

*Handwritten initials or mark*

FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEY 1990 -- NIGHT

A WIND blows through the desolate area. Quiet. RUSTLING of some discarded newspapers. Cold. Damp. GUNSHOTS ring out in the distance. A MAN, 40s, haggard and taking deep breaths, runs up and pauses. He is, CHRISTOPHER DOWLING. Like a frightened animal, he looks back. His eyes grow wide in terror as he darts into the alley.

EXT. FURTHER IN ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Running to the end of the alley, he finds no exit. He fumbles with a handgun in his pocket and gets it out, checking the cylinder to see if it is fully loaded. Satisfied, he SNAPS it closed as he gazes down the foggy alley. He licks his dry lips as he waits. All of a sudden, the WIND begins to blow as if a 747 was taking off. BLASTED by the wind, he braces himself to keep from being blown over. Debris ROLLS past him as the WIND ROARS. Rats scurry from one pile of garbage to another. Shaking in fear, the man intently watches as a figure appears in the fog. He brings up his shaking hand with the gun ready. The fog swirls around the stranger as the wind stops blowing. The second man wears some kind of new-age clothing. Black. He is ISSAC CREED. 30s. Tall. Well built. Clean shaven. A man with little patience. Warlock.

CREED

Do you think you could just walk in, and steal the lost amulet of the West River right from under my nose? Not suffer the consequence?

CHRISTOPHER DOWLING

It was never yours to begin with, Creed. Your family stole it from my ancestors centuries ago. It's mine. I will not allow you to obtain all three amulets and destroy the world.

CREED

((chuckles))

Is that right?

(menacing)

Give it to me!

Shaking his head, Creed holds up his hand, pointing it at Christopher. Christopher's coat whips open as if by magic, exposing the stunning amulet that hangs from the belt. Waving a finger, the amulet seems to rise up and float in

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mid-air. Stunned, Christopher looks on as the amulet floats over and lands on Creed's open palm.

CHRISTOPHER DOWLING

The Creed family will pay for this!  
You will fall one day, Creed, if  
not by my hand, then by the hand of  
the Chosen One! My son!

Looking at the amulet in his hand, Creed slowly smiles.