

BISOU

Written by

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ACT 1

EXT. MIDDLE-AGES 1347 LAND OF RODONIA, BATTLEFIELD ANGST -  
MORNING

Narrator(lady): (People on the battlefield, fighting each other and killing violently) "Long ago, in the fabled Land of Rodonia, the history of our people, the Free Born, was conceived. We were not always this way, for in fact our legacy was marred in chaos and fear, a blight that would have set our people into an endless age of mistrust and war. The leaders of Rodonia at the time, the Pious, served a god that desecrated the land and drove our people into this time of uncertainty and peril. The god, his name GARUD, was a malevolent spirit who lingered from the ancient time of creation ever endlessly poisoning the thoughts of man to drive them into senseless greed and glory.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

For would have been a very  
different future for our people if  
it weren't for the one, BISOU, a  
man of no noble blood and a common  
peasant with a disability who would  
set things right and lead our  
people into a new age..."

ARGON: (on his horse) "To the  
victor go the spoils."

SPIEL: "Sire, should we withdraw  
the troops?"

ARGON: "Why should we do such a  
thing? We are winning are we not?"

SPIEL: "Your majesty, I did not  
mean such a response. However, we  
still must manage to defend against  
the three other Pious."

ARGON: "Ah, you are correct. I  
suspect the other Pious are gaining  
confidence."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

SPIEL: "Word has it that you are now vulnerable, my liege."

ARGON: "Who says? Was it DREGO, that rat?"

SPIEL: "The youngest of the Pious would not dare antagonize his enemies until he has solidified loyalty from his own. The word is from CRIST and his allies. I hear he has started rallying his troops while you are fighting off WILFRE."

ARGON: "They dare not show their faces, those cowards. They only spring to action while there is guaranteed spoils. I may have to redraw some of our boundaries."

SPIEL: "Perhaps some negotiations need to be called for. I can send one of our advisors to draw up some documents."

ARGON: "Perhaps I can talk to WILFRE myself."

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(CONT'D)

He is on the battlefield, sulking  
in the back like usual."

SPIEL: "Your majesty, I would not  
show your face on the battlefield."

ARGON: "SPIEL, we serve a God and  
he has granted us immunity. His  
promise is glory and power. He  
whispers to these other Pious and  
that gives them hope that they can  
one day rule as much as I have. But  
who was the original one who sought  
out his name, need I remind you?"

SPIEL: "Yes, sir ARGON the Black as  
our people have known you. They  
fear your name sire, as your  
relationship with GARUD is whole."

ARGON: "As it is. I will not  
withdraw from the lands that were  
mine by birthright.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I will demonstrate to WILFRE why I am known as the Black."

ARGON charges through the battlefield. He wields his sword which radiates of a black essence that pierces through enemies like a warm knife through butter. Entire bodies are chopped in half and anyone who approaches are frozen in terror only to have their heads ripped from their bodies like bowling balls being tossed violently down a lane. ARGON spots WILFRE in the back and rides to him.

ARGON: "Alas, the coward who will not show himself on the battlefield." He climbs off his horse.

WILFRE: "I am a Pious just like you ARGON. You are not the only one who wields the Deathtouch." He gets off his horse and draws his blade.

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(CONT'D)

ARGON: "I see GARUD has granted you his little tricks. How easily manipulated you are."

WILFRE: "By the night and all that is feared, I will slay thy enemy in his name." WILFRE charges ARGON.

They clash swords and a huge wave of darkness booms and knocks fighting soldiers backwards. They continue battling locking swords and exchanging blows.

WILFRE: "You are conceited, ARGON. See my power that has grown in his glory."

WILFRE raises his fist and through the ground comes a black hand that grabs ARGON and holds him.

WILFRE rams his blade through ARGON.

ARGON stumbles and his head is thrown violently backwards.

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(CONT'D)

WILFRE pauses, a smile forms on his face in his moment of victory.

WILFRE: "This is the end for you, ARGON, an era comes to a close."

ARGON twitches, his head then sputters forward and he grabs hold of WILFRE's blade and rams it further into him.

ARGON: "You know nothing of power, dear friend."

ARGON grabs hold of WILFRE and the blackness oozes from ARGON and swirls around WILFRE.

WILFRE afraid: "What is this black magic?"

ARGON drains the flesh off of WILFRE as he screams and the blackness melts away his body until all that remains is ash.

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(CONT'D)

The blackness swirls around ARGON and feeds back into him. He pulls out the blade from his body and licks the blood off of it.

ARGON: "It is my destiny to rule and only mine. Such a waste of life, this decrepit fool. He is as you would say, burnt to a crisp." He chuckles.

ARGON: "Alas, I will set things right with these other blockheads that call themselves Pious."

ARGON climbs onto his horse turns around and rides back to his castle.

**INT. FLASHBACK TO THE ETHER, 20 YEARS EARLIER, GARUD'S DOMAIN**

Young ARGON approaches the spirit GARUD in the Ether, a swirling nightmarish blackhole with whispering voices that drown your thoughts in an endless chaotic loop. Drained from the journey, ARGON takes off his helmet and kneels before GARUD.

ARGON: "You are the one they call  
GARUD?"

GARUD, a black shrouded enigma with  
a cloak, does not answer.

ARGON: "It is rumored that one  
should seek you out in this  
treacherous landscape to obtain  
eternal glory."

GARUD: "You bow before the one they  
call GARUD."

ARGON: "I cannot fight any longer.  
I recognize when my foe is greater  
than I am. I will not risk fighting  
you."

GARUD: "You are the one they call  
ARGON."

ARGON: "That is who I am, yes."

GARUD: "What you seek is power  
beyond imagination.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

This is what I am."

ARGON: "How do I call upon such  
might? I beg of you please. I must  
rule all men, it is my destiny."

GARUD: "What you recognize here is  
the beginning and the end. Man was  
made in the image of God, and thus  
he was taken into both the  
blessings and vices that occur in  
the natural order. If it is your  
desire to rule, then you must  
understand how a God is made, and  
subsequently the way man is. How do  
I come to rule this world?"

ARGON thinks for a bit: "I do not  
understand. I just... want power."

GARUD roars: "HOW DO YOU FEEL WHEN  
YOU SEE ME?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

ARGON cowers: "I fear, that is what I feel."

GARUD: "Then by my hand you will rule this way."

ARGON: "I will instill fear in my people?"

GARUD: "If it is what you desire, power, then I will grant you your wish as long as you bend your will to my own."

ARGON: "I will praise your lordship and our relationship will be as one."

GARUD: "If you do so, you can rule your people. You will threaten my name in the hearts of man, and that is how you will be."

ARGON: "And what of others who seek you out?"

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(CONT'D)

Can I be guaranteed this  
agreement?"

GARUD: "Men can seek me out by  
their own will. I do not pay  
loyalty to my own creations. We are  
not on the same level so do not  
bind me to your desires."

ARGON: "As you wish GARUD."

GARUD: "From now on, you will be  
known as ARGON the Black. Be gone,  
I tire of your feeble yearnings for  
mortal pettiness."

GARUD turns away and vanishes. The nightmarish swirl  
dissipates. ARGON remains on a vast field in the morning. A  
blackness radiates around him. He gazes upon his hand as  
blackness swirls around it and he clenches his fist.

**INT. BISOU'S COTTAGE AT FORT POINT - MORNING**

BISOU, a 30-year old peasant, rises abruptly from his sleep.  
He is breathing hard and sweat drips down his face. He has  
just awoken from a nightmarish vision of ARGON and GARUD. He

slides out of bed and walks to get a bucket of water. He splashes his face. He puts on his shirt and walks outside. It is morning as the sun just barely rises above the cliffside and shines on the dew in the freshly cut grass. There are cattle roaming around and sheep herded into a fenced off area. He walks over to his trusting horse, Neya.

He feeds her a carrot: "That'a girl."

After she finishes, he puts on a saddle. Neya neighs. He strokes her mane and pats her.

BISOU: "Easy girl, we're just going for a short trip."

She settles down. He climbs on top and they ride down the narrow dirt path leading to the cottage and into the valley.

**EXT. TOWN OF PLEIB - MORNING**

BISOU rides into the town bazaar. People are walking about trading goods, buying items, negotiating. BISOU hops off Neya, and ties her up at the stable. He walks over to the local bread shop. He picks up a loaf.

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(CONT'D)

BISOU: "How much?"

SELLER: "5 PENCE"

BISOU flips a coin into the seller's hands. He begins eating and notices a flyer.

It reads: "Join his army and fight  
off the Black one. -NEMON the  
Wizard."

He rips off the flyer and folds it into his pocket. He walks around a bit. He notices a strange hut covered in gypsy cloth. A strange lady outside with her eyes open but staring straight as if in a trance. She motions strange movements with her arms.

XIJA the Oracle: "To defeat death  
itself, you must be reborn."

He shakes his head and moves on. He walks over to a small vintage shop and enters the doorway.

PALOR (father): "Hey! Look who  
decided to show up for work today!"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BISOU, the one and only son of mine."

TINU(mother) walks in from behind the counter doorway: "Ah BISOU, so glad you could make it!"

BISOU: "Yeah..." he sits down and breaks off a piece of bread and eats it.

TINU: "What is wrong? Something seems to be on your mind."

BISOU: "Ma, Pa, I don't think I'm going to be selling watch pendants for the rest of my life."

PALOR: "But this is what your Pa has done, and his Pa before him! You are great at this!"

BISOU walks over to the table and grabs one of the pendants that he made: "Yeah I know, but I don't know. People are tense and uneasy these days."

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

We're not selling as much as we  
used to."

TINU: "BISOU, you are good at this.  
Your mind, you are smart. Your  
heart, it is true. This is what a  
good merchant brings to the market.  
Besides, you have an illness!"

BISOU: "Maybe. I don't know. There  
are things I should do. I've been  
having visions."

TINU: "You see, you are not normal  
BISOU. We knew from birth that you  
were different. This is a great  
living. Your Ma and Pa have  
nurtured this in you."

FRIT the oracle yells from outside:  
"Help they have her! Away you  
fiends!"

BISOU darts outside to see what is going on. He sees a young  
girl, IRI the oracle, about his age being roped up and  
dragged by a horse with a soldier mounted on top.

IRI: "I am not your hoar nor your pet! Release me at this moment!"

SOLDIER: "Captain's orders. The Black one wants all oracles to surrender to him!"

BISOU throws his bread at the soldier's helmet: "Release her!"

The soldier turns and hops off his horse: "You dare threaten a guard of the Black?" The soldier walks over and shoves BISOU to the ground.

BISOU: "We are not afraid of you and your dark ways! A new day is coming!"

SOLDIER: "If you are so confident, get up and fight me."

BISOU stands up and dusts himself off.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

FRIT: "Here, take this!" FRIT  
throws him a sword.

SOLDIER: "We shall see how this  
bold one stands in battle."

BISOU raises his sword. The SOLDIER draws his sword. They  
clash. It is clear BISOU is a novice swordsman. They exchange  
clashes in a somewhat awkward dance as BISOU is still  
learning. The SOLDIER slams his sword into BISOU's and knocks  
him backwards.

SOLDIER: "What fun this is! It's  
like playing with a young lad."

BISOU regains composure. BISOU  
mutters: "This is it." BISOU dives  
forward and lunges at the soldier.  
The soldier dodges and then punches  
BISOU.

BISOU staggers the wind knocked out of him. He wipes the  
blood off his face.

SOLDIER: "Is that all?"

They go at it again.

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(CONT'D)

This time the SOLDIER lands a flurry of wild clashes at BISOU, but BISOU somehow manages to match every swing. There is a slight glow to the sword and at the sideline, FRIT is focusing heavily on the sword she gave to BISOU.

SOLDIER: "You learn quickly! How is it a runt like you can stand to the might of the Black?"

BISOU: "I..." He pauses to think a bit. BISOU: "I'm just really good I guess."

The soldier jumps and slams the ground with his blade and a black force shockwave knocks BISOU off his feet.

SOLDIER: "I wield the Deathtouch as long as I serve his majesty. You were never a match for me, kid."

The SOLDIER walks up to BISOU who is on the floor and takes a moment to light his blade with a black swirl. He then goes in

for the killing blow.

BISOU raises his sword and it matches the blade, while glowing a soft white light. The SOLDIER tries to cut down the sword, but his sword suddenly shatters.

SOLDIER: "My blade... is this  
Psyblood?"

He lets go of his broken sword and it falls to the ground. BISOU gets up holding his sword. He then moves in to make the killing blow.

BISOU goes in for the finish but then abruptly grimaces in pain. His senses are overstimulated and all he sees is a blurred vision heightened by white light.

SOLDIER: "You had me... what are  
you doing fool?"

BISOU walks backwards and throws his sword down. He covers his ears and eyes and tries to calm his nerves.

SOLDIER: "I'll give it to you, you  
have some guts kid. But clearly you  
are not suited for battle. Here,  
take your trophy.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I'll report back that none were  
found in this village."

The SOLDIER releases IRI, gets back on his horse and rides  
out of town.

IRI walks over to BISOU: "What are  
you doing, you had him!"

BISOU: "I... have a disorder."

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(CONT'D)

IRI: "You fought him even though  
you knew you had this disorder?"

BISOU with his eyes closed: "I did  
what I had to do."

IRI: "You should be working inside  
where it is safe!"

BISOU: "I will take up arms when I  
am called to it."

IRI: "You damn fool..."

FRIT: "He is a wielder of the  
Psyblood, IRI."

IRI: "This child?"

FRIT: "I lent him some of my  
Psyblood powers, but for the blade  
to withstand the might of the  
Deathtouch there had to be a  
synergy inside him."

BISOU rubs his head: "Psyblood?  
Synergy?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Is that why my blade seemed to act on its own?"

FRIT: "There are few that are able to wield the power of the Psyblood, the power of belief. But you are still young and immature. You show potential that can be realized to wield the full strength of this power if only you decide to follow this path."

BISOU: "I don't know, I think you've got the wrong person. I'm just..."

IRI: "Lost? A loser?"

BISOU: "Look girl, I just saved your ass. Show some respect."

IRI: "I could have handled it on my own. I was just, longing for a man to show up to sweep me off my feet."

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

And lo and behold, I got this kid  
who twitches when he's in danger."

BISOU: "You've got some sass you  
know. Some real disrespect issues."

FRIT: "Enough. What is your name,  
young man?"

BISOU: "They call me BISOU."

FRIT: "BISOU, thank you for your  
brave actions today. I think you  
should consider taking up arms in  
the fight against the Black. There  
are whispers of war all amongst the  
lands. The Pious, as you may know,  
they are becoming increasingly  
eager to spread their influence.  
Rodonia is becoming torn apart by  
an unforeseen darkness. There is a  
call to action and we need good  
people to answer."

BISOU: "Maybe. I am just a peasant,  
what can I do?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Besides, with this disability of mine that I was born with, I cannot just take up arms like a normal fighter."

FRIT: "There are other paths you can take. If you risk it, there may be a way for you to master your powers. But it is dangerous. What will you do?"

BISOU: "I'll sleep on it and get back to you."

FRIT: "You are lazy. You procrastinate. That is the path you choose right now and I am telling you this will not work out if you do not make your changes right now."

BISOU: "It was great to meet you guys but really, I just need some rest."

FRIT: "Begone then."

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(CONT'D)

We do not deal with losers."

IRI: "Such a child... I should have just taken care of it myself."

BISOU waves it off and turns around and walks back to his horse.

BISOU to his Neya: "At least you get what it's like to be me. Always by my side. That's a girl."

He hops on Neya and rides back out of town.

FADE OUT.

INT. ARGON'S CASTLE COUNCIL ROOM - EVENING

ARGON struts around the strategic map on the dining table. There are miniature castles representing different strongholds all over Rodonia. There are 5 total, one in the north that represents ARGON's rule, one to the northeast which represented WILFRE's past reign, one to the west representing CRIST's rule, one to the southwest representing DREGO's rule, and one to the southeast representing NEMON's

rule. There are miniature soldier pieces placed all over the map indicating battles being fought by the various Pious.

ARGON slams the table.

ARGON: "Damn that CRIST, he just  
took hold of Houndstooth Watch."

He knocks over the tower in the middle west.

ARGON: "He gains confidence ever so  
conniving that little snake. While  
I am here battling WILFRE's  
remaining loyalty he strikes where  
I am weak."

There are two councilmen at the table drinking wine in their goblets. Councilmen KATH knocks over a soldier from WILFRE's battalion.

KATH: "Word is out that you have  
defeated WILFRE, your majesty."

ARGON: "And what do they say?"

Councilmen SPIEL knocks over another soldier.

SPIEL: "They are afraid."

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(CONT'D)

They look to each other for alliances to combat your growing armies."

ARGON: "Wretched fools. They know nothing of my power and the Deathtouch that I wield. No one can defeat me."

KATH: "That may be true, oh dark one. There are many on WILFRE's side that will join you. They fear your might while they do not have a Pious to lead them. My suggestion is to ride east and assimilate your armies while the iron is still hot."

ARGON: "You do not trust that I can handle this on my own?"

KATH: "Your highness, I am simply suggesting that you cover all your bases."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

No one will face you alone, but together they may have strength enough to give you trouble."

ARGON: "Send the High Guard over to the east. They can get the job done. I require a visit to an old friend. Only he knows the truth about power."

KATH: "Very well. SPIEL, shall we pay the sons a visit?"

SPIEL: "We shall."

They both get up and leave the room.

ARGON puts on his armor and sheathes his sword.

ARGON: "Old friend, why do you whisper to these pitiful fools? What am I doing wrong to make a foe out of you?"

ARGON walks out the council room.

Cut to ARGON walking outside the castle. He brandishes his

sword which is swirling with a black ether. A dark portal opens and out of it rides a black shadowy stallion. He climbs on top and rides out north towards the mountains and in the direction towards Zietgath, the caverns in between.

**EXT. BISOU'S COTTAGE AT FORT POINT - EVENING**

BISOU appears in the distance galloping on his horse Neya on the hilly trail back to his cottage. He notices smoke coming out of his cottage. He immediately urges Neya to kick it into high gear.

BISOU: "What is going on? Neya  
ha'yah!"

In a full run they arrive at the cottage. BISOU climbs off of Neya and runs to the cottage to find it all aflame and all his belongings ransacked. He grabs a bucket of water from the well near his home and splashes it on his home. He continues to do this to no avail. Neya is uneasy.

Cut to later in the night.

BISOU wipes sweat off his brow. The cottage is now a smoky ash pile.

BISOU: "What did I do to deserve  
this Neya?"

BISOU sifts through the remains and finds a picture of  
himself as a young boy wielding a toy sword battling a young  
pony that is a young Neya. He manages a smile.

BISOU: "At least we still have  
these memories right, Neya?"

BISOU puts the picture in his satchel. He sighs. He then  
remembers the flyer that he grabbed from the bazaar. He pulls  
it out of his pocket. On it reads, "Join his army and fight  
off the Black one - NEMON the wizard." He unfolds it a bit  
more and it reads, "At first light meet at Truecrest Tower  
where the shore meets the cliff."

BISOU is hard in thought.

BISOU: "I guess there's no turning  
back now, eh Neya?"

Neya neighs.

BISOU: "No more living in comfort.  
The ladies in Pleib were right.

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

This may be our destiny that we  
were looking for all along."

BISOU puts Neya down.

BISOU: "Get some rest girl, we ride  
in a few hours."

BISOU lies down on the grass and falls asleep.

INT. ARGON'S CASTLE HIGH CHAMBERS - MORNING

KATH and SPIEL enter the high chambers in ARGON's castle. The sons HUK and ROSAK are dueling. Both wield the Deathtouch as they light their blades with a black flame and the clashing between swords knocks tables over from loud shockwaves. ROSAK uses his force of will to bend a goblet of wine into a dark ball and throws it at HUK then catches it and melts it into nothing.

KATH: "Ahem.

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(CONT'D)

The dark one requires your  
services."

ROSAK: "Can you not see that we are  
busy?"

SPIEL: "We understand, but this is  
of great consequence. ARGON has  
left to see GARUD and has left it  
up to you to see to it that we  
assimilate the remaining forces in  
the east."

HUK: "GARUD eh? Must be important.  
What's got him so shaken?"

KATH: "The prophecies. ARGON  
believes he can change the outcome  
of fate."

ROSAK: "He senses treason?"

SPIEL: "Worse. Annihilation."

HUK: "Who could defeat him?"

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(CONT'D)

With GARUD's blessing he is  
unstoppable, we all know this."

KATH: "There are things you do not  
know as you both are quite young,  
and reckless as I might add."

ROSAK: "Father is to blame. We are  
what we are because he sold his  
soul. HUK, what do you say?"

HUK: "We could go east. Who is even  
left to defend the Eashire?"

SPIEL: "You may be surprised but  
WILFRE did a good job of creating a  
following. They are led by JAFFREY,  
who is not a Pious, but wields one  
of the ancient Legends of  
Crysalyte."

ROSAK: "Oh? I thought those were a  
myth."

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(CONT'D)

HUK: "Someone wields a weapon made of the purest form of Crysalyte ore that can defeat even a god?"

KATH: "It is true. The bloodline Mugo still exists, the original defenders of Rodonia from the time of creation. Their crafted weapons, the Legends of Crysalyte are the only thing that can defeat a god, born from an ore that enhances the users abilities, or in other words Crysalyte. The Legends are spread out across the land now, not only from their origination from the western highlands of Mugonia, but in possession of mighty warriors.

SPIEL: "To wield one of these weapons reveals how he has remained in power. You should both go as he is not one to be underestimated."

ROSAK: "I would love to get my hands on one of those.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Which is it, the sword, the axe, or  
the spear?"

SPIEL: "You should see for  
yourself."

HUK: "I'm liking my scissor blade.  
But a Legend of Crysalyte, it'd be  
hard to resist."

ROSAK: "The first to his head gets  
his weapon. Deal?"

HUK: "It is already mine."

KATH: "Very well then. You should  
both head out soon as JAFFREY is  
rallying. The east still remains  
unbroken."

ROSAK sheaths his blade. ROSAK:  
"Prepare my steed. We ride at half  
past."

SPIEL: "Will do."

HUK: "No need for me."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I will see to it myself. I am famished and will require a spread as well as rations."

KATH: "So be it. ARGON expects you both to return in glory before he returns from his journey into Zietgath."

ROSAK: "I would not go near that area. The deviled fiends and the dark chill are enough for me to puke."

HUK: "It's the voices that are the worst. ARGON must be desperate."

SPIEL: "ARGON is of a different breed. You two have been spoiled. Now prepare yourselves, this is not a walk in the park."

ROSAK: "Says one who hides in comfort for a living."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Alas, not everyone is as gifted as  
we are eh HUK?"

HUK: "ROSAK you have bedded too  
many women. This will be more than  
a warmup I presume."

They both walk out of the chambers.

SPIEL: "What do you think?"

KATH: "They are conceited. I do not  
expect both of them to return."

SPIEL: "The Legend of Crysalyte you  
think?"

KATH: "It is more than a weapon. It  
is god's bane. One of the few  
things that absolutely renders the  
Deathtouch useless."

SPIEL: "Times are changing."

KATH: "Indeed."

Both SPIEL and KATH exit the chambers.

**EXT. ZIETGATH'S SUMMIT - NIGHT**

ARGON climbs the stairs encircling the mountain and finally reaches the barren summit. It is a large flat area, desolate, and foreboding. The skies are dark and stormy, with lightning striking intermittently. He gains footing at the top and takes off his helmet.

ARGON: "Morgath est tzi et ono."

Lightning strikes.

ARGON: "ET TZI POR MATH VI STI."

The ground shakes. A large bright circle appears on the ground with foreign symbols that light up. Lightning strikes the center shattering rocks and a burst of flame appears. ARGON shields his face. Once the smoke from the rubble clears and the flame subsides, a shadowy figure appears.

GARUD: "You speak the ancient  
tongue to seek my power.

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

Speak now."

ARGON: "I do not wish to fight, but rather to seek advice from an old ally."

GARUD: "I am not your ally. Do not subjugate me to your level."

ARGON: "Creator of this world, I did not mean to talk you down."

GARUD: "You fear... I sense you are withering."

ARGON: "You whisper to my enemies and give them power."

GARUD: "All who seek out my name are granted this. I do not pay loyalty to the likes of my own creations."

ARGON: "What can I do to solidify my reign?"

GARUD: "You do not wish to fight me. That is your choice. You fear death that is why you will not confront me. All your answers lie on the other side of this chasm."

ARGON: "I do not need to defeat you. I am the most powerful man Rodonia has ever seen. I have mastered the Deathtouch. Why should I risk such folly?"

GARUD: "You already know the answer. The oracles prophesize a return of the king, the lands united as one."

ARGON: "It is me they predict?"

GARUD: "No."

ARGON: "Then who? Who is more powerful than me other than you?"

GARUD: "I do not tell secrets of the divine. Your reliance on me is sickening."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

I am of a different realm, born  
from the creation of this world. My  
knowledge is not to be shared with  
the likes of mere mortals."

ARGON: "Then I would like to know  
just one thing then, who are these  
oracles? I will seek them out then  
and force their hand."

GARUD: "They reside to the south.  
That is where you will find your  
answers. I tire of your petulance."

GARUD slams his scepter and a thunderous quake breaks the  
ground at ARGON's feet. He stumbles over and when he looks  
back at GARUD, he has vanished.

ARGON: "They will not reign,  
whoever it is. These are my lands.  
It is I they will bow down to!"

ARGON turns around and descends the stairs of Zietgath.

**EXT. BISOU'S COTTAGE AT FORT POINT - MORNING**

It is the break of day with the sun barely on the horizon.

Fresh dew is on the grass that BISOU is sleeping on. Neya approaches BISOU and starts to lick his face.

BISOU while sleeping and mumbling:

"IRI you're pretty cute too..."

Neya nudges BISOU and turns him over. His face hits the dirt and sticks to his face.

BISOU waking: "Ugh, why is it so dry?"

BISOU looks at his watch and realizing the time: "By the gods, we are late! Neya we need to go!"

He walks over to a bucket and splashes water in his face. He grabs his satchel and climbs onto Neya. They take off down the dirt road.

Cut to scenes of BISOU riding along the hilly coast.

BISOU: "Hurry girl, we cannot miss this!"

Cut to scene where BISOU spots Truecrest Tower.

BISOU: "There it is! Are we too late?"

The sun has risen above the horizon. He looks at the time from his pendant watch. It reads 6:30am.

As he ascends a final hill he notices a platoon of soldiers all facing towards a captain giving out orders.

He races towards them and then stops short in the back of the platoon.

CAPTAIN VIKTOR: "What do we have here? A straggler? You in the back, what is your name?"

BISOU climbs off Neya: "Sir, they call me BISOU."

VIKTOR: "BISOU, the instructions were to be here at the break of day.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Look around you, what do you see?"

BISOU looks: "Well, I, see that the sun is fully up sir."

VIKTOR: "Not only that but your comrades all made it here on time. How do you expect to face the oncoming wrath of warring factions, or even rather a foe from the Black while being a procrastinator?"

BISOU: "I, uh, I actually beat a Black not too long ago."

VIKTOR: "You did now did you? A runt like you took on a Black and is here today to tell the tale. Maybe there is more to you than meets the eye. Anyway, you made it here."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

You understand this is a journey away from the comfort of sedentary living and you must train day and night until you are approved to be a part of NEMON's army?"

BISOU: "I am well aware of joining the fight against the Black. I, well, I just don't have that much experience fighting."

VIKTOR: "What about your weapon? Do you own one?"

BISOU: "I do not."

VIKTOR kicks open a chest and grabs a light sword. He throws it towards BISOU. It lands between his legs.

BISOU: "Shit!" He jumps backwards.

VIKTOR: "This is your new best friend. A light sword. Since you have little training, we'll start you off with an easy weapon."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

RUDY, let's wake our little friend  
up a bit!"

RUDY stands: "Sir, do you want me  
to fight BISOU?"

VIKTOR: "What else? You guys will  
spar right now! Let's see if he  
really does have what it takes to  
defeat a Black."

RUDY gets up and unsheathes his  
sword: "Look, pal, no hard  
feelings, but this could be  
embarrassing."

BISOU struggles to pull the sword  
out of the ground. He finally  
manages to yank it out and  
brandishes it in front of him: "Hey  
man, you might have bit off more  
than you can chew."

RUDY approaching BISOU: "Hah! We'll  
see if your actions speak louder  
than your words."



BISOU parries RUDY's incoming swipe. They go at it a few more times and each parry is matched.

RUDY: "Not bad for a newbie. But,  
can you withstand the speed and  
power of a Psyblood user?"

RUDY focuses on his blade and it begins to glow brightly. He swings at BISOU and the force of impact on his sword knocks BISOU backwards.

BISOU: "This power... it is  
familiar."

RUDY: "Oh, you know of it? It is  
the only thing that can combat a  
Deathtouch user. This is it for  
you."

RUDY channels his energy further into his sword and it glows even brighter. He then charges at BISOU and furiously slices at BISOU. BISOU shields himself with his sword to protect himself and his sword glows to match RUDY's. A loud "clang!" of metal to metal sounds and a large shockwave clears the field.

Surprised, RUDY says while still matching BISOU sword to sword:  
"Amazing! You are a Psyblood user as well! You just didn't know it. Well, you are still a novice and cannot harvest it to its full potential yet. This should be it."

RUDY's eyes glimmer and the sword glows brighter yet. It begins to melt its way through BISOU's sword. Finally it cuts through BISOU's sword and breaks it in half.

BISOU stumbles to the ground.

VIKTOR claps: "Bravo, bravo! Well done young lads. RUDY is an expert Psyblood user. Nothing to be ashamed of young BISOU. You still cannot command it, but we shall see in a few fortnights how far you can go."

RUDY's eyes return to normal and his sword stops glowing. He offers his hand to BISOU to pull him up. BISOU grabs his arm, pulls himself up.

RUDY pats BISOU on the back: "You have potential my friend. Sorry to knock you off your feet but where we're going we'll need to push each other as hard as we can."

VIKTOR: "Now, let's get back to where we were shall we? Underlings, this is your new home away from home! While we are fighting enemies from all sides, our main enemy to be feared are the Black. The Black do not have many weaknesses as they wield some form of the Deathtouch. Can anyone tell me what the Deathtouch is?"

MATHA: "It's the dark force granted by the dark god, GARUD, that can be manipulated as energy to do whatever the user imagines it to do, depending on his level and skill with it."

VIKTOR: "Good. MATHA was it? Well you are now our Deathtouch expert."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

There are few things in this world that can combat the Deathtouch. As we have seen, Psyblood is one. Do you know what else?"

MATHA: "Well, in the western ancient highlands there exists a special kind of ore called Crysalyte. It enhances a user's powers synergistically."

VIKTOR: "Correct! Crysalyte combined with Psyblood can render a Deathtouch user completely useless. The original defenders of Rodonia, the ancient Mugo, are experts of the Crysalyte. Now, we will set up camp here and train a few fortnights and then head off to the western highlands to speak with the remaining Mugo. Under NEMON's orders, we are to secure a batch of Crysalyte infused weapons for our elite users. In the meantime, we train!"

ACT 2EXT. EASHIRE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

HUK and ROSAK arrive at the western end of Eashire Bridge on their horses. They see JAFFREY who is waiting for the sons at the other end.

ROSAK looks at HUK: "This should be fun."

They dismount their horses and walk forwards.

HUK: "That's a pretty little toy you got there, what's she called?"

JAFFREY pulls his axe from over his shoulder: "Her name is Firescream."

He lights Firescream on fire and then pulls it apart to make two axes. JAFFREY winds up his axes and throws a fire tornado at the sons.

ROSAK: "Nice trick you got there, but it is of no matter."

ROSAK and HUK combine their swords into an "X" and launch a shadow energy that blasts the tornado so that it dissipates

JAFFREY: "You will pay for what you  
did to my brother!"

JAFFREY starts to run towards the sons. The sons run towards JAFFREY. They engage into combat with JAFFREY matching blow for blow with his axes with the son's swords. JAFFREY swipes down with both axes and lands on HUK's sword. This frees up ROSAK who slices at JAFFREY and gashes him.

ROSAK: "This is two vs one, you  
have no chance!"

JAFFREY's eyes begin to glow and his weapon ignites into a white flame.

JAFFREY: "You do not know who you  
are talking to."

His axes then slice through HUK's blade rendering it useless.

HUK: "A Psyblood user!  
Magnificent!"

ROSAK: "I see you were holding  
back. But so were we."

HUK backs off a little and his eyes start to burn into a black flame. He then uses his arms to summon two shadow blades. ROSAK's eyes turn into a black flame and summons energy into his sword so that it splits into two. They begin to clash making shockwaves of energy at each counter hit.

JAFFREY breathing hard: "I will end  
you for my brother."

He begins to glow and then grows larger in size. The rubble from the bridge rises and the bridge cracks. He then throws his axes at the brothers and it lands square in their chests.

JAFFREY: "This is it."

HUK and ROSAK stumble backwards. They drop their weapons.

ROSAK: "Looks like we'll have to  
use it after all, eh brother?"

HUK: "Looks so."

They both pull the axes from their chests and throw them forward. They both start to glow in a dark flame until both flames are combined. They begin to metamorphosize into a large double headed shadow scorpion. JAFFREY uses his energy to reign back his axes. He then combines it into one large

axe. He attacks the scorpion and they combat each other blow for blow with axe on pincers. JAFFREY then knocks back one of the pincers and slices its arm off. The scorpion then grabs JAFFREY with its other pincer and then stings him with a black rot. He grimaces. Then with a bellow he swings his axe in one last gigantic motion and severs both heads of the scorpion. He drops his axe and falls to his knees. The scorpion oozes black shadow and squirms until it melts into a black puddle. JAFFREY's glow dissipates and he shrinks back to his human size.

JAFFREY: "Alas, this is the end of  
the line for me. I hope I did you  
right, brother. I'll see you soon."

The poison eats at his body until he evaporates into a dark flame.

**EXT. TRUECREST TRAINING CAMP - DAY**

RUDY and BISOU clash swords. Both have a slight glow to them. They go at it a few more rounds. They lock in. RUDY's eyes begin to glow.

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

RUDY: "That's it, now focus on trusting that your blade can cut through anything. It's a mental trick. Don't overthink it, just believe."

BISOU's eyes flicker. He focuses hard on his sword. It glows brighter but then dies out. RUDY's sword cuts through BISOU's.

BISOU: "Ugh."

BISOU tosses his ruined sword into a pile on the side where there are several broken swords. He picks up another sword.

RUDY: "You're almost there... you just need to trust yourself more."

BISOU: "It's been a few fortnights of this. We're almost ready to head out. I just can't get it right."

RUDY: "Think of it as ripping off a bandaid. The only way to harness the full power of Psyblood is when you believe absolutely and leap into it before you look.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

You just... go!"

RUDY swipes at BISOU, who then  
blocks RUDY's sword. BISOU's eyes  
flare up brightly and his blade  
cuts through RUDY's.

RUDY: "Amazing. Your potential for  
Psyblood exceeds that of my own. I  
knew it all along. You just needed  
some direction as we all do."

BISOU surprised at his ability  
watches his sword flame up with a  
bright white light.

MATHA: "You guys at it yet again!?"

RUDY: "This man harnesses Psyblood  
like none other."

MATHA: "Well guess what, the  
oracles are here to tell us  
something important."

BISOU: "The oracles... I've met  
them before. Is it that girl IRI?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

MATHA: "I don't know their names,  
but the youngest one is quite cute.  
Why? You have the hots for her?"

BISOU: "Um..."

RUDY pats BISOU on the back: "It's  
cool dude, every guy wants to date  
her, but she's really picky."

MATHA: "Losers. Let's go they said  
it's important."

They all head back to Truecrest Tower where the oracles are  
waiting with the remainder of the training forces. As they  
arrive, IRI bursts out of the tower and runs towards them.

IRI: "You, YOU!"

She points at BISOU.

IRI: "You idiot! How could you  
abandon your destiny for so long?!"

BISOU dumbfounded: "Uh..."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

IRI: "I've had visions of you. They were a mystery until now but I know it's you!"

RUDY: "What's going on?"

IRI: "This child, he's been in my dreams. The one with a disability who would unite our world! It has to be you!"

RUDY: "Wait, you have a disability?"

BISOU: "Yeah... I forgot to tell you. I kinda get overstimulated and disoriented sometimes in dire situations."

RUDY: "You got to be kidding me! And you have such a high Psyblood potential?"

IRI: "He twitches when things get spicy."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Anyway, I have to tell you the prophecy because, well, unfortunately you may be our only hope of taking on the Black."

RUDY: "Okay please do tell."

IRI: "Long ago, our lands were created by the eight ancient gods. Seven of them left our world and one remained. His name, is GARUD. He is a dark spirit that lends his powers to mortals and that power, the Deathtouch, is what has led the Black to become so powerful in our time."

BISOU: "Wait, I thought this was a myth."

IRI: "It is as real as your twitching. Now, listen. The leader of the Black, ARGON, he is your worst enemy."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

He is a power-hungry evil jerk who uses the Deathtouch to absorb the spirits of others and essentially grant himself immortality. The more spirits he absorbs, the greater his strength and lifespan. Yada yada. Anyway, the only being that he fears is GARUD, because he was the one that gave ARGON such power."

RUDY: "I've heard of this guy. He rules the lands to the north."

IRI: "Yes. But hold on. Let me finish. He fears GARUD and did not risk ever fighting him and so he has to bow down to him and bend his will to GARUD's. Now this is important for the prophecy because the one who is to unite our lands and become true king MUST face GARUD and destroy him in order to restore peace and balance into our world."

BISOU: "Wait, I am supposed to kill a god? Can you even defeat a god?"

IRI: "There is a way."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

But it requires so much. The last bastion of hope and unity for the lands of Rodonia lie in defeating GARUD, who lives in the treacherous caverns of Zietgath, where darkness was first born."

BISOU: "Zietgath? Where is that?"

IRI: "It resides in the northernmost caverns leading to the mountainous summit of Zietgath. Now, GARUD has no physical form. He lives in the Ether whereby you can only visit him in your mind. You must traverse to these caverns and enter the Ether. The rest is up to you."

RUDY: "Buddy, if this is true, you are in for one heck of a journey."

BISOU: "Alright well I guess everyone's life depends on me now. Fantastic."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

IRI: "We need to head out right now to Mugonia and get yourself a decent weapon. These swords will be no match for the Black, as we need the Crysalyte."

RUDY: "Well, we're heading out tomorrow anyway so let's just sit on this for a bit and let it sink in. BISOU you need to defeat a god. Ain't that the best news you've heard all day?"

**INT. THRONE ROOM AT ARGON'S CASTLE - DAY**

ARGON is on his throne drinking a goblet of wine. He is deep in thought, somewhat both afraid and angry at what had just passed at Zietgath. KATH enters the room.

KATH: "My liege, word is out that the oracles are moving with NEMON's army to Mugonia, the western highlands."

ARGON sips his wine: "Then that is where I'll be to meet them."

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

KATH: "Our spies have said they are seeking out the precious ore Crysalyte to combat our army of the Black."

ARGON: "It is of no matter."

KATH: "In other news, the High Guard was defeated in a stalemate with JAFFREY. Your sons are gone but the east remains loyal to you now that they are leaderless."

ARGON: "Fools. My sons were conceited and that was their greatest flaw. Spoiled rotten."

KATH: "Shall I replace the High Guard with the Masters of Death?"

ARGON: "Do what you will. I need to see this prophecy for what it is."

SPIEL enters the room somewhat frantically.

SPIEL: "Your majesty, CRIST and his army have pushed up north at are outside our castle. He requests a duel with you to determine who should rule the north."

ARGON: "CRIST, that annoying little pest. I will defeat him and rule both the west and the east."

He gets up and finishes his wine. He grabs his sword from the side and sheaths it.

SPIEL: "Word is that he wields a Legend of Crysalyte, the sword Darkmist. I would be very vigilant when fighting him."

ARGON: "A Legend? Well this may be more exciting than I anticipated."

ARGON walks out of the throne room.

KATH: "What do you think?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

SPIEL: "No one can defeat ARGON,  
not even a Legend wielder."

**EXT. OUTSIDE OF ARGON'S CASTLE - DAY**

The drawbridge comes down from ARGON's castle and out walks ARGON. Across the field, CRIST stands with an army behind him.

CRIST: "He shows himself, the one  
they call the Black."

ARGON: "You dare challenge me on my  
own home grounds?"

CRIST: "If you choose to accept my  
duel then our armies will not have  
to suffer loss of life."

ARGON: "I will drain every last  
drop of blood from your carcass."

CRIST unsheathes his sword: "Very  
well. We shall see who reigns  
supreme."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

ARGON unsheathes his sword and runs  
towards CRIST: "No man has ever  
defeated me, and today will be no  
different!"

CRIST runs towards ARGON and they clash. They exchange blow  
for blow.

CRIST evaporates into a dark mist and teleports behind ARGON.

CRIST: "This is it for you."

CRIST swipes down but ARGON dodges just in time to avoid a  
fatal blow. However, CRIST still manages to cut off ARGON's  
arm.

ARGON: "AGHHHHH!"

He grabs where the arm was cut off near the elbow.

CRIST: "You cannot defeat the power  
of a Legend wielder. Your days are  
numbered."

CRIST raises Darkmist into the air and summons a storm.  
Lightning surges from Darkmist into the clouds and then  
strikes on all fronts.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

CRIST: "I wield the ancient blade  
of creation, Darkmist. You will  
know its power!"

He then strikes the ground and a large thunderbolt summoned from the skies breaks the clouds and lands on ARGON. Smoke and debris fill the area. The skies clear out. CRIST is breathing heavily. As the debris and smoke dissipate, ARGON is still standing and above him a large enigmatic growth of darkness has grown out of his chopped off arm, shielding him from the attack.

ARGON: "That is a wonderful toy you  
have there. It will be mine!"

ARGON leaps from his position to strike down CRIST. CRIST then dissipates and teleports away, but this time ARGON predicts where CRIST teleports to and reaches out with his enigmatic arm and grabs CRIST.

ARGON: "You are too predictable.  
You are not worthy of carrying such  
a weapon. Now you will face the  
consequences of challenging me."

CRIST struggles to get away but ARGON grips even tighter.  
CRIST's soul begins to be drained into ARGON's body. His body

melts into dust. Darkmist falls to the ground. ARGON draws his arm back to his body and walks over and picks up the sword.

ARGON: "And now I will step ever closer to my destiny. Does anyone else want to challenge me?"

CRIST's army all bow down to ARGON:  
"We serve lord ARGON!"

**EXT. THE HIGHLANDS OF MUGONIA (DAYS LATER) - DAY**

Part of NEMON's army lead by BISOU, RUDY, MATHA, and IRI travel towards the highlands of Mugonia. They arrive at an ancient temple built into the mountainside.

IRI: "This is it. The entrance to Mugonia."

Everyone dismounts.

MATHA: "You think they're waiting for us?"

RUDY: "Let's knock."

RUDY walks up to the large temple door and slams his fist. As he slams, the door opens slightly ajar.

RUDY: "Woah, guess they forgot to  
lock it?"

They open the large door and walk inside. It is dark.

RUDY: "Anybody here?"

His voice echoes. No one answers.

BISOU: "Can't see anything."

They spot lanterns.

IRI: "Let me light these."

She lights the lanterns with her magic. They each grab a lantern and reveal the inside of Mugonia. They look around.

MATHA shocked: "Oh my god..."

They reveal hundreds of slaughtered people in robes in the large halls.

IRI: "This is a genocide."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

MATHA: "Who would do such a thing?"

IRI: "We need to get out of here,  
now."

An injured soldier from NEMON's army runs in the temple doors.

SOLDIER gasps: "Captains, the  
Black, they are here!"

They all run to the entryway. They see outside all of their soldiers dead. ARGON appears and walks toward them.

ARGON: "The oracle, where is she?"

MATHA, RUDY, and BISOU all unsheathe their swords and run towards ARGON.

RUDY: "We will not give her up to  
you!"

ARGON swings Darkmist in a wide swipe. A large black force knocks them all down. RUDY and MATHA crash into a wall and are knocked out. BISOU slams into the temple door. He struggles to get up. He then throws IRI on top of Neya.



BISOU: "Neya, go! Get IRI out of  
here!"

NEYA gallops in full stride running south with IRI grasping  
on her.

ARGON: "Pitiful."

ARGON evaporates into a dark mist and transports in front of  
Neya. He then lunges and stabs Neya full on center, which  
causes her to trip and sink down into the ground. The rapid  
fall causes IRI to launch into a crash.

BISOU: "Neya! No!"

ARGON walks over and grabs IRI by the hair.

ARGON: "You are now mine and you  
will tell me this prophecy or  
everyone you know and love will die  
by my hand."

IRI spits on ARGON: "Never!"

ARGON wipes the spit off his face:  
"Very well."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

You choose to lead a sufferable  
life. That is your choice."

BISOU struggles to get up and limps  
towards ARGON: "You piece of shit!"

ARGON dodges his punch and then slams his hand on BISOU's  
head, knocking him out.

ARGON: "Stay down you little dog."

ARGON transports with IRI to his shadow horse. He ties her to  
the steed and then hops on. He turns around and rides back to  
the north. Hours pass. BISOU awakens with a headache. He  
groans and rises. He then remembers what happened. He spots  
Neya on the ground bleeding out.

BISOU: "No! Neya baby girl!"

He stumbles over to Neya who is barely alive. She is neighing  
softly, out of breath, and dying.

BISOU: "It's okay girl. Don't  
worry. It will all soon be over."

He strokes her head. Neya whimpers. BISOU looks around and  
finds a sword from a dead soldier.

BISOU crying: "Daddy loves you  
girl."

BISOU then stabs Neya through the heart and she gives out.

BISOU: "I'll always be with you."

He wipes his tears.

BISOU: "It's time for me to face  
you GARUD."

BISOU remembers the words of IRI:  
"Seek out the legendary blacksmith  
of the Mugo, Ham."

BISOU: "But I'll need a weapon  
first."

BISOU walks over to where MATHA and RUDY fell. He wakes RUDY  
up.

BISOU: "RUDY get up."

RUDY: "Huh? What happened?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BISOU: "Are you alright?"

RUDY: "I think so."

BISOU: "Ok I'm going to wake up  
MATHA."

MATHA groans and coughs up blood.

BISOU: "Are you hurt?"

MATHA: "I'll be okay."

BISOU: "Guys, ARGON took off with  
IRI. Our army is dead. Things are  
not looking good. Do you guys  
remember what IRI said about Ham,  
the blacksmith of the Mugo?"

MATHA: "Yeah, she said something  
about him being sort of a recluse  
and not really in touch with the  
rest of the Mugo."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BISOU: "It may mean he did not get  
slaughtered like the rest of the  
Mugo."

RUDY: "It is possible. Maybe we  
should check around the mountains  
to see if there's more to Mugonia  
than the temple entrance."

They get up and walk around looking for another entrance. An  
hour passes.

RUDY: "Nothing. Maybe he doesn't  
live here anymore."

MATHA: "Hey guys I found  
something!"

They jog over to MATHA at the coastline near the mountains.

MATHA points: "Look it's a small  
boat. Maybe we should check around  
the coast behind the mountains?"

BISOU: "Hm he was said to be a  
recluse. I think it's worth a shot."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Let's go."

They climb into the boat and paddle along the coast. In the distance they spot a small cove.

MATHA: "There! A small cave  
entrance. Seems peculiar."

They paddle into the cove and park the boat on the side. They walk along the cavern wall deeper into the caverns. In the distance they see a small fire burning.

RUDY: "Look! I think someone's  
there!"

They approach the fire and see a small man sleeping along the wall.

MATHA: "Should we wake him?"

BISOU: "Let's try it."

BISOU shakes the man's shoulders.  
Startled he jumps up ready to  
fight.

HAM: "Hey! Who are you?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

What are you doing here?"

BISOU: "Apologies but we were  
looking for a man named Ham."

HAM: "Why what do you want?"

BISOU: "Well we were told he was  
the legendary blacksmith that could  
help us. We were ambushed by the  
Black who killed off many of the  
Mugonians at the temple as well as  
our army."

HAM: "So the prophecy is true then.  
It is unfolding the way I  
anticipated. My people with too  
much pride did not heed my warning.  
But alas, you are here. Are you the  
one sent by the oracle?"

BISOU: "I am."

HAM: "Then you must do something  
that no other man has ever done and  
face down the last god of Rodonia,  
the malevolent GARUD."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BISOU: "I was told so. Can you help me?"

HAM: "You seek to destroy evil, I can forge you a weapon to end a god. Follow me."

HAM walks further down into the cavern. They follow him. The cavern opens up into a large room and at the center is a large forge with several weapons lined along the walls. At the center is a large anvil with a sword glowing red hot.

HAM: "I have been preparing for this day for a long while now. It was written that I would play this role in the prophecy. This weapon here I am forging is almost ready."

He puts on a large blacksmith apron and grabs a hammer. He strikes it and it emits golden sparks.

HAM: "This here is known as Lightsoul. She is the most powerful weapon I have ever created, even greater than the Legends of Crysalyte.

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

She has the power of the purest  
Crysalyte found here in the  
Mugonian mountains and with it the  
sealed power of the gods in her  
eight chambers."

He picks up the sword and places it in a large basin of  
water. It smokes while the hilt of the sword reveals a  
swirling galaxy-like glowing stone.

HAM: "She is ready."

He hands it to BISOU. BISOU swings the sword a few times.

HAM: "If it is true, then you must  
defeat GARUD and restore peace to  
our lands. My job is finished  
here."

RUDY: "I mean we're not in the  
prophecy at all, but could we use  
some of your other weapons? They're  
amazing!"

HAM: "All of what I make are to be  
used for good. You seem like good  
people so go ahead."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

RUDY and MATHA both grab swords and swing them around.

MATHA: "Wow these weapons are definitely the real deal!"

HAM: "Thank you."

BISOU: "Alright guys it's time to go. You all should head back to Pleib and prepare NEMON's remaining forces. I have to head north."

HAM: "You will find GARUD at the height of Zietgath, entered at the northern-most mountains in the caverns in between. I bid you farewell and well wishes. The task ahead of you is daunting and nearly impossible. Godspeed."

**INT. ARGON'S CASTLE COUNCIL ROOM - NIGHT**

ARGON walks back and forth questioning IRI while she is bound to a chair.

ARGON: "Who is he? Tell me now!"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

IRI: "He will defeat you and you  
will be banished from these lands!"

ARGON draws his sword and points it at her throat.

ARGON: "If you do not tell me then  
I will decimate your entire city  
and your sister oracles. Then I  
will hang you and slit your throat  
and watch you bleed out. Now tell  
me so you may save your friends and  
yourself."

IRI: "It is no matter he is already  
on his way to becoming the chosen  
one."

ARGON: "Who is he?"

IRI: "His name is BISOU and he was  
with me at Mugonia when you  
slaughtered a whole race of  
innocent people."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

ARGON: "That child is prophesied to be the chosen one?!" He erupts in laughter: "What a tickle that is! He is a runt who lost his baby horse!"

IRI: "Like I said, it is no matter anymore. He is destined to kill your god and restore peace to these lands."

ARGON: "Kill GARUD? It is impossible to kill a god! This is the greatest joke I have ever heard!" ARGON laughs.

IRI: "You say this but I smell fear in you. You are afraid of this man."

ARGON slams the table: "I am the most powerful man in the history of Rodonia's creation. No man can touch me! Now that I know who he is I will destroy him and your allies and claim all the lands as my own."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

IRI: "You may try, but you will fail."

ARGON: "I will rip his bleeding heart out and eat it in front of you."

ARGON walks out of the room.

**EXT. OUTSIDE ZIETGATH - NIGHT**

BISOU rides towards the mountains in the north. As he heads closer to the base of the tallest mountain, he notices the entrance into the Ether, a large ancient gateway decorated with scripture and symbols leading into the cavernous darkness. He dismounts his horse and ties her to a post.

BISOU: "Girl, don't leave me hanging when I get back. Although, I would not blame you for leaving this desolate place."

He unsheathes his sword. Lightsoul glows softly as he walks towards the entrance to Zietgath. He puts his hand through the blackness and feels the coldness of the dark Ether.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

BISOU: "It is as cold as a dead  
man's corpse."

He walks in. As he enters, he is surrounded by a swirling  
black emptiness and a narrow pathway barely visible lies  
ahead of him. He walks slowly down the path with Lightsoul  
glowing ever so lightly to illuminate his way.

He hears a single intimidating  
voice call out: "You enter my  
domain. What do you seek?"

BISOU continues to walk forward: "I  
seek to fulfill the prophecy and  
free my people."

GARUD: "I await you where creation  
and destruction began."

BISOU: "You speak in cryptic."

Suddenly BISOU finds himself on a field with long grass. He  
looks around directionless.

BISOU: "Where am I?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

GARUD: "The story of how the world  
came to be and your place in this  
grand design."

BISOU: "Is this the beginning?"

GARUD: "Follow my voice."

BISOU moves toward the echoing.

GARUD: "In the beginning there was  
nothing. A fresh start for the gods  
to create and so we did. We created  
mankind."

BISOU continues to follow the voice.

GARUD: "There were eight of us.  
Both holy and unholy sacred spirits  
to mold our creations in our image.  
And thus was born good and evil."

BISOU follows the voice out of the field and onto a path  
towards a mountain.

GARUD: "We fought over our  
creations to decide who would be  
the victor, who would rule.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

An all out war between the gods and  
in the end, there was no clear  
resolution to our problem."

BISOU climbs ever higher on the mountain.

GARUD: "But it was I that came up  
with a solution. I created fear as  
a way to decide the future of  
mankind. The gods, hopeless that  
mankind would destroy itself,  
decided to abandon their creations.  
But I remained as a test for  
mankind to see who would rise to  
the challenge and take what was  
their birthright - immortality."

BISOU summits the mountain. In the distance BISOU sees GARUD  
and a icy chill runs down his spine. Fear sets in and doubt  
fills his mind. Voices: "You're not good enough. You're going  
to fail. You're going to die."

BISOU holds his head and shouts:

"STOP IT!"

GARUD: "I can smell the stench of  
fear and doubt in you.

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

Will you face me?"

BISOU regains composure: "It is my will, my resolve to get to the end no matter what. I will face you."

GARUD: "Very well."

GARUD lifts his scepter and out pours a black rot that sticks BISOU to the ground.

GARUD: "You have only a few moments until the rot will eat your spirit."

GARUD then splits into several clones and revolves around BISOU. BISOU closes his eyes and focuses on his blade Lightsoul. The sword glows radiantly.

BISOU says to himself, "Believe."

He lashes out and stabs one of the clones, but it dissipates into nothingness.

GARUD: "A mere clone, you lack conviction."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

Again, BISOU closes his eyes and focuses on his blade: "See the truth."

Meanwhile the rot climbs steadily higher on his legs.

BISOU's blade glows, "Now!"

He lunges out and attacks a clone, again it vanishes.

GARUD: "You do not trust yourself enough, your stillness will eat you alive and your spirit will be mine."

This time GARUD summons a scythe.

BISOU suddenly has a mental lapse as his illness kicks in. His head is on fire and all he sees are blurred visions of the clones. BISOU stumbles around trying to shake off the rot but it climbs ever higher onto his armor.

BISOU: "This is it. My last chance. All my energy and strength into one shot. If only my head were not on fire." He closes his eyes, "Trust yourself."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

In his mind a voice from IRI  
reminds him: "You must strike when  
the risk is greatest. Just let go!"

GARUD: "Your spirit belongs to me!"

All of GARUD's clones as well as the true GARUD charge at  
BISOU and BISOU turns around and charges at the real GARUD  
head on and stabs GARUD's heart. Lightsoul flashes  
brilliantly. The clones disappear.

GARUD: "Your timing, I have not  
seen the likes of it in all of  
humanity's existence."

He then erupts into a blackhole that sucks in all the Ether.  
BISOU holds his sword to block the energy being siphoned into  
the hole. Everything disappears including the rot, but BISOU  
remains on the mountain top in the night. A tiny star remains  
where the blackhole was and it dances into BISOU merging with  
his spirit, which then lights him up like a flame.

IRI's voice lingers in the back of  
BISOU's mind: "The Godslayer."

ACT 3EXT. OUTSIDE OF ARGON'S CASTLE - DAY

ARGON's drawbridge comes down and out rides ARGON with IRI tied to his horse. Behind him are hundreds of soldiers. In front of him are the eastern and western armies.

ARGON: "We ride south to take on the remaining Pious and the one who claims to be future king. But who is the true ruler of Rodonia?"

The soldiers roar: "Lord ARGON!"

IRI struggles to talk but her mouth is gagged.

ARGON: "You will bear witness to the rise of my empire and the destruction of all that you cherish."

ARGON rides south followed by the armies toward The Middle Crescent.

EXT. NEMON'S CASTLE - DAY

SCOUT runs into NEMON's chambers.

SCOUT: "My lord NEMON, news is out that ARGON rides south joined by the western and eastern armies. He will arrive at The Middle Crescent in a fortnight."

NEMON: "So it begins, a black cloud over the lands we hold dear."

SCOUT: "What shall we do?"

NEMON paces with his staff: "He has grown too powerful. I should have foreseen this many moons ago."

SCOUT: "What about the prophecy?"

NEMON: "The myth? I do not know if we can rely on such a folktale."

RUDY and MATHA enter the chambers, breathless.

MATHA: "NEMON, have you heard the news?"

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

NEMON: "The dark one rides south?

Yes I have heard."

RUDY: "No, it is BISOU! He has

entered the castle riding back from

Zietgath!"

Cut to BISOU dismounting his horse and then entering the chambers.

NEMON exasperated: "BISOU, you  
return... you are alive and well...  
how is it... possible?"

BISOU: "Friends, the deed has been  
done. I return from Zietgath with  
good news."

MATHA: "Then the prophecy... it is  
true?"

BISOU: "GARUD is no more."

NEMON: "BISOU you must contact the  
last Pious DREGO at once!

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

We may still have a chance this day  
to prevent Rodonia from falling  
into darkness. ARGON rides south to  
meet us at The Middle Crescent at  
this very moment. He leads the  
greatest army ever to set foot on  
these lands."

BISOU: "It will be done. MATHA,  
RUDY, let's go."

BISOU exits followed by MATHA and RUDY.

**EXT. DREGO'S FORT - DAY**

MATHA, RUDY, and BISOU ride into a valley where DREGO's fort  
is located. They enter the barricaded outer defense. Inside  
they spot two men dueling.

MATHA: "You are the one they call  
DREGO?"

They stop battling.

DREGO: "I am."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

RUDY: "ARGON rides south at this very moment with intentions to take hold of both our lands. We are NEMON's warriors."

DREGO: "Why should I trust an outsider?"

BISOU: "Show me your strength. I know you hold the Legendary of Crysalyte, Hurricane."

DREGO: "Who is he?"

MATHA: "Just do it."

DREGO focuses on his spear and summons a large hurricane. BISOU holds out his hand and closes it into a fist. The hurricane suddenly ruptures and dissipates.

DREGO in disbelief: "How...?"

RUDY: "He is the chosen one."

DREGO: "You will free our people and lead them into a new age."

(MORE)



(CONT'D)

You have my allegiance."

BISOU: "It is settled then. We ride  
at dawn."

**EXT. THE MIDDLE CRESCENT - DAY**

ARGON arrives at the northern edge of The Middle Crescent, a large crescent shaped field stretching several acres surrounded by mountains. As he comes over a hill, his armies appear over the horizon behind him. The Masters of Death (3) ride up to ARGON.

MASTER OF DEATH: "My lord, they are  
approaching."

ARGON: "And the one they call  
BISOU?"

MASTER of DEATH: "He leads the  
armies of NEMON and DREGO."

ARGON: "Do you hear that? He calls  
for aid to help him fight."

IRI struggles to say something but is gagged. He kicks her off his horse and she falls to the ground.

ARGON: "Separate him from the pack.  
You and the other two Masters of  
Death can take the captains. BISOU  
is mine."

MASTER OF DEATH: "As you wish."

Along the southern end of The Middle Crescent appears BISOU  
followed by MATHA, RUDY, and DREGO.

BISOU: "He is there. I see him."

MATHA: "His elite guard is there  
too, the Masters of Death."

RUDY: "We can handle them. BISOU  
you should face ARGON alone. If I  
remember correctly, he is quite  
powerful."

DREGO: "Do not underestimate him,  
the other Pious were fools to face  
him and now they are gone."

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

He wields the ancient sword of  
creation the legendary Darkmist,  
which enhances his powers  
exponentially. It will not be an  
easy task."

BISOU to the armies behind him:  
"Soldiers, today we fight an  
important battle. One that will  
determine our futures and stand the  
test of time. They will tell  
stories of this battle; your  
children will know that you fought  
here today and shed your blood to  
ensure they knew they had an  
opportunity for a future you wished  
for. This is that battle that  
everyone dreams of taking part in.  
This is the battle of good vs evil.  
This is your battle, your fight to  
rid yourself of cowardice, of fear,  
and go down in history as a free  
person unshackled by the chains of  
the oppressors. So prepare  
yourselves, today... we... fight!"

The armies roar and then they all charge forward down the

hill towards the middle of the crescent.

ARGON yells: "Do you see that? They come to destroy our empire! Do not let these heathens take from you the ancient soils that belong to your lord by birthright! They will know fear! Destroy them!"

The armies roar and they all charge forward on horses towards the middle. The Masters of Death head south away from the main armies. The Captains head south as well. ARGON heads north. BISOU breaks off from the pack and heads north. DREGO raises his spear and summons a large tsunami. The Masters of Death point their swords forward and summon large shadowy snakes that pierce the tsunami, making holes for them to ride through. The armies clash.

Cut to scenes of gory battle.

One soldier clashes another enemy from the Black army in a sword battle resulting in a stalemate, one using Psyblood, the other using Deathtouch, but then another soldier comes to the rescue and cuts off the Black person's arm.

One soldier from the Black launches a Deathtouch enhanced spear and it strikes another soldier through the head and

sends him flying off the horse.

One soldier on the ground summons Psyblood into two swords formed in an X and cuts in half a charging horse and Black soldier.

The Masters of Death fly off their horses in a shadowy propulsion and send dark balls of shadow that erupt into large force fields that send the Captains flying off their horses. The Captains regroup as the Masters land and march toward them.

RUDY's eyes light on fire and his blade glows a bright white as he clashes with a Master who matches him with the same intensity of Deathtouch glow.

MATHA summons white Psyblood daggers that she throws consecutively at a Master who dissipates and relocates to dodge them.

DREGO rides a water dragon while a Master rides a black serpent and they clash at the peak.

ARGON and BISOU are away from the main armies. ARGON dismounts and walks toward BISOU.

ARGON: "They call you the chosen one. Is it true that you defeated a god?"

BISOU dismounts and brandishes Lightsoul as it glows fiercely.

BISOU: "See for yourself."

They clash swords. Energy is emitted from the swords and causes earthquakes. ARGON transports behind BISOU and slices down on him, but BISOU transports to the side dodging it and then slashes ARGON's side. ARGON's shadowy body heals the gash.

ARGON: "You cannot hurt me you fool."

ARGON then swipes a shadowy shockwave that knocks BISOU flying away. BISOU with the wind knocked out of him stands up. He then grabs at his heart and his hand turns golden bright and he begins to glow. ARGON shields his eyes.

ARGON: "What is this child's light?  
It is blinding!"

BISOU transports near him and stabs him through his chest.

ARGON coughs up blood.

ARGON surprised: "I feel pain! I  
haven't been this excited for a  
millennium!"

He rams through the sword and then smashes his head on BISOU  
who is knocked onto his knees.

ARGON: "No matter, I was destined  
to rule this world and bend it to  
my will! I will not lose to the  
likes of you!"

ARGON's shadowy arm enlarges and grows out from him and  
attempts to grab BISOU but the flame around BISOU burns the  
darkness away.

ARGON: "This flame... it burns  
white hot! What is this child's  
powers? I cannot pierce him!"

BISOU: "You fear... and that is your  
greatest weakness."

BISOU then twists his sword and pulls it out of ARGON leaving a gaping hole. ARGON transports away holding his chest and breathing hard.

ARGON: "You may have defeated a  
god, but you cannot defeat a  
demon."

ARGON raises Darkmist into the air. A thundercloud forms above and lightning strikes his sword. The darkness swirls from above and down into ARGON while lightning pierces him from all over. ARGON siphons all the energy and transforms into a giant shadowy three-headed hydra.

Meanwhile...

RUDY's sword turns into a white flame while the Master turns his sword into a black flame. They engage. While the swords merge, each are set on fire. The white flame disintegrates the Master, while RUDY disintegrates into a black flame.

MATHA is in a headlock with the Master holding a dagger to her neck, but she summons a white dagger and stabs the Master's leg. The Master stumbles back. MATHA then throws daggers that crucify the Master. She then flies in and crushes the Master's head.



DREGO is on his knees breathing hard, spear in hand and blood dripping down his neck. He looks up and sees the Master summoning a tornado of snakes. DREGO's eyes then turn bright blue and he slams his spear which then causes a geyser to lift the Master into the air. The Master then falls and DREGO transports underneath the Master, and the Master falls straight through the spear, impaled and defeated.

ARGON's hydra form casts a fiery black flame that when coming into contact with BISOU's armor, it melts it away. Again, ARGON breathes a heavy flame at BISOU. He blocks it with Lightsoul as his sword is the only thing that can absorb the flame. BISOU's disorder kicks in while fighting ARGON's hydra form. He holds his head in pain as flashes of white light in his vision obscure him. The black flame burns through his arm armor and he transports away.

BISOU: "True glory resides in  
facing down the devil, born in your  
mind since you came into this  
world."

HAM's voice reminds BISOU: "When  
defeating GARUD, you will have  
unlocked the last of the eight  
portals that Lightsoul requires to  
seal away darkness.

(MORE)

(CONT'D)

As he is the last of the eight  
creators of this world, his energy  
is all that is left needed to  
banish evil."

BISOU focuses his energy on Lightsoul. His eyes glow a fiery white flame. ARGON's hydra head swipes down to blast a black flame on BISOU. BISOU shields the flame with his sword and moves forward closer and closer to the head. He puts all his strength into Lightsoul. His mind is splitting from his disorder and all he sees is a white hot flame now.

Nevertheless he continues and  
roars: "I am the chosen one!"

He blasts his sword with a white flame and he splits the head of the hydra with Lightsoul. A fissure leads to ARGON's hydra form. Around him eight portals of light open up and golden chains tie up ARGON's hydra form. The dark energy dissipates, leaving ARGON's human form.

ARGON: "What is this little trick  
of yours? I cannot be defeated, it  
is written that I would rule the  
world!"

BISOU: "This is goodbye."

BISOU raises his sword to the sky and a white light shoots into the sky. A large white beam from the heavens lands on ARGON and he disintegrates into the void. A gigantic shockwave knocks all armies off their feet. A moment of silence passes. BISOU walks toward the armies and slams his sword into the ground.

BISOU: "Fellow soldiers and  
brethren, we are no longer enemies  
that need to shed blood for the  
greedy, the power hungry, and the  
fearful. On this day, the battle  
for good vs evil has been fought.  
Evil has lost, and good has won."

The armies look at each other and throw their swords to the ground. BISOU spots IRI.

BISOU: "IRI, you're alive!"

He runs to her. He unties her. They look into each other's eyes and kiss.

IRI: "About damn time, Godslayer."

The armies look at BISOU and bow to him.

SOLDIER: "He is the chosen one."

BISOU: "We live on my friends. We are now free people to decide our own fates in a peaceful union. That does not mean that the fight is over, however. The fight for our lives has just begun. In this new era, we will fight when our freedoms are infringed upon, when justice is not met, and when our own internal demons attempt to take hold. This is a new time, a time to win ourselves over and take back what was rightfully ours to begin with, a chance to see our legacy paved into the stars and guide our free brothers to everlasting victory!"

The crowd raises their swords and roars.

Gradually freeze image, turn to black and white, and fade to black.

Show poem:

"The dark that is night is not forever,  
As long as your choice is courage.  
Summon the strength in your heart to deliver,  
And you will find yourself at the end of a bridge.  
Destiny is the fight to win the war,  
When this is done, it will be true to your core."

- BJC

FADE OUT.