Who're you?

VANESSA KOVALT
You may call me Vanessa.

Michard lifts his sword over his shoulder.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I'll need a last name for the
tombstone.

He HURLS it at her--

She sidesteps the sword--

The chain becomes TAUT--

Vanessa jumps onto it and RUNS at blinding speed over it.

Michard's eyes widen and he draws a gun--

Not fast enough. Vanessa SLAMS her foot into his face sending Michard stumbling back. She JUMPS to the ground and bares her claws--

SWIPING across Michard's chest--

His armor is TORN asunder, Michard's blood flying into the air.

She aims to strike again--

Michard DODGES and aims his gun in her face--

He FIRES--

She dodges with blinding speed. She appears behind Michard and SWIPES at his back, easily RIPPING through the armor.

He SCREAMS as he falls to his knees. Michard spins around and FIRES at her again.

It hits. Michard fires again. And again.

No effect. The bullets fall to the ground, unable to pierce her armor. Getting a closer look Vanessa's body seems to be covered in techno-mesh. Metal covering her body like armor.

She smiles at Michard.

VANESSA KOVALT
May I try now?

She moves her metal claws and aims them at Michard's face--

His eyes widen as they begin to charge--

He YANKS on the chain to his sword and it speeds across the sand--

The claw tips glow BRIGHT RED--

The hilt FLIES into Michard's hand--

The lasers fire--

He moves the sword between his face and the blast--

BOOM. Vanessa is thrown back and SKIDS across the sand--

Michard BOUNCES across the sand and DIGS his sword into the ground slowing his speed and bringing himself to a stop.

Michard rises, blood weighing down his cloak and dripping onto the sand below. As the smoke from the blast clears Michard looks to where Vanessa had rolled--

She's gone!

VANESSA KOVALT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Behind you.

Michard turns to face Vanessa--

She SMASHES her claws into his lower back--
PIERCING the left side. Blood SPRAYS across the ground and Michard CRIES OUT. He falls back to his knees.

With her claws dug into his back she aims the other set at the back of his head.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)
It's been fun. Though, you didn't quite live up to my expectations.

Michard pushes down onto the butt of his hilt. Sand shifts around the two as the sword MORPHS into its cannon form beneath the ground. Vanessa raises an eyebrow.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

The trigger pops out on the sword and Michard grabs it.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
The warning.

He pulls the trigger.

The sand under them EXPLODES into the air. Vanessa is THROWN across the camp and STRAIGHT into a nearby sand dune. As the sand settles she RIPS herself free--

But he's gone. Michard is nowhere to be found. She sneers almost laughing with annoyance.

VANESSA KOVALT
Well played, Valdfellgar. You're a bit better than I thought you were.

EXT. ISRAELI DESERT - DAY

The sun rises and Michard stumbles across the barren sand dunes. Blood trickles down his back and into the sand behind him. Losing his strength he falls to his knees. He turns around and falls down on his ass. There doesn't seem to be anyone following him. Michard breaths heavy and removes his hand from his backside--

Even the black armor seems to be stained, now heavy with blood. Michard moves his hand over to his wristband and attempts to activate the controls. Blood smears across the screen.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The time tunnel FLASHES into existence. Blue energy and electricity SWIRL violently. The light from it SPILLS across the room, easily drowning out the few rays of sunlight from the overcast sky outside.

Berem looks back over his shoulder, disgusted, as--

Michard FLIES from the portal and SMACKS into the floor, rolling to a stop. His blood SPREADS over the floor. Fiona, off to the side, opens her mouth in horror as she watches Michard attempt to stand, blood OOZING to the floor and forming a THICK puddle. Scientists and Technicians around the room gasp and murmur with shock and surprise.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Oh my god-- Michard. Michard! Stay still.

She runs to his side and attempts to check him over. Seeing the wound is too great for immediate treatment she motions to the Guards by the door.

BEREM HASHEN

Failure.

The Guards rush over and attempt to help Michard onto a stretcher-- He SHRUGS them away, trying to stand on his own.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

The mission didn't go as planned.

Berem turns back to the console and shakes his head.

BEREM HASHEN

A pathetic excuse--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

There was another vampire.

Berem's interest is peaked and he looks back at Michard.

BEREM HASHEN

Oh?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Not from that time period.

Berem's eyes widen with alarm.

BEREM HASHEN

What?

He turns back to the console and begins typing away furiously. The time tunnel finally COLLAPSES and the room's lighting returns to normal. Michard's strength finally gives and he collapses--

Fiona and the Guards catching him.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Damn it. This blood loss is too great. We need to rush him to the medical bay. Let's go people!

Fiona and the Guards get Michard onto a stretcher and head for the hall--

Berem ignores them, instead examining the data on his console.

BEREM HASHEN

No-- No it's not possible-- Damn it. GOD DAMN IT!

He SMASHES his hands onto the console.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - COMMANDER WINTHER'S OFFICE - DAY

Carl sits across from Berem, at his desk, and looks over a data pad. On his desk sits a photo. Carl, his Wife, and his son posing for a family portrait. They're all smiles, wrapped in each other's arms. Carl flips through the data displayed and furrows his brow.

CARL WINTHER

This data confirms it?

BEREM HASHEN

There were-- anomalies on that second trip. I ignored them because I didn't think-- Yes. They confirm our worst fears.

CARL WINTHER

The vampires have time travel.

BEREM HASHEN

That data proves that one entered the time stream shortly after Michard did.

(beat)

Damn it. Why didn't I realize sooner?

Berem JUMPS from his seat and moves to the wall.

CARL WINTHER

This is not good. That's certain.

(beat)

I know temporal revision takes time.

(MORE)

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

That any changes Michard and this--
Vampiric time agent, any changes
they made to the time line won't
take effect right away. But if they
were to send someone back--

BEREM HASHEN

The cascade effect. It's only a
theory but the idea is that changes
to the time stream happen in a
ripple like effect, slowly
cascading across time. It's not as
if we can set an egg timer and in
fifteen minutes the changes occur.

CARL WINTHER

What are you saying?

BEREM HASHEN

The changes happen gradually. The
smaller changes occur first, since
those are easier for the time line
to cope with. As things progress
more and more is rewritten. Larger
and larger changes, until finally--

CARL WINTHER

How long? Until everything would be
completely rewritten?

BEREM HASHEN

A matter of days. A week at the
most. It depends how far back they
go but-- no more than a week. And
realistically days.

CARL WINTHER

So if the vampires have someone
back there right now we have less
than forty-eight hours.

BEREM HASHEN

A fair assumption.

Carl rises from his chair and heads for the hall.

CARL WINTHER

Excuse me, Doctor Hashen, but I
have an urgent meeting with the
council.

BEREM HASHEN

Commander--

Carl stops.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
I suggest we use our last resort.

CARL WINTHER
We've discussed this--

BEREM HASHEN
It would bring an end to
everything.

CARL WINTHER
If he succeeded. But once that card
is played it can't be undone. And I
can't ask Eckleven-- Michard to do
that.

BEREM HASHEN
Commander--

CARL WINTHER
The discussion is over, Dr. Hashen.

Carl heads into the hall and Berem closes his eyes.

BEREM HASHEN
Your kindness will cost you more
than you could ever fear.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Michard lays in the glass tank from before, the blue liquid swirling around him. His eyes begin to open and his vision, blurry, starts to calm and everything begins to come back into shape.

Fiona, noticing Michard is awake, moves from her desk.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Good to see you finally awake.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
How long was I out?

FIONA SAVELLEN
Almost a full day.
(beat)
I think your daughter is going to
be very glad. I'll call her.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
No.

Fiona stops, confused and disappointed.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Why not? When she heard you were back she was devastated to learn you were injured. She's been dying to see you.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

(beat)

I can't let her see me like this.

Fiona, pained, shakes her head.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Michard. Your little girl needs--

The doors to the medical bay slide open, Carl and Berem both heading into the room. Fiona turns back to see them.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

Commander. Doctor Hashen. I'm sorry but Michard is in no condition--

CARL WINTHER

Thank you for your professional opinion, Dr. Savellen.

Fiona clams up and nods, angry. She heads away from the three.

BEREM HASHEN

Michard.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

What's happened?

CARL WINTHER

Doctor Hashen informed me of your report, however brief. Bluntly the council is concerned-- greatly troubled with the idea that the Vampires could also be attempting to rewrite history.

BEREM HASHEN

You have a new mission.

Michard RISES from the tank, the liquid pouring off his body. His wounds still appear raw and not even close to fully healed. Fiona's eyes widen and she rushes forward.

FIONA SAVELLEN

No! No. Michard isn't ready for any kind of mission.

CARL WINTHER

Dr. Savellen if I want your professional opinion--

FIONA SAVELLEN

You'll kill him. Just look at his wounds. Look!

Carl briefly glances over Michard's body as he climbs out of the tank. His lower backside still appears ripped and torn. While the blood flow has stopped it is anything but a pretty sight.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - ARMORY - DAY

Michard stands in the back of the armory reequipping his armor.

BEREM HASHEN (V.O.)

Your new mission is to follow the Vampiric time agent back in time and stop her from altering history to suit their needs.

Michard slides his chest armor on, groaning intensely as his back wound aches. Blood begins to seep from it.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (V.O.)

I guess she's back there already?

BEREM HASHEN (V.O.)

Now knowing what to look for I've detected her travel back in time. You'll have but a small window to follow her before her changes take effect in the present.

Michard slides his gloves, boots, and more on. Finishing with his battle armor Michard equips the holsters to his legs.

He loads up his guns and removes his massive silver sword from the wall. Michard looks it over a moment, noticing a small chip along the blade. In the reflection he catches sight of the locket tucked in his chest armor. He grabs at it with his hand a moment.

Michard slides his sword into its sheath and RIPS his cloak from the wall, donning it as he heads out of the armory.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michard heads through the halls, past the glass windows overlooking the city. Things appear worse than before. Far more buildings have been toppled and wreckage from constant warfare is even greater.

Michard looks ahead to spot Fiona. He slows and approaches her.

FIONA SAVELLEN

I-- I wanted to show you something
I've been working on.

Fiona holds out a small circular device, palm size.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

A time barrier. In theory it should
lessen the impact of the journey
through the time tunnel-- but it's
only a prototype.

Michard eyes it a moment before grabbing it and slapping it against his side. The device sticks to the armor.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Thanks.

Michard moves past Fiona and on.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Michard.

He stops and looks back over his shoulder.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

I was hoping to develop a more
effective version. Maybe make it
possible for other soldiers to
follow you through. If I just had a
little more time--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

There isn't any.

Michard starts down the hall again.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Look after Ellen for me.

FIONA SAVELLEN

No.

Michard stops again.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
You-- Michard be careful. And come back. I'll watch Ellen for you, but not forever. She needs her father.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Alright.

FIONA SAVELLEN
And-- I promise we'll be sending back up. So hang in there.

Michard continues down the hall, away from Fiona. She sighs and falls back against the glass.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Michard stands before the temporal machine and tightens his armor.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Where is she?

Berem works away at his console, with his back to Michard.

BEREM HASHEN
I'm reading temporal disturbances back during World War II. Specifically 1942 German occupied Stalingrad.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
What's she doing there?

BEREM HASHEN
If I had to guess I'd say they're going to attempt to alter the outcome of the war. How-- I don't know.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
So my mission is to stop her.

BEREM HASHEN
Your mission is two fold. Prevent the Vampiric time agent from altering history and two you're going to be doing some altering of your own.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Such as?

BEREM HASHEN
Othmar Volger.

Berem types a sequence into his console and Michard's wristband's screen lights up. OTHMAR VOLGER (27) German officer, uniform, overly confident, tall, lanky, appears to be easy prey.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
A vampire located in Stalingrad, one of the officers in command of occupying forces. According to research he's the critical point of a powerful bloodline within today's Vampiric armies.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
So kill him, cripple the forces of today.

BEREM HASHEN
Exactly.

Michard looks at the image of Othmar a moment longer before shutting the screen off.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I wonder if he'll know me this time.

BEREM HASHEN
What did you say?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
My last two targets seemed to be expecting me. Or at least "knew" who I was.

BEREM HASHEN
What do you mean?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
They called me Valdfellgar.

BEREM HASHEN
Valdfellgar?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Do you know what it means?

BEREM HASHEN
I-- I can hazard a guess.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

How'd they know I was coming?

BEREM HASHEN

That's a much more complex question. Pertains to a theory. The ripple effect.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I'm not following.

BEREM HASHEN

I'd be surprised if you did. Time is a complicated thing. The theory is changes to the time line have their own-- chronology. The cascade effect. When you head back in time that acts as the starting point. From there the time course corrects for all the alterations you made until we reach "present" day.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

That doesn't explain how they know me.

BEREM HASHEN

That's the ripple effect. The theory is that changes you have not yet, but will make, cause reverberations through the time line. "Shadows" of future changes to the time line. It's called the ripple effect because, no matter what, you'll already start to see minor alterations, variations, of changes you've yet to make.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

So they knew me because of this next mission.

BEREM HASHEN

Perhaps. But if you've become a legend then it may signify just how far we'll have to go to win.

Michard seems to lose interest and turns to the machine. Berem takes the queue and starts her up. The portal opens and blue energy and electricity fly from the portal. Wind RAGES through the room. Michard takes a step forward and then looks to Berem.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Valdfellgar. What does it mean?

BEREM HASHEN
(pause)
I'm not an expert on the Vampiric language. But from what little I know-- I think it simply means one who slays Vampires.

Berem turns and his eyes meet Michard's.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
A vampire hunter.

EXT. SNOWY WOODS - NIGHT

The portal hangs in the sky as Michard--

SHOOTS from it and SKIDS to a halt across the snowy ground. A green energy shield shimmers around his body. He looks over his hands a moment and then it fades. Michard looks to the device Fiona had given him. A green light flickers a moment and then stabilizes.

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.)
You've landed two point five miles south west of Stalingrad. At this point in time hostilities between Germany and Russia have calmed. You shouldn't have to worry about enemy forces until you reach the city.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Understood.

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)
Michard? Michard! If you can please try to wait. I'm going to try and send back up as soon as possible--

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.)
Dr. Savellen get off the comm. Michard carry out your mission. If you don't I can assure you the chances of seeing your daughter again plummet--

The communication fizzles to static and the portal fades and disappears. Michard listens to the soft blowing winds and looks up, watching as snow falls through the open patches of air between the trees.

Michard steps to the side and continues onward through the forest, presumably towards Stalingrad.

He holds out a hand and catches several snow flakes in his palm--

FLASHBACK - EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WAR TORN STREETS - DAY

The sky burns RED and GREY. Snow falls down across the war torn streets. Debris is STREWN across the pavement. Fires rage over abandoned cars and in crumbling buildings.

A SUPPORT BEAM, at least twenty feet in length, lays across the road.

MICHARD DIGS through the rubble. He grabs a particularly heavy beam, clearly too big for an ordinary man to lift and STRUGGLES--

Raising it up a foot, two, three--

And THROWING it to the side. He kneels down coming face to face--

ANN (27) brown hair, beautiful eyes, her features covered in soot and grime. Her forehead and cheek are bathed in blood. Michard's features are contorted in fear and anger. Tears STREAM down his cheeks--

Ann reaches up and places a hand on his cheek.

ANN

You have to go.

To the side of the two--

ELLEN (6) lays unconscious. Michard looks over to his daughter and then back to his wife.

ANN (CONT'D)

You have to save her.

EXT. SNOWY WOODS - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

Michard's palm CLENCHES around the snowflakes, forming a tight fist. He grits his teeth and DASHES through the forest, ignoring the pain.

EXT. STALINGRAD - RUINS - NIGHT

The buildings nothing but shells of their former selves. Rubble and debris litter the street, the snow falling down and coating the battered remains of a once proud city.

DOZENS of Nazi SOLDIERS patrol the area, moving up and down the debris littered roads. Michard moves up against the husk of a nearby building, sticking to the shadows and watches as patrols move past, failing to notice him.

Michard looks up at the ruins behind him and moves inside, dashing up, using fallen support beams and rubble to climb up the wreckage and higher into the remains.

INT. STALINGRAD - RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT

Michard reaches the highest remaining floor and dashes over to an opening in the far wall.

Looking down he spots--

VANESSA. She stands across from GENERAL PAULUS (52) who is looking over several LARGE crates, clearly not of this time. NAZI SOLDIERS stand around the two, eyeing Vanessa with unease.

Michard kneels down next to the wall, watching them over his shoulder.

EXT. STALINGRAD - RUINS - NIGHT

The General moves around the crates, eyeing them with unease. They're metal with high tech interfaces. He moves to the number pad next to the display screen.

GENERAL PAULUS

(German)

I don't understand.

VANESSA KOVALT

(German)

Use that pad there to type in the code. Nine. Seven. Three. Four.

Paulus looks back at Vanessa and then turns back to the pad. He types in the numbers just as she says. Suddenly the crates move on their own the tops SPLITTING and SNAPPING open.

The Soldiers draw their weapons, aiming for the crates and Vanessa. She laughs smugly as the crates finish opening, smoke pouring out--

To reveal HUGE cases of futuristic rifles, grenades, and other weaponry.

GENERAL PAULUS

(German)

W-- What is this?

Vanessa moves past the Soldiers, and Paulus, to the weapons cache. She removes one of the rifles and aims at a nearby Nazi jeep. She pulls the trigger and a red laser beam FIRES from the rifle--

The Jeep EXPLODES without warning, fire and debris spilling out around it. Vanessa smiles at the Soldiers as they marvel in dismay at the display of futuristic fire power. She tosses the rifle back into the cache.

VANESSA KOVALT

(German)

These weapons will give you the edge in this war.

GENERAL PAULUS

(German)

I-- I see. Certainly they seem formidable.

VANESSA KOVALT

(German)

You will take these weapons and use them to advance further into Russian territory. Even with your Soldiers as they are these weapons will ensure victory.

GENERAL PAULUS

(German)

Who are you to give me orders--

As Paulus begins to argue with Vanessa--

INT. STALINGRAD - RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT

Michard stands up and draws his sword from its sheathe.

EXT. STALINGRAD - RUINS - NIGHT

Vanessa shakes her head, smiling at Paulus.

VANESSA KOVALT

(German)

Do you want to win this war or not?
These weapons are the key.

Paulus seethes with anger, afraid to admit Vanessa's right.
His eyes move back over the weapons.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

(German)

Either do as I say or I can just as
easily withdraw my Master's
support.

Paulus' eyes flick to Vanessa and back to the weapons.

GENERAL PAULUS

(German)

I--

A Nazi Soldier hears the shifting of metal and looks up into
the ruins of the building next to them. His eyes widen--

NAZI SOLDIER

(German)

General!

Paulus' attention is ripped from Vanessa and to the ruins--

MICHARD, holding his silver sword now in its cannon form.
Vanessa looks up as well. Her eyes widening.

VANESSA KOVALT

What the hell?

Michard aims the silver cannon down at the weapons cache.
Vanessa RUNS down the road as fast as she can--

He FIRES. The cannon's blast RIPS through the air and SMASHES
into the weapon's cache--

The containers EXPLODE. Debris and fire ENGULF the Nazis and
General Paulus, killing everyone in an instant.

The shock wave KNOCKS Vanessa off her feet and she rolls
across the ground.

She rises and looks up in time to see a HUGE piece of metal
coming towards her--

SMACKING into her arm and sending her tumbling back to the
ground.

Michard sheathes his sword and JUMPS down from the building, SMASHING into the ground below, shattering the pavement. He rises slowly and walks toward the fallen Vanessa.

Vanessa forces herself up, her arms shaking. She spots Michard and raises her arm at him, aiming her metal claws at him. The tips begin to charge, turning red and--

They burn out. Vanessa's eyes widen and she shakes her hand. No go. Her laser claws are dead. Vanessa raises the other arm and notices sharp SPARKS of electricity along her forearm. She turns it over and sees jagged pieces of metal stabbing into her arm. No blood, no flesh, just ripped and jagged metal. It's all cybernetics.

Vanessa rises to her feet. Michard stops and gets ready to draw his sword, another hand on the handle of one of his guns--

Vanessa RUNS for it. Michard grits his teeth and DASHES after her. From his eyes, his mouth, it's clear this hurts a lot.

EXT. STALINGRAD - STREETS - NIGHT

Vanessa RUNS down the empty, snowy streets of Stalingrad. Her feet SLIP on the wet road and she STUMBLES, barely keeping her balance as she bolts with tremendous speed.

Michard follows behind, unable to gain any ground. He draws one of his guns and FIRES again and again at Vanessa.

Most of the bullets RIP into the road around her. Several HIT, smashing into Vanessa's legs. Loud metal clangs echo through the air. With her pants ripped it becomes obvious--

Even Vanessa's legs are made of metal. Michard continues to fire, forcing Vanessa to turn around a corner--

EXT. STALINGRAD - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

And into a dead end. Vanessa SLIDES to a halt, placing a hand up against the wall. Michard comes around the corner, both guns drawn--

He FIRES. Over and over. The bullets SMACKING into Vanessa's hard body. She guards her face with her arms, the bullets ricocheting off. Michard walks forward, continuing his relentless blaze of gunfire.

Vanessa becomes ANGRY. Howling with rage she DASHES toward Michard. He continues to fire, the bullets BOUNCING off of Vanessa's hard metal body. She gets closer and closer--

Michard holsters his guns and readies his sword--

Vanessa JUMPS at him--

EXT. STALINGRAD - STREETS - NIGHT

Nazi Soldiers RUSH down the street towards the dead end where Michard and Vanessa are--

Michard comes FLYING out of the alley, GRAPPLING with Vanessa.

He SMASHES into the ground as Vanessa forces him down--

He GRABS her by her shirt and THROWS her across the ground. Vanessa SKIDS to a halt and CHARGES at Michard again--

He RIPS his sword from its sheathe and down at Vanessa--

She DODGES, the sword SMASHING into the pavement and SHATTERING the road in an instant. CRACKS spread across the road and Soldiers turn tail and FLEE.

Vanessa ROUNDS on Michard again--

Who jumps BACK, letting go of his sword, dodging Vanessa--

The chain SLIDES across the ground--

Michard YANKS it and the sword FLIES out of the ground--

And SMACKS into Vanessa, DAMAGING her metal body. She CRIES OUT in pain as SPARKS fly from her as she ROLLS across the ground.

The sword flies back into Michard's hand. Vanessa, now damaged badly, struggles to her feet and runs into the opening of a nearby building. Michard rushes after her. He reaches the door--

INT. STALINGRAD - DAMAGED BUILDING 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Vanessa stops and RIPS a claw from her finger--

Michard comes into the door frame--

Vanessa THROWS the claw at him--

It speeds through the air--

Michard's eyes widen and he pulls to the side--

The claw RIPS through his skin, right next to his left eye.

Blood FLIES from his face and Michard falls against the door frame, clutching at the damage. Vanessa takes the opportunity to continue up a nearby stairwell and further into the building. Michard recovers, squinting, his eyesight diminished. He hurries after her.

INT. STALINGRAD - DAMAGED BUILDING 5TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Vanessa reaches the top most floor. She runs out onto the main floor, the interior walls all blown out or collapsed. She DASHES over to the remains of an outer wall and looks out-

The snow tumbles down to the roads below, five stories down.

Footsteps echo from behind Vanessa. She looks back to see Michard coming up the stairwell. He reaches the floor and steps out. One of his eyes is tainted, the white now a pinkish red.

VANESSA KOVALT

Well you've certainly given me more trouble than last time.

Michard grabs the hilt of his sword and RIPS it free of its sheathe. The blade SLASHES through the door frame of the stairwell and the walls collapse in on the stairs.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Time to put you down.

Vanessa shakes her head and raises her claws to face Michard.

VANESSA KOVALT

I've let you have enough fun for one pathetic life time. Time to teach you a lesson.

Michard steps forward, allowing the tip of his sword to cut into the floor as he walks.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

You would've taught me that lesson earlier if you could.

Michard swings his sword around, aiming it at Vanessa, gripping the hilt with both hands. Vanessa's smile contorts into a sneer and her canines GROW into FANGS.

VANESSA KOVALT

You've been playing with the
"kiddies," Valdfellgar. Welcome to
the big leagues--

Vanessa DISAPPEARS. Michard's eyes widen as a GUSH of WIND
blows past him--

He looks back over his shoulder--

VANESSA. He PULLS to the side as she ATTACKS with her claw,
barely dodging. He rolls across the floor, drawing a gun--

Vanessa SWIPES it away, the gun TUMBLING across the floor.
Vanessa moves in for another strike and Michard SWINGS his
sword through the floor and up at Vanessa--

It CLANGS against her claws which refuse to give way.
Michard's eyes widen with surprise as Vanessa uses one hand
to hold him back.

She strikes with her free claw and PIERCES Michard's
shoulder. He CRIES out and falls back to the floor. She digs
the claw DEEP into his shoulder, blood spraying from the
wound.

Michard lets go of his sword and grabs the second gun
holstered on his right. He draws it and aims right between
Vanessa's eyes. They widen--

BANG. The bullet RIPS into her skull and she falls back to
the floor. Michard groans and rises to his feet--

Vanessa JUMPS at him, TACKLING him and forcing him back. His
eyes meet hers and her face--

Her skin peels to reveal techno-organic mesh beneath it.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

(metallic)

I told you, Michard. I'm not like
the kiddies you fought before.

Vanessa's claws dig into his shoulders. Michard grits his
teeth and SLAMS a fist into Vanessa's stomach. His armor
CLANGS against her metal body but she flinches. He does it
AGAIN. AGAIN. The fourth strike HITS. Vanessa tumbles back.

Michard grabs the chain for his sword and SPINS around,
YANKING the sword across the floor, out of the building,
CLEAVING through a wall and back inside at Vanessa--

SHE JUMPS. Michard yanks the sword back into his grasp and
charges at her as she lands--

He SWINGS down. She blocks with her claw. Vanessa makes to strike with her other claw--

It doesn't move. Her eyes fall to the arm. It's unresponsive. Michard SLICES with his sword again. The two seem to do a dance as they strike, block and dodge each other's attacks. But as the fight continues Michard watches--

Vanessa's right arm is unmoving. Michard pulls back and strikes at her right side. Vanessa attempts to block with her disabled arm--

Michard's sword SLICES THROUGH. Her arm FALLS to the ground, sparks of electricity FLYING off it. Vanessa jumps back, allowing the sword to miss her main body--

She LUNGES at Michard, mouth wide, fangs glimmering in the moonlight--

She CHOMPS down into his neck. Michard SCREAMS as blood is drawn from his body. He STUMBLES back against the wall. His eyesight giving way. His eyes move down to Vanessa's broken arm--

The stump seems to be regrowing, wires and metal slowly regenerating.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

(metallic)

Ah. So good. Yes. Technology really is a wonderful thing. Isn't it? Normally it'd take weeks, months, even years for flesh to regrow like this but with my body--

The basic skeleton for her arm is complete as more and more metal and fleshy cybernetics regrow over it.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

(metallic)

I'll be able to put an end to you that much sooner. Now relax and sleep, Valdfellgar.

Michard grits his teeth, his grip tightening on the hilt of his sword.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Like hell.

He SWINGS, pulling the sword up and to the left--

The sword STRIKES against Vanessa's side. Her eyes widen as it CLEAVES through her.

Michard SCREAMS as the sword RIPS through Vanessa's body and sends her upper half FLYING out the window--

Vanessa, eyes still wide with shock, flies from the building and down, down--

She comes to her sense and aims her left arm up at the building, at Michard.

ROCKETS fire along the elbow joint and the arm LAUNCHES from its socket, the claws aimed at Michard.

Michard PULLS back, the claw missing him by inches. It BURIES itself in the ceiling above him.

Vanessa smiles as she falls down and down, disappearing into the snowy night.

Michard looks up to the claw, buried in the ceiling--

It's BLINKING. His eyes widen.

EXT. STALINGRAD - DAMAGED BUILDING - NIGHT

The top floor EXPLODES in a MASS of FIRE and WRECKAGE! The building CREEKS and--

BUCKLES. Collapsing in on itself.

INT. STALINGRAD - DAMAGED BUILDING - NIGHT

Michard TUMBLES down with the wreckage, HUGE CHUNKS of the building falling all around him. DUST and SNOW envelop EVERYTHING.

EXT. STALINGRAD - DESTROYED BUILDING - NIGHT

As the scene calms and the dust and snow float back down things become clear. Michard lays motionless beneath a LARGE pile of rubble. It shifts awkwardly a moment and calms. Michard's torso and below are trapped beneath the mass of wreckage. He lays, motionless, on his stomach.

Michard's eyes open slowly, the sights around him blurry and unfocused. He watches as he tries to move his hand but his strength seems to be failing him.

He starts to close his eyes again--

FLASHBACK - EXT. NEW YORK CITY - WAR TORN STREETS - DAY

Michard STRUGGLES as he tries to lift the wreckage up, trying desperately to free his wife. Ellen lays back a short ways, still unconscious.

SIRENS WAIL in the distance and EXPLOSIONS elsewhere shake the ground around them. Ann watches Michard as he puts all his weight into it, the massive beam budging ever so slightly-

An INTENSE HUMMING fills the air. Michard and Ann both look over to see--

A MASSIVE VAMPIRIC WARSHIP moving through the air towards them. Ann turns to Michard.

ANN

You have to go. Now.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I-- I won't leave you--

Michard's hands, covered in blood, SLIP and the wreckage SLIDES back into place. Ann grimaces from the pain.

ANN

Michard please. You can't save me.

Michard starts to try again.

ANN (CONT'D)

Michard!

Ellen begins to wake and looks to see Michard and Ann.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Mommy? Daddy?

Ellen gets up, holding the hand of her teddy bear and dragging it across the ground. Her forehead is dripping with blood.

An EXPLOSION FLASHES in the distance and Michard turns, watching as people are SLAUGHTERED by laser fire from the warship.

ANN (O.S.)

Michard. Michard honey.

He looks down at Ann.

ANN (CONT'D)

You can't save me. But you can save her. You can save our daughter.

Michard swallows, his fists clenching with anger--

He turns and GRABS Ellen hoisting her up into his arms. He RUNS with her away from Ann, away from the approaching warship--

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Daddy. Mommy isn't following.

(beat)

Mommy. No! Mommy. MOMMY!

Michard holds his daughter tight as she REACHES out to Ann, who begins to shrink away in the distance--

An EXPLOSION envelops Ann and everything around her. Ellen's eyes are wide, tears gushing down her cheeks--

And Michard, eyes hard, red with tears, runs on--

EXT. STALINGRAD - DESTROYED BUILDING - NIGHT (BACK TO REALITY)

ANN (V.O.)

But you can save her. You can save our daughter.

Michard eyes SNAP open and he SCREAMS with GUTTURAL RAGE. He SLAMS his palms into the ground and PUSHES UP against the wreckage, trying to rise and free himself--

The wreckage starts to shift and--

GIVES. The entire pile CRUMBLES around Michard, DEBRIS and CHUNKS of concrete SMASHING down. Michard rises to his feet as the place resettles all around him.

Michard takes several deep breaths and steps forward, woozy. He walks into the snow, now heavier and thicker than ever, and deeper into the night.

INT. STALINGRAD - ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - NIGHT

A large open area. Machinery sits off to the side and catwalks hang above. The place is three stories tall and completely empty besides assembly works.

Moonlight and snow pour in as the main door slides open. Michard pushes the door to the side and steps in. His steps and are slow and erratic.

He wanders towards the middle of the floor--

OTHMAR VOLGER (O.S.)
You've kept me waiting, Mr.
Valdfellgar.

Michard stops walking, his back to the open door--

OTHMAR stands in the door frame as snow blows in around him.
He smiles a sick, twisted grin.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
I've heard the legends ever since I
was a boy. The mighty Valdfellgar.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Sounds like I'm spoken of pretty
well.

Michard turns to face Othmar, placing a hand on the hilt of
his sword.

OTHMAR VOLGER
Hmph. I've always wanted to prove
my prowess against you.

Othmar closes his eyes and runs a hand through his shining
blonde hair. Michard's eyes narrow and he--

CHARGES, DRAWING his sword and DASHING across the open floor
toward Othmar. Othmar continues to run his hand through his
hair, his eyes still closed--

Michard nears him, SWINGING the sword towards Othmar--

IT STRIKES. And--

FAILS to cut. The sword sits against Othmar's side, the blade
having ripped through his uniform along the side of his
chest, under his raised arm--

And right against his skin. No cut, no bruise, not any kind
of wound. He's completely unhurt. Othmar opens his eyes
slowly and looks down at a VERY surprised Michard.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
What's wrong? Expecting a push
over?

Othmar pulls back and--

JUMPS, KICKING Michard across the cheek and sending him
FLYING into the floor, SKIDDING across the concrete.

Michard rolls over and attempts to get to his feet but falls
down to his knees.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
You've probably been fighting
vampires belonging to the weaker
bloodlines. Deluded by large
amounts of human genetic material.

Othmar walks toward Michard, who is still struggling to recover from the attack. His eyesight is even worse than before.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
But unlike the others I have a very
strong lineage.

He leans down to come face to face with Michard.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
You might say I'm as close as they
come to the "master race."

He smiles and--

BACKHANDS Michard. Michard goes flying towards the center of the room and rolls across the ground. His sword falls from his grasp and CLANGS down, the chain uncoiling as Michard rolls past the sword.

Othmar rises to his feet and walks toward Michard, who hasn't yet moved.

Michard SLAMS a hand into the ground and PUSHES himself up. With his other hand he draws his right handgun and FIRES at Othmar--

The bullet smacks into Othmar's chest and FORCES him to take a step backwards, steadying himself.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
Ah now there's what I wanted. A
little more fighting spirit.

Othmar raises his hands in front of him and the tips of his fingers sprout deadly bone claws. His canines grow into Fangs.

Othmar RUSHES at Michard who FIRES again and again. The bullets having no affect.

Michard PULLS on the chain to his sword and sends it FLYING at Othmar--

Who CATCHES it with one hand. He glances at the sword from the corner of his eye.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)

Ah the fabled "silver sword." Made of the only metal "truly" dangerous to Vampiric kind.

(Beat)

Well. To the weak ones anyway.

He TIGHTENS his grip on the sword and YANKS it-- PULLING Michard across the ground--

Othmar SPINS and HURLS the sword up and to the wall--

Michard goes FLYING, pulled by the chain, up to the second floor--

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Michard scrambles, grabbing at his belt and DETACHES the chain--

He falls, ROLLING across the catwalks as his sword SMASHES, digging into the wall.

OTHMAR VOLGER (O.S.)

Ah ha. Cat and mouse. I like it.

Now. Which role shall I take--

Michard scrambles to his feet, keeping low and ducking around a thick wall of concrete. He draws his second gun and readies both--

OTHMAR VOLGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh I know. It's so obvious--

Othmar SMASHES through the wall and GRABS Michard, PULLING him through it and the two PLUMMET towards the ground--

INT. STALINGRAD - ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Michard struggles with Othmar, TURNING the two over in the air and FORCING Othmar into the ground beneath him. Michard JUMPS from Othmar and scrambles across the floor.

Othmar gets up with ease and brushes the dust away.

OTHMAR VOLGER

Now that's not fair. Mice don't fight back.

Michard RUSHES into the shadows, using the machinery along the walls to keep out of sight. Othmar frowns.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
Now where have you gone?

Michard eyes flick to the open door.

OTHMAR VOLGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't you dare think about
escaping, my dear Valdfellgar. I've
waited too long to prove to the
others that my bloodline is
superior.

Michard winces and instead shifts his gaze to his sword, a level above him, still stuck in the wall. Michard DASHES from the shadows and for the nearby stairwell. Othmar catches sight and smiles, immediately giving chase.

INT. STALINGRAD - ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Michard RUSHES up the stairs and grabs at his belt, pulling away a small "brick" like object. He SLAMS it against the wall and it sticks, a red light blinking on its front.

Michard RUSHES out of the stairwell and onto the second floor.

Othmar ROUNDS the corner--

His eyes fall on the small explosive brick--

BOOM!

INT. STALINGRAD - ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Michard RUNS across the catwalks and to his sword. The stairwell FILLS with fire and smoke. Othmar SCREAMS from within, a terrible, horrific noise.

Michard JUMPS onto his sword and reattaches the chain. He glances up above. On the top most level appears to be a massive piece of machinery near the edge of the level.

He glances around the machine, noting that the level is supported by two beams. One is already cracked from the explosion to the stairwell below it.

Othmar RAMPAGES from the stairwell and toward Michard.

Michard JUMPS, the chain following him. Othmar SMACKS into the wall, digging his claws into it--

The chain tightens and Michard spins around, YANKING on it--
Pulling the sword from the wall and into Othmar.

INT. STALINGRAD - ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR -
NIGHT

Othmar is FORCED from the wall and down into the floor of the
first level. Concrete SHATTERS and flies into the air.

Othmar SKIDS and comes to a halt across the room from
Michard. Michard YANKS the sword back into his grasp and
transforms it into its cannon form.

Othmar shakes his head, affected a bit by the attack. He
starts to rise to his feet--

He spots it, Michard charging a shot aimed at him--

The cannon FIRES.

Othmar DODGES to the side and the blast RUPTURES the wall
behind him. Othmar looks at the destruction and whistles. He
looks back at Michard shaking his head.

OTHMAR VOLGER

You missed.

Michard remains silent and re-sheathes his sword. Othmar
starts forward and then--

He hears it. A creaking. Metal buckling. And small bits of
dust and chips of concrete dropping down around him--

He looks up as--

The platform holding the machinery SHATTERS. The machinery
PLUMMETING straight down--

Othmar DUCKS and cowers, covering his head with his arms--

The machinery CRASHES down on Othmar and Michard is knocked
back by the impact, falling to the floor.

The building begins to settle and Michard lets out a long
drawn out breath. He looks to the ceiling, the skylight
windows shattered from the damage. Snows filters in, falling
over the floor.

Michard rises to his feet and moves to the wreckage. His eyes
sift over it, spotting Othmar's arm protruding. His skin is
covered in dust and grime.

Michard eyes the fallen Othmar's arm a moment before turning away and heading for the door.

And then he hears it. A shifting noise. The rubble and debris moving ever so slightly. Michard turns around, slowly, disbelief spreading across his features--

His eyes see it, the debris falls away as Othmar, his clothes destroyed, his body covered in dirt and grime, but unmistakably

UNSCATHED. He smiles at Michard.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
You're good.

Michard makes to draw his guns but Othmar STRIKES at lightning speed, JUMPING through the air and PINNING Michard to the floor.

The concrete CRACKS and SPLINTERS beneath the force of the impact. Michard HOWLS with pain as Othmar DIGS his claws into Michard's left arm, through his armor, drawing large amounts of blood.

He SLAMS his boot down on Michard's right hand, forcing him to drop his gun to the floor.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
You gave me quite a scare for a minute there. I honestly didn't think I could survive that.

He digs his claws in deeper and Michard HOWLS again, blood SPREADING across the floor.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
But you've proven something to me.
I am truly perfect.

The claws DIG even deeper. Blood spreads across the floor and Michard groans in agony.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
But you? No. You're hardly living up to your name, Valdfellgar.

Othmar tightens his grip on Michard's left arm.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
You've disappointed me. And I don't like that. I think-- You need to be taught a lesson.

Othmar YANKS on Michard's arm. Michard's eyes widen and he SCREAMS as the CRACKING of bones and tearing of flesh echoes through the building.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
 So what do you say? You tried to kill me, a superior species. Eye for an eye perhaps? Yes, I think that's best.

Othmar PULLS on Michard's arm, the flesh TEARING, blood OOZING from the wound! Michard SCREAMS.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 STOP!

Othmar LAUGHS and eases a moment. His grip loosens and he leans into Michard's ear.

OTHMAR VOLGER
 (whispering)
 No.

He YANKS on Michard's arm again and--

It comes off! At the elbow. Flesh SNAPS and the sickening sound echoes through the factory. Blood SLAPS across the floor and Michard--

HOWLS in AGONY. Othmar THROWS the arm away and out the door of the warehouse, into the snow outside. Michard SLAMS the back of his head against the floor and bites at his lip, trying to contain the pain but his groans of agony give it all away.

Othmar rises and looks down at Michard.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
 Okay. Funs over.

Othmar leans in, grabs Michard by his right shoulder and pulls his other claw back, preparing to strike.

OTHMAR VOLGER (CONT'D)
 Bye bye, Valdfellgar.

Othmar STRIKES--

A silver arrow FLIES through the air--

And PIERCES Othmar's skull. His eyes widen and his claw stops inches from Michard's face. Michard watches as the life drains from Othmar's surprised face and he falls to his knees and to the side, landing next to Michard, dead.

Michard struggles through the pain, looking up to where the arrow came from. In one of the windows along the third level Michard spots the silhouette of a woman. She eases on the bow in her hands and turns, JUMPING out the window and disappearing.

Michard tries to rise but finds his strength completely gone. His vision blurs and everything fades to black as Michard FALLS back to the ground. Snow falls over his body.

INT. STALINGRAD - ABANDONED FACTORY BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

A portal at the back of the factory appears. Blue light and electricity spread out around it. CARL is thrown from it and he lands a short ways away, skidding to a halt. Behind him SEVEN SOLDIERS, armed and ready for combat.

A green force field shimmers around him and the others. An eighth SOLDIER comes in behind the rest--

And SCREAMS in agony, his bones AUDIBLY CRACKING and blood dripping from his skin. The others turn and watch in horror as his lifeless body SLUMPS to the floor.

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)

What was that scream? What happened? Is everyone alright?

Carl eyes the deceased soldier and brings his wristband to his mouth.

CARL WINTHER

87% success rate, Dr. Savellen.

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)

Damn it. If you'd just given me a little more time.

Carl looks around the room and spots MICHARD in the center, next to Othmar's body. Carl RUNS over. His squad follows. He kneels down over Michard and notices the large amount of blood spilled across the floor.

CARL WINTHER

You didn't have anymore. We've found Michard. It's bad. His arm has been ripped off and there's incredible blood loss.

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)

What? Is he still breathing?

Carl reaches down and feels for Michard's pulse.

CARL WINTHER

It's weak. I think it might be too late.

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)

No! I'm preparing the medical bay now. You bring Michard back. Do you hear me?

Carl remains silent.

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.) (CONT'D)

After everything he's done for us you cannot just give up on him!

Carl grimaces, with disgust, at the fallen Michard.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The portal opens. Flashes of light paint the room--

Soldiers are THROWN from the portal and roll across the floor--

Michard goes FLYING from the portal and SKIDS across the floor, the sword on his back CARVING a GASH along it.

Carl arrives and, after recovering, runs to Michard. Fiona and MEDICS rush over. Technicians and Scientists group in the background, rubber necking. Fiona leans down next to Michard and looks over his arm.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Did you find the arm?

Carl shakes his head no. Fiona feels for Michard's pulse.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

God you were right it is weak. We have to get him to the medical bay right away.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

MEDICS lower Michard into the glass container filled with blue liquid. Blood mixes with the liquid and the color changes to a muddy purple.

Fiona works at a console next to the tank, hurriedly typing in sequences. Carl watches her.

CARL WINTHER
Can he be saved?

FIONA SAVELLEN
(shakes head)
I don't know.

Berem watches from the back of the room. Suddenly the hall doors open and Ellen comes rushing in. Carl looks back as Ellen runs to the tank. He GRABS her, preventing her from reaching Michard.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Daddy! No. What happened to my
daddy?

Carl looks back at TWO GUARDS who enter, obviously having followed Ellen.

CARL WINTHER
Why the hell did you let her in
here?

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Let go! I want my daddy!

Ellen struggles against Carl. Michard starts to open his eyes. He spots Ellen.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
E-- Ellen.

Her eyes light up with hope and Carl lets go of her as she runs to the tank. She presses her hands against the glass and Michard, with his one hand left, presses it opposite hers.

She begins to tear up.

FIONA SAVELLEN
I-- I-- God I don't know-- His
injuries are just too severe.

Ellen shakes her head, tears streaming down her cheeks.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Ellen-- I-- I love you.

Berem comes forward and approaches Ellen.

BEREM HASHEN
Do you want your father to live,
Ellen?

Ellen looks to Berem and Michard, weary, glances at him. Ellen eyes him, confused, fear, she's completely overwhelmed. Berem turns to Michard.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Do you want your daughter to watch you die?

Michard moves his head side to side. Fiona eyes Berem, uneasy.

FIONA SAVELLEN

What are you talking about? I'm doing everything I can--

BEREM HASHEN

The only way to save Michard's life is artificial nanite insertion.

FIONA SAVELLEN

No! This isn't about saving him. You just want to turn him into a god damn war machine.

BEREM HASHEN

It's that or die, Michard. Is that what you want your daughter to see?

Ellen begins to wail in pain. Michard's eyes strain, tears streaming from them.

FIONA SAVELLEN

I can save him. Michard. Just give me time.

BEREM HASHEN

Is that what you want, Michard? To come out of this weak? Pathetic? Even if you live can you protect your daughter as you are?

FIONA SAVELLEN

Shut up!

Carl watches the three, silently, waiting to see what happens next.

BEREM HASHEN

If you don't protect her then who will? Do you want your daughter to die at the same hands that took your wife?

Michard breaths heavily and watches Ellen.

FIONA SAVELLEN

You may not even survive the surgery. You could die, Michard! Do you want your daughter to go through that again?

Images flash through Michard's eyes.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Ann. Her smiling face.

Ann trapped beneath the rubble.

Michard carrying a crying and screaming Ellen from her mother.

Michard holding Ellen as she cries, sobbing.

Ann's grave. Michard, holding Ellen in his arms, looks behind him to see Berem standing over him, offering him his hand.

BEREM HASHEN

Come with me and you can give your daughter a better life. A live with her mother's arms wrapped around her.

Michard eyes Berem's hand, torn between his offer and his own daughter in his arms.

ANN (V.O.)

Only you can save our daughter.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Michard watches Ellen. She shakes her head furiously from side to side, pleading him not to.

BEREM HASHEN

Life is very fragile, Michard. All it takes is the slightest hesitation and everything you ever cared for will be gone in a flash.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

(cries and shakes head)
Daddy.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

(closing eyes)
D-- Do it.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Michard no!

BEREM HASHEN

Commander Winther. Removes these two. We have an operation to perform.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Commander no.

Carl, ignoring Fiona, motions to the Guards who immediately grab Ellen and Fiona, dragging them from the room.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Daddy. Daddy!

Michard presses his hand against the glass of the tank.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Ellen.

Berem moves in front of Michard, blocking his view.

BEREM HASHEN

It's time to sleep, Michard.

Michard's eyesight dims and-- everything goes to black.

MONTAGE - MICHARD'S SURGERY:

Berem stands over Michard on a medical table.

DOZENS of TECHNICIANS work at consoles and over Michard.

Michard and Ann walk down the street with Ellen between them. She seems so happy.

Horrific medical tools are pulled from a nearby table and used on Michard one by one. Blood smears over surgical cloth.

Michard watches as a nearby building TUMBLES down. He PUSHES Ellen away as he and Ann are engulfed by the falling debris. Ellen SCREAMS for her father and reaches out to him and he does the same.

Buzzsaw sounds scream through the room. Vital signs fluctuate.

Berem injects substances into Michard.

Michard frees himself, his body bruised and battered. He struggles to free Ann.

Readouts indicate a drop in Michard's vital signs, his heart rate plummeting.

Michard watches Ann as she pleads with him to give up and save Ellen, unconscious on the ground behind them.

Michard carries Ellen away as the area around Ann EXPLODES from weapons fire.

Berem holds up an artificial arm. Blue, powerful sleek metal. He moves to attach it to Michard--

Michard kneels before Ann's grave, holding Ellen to his chest. He looks back to see Berem offering him his hand.

DREAMSEQUENCE - EXT. BLACKNESS - NIGHT

Michard takes Berem's hand and hears a SCREAM. He looks back to see Ellen fading into the shadows. He reaches out to her-- But she's gone.

Michard looks behind him to see Ellen's body, fallen. Blood seeps around the girl's corpse and across the blackness.

BEREM HASHEN (V.O.)

Do you want your daughter to die at
the same hands who took your wife?

Michard's eyes widen and he SCREAMS with rage.

MONTAGE - MICHARD'S SURGERY:

Michard's heart rate climbs back up.

Wounds across Michard's body begin to heal, the scars becoming filled by liquid blue metal.

Berem and the others back away. He smiles and nods with approval.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - MEDICAL BAY - DAY

Michard SNAPS awake and sits up, causing blue liquid to spill out of the tank and onto the floor.

Michard looks around. No Ellen. No Fiona. No one. He then looks down over his body. He first notices his scars, now replaced by blue metal integrated right into his skin. He reaches to run a hand over the scars--

And notices his new arm. He flexes the artificial fingers, able to move them just like his old hand. They seem far more powerful than a fleshy human hand.

BEREM HASHEN (O.S.)

Like it?

Michard looks up to see Berem emerge from the shadows across from him.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

We've injected nanites into your blood stream. They can close and repair any of the more superficial wounds in a matter of moments. Given time they can even repair vital organs.

(beat)

How do you like your new hand?

Michard turns it over, watching the light shine off the metal.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Unlike your soft fleshy original this one is much more powerful. Not only can you crush the bones of a man's hand with ease but it has a secondary mode--

Michard's artificial hand suddenly morphs, the metal shifting and parts reforming. The hand becomes a small cannon.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Very good. All it takes is a little thought. Now if my calculations are right you should be ready for duty.

Michard places his hands on the sides of the tank and rises, stepping out of it. To Berem's dismay he heads for the doors.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Where are you going? I haven't even given you your mission yet.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

To see Ellen.

Before Berem can say anything the doors open for Michard and he exits. Berem shakes his head in disgust.

BEREM HASHEN

We don't have time for this.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - PERSONNEL QUARTERS - ELLEN'S ROOM - DAY

Ellen sits on the bed, clutching her teddy bear tightly to her chest. Fiona sits next to her and rubs her back softly.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Everything's going to be okay.

The doors to the room open. Fiona and Ellen turn to see--
Michard. He smiles wearily at Ellen and she runs for him--
And then stops as he reaches out to her--

His hand. She drops her teddy bear and stares at it. Fiona rises and moves behind Ellen--

Who turns and clings to Fiona's leg, hiding from Michard.

He looks down at his robotic hand and pain extends over his features. He closes the hand, forming a fist and pulls it back. Michard then turns to leave.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
Michard. Don't go.

He doesn't listen, he exits the room--

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (O.S.)
Daddy?

He looks back at Ellen. She turns to face him and she moves over--

Placing her hands on his metal hand. He opens it and she grabs at his fingers.

She looks up at him, concern in her eyes.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
Does-- Does it hurt?

Michard cries, shaking his head no. He moves down and hugs Ellen tight.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
I missed you.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I know, sweetie. I know.

Fiona's wristband comes to life.

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.)
 Dr. Savellen. If Michard is there
 tell him he's needed in the
 temporal lab immediately.

Fiona struggles to shut the comm. off. But it's too late.
 Michard pulls from Ellen and places his hands on her
 shoulders.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 I'll be back. I promise.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
 (shakes head)
 Don't go.

Michard struggles a smile and pulls away, heading from the
 room. Fiona steps forward.

FIONA SAVELLEN
 Michard!

He stops and looks back at her over his shoulder.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 Look after her for me.

And the door to the room slides shut.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The doors to the lab open and Michard, now fully armed, steps
 inside. Berem is by the consoles, furiously working the
 controls. Fifteen or so Technicians and Scientists work
 around the room in the background.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 Where's Winther?

BEREM HASHEN
Commander Winther is busy doing
your job, attempting to prevent a
 temporal revision.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 I'm not following.

Michard passes Berem and moves to the temporal portal. He
 checks over his gear as he waits for Berem to activate it.

BEREM HASHEN
 While you've been out things have
 escalated.

(MORE)

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

The vampires have mounted a full scale offensive into the past. They're taking our game plan and upping the stakes.

Michard looks over his new hand. He flexes it again and again, getting a feel for it.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

The time line is decimated. Our forces, their forces, it's a wreck. The best we can even hope for at the moment is preventing significant damage to our present day situation.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

And my mission?

Berem hits a switch and the portal opens, wind and electricity spreading out from the swirling blue portal.

BEREM HASHEN

1863. The American Civil War. Assist Commander Winther. The Vampiric forces are attempting to turn the tide of the battle for Fort Sanders. If they succeed this could mean the end for us all.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Right.

Michard CLENCHES his new artificial fist and nods. He steps toward the portal--

EXT. FORT SANDERS - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Michard TUMBLES and SMACKS down into the soft Earth. Mud and grass FLY into the air as Michard SKIDS to a halt. The portal hangs in the air briefly before dissipating.

Gunfire RINGS out and EXPLOSIONS sound. Michard rises, smoke, mud, and more flying into the air. Shouting circles around him as Michard finds himself--

Right in the middle of a battle between Union/Human and Confederate/Vampire forces. The battle is INSANE. Union soldiers are RIPPED apart by CYBERNETIC VAMPIRES. Human reinforcements from the future try their best to defend the line, trying to save their forefathers.

Confederate forces PUSH forward, taking the opportunity given to them to try and storm the fort.

Michard looks behind him in time to see two VAMPIRES charging him, their claws and fangs out. Michard grabs the guns along his thighs, SPINS around--

The two vampires LUNGE at him--

And he SHOVES one gun barrel into each's mouth. Their eyes widen--

Boom, Their heads are BLOWN apart. Blood and Techno-mesh spray across the field. Michard holsters his guns.

EXT. FORT SANDERS - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Commander Winther barks orders to his men, the sounds of the battle drowning out his words.

Suddenly THREE VAMPIRES surround Carl. He eyes them and draws a small silver sword as well as a gun. One LUNGES for him and he easily hacks into him, killing the Vampire.

The other two JUMP at Winther. He fires at one, knocking him away. But the second Vampire--

GRABS Carl's arms and FORCES him DOWN against a rock. Winther BANGS his head, blood SPLATTERING over the rock. He winces and loses grip on his weapons. The Vampire lets go and pulls an arm back to strike at Winther's head--

Michard's sword SLICES through the Vampire's neck and her head goes FLYING. Winther, dazed, looks up at Michard as he sheathes his sword.

CARL WINTHER

Damn.

Michard offers Carl his hand and he takes it. Michard pulls Carl to his feet.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

I suppose late is better than never.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Things look bad.

CARL WINTHER

Understatement. This is the Battle of Fort Sanders. An easy victory for the Union.

(MORE)

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)
 Confederates failed to even make a
 dent in the Unions forces. It was a
 slaughter.

Michard glances around. Thousands of Union forces lay dead
 across the battlefield. Confederate forces RUSH toward the
 fort up the hill, unimpeded. Vampires LUNGE at the few Union
 soldiers left on the battlefield, as well as Winther's
 forces.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 Still is.

CARL WINTHER
 Michard. You have to reach that
 fort. No matter what you must stop
 them from killing General Burnside
 and taking the fort. God knows
 what'll happen to the time line.

Michard nods and heads away from Carl. Winther watches
 Michard as he's quickly assaulted by two more Vampires.
 Michard cleaves them away with ease using his sword.

Carl grimaces and reaches down to pick his sword up--

He falls to his knees. Dizzy. He places a hand on the back of
 his head and then looks over his palm. Lots of blood.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)
 Damn you, Michard. God damn you.

EXT. FORT SANDERS - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Michard DASHES up the field and in behind the Confederate
 Soldiers. Some turn and spot Michard as he--

BLASTS them away. Bullets from his guns ripping a path
 through the throngs of Soldiers. Bodies litter the field as
 Michard mows down all those in his path.

Several VAMPIRES RUSH in front of Michard and aim their metal
 claws at him--

They fire LASERS. Michard DUCKS and his artificial hand--

Converts into its cannon form. He FIRES. The EXPLOSION
 THROWING the Vampires into the air and down onto the field.

Michard RUNS forward, unsheathing his sword--

And as each Vampire rises he CLEAVES them in two, RUNNING past them and onto his next target. Confederate Soldiers RUN and CRIES calling for retreat echo over the battlefield.

Michard beheads the last Vampire and RUNS up and into the shattered doors of the fort.

EXT. FORT SANDERS - STAGING GROUNDS - DAY

Michard draws his guns and BLOWS away several more Confederate troops. Another Vampire LUNGES at him. He GRABS onto Michard's back and SINKS his teeth into his neck.

Michard CRIES OUT as the Vampire begins to drawn his blood--

The Vampire's fangs, buried in Michard's neck, turn blue and the Vampire's eyes widen. He lets go of Michard and backs away. Michard watches as the Vampire writhes in pain. The mechanical parts of his body begin to erode and crumble. His eyes PLEAD with Michard for help--

And His body crumbles to the floor in pieces. Michard glances at his neck as the two bite marks are filled up by blue metal.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Nanites are pretty useful.

Michard RUNS further into the fort.

INT. FORT SANDERS - BURNSIDE'S ROOM - DAY

Michard SMASHES the door to the room open--

To find BURNSIDE (39) DEAD. His body on the floor, blood all around it. Standing over the corpse--

VANESSA. Alive and well. Michard's eyes narrow.

VANESSA KOVALT

Well if this isn't a surprise.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

You're still pretty tall for a woman without any legs.

Vanessa steps forward, her body seems even more mechanical than before. But all her limbs are back as they should be. If anything she looks better than before.

VANESSA KOVALT

I should be thanking you. You
forced them to give me an upgrade.

Michard's eyes move back to Burnside's corpse. Vanessa catches his glance.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

Oh oops. I guess you were a bit
late, huh? Too bad. I wonder how
much this will affect the future.
How many humans did I off with just
one life?

Michard grits his teeth in anger. The image of Ellen flashes before him, her teddy bear falling to the ground over a puddle of blood--

Michard SCREAMS with RAGE and RUSHES for Vanessa. He draws his sword--

She dodges--

Michard CLEAVES the desk behind her in two. She slides back behind him.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

Always leaving yourself open--

Michard aims his artificial hand behind him and at Vanessa's face. Right before her eyes it morphs into its cannon form. Her eyes go wide--

He FIRES. Vanessa blocks with her arms and is sent FLYING THROUGH the wall and outside.

EXT. FORT SANDERS - STAGING GROUNDS - DAY

The wall to the inner fort SMASHES as Vanessa FLIES out and SLIDES across the ground. She watches between her arms as Michard walks through the hole he just made with her. She looks over her arms, which held up under the blast.

VANESSA KOVALT

Heh.

She turns to rise from the ground--

And spots a Union Soldier. Dead. His eyes open. She looks at his face and her expression sours.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Get up.

Vanessa closes her eyes and rises to her feet.

VANESSA KOVALT

Do you ever wonder about what side
you're on?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

What?

VANESSA KOVALT

Trapped in a war you don't really
care much about. Playing for a side
you aren't really a part of?

Michard unsheathes his sword, SLAMMING the end of it against
the dirt. Dust flies up around him.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Shut up.

VANESSA KOVALT

You know. Believing that maybe the
world wasn't so bad the way it was?

Michard holds back, listening to Vanessa's words.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

It's kind of like this war, you
know. I hear that a lot of
confederate soldiers didn't
entirely believe in what they were
fighting for. Instinctively knowing
they were on the wrong side. Ha. It
kind of mirrors today doesn't it?

Michard's eyes narrow.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

One unbeatable army versus an army
without a single hope of victory?

Michard raises his sword.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

Do you really think you can change
the tide of what has already come
to pass?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

If you can turn a victory into a
blood bath then I can at least turn
a chatty bitch into a pile of
scrap.

VANESSA KOVALT
 (chuckles)
 Fair enough.

Vanessa LUNGES at Michard. He swings his sword--

Her left claw and his sword COLLIDE, neither giving an inch. She STRIKES with her right--

Michard catches it with his robotic hand. Neither is giving an inch. She smiles at him.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)
 You've gotten better--

Michard SMASHES his forehead into Vanessa's and she reels back.

Michard SWINGS for her torso--

It hits--

But doesn't cut. Vanessa DIGS her heels into the ground and grabs at Michard's sword, holding it next to her.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)
 You're fun. I'd love to stay and chat--

Using her right hand Vanessa types a sequence into a small electronic pad integrated into her leg. A portal appears behind her, blue and swirling. A time tunnel.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)
 But I'm afraid I used up all my vacation time. Goodbye, Valdfellgar.

Vanessa JUMPS back--

And is swallowed up by the portal. It disappears and Michard lowers his sword. All around him, smoke, fire, dust, debris, DEATH. Pulling back over the battlefield, the fort is shattered. The battle lost.

Winther moves to Michard and then spots the hole in the nearby wall. He looks in to see Burnside. He looks back at Michard.

CARL WINTHER
 Can't you do anything right?

Winther moves past Michard and types a sequence into his wristband.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)
I just hope we have something to
return home to.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Michard and Carl are THROWN from the portal and to the floor.
Recovering they rise and look out the main windows--

It's different. The city. More ruined than before and the red
shield protecting mankind--

So much closer. The two move to the window and look out--

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SKYLINE - DAY

Besides a small cluster of buildings huddled around this
great tower, the human capital towering above the rest of the
city--

That's it. The territory is now no more than a dozen or so
buildings.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

CARL WINTHER
(shakes head)
But this-- What happened?

BEREM HASHEN (O.S.)
Temporal revision.

Michard and Carl look back at Berem.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
Fort Sanders was lost. It was a
major blow to the northern army.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Did the North lose?

BEREM HASHEN
No. It wasn't that severe. But the
war took another three years.
Thousands more died, bloodlines
lost--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
So when vampires rose up--

BEREM HASHEN

There was far less resistance.

CARL WINTHER

How do you know all this? You should've been revised too.

BEREM HASHEN

Time tunnel effects. I spend all day next to this thing. You, me. We're all basically immune. You, like Michard, have been ripped free of the time stream enough that I doubt the death of your ancestors would do anything to you. The world could disappear around us and we'd still be here to see it all. This room is an anomaly like me. Exposed to too much temporal energy. For a lab this big I should have technicians, assistants, yes?

(beat)

Then where are they? Where are the forces of humanity fighting for their future and past?

Carl and Michard both look around the room. It's empty. Besides the three of them there's no one else around. Michard's eyes widen with alarm. He rushes from the room and the doors shut behind him. Carl's eyes also widen with fear.

CARL WINTHER

No. Please no.

He rushes out of the lab and Berem sighs, following.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - COMMANDER WINTHER'S OFFICE - DAY

The door to the office slides open and Carl runs inside. He rushes to his desk and grabs the photo off it, turning it around--

It's just him, in his uniform, smiling. No wife, no son. Just him. Berem comes into the doorway. Carl tightens his grip on the frame and the glass CRACKS.

BEREM HASHEN

The council is gone. That puts you in charge.

Carl closes his eyes and exhales.

CARL WINTHER

Sit rep.

BEREM HASHEN

The last assault was twelve hours ago. The majority of our forces perished in the attack. The next will be the last and when this lab falls--

Carl seethes a moment. His breathing hard, as if barely maintaining control..

CARL WINTHER

We do have one option left.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - PERSONNEL QUARTERS - ELLEN'S ROOM - DAY

The door to Ellen's room slides open, Michard rushing in--

Ellen sits on the bed next to Fiona. She jumps from the bed and rushes into her father's open arms. Michard hugs her tight.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Daddy! I missed you.

Michard chokes back his tears of relief and exhales.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I missed you too.

Fiona rises giving Michard a questioning look, wonder what's wrong.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Can you stay for tea?

Michard nods and chokes up.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Sure.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - PERSONNEL QUARTERS - ELLEN'S ROOM - DAY

Michard sits on the bed, holding Ellen in his arms. She pretend serves tea to her bear and Michard smiles, watching her. Fiona stands by the wall near the door and smiles softly, so happy to see them together.

The door to the room opens and Berem steps inside. Fiona eyes him. He glances at her and then to Michard.

BEREM HASHEN
You have a new mission.

Michard's smile fades and he shakes his head.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
No.

BEREM HASHEN
Don't be a fool.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
My place is here.

BEREM HASHEN
Do you honestly think you can
protect her? From here? In the
present?

FIONA SAVELLEN
Dr. Hashen--

Fiona grabs his shoulder-- He THROWS her off.

BEREM HASHEN
Are you all that stupid? The war
isn't here. Not anymore. You made
sure of that Michard. If you run
away now then you'll be at their
mercy.

Michard watches Berem. Ellen looks up at her father--

And he rubs her shoulder and pulls away, rising from the bed.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Daddy where are you going?

FIONA SAVELLEN
Michard no.

BEREM HASHEN
Glad you finally see sense.

Berem exits and Michard makes to follow when Ellen grabs his
hand.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Don't go, daddy. Please?

He looks back at his daughter, pain in his eyes. He shakes
his head.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I'll be back soon, honey.

He pulls his hand out of her's and exits. Ellen lowers her head and grabs her teddy bear, burying her face in it. Fiona watches and then RUSHES out after Michard.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michard moves down the hall, Berem just a short ways ahead of him. Fiona RUSHES up behind the two.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Michard!

He stops and looks back.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
You know you're not actually helping her right? You've left her all alone. Scared. Helpless.

Michard's eyes meet Fiona's.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
She wants her father.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I made a promise with my wife.

FIONA SAVELLEN
This isn't what she meant and you know it. She wanted you to be there for her. With her.

Berem turns back and eyes the two with disgust. Michard's eyes fill with doubt. He looks between Fiona and Berem.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I--

FIONA SAVELLEN
What good is a better world to live in if you're not even there by her side?

Michard hangs his head low and shuts his eyes. He then turns and begins walking back to Fiona. Berem cringes with disgust.

BEREM HASHEN
So. You'd give up the chance to defeat them once and for all? To kill the last true blood vampire?

Michard stops and looks back. Fiona's eyes widen with surprise and confusion.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

What did you say?

FIONA SAVELLEN

What do you mean "last true blood vampire?"

BEREM HASHEN

This'll be your last target, Michard. With this vampire's death the future will be ours.

FIONA SAVELLEN

What are you talking about?

BEREM HASHEN

This vampire holds all the cards. He's the very source of their most powerful bloodlines. If you slay him than this future, this world-- will be gone.

Michard hesitates--

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

Not only would your daughter be safe but you'd have your wife back.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Michard don't listen to him. These promises. That's all they are!

Michard's eyes shift between Fiona and Berem--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

One last time.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Michard no.

BEREM HASHEN

That's all we ask.

Michard moves past Fiona and continues on with Berem. Fiona shakes her head.

FIONA SAVELLEN

(whispering)

Damn it, Michard.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Berme moves to his console and Michard approaches the Temporal Portal. Carl stands by the machine and turns to Michard.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Who's my target?

CARL WINTHER
We don't have a name for you.

Michard tightens his armor and checks over his guns.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)
We only know him as Meastrul Din Umbra.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Which means?

Carl shares a concerned look with Berem.

CARL WINTHER
Master of Shadow.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
What makes you believe he's a good target?

Carl and Berem glance again at each other.

CARL WINTHER
Our sources say he's produced many of the prominent bloodlines for vampires.

BEREM HASHEN
A significant chunk of their forces have his blood flowing through them. Many of their leaders are direct descendants of his.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Where is he?

CARL WINTHER
1400s. Transylvania.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
That's cliche.

Michard holsters his guns and steps to the machine.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Carl and Berem look at each other again. Berem nods. He starts the machine up and the portal RAGES.

The doors to the lab slide open and Michard looks back--

To see Fiona and Ellen at the door. He watches his daughter as she waves to him. Michard hesitates, preparing to turn around--

CARL WINTHER

Michard there isn't time!

Michard's eyes snap back on Carl. He glances back one last time at Ellen--

And waves goodbye. Fiona exhales with defeat as Michard moves into the portal--

And is SUCKED THROUGH. Carl and Berem both exhale with relief.

EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - WOODS - NIGHT

The portal SWIRLS in the air and Michard SMASHES into the ground below. The place seems cold, damp, it's raining, and Michard is surrounded by one of the thickest forests in existence. He rises from the ground and looks around. It's quiet. No one else is around.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Shouldn't I be expecting company?

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.)

I'm not detecting any other temporal anomalies. Now stop wasting time and find the target.

Michard looks around a bit more but there's no one. He's all alone. He starts off through the woods--

A beeping sounds from his wristband.

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.) (CONT'D)

Damn it. Incoming!

DOZENS of portals appear in the air. From them vampires SHOOT down through the forest, HITTING the ground and charging Michard--

He draws his sword and CLEAVES right through them. More and more charge and make to battle with Michard. He RAGES at them, cleaving, shooting, and rampaging through the onslaught.

A claw SCRAPES Michard's cheek-- He fires his arm cannon into the aggressor's face--

Michard's cheek heals, blue metal extending over and patching up the wound.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Berem and Carl watch footage from Michard's battle, from the camera on his wristband, as he cleaves and swings. The camera catches Michard's foes as they fall, defeated.

CARL WINTHER
Why isn't the connection dying?

BEREM HASHEN
The other tunnels must be keeping this one open. It'll shut soon.

Carl marvels at the slaughter.

CARL WINTHER
That's incredible.

Fiona watches the two. She pats Ellen on the shoulder and moves away a moment, heading to another console. Carl and Berem both fail to notice as Fiona surfs through the data on it. The file on Michard's target. She scrolls through--

FIONA SAVELLEN
(eyes widen)
Oh my god.

Berem turns around and spots Fiona at the console.

EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - WOODS - NIGHT

Michard SLASHES through another vampire.

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.)
What are you doing? Get away from there!

FIONA SAVELLEN (COMM.)
How could you? Michard. Michard!
You need to stop! They're--

Michard BLOWS through another Vampire with his arm cannon. He looks to his wristband--

The connection is dead. Nothing by static. The portals in the sky close and the night air returns. The forest becomes black again with only thin streams of moonlight to light the way.

Michard watches a moment, waiting for another attack--

There isn't one. He sheathes his sword and continues on through the woods.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Berem SMACKS Fiona across the cheek and sends her reeling to the floor.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Fiona!

Ellen runs to Fiona.

BEREM HASHEN

Do you know what you almost cost us?

FIONA SAVELLEN

Do you realize what you're asking him to do? Commander?

Carl avoids Fiona's gaze, keeping his eyes downcast.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

How can you ask him to do this? Why? Commander please? This is inhuman!

Carl's fists clench on top of the console. He shakes with rage, fear--

He looks up and nods at the Two Guards by the door.

CARL WINTHER

Lock them up. We can't have them causing anymore trouble.

The Guards grab Fiona and Ellen, dragging the two away.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Commander. Carl! You can't do this. You can't make him do this! You can't! It's wrong.

BEREM HASHEN

The only thing wrong is that we let
so many suffer by waiting.

Berem looks to Carl and the two share a heavy look. Carl
adverts his gaze and moves away.

EXT. TRANSYLVANNIA - RAZVAN'S CASTLE - NIGHT

Michard exits the forest and finds a winding path leading up
to a large Transylvanian CASTLE. Tall towers, spikes at the
tips, black and brown. THUNDER sounds in the distance and
lightning FLASHES in the sky, illuminating the castle
briefly. Heavy winds and rain batter down around Michard.

He steps forward and moves up the path, making his way to the
castle. As he moves up the path he looks into the shadows--

VAMPIRES. Not cybernetic. Not futuristic. Modern. Skin, Bone.
Vampires of the time. They watch him from the shadows,
sitting patiently, their eyes glowing in the dark.

Michard looks to his right, left, in the trees, rocks--

They are EVERYWHERE. He stops and watches them--

They don't move.

RAZVAN (O.S.)

Come now, Valdfellgar. For decades
I have heard you would be visiting
me.

Michard calmly looks around for the voice.

RAZVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do not worry. They will not harm
you. I wish to meet the famed
warrior myself.

Michard steps forward and continues up the path--

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Michard KICKS the door down. The wood SPLINTERS and collapses
to the side, allowing him entrance. Michard steps in as
thunder CRACKLES in the air.

Ahead of him is a long hallway. From the shadows more glowing
eyes watch him. Michard continues in and down the well
furnished hallway.

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - GRAND STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Michard PUSHES open another set of doors and steps into a gigantic hall. A large staircase takes up half the room, leading to a landing above and off to the rest of the mansion.

The place is well lit and Michard appears to be alone. Razvan's voice chuckles. Michard looks around.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Where are you?

The doors behind him SLAM shut and the candles around the room go out one by one. Michard grasps the hilt of his sword.

RAZVAN (O.S.)

Only the most powerful of foes are allowed the grace of my presence. I wish to make sure that my would be assassin has the strength worthy of my attention.

The room becomes dark. Michard snarls, annoyed. HUNDREDS of glowing eyes fill the darkness.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

You're annoying me.

Claws SWIPE at Michard and he dodges--

SWINGING his sword and CLEAVING a vampire in two. Their skin, barely visible in the dark, is a dark purple, their claws bone, not metal, and their eyes a glowing orange, almost red.

Another attack EASILY rips through Michard's armor along his arm. He groans in pain and his skin seals over with metal.

Michard draws a gun and BLOWS the Vampire's face off. Another Vampire TACKLES him--

Michard flies to the ground and DECKS the Vampire, sending it rolling across the floor-

He cleaves again striking down numerous Vampires--

But they keep coming--

Michard draws his guns and BLASTS them away, one after another--

And then he notices--

They're getting back up. Faces blown apart by his weapons, limbs missing, they rise as if unstoppable. Unkillable.

Michard changes his sword to its cannon form and aims at the oncoming force of vampires--

He FIRES. The blast RIPS through the floor--

And it caves in. Michard and his attackers PLUMMET down.

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - LARDER - NIGHT

Michard SPLASHES down into a large muddy pool. The place is so dark he can't make anything out. He struggles to right himself. Pulling his metal hand up through the water he looks down at it--

It isn't water. It's blood. Michard looks up and around the room. CORPSES. HUNDREDS and HUNDREDS of corpses. Michard rises to his feet and his eyes pan over the room.

Every single corpse has terror frozen across their face. Their features contorted in their dying moments of agony.

The vampires circle him through the shadows.

RAZVAN (O.S.)

You're making quite a mess of the place.

Michard looks up through the hole in the ceiling, from where he came. High above is a figure cloaked in shadows. Razvan.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

Ah I see you found my larder.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Your larder?

Michard looks back down over the bodies. Mostly women, and even a few children, babies--

Michard averts his eyes, unable to look any further.

RAZVAN (O.S.)

Humans make such useful creatures in continuing my line. But not all. Not all. I need somewhere to store my barren and useless cattle.

Michard exhales hard, his nostrils flaring. His eyes become hard and his brow furrows. His gaze moves over the bodies. His eyes catch a baby.

It squirms, weighed down by the corpse of its mother. Michard moves to it and pulls the body away, freeing the baby. It SCREAMS with tears. He lifts the baby up and looks it over as it wails with fear. Michard's teeth clench. He rests the baby back by the wall, out of the heavy pool of blood.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

So you throw them down here to die?

A Vampires LUNGES at Michard--

He CLEAVES with his sword, tearing the vampire in two. The Baby's screams ECHO through the larder.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

You leave them to die?

Ann flashes before Michard's eyes, trapped beneath the rubble as he runs away with Ellen.

More Vampires LUNGE at him--

And he CLEAVES, SCREAMING with rage. Bodies flying apart, vampire guts spilling across the ground and mixing with the pool of blood. The baby continues to cry and wail.

A vampire BITES into Michard's neck--

He grabs the vampire's head with his metal hand and--

SQUEEZES! The skull buckles and blood and brains spill. The corpse falls to the ground and deep into the ever growing pool.

The others hesitate. Michard looks up at them. RAGE in his eyes.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Come on.

(beat)

COME AT ME!

The vampires back away and--

Sink into the shadows. They're gone. Michard SCREAMS with rage and his cries echo through the air. As they fade again the baby's wail fill the air.

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - GRAND STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Razvan, cloaked and hidden by the darkness, looks down through the hole in the floor.

RAZVAN

Heh.

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - LARDER - NIGHT

Michard's breathing is labored and intense.

RAZVAN (O.S.)

Take the stairwell up. To the top.
Join me for a drink. Would you?

Michard's eyes pass across the room and spot the stairwell, dimly lit. Michard looks back at the baby. He rips a drape from the wall and lays it over the child. It's screams die down and it calms a bit.

Michard DASHES through the swamp of bodies and into the stairwell, rushing up the stairs.

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Razvan, almost completely hidden by shadows and his cloak, save for his glowing red eyes, takes a seat at the head of the room. His throne.

The doors to the room SMASH open, wood splintering and sliding across the floor. Michard walks in, hand on his sheathed sword's hilt, eyes narrowed. Ready for battle.

RAZVAN

Welcome, Valdfellgar.

Michard stops and exhales.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

I must say you are quite
impressive.

Michard SWINGS his sword and it SMASHES into the ground, SHATTERING the floor on impact.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Stand.

RAZVAN

The legends seem to be true.
Strength. Stamina--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Stand!

RAZVAN

Wounds inflicted that should hinder
and yet you keep going--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

STAND!

RAZVAN

The legends mention nothing of your
impatience.

Michard steps forward, dragging his sword along the ground
and carving a deep gash into the floor.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Stand so I can kill you and bring
an end to my mission.

RAZVAN

Your mission? Now what is this?
(laughing)
You are the VALDFELLGAR. The
Valdfellgar listens to no one.
(sneers)
Only his sick lust.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Stand.

Razvan's eyes narrow and he rises--

He's tall. VERY TALL. As he moves to his full height it
becomes clear he is far taller than any man. Ten, thirteen,
fifteen, eighteen-- He keeps climbing, his eyes moving higher
and higher into the shadows.

Michard's determination begins to falter, his eyes shake with
realization--

Twenty, twenty-two-- twenty-five feet tall. Razvan's glowing
eyes peer down at Michard.

RAZVAN

I suppose it doesn't really matter.

Razvan steps forward, his cloak gliding into the moonlight
seeping through the windows. His foot SMASHES down onto the
floor, SHAKING the place gently.

Michard steps back as Razvan makes his way into the light.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

Because tonight the legends end.

Razvan takes another step, his cloaked body coming fully into the moonlight. Good god he really is twenty-five feet tall.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)
The Valdfellgar dies.

A large, purple hand, claws at the fingertips, grabs from within the cloak and RIPS it free--

Revealing Razvan's body. A mass of dark purple skin, muscles, long jagged claws-- his mouth filled with sharp jagged fangs instead of teeth, his eyes gleaming red and on his back--

TWO MASSIVE webbed wings. They FLAP and a gust of wind passes around Michard. He steps back to steady himself. His eyes go wide with amazement at Razvan's form in front of him.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)
Has the Valdfellgar never seen a true blood vampire before? Now that is shocking. Then let it be fitting that I, the last pure blood of our kind slays he who dares to turn his blade on us.

Razvan SWIPES at Michard--

Michard comes out of his daze and blocks with his sword--

It's not enough. The force sends him FLYING off his feet and SKIDDING across the floor.

Michard draws a gun and FIRES. The bullet HITS--

And falls to the floor. Nothing. Razvan turns to face Michard. He exhales with satisfaction. He LUNGES at Michard--

Who SWINGS his sword around, aiming right for Razvan's head--

Razvan BLOCKS with his mighty claws--

And STOPS the sword. Michard pushes with all his MIGHT--

And makes no ground. Razvan sneers with pleasure and PUSHES against Michard's sword--

A CRACK SPREADS across the sword. Michard's eyes widen--

Razvan takes his free hand and SMASHES it into Michard's side--
-

Michard goes FLYING across the ground and SLAMS against the wall.

His sword falls from his hands and bounces back on the ground between him and Razvan. The chain clangs over the rock.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

Oh? I seem to have damaged your precious sword--

Razvan makes to grab for it--

Michard YANKS on the chain and the sword BOUNCES across the ground to him. Razvan's eyes widen with surprise as--

Michard rises, changing his sword into its cannon form. He kneels and aims at Razvan--

Razvan's wings wrap around him--

Michard FIRES. A mass of FIRE blasting over where Razvan was. The place SHAKES from the explosion and bricks fall from the ceiling, wood splinters and support beams WHINE from the shock.

Smoke and fire muddy Michard's vision. He watches the blaze, waiting to see the result--

RAZVAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Impressive.

Michard's eyes widen with disbelief as the smoke and fire calm to reveal--

Razvan's wings. Slightly burnt but otherwise whole. They unfold to reveal a COMPLETELY UNFAZED RAZVAN.

Razvan LUNGES after Michard, DASHING on all fours like an animal--

Michard RUNS, bolting across the room and behind pillars--

Razvan SMASHES through them, SHATTERING them with ease! He keeps on after Michard, gaining--

Michard ROLLS around a Pillar and continues across the room--

Razvan FLAPS his wings and RISES into the air, SPINNING, flying through the air--

And LANDING down right in front of Michard. He skids to a halt. Michard tries to draw his sword again--

Razvan JUMPS at him, PINNING Michard to the ground.

Michard struggles for freedom, but Razvan's weight and grasp are too strong. Razvan briefly lets go--

And SLAMS a claw down into the floor around Michard, PINNING under just one of his massive hands. He PUSHES down into the floor, CRUSHING Michard against the stone. He SCREAMS in agony.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)
Die, Valdfellgar. Painfully please.

Michard grits his teeth and holds his metal hand up at Razvan. Razvan eyes it curiously--

It changes into its cannon form.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)
What?

Michard FIRES. The blast hits Razvan in the eye--

He HOWLS as he stumbles backward, blood and flesh flying from his shattered eye socket.

Michard rolls over onto his stomach and groans, clutching at his chest. He rises to his feet and rushes away from Razvan and into the shadows.

Razvan REELS on the ground and writhes in agony.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)
VALDFELLGAR!

Michard falls back against a pillar, hidden by the shadows and breaths, trying to get a grip.

Razvan begins to calm. He GROWLS like an angered beast.

Michard, calmer, unhooks the chain from his sword--

Razvan rises, his vision returning to his remaining eye--

Michard RUSHES across the room as Razvan starts to stand, his back to him--

Michard HURLS the chain through the air--

And it WRAPS around Razvan's leg.

He looks down at it.

Michard YANKS on it. Razvan's footing falters and he falls to the ground, turning over and laying on his back. Michard RUSHES forward and JUMPS, aiming his sword down at Razvan's chest--

Razvan HOWLS. He FLAPS his wings--

And HE TAKES to the air. FLYING up towards the ceiling--

The chain TIGHTENS and DRAGS Michard up after him--

Razvan SMASHES through the ceiling. Stone, brick, and wood tumble down past the two as they go soaring into the sky.

EXT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - NIGHT

Razvan FLAPS his wings and soars through the air, DRAGGING Michard along with him. Michard struggles to get a handle on the situation. He grabs the chain and sheathes his sword with the other hand.

Razvan looks back with his remaining good eye.

RAZVAN

What's wrong, Valdfellgar? Never
climbed to these heights before?
Allow me to bring you back down.

Razvan DIVES back towards the mansion. Michard sees it--

The TOWERS, sharp and pointy tips. He aims his metal hand, transforming it into a cannon--

Razvan looks back and spots it--

Michard FIRES--

Razvan PULLS to the side, the blast barely missing his head--

Razvan looks back at Michard and laughs.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

Did you really think that would
work a second time--

Razvan flies down past one of the towers and his right wing--

Is pierced by the tip! The tower easily SHREDS the wing, the webbing TEARING audibly. Razvan loses his balance and TUMBLES down through the air and back through the opening he made from the throne room--

INT. RAZVAN'S MANSION - THRONE ROOM - DAY

His body SMASHES into the stone floor sending chunks into the air as he ROLLS across it, landing on his back--

Michard UNHOOKS the chain and DIVES through the air--

He draws his sword and aims it down--

SMASHING down and PIERCING Razvan's left wing.

Razvan lays back, defeated, his body torn and bruised. Blood seeps from the broken skin across his chest, legs, arms. Michard rises from his sword and moves to Razvan's chest. He places a foot on it and aims his hand cannon at Razvan's face.

Razvan watches as Michard's wounds across his face begin to heal, blue metal seeping over the open wounds and closing them.

RAZVAN

You. You will die for this. I promise it.

Michard remains silent. A gage along his hand cannon slowly fills, as if charging.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

As the agent of "humanity" as the one who sins beyond all others, you will die for your actions.

The gage nears full.

RAZVAN (CONT'D)

On my house name, the clan of Razvan Eckleven will not rest until YOU ARE DEAD!

Michard's eyes widen and he lowers his hand cannon slightly. His mouth opens with shock, trying to piece this revelation together. Razvan exhales, rage, fear, all flowing through his eyes.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

What did you say?

Razvan seethes, waiting for his end--

Footsteps pull Michard to his senses and he looks to his side-

VANESSA.

VANESSA KOVALT

Did you never wonder why only you among all the humans possessed the dexterity to travel through time?

Michard lowers his cannon further.

VANESSA KOVALT (CONT'D)

Your family was the primary Eckleven bloodline. Over time the strong blood of Eckleven dwindled and so did their desire for revenge.

RAZVAN

N-- No. My bloodline-- faltered?

VANESSA KOVALT

While the branching families Razvan fathered continued, the Eckleven line chose to abandon Vampiric society in favor of a mundane human existence. They chose to raise you as any other human boy, which wasn't hard as the Eckleven line had fallen so far, become so diluted that you could easily pass for a human. You still possess strength far mightier than any man but you remain one of the "weakest" vampires of our modern age.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

So if I kill him I cease to exist.

VANESSA KOVALT

(shakes head)

You've been torn from your own time. If you kill him here you'll be safe. But the future you return to will be one written without you, the vampires, anyone a part of Razvan's bloodline.

Michard eyes Razvan, whose features are contorted with pain, confusion, he struggles to move but his strength fails him. Michard changes his metal hand back out of its cannon form and looks to Vanessa.

Razvan struggles to understand the situation, his mind racing. Michard looks back down at Razvan. Michard then walks to his sword--

Vanessa readies her claws, charging her laser beams--

Michard grabs his sword and YANKS it free from Razvan's wing. Michard then moves over to Razvan's face and leans down to come eye to eye with him.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Watch your back. I'm going to come calling again.

Razvan calms as Michard rises again and walks away. Vanessa ceases charging her weapons.

VANESSA KOVALT

Why didn't you kill him? You could've returned to a world free of death, destruction just like you wanted.

Michard continues to walk away.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

The price was too high.

Michard stops and activates the portal with his wristband. The portal appears and wind gusts through the room.

Vanessa watches as Michard holds a moment. He looks back over his shoulder.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)

Next time I won't hold back.

He steps in--

And is gone. The portal shuts immediately and the throne room becomes calm and still again.

Razvan groans as he props himself up using an elbow.

RAZVAN

Who are you? Why'd you let the Valdfellgar escape?

VANESSA KOVALT

I suggest you not look a gift horse in the mouth, Razvan Eckleven. I was instructed by the Great Vampiric Lord to offer you a deal.

RAZVAN

A deal? What deal? Who is your master?

VANESSA KOVALT

(smiling)

This offer comes from your "old friends." Of the Vlad line.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The portal sends wind and electricity BLASTING through the air. Berem eyes his console and then looks over his shoulder at the portal. His features sullen and serious.

Michard FLIES from the portal and SKIDS across the ground. The portal dies and the room quiets. Berem looks over his other shoulder at Michard.

BEREM HASHEN
What happened?

Michard rises and their eyes meet.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Complications.

BEREM HASHEN
(pause)
A pity.

The two hold their stare, waiting for the other to come clean, to bring the issue to a head--

Michard gives and turns, heading for the hall. The doors open and he exits. They slide shut and Berem closes his eyes.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
Damn it.

Berem flips a switch on his console.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
Commander Winther.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - CARL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carl sits in the dark, the room barren and empty. Every picture is SMASHED to bits. The photos ripped and shredded. Every photo of him and him alone.

Carl's eyes fall on the carpet just in front of him, where his son had been playing just a few weeks before. But now-- it's just him. There's no one.

BEREM HASHEN (COMM.)
Commander Winther? Carl. Michard
failed. And he knows.

Carl sits silently, his hands clasped in front of his mouth. His eyes narrow.

CARL WINTHER
You won't give me back what you
took, huh Michard?

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michard moves through the hallways at a blinding speed, walking as fast as he can. Outside the building the city looks just as ruined as always, if not worse than before. The red shield shimmers around it.

GUNS COCKING fills the air. Michard slows and stops. He looks around--

He's SURROUNDED by DOZENS of GUARDS. Their rifles, shotguns, pistols, every weapon available is trained on him.

Michard reaches for his sword--

They FIRE.

Michard shimmers and disappears, going invisible.

The Guards FIRE wildly. Friendly fire all around--

Michard SLICES his way through several Guards and DASHES down the hall. Others give chase--

A shadow falls over them, coming from outside the window. Numerous Guards stop their chase and look outside--

Their eyes widen--

Laser fire RIPS inside. The Guards are BLOWN away by EXPLOSION after EXPLOSION.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - CARL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carl finishes strapping on his armor and sheathes a sword and pistol--

The room SHAKES and ALARMS sound.

WARNING MESSAGE (COMM.)
Warning. Warning. Vampiric assault
in progress. Deflection shields
down. Defenses breached.

Carl sneers and rushes to the exit.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - PERSONNEL QUARTERS - ELLEN'S ROOM - DAY

Warning sirens HOWL in the air. Ellen CLUTCHES at Fiona who wraps her arms around her.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
I'm scared. I want my daddy.

FIONA SAVELLEN
I know. I know. It's going to be okay. I promise.

Muffled gunfire comes from out in the hall. A gruesome sound of flesh tearing follows and the gunfire ceases. Fiona rises and pushes Ellen behind her.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
Stay behind me.

The door opens--

MICHARD. Fiona's eyes light up with relief.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
Michard.

Ellen RUNS from behind Fiona and to her father.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Daddy!

Michard picks up his daughter and hands her back into Fiona's arms.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
No, I want to stay with you.

Michard runs his right hand over Ellen's cheek.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I know. Soon.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Are the vampires really assaulting the tower?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Let's get you both out of here.

FIONA SAVELLEN
What? How? If they're already inside then there's no where left to go. Anywhere.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
The time tunnel.

Fiona's eyes light up with recognition.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
Follow me.

Michard heads out of the room and Fiona, carrying Ellen, follows.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

The building SHAKES as laser fire echoes in from outside. Walls CRACK and ceilings cave in. Michard leads Fiona and Ellen through the chaos. The group turns a corner--

CARL. And a DOZEN or so Guards.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Carl what do you think you're doing-

He aims his gun at Michard.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)
For God's sake we don't have time
for this.

Michard grabs his sword.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Go on ahead.

Fiona backs away and down another hall. Carl motions to two Guards to follow and they head back down another hall, presumably to intercept Fiona and Ellen.

CARL WINTHER
The girl stays Michard.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
No.

CARL WINTHER
Why couldn't you just be a good
soldier and do as you were told?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
I'm not a soldier.

CARL WINTHER

If you'd just done as we said
everything would've turned out
perfect. We'd all be living a nice,
peaceful life. Together.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Not all of us.

Carl aims and FIRES. His Guards do the same. Bullets SPRAY around Michard and he draws his sword, plunging it into the floor and using it as a shield. He FIRES back. Hitting a Guard or two, the rest take cover with their Commander.

The spray of bullets is so intense Michard is forced behind the shield, unable to move.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Fiona RUSHES down another hallway only--

To come FACE TO FACE with the two Guards Carl sent after them. They raise their guns at her.

GUARD 1

Just turn around and go--

TWO VAMPIRES come around another corner and LUNGE at the Guards from behind, RIPPING into their flesh! One BITES into a Guard's neck and his eyes widen--

Before he collapses, dead from the shock. Ellen SCREAMS and the two Vampires spot Fiona and Ellen. Fiona backs away and--

RUNS back down the hall. The Vampires BOUND across the floor and give chase.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Michard remains behind his sword, the bullets blasting up the floor around him. Suddenly the sunlight from outside is blotted out--

Michard, Carl and the Guards look up--

The Vampiric Warship. Large, MENACING, sections along the ship open--

And VAMPIRES SOAR through the air with cybernetic metal wings.

They CRASH through the glass and the shards reign down on Carl and his men. Several are PIERCED by the shards of glass and fall to the floor, screaming in agony as their blood spills out.

Vampires SWIPE at the others, managing to kill several more caught by surprise. Carl and the rest draw their silver blades and HACK into the Vampires, killing a number. The battle becomes gruesome and Carl is forced to turn his gun and sword on the Vampires.

Michard rises and SWEEPS with his sword, cleaving five Vampires around him at the knees. They fall to the ground, debilitated. Sheathing his sword, Michard RUNS through the battle between the humans and vampires. Carl watches him, forced to keep up his fight against another wave.

CARL WINTHER

Damn you, Michard. This is your fault. YOUR FAULT!

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - HALLWAYS - DAY

Fiona turns a corner--

A dead end, the passage blocked by debris from a collapsed floor above. She turns back--

The Two Vampires. They inch closer and closer. Their fangs appear and they seem to drool with anticipation. Fiona backs up against the debris and Ellen shivers with fear--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (O.S.)

Shield her eyes.

Fiona is jolted from her fright by the words. She immediately places a hand over Ellen's eyes--

Michard's sword FLIES through the air and PIERCES one of the Vampires from behind! The blade SMASHES through his back and then chest, spraying blood across the floor. Michard YANKS the sword back and the Vampire is carried through the air--

His body slides off the sword and rolls across the floor. The second Vampire turns back--

Boom. A bullet to the head. The Vampire stumbles back and falls to the floor, dead. Fiona looks over the corpses.

FIONA SAVELLEN

Oh my god.

Michard rushes up to her and holds out his arms.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Give her to me.

Fiona does and places Ellen into Michard's arms.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Daddy.

Ellen sobs, scared to death.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
It's okay, honey. It's okay. I'll
never leave your side again. Ever.

Michard motions to Fiona and the two run down another hall.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The doors to the lab open allowing Michard, Ellen, and Fiona inside. The place is empty and the building SHAKES from explosions. Fiona RUSHES to the console and begins to start up the machine.

FIONA SAVELLEN
Michard go to the locker and grab
two more of the time barriers.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Will they protect you and Ellen?

FIONA SAVELLEN
We just have to hope okay?

Michard looks down at Ellen. Fear is in her eyes. Michard runs a hand over her head and kisses her forehead. He rushes past the wall of windows. Ellen looks out and down--

The Vampiric WARSHIP hangs in the air, laser fire spraying from its cannons and into the floors below.

Michard reaches the locker and RIPS it open with his metal hand. He grabs two of the time barrier devices and moves to meet Fiona by the time tunnel machine.

Berem appears from the shadows behind Fiona. Michard sees him, the gun in his hand--

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Fiona!

BANG. He fires and the bullet RIPS through Fiona's side. She SCREAMS and falls forward onto the console, her blood dripping over the controls. She SLUMPS to the floor, clutching at her wound.

Michard PUTS Ellen down, hiding her behind another console and RUSHES Berem--

He turns--

Michard grabs his arm with his metal hand, the arm with the gun--

And SQUEEZES. Berem HOWLS with pain as his bones audibly CRACK. He cries out endlessly and falls to the floor holding his mutilated arm. Fiona struggles to stand, pulling herself up using the console. Michard moves to help her.

FIONA SAVELLEN

I'm fine.

He tries to help her up.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

I said I'm fine!

(beat)

You said you wouldn't leave her side again remember?

Michard looks back at Ellen cowering next to the console. He runs to her and picks her up, holding her, stroking her head.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

It's going to be okay, sweetie. I promise.

She nods. Fiona finishes start up and the time portal activates. Gusts of wind blow around the room and the light outside is masked by the heavy blue.

Berem watches as Fiona uses the console for support, making her way to the portal. Michard moves past Berem and to the portal, carrying Ellen.

BEREM HASHEN

Do you-- Do you realize just what you're doing?

Michard and Fiona stop, looking back.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

If you abandon humanity now it's over.

(MORE)

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)
They'll be nothing left to return
to. The vampires will have won.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
Not my problem.

BEREM HASHEN
Ha! What makes you think you'll be
safe and snug back in another time?
What makes you think they won't
come for you and your daughter?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
If they want to get to her they'll
have to get through me.

BEREM HASHEN
You're an idiot, Michard. It's not
about her, it's about you. Your
prowess, your abilities. You'll
forever be a danger to them, to us.
If you think you're not at the
center of this, if you think you
can just walk away then you're
going to be in for a hell of a
shock.

Michard turns away and moves to the portal--

GUNSHOTS ring out. A bullet HITS Michard in the back,
PIERCING his armor. His eyes widen and he HOWLS in agony. He
falls to his knees and Ellen slips from his grasp. She lands
on her feet and grabs at her father.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
Daddy! Daddy are you okay? Daddy?

FIONA SAVELLEN
Michard!

Carl stands in the doorway to the hall. His armor is torn,
bloodied, but he's still standing. He aims the gun at Ellen--

Michard looks over his shoulder and MOVES in the way--

He takes another bullet in the shoulder. It passes through
his armor with ease and Michard SCREAMS again.

CARL WINTHER
What do you think of those Michard?
Silver armor piercing bullets. We
developed them especially for your
kind.

FIONA SAVELLEN
 Michard can you stand--

Michard pushes Ellen to Fiona.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
 Daddy.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 Take her and go.

He rises, struggling with the pain. Blood oozes from his wounds and puddles on the floor.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
 Daddy no!

FIONA SAVELLEN
 Michard!

He turns to face Carl, grabbing the hilt of his sword.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 I said go. Leave!

Fiona, realizing she can't do anything but what he asked, grabs Ellen and drags her along into the portal.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN
 Daddy no. You promised. You promised!

MICHARD ECKLEVEN
 Ellen. Honey.

Ellen calms a moment as Michard looks back at her--
 Smiling.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN (CONT'D)
 I'll be right behind you.

Fiona drags Ellen into the portal and they're gone.

Michard turns his attention back to Carl.

CARL WINTHER
 Well. I guess the truth is all out
 now isn't it?

Michard steps forward, drawing his sword and dragging the tip along the floor.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

You know I never liked you. Always so much more concerned with yourself, your family. Tell me? How many people would have to die in order to keep your precious mongrel brat safe?

Michard remains silent and walks toward Carl. He retracts the gun on Michard.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

Is that why you always failed? Actually working for them or should I say your people? Double agent?

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

You were the ones keeping secrets.

CARL WINTHER

And you're the one who let everyone who mattered die.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I did what I could.

CARL WINTHER

No. No. You failed. You had him. YOU HAD HIM! You could've ended it all with one stroke, with one clean cut. AND YOU BACKED AWAY.

Carl FIRES. The bullet pierces Michard's side with ease. He takes a step back, steadies, himself and continues.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

I could've had them back. We all could've had them back. Our fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, wives. Just a little sacrifice.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Would you have made that sacrifice?

CARL WINTHER

THIS ISN'T ABOUT ME. I'M HUMAN!
YOU'RE-- YOU'RE ONE OF THEM.

Carl fires again and again Michard is hit and forced to step back, steadying himself. Michard strength falters and he falls to his knees.

Carl steps forward, drawing his silver sword.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

You were a tool. A means to an end.
When you came back, all battered,
beaten, on your death bed-- I
should've given the order to kill
you then and there.

Carl raises his sword into the air--

Michard changes his metal hand into its cannon form and aims
it at Carl.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Too bad you can't cross your own
time stream. Then you could fix
that mistake.

Carl's eyes widen--

Michard FIRES. Carl dodges to the left, rolling across the
floor as the explosion TOTALS the wall behind him. Concrete
and metal spray across the room. Michard rises and changes
his sword into its cannon form. He swings it around and
trains it on Carl who struggles to get to his feet--

Michard FIRES. Carl RUNS as the explosion destroys the floor
behind him. Michard FIRES again and again each blast trailing
behind Carl--

He DIVES behind a pillar and Michard BLOWS it away.

Berem RUSHES over behind the consoles near the still open
temporal portal. He cowers and screams in fear as the
explosions rock the building.

Carl comes out from the wreckage of the pillar and FIRES--

Two bullet HIT Michard and pierce his armor. He stumbles back
and converts his sword back to shield form, hiding behind it.
He draws his own guns.

CARL WINTHER

You abandoned us. You BETRAYED US!

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

As you're so fond of reminding me:
you're not my people.

Michard rises and FIRES. Carl RUNS and hides behind a nearby
console.

CARL WINTHER

So, true colors at last.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I'm not on either side. Ellen,
Fiona. Those are my people. No one
else. No one else matters.
Especially not people like you.

CARL WINTHER

Ha!

Carl rises and FIRES at Michard, forcing him to take cover
again.

CARL WINTHER (CONT'D)

I was only asking you to do what
any of us would do! Give your life
so humanity may have a better
future.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

What you were asking was far
greater than that.

Carl shakes his head, practically laughing.

CARL WINTHER

Sometimes lying is necessary when
you need people to do the right
thing.

Michard rises, aiming at Carl. Carl aims at him.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

You asked me to sacrifice my
daughter.

CARL WINTHER

YOU TOOK MY SON FROM ME!

They both FIRE. Carl's bullet strikes Michard's chest and he
stumbles backwards. Michard's bullet RIPS through Carl's
chest. His eyes widen and blood flows freely from his flesh.
He steps back and collapses to the ground.

Michard stumbles backwards and steadies himself. From where
the bullet hit blood doesn't flow but--

Gold. Little pieces of gold. The locket slides out from the
folds in Michard's armor. It's been shattered by the bullet.

Carl swallows, his breathing hard and labored, his eyes wide
with fear.

Michard rights himself and looks at Carl, his body spread across the floor. Michard grabs the hilt of his sword and PULLS it from the floor--

The light from outside sinks away as a shadow moves over the room. Michard looks up--

The Vampiric Warship hovers outside, rising higher and higher--
Missiles LAUNCH from its weapon banks--

EXT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TOWER - DAY

And SMASH into the floors below. Support beams WHINE and SHATTER. They BUCKLE and the upper part of the building TOPPLES.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Michard falls back towards the windows, he JAMS his sword into the floor and holds onto it as the building tumbles over, FALLING towards the ground--

Carl's body, along with the debris spread across the floor, slides down to the windows--

Berem CLINGS onto a console for dear life.

EXT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TOWER - DAY

The Top part of the tower SMASHES into another two buildings, supporting it and preventing it from falling further.

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

Michard holds onto his sword, using it to keep himself from falling towards the glass below. Michard watches as Carl's body FALLS and SMACKS into the glass--

It SHATTERS and his body FALLS through, towards the ground--

Their eyes meet. Michard's sullen and Carl's--

Afraid. His body speeds down, passing by hundreds of stories--

And is gone. The blue light from the portal fluctuates. Michard looks up to see the portal destabilizing. Berem is at the controls and with his one good hand he types in a sequence.

Michard YANKS his sword free from the floor and he falls--

EXT. GRASS LANDS - DAY

Fiona, lays back on the ground, clutching her bloodied side. Ellen SCREAMS at the portal in the sky.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Daddy!

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TOWER - DAY

Michard HURLS his sword up and into the "floor" below the portal. It STRIKES and the chain becomes taut. Michard climbs up the chain.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Ellen! Ellen I'm coming!

He reaches his sword, pulls himself up, grabs onto the edge of the machine and moves to the portal--

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

Daddy--

Ellen and Fiona vanish from the other end. The portal leads to nothing but a solid blackness. Michard's eyes widen with fear. Berem's sick laugh PULLS him to his senses and he looks back.

BEREM HASHEN

It's the least I could do, Michard.
The least I could do for the
"great" betrayer.

Michard looks back into the new portal, the destination unclear. Nothing but a solid black.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

You'll never find her. Ever. All of
history. You lost her. So in the
end wouldn't it have been better if
you'd just been a good boy and done
as you were told?

The building CREEKS and whines. Something is buckling.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

I'll find her. No matter what.

Michard grabs at the edges of the machine and starts to climb up and into the portal--

BEREM HASHEN

I lied to you!

Michard looks back over his shoulder.

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

I know. About a lot of things. But you asked me. You asked me what Valdfellgar meant. It isn't he who slays vampires. Oh no. Oh no. Do you want to know what it means? It means he who does the unthinkable! The most disgusting act!

Michard turns away from Berem and climbs through the portal, sucked to another time--

BEREM HASHEN (CONT'D)

It means HE WHO KILLS HIS OWN PEOPLE! THE GREAT BETRAYER! That's what you are, Michard. A man beyond redemption!

EXT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TOWER - DAY

The buildings holding up the top half of the crumbling tower BUCKLE under the weight. The top section of the tower continues its journey toward the ground--

INT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TEMPORAL LAB - DAY

The building PLUMMETS down and Berem holds onto the console for dear life.

BEREM HASHEN

Do you hear me, Michard? Do you hear me!?

EXT. HUMAN CAPITAL - TOWER - DAY

The top section SMASHES into the ground and dust and debris cloud the air around it. Above the Vampiric Warship hangs in the sky. Victorious.

EXT. GRASS LANDS - DAY

The portal shrinks away, the air calms, and it disappears. Ellen, tears streaming down her cheeks watches the sky, where the portal had been. But there's nothing there now.

She sinks to her knees.

ELLEN ECKLEVEN

No. No. Daddy. No.

Fiona looks around, her vision blurring. Nothing but grass and hills for miles. She looks to Ellen and struggles, crawling across the grass to her. She wraps her arms around Ellen.

FIONA SAVELLEN

It's going to be okay. Everything will be okay.

Ellen shakes with tears and sobs uncontrollably.

FIONA SAVELLEN (CONT'D)

We'll find him one day. We'll find your father again. I promise.

Fiona's wound seeps with blood. Her clothes are stained and so is the ground beneath her.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Michard rises from the floor of a dark, dank cave. The blue light from the portal fades as it disappears and leaves Michard blanketed in total darkness.

He looks down at the locket around his neck. It's shattered. The image of Ellen torn beyond recognition. He clutches the broken locket.

Michard walks forward, through the cave--

And he stops. Rustling in the shadows catches his attention--

Red eyes appear all around him. Michard grabs at his sword and his eyes narrow.

MICHARD ECKLEVEN

Figures.

VAMPIRES, primitive, LUNGE at him. Michard CLEAVES and the battle begins.

INT. VAMPIRE CAPITAL - KING'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

A large dark and misty chamber. The ground is covered in a soft white mist that almost glows. The rest of the room is pitch dark. A throne sits at the center.

The VAMPIRE KING, masked by heavy shadows, looks over his right arm, holding it in front of his face. He flexes his fingers and smiles to himself, revealing his long white fangs.

The doors to the room open and Vanessa comes inside. They shut and she kneels before her lord.

VANESSA KOVALT

The last bastion of humanity has fallen. Though, when we counted the bodies we could not find the scientist responsible for their time tunnel. Doctor Berem Hashen.

VAMPIRE KING

It doesn't matter.

He continues to marvel at his arm.

VAMPIRE KING (CONT'D)

All that really matters is the Valdfellgar. I trust he survived the battle? I really must thank him. Without his betrayal mankind would not have fallen so easily.

Vanessa sneers, annoyed.

VANESSA KOVALT

I don't believe we should see the Valdfellgar as any kind of ally. He is the Valdfellgar. The lowest of the low. The Great Betrayer. To get what he wants he would kill us all if necessary.

The Vampire King lowers his arm and grasps the armrest.

VAMPIRE KING

Perhaps then we need to take out some insurance on him. Take hold of that which he desires most.

The doors open again and Vanessa looks back--

Her eyes WIDEN. A group of soldiers move forward, hidden by the shadows. The King laughs with pleasure.

VANESSA KOVALT

(muttering)

It can't be--

VAMPIRE KING

Ah yes! So your augmentations are complete then. Tell me do you believe you and your men are up to the task of hunting down the Valdfellgar's kin?

The LEADER of the troops steps forward, moving closer to Vanessa and the King. The shadows peel away, revealing his body to be a mass of metal and flesh merged together. Claws for hands, armor integrated into his chest--

LEADER (O.S.)

I'd be most happy to take good "care" of her.

CARL WINTHER. Half his face replaced by cybernetics. Only the right side resembles his original human form, the left replaced by dark blue metal in the shape of a bare skull.

CARL WINTHER (LEADER)

I've been anxiously awaiting my reunion with her father.

Vanessa rises and stares with bewilderment at the TWENTY SOLDIERS behind him. Not vampires, but CYBERNETIC HUMANS. Their eyes hollow, their gaze fixed. An ARMY OF SLAVES.

Carl, however, seems all too aware. He smiles, sick, twisted. PLEASED.

The End.