

1 INT. BELATHOR- BARD- NIGHT**1**

The Bard is devoid of life, an empty husk of what it would normally be. The only occupant is behind the bar, humming softly.

BEN, a barkeep, wipes down the bar.

LORELAI(20's), a woman who uses revenge as melatonin, walks in, looking around intently before sitting at the bar.

BEN
We're closed.

Ben doesn't bother to look up at Lorelai. Lorelai doesn't bother to leave. She approaches the counter and places a soggy coin down.

LORELAI
One Ale.

Ben straightens his posture and looks up at Lorelai.

BEN
I said we're closed, darlin'.

Lorelai is staring at the counter, soaking wet, but oddly inhuman.

LORELAI
And I asked for an ale.

Lorelai looks up. Her eyes are deadly, unmistakably murderous.

Ben freezes, he stares at her, unsure. Her hand reaches and grips his. He can see her truly now, the DEAD STATE.

LORELAI (CONT'D)
Are you Benjamin Grove, of Captain
LaPoures Crew?

Ben tries to move but her grip is supernaturally strong.

His eyes look around the rest of the bar, it's empty.

BEN
Who are you?

Lorelai tilts her head.

LORELAI
I'm almost offended, you don't
remember?

Lorelai stares at the man, nails digging into his flesh.
Recognition combs over his face, he looks terrified now.

BEN
The girl... the stowaway.
(a beat)
Impossible...w-we threw you
overboard.

Lorelai coughs, water seeps down her chin.

LORELAI
Tell me, did they ever explain in
your tales of superstition what
happens after you throw a woman
overboard?

Silence.

LORELAI
Well...

Lorelai lets go of Ben, she smiles and black drips from her
mouth, eyes foggy and white. Ben stumbles back. Lorelai
steps forward, THROUGH THE BAR.

LORELAI (CONT'D)
Allow me to demonstrate.

Ben grabs his gun, holding it at Lorelai threateningly, but
hands unmistakably shaking.

LORELAI
Come on , what will you do? Kill a
ghost?

She coughs again, sand and water spurt from her mouth.

Ben runs towards the back door, Lorelai watches him.

Ben turns to unlock the latch when Lorelai is there, she
grabs him and hauls him OVER THE BAR, dragging him for a
second before letting go.

Ben stumbles to his feet and FIRES his gun at her back, she turns and looks down at her stomach where it hits, black blood seeps through her shirt. She puts her hand on it, bringing it back up, showing it to Ben with a cackle.

Permission to Fight.

Lorelai unsheathes her sword and charges, but Ben is quick and has a sword of his own.

They fight, going back and forth with Lorelai getting angrier with her jabs. Chairs get knocked over as they make their way around the bar

Ben seems to have the upperhand until--

LORELAI

Enough!

Lorelai strikes him, hard, and the sword goes flying across the bar.

Lorelai is angry, she lifts Ben off the ground with one hand and holds him there. He's bloody, mumbling horrifically. Sweat beading on his forehead.

BEN

What are you?

Lorelai smiles, bloody and sinister. She leans in and whispers in his ear, black blood spitting out.

LORELAI

The reckoning.

Lorelai STABS him. He sputters and falls to the ground. Lorelai spits blood to the floor.

THANATOS

Pity, I was rather fond of this one.

She turns to a figure in the corner, they sip a beer, carving something into the table.

LORELAI

They're all bastards.

THANATOS

I won't argue that but still, I mean, what a mess.

THANATOS, a god, gestures around flippantly, sighing.

LORELAI

Not my problem, besides I think it looks better this way.

THANATOS

Covered in blood and completely demolished? You would.

Lorelai pops down in the seat beside Thanatos and props her feet up in the table.

THANATOS (CONT'D)

I have to say we have vastly different ideas on what qualifies as interior design. This would never fly in the Underworld.

LORELAI

Good thing we work topside, huh? I like it this way, just me and me sword.

Thanatos offers her a a drink and she takes it with a smile.

LORELAI

Thank the gods, I feel like I haven't had one of these since the Titan War.

THANATOS

Please, spare me the theatrics. "The reckoning", where'd you get that? Apollo's latest?

LORELAI

I thought it was good, like you're one to talk.

THANATOS

Comme ci, comme ca.

A man walks out from the bathroom, looks around and screams.

THANATOS

You missed one.

Lorelai sighs and throws a knife, hitting him in the throat and he falls.

LORELAI

I don't see anything.

Thanatos rolls their eyes.

LORELAI

Onto the next one I suppose?

Lorelai nods, looking at Thanatos.

THANATOS

Marcus LaPoure's ship was spotted
leaving port yesterday, headed to
Barbados. Shouldn't be too much of
a chore to catch up.

FADE TO BLACK.