

PEACE TALKS TRAILER VISUAL TRANSCRIPT

Screenplay by Priscilla Spencer
Based on the novels by Jim Butcher

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THOMAS AND JUSTINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

THOMAS kneels reverently at JUSTINE's feet, embracing her still-flat belly. Shafts of light from the next room illuminate the darkened space.

EVANNA (V.O.)

Blood has been spilled.

He pulls back to meet her eyes. She is radiant, a wayward sunbeam haloing her white hair. He holds her gloved hand to his cheek, love and despair warring in his eyes.

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

The assassin--

SVARTALF EMBASSY, DUNGEON - DAY

EVANNA leads HARRY into the dungeon, where he kneels beside a cell. Inside, Thomas has been beaten to near-unconsciousness, his white tracksuit stained with too-bright blood.

EVANNA

--a creature well known to be your frequent ally.

Harry covers his brother's hand through the bars. The fingers barely twitch. Harry fights to school his emotion.

HARRY

What will happen to him?

Evanna bends down, surveying her prisoner with relish. Her hair and skin are grey, and her too-large eyes gleam black.

EVANNA

Justice.

Harry turns his face away to conceal his fury.

HARRY

Thomas, you idiot, what have you done.

BRIGHTER FUTURE SOCIETY, BALLROOM - NIGHT

MAB stands at the head of a long table, a pillar of silvery luminance. She's surrounded by dignitaries LARA, Evanna, FERROVAX, RAMIREZ, EBENEZAR, and CHANDLER. On her right is MOLLY, Sidhe-white hair in a crown braid part Hoth Leia, part Elsa. On her left, MARCONE gives Mab his full attention.

MURPHY (V.O.)

This whole conference is Marcone's baby.

Mab smiles enigmatically at the arrival of a newcomer, and MARCONE follows her gaze. His expression goes cold.

MURPHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Harry and MURPHY sit close on the couch, his arm around her, her head pillowed on his shoulder. She's half-immobilized from a shoulder brace and leg cast, and she looks exhausted.

HARRY

He's building alliances.

MURPHY

And if you screw up his plan?

Harry shakes his head, his wry expression equal parts self-aware humor and helplessness.

MARCONE (V.O.)

I mean to continue as I have begun.

BFS, LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

In a darkened room, Harry hops awkwardly, trying to get into his jeans. Marcone, unruffled, rebuttons his shirt and ties his necktie in the reflection of a window. Without his jacket, we see the knife sheathed at the small of his back.

MARCONE (CONT'D)

I will pursue my rights under Mab's
Accords. And she will not protect you.

He meets Harry's eyes, his gaze reptilian. He cinches his tie with the crisp finality of an executioner's swing.

BFS, BALCONY - NIGHT

Harry leans on the castle balcony, alone and out of place in a silver suit and a Warden cloak, vulnerable without his staff.

LARA presses into him, grey eyes mesmerizing. He eyes her, wary.

LARA

Tomorrow night, I'm taking my
brother back. I'm killing
anyone who gets in the way.

Lara cradles his face and stretches up to murmur into his ear.

LARA

And you, Sir Knight... are going
to help me.

BFS, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ramirez limps down to confront Harry, reliant on his cane.

RAMIREZ

Don't think I can't see what's
happening.

Harry barely meets his eyes--the lie sounds weak even to him.

HARRY

I don't know what to tell you,
'Los. I was doing liaison stuff
for Mab.

BFS, GYM - NIGHT

Harry pins Lara to the floor, kissing her, near feral with
lust. She gasps in pleasure and triumph, eyes gleaming silver.

BFS, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

On Ramirez, his jaw set, the lines drawn.

RAMIREZ

Rumor calls it something else.

ALLEY - NIGHT

Harry flees an unseen attacker. Reality shifts--

ANOTHER ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

--and he lands on another street. He staggers, disoriented.

DECAYING WOODEN STRUCTURE - DAY

Molly, distressed, presses a finger to an invisible barrier.
It holds, magical energies rippling across its surface.

EBENEZAR (V.O.)

Your choices have made you an outlier.

BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Harry, in an undershirt, boxers, and gartered socks, rolls

Thomas over. One eye gleams silver, the other swollen shut.

MURPHY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Murphy flips open a tool case and pulls out a small handheld oscillating saw. She holds it a moment, steeling her nerves.

HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MAGGIE sleeps on the couch, serene, snuggling Mister.

Harry watches her from the doorway, racked with concern.

ALLEY - NIGHT

Ebenezar steps towards Harry, radiating disapproval.

EBENEZAR

Boy... tell me you ain't dumb
enough to try this.

Harry slams his staff down, summoning a shield in a spray of green sparks. Runes crackle across its surface, from the five-pointed Celtic knotwork star at the center to sigils of elemental magic at the edges.

Neither man wants this, but neither man intends to back down.

HARRY

Oh, I'm more than dumb enough.

GRAPHICS:

PEACE TALKS BY JIM BUTCHER, BOOK 16 OF THE DRESDEN FILES
JULY 14, 2020

FOLLOWED BY

BATTLE GROUND BY JIM BUTCHER, BOOK 17 OF THE DRESDEN FILES
SEPTEMBER 29, 2020

BFS, DUMBWAITER SHAFT - NIGHT

Harry hangs upside down, wedged awkwardly in an undershirt and boxers.

HARRY

(singing)

Is he strong? Listen bud.
He's got radioactive blood...