

BATTLE GROUND TRAILER
VISUAL TRANSCRIPT

Screenplay by Priscilla Spencer
Based on the novels by Jim Butcher

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EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - NIGHT

The skyline glows orange, shrouded in haze. Buildings burn, fire and smoke pouring through ragged scars in their facades.

ETHNIU (V.O.)
Look how far you've fallen.

INT. BRIGHTER FUTURE SOCIETY (BFS), BALLROOM - MOMENTS EARLIER

The "Last Supper" imagery in the previous trailer is broken as the dignitaries react in shock and horror to the Fomor's arrival. Marccone stands, and Mab clutches the table in rage.

Ethniu bends to fit under an archway, then unfolds herself to her full 9' height. Her bronze skin is corroded in places, and her armor is ornamented with knotwork. Her movements are strangely choppy, like the stop motion animation in an old Harryhausen film. She surveys the assembled dignitaries with pleasure, then cranes her head back with an unearthly SCREAM, unleashing THE EYE. A beam of angry red destructive energy explodes skyward--

EXT. BFS - CONTINUOUS

--punching through the castle roof. Lights erupt in sparks and gutter out, following the path of a rolling shockwave.

EXT. CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

The magical EMP ripples outward on an ever-grander scale, plunging all of Chicago into blackness.

WILL BORDEN (V.O.)
What's going on, Harry?

INT. MCANALLY'S PUB - NIGHT

Harry and Murphy face a cluster of refugees and Paranettters. Harry is still wearing his grey spider silk suit and Warden cloak from the peace summit, though he now carries his staff. Murphy wears practical jeans and a leather jacket. Behind the bar, Mac cleans a glass, his expression unreadable.

HARRY
An apocalypse.

They react fearfully. Georgia clutches Will's shoulder. Harry tries to regain control:

HARRY (CONT'D)
Sort of!

He looks to Murphy apologetically. Murphy wonders what crime she committed in a past life to be shackled to this idiot.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Little A.

EXT. BFS, ROOF - NIGHT

Lara, Ebenezar, Ramirez, Marccone, Mab, and Molly walk numbly to the edge of the castle roof's ramparts, taking in the enormity of the destruction. Mab appears oddly vulnerable.

ETHNIU (V.O.)

I have watched holy place after holy place fall to the mortals. They dare to go where they were never meant to go.

Harry joins them, choosing a spot beside Molly. They exchange a worried glance, then jerk back to the present as another explosion rocks the city.

EXT. BFS, ROOF - NIGHT

Mab examines the binding crystal Harry obtained on Demonreach, pleased with her Knight's work. Its green glow casts eerie shadows on her face. Behind her, Harry looks on warily.

MAB

I chose you for times precisely such as these...

EXT. COMMERCIAL BUILDING BALCONY - NIGHT

A savage ROAR splits the night.

Ebenezar steps forward, ready to face their colossal foe. Fire billows from the windows behind the young Wardens.

MAB (V.O.)

...when an elemental of destruction...

Harry (now in his habitual t-shirt and duster) looks from his old mentor to Ramirez, who takes the cue to unleash a green, gelatinous shield.

MAB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...is what is most needed.

Abruptly, the fires nearest Harry wither and turn blue, and frost forms on Ramirez's breath. He looks to Harry, unnerved.

Harry unleashes a staggering blast of ice:

HARRY

Infriga!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Harry and Murphy sit on her motorbike before the skeleton of a building. Embers float around them, carried on the breeze. Murphy's gaze seems a thousand miles away. Harry touches her arm in silent support.

HARRY (V.O.)
The monsters are coming...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bedraggled Chicagoans look to Harry, terrified faces smeared with dirt and blood. They wield a ragtag arsenal.

HARRY
And they're going to kill everyone
in this town if they can, unless we
kill them first! Come on!

He thrusts his staff in the air as the crowd roars in approval.

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - NIGHT

Mab stands alone holding her sword, a shimmering column in the park-turned-battlefield. She wheels to face a storm of iron rebar spears that blots out the sky.

ETHNIU (V.O.)
That creature cannot protect you.
Cannot enforce her justice.

Her gaze follows their arcing path toward her. Firelight reflects in her ancient, inhuman eyes. She suddenly feels very, very mortal.

EXT. BFS, ROOF - NIGHT

Motes of light swirl around Molly as she sits crosslegged, deep in concentration.

ETHNIU (V.O.)
Each of the divine here must choose.

Harry touches her shoulder, and the pixies scatter. Her eyes open, revealing catlike pupils.

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - NIGHT

Marcone, surrounded by debris, issues orders. His suit jacket is gone, replaced with a nearly-empty bandolier. Behind him, a body lies strewn over the hood of a burned-out taxi.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Murphy hauls open a case marked "Camping Supplies" and reveals a freaking ROCKET LAUNCHER. She engages it with practiced motions as behind her, a first responder urgently guides civilians to safety. She shoulders the weapon, sighting on a massive target.

ETHNIU (V.O.)
Abandon this mortal world...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Backed into a corner, a terrified suited man raises his gun at Harry, but Harry SLAMS him back with his shield. He roars in fury as he GRINDS the man into the wall.

ETHNIU (V.O.)
...or burn with it.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MILLENNIUM PARK - NIGHT

Harry lays flat on his back, wheezing and incoherent, surrounded by burning rubble. He looks blearily to the side.

Ethniu stands triumphant on a pile of bodies, laughing. Fires rage behind her. The night sky is a livid orange, glimmering on her bronze skin. He recognizes some of the faces in the pile from his citizen army.

Harry's eyes drift closed as he succumbs to exhaustion.

Suddenly, Marcone is on top of him. He grabs Harry by the duster, yelling at him to focus. The words wash over Harry, barely registering. Harry's eyes again flutter shut.

INT. MYSTERIOUS SPACE - NIGHT

Mab stands before Harry, lit only by a narrow strip of light across her eyes. Jewels glimmer faintly in the darkness.

MAB
Can you fight?

Harry emerges from the gloom, leaning heavily on his staff, every movement an agony. His face and shirt are stained red with other people's blood. He meets her gaze, his eyes hard.

HARRY
Watch me.

TITLES:

BATTLE GROUND by JIM BUTCHER

Book 17 of the Dresden Files

September 29th, 2020