

## **Dust & Blood**

**An Original TV Drama Pilot, Western/Fantasy**

**Conor, a reluctant werewolf on the run from a bloodthirsty ex-compatriot, is forced to delve into the dark world of his past to save a new friend.**

### **Characters**

#### **Conor**

Initial description at first screen appearance: A Native American in his 30s. The night has not been kind to him. Between the hangover written across his face and an unkempt, patchy beard, he could easily be 50.

Visual Design Reference: [Declan Harp](#) (Jason Momoa) in "Frontier"

#### **Emrick**

Initial description at first screen appearance: He wears a long, white linen coat with the collar flipped up. The wide brim of his hat obscures his face.

Visual Design Reference: [Alucard](#) from "Hellsing"

The stairs CREAK, and Conor explodes into motion. He grabs the shotgun and spins around.

Emrick is standing at the bottom of the staircase. The coat and hat are gone, revealing a tall, thin man who looks to be in his 20s. He's wearing a white lace shirt spattered with wet blood.

He smiles, revealing a mouthful of bloody, pointed teeth. He gestures lazily at the shotgun.

EMRICK

Put that down, *blaidd-dynn*. We both know that it will do you no good.

Conor glances down and grimaces. He drops the gun lazily.

He sidesteps to put the table between himself and Emrick.

CONOR

What are you doing here?

EMRICK

(smirking)

Come now, Conor. My friend. You know why I'm here. You must have known he'd send me after your little *accident*.

Conor paces behind the table, eyes wide. His hands shake now more than earlier, and he's sweating profusely.

Emrick adopts an obviously false look of sadness.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

A terrible scene, you know. One I'm sure to never forget. Can you?

Emrick smiles a wicked, pointed grin.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

The horror.

Conor hunches over a chair, breathing deeply, his eyes unfocused for a moment as he turns inward - remembering.

Emrick walks over to rummage around in a cupboard. He finds a small TEACUP and walks back to the table.

Conor eyes him warily and resumes his pacing - a frightened, cornered animal not yet ready to decide on fight or flight.

Emrick pulls out a chair and arranges it to avoid the SUNLIGHT that trickles through a nearby window. He sits, stretching his long legs out in a carefree manner.

He uses the cup to catch some of the blood dripping off the table and raises it in a cheers toward Conor.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

Waste not, want not.

Emrick takes a delicate sip, clearly relishing it.

CONOR

I thought they didn't let you do that anymore.

EMRICK

(re: Conor's pacing)

Can you stop all of that? You look ridiculous, prancing about like some sort of caged beast.

Conor stops walking and eyes Emrick flatly. He pulls out a chair and begrudgingly sits.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

There. Much better. Thank you. Now, as you know, civilization does shackle us all with its constraints and what not.

(beat)

But I've looked around all day and haven't seen one drop of civilization in this dusty wasteland. You've been out of the game too long. The world is changing.

CONOR

Not out here, it isn't.

Emrick winks and raises another toast.

EMRICK

Right you are.

Emrick drains the cup, then smacks his lips and casually tosses the cup over his shoulder.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

The Family are striking out. Each in their own way. And Father is... angry.

Emrick feigns a shiver.

EMRICK (CONT'D)  
It's almost frightening.

CONOR  
Tough talk when you're out here.

Emrick shrugs. He reaches into the pocket of his shirt and withdraws Conor's missing medicine vial.

A ray of the diminishing SUNLIGHT breaks through the window and makes the blue liquid shimmer as Emrick holds it up.

Conor stares for a moment, his jaw clenching and unclenching.

Emrick winks at Conor and flashes a knowing grin.

EMRICK  
Forget something? You must be  
running low to risk turning around  
out here. Tell me...

Emrick leans forward, fixing Conor with an intense gaze.

EMRICK (CONT'D)  
Does it work?

Conor hesitates for a moment then opens his mouth to respond, but the pause is enough for Emrick to assume an answer.

EMRICK (CONT'D)  
I thought not. 'God's brush makes  
of us as equal to their divine  
intent, and no mortal stamp shall  
mar what their maker has imbued.'

CONOR  
I ain't exactly mortal.

Emrick wags a finger at Conor.

EMRICK  
Add blasphemy to your crimes then,  
shall we? You were there. You have  
seen the Stricken brought low, just  
as I have.

CONOR  
Save your sermons. What's to stop  
me from jumping across this table  
and ripping your head off right  
now?

Emrick chuckles and places the vial gently onto the table.

EMRICK

We both know that you're in no  
condition to fight me right now.  
Unless I miss my guess, you  
probably aren't fit for much more  
than holding that chair down.

Conor's eyes widen as Emrick speaks, and he eventually seems to melt before the other's gaze. He shrinks back into the chair, eyes to the floor.

Emrick watches, a smirk playing across his face. He leans forward and flicks the medicine vial with a long fingernail. It tips over and begins to roll toward the edge of the table.

Conor reacts awkwardly. He almost falls to the floor but manages to grab the vial just as it drops off the side.

Emrick sneers and shakes his head.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

I thought so.

Conor moves to sit back up in his chair.

Emrick explodes into motion.

In less than the blink of an eye, he crosses the distance to Conor's chair. A KNIFE appears in his hand.

Conor has no time to react.

Emrick kicks the chair over backward and presses the knife to the skin below Conor's eye.

Conor still grasps the vial in a trembling fist. He stares up at Emrick, an equal mix of rage, fear, and regret.

Emrick's sneer drifts to a coy smile.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

'Oh, how the mighty have fallen,  
and the weapons of war perished.'

Conor opens his mouth to speak, but closes it, regret beginning to win the battle of his emotions.

Emrick tilts his head quizzically and taps Conor's temple with the hilt of the knife

EMRICK (CONT'D)

Are you in there, *blaidd-dynn*?

With a sudden flick of his wrist, Emrick nicks Conor's cheek with the tip of the knife.

A drop of BLOOD wells up onto the edge of the knife.

Emrick stands up and walks over to lean against the wall.

Conor is visibly beaten. He remains on his back, eyes unfocused and filling with tears.

CONOR

Just do it.

Emrick laughs and wiggles a finger at Conor.

EMRICK

Why on earth would I 'do it' now?  
I'm having way too much fun out  
here, and, as you surely remember,  
a... man in my line of work gets  
paid by the day.

Emrick lazily flips the knife up into the air and catches it easily. He lifts the bloodied tip to his nose and smells it.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, for you, I can find  
you anywhere you run. For all he  
knows, you could still have some of  
that old fire left, so I may as  
well enjoy this little vacation.

A SCREAM O.S. It's Faith.

Conor looks past Emrick and up the stairs. Emrick huffs.

EMRICK (CONT'D)

I thought these Outskirters were  
well-known for their manners. Every  
child should learn not to interrupt  
their elders while business is  
being conducted.

CONOR

We don't have any business.

EMRICK

Sure we do, old friend. We were  
discussing the merits of me  
allowing you to leave here tonight.

Conor stands up, a defiant glint forming in his eyes.

Emrick grins and flips the knife again.