

GO CASTING

1/4

TOG SIDES -- BLAKE

Sc#1

EXT. CABIN - CLEARING - DAY

BLAKE, a stern, intuitive, and powerful man in his 40's, lowers his staff as Davina approaches. He's breathing hard from exertion. Eyeing several snake bites on his arms.

Start →

DAVINA

You don't look so hot. Those bites -

BLAKE

Snake venom is to be purged by force. Not acquiesced to.

DAVINA

What is that, like, a werewolf bumper sticker?

BLAKE

Exactly how long do you intend for us to hide here? Like cowards.

DAVINA

Elijah saw you. And if he knows you're back, Klaus does too. Sorry, but you're stuck here with me until we can figure out another plan.

BLAKE

Confrontation is inevitable, child. It's your fear that will prove our greatest disadvantage.

DAVINA

(defiant)

I'm not afraid.

BLAKE

You should be. You're weak.

Davina holds up an ornate KNIFE.

DAVINA

But I'm still in charge. By the way? I spelled it while you were... purging. I won't lose it again.

BLAKE

Ah, yes. With your magic. And how well did that serve you when those wolves attacked?

(off her silence)

(MORE)

Blake

The Originals
1hr-The CW

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Magic will only ever fight half
your battles.

DAVINA

Okay, fine. You're so tough? Then
teach me.

BLAKE

(dismissive)

Teach you what?

She meets his gaze. Chin held high.

DAVINA

How to be strong.

Blake relishes in the opportunity.

BLAKE

Very well. I warn you, it won't be
a lesson easily learned.

End

EXT. CABIN - CLEARING - DAY

Sc#2

Davina watches as Blake finishes carving a small SYMBOL into her own tree-branch STAFF.

Start →

 DAVINA
What's that?

BLAKE
The crest of my pack. A reminder
that we always carry the honor of
our ancestors with us when we
engage in battle.

Without warning, Blake tosses her the STAFF. Hard. She catches it, just barely. Regaining her balance --

 DAVINA
I wasn't ready.

BLAKE
First lesson. Always be on your
guard.

 DAVINA
It's heavy.

BLAKE
I was half your age the first time
my father put a staff in my hand.
I'd have torn every muscle before I
let him see me strain. And had I --

He brings down his own staff in a quick, powerful motion. Instinctively, Davina blocks.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
... he would have corrected me.

 DAVINA
No offense, but your dad kind of
sounds like a jerkwad.

BLAKE
Mothers love their children.
Fathers make them strong.

 DAVINA
My mom tried to sacrifice me and my
dad took off when I was born. So.

For a moment, Blake regards her with something resembling genuine interest. Before -- CRACK. He strikes at her again.

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

You're anticipating. Never let me see your move before you make it.

He swings, Davina dodges, but FALLS DOWN HARD as her ANKLE TWISTS painfully. Blake stands over her.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Get up.

DAVINA

I... I can't. I hurt my ankle.

BLAKE

And so? This is the real lesson, child. The ability to endure pain is a warrior's true weapon. Master that, and nothing holds power over you. Now. On your feet.

She glares at him, eyes welling with tears of pain.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I said -- ON. YOUR. FEET.

Slowly, Davina climbs back up, heavily favoring one leg.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Good. Perhaps you've actually learned something.

Off Blake, resilient in his teaching methods.

End.