

Rise of the Broodslayers [7-PAGE SHORT EXCERPT]

By

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Book I of the Ballad of the Broodslayers

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EXT. MIDLAND AREA FARMS - DAY

CHOKRA (O.S.)
(yelling from inside the hut)
Let's kill these undead bastards!
For good.

Chokra emerges from the hut. The door behind him suddenly falls to the ground.

CHOKRA
Bah!

The rest of the group is packing saddlebags as Painted Bison walks over to Chokra.

PAINTED BISON
We thought you would want to seek
out the paladin and vengeance.

Painted Bison holds out a damaged grizzly bear claw necklace toward Chokra.

PAINTED BISON
We found it on the remains of a
small boy. We gave him proper
burial.

Painted Bison drops the necklace into Chokra's hand.

PAINTED BISON (CONT'D)
I am sorry, my friend.

Chokra looks down at the necklace in his hand then closes his fist around it.

CHOKRA
You thought correct.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

After traveling farther down the road, the group slows to a trot as they find about a dozen zombies in the road ahead.

CHOKRA
Let's thin the herd!

They race toward the undead. Chokra pulls his bastard sword from its sheath.

Ahead of the group, Chokra leaps from his mustang just before it rams into several of the zombies. Leaping to the side, he brings down two more with his legs before landing, sword in hand.

Chokra's first swing beheads a zombie, blood splattering forth across the lot of them.

The ones Chokra knocked down start to get back up.

CHOKRA

Stay down!

Chokra swings again, cutting two across the legs.

The rest of the party arrives. Daviros casts a TARGETING SPELL. All around them, the zombies begin to GLOW WITH A RED AURA making them easier targets.

Painted Bison summons his Spirit Bison and it strikes out at targets, ramming again and again. He draws his tomahawk.

Daviros kicks a zombie in the chest, knocking it back. He mutters the incantation and forms the runes of fireball.

Chokra's sword, coated in blood, pokes out the back of a zombie, cutting upward into its neck and skull. It falls.

Twin daggers fly through the air from Phil's hands and strike the skull of a zombie that lurches toward Chokra's back. It instantly falls. Chokra turns to see it.

CHOKRA

Strike the heads!

Spinning end-over-end, Painted Bison's tomahawk sinks itself deep into another zombie's skull.

The party pauses to look around and only four or five zombies remain in a group.

WIGLI

(out of breath, running)

Leave...at least one...for me.

Just then, a FIREBALL unleashes from Daviros' hands, SIZZLING through the cool autumn air. It EXPLODES into the group of remaining zombies. Covered in FLAMES from head to toe, the things fall to the ground, spasmodic, save one.

WIGLI

Ha!

Wigli pulls out a peculiar device from his waist, points it at the last zombie, and a LOUD BOOM echoes through the entire area. SMOKE flows out of the end of the device and a brief FLASH OF LIGHT erupts.

They each look toward the final zombie. It has a hole right in the middle of its head just before it falls.

They all gasp. Wigli grins from ear-to-ear.

DAVIROS

(impressed)

What, pray-tell was that?

WIGLI

My grandfather Podis Thundertrigger invented it. He calls it a Thunderstick.

CHOKRA

Wigli, we need to get back on the road...

Chokra's eyes notice one zombie still moving on the ground. It slowly crawls toward Chokra. He lifts his bastard sword to bring it down but suddenly stops short.

A tear rolls down Chokra's cheek as he drops his sword and falls to his knees. The rest of the party are in shock trying to figure out what is happening. Some start to rush toward him.

PAINTED BISON

He must do this alone.

Chokra looks up again at the decaying form of his brother Stalka crawling toward him.

The rest of the group lowers their heads in silence once they realize who it is.

Chokra reaches out to his sword laying on the ground near his slouched form. He uses it to help himself to his feet as if all his strength left him. Tears stream down his face.

EXT. MIDLAND AREA FARMS - DAY - FLASHBACK

Chokra's mind remembers he and his little brother fishing and laughing, splashing in the water.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Chokra comes back to find his sword in Stalka's head and he pulls it back out.

CHOKRA

The Clan Demain ends. I'm just a slayer now.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The tops of the heads of the zombie army can be seen with a hole in the center where a lone figure in a robe walks.

Mordain's feet walk the road as his staff taps along.

The crystal skull atop the staff gleams in the bright sunlight. He is surrounded by zombies walking with him.

MORDAIN

Faster, my children. You move so slowly in the daylight.

Mordain taps the staff more forcefully to the ground. A WAVE OF FORCE flows from the skull. The zombies begin to move a little faster.

Suddenly, there is a BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT from elsewhere. The zombies suddenly stop moving.

Mordain's face shows confusion.

MORDAIN

What in the name of death is this?

Mordain taps the staff again, activating its power. The zombies begin to move around him, forward again.

Shortly, there is another BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT. The zombies stop moving again.

MORDAIN

(under his breath)

Something is amiss.

Mordain taps his staff, activating. Zombies move again.

Mordain casts a spell, waving arms, as if writing ancient runes in the air before him. He LEVITATES, floating above the zombie horde.

Ahead of the zombie army, in the road is SIR OZZR'K in black platemail. He holds an unholy symbol, attempting to control undead. A carriage waits behind him.

Mordain LEVITATES toward Sir Ozrr'k. He lands on the ground, near Sir Ozrr'k.

SIR OZZR'K
(gruff)
What manner of man are you?

Sir Ozrr'k aims his unholy symbol toward Mordain.

SIR OZZR'K (CONT'D)
Answer me, pale one.

MORDAIN
I am Mordain, the dark sorcerer.

SIR OZZR'K
Then help me stop these undead.
They should not be here.

Sir Ozrr'k lifts his unholy symbol. The zombies stop moving.

MORDAIN
And what manner of man are you?

SIR OZZR'K
I am Sir Ozrr'k the Dark, paladin
of the most unholy Mock'non.

MORDAIN
(sarcasm)
Well, "Sir Ozrr'k the Dark, paladin
of the most unholy Mock'non," you
need to stop interfering.

Mordain taps the staff, zombies shamble toward Ozrr'k.

SIR OZZR'K
You fiend!

Sir Ozrr'k flips the metal visor down on his helm. He draws his longsword and touches it as he speaks dark ancient words. The blade LIGHTS UP RED and ORANGE in flames.

The sword's center begins to GLOW HOT-BLUE.

The first line of zombies claw their arms toward Sir Ozrr'k. He gives a battle cry, swings his FLAMING sword toward them, and sets a few ablaze. The second line arrives before he can bring down a few.

MORDAIN

You actually think you're a match
for my children? Try me instead.

Mordain points the staff toward the carriage. A LARGE BURST OF RAW ENERGY leaves the crystal skull and strikes the carriage, knocking it over and crushing mustangs. The rest scatter as chaos erupts.

A teamster tries to crawl away but is shredded by zombies.

Mordain taps his staff, speaking in an ancient undead tongue. The zombies part to let him pass.

Sir Ozrr'k is on the ground under a pile of zombies, his armor protecting him from their gnashing teeth. His gauntlet reaches for his fallen FLAMING sword.

Mordain's hands wave toward the sword. Its flames EXTINGUISH. Mordain walks over and picks it up.

Mordain looks down with disdain at Sir Ozrr'k.

MORDAIN

I will make an example of you, Sir
Ozrr'k.

Mordain utters another spell in the ancient tongue. Sir Ozrr'k's body stops moving.

MORDAIN (CONT'D)

Not even followers of Mock'non are
exempt from my wrath. This won't be
pleasant...for you.

Mordain kicks in a fit of anger, removing Sir Ozrr'k's helm.

MORDAIN (CONT'D)

Your armor can't protect you now.

Mordain reaches down, pulls both gauntlets off Sir Ozrr'k.

SIR OZZR'K

Why have you forsaken the natural
order, elf?

Mordain gives a dark smile.

MORDAIN

Death is the one true power. It
comes to us all, even the elves.
You have the feeble mind of one who
prays to a god. There are no
deities, only death.

SIR OZZR'K

You would call me feeble for my beliefs? You worship death, the end of all that matters.

Mordain's sinister smile turns to dark laughter.

MORDAIN

You think the pathetic deeds of the living matter? You failed before my zombies. Where were your deeds? Where are they now? For you, death is an end. For me it is everything. It is what I admire, respect, and all I hold dear.

Mordain kneels lower, his face just above Sir Ozzer'k's face.

MORDAIN (CONT'D)

Your so-called faith clouds your judgment. You are infected by life. I embrace death. Life and faith spread as a disease, neither tamed. The death of all shall create order from chaos. Death is obedience.

Mordain sneers in Sir Ozzer'k's face then stands back up.

MORDAIN (CONT'D)

The living matter no more to me than ants to tread under my boots.

Mordain stomps a boot into Sir Ozzer'k's face, cracking teeth, and breaking his nose.

MORDAIN (CONT'D)

My own death shall be my greatest triumph! Here's to yours.

Mordain steps back and motions his arms toward Sir Ozzer'k.

MORDAIN (CONT'D)

Meet my family. Feed my children.