

LUCENT
Pilot

BLACK SCREEN

The sound of static. Distorted as if through a radio on the wrong frequency. It grows overwhelming as we arrive in-

INT. THE MEETING PLACE- NO TIME

A gray room. Concrete floors, moss, and weeds forcing their way up between cracks. The space seems to go on forever.

The static stops when ALESSA (24, Scandinavian, strong spine, soft heart) appears with a jolt, breathing hard. She sits cross-legged on the floor.

We think she is alone when-

SEBASTIAN
Fancy meeting you here.

-a boy snaps into focus. SEBASTIAN (early 30s, Portuguese, a charming, obsessive serpent with intelligence to spare), sits across from Alessa.

Her face twists in mourning when she recognizes him.

ALESSA
Sebastian. What happened?

SEBASTIAN
I did as you asked.

She blinks, confused. But then realizes: ***She just lost.***

ALESSA
This isn't what I--

SEBASTIAN
What is this? Death two, three hundred?

ALESSA
I can't remember anymore.
(then, more slowly)
I can't remember--

Alessa shakes her head. Any spark of recognition fades from her eyes until she is left hollow. Empty.

She looks at Sebastian anew.

SEBASTIAN
Everything alright, queirda?

ALESSA

Who are you?

Sebastian smiles.

SEBASTIAN

Oh, Alessa, this is just delicious.

He gets to his feet and takes in his new playing field.
Curious, he flicks his wrist.

Wind roars. Colors and lights whip around them as if they
are inside of a zoetrope.

Alessa scrambles to her feet. Sebastian's eyes track
something in the lights that she cannot see.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

(sing-songy)

Let's see what we can see.

The wind closes in around them.

Without warning, everything changes.

EXT. STREETS OF SEVILLE, 844 AD- NIGHT

Homes crackle and burn under a blackened sky. WOMEN usher
their CHILDREN to safety while VIKINGS pillage and decimate
their city, old Norse battle cries on their lips.

A gossamer of Darkness cloaks the scene like a mourning
veil. Seville will not make it through the night.

A FRIGHTENED CITIZEN stumbles and falls to the dirt. Black
smoke- *SHADOWS*- rushes into his eyes.

Dark veins creep over his body then disappear. His skin
turns gray. Every scrap of humanity is taken from him. He's
something else now. A *WRAITH*.

He rushes into a marketplace to join the heart of the siege.
Carts of brightly colored fruits and spices crash to the
floor, ablaze.

In the center of it all, Alessa fights in step with MATTEO
(24, Roman-Egyptian, expert gladiator, and fierce lover) and
ASTRID (21, Scandinavian, pocket-sized, held together by
kick-ass and hope).

They fend off a swarm of Vikings with terrifying precision. Weapons clang, ribbons of blood streak the air, and... is that *lightning* crackling from their skin?

(Note: All characters speak Spanish through this sequence)

ALESSA

DUCK.

Matteo jumps down onto his back. Astrid sweeps a Viking to his feet as she drops to the ground.

Alessa extends her arms and blades of that warm lightning expand from her hands and her sword.

This is the power we will come to know as *LUCENCE*.

The Vikings don't stand a chance.

Matteo kips-up from the dirt just as-

ZIP.

A black arrow lodges into Matteo's shoulder, a swirl of Shadows in its wake.

Matteo cries out. Astrid jumps to her feet. She flicks a bolt of Lucence at an unseen enemy.

We hear a body topple down a parapet. *Bullseye*.

MATTEO

(to Astrid)

Show off.

ALESSA

(to Matteo)

Sloppy.

Black veins spread from Matteo's wound. Alessa lays hands on either side of the arrow and they begin to glow.

MATTEO

I assure you, that is not a
complaint I get- AAHH!

The arrow forces its way out of Matteo's shoulder as Alessa's Lucence grows. It burns out the black veins and stitches Matteo back together.

A shrill *SCREAM* catches the trio's attention.

Across the square, a GIANT BRUTE of a Viking brings the blunt of an axe down on a YOUNG MOTHER. She holds a BABY, and a YOUNG GIRL cries behind her legs.

ASTRID
(to Alessa)
Go. Matteo and I got this.

Sword in hand, Alessa runs.

The brute brings his axe up again, this time brandishing the blade towards the young mother when-

CLANG!

Alessa's sword stops the swing of the Viking's iron.

ALESSA
(in old Norse)
How dare you disrespect your gods
with this cruelty.

The Viking growls and pulls his weapon back. His eyes are glassy with black veins. Another Wraith.

Alessa stabs him through the heart. She twists.

Lucence crackles off of her sword as she rips it out.

Alessa pivots to shield the family before the giant brute explodes into black shrapnel and smoke.

His death leaves scorch marks on the street and Alessa's exposed skin. The family remains untouched.

YOUNG MOTHER
Malaikah!

TRANSLATION: Arabic for 'Angel'.

YOUNG MOTHER (cont'd)
Where did he go?

The sound of small sobs tugs Alessa's attention to the young girl hiding behind her mother's skirt.

Alessa wipes off her sword and sheaths it at her hip. She bends to the girl's level and wipes her tears.

The burns on Alessa's hands are already healing.

ALESSA
It's okay.

YOUNG MOTHER

Thank you.

ALESSA

(to the young
mother)

You and your children need to go
somewhere safe.

The young mother nods. Alessa rises and scoops the little girl into her arms. She redraws her sword.

They run to the nearest alleyway, revealing-

Present-day Alessa.

She stands with Sebastian, specters of the past.

(Note: These two speak in English)

SEBASTIAN

You died that night. Ever the hero.

ALESSA

I died?

SEBASTIAN

Here--

Sebastian swipes a hand in the air and rips the scene away.

INT. THE MEETING PLACE- NO TIME

SEBASTIAN

--and here, and here, and here.

A swirl of scenes- *memories*- play out in front of them.

Alessa in the Sahara desert rushing a GROUP into a tent. In a colorful temple in Beijing, sword drawn, defending a FAMILY. On her knees in a snowy tundra.

Alessa watches the memories blend into streaks of color.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Say it for me.

ALESSA

What?

SEBASTIAN
Indulge me, I need to be sure. Who
am I?

ALESSA
I don't know.

SEBASTIAN
And who are you?

ALESSA
I don't know.

Sebastian grins. Alessa's eyes flick around at the space.

ALESSA (cont'd)
What is this?

SEBASTIAN
This is it. This is the end.

ALESSA
The end of--?

SEBASTIAN
Everything--

INT. NIA'S OFFICE, PRESENT DAY- LATE EVENING

Blue eyes flash open.

Alessa gasps, alive.

Black veins recoil into the corners of her eyes as the light
of a body scan passes over them.

CLAY
What the fuck?

CLAY (22, Afro-Caribbean, tech-head with a glint of mischief
in his eyes) stumbles away from the table where Alessa lays.
Light from twin metal bracers on his wrists flickers out as
the scan is cut short.

NIA (26, East African, doctor, the team's eye of the storm)
whips around, eyes wide with fear at the had-been corpse.

Alessa shoots straight up. Her shirt is torn. There is a
wound under her collarbone, burnt black from the inside out.

Clay reaches for Alessa's shoulder to get her to stay still.
She flinches away.

Her eyes dart around the room. Gray-green brick walls, cutting-edge medical equipment, and glass cabinets.

LIAM
Oh my God. Alessa--

LIAM (29, English Knight, broad shoulders held always at the ready, Alessa's right-hand man) pushes off of Nia's desk.

He reaches to hold Alessa--

ALESSA
Where am I?!

-Liam pulls back.

LIAM
You're okay.

Nia takes Alessa's arm.

NIA
Alessa, I need you to focus. Deep breaths--

Alessa shoves Nia's hand away.

ALESSA
No. No, no, no.

She stumbles off of the table, breath shallow. She looks like a cornered animal.

Alessa throws the door open and sprints out.

LIAM
Alessa!

Liam runs after her.

Beat.

CLAY
That's new.

Nia peels off her gloves and tosses them aside.

NIA
She's also never left behind a corpse before. Tonight's just full of 'new.'

Nia rushes out the door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE NIA'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

Alessa tears around a corner.

The scene is a wreck. Bricks smashed, dust and debris still settling. Large patches of the hallway are burnt black.

Further down we see-

MATTEO. He stands with GABE (short for Gabriel, 20, Mexican, if James Dean had a goofy younger brother).

Matteo clocks Alessa. *Oh, thank God.*

He catches Alessa in his arms. Her panic stutters.

ALESSA
(under her breath)
You're real.

Matteo tries to pull Alessa tight to his chest, but she pushes him away.

ALESSA (cont'd)
What is going on?

GABE
Les, hey are you okay?

ALESSA
I-I don't--

Liam catches up to the group, Nia mere steps behind.

MATTEO
Nia, what happened?

Nia shakes her head at Matteo. She puts a hand on Alessa's shoulder.

NIA
We need to get that wound healed.

Nia's expression is a silent plea for Alessa to go with her.

Alessa glances at Gabe, then nods. Nia guides Alessa back towards her office.

GABE
Liam? What's going on?

LIAM
Everything's fine. Just... go get
some rest

He squeezes Gabe's shoulder, then motions for Matteo to follow him down the hall.

And the lies begin.

INT. NIA'S OFFICE- MOMENTS LATER

The door closes behind Liam and Matteo. Nia pulls supplies out of a cabinet. Alessa stands by the table, every muscle tensed, like a violin strung too tight. Clay hovers nearby.

Everyone moves at a breakneck pace.

LIAM
(to Alessa)
What happened?

ALESSA
No, I'm going first: where am I?

CLAY
(baffled)
Alessa, we're still in New York...
You were only dead for a couple of
hours.

ALESSA
Dead?

MATTEO
What do you remember from the
attack tonight? You heard some--

ALESSA
I don't know what you're talking
about.

Nia turns around and beelines for Alessa.

NIA
Hopefully this will help.

She holds a full syringe, warm tendrils of light swirl in the glass.

ALESSA
What is that?

Nia falters at the question. With a quick breath, she pats the table twice for Alessa to hop up.

NIA
Lucence. To heal that.

She nods at Alessa's wound. Wide-eyed, Alessa follows Nia's gaze, and that's enough to get her up on the table.

Nia pulls aside the hem of Alessa's shirt and administers the shot near her collarbone.

The Lucence fizzles and sparks like a live wire.

Alessa's wound does not heal.

CLAY
That's not good.

MATTEO
No shit.

ALESSA
I would really like to circle back to the dead thing.

CLAY
Do you remember anything that happened before you died?

Alessa looks to Matteo.

ALESSA
You. I saw you. It was like a dream. We were fighting Vikings. And there was this woman and lightning...

She trails off at the look on Matteo's face. He's losing hope by the second.

MATTEO
That was twelve hundred years ago.

ALESSA
That's not possible.

NIA
I don't understand. You've never come back with your memory just wiped.

Alessa turns to Nia. *Come back from where?*