

FESTIVAL OF BLOOD

"Pilot"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. ONE WAY STREET - NIGHT

The street is illuminated with a light on one side and the MOON providing the rest. CRICKETS and SOUNDS OF DISTANT CITY NOISES are heard cascading, the almost, silence of this street.

A MAN, who we'll come to know as ABEL, walks along a lone street with no traffic, not a peep, just nothing. Abel is adorned with a necklace, fancying a wind blazer and a pair of sweatpants.

INSERT: He scrolls through his phone and clicks on a name "RAMONA, MY HEART."

He passes an array of parked cars.

ABEL
(clears throat)
Hello, my Morning Mona, well it's
night- no this won't work.

He passes by several buildings, the energy doesn't seem right.

A SHADOWY MAN steps out of an alley. Another emerges from behind a car. More come out of the dark.

ABEL (CONT'D)
Mona, I'm coming to meet you after
your mission. This is Number 1372?
Right-

He is grabbed from behind. The SHADOWY MAN and a few OTHER black dressed men grab and hold Abel. His phone falls to the ground.

Abel's muffled screams are silenced. ONE rips the distinct necklace off of him. ANOTHER grabs his backpack.

The Man with the backpack opens it and reveal two Chakram weapons inside his bag. He shows it to the first SHADOWY MAN.

SHADOWY MAN
Take him to the warehouse. Call
Aunt Magda.

They nod.

The Shadowy Man grabs the phone off the floor and places it in his pocket. They immobilize him and drag him into a nearby parked car.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - BAR - NIGHT

Women exit the restroom.

Left alone, RAMONA THIBODAUX (late 20s) with an alluring air to her stands in front of the mirror. A DEMONIC AURA overcomes her reflection in the mirror. Her PURSE sits atop the counter with her PHONE next to it.

RAMONA
(whispers)
Number 1373.

She applies some lip-gloss and checks herself out in the mirror.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
You got this Ramona. A few more and
Abel and I can go.

BZZZT. A text message came through. Ramona picks up her phone out and glances over it. She puts it back.

INT. BARSTOOLS - BAR - NIGHT

A GUY, just a guy, his name is TODD, plain and uninteresting, pounds back a bunch of Mike's Hard Lemonades.

TODD
Not strong enough. Can I get some
Fireball?

The BARTENDER passes a bottle, disgusted.

INT. HALLWAY - BAR - NIGHT

Ramona walks out of the woman's restroom. A sleazy MAN caresses' her ass.

Out of pure instinct she grabs his hand and breaks it with minimal effort.

The man falls to the floor and cries.

SLEAZEBALL
You bitch, what the fuck?!

She turns and her eyes pierce into his soul. He sees the glow and crawls into the bathroom.

She exits the hallway and enters back into the bar, gleefully.

INT. BARSTOOLS - BAR - NIGHT

Ramona meets Todd at the barstools.

RAMONA
Let's continue this date, shall we?
(with concern)
How many have you had?

TODD
Too many.

RAMONA
I'm not even there yet.

TODD
How many have you had?

RAMONA
I drank some before I got here.
(to Bartender)
Hi, may I have a Whiskey, double.

Bartender nods and fetches it.

TODD
So, what do you do?

RAMONA
I'm work for an agency, have high-profile clients and connect them with resources to make them richer.

TODD
Sounds bland.

The Bartender passes her the drink.

RAMONA
Meh, my life. You?

Ramona takes out cash and hands it to the bartender.

TODD
I don't want to talk about it. Been a long day.

RAMONA

Maybe, later? I really am interested.

Ramona slides her hand to his.

TODD

Maybe...?

The sleazeball from earlier rushes out of the bathroom screaming.

SLEAZEBALL

Fucking hell, it burns!

Todd and Ramona both watch along with the rest of the bar patrons.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A car drives into this foggy suburban neighborhood. It's crisp and cool out as not a whisper nor a pen drop could shake the silence here.

Sounds of Todd GROANING can be heard.

RAMONA (V.O.)

You slammed down a lot of drinks tonight. Wanna talk about it?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ramona drives while Todd is in the passenger seat. Todd holds his head in agony. He slurs here and there in his speech.

TODD

I had a really good night with you Ramona. It's great to get away from all that corporate mumbo jumbo.

RAMONA

Then why do it?

Todd shifts his chair back.

TODD

Do you mind?

RAMONA

(rolls eyes)
Go right ahead.

Todd notices the LONG BLACK POLE sticking out from the backseat trunk passage.

He picks back up where they left off.

TODD

I don't know. It pays well. I get benefits. Don't get to feel like a loser.

RAMONA

But you're exploiting innocent people onshore and offshore.

TODD

Oh, big deal. We all do a little exploiting once and while. It's called living in the United States.

Ramona doesn't answer.

TODD (CONT'D)

See, I'm right.

RAMONA

No, booboo. No.

TODD

Hey, what's this long black pole sticking out of the back of the trunk?

RAMONA

Bought a new curtain liner.

Beat.

Ramona GRIPS the STEERING WHEEL.

TODD

Hey, so I don't actually like what my job does, but I gotta live, you know? I hope that isn't too much of a turn off.

He looks at Ramona driving. He likes what he sees.

TODD (CONT'D)

I want to do this again, sometime.

RAMONA

Is this neighborhood dead?

TODD

I mean they're all over 50 here,
give or take some residents. It's
pretty silent after 7 p.m. What,
you trying to get loud tonight?

Ramona smirks. The long black pole RATTLES.

Ramona looks in the rearview mirror at her rattling pole. Todd
turns his head to the rattling pole.

TODD (CONT'D)

Must have a lot of baggage in the
trunk.

RAMONA

You don't say the right things, do
you?

TODD

Excuse me?

RAMONA

You're not convincing me to give
this another try.

TODD

I mean, maybe you're being- never
mind. I just haven't-

Ramona laughs as she had an idea of what he was about to say.

RAMONA

Been with a black girl before?
Words fail you.

TODD

Yeah...it's different.

RAMONA

Extremely.

They pull up to his house and she parks right in front. Todd
reaches back into the backseat for something.

RAMONA (CONT'D)

Leftovers are in the trunk.

Todd reaches for her leg. She grabs his hand.

TODD

So, wanna end the night off on
better terms?

She gives him a sexy look. She's playing.

TODD (CONT'D)
There's something supernatural
about you...

RAMONA
I'll think about it. I'll walk you
to your door. How about that?

Todd pulls out his keys and opens the garage.

TODD
I like it when women take charge.

EXT. CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ramona gets out of her car and opens the trunk.

Todd makes his way to the garage. Barely holding on, oh yeah,
he's a bit of a lightweight.

INT. TRUNK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ramona's EYES GLOW as she pulls out a SCYTHE in the trunk.
And smiles as she PULLS OUT THE LEFTOVERS. She holds the
scythe behind her back.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Ramona follows behind Todd.

RAMONA
Oh, Todd...

He likes what he hears. Todd turns around to GET HIS NECK
SLIT! His BLOOD gushes onto her yellow dress.

RAMONA (CONT'D)
(coos)
A squirter! Nice!

Ramona's eyes turn lustful and glow as Todd falls to the
pavement, on his knees, and looks up at her.

Ramona then effortlessly twirls and slices his head clean
off, a burst of blood sprays her, and his head lands on his
front lawn.

Ramona twirls on the pavement with her scythe.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ramona's phone has two missed calls and a voicemail message.

INT. TORTURE ROOM - WAREHOUSE - SAME

ABEL (late 20s) is strapped to a wall and is badly beat. He is hit with BRUTAL FISTS with his hands cut up from blades from the side.

VOICE (O.C.)
Where do you come from?!

No answer.

The man's hands swing into Abel's bruised body.

SENIOR (O.S.)
Ian, your Great Aunt Magda is
coming in.

A DOOR OPENS. Abel's eyes travel to the OLDER WOMAN appearing from the side.

MAGDA
Ah. Let me get a good look at him.

MAGDA (70s) and old witch with a regal gown and decked out in jewelry. She smells like expensive lady perfume and wears heavy make-up that looks like she rode with KISS back in her hayday.

VOICE OF IAN (O.C.)
What is he?

She picks up the necklace on the table. She observes it.

VOICE OF IAN (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Well?

MAGDA
Patience.
(beat)
He's truly a different breed. Some
kind of creature created to kill
men they deem evil.

She closes her eyes.

MAGDA (CONT'D)
Yes. These artifacts are older than
you and I.

(MORE)

MAGDA (CONT'D)

An ancient race of people...Oh, had you not subdued him...you would have died. All of you. All of us...there are more.

VOICE OF IAN (O.C.)

More?

MAGDA

Yes. Flashy jewelry like this, not too far from their weapons...listen they must be stopped. Or the end of all you know will come.

ABEL

Please, just stop. I won't bother you, just let me go-

A FIST smashes into his face by one of the GOONS.

MAGDA

Don't listen to his mumbo jumbo. Kill all that move like him. I'll inform your father. Pay attention to this they all have something similar.

She holds up the eccentric necklace.

INT. RAMONA'S HOME - DAY

Ramona puts on her Amber necklace. She looks into the mirror.

She plays the voicemail left by Abel.

ABEL (V.O.)

Hello my love. I hope all is well with you today. Listen, I was hoping we get together after your assignment...look I'm sorry about what was said earlier. I am willing to stay with the Dominion as long as you're there with me. We can go. Let's go to Morocco? Or maybe Greece?

Ramona closes her phone and holds it close to her chest.