

THE IN-BETWEEN (OPENING CUTSCENE)

by

Victoria Landazuri

Cogswell College
Game Writing 2
Draft #2
11/30/2020

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

An evening gala is in full swing inside a stately mansion. Guests mill about in their expensive outfits and pleasant conversation, never staying in the same place for long. However, a small group has gathered around an exceptionally well-dressed man (38) in a dark blue silk suit, the guests around him seeming to be vying for his attention.

He talks and laughs with them all in indistinct conversation, as FIONA CASTILLO (26) watches from a distance. She is a relatively small woman, wearing a fitted black suit and her dark hair pulled back in an elegant bun, holding a drink. She only looks at him for a moment, quickly enough that PATRICIA (35), the blonde woman in gold she herself is talking to, doesn't seem to notice.

PATRICIA

...and of course, I was happy to go along with it. We've got to lift each other up when we can.

FIONA

That's admirable of you.

PATRICIA

Glad someone appreciates my efforts. Anyway, enough about me. What did you say you did for a living?

Fiona takes a sip from her glass, smiling nonchalantly.

FIONA

I didn't. Just a boring government job, really. Human-demon relations.

Patricia's eyes widen.

PATRICIA

Oh, wow. I don't know how any job dealing with that lot can be boring. Do you --

Patricia quickly looks around and leans in to whisper conspiratorially.

PATRICIA

Do you know people in the
Organization?

FIONA

(smirks) If I did, I wouldn't be
at liberty to say.

Fiona turns to look at the man again, still surrounded by
people.

FIONA

Honestly, I'm surprised this many
people were brave enough to come
out tonight, with what's been
going on. That gentleman over
there doesn't seem bothered at
all.

PATRICIA

Oh, Quill? He never misses a
chance to make an appearance. I'd
be more surprised if he didn't
show up.

As Fiona stares at MR. QUILL, she glimpses a strange
shimmering around him, only for a moment but it's there.
Fiona straightens up the moment she sees it, a faint,
satisfied smile appearing on her lips. Quill says his
goodbyes to the other guests and begins heading towards the
door. Shortly after, another guest approaches Patricia and
puts his arm around her shoulders.

GUEST

Oh, Patricia, there you are.
Listen, that agent I wanted you to
meet is here.

PATRICIA

Oh, perfect! *(to Fiona)* I have to
go, but it was nice meeting you!

Fiona nods politely, but it is clear her attention is now
solely focused on Quill. As the two walk away, Fiona downs
the rest of her drink and gives it to a nearby waiter,
making her way through the crowd to follow Quill out.

EXT. MANSION/STREET - NIGHT

Fiona exits the building, seeing that Quill has made his way down the street. As she follows, she taps a communicator hidden in her earring.

FIONA
Got him. In pursuit now.

The voice of WREN, her handler, responds.

WREN (RADIO FX)
Good. Just one of him?

FIONA
Only one I saw in there.

WREN (RADIO FX)
Be careful, Fiona. We have no idea if he's working alone. Listen, I know you didn't want backup, but you saw the state of those bodies. He's a mean bastard.

FIONA
I did see them. Which is why I want to handle this personally.

WREN (RADIO FX)
(sighs) I know you do. Just don't go too crazy. And watch yourself.

FIONA
Always do.

Fiona rounds a corner shortly after seeing Quill disappear behind it, only to find that he has vanished. Fiona sighs and closes her eyes for a moment, concentrating. When she opens her eyes again, her pupils flash gold for a moment.

She can now see a faint, glimmering trail just like the one she had seen on Quill, leading down to a different alleyway. She follows it, hand on her pistol as she nears the alley. She peers down it to find that Quill is standing there nonchalantly, waiting for her.

QUILL
Did anyone ever tell you it was rude to stalk people?

FIONA

Cut the pleasantries. Mr. Quill,
right?

QUILL

That's me. Now, mind telling me
why you're following me?

FIONA

Pretty slick, what you've got
going here. Squatting in the body
of a beloved socialite, free to
dine on as many of the rich and
famous as you want.

Fiona taps the side of her head, indicating her eyes.

FIONA

You forget they aren't the only
ones watching.

QUILL

(chuckles) You're with the
Organization, then. It's too bad
your employers have a strict "no
shooting innocent civilians" rule.
My host is rather squishy, you
see.

Fiona smirks and begins chanting ominously under her
breath, in a language known only to demons and humans with
the right knowledge, the shimmering around Quill
brightening and warping at her words. He widens his eyes at
the effect.

QUILL

What-what are you--?

He gives a sharp yell as his body convulses in pain,
writhing as Fiona's chant grows louder. As though being
forcibly ripped away, a grotesque demon suddenly bursts
forth from Quill's body, the man falling to the ground
unconscious. Fiona stops her chanting.

FIONA

We do have other talents than
shooting, you know.

The demon roars in anger at her as the two prepare to fight.

END