

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

ANGLE- AN ANCIENT VILLAGE

Flashes of witches and potions being made, witches being burned. A mall with ordinary men and woman. As The narrator speaks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Through the ages Magic has always existed. Sons and daughters descendent from the Salem Witch Trials, children of druids, shamans...walking among everyday people. Witches and wizards so powerful that a mere thought can destroy. Magic beings living among us, practicing white and dark magic. An army that can eradicate the world without weapons...if there were ever a Witchwar...

500 YEARS EARLIER, AINNSVILLAGE, 5 MILES FROM LONDON.

FADE IN:

ANGLE- AN ANCIENT VILLAGE

Scenes of a battle going on, sword fighting and spells being thrown. No ordinary battle as spells crack here and there. A large army, men dressed in black leathers, masked and merciless approaching a fortress. Screams from dying people can be heard.

Two large men are fighting with swords and spells. One is bald with black rune tattoos all over his face, he is wearing a black cloak and grins as he stabs his sword into the other man and drags it downwards his opponent is split from throat to groin. With his black cloak flapping he jumps onto his horse. It is clear he is the leader, Icaris.

ANGLE-THE FORTRESS, INSIDE THE FORTRESS A VILLAGE HALL.

INT. VILLAGE HALL, SECRET COVEN MEETING OF THIRTEEN- NIGHT.

AINNSWARD the head of the coven is speaking. Wearing a silver cloak. He is tall and broad with a neat white beard and a kindly face.

He looks about 50 years old, his eyes look older and wiser he commands great respect. He is seated in the centre at a semi-round table. In the middle of the round table is a area with a pentagram on the floor.

AINNSWARD

The house of Merlin has already foretold the fate of our people. We are the Fathers, Mothers of this village. It is up to us to save it. Icaris will show no mercy! Today we must save our children...We will cast them 500 years into the future armed with the power of the entire village, they will defeat ICARIS thus saving the world.

ANGLE-A LARGE YOUNGER WIZARD.

GODFREY MERLIN, stands up. He has a black beard and cold blue eyes he looks to be 35 years old. He is a handsome and dangerous looking, runes are tattooed on every part of his body, protection from the dark arts he has fought and beaten.

GODFREY

My Lord, if you please. Friends and family. We are immortal beings but Icaris has found a way to trap us for eternity. Trap us in a hellcell. A maze filled with incredible pain, sorrow and evil. We will sacrifice ourselves to save humanity. With this spell we will live within our children, as nothing but their conscience, but in turn they will have all our power and that of the most powerful villagers. ICARIS will gain nothing but lifeless bodies. This is our only choice.

There is a general mumble among the others. A lovely looking woman with long blonde hair, pale green eyes, CHRISTINE DU PONT. She stands up her little boy is at her side , he is almost two years old, in her arms is a baby.

CHRISTINE

My lord, what if Icaris gets hold of the children. Can their safety be guaranteed?

AINNSWARD

Christine, I understand your fear,
my own grandchild will be joining
,her name is Faith.

He pulls a small girl off his sleeve she has been hugging her
grandfather and hidden at first.

AINNSWARD (CONT'D)

She was born to my daughter and her
Christian husband, the Inquisition
burnt them at the stake in Toledo
two years ago. She is all I have
left. No Christine, the spell is
safe and they will be safe. False
trials have been laid. Icaris can
only follow after he has found the
real portals, the children should
then be old enough to fight.

There was a general uproar and shushing of crying babies as
a few of the woman spoke at once. A lovely looking redhead
stands up, ALSTANIA FLAMICO.

ALSTANIA

I agree. If this is what will save
my Isiah from harm then I am
willing to take that chance. Icaris
killed my husband. He wasn't even
given the chance to mumble a
incantation.

Two more woman stood in agreement. The children in the room
ranged from two down to newborn's.

AINNSWARD

I have prepared home's for them
from descendants of your cousin's -
family. We can only hope they are
all good homes, but we will be in
the children's conscience to guide
them. And they will have all our
power . Alone they will be
formidable opponents to Icaris,
together they will be invincible.
You are of the six most powerful
families, yet already four of our
kind have fallen by Icaris's hand.
We cannot allow all our kind to be
destroyed or that of the humans.

A man dressed in a guards uniform rushes towards Ainnsward.

THE GUARD

My Lord, Icaris has broken through the Northern wall he is attacking the outer perimeter. He has brought Ogre's and Trolls.

As the guard is talking they can all hear the pounding at the outer wall. The women are scared and fighting to keep their children calm. Ainnsward faces the guard.

AINNSWARD

Release the dragons...

He turns towards the coven. He is getting up and walking with his daughter to the pentagram.

AINNSWARD (CONT'D)

The coven of thirteen needs to decide now. Those that are ready step into the pentagram. Stand according to your elemental strengths.

Faith and Smythe stand with Ainnsward at the head of the pentagram. (spirit is written on the ground as is the other elements). Merlin, du Morte and Grey stand at water, Flamico, Enkel and Thomas stand on fire. Du Pont and Durrand on air and his brother with Delmika and Stone on earth. Ainnsward looks at three witches whom have not stepped onto the pentagram. They are not coming and are humbly looking at the ground. Their fear evident on their faces.

AINNSWARD (CONT'D)

Fear is natural when facing death. But with this spell you live on in your children, without you will perish.

One more witch steps forward with her child.

AINNSWARD (CONT'D)

Go well my friends, you shall be missed. May your fight be brave and honorable. Those on the pentagram within the circle join hands and let's begin the incantation.

Their voices rise sonorously.

The last words said just as the outer wall gives way and the screams of the villagers can be heard amidst the clang of swords and the explosion of spells.

A kaleidoscope of colors fill the hall as a bright light consumes those in the circle. Nothing remains but a light essence that they were once there. The essence grows in size and explodes. Like a nuclear bomb it flattens the village. Taking the minds of the villagers with leaving zombies in their place.

Icaris is thrown from his horse. He hits the ground hard, coughing and red in the face with anger he gets up. Icaris is a huge rough looking man with a powerfully strong body. He has a bald head tattooed with black runes. His black cloak swirls around him as he stands and races towards the remains of the hall. His face is red.

ICARIS
(shouting)
Klandor, Milt, I want answers!
Where is Ainnsward!

Icaris is screeching and pacing as he shouts, he is beyond anger.

ICARIS (CONT'D)
The dark power is the only power
that must remain, the power to rule
the world. What power is this if I
cannot defeat an old man! Find the
answers!

The two men rush off to search for any villager that can talk.

EXT. AINNSVILLAGE HOUR LATER.

There are ten villagers tied to poles in the ground, spread-eagled. But standing upright. They are naked and scared.

ICARIS
Lower level witches and seven
village idiots! Is this all you
could find!

Milt and Kandor shift their feet uncomfortably. Kandor speaks up.

KANDOR
Sire, they were the only ones that
still have their minds. The rest
are like zombies.

ICARIS
And what have they told you?

KANDOR

Er...nothing they refuse to talk.

ICARIS

I am dealing with morons!

Icaris throws his hands up frustrated as he stalks towards the first victim. A village idiot next too one of the younger looking witches. He is looking at her but standing in front of the idiot.

ICARIS (CONT'D)

Where is Ainnsward?

THE WITCH

You cannot make me talk. So give up. Ainnsward is more powerful than you are.

She tries to do a spell under her breath.

ICARIS

Enough!

He grips her throat and squeezes. Her words freeze in her throat.

ICARIS (CONT'D)

You shall talk when I ask. Who is this man?

THE WITCH

No-one special. Our baker.

ICARIS

The fact you were hiding together and you stressed he's not special I am guessing he is. Your next words will be the truth or I shall rip the skin from his body. Let me give you an example.

Icaris shouts out a spell and points to the idiot, there is a bright flash and the skin on the idiot's arm starts to rip away from his body. The idiot is screaming. The witch is reduced to tears.

ICARIS (CONT'D)

Now where is Ainnsward?

THE WITCH

He's dead! He's dead. There was an explosion. Please leave my George alone. Please.

ICARIS

You lie, an explosion cannot kill one as strong as he. How did he die?

THE WITCH

They went into the children.

ICARIS

That is impossible. Kandor hold up the mans other arm.

THE WITCH

No! Don't its the truth. He is the most powerful wizard, the thirteen went into the children. He did a spell just before the explosion.

ICARIS

Where are the children?

THE WITCH

I don't know.

Another white flash and George's other arm has had the flesh torn from it. George is unconscious from the pain.

THE WITCH (CONT'D)

Stop it! You said if I told you! I don't know anymore, please I don't know!

The witch struggles in her ropes, straining to get free to go to George. She is sobbing hysterically. With a face filled with disgust he turns back to his man.

ICARIS

Kandor cut their throats!

Icaris moves towards the other two witches. As we hear the sound of screams breaking off as throats cut. Kandor approaches with a knife dripping blood. They stand before the two witches. They are twins.

ICARIS (CONT'D)

I have shown you what I am prepared to do. Now where are the children.

THE ONE TWIN

We only know that they have moved in time. Only the thirteen knew the plan.

ICARIS

Kandor kill the rest! Milt gather the zombies and send them to the cell. I will wear them down until they become my army. Wait! Kandor bring me the twins, such beauty is a waste to kill, tie them up and gag them, tonight I shall find pleasure in their pain.

As Icaris walks away he shouts orders to the other men to set up camp. With a little magic and imagination Icaris is soon resting in a large Turkish looking tent. The twins are tied to his bed and he is sitting by their side sipping some sherbet. Milt enters.

MILT

Sire, the cell has been set up. I have brought you all the books I could find on time travel. Ainnsward had a large library. I have studied two that were marked. It seems he has taken them to the past. They hold the magic of the thirteen, we have to find them and destroy them.

ICARIS

Is there any sign of the plane he used or the position of the portals?

MILT

Not in this book, but this one I found in the centre of the hall under the debris. The portals have been mapped. I don't think he realized what he dropped!

ICARIS

Excellent Milt! You and Kandor have earned the twins when I am finished. Give me two hours!

Icaris nods as Milt bows as he leaves. In Icaris's hands are two manacles with sharp teeth on the inside. He smiles nastily as he approaches the twins. With fear in their eyes they begin to whimper as he gets closer. The scene closes with sounds of their screams.

EXT. 500 YEARS LATER. MALIBU BEACH CALIFORNIA, USA.

We meet CONSTANTINE DU PONT ,19 . Very handsome and sexy man, blond hair, pale green eyes. He is wearing a skin tight black Gotcha t-shirt and baggies. He is skateboarding and ramping up and down pavements. Woman of all ages are attracted, some blatantly hooting and wolf whistling. He smiles knowingly. Music playing:Red Hot Chilli peppers- Californication.

EXT. SAME DAY, SAME PLACE, SAME TIME TRAVELLING OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

A beautiful woman with long black hair, pearly skin and big blue eyes, SELENA GREY is riding her bike towards the beach. She is wearing a red tank top and skin tight shorts. She has a lovely body. Music playing: Avril Lavigne- Skaterboy. She bends down to turn up her music of her ipod, momentarily distracted at that same moment skaterboy comes in front of her. They crash into one another. She is flung over the handle bars and hits the ground hard. He lands a few feet away from her. The music all stops! She is angry. We hear her hair crackle with her anger.

SELENA

You moron! What the hell!

She picks up her bike and shakes the mangled handlebars. It straightens.

SELENA (CONT'D)

You could have killed me, next time look where you are going!

CONSTANTINE

What the...did you just straighten you handlebars?

SELENA

No now move out of my way!

His skateboard is ripped from his hands it flies straight up and falls back down to the ground in many pieces.

CONSTANTINE

Hey that's mine!

SELENA

Sorry? Well look after your things why are you throwing them around?

CONSTANTINE

I never...you did!

SELENA

Don't be ridiculous. Now if you don't mind I need to get home.

CONSTANTINE

Who are you?

SELENA

Let's save that for a tea party. Now please go.

He stands in front of her bike.

CONSTANTINE

I am not leaving till you tell me your name!

This time he stared into her eyes as he asked her name, his eyes intent as if he was hypnotising her.

SELENA

My name is...it is not that easy. You can't make me tell you.

Frustrated and aroused by this girl he grabs her and kisses her. He is immediately thrown away from her by a big force. Bewildered he looks at her.

SELENA (CONT'D)

The name is Selena and don't ever do that again!

She stalks off leaving him sitting in the gutter where he landed. He touches his lips, the kiss affected them both. As she walks off she turns to give him one last look, when he catches her looking back she walks faster away. Smiling he spies a boy across the road with a skateboard. He runs over.

CONSTANTINE

Hi , give me you skateboard now!

THE BOY

Yes...here it is.

It is clear that Constantine has just hypnotised the boy to get his skateboard. This is his favorite power. He skates over to a beach bar and parks himself in a seat next to a handsome black haired guy. He is short and has baby blue eyes, a friendly and open face. Avery Merlin The bar tender hands them both a tequila sunrise.

CONSTANTINE

Hey Ave, I just met the most lovely creature.

