

Emergency Magical Services (Teaser of the first episode)

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - LATE EVENING

A GLASS BOWL full of RED GOO flies through the night sky.

A 22-year-old woman (MAC) slides in the sand on her knees. She wears jeans and a t-shirt covered with sand and riddled with little holes. Her hair is tousled; she has had better days. She catches the bowl.

Carried by the momentum, goo sloshes around the bowl and a dollop falls onto Mac's thigh.

MAC

Shit!

Mac secures the bowl in the sand and unclasps her WELL-WORN 'Super Witch' BUCKLE as she stands up.

The dollop of goo sizzles on her jeans.

MAC

Shit! Shit! Shit!

She slides the belt off her jeans and hangs it around her shoulder. She fiddles with her CHARM BRACELET for a second and rubs a charm between two fingers. It sparkles out of existence. A GLOWING BARRIER surrounds her jeans.

YANK. Mac rips her jeans like paper and throws them in the same swing. They EXPLODE in mid-air. The flames bump against the barrier, fold onto themselves and disappear with a soft crackle.

Back to Mac, catching her breath in her boy shorts, black knee-high Converse, tattered t-shirt and tousled hair. There's small burn mark on her thigh. It slowly disappears, as if obfuscated by magic. Mac stretches her injured quad and winces. She glances behind her.

A somewhat hairy, scrawny-looking guy (FUR BALL) is disengaging his legs from a beach chair. He doesn't seem quite right, a bit too ratty maybe? His eyes never leave a distant point above Mac's head.

MAC

(buckling her belt around her waist)

You're the worst partner ever!

Fur Ball stares at the distant point, mesmerized. Lights play on his face. Mac follows his gaze.

Reveal SANTA MONICA PIERS' FERRIS WHEEL.

MAC

You gotta be kidding.

She picks up the bowl.

MAC
Come on, Fur Ball.

Mac runs toward the city. Fur Ball doesn't move. WHISTLE. Fur Ball runs after Mac.

Pull back to...

EXT. SANTA MONICA – LATE EVENING

Power surges turn the street lights on and off. They illuminate cars, abandoned in the streets. There's no sign of damage anywhere.

Mac and Fur Ball free run through the cars toward a big blue thundering sphere, hovering in the middle of the SANTA MONICA MALL. It's a DISSONANCE, pulsing and threatening.

In the far horizon, where Los Angeles should be, a bigger, green dissonance gives off a dull, motionless glow.

INT. SANTA MONICA MALL - LATE EVENING

Mac and Fur Ball slalom between SHOPPING BAGS abandoned on the floor, and round the central open area where the dissonance grows. A slightly overweight, 24-year-old man (DREW) appears behind the dissonance, hands outstretched toward it and surrounded by a blueish glow. His eyebrows are creased by effort. A DUFFLE BAG is by his feet.

ZAP. Mac dodges a bolt of energy shooting from the dissonance.

DREW
(straining)
Sorry 'bout that.

ZAP. Fur Ball has a near miss with a bolt. He cowers in a corner. Mac drops the bowl of goo next to him, runs to Drew and slides the duffle bag over to Fur Ball.

ZAP. Another bolt zings inches from Drew's head.

DREW
Mac!

MAC
(joining him, hands outstretched)
Can't be everywhere at once.
(to Fur Ball)
Come on, Fur Ball, like I showed you.

Fur Ball pulls vials out of the duffle bag. His hands shake.

The dissonance hums. ZING. A bolt bounces back against a translucent blueish boundary. Mac gasps, Drew grunts; it's not easy to contain the dissonance.

MAC
(to Fur Ball)
Come on...

Fur Ball dumps the content of the vials in the bowl.

ZING. Another bolt bounces against the boundary. The shock reverberates, and Mac and Drew slide back half a meter.

Fur Ball pours the last ingredient in the bowl. The goo turns black and opaque.

MAC
(to Fur Ball)
Slide it over!
(to Drew)
Ready?

Drew nods. Mac kneels, breaking her contact with the boundary. It lightens, then reshapes. Drew grunts. Sweat pearls on his forehead.

Mac upturns a fabric shopping bag, pours the goo in it, spins it over her head, and throws it toward the dissonance.

The goo-filled bag flies.

Mac steps behind Drew.

The bag ignites as it touches the boundary and hits the dissonance beyond it. KAPLOOEY. The dissonance explodes into residue that looks like sticky strings.

Drew and Fur Ball are covered with the stuff, but not Mac: she was shielded by Drew.

MAC
Let's get out of this hell hole.

Mac picks up the empty glass bowl and leaves.

DREW
(after her)
McKaylee!
(grunts, to himself)
I hate her.

Fur Ball rubs his wrists against his face, peeling the sticky strings. Drew stuffs the vials in the duffle bag, grabs Fur Ball's arm and heads out.

EXT. SANTA MONICA MALL'S PARKING LOT - LATE EVENING

Mac walks toward a car with sirens on top and O'Sullivan business tags on the sides. She opens the trunk which is filled with a mishmash of items: change of clothes, vials, WANDS lined up on the underside of the hood, a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS, etc. Mac pulls a plastic bag out, wraps the bowl in it, and then stores it in the trunk.

Drew and Fur Ball exit the mall.

DREW

You know, your grumpiness ruined an otherwise smooth mission.

MAC

(foraging in the trunk)

Smooth? I lost my favorite jeans!

Mac pulls jeans out of the trunk. Drew dodges the whiplash from the jeans' legs. Fur Ball plays with his sticky strings, one step away.

DREW

You should have known better.

MAC

(putting on her jeans)

I was on a date.

Drew walks past Mac to the trunk. He pushes the bouquet of flowers aside and grabs a towel underneath.

Reveal a HAMSTER CAGE in the trunk.

MAC

Some of us have a life, Drew.

DREW

(towelling off the sticky strings)

Bring sweat pants along next time.

Mac unbuckles the belt on her waist and passes it through the jeans' hoops, checking the buckle for damage as she closes it.

MAC

(not looking at Drew, half mumbling)

A duffle in a five star. Right.

DREW

As if you ever had more than coffee dates.

MAC
(normal voice, angry)
Not my point!

Mac picks up a wand and wiggles it at the sky. Green light shoots out. It bursts like a firework that forms the O'Sullivan business logo.

FEMALE VOICE
(V.O.)
Dissonance secured. Thank you for calling O'Sullivan.

MAC
(putting the wand back)
Things would go a lot smoother if you stopped signing us
up for three men jobs.

Mac walks up to Fur Ball and puts a hand on his shoulder.

DREW
(scoffs)
We clear them fine.

Mac rubs a charm between two fingers. It disappears.

MAC
We're not three!

The air crackles around Fur Ball. POUF. Fur Ball disappears. There's now a hamster covered in sticky strings in Mac's palm. She helps it clean itself off.

MAC
Temporary partners will get me killed.

DREW
Classic forty percent of exaggeration.

Mac puts the hamster in its cage. It runs to its training wheel and makes it spin. The movement creates colorful lights, not unlike the Santa Monica Pier's Ferris Wheel. Mac grabs a jacket and snaps the trunk shut.

MAC
Oh yeah?

The power surges stop and the streets lights shine continuously.

Sounds of off screen people teleporting in, cars driving close and a helicopter in the distance.

Drew wraps the towel around his neck. Mac puts on her jacket to cover her tattered shirt. She hooks her arm in Drew's.

MAC
(through an artificial smile)
You'll think different once you're twenty-five and partnerless.

Drew chuckles. They spin to face the journalists coming toward them. Drew's smile is much warmer than Mac's.

DREW
(murmuring)
Like you would die in the next few months. Be reasonable.

The journalists' excited chatter grows louder as they approach. Cameras snap pictures. Mac elbows Drew's flank between two snapshots.

FLASH. To opening credits.

-- END TEASER