NECROMANCER

Written By, Christopher Sorensen Based On, Epic Fantasy - Fiction

REVISED - Draft ten

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EXT. SKY - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The view is moving toward a complex city. High above and far away, a sound of the wind ensues as the view moves closer and nearer.

As dark clouds passes by, a voice chimes in with a low tone. .

VOICE

A life can encompass a truth. There are no shortcuts to find it. But to include events, a person who helps shape, and define it in a lifetime, can be a faithful servant to the underworld. Yet to find one's own place in it, he or she must attain the hidden light.

The view closes in to the complex city. A squalor of tiny dwellings surround a large spire in the middle of the stone metropolis. . . And as the view moves in closer, it slows down and hovers above the parched terrain. Tiny fields of cultivated crops, and draught ridden lands show blisters, and cracks.

TITLES BEGIN

EXT. CITY - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Now over the city, small fires are seen in random pockets of the shadows. A particular street in the affluent suburbs of the stone ground is seen. There are a few wooden carts that line the side streets with various people filling them up with low grade crops.

In this land, time, and years have no meaning.

The view moves on to a large gate where guards stand at attention. They wear dark tunics, with horned helmets.

A voice echo's beyond the gate, along with cries of torment.

"What is the place of offering?"

A victim screams.

AND AS THE TITLES END, the view moves inside, past the gate where hundreds of guards line a far wall under a magnificent winged idol.

EXT. KAVISH HOUSE - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The view moves up a flight of steps, and begins to move toward an entrance way to the right.

The voice asks again. . .

VOICE

What is the place of offering?

The victim screams yet again, but with more intensity.

In contrast to the house, the gardens are quite impressive with various flowers, shrubs, and even a water fountain.

The view scans around until two guards are seen standing in front of a doorway. One guard glances inside the doorway as the screams continue. He then looks at his partner who seems to be un-phased by such atrocities.

An old man approaches from the main house front doors, wearing a black cloak. A hood covers his head for a mere second until he takes it off revealing a sunken fleshy cadaver like body.

The two guards snap out of their attentiveness, and approach the old man.

INT. KAVISH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the screams turn to low moans of anguish accompanied by a few coughs, and grunts. The old man walks towards this sound with his slightly hobbled walk.

To his left, a small pavilion shows a few more people waiting who seem to be devout, while others look curiously down the hall.

The old man moves forward through them all toward the front just as hushed voices whisper - - "It's him!" "Why is he here?"

Two guards then show up out of nowhere, and walk beside him. The guests grow wary, as the sly movements of the guards make them nervous.

Beyond the crowds, a single person wields a red hot metal rod.

He cannot be seen clearly until the very last moment - - only glimpses of him as he stares at his victim. The crowd slowly starts to move in closer as the old man passes them all.

The view moves closer, and the point of view is always from the old man. Yet the tormentor is always obscured by the heads and shoulders of those in front. A low flicker of torches glimmer, as the old man makes his way into the room now.

The crowds heads, and shoulders vanish as if meant to do so at a synchronous time.

As the old man stops, a more larger man with the metal rod steps to the side to allow the victim to be seen fully.

The victim swallows dryly, tension is his face - - then he tries to relax as his bindings show blood from his wrists as he fidgets.

His tormentor, wears black clothing, like silk, which shine in the orange glow of the torches.

The old man ignores the victims whining, and whimpers.

VICTIM

(Whimpers, groans)

The old man turns to the tormentor.

OLD MAN Brother, - - is he ready to do your bidding? The inflictor turns to face the old man. His face is gentle, in his forties, with a slight bit of grey in his hair. He smiles, and puts down the metal rod for a moment.

He then moves his hand rapidly in a circle twice, and prays out loud. On his chest, a symbol glows bright white and pulses.

The old man's cloak responds with its own light, then joins him in prayer.

OLD MAN (CONT'D) Nyami, osa, oraiasa, truntil.

Both continue to repeat this prayer until the victim's wounds begin to disappear. His skin clears from the scorch, and black marks of being burned, and tortured.

TORMENTOR

Nyami, osa, oraiasa, truntil.

Then, with magic, the victim is fully healed of all his injuries.

In the background, screams are heard for just a few seconds, then - - silence.

OLD MAN

Kavish, it seems you are able to acquire the needed item. Soon our world will be nothing more than a distant memory.

KAVISH We still have five thousand years.

OLD MAN A drop in the well.

KAVISH But enough to stop the prophecy.

OLD MAN

You hope.

Then they turn to the victim.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

And your son?

Kavish approaches his son who is still bound.

KAVISH

He is from a sturdy generation. He will not fail.

OLD MAN

From our observations, his resolve of not breaking is legendary.

KAVISH

Which will make him the ideal candidate to stopping sarantrasi.

The view closes on kavish's son. The guards move back a few steps until both stand against a stone wall.

A full view. The procession of the guests mass along the hall. People everywhere, some climb up a few idols to take a peek, while others cling to makeshift lamp standards. A few dead trees - - the view pulls back from the cortege as it reveals more, and more. . .And more. All are silent, and only a strange low rumble is heard from the outside atmosphere, and volcanic activity.

Finally, the view shows all three together, surrounded by the guests.

The old man comments to the guests of underworld.

OLD MAN

(Clear, bright) Our goal is the tribute to our beloved and long lost god. We - the guardians of the underworld, must face the fact that an old enemy has begun to arise once again.

INT. KAVISH HOUSE - COURTYARD - PERPETUAL NIGHT

As the cortege continues, a few glimpses of guards show how they march in to protect the entourage from demons, ghouls, zombies, winged creatures who are perched on ledges of the house. . .

OLD MAN

Kavish Juntari, a dark mage of high proprietary status amongst all of us. Has now fully developed a single most important necromancer in our history. He does not boast triumphs of the past, nor does he have any wish to do so. But his deeds has always left us a mark in past ages of his achievements.

The view shows the guests inch closer as the old man continues his sermon.

The old man, a short dark mage, who has a flair for the dramatic with his entourage. His hands speak with his voice as he addresses the mob.

OLD MAN (CONT'D) Harbuitas, our high chancellor of the underworld, as well as Loriastu once held back the enemy along with the grand army of Gariak to stop Sarantrasi. Millions here, and abroad who have lamented in their passing rejoiced together to keep these lands safe.

Within the crowds of the gathered, a woman stands alone. She is dressed in a black, and white garb. A stylish, and graceful symbol shows on her collar. Her skin is fair, yet tanned at certain points. Her face is taut in grief that seems ready to break like a flood.

Near her a tall heavy set demon, gothic, with great wings that are folded behind its back.

At the edge of the crowd, in the courtyard, more demons show up to listen to the old man's speech.

But in the background, a sudden appearance of a stranger dwells close to the fountain. In his hand, a black wand like weapon can be seen coming out from a hidden satchel.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Once we strived to become powerful among the humans. But to our realization, our presence has faltered in their beliefs to such a degree, that we necromancers have become nothing more than hired slaves.

The stranger moves closer to his objective, keeping hidden among the guests as he inches in. His eyes show no emotion behind a dark shadow. His lips are tight, thin, and dry.

He has the face of a human, but has a heart of an assassin.

OLD MAN (CONT'D) . . . but perhaps our prophecy of the new son, will deliver us back out of the darkness. And back into the light where we belong. If our civilization is to survive, then all of us cannot fail to believe Kavish's truth. And for us to use the force to resolve our conflicts with the humans.

The stranger gets closer through the mass of the crowd. As the cortege advances in more, the guards suddenly feel a sense of danger. The view moves on to the old man, as Kavish unbinds his son, his body is youthful, without blemishes, or wounds from his torture.

> OLD MAN (CONT'D) Perhaps for the rest of us, the most satisfying answer is the simplest. (MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D) There is still hope for us all, and we will grasp it with a tight grip.

The view moves to the stranger who now pushes his way past the guests and demons with the black wand up, and points to the old man.

The mob is startled, and moves out of the way in a quick second.

He yells an incantation. . .

STRANGER Ujiala Olianin maril.

On the ground, it cracks, breaks, with a hissing greyish mist escaping from the open wound.

The guests scream, and then scatter in all directions.

From the cracks, skeletal hands emerge from within, some with dead flesh that hangs off of fingers, or limbs. Skulls then emerge still attached to the exposed neck bone.

Kavish through his startled expression, grabs his son, and both escape through a back door with very quick reflexes.

The old man looks down to notice hands grabbing his ankles, legs, and waist.

He looks to the stranger, and smiles oddly enough.

OLD MAN

You cannot stop it. Once the prophecy has been read, the era of our kind will flourish again.

STRANGER

Not without the son.

He then notices both Kavish, and the son missing.

The view rises above him, the cortege stands still, the assassin then spins around, as the old man slowly lowers into the open crack. Skeletons grab his body, his skin rips which causes him too much pain to bear. He closes his eyes as he is being ravaged and torn. Then - - the old man stares into the eyes of the assassin.

OLD MAN (Weakly) You will not win. Ever.

The view pulls back over the crowds, guards, demons, and others alike. It narrows a path parting the sea of the underworld citizens like a long trail across a weaving field. . .and as the night falls to a darker scene, the view dissolves to . . .

EXT. GREECE - WAR - 2048 BC - DAY TIME

A view shows high up as a battle field of thousands of soldiers stretch out like a blanket across a verdant plain, and suddenly, the horns of battle sound as a low throb, and vibrating chime.

The view moves along the field. In the short distance, a command tent shows many highly trained soldiers standing at attention in front of it as pure protection. The view passes a banner, which dwells on for a moment, then passes on to a row of men which are waiting for a turn for battle.

A commander is working his way through the thicket of men which he checks for untidy uniforms, or dull looking metal crests on armor. He then spins around to go in the other direction.

The view moves on to the command tent, and stops dead on seeing a man (General) with mean, and angry looking eyes. He is on horseback, as he observes his men fighting on the field with a ferocity which animals only show when hunting.

He glances to his second in command. . .

GENERAL So - - what do you think hell looks like?

SECOND IN COMMAND

(Stares at him blankly) Hell? I would think it would be like any other place. With the usual scourge we always fight.

GENERAL

I agree. For most of our so called seers, they can only remind us of our purgatory we create through every battle.

The second in command glances down to the ground to see a few scorpions fighting each other. It frightens him slightly.

Then his general pushes his arm but ever so lightly.

GENERAL (CONT'D) What's wrong with you? We're winning.

SECOND IN COMMAND I don't like the - - stillness in the air. It's almost as if something is lying in wait.

GENERAL The so called fabled magician?

The general then grabs a water satchel, and drinks a healthy gulp. Then offers it to his second.

SECOND IN COMMAND There are no fables with this man. He is real.

He gestures to the general to look to his right. As the general does so, he sees a row of three hundred horsemen ready to charge.

GENERAL

Seems your imagination has taken its toll. Watch how our rams, and towers make good use of the foe as a new road. His second in command is puzzled by the general's sudden relaxed mood. Then reacts to it, this time with a touch of irony.

SECOND IN COMMAND

Sir, my sources say his powers are something to behold. He is nothing like what our prophets say. For years our wars have always succeeded with a victory. But this time - - this time we could all perish needlessly.

GENERAL

Bah! General Haffenon is on the field, his continuous loyalty to us is unbound. His pure instinct to fight is what wins us wars, and lands. Be content.

His second in command stares - - amazed!

SECOND IN COMMAND Sir - - (Cut Off)

The general shifts on his horse to badger his second some more.

GENERAL (anger, a touch of agitation) I always win. No matter the cost. I have seen many different lands, and foes to know this is no different.

EXT. ENEMY TENT - DAY TIME

A man is thrown out from the tent like a piece of used baggage.

Then a large guard pulls the thrown soldier by his neck. His body is limp as he is being dragged away in front of the other men. A loud voice calls from within the tent. . . VOICE

Bring in the next spy.

The next spy walks to the front entrance, then slowly enters inside.

INT. ENEMY TENT - CONTINUOUS

The spy stands in front of a throne, a golden chair which has one occupant that sits on a plush cushion. The rulers eyes are red, possibly from too much drinking. His spy approaches cautiously.

RULER

Well?

SPY (While kneeling) Majesty. We have information, that one man fits the description to the prophecy.

RULER And who is this man?

SPY General Haffenon, first general to the greek infantry.

The ruler spits on the spy without reservation. Then the spy wipes off the phlegm with a rather sad expression. It is demeaning, and ugly. Disgustedly, the ruler waves him away.

But instead, a guard grabs his collar, and heaves him out of the tent without mercy.

The ruler stands up, and then looks at his entrance where the day light creeps in between the tent flaps. He pours a goblet of water.

From his point of view. He can see a guard outside of the tent who fidgets while at attention. Righteously, the ruler grabs a knife from his waist, then throws it with precise control.

EXT. ENEMY TENT - FRONT ENTRANCE - GUARD

The knife buries deep in his back as the ruler then exits out of the tent, pushing the now dead guard out of his way.

Men stare at their ruler with confusion, yet do not say a word for their fears of his heavy handed will. Nearby artillery also stare with blank gazes as the guard is then pulled away.

One guard leans to whisper to a fellow soldier. Then both stare at their ruler.

A woman near the tent is dressed in dark clothes, yet show her figure as shapely, which reminds the other men of her beauty. Yet cannot attain her.

EXT. OPEN BATTLE FIELD - DAY TIME

It features a man, who is knee deep in blood, chaos, and utter violence he can only appreciate. His constant defiance baffles even his own men through the battle.

General Haffenon Castillanos.

He is smiling as he engages more men with equal diligence.

HAFFENON (Mocks foe) It is wonderful isn't it? Too bleed to death with my blade buried in your skull.

With an amount of dignity, and strength, his foe makes a statement all the more bewildering. Haffenon looks around nervously. Then Haffenon swings his sword with great speed, slightly amused at his foe's Naivete.

> HAFFENON (CONT'D) In greece, I was trained by the best.

FOE That was greece. Haffenon holds his sword with a tight grip, he lifts it pointedly.

HAFFENON This land will be ours after today.

FOE

Haffenon, you look at us like brothers, why do your commanders not ally with us? You seem more capable than the rest of the Grecians who can - - (A moment of embarrassment) bring us to victory. All you have to do is offer your services to his majesty.

Haffenon stares at his foe almost in disbelief.

HAFFENON

How very - - unaccommodating.

Then without any warning, haffenon swings down on the skull of his foe.

Blood, bone, and pieces of flesh are torn away as Haffenon finishes his one swing.

He smiles.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) It is too bad, you were a very good warrior. It's sad to see such waste.

From across the field, the opposing ruler stares at haffenon.

EXT. ENEMY TENT - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY TIME

The ruler stares incredulously. Then waves his hand high which causes a nearby guard to jaunt to another tent.

RULER

(To his entourage) Now they will witness what it means to have nightmares.

OFFICER Will this give us our needed risk?

RULER

Obviously.

He smiles, but his eyes show his serious side.

He then glances to his right to see a man walking out of a tent. He is wearing a black cloak, with a hood on. Then he removes his hood to reveal white hair, although his face shows a young age of around 30.

RULER (CONT'D) Well then, you seem to be ready. Understand, no survivors.

His toy stands in silence, and nods only once.

RULER (CONT'D) It is a shame you cannot speak. I would like to know what your world looks like.

Then his toy looks up suddenly, then turns back quickly to the battle. He glances to the ground with a fast reflex, the rulers guards suddenly show a frightened expression as his eyes turn to fully black.

On the ground, a crack forms instantly.

Suddenly, with a whisper he says . . .

NECROMANCER

Tyasil.

He strides to the front, as the crack opens more in front of him, like a zipper.

RULER Incredible. What do you think he's going to do?

OFFICER

I cannot guess.

The necromancer is incredulous as he walks to the battling men without reservation.

EXT. OPEN BATTLE FIELD - CHAOS

The crack starts to open with even more width, men stop fighting and look down to notice a greyish steam escape. A rumble begins which rocks the land to tell all the others to stop fighting as well.

It is now quiet on the battle field except for the strange occurrence which now frightens everyone.

The land looks like a large spider web engraved into the dirt. The necromancer faces the men, and through them all the tall, impressive Haffenon stares in awe. Beside Haffenon his second in command looks wiry, but is capable of physical as well as intellectual strength.

HAFFENON

I'm good at fighting, but this - - this is beyond me. I did not travel so far to fight magic.

SECOND IN COMMAND Well it has to be fought. We are men of greece.

HAFFENON

(Dryly) The gods be praised. And exactly what legions will we call upon?

SECOND IN COMMAND We - - we - - damn it.

Haffenon lifts his sword threateningly.

HAFFENON

Stand aside, I'm going to make trouble for our guest.

His tone chills his second in command, then moves aside.

SECOND IN COMMAND Just remember to be nice when greeting him. And don't take too long sir.

The sturdy Haffenon walks to the center of the field past foes, and friends alike as everyone watches.

HAFFENON

(Utters out loud) I rather like the idea of a lone greek walk to certain death. I'm sure all of greece will know that if I stare it in the face, then - our guest will cause a good deal of trouble.

Haffenon glances at his foe (Ruler), and then the necromancer, then stiffens plainly scared at this challenge, but determined to fight it.

He advances with more speed, then turns to a full run.

As he shouts out with a war cry, a plethora of skeletal hands rise up to grab Haffenon.

Then thousands follow suit, until a new army emerges from the carved ground.

Now a new war starts with the dead with either side.

Then . . .

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - BOSTON - 1958 AD - DAY

A rather crudely etched sign displays the name: "The green sprout." Haffenon stands with another man as he sips a coffee. His face now has a moustache, and looks more distinguished than his earlier days. A wire basket sits beside him which bears fruit such as apples, or oranges.

HAFFENON

Nothing like a nice hot coffee to wake you up huh - - Marish?

His friend then writes on a note pad, then turns it to haffenon.

Note pad:

It reads as: "You're too easy to please."

Haffenon laughs.

His friend then takes a hat off which reveals white hair. It is our necromancer.

To their right, a small demonstration of people walk along the street as they shout loud ramblings as they carry signs to show their discontent.

Behind them are a group of police men who also carry, but not signs, instead they carry batons, and other forms of crowd control devices.

> HAFFENON (CONT'D) I thought the article said the demonstration would attract a thousand people. (If the crowd numbers 100 they're lucky) but this is ridiculous.

Women in front shout as they walk with their men.

The signs show as: "Equal rights to all, no more bull."

Next to the front line of the demonstrators, a young woman walks with them who carries nothing except her beauty.

With expressive eyes, and a luscious mouth - - yet at the moment she feels ill at ease as she eyes the police force making their way closer to all.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) (Alarmed) Look, some of them are leaving.

The police now make a move as Haffenon licks his lips nervously. He glances to the note pad which shows: "Don't interfere."

> HAFFENON (CONT'D) You're kidding right?

Haffenon then holds up his hand for attention to the lone woman he notices. He forces a smile - - then gestures for her to move to him.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) She can't see me.

A flat dull stone then flies to the demonstrators. It hits a front man head on which then knocks him back a few feet.

Haffenon hesitates before making his way through them all. He is unnerved by it a little but he struggles on - - as the demonstration gets louder and more violent.

DEMONSTRATOR We want equality, not conflict. Equality! Not conflict!

Another stone finds it way in, and hits a police officer. Now the demonstration gets out of hand as the members, and force now collide with such ferocity, no holds barred ensues between each man and woman.

Fists fly, kicks connect, screams ring out which frightens local non supporters who simply watch in horror.

HAFFENON Not a good symbol of peace today.

He looks over the heads of the crowd, and sees his objective.

The woman cowers down against a stone wall. Then he drops, and turns to a clearing which has opened up just for him.

A police sergeant rushes to stop him.

Haffenon looks behind himself to see the cop rushing to him fast. Crunch sounds from punching fists give his face an expression of a nostalgic hint.

He smiles as he dodges foe against foe.

Haffenon moves up to the woman just in time as his sergeant attacks him with a baton.

But haffenon is too experienced in letting a man get the best of him.

He turns, and then punches his pursuer so hard, that the police man flies back twenty feet.

Then he glances down to the woman.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) You look too delicate to be caught up in all of this bull shit.

She looks up with frightful eyes, but makes no attempt to speak to him yet.

He offers his hand.

Suddenly, a tap on haffenon's shoulder.

He turns around to see Marish.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Well? Gonna help me?

The demonstration comes to an abrupt end as police cars blare sirens in the distance.

They both turn to face the crowd who are still fighting police officers.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) (Astonished) Much like the old days. . . You can see the fear as well as the hatred. But I ask you Marish -- to help the earth is it necessary we wake his holiness?

The demonstration is now nothing more now except violence. Both look at the crowds who bleed, and scream and cry out. Marish gestures to a dark area to escape.

WOMAN

Who are you?

HAFFENON Ah, she speaks. Just to a much needed escape way.

POLICE OFFICER I don't think so. You're all under arrest.

He steps forward with his constables, who faces the two, halting their tentative movements for the moment.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D) Come quietly, the passage way is off limits to city citizens.

Haffenon faces the police man. Behind him, more people break free of their sudden arrest, then help haffenon's trio. Marish raises his hand, and then waves it in the air gracefully.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D) I said stop!

Marish gestures to the police man, who then turns to see the people coming in fast.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Shit!

Behind haffenon, the woman whispers into his ear. Haffenon's eyes widen. Then glances to her stare. Both eyes are a violet color now.

In front, the police officer loses his chance, and now fights off the mob.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D) You want trouble? - - You can have it.

He then hits one after another with his baton. A crunch is heard as the weapon slams onto skulls, faces, and bodies. Cries are heard, but the crowd do not relent in their defenses.

Haffenon grabs Marish, then all escape through the passage way.

INT. PASSAGE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Haffenon turns to see the police fight with the last of the demonstrators.

From his point of view, he can see the officer shout.

POLICE OFFICER

Stop!

An instant of hesitation, then his foes drop to the ground. The officer almost stops, but strikes again. A quiver of distaste at his own act crosses his face as his baton swings again, and again.

Haffenon's anguished face shows a tear falling.

Marish nudges him out of his slight trance.

Haffenon turns, and leads the way through.

Behind them all, the officer is seen swinging on more people, along with other officers who lose themselves in the heat of battle. The view dissolves to a more serene stage.

23.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAFFENON'S APARTMENT - AFTER NOON

Haffenon is gently removing the woman's jacket, staring fearfully at her bruises which she received in the earlier commotion before her rescue. Marish sits in an old chair, made of oak, with brilliant carvings in the wood.

HAFFENON

You were lucky.

Haffenon reaches for a wet rag, and then gently wipes the bruises.

WOMAN

The struggles are worth it.

Haffenon never takes his eyes away from hers. Violet colored irises makes his heart leap a few beats, his hand shakes as he continues to wipe her.

HAFFENON Why did you join that rabble?

WOMAN

To see what the human race can achieve.

He smiles whimsically, then turns to face Marish.

HAFFENON What do you think? Still feel the humans need us?

Marish stares back, slightly wounded by the remark, bearing it as stoically as he watched the violence.

WOMAN

Who are you two?

Haffenon stops his attentive wiping of her bruises, and stands up straight to address her properly.

HAFFENON

I'm Haffenon Castillanos. Past general of the greek army during the trials, and enemy raids of my country.

WOMAN

And him?

HAFFENON

He can't speak. But in his world, he is known as Marish Juntari. A necromancer.

Her eyes avert to Marish.

WOMAN

A necromancer?

Before Haffenon can retort there is a knock on the door.

HAFFENON

Come in.

A small japanese lady walks in with a small tub of water.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Ah, Oshizu. Good timing.

OSHIZU (slight broken japanese accent) I'll say, if you were any more lazy this woman's wounds would have festered. Out of the way.

She pushes past haffenon like he was a no good son of hers who does no chores.

Haffenon cringes as he jumps out of the way.

HAFFENON Nice to see you too.

Marish smiles.

OSHIZU

Ah stuff it.

Then oshizu tends to the woman's bruises with a light rag.

HAFFENON You haven't told us your name yet.

WOMAN My name is Orsolya Piroska.

HAFFENON

I've heard of that name.

Marish stands up, then waves his hand in the air which causes the molecules to disrupt and glow.

All watch as the energy forms in the air as writing to show: "She is the last living descendant of Harbuitas."

Oshizu simply stares as if she has seen this before, then wipes with a new rag.

ORSOLYA

I am a mage.

HAFFENON Mage. For the prophecy.

ORSOLYA

Yes.

Then she tilts her head to Oshizu.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) Thank you, I'm fine now.

OSHIZU I'll be the judge of that. Just keep still.

HAFFENON

I'd do as she says, or she'll give you a swift kick with one of those skinny limbs.

OSHIZU

You shut it. I can see your manners haven't improved at all.

HAFFENON

Sorry, sorry.

OSHIZU

I'll give you sorry if you don't make me some black tea.

Haffenon then turns obediently towards the kitchen, and prepares a kettle.

Marish walks to Orsolya.

Oshizu then stops, and dabs a light cream onto orsolya's skin.

The bruises then begin to disappear instantly.

Orsolya moves her arm, and gently moves her shoulder as she smiles.

ORSOLYA

Thank you. That's much better.

OSHIZU

Nothing to it really. I've had this remedy in my family for over three thousand years.

Oshizu notices marish walking over, then becomes slightly irritated by his presence.

OSHIZU (CONT'D) And what do you want?

Marish stops, and puts his hands up as if to say, 'nothing, nothing at all'.

Oshizu then sits down on a couch, orsolya joins her.

A whistle from the kettle in the kitchen.

After a few seconds, he emerges in the living room with a tray of tea, and scones.

OSHIZU (CONT'D) Well at least you have some taste.

Haffenon sits down across from the two women. Marish sits down in a plush chair.

HAFFENON

So what was the point of the demonstration?

ORSOLYA

To see if the humans can endure hardships they cannot control.

Haffenon pauses as he tries to pour Oshizu some tea. With a slight grin oshizu shouts.

OSHIZU

Pour!

Haffenon pours the tea.

OSHIZU (CONT'D)

Useless.

HAFFENON

Ah you love me.

OSHIZU

Hah!

As he finishes pouring the tea, he sits back and nurses his moustache as he looks at her wryly.

HAFFENON

You know, the more I look at you, the more I can see why some of the lords desired you.

She leans forward to haffenon with a tight squint.

OSHIZU

You would have been beheaded for even speaking like that.

HAFFENON

Oh? -- really?

Oshizu drinks some of her tea, then gets up to grab her small tub, and accessories.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Not staying?

OSHIZU

With you? Don't make me laugh. Your boorish behavior is enough to make me puke.

Haffenon smiles mischievously.

Orsolya watches her walk to the door. Then as she leaves, she looks back to Haffenon once, and sneers as she closes the door.

HAFFENON

It proves what I said before Marish. If I had killed her back then, we wouldn't be suffering now would we?

Marish waves his hand again. Letters form in the air as:

MARISH It was your idea.

HAFFENON

Oh -- yeah.

Orsolya examines her skin, and gently touches. Then realizes her awareness of Haffenon's burning eyes looking at her.

ORSOLYA Something I can do for you?

HAFFENON

No.

Her uneasiness shows, but grins at her discomfiture. He leans back - - and places his hands behind his head, then looks at the ceiling.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) I don't think I am convinced that the holy men are right. Give up the flesh, you then gain enlightenment.

Orsolya smiles. She then rises and bows to him only once. This surprises even Marish.

> ORSOLYA You may not be as stupid as you look.

Haffenon laughs . . .and Marish shakes his head.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - UNDERWORLD - PERPETUAL NIGHT

A carriage travels down a dead tree-lined street. Horses that draw it are skeletal remains of what used to be live animals. At the helm, is a driver who wears a black cloak and a hood over his head.

His whip snaps ahead of the horses to move them faster.

The hooves of the horses clatter on a cobblestone road, echoing in the night. A dimly lit mounted lantern lights the way.

The view shows the carriage's rear end as it disappears around a bend.

EXT. KAVISH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The carriage draws up near Kavish's home, and slows to a snail pace until it stops completely. A sentry walks out, and comes to attention. A stable man walks to the horses, and keeps them calm as the carriage door opens. A man steps down, he wears a rather flamboyant looking garb, with gold letters, and symbols that line across his chest.

Without warning, he walks to the front door.

His entourage follow behind him as he steps to the door, and knocks.

INT. KAVISH HOUSE - INTERRUPTED - A SECOND LATER

Kavish hears the knock, then puts down a book which he is reading.

KAVISH

Come in.

The door opens to reveal the caller as a very tall man. A rather thin, but strong individual.

CALLER

Kavish, I have news for you.

KAVISH

Yes?

His caller steps in without being invited, Kavish's eyes slit half shut as he sees the feet of his guest step in.

CALLER It is about your son. Marish has encountered Orsolya.

KAVISH

Already? She was not to appear until four days before the ritual.

The caller walks in further, and sits down on Kavish's favorite chair.

Kavish walks to the door, and closes it in front of the callers group to shut them out of the private conversation.

CALLER That was rude. KAVISH

Like you sitting down without being asked properly, I mean really Dolius.

DOLIUS Then I apologize for my being rude in your house.

Kavish strides over to a stove to where a hot kettle sits and steams.

EXT. BOSTON ARCHIVES - DUSK

Haffenon comes out from a cafe where he carries a small tray of coffee. Marish and orsolya wait patiently as a taxi pulls up to the curb. A woman climbs out, her hair is long, wavy, and very well kept to accent her beautiful face. Her clothes suggest a woman of high stature among the elite rich folk. For a moment, both women eye each other, neither speaking. Then

ORSOLYA

Does a woman really look like that? - - (Marish nods.) . . . I thought she'd be fatter.

MARISH

(on his note pad) It's alright. You beat her hands down.

Orsolya smiles as the elite woman passes them, her chin held up as she strolls to a local live theater.

Haffenon stops, and places the tray down on a ledge.

HAFFENON Coffee anyone?

ORSOLYA

Not thirsty.

Me neither.

Haffenon's look of despair shows as he has gone out of his way to get them something to drink from the goodness of his heart.

Then steps away from the ledge to let the coffee get cold.

ORSOLYA But it was a nice thought.

MARISH (note pad) Yes it was.

HAFFENON

Shut up.

Marish gestures to haffenon.

MARISH (note pad) Ready?

Haffenon nods uncertainly. He looks to the high class woman with a small amount of confusion, then strolls up the steps to the archive entrance.

> HAFFENON Why are we here again?

MARISH

(note pad) To look for the insignia to sarantrasi's mausoleum.

HAFFENON But I thought you can only find that back in hungary.

MARISH (note pad) At first I thought so too. (MORE) MARISH (CONT'D) But during the pilgrimages across the ocean with immigrants, a lot of the folk lore, and scrolls were transported here as well.

HAFFENON

Ah. Sounds like a good mystery to solve.

MARISH

(note pad)

I agree.

The door closes behind them.

INT. KAVISH HOUSE - SOME TIME LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Both stare at each other in silence. Dolius waits for a moment, then slaps down a dark card which upsets Kavish.

On the card, it shows a face, with a moon in the background.

DOLIUS

Hah, your Myda is blocked.

Kavish stares at the card for a moment, then picks up from the deck, and turns the card slowly around as dolius observes his facial expressions.

Then, he slaps down his card, and proclaims . . .

KAVISH

Not with oofalii at the doorway.

Dolius looks down to notice a bright colored card with numerous stars in the background. A standard of power crosses another standard of dark forces.

Dolius becomes angry as he loudly claims . . .

DOLIUS You lousy thirty thousand year old bastard. You cheated. KAVISH

Hardly, it's your deck.

DOLIUS You still cheated. Bah!

Dolius concedes, and sits back in his chair.

DOLIUS (CONT'D) (tired) How long have we been doing this?

KAVISH Too long. Almost forever by my standards.

DOLIUS

Yeah. Every time we get nearer and nearer to the prophecy, my spine tingles in strange ways.

As kavish cleans up the cards, he smirks.

KAVISH

Perhaps you need to have a good bowel movement.

DOLIUS

Haven't had one in a hundred thousand years.

Kavish restrains himself from laughing.

KAVISH

Doesn't the book state, "Night stalks the weak, yet light frees the soul."

Dolius leans forward.

DOLIUS

To a point. I have thought about it a great deal. (MORE)

DOLIUS (CONT'D) Seeing as now the youthful body of the underworld has taken near full control. The old are just dead weight.

Beside them a candle light flickers. A flying bug buzzes around the light until it hits the flame, and drops while ablaze as it hits the floor.

Dolius can only stare at its demise.

KAVISH

So when you think the old is becoming less and less important, what happens when the youthful body as you put it, doesn't have the knowledge to fight or to protect?

DOLIUS

They just die. It's all part of the evolution of human, or us.

Kavish leans close to dolius, clearly his eyes show some fear, but . . .

KAVISH

Listen.

DOLIUS Don't preach to me, not tonight.

He reaches forth, to gather his cards, but . . .

KAVISH

I'm not, but if we're to stand aside, why should our children suffer more? At least we can show them some kind of path.

DOLIUS

We tried, but every time we think we make progress, they just scoff at the lessons.
Kavish leans in more, and looks down to the cards disconcertedly. His first finger caresses the top card, dolius watches which then reduces his obvious moment of fear.

> KAVISH Have you seen what's beyond the veil of light?

DOLIUS What do you mean?

KAVISH

Remember my last battle?

DOLIUS

How could I forget. You lost your wife to the war, needless to say a lot of followers.

KAVISH

When I died, in those precious few seconds, I saw something.

DOLIUS

What?

KAVISH

A land.

DOLIUS

Land?

KAVISH

A beautiful landscape of serene waters. Trees beyond anyone's expectations. Life of small, or large animals living together in perfect harmonized essence.

Dolius's eyes soften as he explains this wonderful tale of beauty.

DOLIUS

And?

KAVISH

There is my wife, waiting under a large oak. Leaves as green as her eyes. A remarkable sense of wonder there.

DOLIUS So why didn't you join her?

KAVISH

Because she told me I had to finish my work here. Only then, would her gate be open to me.

A moment of passion from this tale passes. Dolius stands up to bow.

Kavish in his curious state of mind looks at him.

DOLIUS You'll find room for me I hope when my time comes.

Kavish gets up, and faces Dolius. He extends his hand to him.

Dolius looks at his friends hand, then grabs it gently.

KAVISH

We just have to trust them. And yes, there will always be enough room for you with us.

Dolius steps to the front door, kavish trails him to the entrance. Then dolius exits to the out side.

DOLIUS

(Relieved) I am a very lucky person to have a friend like you.

KAVISH

I thought you were always a stuffed shirt. But after tonight's game, my view on your abilities have changed. DOLIUS (wittily, but making his point) I am a stuffed shirt. But I am not so egotistical as to think I can win this war. That's for our kids to do.

Kavish laughs, as Dolius walks to his carriage.

As he climbs in, dolius looks back and waves goodbye to his dear friend.

Kavish goes back in his house, and closes the door.

INT. KAVISH HOUSE - ATTACKER

After Kavish locks his door, he turns around to meet a blade across his neck.

From behind kavish's dead standing corpse, the assassin smiles as he watches his head roll off to the floor.

Blood spews up for a few seconds, as Kavish's hands flay around in a frenzied like state.

Then, the body falls to the ground, and turns to ash.

ASSASSIN Found you. Where is your son?

INT. BOSTON ARCHIVES - HOURS LATER

Haffenon sleeps at a table, as Marish and Orsolya look through hundreds of books, and papers. Orsolya glances to Marish now and again to look at his eyes.

Suddenly, marish stands up as he tries to breathe. His hands grasp his own throat causing dismay for orsolya.

ORSOLYA Haffenon! Wake up! Haffenon jumps up and notices Marish having trouble breathing.

HAFFENON

Marish!

A guard calls down from a mezzanine. . .

GUARD

Hey! Keep it down over there.

HAFFENON

We need help!

The guard peers over a ledge, as he sees Marish falling to his knees still grabbing his throat.

GUARD

I'll be right down.

Haffenon helps Marish to a chair as Orsolya clears a way.

The guard arrives, and helps haffenon.

GUARD (CONT'D) Is he epileptic?

HAFFENON

No, he just started to choke all of a sudden.

GUARD Get me some water.

Orsolya hurries to a local fountain, and grabs a cup.

HAFFENON

Marish! Look at me!

Marish's eyes are red in color in the whiteness. Nerves blister, and bulge as he tries to catch his breath.

Orsolya arrives with the water.

Calm down! Listen to me, calm down. Let go of your throat.

Marish tries to listen, but instead stiffens his body as if being frozen in a blast freezer.

The guard tries to keep him still, but nothing helps.

Haffenon, then reaches for his ankles to let him ride out the spasms.

The guard can only watch.

Orsolya helps as she grabs his arms.

Then, as if by an instant miracle, marish falls unconscious.

All stand in silence as Marish sleeps. The guard removes his hat, and grabs the water which is meant for Marish, and drinks it without thinking.

HAFFENON

What the hell happened?

ORSOLYA

Nothing. We were just looking through the books when he just - stood up and started to choke.

Haffenon walks to the desk, and pauses as if something just hit him over the head. Then he turns around to stare at Marish.

> HAFFENON His father is dead.

ORSOLYA How can you tell?

HAFFENON

Something he once told me about. It was how he and his family can feel each others pain.

GUARD

Huh?

Haffenon dismisses the guard's ignorance, then walks back to Marish.

Behind him, an office door shows a name: "Director - Blake Fondant."

Haffenon's tone is loaded with foreboding as he tells his tale to Orsolya. .

HAFFENON (V.O.) During his time in the underworld, he was in intense training to become the next super necromancer.

The view dissolves to . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD - FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Under the red and black skies of the underworld, both father and son train together as Marish learns about magic, and other exquisite forms of the dark arts.

HAFFENON (V.O.)

It was said, that Marish had the ability to feel others pain through battles, or wars. Once he told about how his own father made him endure countless days of torture at the hands of his own father. This was to ensure the extreme loyalty Marish had for his own kind.

Kavish holds out his hands and expels a great amount of energy to a mountain side.

The side, explodes to millions of pieces of debris, which causes Marish to smile, and clap his young hands.

Kavish looks back to see his sons smiling face. His white hair slightly long in the back give his son a more laid back expression. Almost a feminine look.

> HAFFENON (V.O.) He would do anything for his son.

EXT. KAVISH HOUSE - COURTYARD - YEARS LATER

Again, the courtyard is filled with people during Marish's day ending torture.

HAFFENON (V.O.)

Though his torture was something to behold among his peers, and family members. It was necessary to drive Marish to the point of breaking, which he never did. This told all of the underworld, that his final tests were done.

Then an assassin shows up.

HAFFENON (V.O.) That was until his life was in danger. He and his father escaped in the commotion. I would think that through all of his training, he could simply use his gifts to defeat whoever it was that was trying to kill them. But as I mentioned before, they can feel each others pain. And that would be troublesome to the prophecy.

The view blurs out as father and son escape harm.

INT. BOSTON ARCHIVES - A MOMENT LATER

Marish wakes up, the guard seems to be rather dismayed by this sudden story telling, and warns his guests it is time to leave.

GUARD

I think you all better go. This is too -- way beyond me. Whatever you all are smoking, it better not be here when I get back from the john. So if you all please.

Haffenon helps marish to his feet.

From his point of view, haffenon can see a tear fall down marish's cheek.

HAFFENON

Come on.

Orsolya also helps.

The guard simply leaves as he takes his hat off, and shakes his head side to side in disbelief.

ORSOLYA

What happened?

Marish glances back to the guard who does not seem too interested in them, raises his hand, and the molecules form a few words: "My father is dead."

> ORSOLYA (CONT'D) You were right.

All walk to the front exit.

From another view. They walk in silence to the front door. Haffenon, whose presence is equal to Marish's, addresses him with the upmost respect.

HAFFENON

Marish, do you wish to go back to the underworld? I am sure they can let you back in for your father's funeral.

Marish stops, and stands alone opposite haffenon, his face looks much much younger than before compared to his sudden choking experience. His hand waves once which forms more words:

MARISH

(A helpless shrug) Right now at the moment, I have to move on -- but I want to thank you two for helping me.

Haffenon rubs the back of his own neck with a slight bit of embarrassment.

HAFFENON

Anything for a friend.

Orsolya smiles and nods. Marish glances to them one at a time in admiration.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) So did we get any closer to finding something?

ORSOLYA

We? Like when you were asleep the whole time?

HAFFENON

I can't help it if I work too hard. Being as hard bodied as this requires constant eating.

ORSOLYA

Oh give me a break. And how did you manage to live this long anyway?

As all walk to the front entrance, haffenon spits out a sudden remark which orsolya cannot bring herself to believe.

HAFFENON

I'm Marish's protege.

As they walk out --

ORSOLYA (utter amazement) Are you kidding me?

The doors close behind them.

EXT. OUTSIDE BOSTON CITY LIMITS - NIGHT

The assassin stands still in the cold, mist escapes from his mouth as he breathes the crisp night air. To his left, a few bums lay on cardboard with a blanket over top of them to keep warm.

An overhead street lamp offers its only source of light for the assassin. Then, he picks a direction, and walks to the city.

On his left, he can see a small boat sitting in the water, with its windows lit up from a small generator nearby the dock.

He approaches a news stand, then discoursing earnestly to the vendor. . .

ASSASSIN Sir, do you believe in spiritualism over -- idol worshipping?

VENDOR

What?

Then as if by pure instinctive reflex, the assassin lurches forward, and thrusts a knife into the forehead of the vendor.

ASSASSIN

You see, spiritualism over idol worship is much more ideal to those who do not have any kind of beliefs.

In the distance the putt putt of the generator is heard.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D) Don't worry, when the time comes, you will see for yourself how the dead can rise again. Maybe I'll keep you as my servant.

He removes the knife from the vendor's forehead, and wipes the blood off on the vendor's shirt.

The assassin simply stares at the dead eyes which stare back at him.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D)

Maybe not.

Then he pushes the man away, which the dead body falls to the ground in the newsstand.

The assassin walks away.

He breathes the night air with extra strength.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D) Ah, nothing like finding a pair of ill be gotten trolls in this nice winter weather.

He picks a direction, then walks into the night grinning to himself.

Meanwhile . . .

INT. HAFFENON'S APARTMENT - AN HOUR LATER

Haffenon sits in his chair as he sips on a cold glass of beer. Orsolya sits beside Marish as he tries to eat a plate of haffenon's special dish. . . Fried Squid in garlic butter sauce.

> MARISH (note pad) Is this really all we have?

HAFFENON

Hey don't complain. It took me a good hour to conjure up that dish, and from memory too.

Marish picks at it which makes a gushing sound with his fork. Orsolya cringes as she stares at the repulsive meal.

ORSOLYA

Your memories are rotten haffenon.

HAFFENON

(Hurt, bitter) Oh well sor-ry. I guess my kitchen skills are below standard like everything else huh?

He storms out to the balcony, then slides the glass shut.

ORSOLYA

Oops.

MARISH

(note pad) Don't worry about it. He is thinking of me though. Otherwise he wouldn't have taken the time.

ORSOLYA

True.

Her timid expression makes her move her sheepish feet to the balcony door. She slides it open, and walks out to join him.

EXT. HAFFENON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They stand together in the cold air. Haffenon huffs at her presence for an instant as she says . . .

ORSOLYA I'm sorry for insulting you. This carries a weight and apprehension that none of the conversation had before. Haffenon measures Orsolya with a little surprise.

HAFFENON

Accepted. I know I can be a little insensitive at times, but -- I've been at this for nearly two thousand years.

Orsolya seems trapped by this ineluctable fact.

ORSOLYA

True, you are part of a minority of many who toil to the prophecy. But the truth is undeniable. You must stop sarantrasi.

Reluctant as it is, it too carries a commitment and haffenon senses it. He stares to the night sky where a glimmer of light from the day is disappearing. Then he glances to the city and sees many lights in windows of houses, apartments, and skyscrapers.

HAFFENON

Marish is our weapon. But his teachings have become rather difficult to bear. Most of what he says seems like gibberish.

Orsolya waves her hand in front of his face. He can see a few rings on her fingers which gleam in the city light. Haffenon smiles as he glances to her.

ORSOLYA

Well, why do you think I am here. I know most if not all of his incantations. But for me I don't carry the weight he does when it's used.

HAFFENON

I thought you were only a mage?

ORSOLYA

I am. But even mages delve into the dark arts to understand their meanings.

Haffenon looks at her appraisingly.

HAFFENON

You're an ambitious woman.

ORSOLYA

(Uncertainly)

I really hope not.

A moment of embarrassed doubt, then haffenon opens the sliding door to see Marish sleeping on the couch. Orsolya grabs a blanket, and covers him up.

HAFFENON

He does look like a china doll huh.

ORSOLYA

His skin is fair because of the curse of his voice.

HAFFENON

His voice? I've never heard him speak once.

ORSOLYA

That's because his voice carries the curse of death. Anything he speaks will be catastrophic.

HAFFENON Like when we fought in greece.

ORSOLYA

Exactly.

HAFFENON

That's when he found me again after fifteen years. I was nothing but bones on that field. (MORE) HAFFENON (CONT'D) And it was like waking up from a -a nightmare.

She turns to look at haffenon, and walks past him.

ORSOLYA He picked you because of your superior nature of victory.

Haffenon turns to see her sit down.

HAFFENON Well I didn't win that day.

ORSOLYA

I know. But in his eyes you did.

A grin, -- but forced. Haffenon approaches her, and sits down across from her.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) It's one way to learn that each person's war is as important as another's. In fact when you're fighting, your heart tells the other or foe, that "Providing freedom is more important than a king or ruler."

Haffenon listens to her velvety voice carry on into the night.

EXT. HUNGARY - MECSEK MOUNTAINS - DAY TIME

At the base of a mountain, trees carpet the floor like a blanket. Birds fly in all directions as they gayly squawk to find food for their young.

The view closes in to the base, where a small cabin sits with its stone chimney stack which spews a gentle smoke.

Outside the cabin, a man chops wood.

As the birds fly overhead, he looks up.

His face is old, aged, beyond years of hardship. Yet a twinkle in his eyes show brilliance as he watches the birds take flight without a care in the world.

He scratches his white beard.

And in his tongue of Hungarian he says . . .

WOODSMAN

(Hungarian) True, I think it's time.

Then he resumes to chop his wood.

The view moves on to a darker area of the woods where shadows lurk.

EXT. FOREST - CAVERN - DAY TIME

The view moves closer to a cavern mouth which is carved out of the mountain wall. Above the entrance, a crest is shown as lions face each other with a griffin in the back part of the standard.

The view moves inside the cavern.

INT. CAVERN

It is dark, musty, with spider webs that are neatly woven in the arcing ceiling above.

A few torches are lit to show the way.

To the right, a few paintings hang on the walls interior that display faces of old and ancient looking mages, and sorcerers.

A voice calls out in the darkness. . .

VOICE (Hungarian) This is the time of santrasi's awakening. (MORE) VOICE (CONT'D) Through our continual searching, we still need to find our savior.

The view blends through the darkness until a grand room is seen with over five dozen people standing in front of the speaker.

But in the background, a man runs up to his position.

INT. CAVERN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The man whispers into his ear as the crowd watches in anticipation.

SPEAKER (Hungarian, excited) You are sure of this?

The messenger nods with certainty.

SPEAKER (CONT'D) (Hungarian, to the followers) My friends, we have been blessed. We have the location of our savior. He is with our sister Orsolya Piroska.

A few whispers, and breaths of relief come from the anxious followers. But with a sense of urgency, he speaks to them to give his orders.

SPEAKER (CONT'D) (hungarian, excited) This is the sort of miracle we search for. Make sure that when they find their way here, do not interrupt them. Let them use the clues they have found if any at all. Plus, do not interfere with the greek soldier. He is to be the next protege to Marish. Suddenly the followers gab and chatter amongst each other almost in disbelief.

SPEAKER (CONT'D) (hungarian) Please, do not be alarmed. I am told he has been read. So even the high mages in the underworld trust him.

One female raises her hand who seems to be blended well within the mob.

WOMAN (hungarian) And if they are wrong?

SPEAKER

(hungarian) Then we will be witness to the worst catastrophe the world has ever known.

Beneath his stone podium, a pair of eyes glimmer, then slithers along the ground as a snake, to an opening in the nearby wall's small cracked orifice.

No one sees it.

SPEAKER (CONT'D) (hungarian) Now, make preparations. We will greet our pilgrims soon enough.

The crowd disperses as they tag along with each other in quiet whispers.

He leans to his messenger as he watches his followers leave.

SPEAKER (CONT'D) (hungarian) Is there a possibility that his father will be present? The messenger stares at his leader for a moment, which causes his superior to turn to look at him.

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SPEAKER (CONT'D)
(hungarian)
Well?
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MESSENGER (hungarian) His father is dead.

Suddenly the leaders eyes widen with this sudden revelation. He then stares back out to the now empty floor.

SPEAKER

(hungarian) That's not possible.

From a random view, both stand in silence. Torches flicker and spit which causes their shadows to move in a drunken manner.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - AFTER NOON

Gleaming prop planes sit side by side as people de-board with small luggage bags. Haffenon's face looks pale as he begins to descend the rickety stairs.

Orsolya smirks at his tough mannerism as he tries not to throw up.

Marish is behind her with his hood on.

As they make their way to the main gates, a dozen men dressed in black suits approach the trio.

Haffenon steps in front of the two, as he cautiously keeps them hidden.

HAFFENON

Stay behind me.

ORSOLYA

What is it?

HAFFENON

Trouble ahead.

She looks at the men coldly.

ORSOLYA Hold on. Let me deal with them.

Haffenon looks back once as orsolya closes her eyes.

Marish waits behind her.

She utters a few incantations which seem to confuse haffenon's bearings.

Next, the men begin to sway side to side as if on a makeshift boat on rough waters.

People watch them with a certain amount of amusement.

Haffenon then grabs her wrist, as the men continue to swim in their own confusion.

Marish follows behind, then he extends his hand behind him, and uses his first finger to draw a symbol.

Suddenly above the suits, creatures of different sizes and ugliness appear to them which causes them all to scream in fright.

Haffenon asks marish. . .

HAFFENON What did you do?

MARISH (Note pad) I gave them their nightmares.

HAFFENON That's -- harsh. They turn to the main gates. Haffenon is disconcerted by his attitude of conjuring up such ferocious nightmares. But dismisses it.

The men continue to scream and duck to what ever they can only see.

The passengers simply watch with shock as the suits try to run, or hide from nothing.

INT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - AFTER NOON

All three make their way to customs as officers run outside to the ongoing commotion.

CUSTOMS AGENT (broken accent) Passports please.

All three reach into pockets, or bags and show their passports one at a time.

The agent scrutinizes them all as he gazes to the photos, and then to the real person in front of him.

CUSTOMS AGENT (CONT'D) Will all of you be staying long?

HAFFENON Only until next week.

CUSTOMS AGENT Why the short time here?

HAFFENON

We are here on business. But we might also take a little sight seeing tour if we have time.

CUSTOMS AGENT I see. Any fruits or vegetables?

HAFFENON

None.

The agent stamps his passport.

Then takes marish's. He looks up to see his eyes and face which surprises him.

CUSTOMS AGENT And you are here on business too?

MARISH (nods only) (Breathes slightly heavy)

CUSTOMS AGENT Is he able to speak?

HAFFENON

(convincing) No, his tongue was ripped out in an accident.

CUSTOMS AGENT (shocked) Ah! I am terribly sorry to hear that.

He stamps his passport and lets him through with haffenon. Orsolya is last, who hands the agent her passport.

> CUSTOMS AGENT (CONT'D) I know you from somewhere. Have we met?

With his obvious chauvinistic charm, he smiles and shows his very yellow teeth.

ORSOLYA

(Hungarian) If we have, I would have told you to brush your teeth.

Then he stamps her passport with a quick reflex, and lets her pass through.

The agent seemingly is red faced as he continues to accommodate other patrons, and tourists.

Orsolya smirks as she joins the other two.

HAFFENON

You don't get too many dates do you.

ORSOLYA

Not with men like that. They are all too -- simple minded.

Marish smirks.

They all walk to the front doors, knowing that the officers inside will take care of their would be pursuers.

EXT. BUDAPEST AIRPORT - CAR WAITING

Haffenon glances to a man who gets out of a clean fifty seven chevy with a cool manner. Orsolya smiles as she sees him coming towards them all.

He is a tall, (30's) clean and well groomed man that wears a suit. A person of impeccable taste.

ORSOLYA

(excited) Andras!

Haffenon watches with a bit of disappointment in his eyes. Both clutch to each other like strong super glue. Andras spins her around as she laughs out loud.

As the good mood subsides, she escorts him to her two friends.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) This is Andras Csasar. My third cousin.

Haffenon breathes a bit easier knowing this new relief.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) Andras, this is Marish Juntari. And this is (Cut Off)

ANDRAS Haffenon Castillanos. A pleasure to meet you both.

He extends his hand to them.

Haffenon feels a strange sensation about Andras, but is uncertain of his feelings.

Marish goes along with the pleasant attitude, and shakes his hand.

Haffenon does not.

ANDRAS (CONT'D) Well, how was your trip?

HAFFENON Why do people fly? I can never understand what is the sensation about it.

Orsolya sees his frustration, but dismisses it to keep her cousin happy.

ORSOLYA Let's go. I am so hungry, I can eat a whole pig.

ANDRAS Good, because auntie has got a good pork roast in the oven.

Andras looks at haffenon blankly, abjectly.

Then resumes to walk with orsolya.

Marish walks with haffenon then shows haffenon the note pad.

MARISH (note pad) Something isn't right.

(whispers) I know.

As they all approach the car, andras opens the door for orsolya, who gayly climbs in. Marish follows, with haffenon last.

Both eye each other for a moment, then . . .

ORSOLYA Come on haffenon. We'll be eating cold pork the longer you take.

She grabs his wrist and pulls him inside the car.

Andras closes the door, and walks to the drivers side.

INT. AUNTIE'S HOME - NIGHT

All sit at the table where they finish off a delicious meal of pork, and fresh vegetables. Andras sits across from them with his mother who is smiling at them all.

Andras drinks the last of his wine.

ORSOLYA

(pats her stomach) Ah, so nice to have a home cooked meal. I missed this.

Her aunt, asks in the native tongue of hungarian. . .

AUNT Will you be sleeping here tonight? I can make up the rooms.

ORSOLYA

(hungarian)

No, we got a suite in the city.

AUNT

Ah, well then let's have dessert.

She gets up to go to the kitchen as andras leans forward.

ANDRAS

Listen, everything is moving forward. The ritual will take place on top of mount mecsek.

ORSOLYA What about the sect?

ANDRAS

They are ready. As long as marish, and haffenon take the oaths in the time frame -- everything will be fine.

HAFFENON

Oaths?

Andras looks at haffenon with a slight bit of confusion.

ANDRAS You -- do not know of this?

HAFFENON No. Care to let me in on it?

Andras stares at Marish now, but marish looks away with a bit of sadness.

ANDRAS

(Surprise) Marish, why didn't you let him know?

HAFFENON

Know what?

As the room goes silent, auntie walks in with nice plush cream pie. She smiles as she offers it with pride in her voice.

AUNT

(happy, hungarian) Now, we'll start with a nice slice for orsolya first. All four can only glance to one another which makes auntie suddenly stop and gaze to their faces.

AUNT (CONT'D) (hungarian) You can't all be full yet.

INT. SMOKING ROOM - LATER ON

Haffenon sits with his hands on his face, andras stares at him for some time as Orsolya pours a bourbon. Marish is not there, most likely he is with orsolya's aunt.

Haffenon looks around the room suddenly, and sees a packed piano of photo's. From his point of view, he looks at a photo of a police man who is standing with his fellow officers.

ANDRAS

I am sorry. I had no idea he didn't tell you.

HAFFENON

I knew something was wrong for the entire time he had started training me. My only regret was accepting his proposal to be his protege. I should have stayed on that field.

ORSOLYA

But if you did that, you wouldn't have seen the wonders for each year that has passed.

HAFFENON

Wonders?

Haffenon stands up, then moves to the piano.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) All I've seen is nothing more than violence taking forms of new weapons. (MORE) HAFFENON (CONT'D) When I was a general for the greek army, at least we faced our foes head on, not from a distance with heavy tanks, or sniping rifles like a coward.

Andras then moves to haffenon but in a calm yet cautious manner.

ANDRAS

Marish sees something in your spirit which is unique. I had my apprehensions when I first met you at the airport. But now, my indifference has changed.

HAFFENON

How?

ANDRAS

When you took this challenge on, I never thought once that you'd succeed in learning the dark arts of necromancy. But as time went on, our council began to see a great strength building inside of you. Almost to a point of surpassing Marish too soon.

Haffenon then slowly faces andras as his curiosity begins to take over him.

HAFFENON

I don't feel different.

ANDRAS

That's because the arts are a part of nature. Dark or not.

ORSOLYA

When marish decided to teach you, his only regret was not telling you that you had to lose your ability to speak.

(MORE)

ORSOLYA (CONT'D)

He knows how much you like to laugh, shout, complain, even cry at times. He had -- many opportunities to stop the training and send you back to that field. But -- within you, he could see a powerful necromancer being born.

ANDRAS

Which is why during the last stages of your training, he requested you to be trained here at mecsek mountain.

HAFFENON

Why?

ANDRAS

Most believe the mountain holds a certain amount of mysterious strength. Perhaps it is because the mountain itself holds a power of an unknown source.

In the smoking room, a rhythmic pounding seeps into their bones as anticipation. Haffenon stares imperturbably towards andras.

ANDRAS (CONT'D) Your sleeping gifts are awakening. You have seen it, haven't you?

Haffenon smiles at the understatement. He holds up his hand, to give andras a moment to stop speaking.

HAFFENON At first I thought I was going crazy, until this.

He holds out his hand palm up.

Andras just waits.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Understand, this was just recent. Next, on his palm a low dim glow begins to form like an orb about three inches in diameter. Orsolya approaches to see it form in his hand.

INT. AUNTIE'S HOME - KITCHEN

Suddenly, marish stands up as he feels some kind warm rush over his body. Aunty simply stares at him as he then turns to walk to the smoking room.

She follows along.

As he turns a corner, both can see a glow underneath the door jam.

Marish grabs the doorknob, and then opens the door as the orb in Haffenon's hand is much larger, like a bowling ball.

Aunty stares in amazement behind marish. Then she whispers out loud. . .

AUNT

(whispers, hungarian) That much in such little time.

Haffenon sees them both, and closes his hand to stop the magical moment.

As it disappears, auntie claps her hands as she trots over to haffenon, and hugs him tight.

Haffenon is utterly surprised by this.

HAFFENON

What the hell?

ORSOLYA She definitely likes you.

Marish walks in the room, and waves his hand in the air once to show a warbled energy taking shape to words. . .

> MARISH I am sorry for not telling you.

HAFFENON

(occupied with aunty) What's the past, is past. Once my trials end, then I lose my voice right?

More words in the air.

MARISH Just like I had to.

Haffenon's eyes soften more as he now understands.

HAFFENON Will the trials be difficult?

Another message. . .

MARISH

I have to be the one to give them. So yes, it will be difficult.

Haffenon nods as aunty removes herself from him. He looks down to a middle aged woman with grey hair up in a tight bun. Her eyes sparkle in such a way his heart melts to a long passed memory of his own mother. He smiles.

HAFFENON

I suppose I can wait again for your cream pie.

Orsolya approaches haffenon.

ORSOLYA And we'll all help you.

Haffenon gazes from one to the other as his friends, and also andras who he now trusts.

Andras nods in acknowledgement of his trust that only the two can sense with each other.

HAFFENON Then let's begin.

EXT. CAVERN HALL - ENTRANCE - DAY TIME

Outside, haffenon looks up to the crest to see the artistic forms of such beauty. He shakes his head and wonders about why someone would go to great lengths to make such a nicety.

Andras walks behind him.

ANDRAS

Are you ready?

Marish, and orsolya join him.

HAFFENON How long is the trial going to take?

ANDRAS

Approximately five months, but we don't have that much time. We are going to have to accelerate them.

This gives haffenon a sudden chill down his spine.

HAFFENON

Accelerate?

INT. CAVERN HALL - TRIALS - DAYS LATER

There is applause as haffenon's voice can be heard screaming in total horror. The view moves around a corner to see a large crowd surrounding a large stone pillar in the center of the dimly lit hall.

Marish has a heated rod in his hand like his father did with him in his trials.

He touches haffenon's chest.

The flesh smokes, and flashes fire for just an instant.

Haffenon screams again.

The hall leader speaks to the followers in order to give him some sort of courage.

LEADER

I praise such tenaciousness. He needs this courage -- because in this time of need, we are all prepared to die... (A response; he looks at haffenon) But there is no cause for which I am prepared kill for.

Then he gazes back at his followers. All realize how his influence is catching.

LEADER (CONT'D) We have come here to gaze upon our savior, despite how early his trials are. There is a way to defeat sarantrasi. Whatever evil may come to us, we leave no demon living . . But we will not (The climatic point) give the god our earth.

He looks at his followers, making the point stick. There is a tentative reaction from his followers which makes in what he says certain.

LEADER (CONT'D)

The god may imprison us, he will take our lives. He will steal our souls. But he cannot take away our dignity of being human.

VOICE FROM THE CROWD Have you seen this god? What if he

isn't a cruel god! I say --

LEADER

I am asking you to fight -- ! (It catches the crowd a little, holds them.) To fight against his anger -- not to embrace it.

Haffenon screams again.

LEADER (CONT'D) We will not become slaves -- but we will be his suppressors. And through our pain, anguish, we will make him see our justice (quickly) and it will hurt him, as our magic has always hurt him. (Utter silence.) . . .And we cannot lose. We cannot. (He looks at his followers) Because he may torture us, break our bones, flay our skins, even kill us... (Scans the crowd) even keep our dead bodies -but never our obedience.

The crowd gather closer to their leader as they see a glimmer of hope in the darkness.

LEADER (CONT'D)

We are mages, sorcerers, philosophers, and teachers. We must make an oath to each other -- for whatever comes our way -- we will not submit ourselves to the night.

He looks at his followers as marish stops his pain inflicting upon Haffenon. Everyone stands in silence albeit for the torches flickering sounds as well as a fire pit next to marish where he places the expended rod. Andras steps up.

ANDRAS

We are the last resort to stopping an evil which should have been forgotten. Since fate has smiled upon him once again, the earth itself is in grave danger. Haffenon and marish are our only salvation to stopping sarantrasi. With your gifts added, our final stand will be successful.

Then out of nowhere, a blast of energy hits him in the head which causes his head to explode on impact.

Screams bound in the hall as all scatter instantly as demons that fly enter inside.

All look up to see three dozen demons flying with precise attitude in a slow circle as they screech down to the congregation.

Marish helps haffenon out of his bindings, and both hunker down in the crowd as cover.

Marish then helps him to an escape hole in the floor, he throws him inside, and utters a few words under his breath.

The floor seals up over top of haffenon until it is as smooth as glass as the rest of the floor.

The demons land around everyone, like a circle of soldiers surrounding their prey.

Then as the cries die down, whimpers from a few people cause the demons to screech once more until a large flame like plume appears in the center of the hall.

The flame spreads out like wild flower.

Marish has no way out. He then backs up, and utters a few words again under his breath until he hears a woman's voice call out. . .

WOMAN

It is no use.

The crowd silences.

Marish stops speaking.

The demons stand aside to allow this woman to enter the circle. Her beauty is mesmerizing, clad in loose black material it flows as she walks with demure steps.

She spots marish behind a few people for cover.

As she waves her hand, his cover then bursts to ashes instantly.

No screams are heard except from those who watch.

Silence!

She gazes at marish's eyes.

WOMAN (CONT'D) Well, Marish Juntari. I never thought to see another necromancer again. Your powers are useless here. This place is bound with a protective barrier. None of your powers can be used.

The crowd whimpers low tones, as some huddle together for useless safety.

WOMAN (CONT'D) It is a shame your savior will never ascend to his position of power. Now -- give me his head.

All look around, but nothing is found of haffenon.

WOMAN (CONT'D) Well? Give me haffenon.

The demons even scan the area blankly. But can see nothing except their frightened prey.

The woman spins around to address her subordinates.

WOMAN (CONT'D) (Angry) Where is he?

One demon approaches, and tells her in a very low guttural voice.

DEMON He is not here. He may have escaped.

Enraged, she grabs a nearby male follower, and squeezes his neck until a crunching sound is heard. Like walnuts in a hand held nut cracker.
His eyes roll up as blood spills from his mouth.

She then turns to marish.

WOMAN You -- will not win.

Marish smiles, but all for not as she jabs her fingers into his throat.

His eyes widen as a burning sensation takes hold in his esophagus. From the crowds point of view, they can see a red glow from her fingers until finally -- he falls to the ground unconscious.

WOMAN (CONT'D) (To all) You all know who I am. If you wish to live, you will give me haffenon without question -- or your suffering will be legendary.

She walks away back to the hall entrance.

A rumble shakes the ground which causes the followers to sway side to side.

The demons then make them all corral together, and walk in silence to the hall entrance as well.

EXT. CAVERN HALL - ENTRANCE - PERPETUAL NIGHT

As all emerge outside, the skies are blackened. Lightening strikes random pockets of the surrounding trees. Each person's face holds terror as they watch their beloved skies now as a pool of night.

The demons lead the procession of magicians, sorcerers, along a dirt road to an opening in the ground. Fire, smoke, and heat emanate from within which frightens them.

A crude banner displays a symbol: "Gate of paradise."

From their point of view. A demon topped with horns pushes in the first person into the opening. A scream, then another person, and another.

There is little hesitation in the demon's mannerisms. A few more demons share the load, and pick up people to throw them in as well.

Screams abound the now cursed forests.

WOMAN This is your new home, get used to it.

Marish is next.

WOMAN (CONT'D) Your actions have damned them all marish. But you and I have unfinished business.

A demon picks marish up, and tosses him in.

She looks at his face then smiles derisively, as she waves to him falling.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Too bad.

She watches him disappear in the fire, and the whirlpools of energy within the pit.

As the last of the followers are thrown in, the demons stand in a line like soldiers in front of their superior.

> WOMAN (CONT'D) Any sign of him?

> > DEMON

None your highness. It's as if his presence has been completely wiped out of existence.

WOMAN

(Grits her teeth) Get all of the legions ready, take to the skies, and search the earth. His energy can be seen within the clouds and on the ground. Find him!

DEMON

Yes your highness.

WOMAN

Sarantrasi is about ready to rise. Make sure the mountain top is free of the humans. Kill them all.

DEMON

Your highness.

He bellows out loud, and then with a quick reflex, jumps to the night skies with his fellow demons following.

She watches them fly away to the turmoil of black clouds and lightening. Then stares into the pit, and jumps in herself.

The ground closes up over her, healing itself until a small blister is left.

Another lightening strike hits the blister, and seals it completely, which then dissolves the view to . . .

INT. CAVERN HALL - TEN YEARS LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

A sound of footsteps click on the dark floor. Torches are still lit, which give the hall a rather ominous accent. The view moves to the floor which is still shiny and clean, where a pair of sandaled feet walk to the large trial pillar.

A hem of a cloak is seen as the stranger kneels to the floor. His hand rubs the stone, trying to feel a presence. Then -he utters a few strange words.

The floor, then cracks and breaks like brittle aged concrete.

A slight mist escapes from the opening.

His fingers begin to dig at the stone, removing them to clear it more to reveal Haffenon's body lying within the makeshift grave.

As he stops, he checks his vitals, haffenon is not alive, his skin is withered, wrinkled from time passing.

The stranger then places his hand on his chest.

A low dim glow pulses as he utters another set of strange words.

A few seconds pass, until his chest rises and falls. His eyes open slightly, then he coughs dust, which then turns to spit, and phlegm.

As haffenon struggles to breathe the stranger speaks to him softly . . .

STRANGER

Do not speak.

More coughing.

Suddenly, haffenon's skin clears, and fills the wrinkles to show more healthy life. His hands flay as he tries to get himself out of the hole.

> STRANGER (CONT'D) Easy, do not struggle.

HAFFENON

Where am I?

A wall nearby crumbles instantly.

STRANGER

I said do not speak. Keep silent. Your voice is now your weapon. Just breathe, breathe.

Haffenon now breathes more slow and steady. He opens his eyes to see a person kneeling beside him.

HAFFENON

Wh --

Haffenon then remains silent as the stranger helps him out of the hole.

From a room point of view, they are the only one's alone in the grand hall.

Haffenon coughs some more to clear the cob webs.

Then . . .

INT. CAVERN HALL - HOURS LATER

Haffenon sits on a nearby stone bench. The stranger is in front of him as he finishes his tale on what has happened to the earth.

Haffenon then leans over, and throws up.

The stranger removes a hood to reveal a young looking person, (40's). Then he reaches into his cloak to grab a water bag. He hands it to haffenon.

STRANGER

My name is Tyomi.

Haffenon looks up for a second, then leans again to throw up some more.

TYOMI

I am sorry your trial was interrupted. But the pillar was the last part. Since marish buried your body, he did however protect your consciousness in case you were compromised.

Haffenon is about to speak, when Tyomi places a hand on his mouth.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Please, don't make a sound. Remember, you are no longer human. You are a necromancer.

Haffenon's eyes widen, and then removes tyomi's hand.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Use the gift of Ghasi to speak with me.

At first Haffenon can only shake his head side to side in silence.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Use your hands as your writing tools. Like Marish does when he speaks with you.

Haffenon then raises his hand and waves it.

Nothing.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Try to envision what your see as writing.

Haffenon tries again. This time, a few words appear as warbled energy, but they are incoherent.

Frustration overcomes haffenon as his fist hits the bench.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Don't worry, it will come to you soon enough.

Tyomi stares at haffenon's hair, which is still dark. But sees a few hairs which start to whiten on their own. His facial expression causes haffenon to take notice.

He then uses his hands to gesture to tyomi.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Your hair. Haffenon reaches for his scalp, and touches his head. But then, sees a few white hairs forming.

Haffenon's mouth is agape as he watches his hair turn to the blanc` color.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Nice look.

Haffenon flips him the finger.

TYOMI (CONT'D) At least you got your humor back. You'll need it.

Haffenon gets up and starts to walk to the entrance of the hall. Tyomi follows him.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Where are you going?

Haffenon waves his hand.

The letters form some more incoherent words behind himself.

Tyomi grins.

Both exit.

EXT. CAVERN HALL - ENTRANCE - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Haffenon looks up to see the skies dark. No sunlight is seen in any part of the chaotic mess. Tyomi joins him and also stares up.

TYOMI

It has been like this for ten years. No light, no sun, nothing. All except an endless heat which roams over the earth each day. But with this sky you can't tell what day is what or passed on. Only through windup clocks.

Haffenon shakes his head at this new mystery.

To his left, local stragglers use horse powered carts to transport what little food they can find.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Come. We must leave this place.

He nudges haffenon forward passing derelicts wearing torn clothes. Their faces show absolute despair in the ongoing darkness.

EXT. COAL MINE - HOURS LATER

Haffenon, tyomi walk to an entrance of a mine where a procession of slaves walk along a dirt road out of the mine entrance. Demons stand guard as they whip each one as they exit. Tyomi keeps them both well hidden amongst the broken slaves.

A crude hand made sign shows: "Freedom is nowhere, learn your place, eat your friends."

Tyomi touches haffenon's arm and nods ahead.

From their point of view. A large cage like structure shows hundreds of people within, who are naked. No clothes are worn to hide their modesty.

The view resumes on tyomi. With no hesitation in his movements, he nudges haffenon to a more darker area behind the cage.

A dozen demon flies overhead as patrol.

TYOMI

The constant fear is that humans are food for the god who has awoken. Sarantrasi now lives on top of mecsek mountain as a symbol to his brethren.

Haffenon stops and writes in the dirt:

HAFFENON

There was a woman who interfered with the council's plans. A woman with wings.

TYOMI

She is sarantrasi's herald. A mystical but ruthless individual. Her name is Krusani. Once a marvel of power in the ancient times, but now a carnivorous creature with no bounds to her evil.

Haffenon bows his head to try and grasp his new world.

TYOMI (CONT'D) We must move. If we hesitate for even minutes, the patrols will catch us in no time.

Haffenon nods in acknowledgement, and resumes to walk in the shadows with tyomi.

From their point of view. A large black demon lands right in front of them with so much force, the dust rises up to give them cover.

But when the dust settles, the demon smells the air.

It scans the area side to side as it smells.

In the dark shadows, haffenon, and tyomi run at full speed to escape. In the small distance between them, is the demon which is now running on its hoofed feet.

It roars loudly to alarm others who are in the vicinity.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Damn it. They know we're here.

From a behind view, they run across scattered bones, their feet crunching skulls, leg bones, arm bones, and chest cages.

The demons get closer with each stride they take.

Haffenon's eyes are wide as he sees these immense, and ugly things chasing him.

Dirt plumes up in the air as the hoofed demons make good use of the ground.

Fire erupts from the mountain top of mecsek.

The demons stop to look up, then stare as the fire plows its way through the dark clouds.

Haffenon, and tyomi stop as well to gaze upon this vile miracle.

TYOMI (CONT'D) It's sarantrasi. He is calling all for an assembly. This bought us time.

The demons then leave back to where they started, leaving both tyomi, and haffenon to wander in the darkness.

EXT. ASSEMBLY - MOMENTS LATER

Below at the mountain base, thousand of demons converge to listen at the message which is delivered by Krusani. . .

KRUSANI

Our time has been fulfilled. We are now the only power to keep this world with a tight grip. Sarantrasi, our god has decreed that all humans are to be extinguished, ripped apart, and eaten like animals with no mercy.

The demons in their own way yell loudly to cause the very ground to shake and rumble.

KRUSANI (CONT'D)

We are the rulers here, we -- will show no kindness, no sense of honor to the lowly human species which has kept us in darkness for over twenty thousand years.

As she strides on a stone alter, each demon admires and watches her with absolute love for her. One demon, in particular shows no embarrassment as his loin cloth suddenly rises to salute her.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Our people have been hiding long enough. And now -- my brothers, and sisters, we are the ultimate race to which the humans will come to know as their own -- complete end!

Shouts, and yells bound through out the valley as the demons rejoice to their superior. Some start to fly above the congregation, as others jump to the holding cage where frightened humans cower in groups.

Krusani watches and smiles as she sees her children have fun in the most vile, and contemptible ways one cannot even begin to imagine.

> KRUSANI (CONT'D) That's it, eat! Eat!

In the cage, demons rip apart anyone they catch and begin to feast on their flesh.

While other demons do unspeakable acts to women.

EXT. FROM A DISTANCE - CONTINUOUS

The sounds echo in the night as the terrible screams ring out like a holy bell for their tormentors.

A sound of laughter floats in the air from Krusani.

EXT. NEXT VILLAGE - SOME TIME LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The village is small, packed with thousands of people who wander aimlessly around as if hypnotized by an unknown source.

Tyomi keeps haffenon close to him as they pass the disparaged citizens.

TYOMI

We're close now.

Haffenon spots a woman with a little girl who huddle together in fright.

Then he moves on.

Both come to three stone blocks that hold a large cauldron of brine soup. A low fire warms it as one cook stirs the contents slowly.

A woman pours a bowl, and hands it haffenon.

He takes it, and bows to her for thanks.

They move on.

TYOMI (CONT'D) (Whispers) Don't drink it too fast. The ingredients are not what you think it is.

Haffenon looks down into the bowl to see a few finger nails floating on the surface.

He winces, and puts the bowl down on a lone rock.

Haffenon suddenly feels sick to his stomach, and has to stop.

Tyomi helps him lean over to throw up in relative silence.

TYOMI (CONT'D) This is how it's been for ten years. (MORE) TYOMI (CONT'D) Since sarantrasi's ascension, the world itself seemed to die within days. Plant life, animal life, even the rodents had no chance. The water is basically more salt now than spring tasting. Which is why most of the world's military dwindled because of starvation. The old were the first to go. The children there after. A few as you saw still had a child to hold onto, but give it a few months, she will lose her child too.

Haffenon sits down to ponder his thoughts.

Then without thinking, uses his right hand to write in the air as if it was second nature.

HAFFENON (Writing) What is sarantrasi's objective?

TYOMI

(Surprised smirk) To make this section of the universe his. Nothing else matters in his agenda.

Haffenon continues. . .

HAFFENON

How long until he has declared it fully occupied by his presence?

TYOMI

One century. But one thing remains he did not account for.

HAFFENON

Which is?

TYOMI

You.

Suddenly haffenon realizes his writing is understandable. He looks up to see his own writing warble and float in the air.

A passer by sees it and begins to shout to the others. . .

WITNESS A demon! A demon is here!

TYOMI

We better leave -- now.

The townsfolk start to rampage with sticks, spears, and whatever they can find to fend off their unwanted guests.

Haffenon smiles, but then turns around a corner as a gate starts to close in front of them. Tyomi shakes his head, then utters out loud. . .

TYOMI (CONT'D) Hishu baslisak.

The gate crumbles, and turns to a fine white mist.

The guards step away as haffenon, and tyomi run past them back into the night.

A glow on the horizon helps them.

From behind the crowd point of view. Both haffenon and tyomi run fast as the villagers shout their discontent.

One villager however stands alone, silent as he watches the two depart. He smiles wide, then sneaks away into the shadows.

EXT. OPEN PLAINS - HOUR LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Haffenon looks around the open plains to see nothing but dead shrubs, dirt, and rocks. Tyomi follows along as they huff and puff their breaths from their brisk marathon tryout.

An odd eerie glow illuminates the desert as light for them to travel with.

HAFFENON (Writes in the air) Now where?

TYOMI

Now, we wait.

Continuous writing in the air.

HAFFENON

For what?

TYOMI

A reprieve.

Haffenon slumps forward, and onto his knees.

Tyomi watches him with a worried glance, then turns to notice nothing in any direction.

From his point of view. Only the vast desert which stretches for miles in any direction gives no comfort to their situation.

More writing in the air.

HAFFENON

Where are we?

TYOMI Just a desert. Which was once a grand forest. Now nothing but dead grounds and dry wastelands.

In the far off distance, they can suddenly hear a galloping sound.

The ground slightly rumbles from the hoof clops which get closer to them.

TYOMI (CONT'D) You hear that?

Haffenon only nods.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Perhaps this is what I was waiting for.

Haffenon looks up at him with a bit of confusion.

Then . . .

Below the glowing horizon, about two dozen horses race to their location.

Haffenon suddenly has the urge to get up and run in the other direction.

Tyomi tries to stop him.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Wait! Don't run, you won't make it any way.

Haffenon stops in his tracks fully aware tyomi is right.

A close view to the lead horse's head, its eyes rolling as it moves gracefully across the dry ground bed.

A close view, haffenon tries to control his fear, to be able to defend himself if they are foes.

A full view, tyomi walks to join haffenon who looks rather angrily to the horse mob approaching. The lead rider sees them together, and raises his hand high as he yells. . .

RIDER (Elongated shout) Stop!

Both haffenon, and tyomi stare at such a sight of men. Each wear thick armor, helmets, and protective gear for the horses.

The lead rider signals with four fingers to his fellowmen.

All then surround the two like hunted prey.

From haffenon's and tyomi's point of view. They scan the riders as tyomi asks . . .

Now what?

LEAD RIDER (Observes both narrowly) You are trespassing here.

TYOMI

We apologize. The village we came from was not too friendly.

LEAD RIDER

That village is damned in the first place. Anybody who wanders through is either damned out here, or sold to the demons for food. Seems you two escaped well enough.

TYOMI

Please, we need to get to Furubial Pass.

The leader then removes his helmet to reveal a rather young man, about 40 or so. His hair is dark albeit for a few side burns which have turned grey.

LEAD RIDER Furubial pass? That's only a myth.

TYOMI It is not. I can prove it.

LEAD RIDER

How?

TYOMI By showing you the savior.

Then, the group laughs out loud at the would be joke.

LEAD RIDER

The savior? Another myth. I have heard these stories for ten years from people who claim to know, or have the so called savior. Haffenon approaches very slowly which catches the leaders eye.

LEAD RIDER (CONT'D) (points a crude weapon) Hold it. No further.

Haffenon halts.

LEAD RIDER (CONT'D) Who is this person?

TYOMI He is a friend.

LEAD RIDER Friend huh? With hair like that, I can only guess another so called reader, or a ridiculous prophet.

Tyomi turns to haffenon, and nods once.

The congregation of riders stiffen up unsympathetically to haffenon, as he kneels to the ground. The lead rider watches with curiosity as haffenon waves his hand across the desert floor.

Then suddenly, words start to appear in front of them as warbled energy which forms as: "I am General Haffenon Castillanos, once dead, now reborn as a -- Necromancer."

All the men and horses fidget as if something has spooked them for the first time.

Tyomi simply stares at them, and smirks.

LEAD RIDER (CONT'D) Who -- who is he?

TYOMI Your savior.

EXT. VILLAGE - SOME TIME LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

All come to see who their riders have brought home as they walk between the two rows of horses. Some people jump up to catch a glimpse, while others try to peek through cracks.

INT. VILLAGE CENTRAL HOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

Both haffenon, and tyomi stand in the middle of a circle which is dimly lit by lanterns above them. A circle of village elders surround them to scrutinize for a few seconds before one village elder speaks from the shadows. . .

VILLAGE ELDER

You have traveled quite far to reach this place. To look for the Furubial pass -- correct?

TYOMI

Yes.

VILLAGE ELDER Why can he not speak for himself?

TYOMI

If he does, catastrophic events follow.

A few whispers, and chatter in the shadow.

VILLAGE ELDER If this is true, then let him speak by the ancient way.

Haffenon, kneels to the floor, and uses his hand gracefully to scribe into the floor his words.

The message shows:

HAFFENON I have yet to know what to use for spells.

More whispers.

VILLAGE ELDER

So -- you are the necromancer. A once thought of fable which was killed in the mecsek mountains.

HAFFENON

Yes.

VILLAGE ELDER Why do you seek the furubial pass?

HAFFENON I understand it is only for those who seek knowledge, as well as wisdom.

VILLAGE ELDER Wisdom is not learned easily.

Tyomi tries to see the figures, but he can only make out shapes behind long sheer curtains.

HAFFENON This is the only way for me.

VILLAGE ELDER

I understand, but to enter the pass, you first must die once again to enter the underworld.

Tyomi interrupts. . .

TYOMI But he has died once. Why again?

VILLAGE ELDER

Because it is the nature of the dark arts to help those who seek the ambrosia of magic. Our kind has all been but diminished to extinction.

HAFFENON

Which is why I need to go back to the underworld to learn my skills.

VILLAGE ELDER

Agreed. But -- the trial will be unlike anything you have ever faced. Not even the mecsek trials will compare.

HAFFENON

I understand.

VILLAGE ELDER

Good. Good.

Tyomi looks at haffenon, a little surprised at his frigid expression.

HAFFENON

When do I leave?

VILLAGE ELDER

In one hour. Prepare yourself haffenon. We will call upon you again. Tyomi.

TYOMI

Yes elder?

VILLAGE ELDER

This traverse of dimensions will most likely cause an uproar with sarantrasi, I want you to stay and work with our second in command to help prepare for the worst.

TYOMI

Of course.

Tyomi bows.

Then the council leaves them alone together.

TYOMI (CONT'D) I hope you know what you're doing.

Haffenon smiles half hearted, and taps Tyomi on the shoulder for comfort.

TYOMI (CONT'D) He's right though. What you're going to see -- will -- will. . .

Haffenon waves to the ground.

HAFFENON Stop worrying. I'll be back soon enough. And make our skies blue again.

From a view point above them. They both stand together, in the middle of the circle. A light smoke fills the air from the over head lanterns, which then dissolves the view to . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE CIRCLE GATHERING - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Outside, the entire village gathers around a large stone pillar. At the base of the pillar, haffenon stands alone with the village elders.

From the crowd, tyomi stares at haffenon. . .a Moment, then

TYOMI You better keep safe Haffenon.

HAFFENON (He grins; then brushes his hair with his fingers)(writes) I rather feel like an ordinary man right now.

Tyomi smiles with him. He bows as the people sound their awe at the energetic letters.

VILLAGE ELDER We hereby call upon the old ones. A long forgotten time has come again

to stop our enemy.

The village elders walk around the pillar as they chant out loud some very strange words which even the people cannot understand.

Above them, the dark clouds begin to rumble.

Haffenon looks up to see the skies begin to shape into something circular.

VILLAGE ELDER (CONT'D) Furubial Askant! Verikla Woasban!

The elders get louder in their chanting.

The clouds start to create lightening, and a mass of strikes around the pillar like thousands of javelins hitting the ground in succession.

The ground shakes.

An uncertain change of expression in haffenon's eyes makes him think, what am I doing?

Then . . .

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI - PERPETUAL NIGHT

At the base of the mountain, krusani jumps to her feet like a fire has been lit under her. She then races to the edge of the safety perimeter with demons behind her.

KRUSANI

No! It can't be! No! No!

He rage knows no bounds, as she grabs a behemoth beside her, and crushes its throat with no effort.

Then turns to her minions.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Find him! Find him, and kill him!

All of her demons then take to the skies in the hundreds. Each span out to not hit each other in flight. The skies have now got a little darker with the added shade from the demons flesh.

EXT. VILLAGE CIRCLE GATHERING - VORTEX - FURUBIAL PASS

As haffenon watches the skies, the pillar suddenly flashes a bright white light which nearly blinds everyone.

Tyomi kneels and covers his face as people behind him yelp their fear from such a strange occurrence.

The light dims slightly, as the elder prepares haffenon.

VILLAGE ELDER Step into the pass.

TYOMI This is the furubial pass?

VILLAGE ELDER Yes. A well hidden one I might add. Hurry.

Haffenon steps closer to the eerie light just as the demons scream their anger above the villagers.

People then scream, and run as fast as they can.

The village elder helps haffenon with a rickety old hand.

VILLAGE ELDER (CONT'D) Haffenon, it is your fate to become what this earth has needed most. Fulfill the prophecy.

Then he nudges haffenon into the strange energy just as a demon swoops down, and uses its large talons to grasp the old man by his rib cage.

Blood instantly spews out as he is dragged away into the night sky.

Haffenon disappears.

The light vanishes in a second.

Demons scatter all over to find more victims.

Tyomi hides behind a large boulder to see if the coast is clear.

And his own steel shows in the oblique reference to the ignominy of his way out. Tyomi then dashes across the ceremonial yard, and into the night.

His face shows a sad expression of not being able to help those in need.

The cries fade away as the view blends out.

BLEND TO:

EXT. PIER - UNDERWORLD - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Haffenon stands alone amongst fire, sulphur, dark skies above, and a smell which can curl the hairs of the most resilient warrior.

He scans from side to side to see nothing but endless lands of jagged rocks, and deep red with purple skies.

In the distance, he can hear bells approaching his position.

He hides behind a large boulder.

EXT. CART WHEELS

The cart wheels rotate slowly across the cobble stone road, a small bell on the cart rings out with a bright but a cheery tone.

Haffenon, sneaks a peek.

On the riders bench, a lone male rides the cart up to the pier and stops and waits patiently.

Then . . .

Sir, you are waiting for me I presume?

Haffenon ducks out from behind the rock, knowing full well he cannot escape.

RIDER (CONT'D) Ah, haffenon castillanos. The council is waiting for you.

Haffenon walks up cautiously to the cart as he scans side to side again.

RIDER (CONT'D) Do not worry, you are safe here. And you can speak in this realm.

HAFFENON

How can I now?

RIDER

In the underworld, one's magic is nullified completely until the time of the training.

HAFFENON How long do I have to stay here?

RIDER Approximately five thousand years.

HAFFENON

(Startled) What? I can't stay here that long, what about the earth and the

people? We . . .

RIDER

I assure you, the time spent here will not have any impact with the earth. If you have to look at it one way, one thousand years, is about an hour time span on earth. Haffenon relaxes a bit more with this confusing, but obvious enigma.

The rider gestures for him to get aboard.

Haffenon then climbs up to join the rider's side.

HAFFENON

Who are you?

RIDER Me? Just a lonely messenger with a few more pick ups.

HAFFENON How long will that take?

RIDER Oh -- about five years.

HAFFENON

Shit.

RIDER (laughing) Just kidding.

From a behind point of view. The cart rolls on down the cobblestone road where jagged mountains are shown as majestic behemoths.

Dead trees accent the road way as the two ride on to the main metropolis where haffenon will make his mark in history.

EXT. METROPOLIS CITY - GRAND ARENA - UNDERWORLD - TWO THOUSAND YEARS LATER

In a grand arena, thousands of life forms sit in seats to watch the spectacle as demons fly above the arena mouth.

The view moves down to haffenon who is standing in the center of the arena as he listens to the cheering crowds.

Above him, a precipice displays many council members who are looking down.

He raises his hand, the crowds die down in compliance to their superior.

His face is old, ragged, with a long thin beard from his chin. His hair is half gone, but some is kept at the sides to give his old appearance a rather dashing look.

COUNCIL HEAD

For all who have come here. We of the grand council have granted Haffenon -- his chance to demonstrate his skills to us for grading. For the past two thousand years, our scholars have taught this young one the fine arts of necromancy to hone his intellect, as well as his corporeal mind set. Never have we seen such devotion in a human being. Now watch the results as he battles his last obstacle. The -- Diocratis!

The entire arena cheers, and claps as a large massive gate opens upwards to reveal a rather monstrous creature.

It has a body which is half the size of the arena itself. With large talons on its feet, and a hide so thick, you would need a full barrage of missiles to even dent it.

Haffenon looks worried.

HAFFENON

Holy shit.

He looks to his left, and sees the cart (Trainer-helper) driver giving him the thumbs up.

Haffenon grins self-deprecatingly, but persists to win against such odds.

The creature takes a step, which causes the ground to shake so bad, haffenon stumbles and falls backwards.

INT. ARENA - CROWD VIEW

The council above, then sit just at the edge to get a good show. Next to them is a lone female who watches under a hood.

INT. ARENA - FIGHT TIME

Haffenon sticks out his hands, and loudly calls . . .

HAFFENON

EVATI NORTA SENIA!

High above the arena, meteor like orbs fall to the creature with incredible speed. As each one hits, they bounce off and roll away which makes the diocratis more angry.

It veers to haffenon, and spits fire from his mouth with great force.

Haffenon, rolls out of the way just as the hem of his shirt catches fire.

As he sees the fire, he rips his shirt off, and runs around the diocratis's feet.

But as it lifts its foot high, Haffenon rolls out of the way just as it smashes down with enough force to cause a wave across the arena dirt.

Haffenon rides it.

He stands up to face it again.

He raises his hands again.

HAFFENON (CONT'D) DORTIS! UNDILAN! NUCREA!

Suddenly the ground shakes and rumbles violently.

An opening cracks like a glass window hit with a rock, then . . . Hundreds of skeletal bodies emerge out with heavy weapons of swords, spears and the like.

They swarm the diocratis with no mercy.

It moves side to side to use its force of motion to have each one slide off and come at it again.

Haffenon watches as his dead army make good use of their swords.

He stares blankly back to the day he died in battle.

He smiles.

The diocratis succeeds by knocking off the nuisances, and steadies itself in front of haffenon once more.

Its head dips and licks a few open wounds.

Haffenon then walks to his right, as the skeletal army waits close by.

The crowd cheers louder.

On the precipice, the council leader watches emotionless as Haffenon, and the skeletal army pass across the diocratis's path.

Then . . .

It charges full force.

Haffenon gestures for his army to attack again, which interrupts the diocratis from his charge.

Haffenon, then closes his eyes for a few seconds.

He opens them to reveal his eyes are now fully blackened whites and all.

He opens his mouth. . .

HAFFENON (CONT'D) ~ Werial hurasin iarla.~

The crowd stops cheering.

The diocratis stops in mid stride, and tries to take a breath.

Its feet begin to incoherently sway side to side as its mouth opens to gasp for air. The skeletal army retreats back into the ground.

The diocratis kneels as its skin starts to emulsify to a foamy ooze, then to a fine ash.

It then spits out piles of chunky flesh which burns in mid air.

The crowd cheers again as the creature dies with just three words.

The diocratis then flops to its side, and turns to ash completely. Which then floats to the dark skies above.

Now the arena are on their feet cheering for haffenon, and his victory.

The council members also stand to give their respect to the victor.

The view blends out.

BLEND TO:

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - NEXT DAY

From haffenon's point of view. He watches small fire fly like creatures hovering around a black lotus plant. Each take a dip to the leaves of the plant, and wither away, and die.

INTERCUT ALWAYS WITH:

EXT. COUNCIL MEMBERS - CEREMONY - GARDEN

Each council member's faces are drawn back, old, but hold wisdom behind their eyes. Their staffs click on the old path way as they walk past a garden of black roses. A broad alluvial landscape of beauty in the gardens, the council threading through the various plants, and magical creatures.

The atmosphere is high in the gardens, and by a group of onlookers they try peer up over a few taller shoulders at the victor.

Haffenon looks to his left, to a group of scroll men writing down whatever activities is taking place, however boring or trivial.

And, father along, five individuals that stand together wearing black robes swish branches through the air which makes no sense to haffenon what so ever.

Across the gardens down from the council head a small group of women bow to the council with total respect as the council passes. One woman holds out her hand, speaks a few incantations, and a rather beautiful orchid appears in her palm. She then hands it to the council head.

Haffenon stands with an escort among the elite mages and sorcerers. In anticipation, he wipes his chin with his palm because of the unusual royal treatment he is receiving.

As he stares for a moment, a long beat. He slowly moves forward with his escorts without taking his eyes off of the council who inches closer.

Haffenon looks from the council to the audience with a slight excitement, a sense of incredulity. As the council nears him, he stands more erect to make his posture more presentable for the aged men.

The council head smiles slowly, and tilts his head just slightly. And now he removes a brilliant emblem broach from within his cloak.

Haffenon waits, staring at him, anticipation in his eyes...

EXT. GARDEN - ABOVE VIEW - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Like a threaded necklace across the darkness of the ground, the crowd moves closer.

EXT. GARDEN - FROM A DISTANT VIEW - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Dead trees -- a totally different terrain -- and again the intercut, this time the ceremony progresses more with a strange light from above the congregation. Beside the ceremony grounds, a large low toned bell hangs from a hook. A person rings it with a large hardened log. Yet -- from a shadow close to the crowd, someone sneaks in.

EXT. STRANGER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The stealthy individual creeps around dark bushes, and the black orchids which blends with his clothing. Ahead of him are other observers who pay no attention to their surroundings.

He then hunkers down close to a wall, where other plants, and dark rocks hide his presence. A small troop of guards walk up a long pathway behind the council members.

Featuring the troops. All are demon creatures with a leader which looks viciously angry for some reason. He gazes from side to side, as if sensing something in the air.

DEMON LEADER (To the crowd) Move! Clear a path for the council.

He swings his clawed right hand, not lethally, but with a threatening motion to the guests. The demon soldiers look equally angry and deliberately move closer to the council to protect them.

The guests steps back with a slight bit of caution and respect.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THE GROUNDS - PERPETUAL NIGHT

A shadow of a large creature slowly moves across the floor of the underworld, a sense of tension and foreboding. A wing flap heaves the dirt from the ground as it moves closer to the ceremony.

EXT. GARDEN - PERPETUAL NIGHT

From haffenon's point of view: In the distance behind large dark clouds his eyes spot something for an instant, but dismisses it as he continues to watch his council approach. From the crude bell, the tolls begins.

EXT. COUNCIL MEMBERS - PERPETUAL NIGHT

A close up view. As their aging feet helps them move closer to haffenon, the view pulls back to show the background and the dark clouds where an uninvited guest lurks for the moment.

The council leader lifts his head.

COUNCIL HEAD

It is time to acknowledge our new brother to the underworld. (Murmur) We ask to give your thanks to our new savior... (Slight Chatter) Who is now closer to his destined path. (Closer) And to help release Marish from his anguished bonds.

The whispers get louder which turn to gleeful cheers.

He looks up.

EXT. IN THE DISTANCE - HIS POINT OF VIEW - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The dark clouds separate, to reveal a massive flying creature which is now diving down to the ceremony. The council head, simply stares at the behemoth with no surprise in his eyes.

EXT. FLYING DEMON - PERPETUAL NIGHT

It lunges down to the tiny specks of demons, humanoids, and other forms of life. Haffenon who is close by runs to the council head at full speed. His distance shortens as the leader looks at haffenon, then smiles.

COUNCIL HEAD

It was meant to be haffenon. Now my life can end with its final...

But he does not have a chance to say his last words as a pillar of fire expels from the flying demon's mouth. The flame touches down, and engulfs his body with so much heat and force that he evaporates in seconds.

Haffenon stares in awe of such power.

Behind him, the strange intruder lurks with purpose out of the shadows behind him.

As a feeling, haffenon turns around to see his opponent still in dark clothes.

HAFFENON

Who are you?

ASSASSIN

My enemy.

Haffenon loudly says an incantation.

HAFFENON

Sereeva asil!

On the assassin's arm his flesh is flayed off instantly.

But it does not sway his resolve to kill haffenon.

ASSASSIN You cannot stop our god. Not in this millennium.

HAFFENON

Then you cannot leave.

ASSASSIN

Why should I?

Above the flying demon casts down more fire around the ceremonial grounds which causes explosions so ferocious, the walls explode which sends debris everywhere.

Haffenon ducks along with the assassin.

CUT TO:

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI - CELLS - PERPETUAL NIGHT

She walks down a long corridor as various voices scream out in the dark. Gurgling, choking sounds from cells give her emotions the needed lift she desperately wants in her present mood.

Krusani passes a forge where dozens of human slaves throw combustible stones, and coal in a raging furnace which is carved into the mountain wall. The opening is massive which dwarfs the slaves by fifty feet.

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI - CELLS

She stops at one cell and peers inside the room to see Marish in a corner clutching himself in fear. His body shakes badly from his loneliness, and certainly not from the air which is heated beyond human tolerances.

KRUSANI

Seems your -- friend might not make it in time to save you. But -- this makes me very happy to know that your death will be legendary to our god soon enough.
Marish peers over his left arm slightly with tear stained eyes to see her marvelous beauty. Yet still harbors an evil he has never before faced.

> KRUSANI (CONT'D) Tears? What passive emotions. I thought all necromancers shed emotions before the trials. Seems your bound heart to the ancient ways have wavered. What a waste.

A scream from a nearby cell which makes Krusani smile brightly.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) (Tease, demure) That is how you will sound when your flesh is torn away with barbed hooks. To see your inner being makes me -- tingle all over.

She then walks away.

Marish grimaces severely, and clutches tighter.

Featuring the torture room. Krusani walks in to see many prisoners bound against a wall.

An interrogator approaches Krusani.

INTERROGATOR

Your highness.

KRUSANI What have you learned?

With a deep voice...

INTERROGATOR The underworld has been breached by our Holasrik.

KRUSANI

And?

KRUSANI

(Tension, gritted teeth) I don't care about them, what about the human?

INTERROGATOR We don't know. Our spies say he was killed in the attacks. But they do not have a body.

Beside her, a rack is shown arms that hang on dirty metal hooks.

From another angle. Five naked people whimper and cry as a demon which carries a red hot poker slowly walks in a sideways motion as he leers at the prisoners menacingly.

Krusani spots him, then walks to the demon to watch his work.

KRUSANI

(exasperated) Why must I always the one to do the menial tasks?

She grabs the rod, and then shoves it in the chest of a male prisoner.

His screams echo through out the room which frighten other prisoners.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Seems this one has spunk in him. Look at how his eyes wander side to side as if to look for help. Rather discouraging.

INTERROGATOR

I agree.

She grips the rod tighter, and starts to swing it down on his head with no mercy.

KRUSANI (Amused, but disconcerted, swinging) Why me? Why me?!! Why me?!!

The interrogator looks baffled by her demeanor, then sees her outstretched hand with the rod. She drops it.

Krusani then takes controlled breaths to calm herself as she wipes her hands off on the demons skin.

He looks down to her as if to say, "Up yours."

Close up view. Krusani. Her face shows a more gentle composure now as she turns to walk away. The interrogator follows her with his eyes only.

> KRUSANI (CONT'D) I want news of when his body is found. Because when I come back, I expect to see it in chains.

INTERROGATOR

Your highness.

He bows quickly as she leaves.

Close view. Interrogator. His red blood shot eyes show a reflection of Krusani exiting. His grey, and blotchy skin show blemishes, puss, and scabs. A few wispy hairs give his appearance only a child of hell could love.

As a few screams continue, the view goes black, and sudden silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN - AFTERMATH - PERPETUAL NIGHT

High. The view is blurred until a form of the ground is seen, and the area is surrounded by fire, and chaos. People run in the night as they scream for their lives as the flying demon circles around.

The view pulls in quick to the ground, and haffenon.

He is lying on the ground unconscious with fires and smoke in the air. Nearby his position, his assassin is dead by a rock which has embedded within his frontal part of his skull.

His dead eyes show a startled expression.

In the background, a woman's foot is seen walking through the debris. Haffenon's eyes try to focus.

He tries to get up, but his arms feel extra heavy as if someone has nailed his hands to the ground.

The woman gets closer.

His breathing is heard through his eye sight of her feet.

She kneels, but not enough for her face to be seen.

He loses focus again, then blacks out.

EXT. TRAIL - HOURS LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

A hand cart rolls across the cobble road far enough away from the chaos of the ceremony grounds. Fires reach up to the night sky and lick clouds with immense pillars of fire.

The female rescuer's shadow in only seen as a silhouette.

Then, as a final explosion occurs, it rocks the underworld like a nuclear hit as debris, and fire expand out like a great ring.

She covers Haffenon, and ducks under the cart for protection.

She then releases a wooden flap which gives her cover.

The wave passes above them with a whistling sound, like creatures screaming high notes.

Soon as it subsides, she gets back up, and resumes to pull the cart.

Behind view. The back of the cart is seen with haffenon's covered body. The wooden wheels clack against the stone road as she climbs up a small knoll.

And as she goes over it, the view dissolves to:

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HUT - DAYS LATER

Inside, haffenon sleeps on a soft bed and is covered by a thick blanket. A fire crackles which wakes him up suddenly.

His eyes open, and he sits up rather quickly.

He looks at his hands, then around the room which has nobody inside except him.

He spots a bowl on a table, then uncovers to run over and see if it is edible. Though he is naked, his modesty is not the problem, but hunger.

As he eats the contents, he does not hear the door open behind him.

The rescuer walks in with sly steps.

All she can see is his rear end, which to most women would seem rather alluring to their eyes.

He eats without reservation as she removes her clock, it is Orsolya.

ORSOLYA

Well, seems we are much better.

He spins around with the bowl in his hands.

HAFFENON

Orsolya? How?

She looks up to his face in a sheepish way. Her face is flushed red as he does not realize that he is still naked in front of her.

> ORSOLYA Um... I do have ways to come to the underworld in case of emergencies. (MORE)

113.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) I have been here since the attack on mecsek mountain.

His voice is choked and near to tears to see her lovely face. With a resonant agony his words he asks...

HAFFENON

Andras?

ORSOLYA Dead. Killed by Krusani.

HAFFENON

I'm sorry.

ORSOLYA Her -- way is beyond normal evil.

HAFFENON

There was an assassin at the ceremony for my final ascension.

ORSOLYA

He was dead also. Most likely from the holasrik.

HAFFENON

Holasrik.

ORSOLYA The demon which leveled the entire area.

Close view. Orsolya. Her gaze reflects to haffenon that she is studying his body from head to foot. Which until he looks down to see himself.

He blushes red.

She smiles.

He rushes to the bed and grabs the covers.

HAFFENON Sorry. Was hungry.

No problem.

As he wraps the blanket around himself, orsolya walks to a fire pit, and grabs a hot pot with a clamp and brings it over to the table.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) Sit. I'll give you some more.

He sits down sheepishly as she dishes out some more of her food to him.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) You still have one final phase to your ascension.

After she finishes, she sets it down on the table and sits across from haffenon with a worried look in her eyes.

HAFFENON

What is it?

ORSOLYA

Marish must make the final transition to your ascension in order for you to become a true necromancer.

HAFFENON

Which is what?

ORSOLYA

(Hesitant) You -- must accept his life force.

Haffenon stares blankly at her. Then looks around at the huts interior slightly suspicious, a touch of inner fear, then back to Orsolya.

HAFFENON He has to die?

Not necessarily die, but -- to a point where his powers are fully given to you. His essence will diminish in time, but he will no longer be the noble the underworld knows him to be.

There is a flicker of pain in his gut, he then hangs his head in disbelief of this revelation.

HAFFENON

Where is he now?

ORSOLYA

In the prison cells in the bowels of mecsek mountain. Deep within the earth.

The cold assurance of the mountain reminds him of his shallow grave. He glances to the fire which also reminds him of the chaos of the ceremony grounds.

He gets up to pace a few steps.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D)

Haffenon, you have the skills now. Only you can stop sarantrasi.

HAFFENON

He is a god. I am sure he'll have many tricks up his sleeve to stop us. It's not like he can't protect himself.

ORSOLYA

It is true, but he doesn't have any sleeves.

HAFFENON

That's not funny.

Wasn't meant to be. He in fact is the size of the mountain itself where he's perched to overlook the earth.

He turns to glance at her.

HAFFENON So how do I defeat him?

ORSOLYA

With life.

His expression shows obvious confusion with her statement. A beat. Orsolya smiles reflectively as haffenon stands alone with the blanket around his body like a roman senator.

He then looks to the ceiling for any kind of answer.

CUT TO:

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI

Within her chambers, krusani sits in front of a fireplace. Its mouth opening is large, enough to engulf a dozen people in one go.

Her eyes stare blankly at the flames.

A knock on her door.

KRUSANI

Enter.

A small woman wearing rather ragged clothes comes in with a tray. She carries it shakily to her tormentor as krusani gets up from her plush chair.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Is my rinchii warm?

SLAVE Yes your highness.

KRUSANI

Place it on the table.

Her slave bows, and walks to a table and sets the tray down gently.

Krusani looks at her with slight admiration to her slave who is so obedient.

SLAVE Will there be anything else your highness?

KRUSANI I wish for some fresh wine.

The slave then glances to her with fear.

KRUSANI (CONT'D)

A problem?

SLAVE Must I -- sacrifice another?

KRUSANI It is your job. Do it.

With a cold hard stare to her slave ...

Her slave bows once, then leaves whimpering.

Krusani grins at her despair.

Then plays with her food to test it. She licks a finger tip, then raises an eyebrow for approval.

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - CELLS - SLAVE

The slave walks into a cell where a female prisoner hunkers close to a wall. She has a knife in her hand which frightens the prisoner.

With total remorse. The slave approaches her slowly as she begs her for forgiveness.

Please! Please forgive me.

The slave kneels down, as the female prisoner whimpers loudly. She then grabs the prisoners frail body, and pulls her close up like a mother to daughter...

Then -- drags the knife across her throat.

With a few gurgles, the slave then reaches behind her, and pulls out a small satchel to allow the prisoners blood to flow in the mouth.

The slave cries freely as she feels some of the blood trickling on her hand and fingers.

Near to breakdown, she feels the prisoner go limp.

SLAVE (CONT'D) (Crushed) I am so sorry.

She looks down to see the poor dead woman's clothes brown and deep red from her ejected blood, but continues to let the life giving liquid drain out of her as she tries to hold back her pent up emotions.

Her eyes scan around the cell, but only sees a now empty room with dark moss in the cracks of the heavy stone bricks. Finger nail marks show a chart of how many days or years this dead prisoner has been in here.

The slave closes her eyes, until the last drop has spilled from the dead woman's neck.

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI

The slave walks back in the room with a shiny clear bottle, where the dark warm liquid is seen through.

Krusani smiles brightly as she sits up.

She then grabs a clear glass and waits for her slave to pour.

And as the slave begins, krusani eyes her slave closely to see any emotions.

KRUSANI Would you like to try some?

Her slave nods no only once in silence.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Pity. It is rather enjoyable.

Her slave looks up at krusani sheepishly. Then, krusani sits down next to her slave no more than five feet away.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) ...our world... we have no such delicacy there... but only lowly demons who have next to no unique qualities in their veins.

Krusani swirls the red liquid slowly as if to scrutinize the bouquet.

Close view. Krusani. Her lips open, and with her lust, her gaze reflects the identity of her nature. Her slave glances up to see the blood enter her mouth, but in doing so, does not spill one precious drop.

EXT. UNDERWORLD - RENEGADES

The view point is near the ground, along a cart trail where in the far off distance, a column of five hundred demons approach, with various other forms of creatures.

The ground shakes with each step they take. Closer now is the view, where sandaled feet is seen. Dust rises up to give slight cover, but being in the middle of an open desert, their way of being seen doesn't matter.

Then... A detail of front renegade troops which carry heavy spears, their legs are thick, muscled, powerful. Most likely the backup if something goes wrong in a would be attack. Next to them is a river of lava which provides warmth for the long cold walk to their objective.

In the underworld, even this realm can be freezing.

INT. HUT - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Haffenon turns his head slowly, his mouth agape at his point of view. An obscurely lit lamp provides some comfort as both hear the odd shakes outside. Like a heavy tromp of footfalls they get closer until suddenly they stop instantly. Haffenon stares at orsolya for a moment, (A heart beating).

There are no sounds, no movements -- just a vast empty silence of waiting silently in the near darkness -- and as the view moves left, a spear rips through the huts wall like a knife through butter.

HAFFENON

(Awed, a little frightened) Move! Duck down!

ORSOLYA How did they find us so quickly?

HAFFENON

Who the hell cares, just keep down.

With the commotion and the sounds of war cries outside, haffenon and orsolya make it to the back door as more spears make their way through the walls.

Haffenon stares at the spear which embeds in a nearby stone. A touch of inner fear, then the view moves on to orsolya.

ORSOLYA

Surrounded.

HAFFENON What was your first clue? A flicker of humor in her eyes as she reaches for the handle on the door. Another glance back as more spears enter, then...

EXT. HUT

Outside the renegade make good use of their weapons as they throw with pin point accuracy. But they are however missing the two targets altogether.

Orsolya lifts her hands up to their foes.

ORSOLYA

Fakishia!

A large bellow of energy expels from her palms, which then traverse the front line with a blast that removes the upper torso of their enemy.

Haffenon's eyes widen at this sight.

HAFFENON

Holy shit.

The enemy now advances forward to cut off any means of escape as they continue with their barrage of spears.

Haffenon closes his eyes, and suddenly an umbrella like shield erects around both of them which cause the spears to simply bounce off like toothpicks.

Haffenon smiles reflectively, and the troops suddenly begin to buzz more with ferocity. Already a slight victory on their part -- but short lived as the lines move forward again, making a tighter circle around the hut.

Then...

Haffenon places his hands on the ground, then utters words (whispering) them.

Orsolya cannot hear it, but she can now feel the ground shake violently.

A crack forms.

Then another.

It spider webs across the dirt floor making their enemy push back in total surprise.

The rumbles become more intense.

Then the cracks become caverns to precipices which reveal the under bed of lava, brimstone, and sulphur. Flame licks up out of the cracks like wagging tongues.

The renegades now realize their predicament and begin a hasty retreat.

Haffenon sits crossed legged on the ground, as his body is surrounded by an eerie orange glow. He opens his eyes to allow whoever looks into them to see nothing but a pure red pulsing light.

Above them all, speck like orbs fall from the darkened skies.

As they get closer, their size grows to car sized boulders which are on fire.

EXT. OPEN DEATH BED

As the renegades retreat, the falling red fire balls hit the ground which cause great shock waves that knock them back or evaporate them in seconds.

Fires erupt in all directions, which cut off any means of escape. Screams of torment begin as some are lit on fire and run into the dark night.

EXT. HAFFENON - ORSOLYA

As they watch, orsolya witnesses it all with awe. Her hand is on haffenon's shoulder as each ball makes contact, and destroys the front lines as if they were nothing.

Blast after blast each ball leaves nothing except a dark scorched hole in the ground, along with body parts.

And as the enemy dies off so does the barrage of makeshift meteors, until...

EXT. TILLED FIELD OF DEATH

Nothing remains except burnt out husks of what was the enemy lines. Smoldering bodies lay side by side, some still on fire. But never the less -- a grave yard of stinking flesh.

EXT. AFTERMATH

Haffenon releases the shield over them, and both walk amongst the dead. Orsolya still grasps his arm as they walk side by side to check for possible survivors.

None are left alive.

ORSOLYA My god. Your power has grown.

HAFFENON

For how long?

Orsolya stares at him for a moment wondering how to take that comment.

ORSOLYA

I'm sorry.

HAFFENON

I'm not sorry at all.

His voice contains anger, more than she's noticed in a long while.

There is a firm assertiveness in his attitude towards his new life. A more steely grain that has taken hold of his psyche from a mere warrior, to a full blown user of the dark arts.

ORSOLYA What do we do now?

HAFFENON

Seems someone has been stalking us since the ceremony grounds.

ORSOLYA So where do we go now?

HAFFENON

Back home.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN MASS GRAVE - HOURS LATER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

From a precipice, demons throw down dozens of skeletal remains into a large open pit of bones. Lightening strikes in random spots to add for the evil accent.

Thousands upon thousand of dry limbs lay on top of each other like a blanket to keep each other company.

Suddenly, an eerie light engulfs the area with a strange flash. The demons look behind themselves to see it, and two people emerge out of the illuminated shell.

Haffenon stares at them with next to no emotion in his eyes.

The demons drop what they carry, and begin to advance to them.

With a wave of his hand, a bright light engulfs the area to...

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI

She stands alone among her subordinates, watching how they take pride in their work of torturing their victims.

Until...

Her eyes widen, and she stops her brood.

KRUSANI

Stop!

The screams continue from the victims, but krusani ignores them as she advances towards her slaves.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) He's back. I want word sent to all forces that the necromancer has returned, and send them to the Juni grave.

Without hesitation, all demons fly out of the cell area with great haste.

Krusani smiles brightly as picks up a hatchet. Then moves slowly to the shivering prisoners, and begins to chop at anyone she sees fit...

CUT TO:

EXT. OPEN MASS GRAVE

Haffenon sits crossed legged on the ground as he concentrates in his meditation. Behind him a mass of flying demons approach that screech their joy of attacking soon.

Orsolya looks back to see them come in like an oversized swarm of bees.

ORSOLYA

Oh my god.

Haffenon writes in the air now since he is out of the underworld.

HAFFENON

Stay calm.

The view pulls away to reveal the demons in full strength coming in. A verdant pitch of darkness airs around them as thousands of bright red eyes are seen in the swarm itself.

Orsolya kneels to the ground as the wind from their wings cause dust to rise up behind them.

ORSOLYA Um, if you are gonna do something it should be now haffenon.

Writes on the ground:

HAFFENON

Scared?

ORSOLYA

Yes, shit less I might add.

He smiles. Then he looks up to see the large flying mass approaching.

HAFFENON

Ungila Hyatari!

His voice trails away as an echo with his final word.

Then...

On the ground, cracks open which splits the earth to reveal an orange glow. Then a wall of stone ejects out which blocks the path of the demons in seconds.

Next, a fence line barrier follows in front of haffenon as protection to those demons which land on the ground, and begin to advance.

Then, haffenon utters out loud...

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Hilani Korosanik.

One by one, demons which are identical to their enemy pops into existence, and charges forward with swords in their clawed hands to attack haffenon's enemy.

Orsolya smirks.

ORSOLYA What the hell?

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON

A perfect fit to fight each of themselves.

ORSOLYA

Identical demons?

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON

Opposites. One with death on their minds, and the other with life.

Haffenon looks up. A demon circles overhead as look out. He Writes to Orsolya...

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Seems someone is interested in us.

He points up.

Orsolya spots the demon.

EXT. FLYING RECON - CONTINUOUS

It circles above as the demon watches the action below. It remains calm. The view moves to the creatures eyes right up until its pupils are seen up close.

Then...

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI

Krusani stares at one spot, her demon's eyes are her eyes as she observes the fight through them. Her fists tighten at the audacity of haffenon's sudden victory. But soon to be short lived.

KRUSANI

Damn him.

She shakes off her concentration of her connection to her remote flying demon.

Thirty thousand strong fidget for action in front of her, as well as a few thousand flyers above which circle in a mesh of a complicated net.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Our enemy comes to us. An ancient relic which has no use against our god. We -- are the new era, we -are the life force which gives you all your freedom. Now -- show us your resolve to rid this world, of the vile filth which wants to taint our god. All are free! Kill everything! Kill the human race! Kill -- the planet!

The army then screams their war cries with lust as Krusani scans side to side to see their eyes which hold a hardened stare.

Revenge fils the air as the army now marches out with heavy footfalls.

Krusani has en expression of pride among her subordinates.

One demon slave approaches her.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) What is it?

DEMON SLAVE Your highness. Sarantrasi wishes am audience with you.

She quickly glances to her demon.

Then...

EXT. VILLAGE CENTRAL HOUSE - SOME TIME LATER

Haffenon approaches the elders who have survived the previous attacks after Haffenon's traverse to the underworld.

Tyomi stands proud to see haffenon again.

TYOMI

My friend. Good to see you still in one piece.

Haffenon writes in the air ...

HAFFENON The tests like you said, was -different.

TYOMI

We heard about the trouble in the underworld.

ORSOLYA

An assassin was sent in to kill him. But the ceremony grounds are decimated.

TYOMI

(Genuine emotion) A sad shame. Those grounds have stood the test of time though out the ages.

ORSOLYA

So -- if haffenon was to transfer his powers to another, what would replace the trials?

VILLAGE ELDER

There will never be any more trials. Since the holy grounds are destroyed, haffenon is the only necromancer left along with Marish. Who is still imprisoned in mecsek mountain.

We have to get him out.

VILLAGE ELDER Impossible. Most if not all of the armies have sortied. They are on their way now to destroy everything in their paths.

TYOMI I know a way into the mountain. But it's risky.

ORSOLYA We'll take it.

Tyomi approaches haffenon, and taps his shoulder like a prideful brother.

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - CELLS

Demons run from one cell to another killing each inside without mercy. The view moves down the dark hall to a more fortified cell where Marish is held.

INT. CELL - MARISH

He hears their relentless screams that echo like a wave. He places his hands on his ears as a woman screams so loud, her throat muscles give way to nothing but silence.

He shakes in his cell, his body looks frail, ready to break by even a small tap of someone's touch.

He closes his eyes and waits for his turn.

Demons scream and cheer as they enjoy their free time to kill.

Featuring the cell door. Krusani stands at the entrance who now stares at marish with certain satisfaction in her eyes.

Marish spots her.

KRUSANI

Seems your so called student has come back from the underworld to try and stop this era from forming. I always thought the humans were weak, now with our army in full force, that statement can hold its cement firmly. He cannot win against our numbers, no matter what he's learned. His powers are only half full since you are his catalyst. But rest assured, if he makes it here -- I want him to watch me cut out your heart and feed it to our god before we kill him.

Tears flow down Marish's cheeks. His eyes hold fear, anger, and anxiousness to see his best friend once more before his demise.

Krusani moves to the side to allow a demon to approach with a prisoner in its clutches.

Marish looks at the frightened prisoner, when all of a sudden, the demon's claws dig into his top part of his cranium, and pulls it in such a way, his brain follows.

Marish nearly throws up.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) This is what will happen to your protege. Burn it into your feeble mind Marish.

Then she walks away.

The demon drops the body, then follows his superior.

EXT. ON THE MOVE - BACK TO MECSEK MOUNTAIN - PERPETUAL NIGHT

In front of haffenon, a line of twenty thousand warriors, follows behind him. Orsolya is on horseback as well as tyomi.

A guard leads haffenon across the rough, unrefined ground. He comes to haffenon a bit closer as a fleeting glimpse of orsolya passes him.

Close view. Haffenon looks at her back with admiration.

GUARD

Sir.

Haffenon glances to his guard.

GUARD (CONT'D) Over the ridge.

Haffenon moves his gaze to a ridge about ten miles away.

A large dust cloud rises above the edge.

Now a full view for the first time. Krusani's army peaks over the top, and the flyers raze across over them as they screech their war cries.

> TYOMI My god. Haffenon, I hope you learned enough to dent this.

Haffenon grins, and it elicits a little grin from Orsolya.

ORSOLYA (affectionately) His will is more than enough.

Tyomi laughs.

TYOMI

I'm sure.

All begin to laugh as the army approaches menacingly faster. Orsolya turns to her guards.

ORSOLYA

Get ready!

The guards turn to their small army and raise flags.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - NEW ERA BEGINS - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The armies then split off to meet each other with weapons, and other forms of handy melee items. Behind the front lines however, are the village elders who begin to enchant the entire field.

Above, the demon fliers swoop down to their targets.

Clash of metal rings out as each engage one another without mercy.

Haffenon, moves to his left as he holds out his hand as he whispers...

From his palm, a blast of energy hit a group of demon which cause them all to explode to tiny bits of meat pieces.

Orsolya hacks away with a sword onto a demons chest, which opens him up to expose his innards, then she moves on as the demon slowly goes to his knees with a surprised look.

Tyomi. He makes an arc in the air, which causes a rain fall of acid which starts to burn nearby demons.

They fall, and melt away to puddles as they scream.

By the village elders, demons find a few targets, and slash across their necks which decapitate them instantly.

As they move on, the elders call out their incantations which makes the ground shake violently.

Pillared rocks eject from the ground, and topple on their sides which is in line with the front lines of their enemy.

Then, the elder uses his forceful magic to propel them forward as rolling pins. The ground rumbles as they roll on and over the ground army.

They get flattened as the pillars mow through.

HAFFENON (To the demons that fly) Glashikan!

Behind the call, millions of pin like metal ingots are thrust to the flying demons.

EXT. SKY WAY DEMON FLIERS

The ingots then embed in their skulls, body, legs, wings, anywhere they cannot dodge too well.

Soon they start to fall to the ground as dead weight. One by one, they drop out of the sky which clears the way on the ground for a more fierce clash.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Haffenon moves out of the way as a few dead demons hit the ground with a hard thud. The battle gets worse as now the front demon lines tighten, and then push forward.

Haffenon is suddenly becomes afraid of the numbers, but instead closes his eyes.

He kneels to the ground.

Tyomi sees him.

TYOMI

Haffenon!

Orsolya also sees him.

She then slashes a few demons, then runs to haffenon.

The village elders cast a spell which helps clear her way.

A sudden burst of energy spreads out which causes the front lines to back off in total surprise.

Orsolya weaves and bobs through the dark mob.

The view follows her in slow motion. A heart beat sounds.

Clash of swords continue with the warriors. Sparks fly from some, while blood spurts from others.

Orsolya nearly reaches haffenon who is being overwhelmed, but in the midst of her rescue, a random sword slashes down across her back which causes blood to spew outwards like a geyser.

Her eyes are wide.

Heart beats get louder.

A breath from her lips.

She falls forward as her attacker slashes again, this time -buries the sword straight through until the sword tip ejects out of her chest.

She looks down to notice the tip sticking out.

Tyomi. His face shows him screaming silently her name.

She falls down onto her stomach.

The demon behind her, removes the sword, then slashes again to finish her off.

Yet within that slash ...

An enormous blast of energy waves across the ground which sends haffenon's would be captors in all directions like rag dolls.

On the ground, Orsolya looks up to see haffenon surrounded in a bright orange light.

Tyomi stops to notice this new turn of events.

The two armies stop for a moment to catch their breaths.

Close view on haffenon. His eyes open which reveal nothing but pure blackness.

He utters out loud...

HAFFENON

Karesh Ila Min!

Then, an eerie silence fills the air.

Loud rumbling begins.

Above, the clouds start to roll together like a massive whirlpool. Energy gathers in the rotating center as lightening strikes down with power.

Demons explode in the barrage as they get hit.

The village elders kneel down together in a tight circle as more strikes hit the ground. It's as if the lightening knows what to hit, and what not to.

Demons run, scream, and become afraid of this horrible sight.

Then, the ground opens up to spew lava in seconds which swallow them whole.

They burn, explode, and evaporate where ever they try to run to.

Haffenon's eyes are wide, his skin begins to pale even more to a greyish color. His hair whitens even more until it is so bright, it gives off its own illumination.

One by one, the demon army falls to their deaths by strikes, or lava, or open pits.

The last of the demon fliers fall into open cracks, back to their domain as defeated cast away corpses.

The field is now a chaotic turmoil of fire, brimstone, and dead bodies in nearly every corner.

The event stops, and haffenon closes his eyes for a moment, then opens them to reveal his human side.

He looks around to see the devastation.

Then spots Orsolya.

He gets up, then runs to her very fast.

EXT. ORSOLYA - HAFFENON - CONTINUOUS - PERPETUAL NIGHT

He grasps her gently in his arms as she continues to breathe with difficulty. Her eyes are half closed as she gazes up to haffenon.

ORSOLYA

Ah, seems you got the best of it. I never would have imagined your power this potent before.

His eyes only hold sadness as he tries to speak, but knows better to keep silent.

Instead, tears start to fall down his cheeks.

She reaches up to touch them as they fall.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) Don't be sad. I was enough to give them a good fight. Even though my powers are strong, they can't defeat an entire army like you can.

Tyomi, and all of the others approach slowly, but keep back in such a way as to not to disturb their last conversation.

> ORSOLYA (CONT'D) You are going to be the greatest necromancer in history. I -- can only watch now where I am going to go to.

His tears fall on her cheek, but his gasping breaths let her know of his pain.

ORSOLYA (CONT'D) You are -- a warrior, a great general. Don't -- be sad. Free us -free -- (Dies)

He hugs her close as the last of her heart beats fade away.

The village elders step up to warn haffenon...

VILLAGE ELDER Do not use it haffenon.

Haffenon looks up to the old man.

VILLAGE ELDER (CONT'D) She chose her own destiny. Her last wishes before this battle, was for me to tell you, to never try and revive her like marish did to you.

Haffenon glances down to orsolya who now has a peaceful expression while in his arms. A low flicker of shadows from nearby fires are cast on her cheeks.

He caresses her face a few times, then gently places her down on the ground.

Then stands up to face his now reduced army.

VILLAGE ELDER (CONT'D) It is time. The prophecy has come. Krusani will be ready with an even larger army at mecsek mountain. But to make your powers even more refined, you must find marish.

TYOMI

As I mentioned, I know of a secret entrance. I can get him in.

VILLAGE ELDER If you fail, and krusani eliminates Marish, haffenon can never defeat sarantrasi.

Tyomi nods once, and then faces Haffenon.

TYOMI

Ready?

Haffenon waves his hand once, then a message warbles into existence with:

HAFFENON

For us, for orsolya.

Tyomi smiles, and grabs Haffenon's arm.

The village elder closes his eyes, and utters...

VILLAGE ELDER

Losha Unsial!

Both haffenon, and tyomi flash blink out of existence.

The view rises above the field to show thousands of bodies splayed across the ground like a bed of burnt out coal nuggets.

The view dissolves to ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - REMOTE LOCATION

A flash, then both tyomi and haffenon appear. A low rumble causes the two to look up to see something very dark, and immense at the top of the peak.

Tyomi tries to focus as he gazes.

Then his eyes widen to see something large moving.

TYOMI

Sarantrasi.

Haffenon glances up to see the god itself shrouded in clouds to obscure itself from prying eyes.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Such a sight to see something so -ugly, and -- humongous. The elders didn't say he was actually this big.

Haffenon writes in the air...

HAFFENON

Gods are supposed to fat and eccentric.

TYOMI

(Laughs) Yeah, you're right.

Haffenon turns to tyomi.

HAFFENON

(Gestures, writes) Which way?

Tyomi spots a shadowed area of dead trees. Then as he glances down, he can see a small alcove between two large boulders.

TYOMI

This way.

They move on.

Meanwhile...

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI

From a perch above the base of the mountain, a lone demon flies towards her, then picks a landing spot.

Krusani approaches, yet her expression shows anger.

KRUSANI

Is he dead?

DEMON MESSENGER

There are many dead your highness. But his body has yet to be found.

KRUSANI

When you find it, bring it here. If he is alive, bring him in chains. Do not come back without him.

DEMON MESSENGER Your highness. He then takes to the skies once more, and disappears in the dark clouds.

Krusani then paces to a large fireplace, and peers into the flames.

CUT TO:

INT. ALCOVE - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Haffenon follows tyomi carefully in the near dark of the passage way. He stops, and whispers a few words.

Tyomi then sees haffenon place a stone on a staff he has found, then the stone glows red until it lights the passage with more brilliance.

TYOMI

Nice trick.

Then they resume their trek inside the mountain.

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - CORAL AREA

Haffenon looks around the area and is only too aware of the demon mobs outside as they speak to each other in a very ancient tongue.

Tyomi notices on a wall, many prisoner bodies which have been skinned, and then pinned like wall paper.

Tyomi cringes at the sight.

Haffenon looks down to see a group of demons walk away with some more prisoners in chains.

TYOMI We cannot help them right now. We have to find marish before Krusani kills him.

Haffenon nods his head in acknowledgement.

TYOMI (CONT'D)

Come on.

INT. DARKER CORRIDORS - CELLS

Tyomi and haffenon reach a corner, and then stop to wait for a group of demons to go past without being seen.

Haffenon dims the stone. They hug the wall as the demons saunter on by with prisoners slung over their shoulders, one eats a prisoner's hand.

Tyomi winces at the sight.

When they disappear, haffenon and tyomi resumes to look for marish.

Meanwhile...

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI

As she stares at the fire, her eyes flicker as if her senses has just told her something important.

She then approaches the edge of the precipice, and jumps off of the edge.

EXT. IN THE AIR - KRUSANI

As she falls, her back starts to peel away, blood spews for an instant, and then great wings pop out to assist her in her free fall.

She then extends her body outward, and starts to fly away around the mountain.

EXT. AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Krusani flies with great speed. Below her, the chaos of cheering demons in delight as they feast on prisoners like they are in a picnic.

Krusani veers to the right.

EXT. ALCOVE - SECONDS LATER

Krusani lands hard, which causes the ground to crack open. Fire and smoke billow out which gives her a sulphur perfume offering.

She peers in the alcove.

KRUSANI Damn you Necromancer.

Then she steps inside.

INT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - CELLS

Haffenon, and tyomi almost tiptoe through the long corridor as demons carry on with their feasts. Prisoners nearby whimper or scream.

One demon plunges through his brood as he sniffs the air. A beat --.

Haffenon, and tyomi stop and wait.

The demon, scrutinizes the air with his overly sensitive snout.

The demon's eyes scan side to side. But...

Disappointed, he turns back to join his group.

Haffenon, lets out a slight breath.

TYOMI

(Whispers) Indeed. This way.

They head down a more darker corridor.

Just then...

Krusani. She walks in to see her subordinates enjoying on how they feast on the human flesh.
She becomes angry, and with a forceful walk, joins the group of demons and starts to kill them one by one as her angry voice shouts...

KRUSANI

You feeble idiots!

Her hand crushes the throat of demon.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) You were given one simple task to find the necromancer!

Another demon dies by her hand.

Now they scatter from her irritation.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Useless! All of you! Useless!

They now run away in fear of her wrath which is now building.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Find him! Find him!

INT. DARKER CORRIDORS - MARISH'S CELL

At the door, haffenon sees his friend huddled in a corner. His skin barely has color, and his hair has lost some of its white tone.

Tyomi keeps watch.

Almost total silence. The room is dark, large, and imposing -with heavy stone walls. An overhead hole is too far for marish to reach, more or less it is there to tease him.

Haffenon's eyes water up as he sees his friend so helpless.

TYOMI

Hurry.

Haffenon, then touches the cell door, and speaks a few words under his breath.

The door, then crumbles to a fine ash.

From a side view of the door entrance, haffenon steps in slowly which causes Marish to back away in fear.

His body shakes and vibrates with total fear.

Haffenon cannot speak to reassure marish he has come back.

Instead, haffenon kneels slightly to the ground, as he reilluminates the stone.

Marish looks over with weak, and half closed eyes.

He can a face, but it is blurry.

Marish tries to focus more.

Outside the doors, tyomi can hear the demons coming. His body fidgets in anticipation as he looks back to haffenon.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Haffenon, hurry it up.

Marish hears the name. But might be hallucinating as he more or less crawls to haffenon. Now he can see his hair, his chin, and then his face.

Marish's vision clear enough to see his friends newly formed look.

Suddenly, marish sobs without sound.

Haffenon reaches for him, and gently embraces marish.

He looks down to see his frail body so weak, and thin, hand rail arms, and skinny fingers.

His hair is a mess, disheveled, and is hardly wearing clothes. Haffenon's chin rests on his crown as he feels the poor mans crying heaves.

Haffenon closes his eyes to also weep for him.

Suddenly...

The roars of the demons get closer.

TYOMI (CONT'D)

Haffenon.

As haffenon helps marish to his feet, he grabs his chains, and whispers.

The chains break, and rust away to a fine dust.

As marish sniffles a few times, he can now see haffenon in a whole new light. His hair shimmers in the stone's illumination, and his eyes hold a sheer will he has never before witnessed in haffenon.

TYOMI (CONT'D) (annoyed) Come on, let's go.

Haffenon then walks beside his friend, marish's arm draped over haffenon's shoulder.

Haffenon's eyes dart to marish's throat to see scars.

He stops suddenly, and points which gives marish the idea of what he wants to know.

TYOMI (CONT'D) We don't have time.

Haffenon half drags and pulls marish out of the cell.

EXT. CELL

As they escape, the demons come barging in with fury in their eyes, and weapons ready to taste new blood.

Haffenon's group comes around a corner of a wall into a more broad area of cell tiers.

Each cell embedded in the wall like cubby holes.

Demons swoop down from above a portico with swords in hand.

In the far end of the area, krusani emerges.

KRUSANI

Get them!!

EXT. CORALS - A MOMENT LATER

Haffenon now half picks up marish to run with tyomi through muck, and dead flesh which is scattered on the ground. The stink causes tyomi to nearly vomit.

TYOMI

This way!

They veer to the right as the demons horde in like a great flood. Each have teeth bared, with saliva dripping out of their vile mouths.

Krusani then jumps, and flies overhead as she observes her brood chase them like mice.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Was the trials like this in the underworld?

Ahead of tyomi, writing appears as:

HAFFENON

Worse.

TYOMI

Shit.

They then turn left and move down another dark corridor.

EXT. CORRIDOR - SECONDS LATER

As they pass more cells, haffenon sees prisoners still waiting for death. His face shows remorse as he runs by them all.

Tyomi then sees four demons ahead.

Haffenon raises his hand, and whispers...

HAFFENON

Jucashil.

EXT. DEMON GUARDS

The walls then move together like a press. Suddenly the demons realize their plight as they try to stop them from closing in.

All are crushed.

The walls then spread open again, to reveal entrails, and pressed demons like flowers in a book.

Haffenon and his two move on.

TYOMI

Too gross.

But as their escape nears completion, krusani now stands ahead of them, waiting with a sword in her hand.

Haffenon stops, and helps marish to sit down on a nearby wooden bench.

Tyomi gazes upon krusani's body. His manly juvenile brain takes hold as he mentions to haffenon...

TYOMI (CONT'D) If she wasn't such a bitch, I'd do her in a split second.

Haffenon gazes to him with disgust.

Tyomi shrugs his shoulders.

KRUSANI

You are surrounded necromancer.

Now the demons move in but keep back unless ordered by krusani. The horde closes the distance as Krusani approaches the three.

KRUSANI (CONT'D)

Nowhere to go. Nowhere to hide. Seems your only way of escape is to defeat me. And seeing as you are only a few millenniums old, that is nothing compared to how old I am. Which means the balance of experience lies with me.

She smiles as she walks calmly to them.

TYOMI

It's not over yet krusani.

KRUSANI

Silence! Your voice is not important here. I only need to speak with the necromancer.

Tyomi keeps his guard up as he glances to the demons, and haffenon.

KRUSANI (CONT'D)

Well? Necromancer? Any kind of -way you want to kill me? I remind you, I cannot be killed by your black arts.

Haffenon raises an eyebrow with that statement.

KRUSANI (CONT'D) Oh, you haven't heard yet. Marish didn't bother telling you that my life force is made up of the same ingredients as sarantrasi.

Haffenon looks down to marish who seems to be slipping in and out of consciousness.

Again the temper of the situation produces a little silence. Then...

MARISH (Very weak) You're wrong. Surprised by Marish's strength, krusani smirks.

KRUSANI So you can speak. Too bad it's not enough to do any kind of damage.

Haffenon walks to marish, and places a hand on his shoulder as marish speaks again.

MARISH (Whispers) Wrong.

Marish stands up with a renewed strength.

He grabs haffenon while facing him, and places his lips right on him without warning.

Haffenon who is now in sheer surprise by this, tries to fight back.

Krusani realizes what marish is doing.

KRUSANI (Frantic, angry) Kill them!

In a second, the whole coral is filled with a bright white light. Rumbles shake the ground, debris falls on some demons, killing them.

As haffenon pulls away, a light is seen between them. The energy fills haffenon like a water spout left open.

His eyes glow white, his skin becomes more grey than before, and his hair glimmers as the powers from marish transfers to him.

The demons cannot approach because of the light's intensity.

Some flash away to a fine dust.

While others burn still standing.

Krusani screams her disappointment as she lunges for Marish.

As marish finishes the transfer, he pulls back, smiles... Then...

A sword tip ejects from his chest just in time as the powers fully integrate into haffenon.

Marish's head tilts up at the sudden feeling of a sting in his chest, and burning in his heart.

Tyomi then turns, and fights off krusani with his sword.

The demons then come forward, but cautiously as haffenon's eyes return to normal.

He then looks down to see marish lying dead on the ground.

Without warning, he turns to the demons, and uses both of his hands as he loudly hollers...

HAFFENON

Oroltani!

The entire demon horde now start to choke, they grab their throats as they gasp for air. Some hit the ground dead in seconds as others fight to live.

Krusani sees it, and makes a hasty retreat.

Tyomi throws his weapon, but misses her as she flies away.

The ground shakes violently now.

Cells break open to release the prisoners.

Some leave, while others are too afraid to move.

TYOMI

Come on!

He grabs haffenon, and both move as haffenon glances to marish who lies among the flames, and debris falling inside the coral area.

Then, both run at full speed to escape the interior as it buckles and crumbles.

People still in cells scream, but go suddenly silenced in seconds.

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - KRUSANI - PERPETUAL NIGHT

As she escapes, the mountain top stirs with agitation. A loud bellow from the god causes a large shock wave to sweep down the mountain, and level dead trees, and roll house sized boulders out of its way.

Then...

A massive tentacle like arm slams down on the ground floor which creates a magnificent earthquake that jostles the entire surface.

Krusani laughs as she observes her masters power.

EXT. EXIT - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Haffenon, and tyomi emerge out of the mountain only to meet a new foe.

Haffenon looks to krusani who is in the air as she uses her wings to keep her in flight. She then looks down to see haffenon with disgust, and anger.

The ground shakes so badly, haffenon, and tyomi fall to the dirt to wait for the quaking to subside.

Sarantrasi moves his monstrous body down the mountain side to rest on the floor below.

His great size creates its own energy which melts, and vaporizes trees, boulders, and dead rivers.

Krusani flies to her masters side, and yet by the sheer size, makes her look like a tiny speck next to his malformed body.

EXT. OVER THE PLAINS - ARMIES ARISE

A low rumble causes the god to cease his ranting for a moment. Krusani spots to see what is coming from the distance.

EXT. NEW ARMY

Fifty thousand people run or ride horses to the main battle field where the god waits.

From the army point of view. They see it like an oversized heap of black flesh which moves slowly across the lands. It roars once which sends another shock wave outward in all directions.

The wave disappears just early enough as to not harm the oncoming warriors.

EXT. MECSEK MOUNTAIN - PERPETUAL NIGHT

An appearance from the village elders is quick enough to grab both tyomi, and haffenon.

Then they all flash out in a second.

EXT. OPEN BATTLE FIELD

The flash occurs again, and all appear on the battle field just as the armies arrive.

The elders look at haffenon to know that marish is dead.

VILLAGE ELDER This is your time haffenon. You are the one who will release the earth from its deathly confines of suffering.

He holds the elder's gaze, then turns to the near immobile god with a slight smirk, he takes a step from them and places a curse on the land with a loud voice...

Brolarin rocsa!

In seconds, many orbs appear on the open battle field like fish eggs lining the bottom of a river. They pulse and glow a few times until they burst open to reveal a creature which looks like a half razor back, and a half eaten corpse.

Thousands appear to fill the valley to haffenon's will.

Above them, the skies darken more and begin to flash lightening sheets which brighten the battle fields with its own creative fireworks.

EXT. KRUSANI'S REVENGE

Krusani flies low to the ground, and as she hovers about two feet above, her body suddenly changes. She transforms which causes her great pain, and turmoil.

The breaking of her bones loudly crack and snap.

Her skin rips apart to reveal a smooth black inner skin which seems to give its own gleam.

Her hair disappears to leave her bald, and her eyes turn to black with golden pupils in the centers.

Then finally her wings spread out even wider than before which gives her stronger powers to fly with even more speed and control.

She takes off to meet with the army that is closing the distance.

Behind her, is an entire squadron of demon fliers that number just close to the same numbers as her enemy.

Sarantrasi sits like an oversized Buddha to watch.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - PERPETUAL NIGHT

The size of the demon army impresses haffenon like it is yesteryear. A nostalgic reminder of his past conquests in battle against insurmountable odds.

> TYOMI So -- think we have a chance?

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON About ten percent.

TYOMI Not bad. I'll take it.

The village elder gives off a flash of light using his hand as the signal to start advancing.

The army starts right away into a run across the open plain.

Now war cries fill the battle field, as they fast march to their targets.

Haffenon marches too with tyomi.

As tyomi trots with haffenon out to their objective, he glances to him to see his aplomb more pronounced. His body is relaxed, loose, ready.

Then he glances back smiling to the open field where thousands of demons horde in.

His expression changes to sudden surprise, fear, anxiousness, not ready for himself.

He takes a large breath, then rolls his eyes.

TYOMI (CONT'D) What am I doing?

Haffenon smirks.

Ahead of them, haffenon's own preempt animal horde rushes in as Krusani's flying army swoops down to the battlefield.

EXT. CLASH

A side view of the demons on both sides suddenly clash with so much force, they cause dust and debris to scatter in all directions. Krusani flies over head of them all as the approaches her enemy front lines.

Behind her, a large group of demon fliers who are ready to feast.

EXT. A BIGGER CLASH

Haffenon leads the army, tyomi runs beside him, the army's foot falls cause a loud rumble to quake the ground.

Close up view. As they run facing each other, krusani dips down to try and attack haffenon personally.

He looks up, and rolls across the ground as she sweeps over him with great speed.

Haffenon gets up from his roll, and places his hands up to create a protective shield as Krusani tries again. But what she does not see behind her, is a dark cloud that arcs downward.

From krusani's point of view. She stops as if to only glance at haffenon, then spins around to see thousands of arrows coming in.

Krusani swoops upward to avoid the barrage.

Haffenon's point of view. His hands keep the protective barrier up as the arrows hit the ground like thousands of needles which stick up out of the ground in seconds.

EXT. CLASH

The demon hordes continue to fight, demon fliers veer left to right to confuse their enemy. But even though some of the plan works, not all are easily swayed.

A group of haffenon's demons grab some fliers, and rip them apart. Then they move on with efficient resolve.

EXT. A BIGGER CLASH

The warriors have caught up to haffenon's front lines, and join in with an understandable amount of caution to both sides.

Demons which fight together with humans give a moronic sight since humans have fought demons for millenniums.

The human soldiers help the horde with swords, arrows, spears, guns, and other forms of weapons. Side by side, demons look at their human counterparts, and sneer which cause discomfort for both sides, but -- keep on fighting.

EXT. KRUSANI

Her gaze as she floats above the warring sides starts to infuriates her even more. She guides her own flying army in to attack.

EXT. THE MAIN FIGHT

As both sides hack, chop, and eat, up above demon fliers screech which cause all to suddenly scatter as the demons swoop down to grab anyone including their friends.

Haffenon approaches, then quickly closes his eyes to speak out loud...

HAFFENON

Avisara!

The ground cracks and breaks, an orange glow appears, behind the eerie light, dozens of pillar like lava flows hit the fliers in great numbers.

As tyomi fights, he glances over to the marvelous sight of nature using its fury to help their battle. He smiles as he engages a few demons of his own.

Then suddenly, a great white fence of bones surround the battle field. It peaks over fifty feet as it surrounds the war like a corral.

Krusani makes another charge down to the fighters.

The human soldiers do not see her, and some lose their heads with her wings as she swoops by.

Haffenon view. He draws his sword, and then looks at the demon army with fury in his eyes. He then runs at full speed to engage them all.

Yet he does not say a word as his right arm arcs up, and swings down across a demon fliers back.

Black blood spews out which covers haffenon's chest like a makeshift shower.

One by one, he chops and swings with great precision.

Haffenon's eyes. While he fights, he can hear his past battles before his life changed from a simple general, to become now a powerful necromancer.

He doesn't use his powers while fighting with metal, the nostalgic way of settling matters with swords, seems more -- satisfying.

With great speed, haffenon dodges clawed hands, feet, wings, and responds with his own brand of justice as he slashes down on the demon's bodies and cuts them in half, some standing, some flying in each swing.

It is all out carnage between the humans and demons, both sides lose a great amount of fighters, until now nearly half of each opposing army are nearly destroyed.

EXT. KRUSANI

As she hovers above the fighters, her demon fliers realize their plight is realized. Then they turn away and fly off into the darkness.

Krusani sees them, and with a great amount of effort, screams louder than she has ever have in her life time.

KRUSANI

(Screams) Ah!!!

In fact, it is so loud, fighters stop engaging, and look up.

EXT. THE MAIN FIGHT

All gaze up as she flies side to side as her voice carries over the fields. Haffenon spots the demon fliers making their escape to the far off distance.

He smiles.

Tyomi glances up, and laughs.

TYOMI

Seems her brood lost interest.

On the ground, Krusani's remaining fighters also make their escape.

Haffenon's hordes stop and wait obediently.

A large part of the corral crumbles in the face of sarantrasi. Krusani swoops down and lands on the field facing her enemy.

Haffenon looks at her, her eyes are slits in her sheer anger.

She picks up a used sword.

Then her wings disappear, and starts to run to haffenon at full speed.

The rest of the living army moves back to watch along with tyomi.

Side view. Haffenon waits, krusani inches closer as she raises the sword high and then slashes down as she is no more than two feet away from her target.

Both fight in a fierce clash of metal.

Some of the army kneels down to avoid falling from the waves.

Tyomi watches haffenon's body move with elegant poise, grace as he avoids every swing from Krusani's sword tip.

It's as if haffenon is toying with her, a veteran against a mere female who thinks her way is the only way.

As she continues to try and hit haffenon, her body responds with slower movements. Her swings have less potency, as well as her aim.

Haffenon stops the dodges, and faces her head on as she drops back to catch her breath.

Both eye each other with hatred.

KRUSANI

Even if you kill me, sarantrasi will decimate this earth. No one will be left alive.

Haffenon waves in the air to write ...

HAFFENON

... if we die, who will be left to pay homage?

KRUSANI

His followers are more than enough.

Haffenon writes...

HAFFENON It's not. He needs human life to exist.

KRUSANI No! He is more than just a god.

From behind the army. The village elders approach to give their input...

VILLAGE ELDER

Yes, he is a god, but haffenon is correct. He needs humans to give his life the meaning of his existence. Without them, his deity vanishes in time. He will become a distant memory.

KRUSANI

Lies!!

VILLAGE ELDER

You have been in his service too long Krusani. You should know how his life came into being. Eons have passed, and no human has ever aided his resolve to give his existence a valid response. This is his last attempt to dwell in this realm.

Krusani's eyes squint as she runs to the village elder with the sword up and ready to strike.

Instead... Haffenon steps in front of her.

She stops, as if frozen by his gaze.

He grabs her wrist as her stance is still in the swing position.

Then... he utters out loud...

HAFFENON

Vishalin!

The voice echo's around her, her fixed gaze notices a white glimmer for just a second.

Then, her skin starts to turn grey. Inch by inch, her body begins to disintegrate to a fine ash in front of her enemies.

A tear falls from her right eye.

She gasps for air as she backs away. Her witnesses simply gawk at her body fall apart and crumble to debris.

KRUSANI (Frightened) Why? Why couldn't you all just -worship him? He would have made this world a paradise.

VILLAGE ELDER Because gods do not give life. Sarantrasi is the opposite of life.

Krusani crumbles more, until only her torso is on the ground. Her legs are gone, as well as her arms. She smiles once as her chest bursts open, and a grey ash spills out, which causes the rest of her to collapse finally to a dark soot.

Haffenon takes a breath.

the ground on her stumps.

Tyomi approaches haffenon.

TYOMI Well, nearly fifty thousand down, and one more to go.

Haffenon then turns to stare at sarantrasi which now begins to stir.

VILLAGE ELDER

Remember haffenon, once you are in his area of power, he will try to gain yours. His essence is made up of pure negative energies.

Haffenon writes in the air...

HAFFENON How do you defeat negative life?

VILLAGE ELDER

With life.

Tyomi scratches his head.

Seems you have an enigma to figure out. Fight life with life?

Haffenon places a hand on his shoulder.

VILLAGE ELDER We will wait for your return.

Haffenon nods to the elders who are assembled together.

Long view -- sarantrasi's point of view. Haffenon stands alone as both face each other.

Sarantrasi bellows loud which causes a great wave of energy to roll across the now blood drenched battle field.

Haffenon starts to run.

Tyomi's point of view. He sees haffenon's back as he runs. Strong feet keep to the ground even though the wave rolls in with great speed.

TYOMI

Everybody duck!

The wave moves in, and crushes nearby boulders like pebbles under a steam roller.

The elders whisper aloud.

Suddenly a great pulsing blue barrier pops into existence over the entire army itself like an umbrella.

EXT. SARANTRASI - FINAL BATTLE - PERPETUAL NIGHT

He moves his large tentacle like arm sideways across the field. Great amounts of earth are displaced and rolls like a wave towards haffenon.

EXT. HAFFENON'S VOICE

He sees it coming, then stops and utters out loud...

HAFFENON

Kedilik!

A massive bone barrier erects out of the ground to block the oncoming debris like a wall.

The earth hits it hard, the barrier bends grossly downward, but it doesn't buckle which surprises haffenon. Then he resumes his run to his target.

EXT. SARANTRASI - PERPETUAL NIGHT

He tries again, but from the other side, along with a bellow which carries more weight than the first yell.

But haffenon is prepared as he erects another wall, then another in succession to slow down the wave.

Sarantrasi then stops suddenly.

Close up view of sarantrasi's one eye. It closes.

An odd eerie silence befalls the field.

EXT. HAFFENON - PERPETUAL NIGHT

He stops and watches his foe. The silence is deafening. A low rumble begins which gets stronger as each second passes.

The ground shakes.

A crack forms which quickly spider webs in front of haffenon. Lava flows out which starts to surround him like a platform prison.

He gazes up to see small specks fall from the sky.

Meteors begin to fall in all directions, including over the barrier of the protected army.

Haffenon also responds with his own rain of fire.

From a long view. The barrage is relentless, meteors, fire, and lava join in the constant struggle for each foe as if it is a desperate attempt for one side to win no matter what.

This truly is hell on earth.

EXT. BARRIER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Meteors and lightening bolts slam down on the barrier which causes it to pulse with each strike.

VILLAGE ELDER Hold fast! It will be over soon!

TYOMI

For who?

Their point of view. The distant foes face each other.

Resume the army. Numbly they begin to back away, pressing against the barrier as if their trust in the elders is swayed.

Meteors continues to fall, each are dump truck sized, which causes a great amount of dust, debris to fill the area.

EXT. SARANTRASI - HAFFENON

As both give their all to defeat the other, haffenon's eyes widen as if a realization has just engulfed his thinking.

He stops his attacks, which causes Sarantrasi to lift his massive tentacle arm.

Haffenon looks up to see it coming down.

Energy from the air and friction causes its arm to glow slightly, like a rocket pod reentering the atmosphere from a space mission.

Haffenon closes his eyes.

The arm slams hard into the pool of lava which does not even phase the god.

EXT. BARRIER

All watch in horror as they see haffenon crushed, or so it seems.

EXT. LAVA POOL

By a miracle, a bone shackle of a sort encompasses sarantrasi's tentacle arm. It tightens, which makes the god angry.

He tries to lift his arm, but it is useless.

Within the lava, haffenon appears in a glowing bubble of energy which he erected just at the last second of sarantrasi's attack.

The bone shackle is connected to a massive bone column anchor which leads into the lava itself.

As sarantrasi lifts its arm, the anchor pulls in more.

The god bellows more, which rips through the fields with greater force than five hurricanes.

His desperate attempts to free himself becomes futile as the anchor brings his arm right into the lava. Close enough so that haffenon can touch it.

He approaches the bound arm.

Wrinkles which look like open crevices flex under the gods strength.

Oozy liquid seeps out of the wrinkles which combusts in the red pool of lava.

Haffenon side view. His hand reaches up, sarantrasi looks down to haffenon with fear in its one eye.

The necromancer glances to his left, then utters out loud as he touches the vile limb...

HAFFENON (Calmly) Lifira!

His voice echo's in all directions.

Sarantrasi stops his fighting. A silence engulfs the field. Lava is only heard bubbling and churning as the god's oozy liquid stops suddenly.

Haffenon backs away.

A low throb rumble begins under sarantrasi's body.

Haffenon then jumps out of the pool to his left onto a nearby boulder, and then hops to the ground to run back to his friends.

EXT. BARRIER - PERPETUAL NIGHT

A dreadful press of panic stricken soldiers run away as the barrier drops instantly. Tyomi also joins in to run as he looks back to see haffenon running his own race.

A group of demons fly over sarantrasi like a thorn crown, lightening strikes surround the god in a magnificent display of flashes, hitting his body with no mercy.

Tyomi then faces the front.

Ahead of them all, is a rock wall which they begin to climb in a frantic manner.

EXT. HAFFENON

His feet carry him across the field, passing dead bodies, weapons, blood pools. He glances back to see sarantrasi starting to blister.

His skin breaks, pure black blood spills out of his body like small creeks, and seeps into the lava only to evaporate.

EXT. SARANTRASI - PERPETUAL NIGHT

More lightening continues to destroy his body without end. His demons are struck as well which causes them to explode into a fine ash.

A bellow from the god. But it holds no power.

The skin starts to glow white, then a magnificent bright light which engulfs his bathes his body.

The god screams as it explodes which levels the mountain itself.

It becomes a volcano which begins to consume sarantrasi from the ground up.

The energy of the explosion travels like a nuclear wave which levels down trees, smaller portions of the mountain, as well as evaporating the dead on the battle field.

EXT. HAFFENON

He looks back to see the wave roll in fast.

He glances to the ground, and calls out...

HAFFENON

Besnisak.

The ground opens like a grave, he jumps in, and lies down on his back.

From his point of view. He can see the wave rushing over the opening which causes a great shrill which makes him cover his ears.

EXT. ROCK WALL - PERPETUAL NIGHT

As the last of the army climbs over, the energy wave hits the wall, which causes peak tops to break off and fly to the far distance.

A few men are caught in the energy, and evaporate in seconds.

Tyomi lies still behind the wall as the debris lessens more as well as the blast itself.

Now only a light wind remains to whisk over the army who hunkers in fear.

The village elders remain together with the men to give them hope.

Tyomi then climbs back up carefully not to disturb the loose rocks.

And then he peers over to see nothing, but an open space where a mountain once stood.

His eyes scan the ground to see nothing left, no bodies, no weapons, no indication that a battle has ever taken place.

TYOMI

(Whispers) Haffenon.

Tyomi's point of view. He remains still, as he scans around. A few of the men join him.

SOLDIER

You think he made it?

TYOMI

Maybe.

The village elders also join them, then all just gaze blankly to the open plains.

The view dissolves to...

DISSOLVE TO:

As tyomi walks over the field, the army join in to help look for haffenon. Nothing remained behind, only new dirt which now blankets the ground.

The village elder joins him.

VILLAGE ELDER Perhaps he has taken a journey back to the underworld.

TYOMI Perhaps. But he wouldn't just leave from his own victory.

Tyomi looks at the ground as he searches for any sign.

VILLAGE ELDER

A necromancer of his calibre, has become something new. Most times in the ancient eras, they were regarded as heros once. But with their dark arts came animosity from the very same people they protected or helped.

TYOMI

(While looking at the ground) Sounds like they didn't want someone who was talented.

VILLAGE ELDER

Jealousy always leads to hatred. Most would give their lives to become as powerful as Haffenon. But power leads to corruption.

Tyomi spots something on the ground.

He leans down to see an object half buried in the scorched dirt.

TYOMI I found a -- trinket.

He picks it up to look at it more closely.

The trinket is nothing more than a piece of metal with a ruby embedded in its skin.

VILLAGE ELDER

May I?

Tyomi hands it to him.

The village elder scans it briefly, then rubs the jewel.

VILLAGE ELDER (CONT'D) This is from one of my colleagues robes. It must have broken off in the battle.

TYOMI Seems we'll never...(interrupted)

A nearby soldier shouts...

SOLDIER I found something!

Both then run over to the solider who is digging in the dirt. All surround them to watch as more soldiers join in to dig. Tyomi notices a light mist coming from out of the hole.

TYOMI

Everyone step back!

Without hesitation, all do so in fear of their lives.

A rumble.

The group tries to stand still, but it makes it hard when the ground moves back and forth.

Soldiers fall on their butts.

The ground breaks and cracks open. Then...

Silence. The view closes in as it peers into the hole. Gradually a muffled sound starts to become clear as everyone sees fingers reaching up.

Another view. The village elders faces the hole to see the fingers now extending up to show an arm, then a shoulder, followed by a the top of a white head.

Tyomi helps haffenon by grabbing his arm, and pulling him out of the hole.

Then, the entire army cheers for their new hero.

The village elders also smile, but ever so slightly.

One elder glances woodenly to the rest of the council -- he nods once.

TYOMI (CONT'D) Haffenon. That's three isn't it?

Haffenon writes in the air.

HAFFENON

Three what?

TYOMI Times you've died.

Writes...

HAFFENON Not really. I was buried by the wave.

TYOMI You mean, you were actually buried alive?

HAFFENON

Yup.

A slight reaction from the army. But all is well.

TYOMI Well, never say how lucky you are to have friends here.

Cheers continue.

Haffenon smirks as he grasps Tyomi's hand and shakes in friendship.

The view rises up over the army.

Suddenly, a random spot not far from where they stand shows a bright light on the ground.

One soldier glances to it.

SOLDIER

Look!

Cheering stops.

Tyomi glances to the frantic soldier.

TYOMI

What is it?

SOLDIER

(Pointing)

That spot.

Tyomi sees it too, as well as everyone else.

TYOMI

Oh my god.

All look up to see the dark clouds begin to separate.

From a brown and vile color, comes a rather brilliant color of blue.

The hot spot then spreads out like a virus, extending to all corners of the battle field. The sun light brightens everything including the field which shows nothing but weary and tired men.

All stare out to the past mecsek mountain, and the open pit which bubbles lava.

Although it is a devastating sight, the colors of the lava, dirt, debris, all have an insurmountable curious effect to the onlookers.

Haffenon stares at ground zero.

Tyomi joins him.

TYOMI (CONT'D)

What now?

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON

I don't know.

View of the army. From behind, they can see the vast lands of hungary now, in full bright color.

Only ten thousand men survived the battle.

The view rises up behind them to show their homeland, and the earth now in the healing process.

Smoke rises up from the leveled mecsek mountain, as a beacon to those who hide in the dark.

The view dissolves to...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VILLAGE CENTRAL HOUSE - REBUILT - TWO YEARS LATER - DAY TIME

All sit in close proximity together as the elders ramble about Haffenon. Paintings hang on walls which shows the remarkable battle at mecsek mountain.

One elder begins...

ELDER

We still do not have permission from the underworld to keep haffenon here. What happens if they learn we try to imprison him?

ELDER #2

They must adhere to the contracts like in ancient times. If we simply keep him through constant frivolous offerings, the people will decide on their own, sooner or later that his presence is causing dismay. A revolt could begin at any time.

Footsteps enter the chambers.

All turn to see the village head approaching.

VILLAGE HEAD Then let us use the more simple tactic.

ELDER #2

Which is?

VILLAGE HEAD Ask haffenon.

ELDER #2

It's not that simple. He says he wants to explore the lands, now that he has no other duties to follow.

VILLAGE HEAD Why is that unusual?

ELDER #2

If a nearby village decides to attack us for our stores, we will have a revolution on our hands. VILLAGE HEAD Then we offer a more lucrative prospect.

The elders whisper with each other for a few seconds.

ELDER #2

What is this proposal?

VILLAGE HEAD

If haffenon wants to stay, it is his will alone. Remember, the necromancer is extremely powerful. If we used ulterior motives to keep him here, he will recognize it as such -- and destroy us no matter what we say.

ELDER #2

Then, let's reach a bargaining solution with the underworld. They have the only power to give the order to haffenon. He must obey them.

VILLAGE HEAD

True. But in this case, haffenon is not only revered in the underworld, but also here as well. No -- I think it is time for haffenon to live his own life as he sees fit. I have come to realize that wars are often fought between men. Simply using god like tools to give another side an advantage is too -cowardly.

The council stirs with his words of steel.

He stares at his panel like a reasonable man making a reasonable point. The evasiveness, the only half buried embarrassment of their response only deepens his own withdrawal from the council.

ELDER #2

It is ludicrous to think we can keep fighting without a trump card. We must keep him here.

The village head walks away in his sadness.

ELDER #2 (CONT'D) Where are you going?

VILLAGE HEAD I do not wish to embark on another mission to destroy a marvel of nature. Sarantrasi was evil, but haffenon is not. He was once human, and now he is a necromancer. We must treat him with the same respect as we do each other.

For the first time there is a hint of uncertainty in his manner.

ELDER #2

It's irrelevant.

The village head then walks out of the chambers.

EXT. VILLAGE - SOME TIME LATER - DAY TIME

As he walks through the village, the old council head smiles as he sees kids run and play around other folks who are enjoying the mid day.

To his right, he spots Tyomi.

Tyomi approaches the village head, and with respect bows once.

TYOMI

Your liege.

VILLAGE HEAD

Stop that. I'm not some ruler, although it's how I feel sometimes in some respects.

TYOMI What do you mean?

Both walk side by side.

VILLAGE HEAD

I think, haffenon needs to leave soon.

TYOMI

What? What are you talking about?

VILLAGE HEAD

The council is considering in making haffenon a permanent tool to this village. A kind of contract through the underworlds rules.

TYOMI

Well, haffenon knows that. I mean he knew what he was getting into when he tool the final trials.

VILLAGE HEAD

It's not the idea of using him. They want him here for all time. Even if it meant imprisoning him.

TYOMI

That's crazy. They know they can't get away with it, besides, his touch can simply waste away any cell bar or door in seconds.

VILLAGE HEAD

I know this. But the council is adamant about it. They are willing to go as far as using old ancient contracts which can be extended for hundreds of years.

TYOMI

Shit.

Both walk past a makeshift cafe. A few soldiers sit and talk with each other.

TYOMI (CONT'D) So what do we do?

VILLAGE HEAD We have to get him out of here. Soon.

TYOMI

I agree.

VILLAGE HEAD Where is he now?

TYOMI

Out near the dust bowls. He was helping the local potters make some new pickling jars.

VILLAGE HEAD Good. I'll join him then.

TYOMI

What do I do?

VILLAGE HEAD

Just watch the chambers. See if they make a move against him in the next day.

TYOMI

Understood.

Tyomi then leaves the village head to wander around the his little city in sadness.

Joy fills the streets as people barter on with each other, kids run amok through shops and through crowds.
EXT. LOCAL DUST BOWLS - DAY TIME

Quiet: Silence fills the air as the village head strolls down to a group of potters who are working diligently in mixing ingredients together to make clay.

Haffenon smiles as he helps a local woman carry water from a nearby stream.

The village head smiles at his happiness.

Then he steps down to the artists who are spinning foot wheels to craft jars out of clay.

Haffenon spots the village head.

He approaches him.

VILLAGE HEAD

Haffenon.

Both shake hands.

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON

Sir.

VILLAGE HEAD How have you been?

Continue writing as the conversation continues...

HAFFENON

Busy. Making jars is hard work. Never realized.

VILLAGE HEAD True, but it helps us in the coming years of draught. We need as many as we can get.

HAFFENON Which is why I'm here. I can help in so many ways. A local woman offers both a cup of water.

VILLAGE HEAD

Thank you.

Haffenon bows for thanks.

She smiles and walks away.

HAFFENON Besides these people need me.

VILLAGE HEAD That's what I want to talk to you about.

HAFFENON

Oh?

Both stroll to the stream.

Haffenon sits on a rock and drinks his water.

VILLAGE HEAD The council wants to keep you here.

As haffenon smiles, he starts to write his happiness until the bombshell hits...

VILLAGE HEAD (CONT'D) Even if it is against your will.

Haffenon ceases.

A confused expression overtakes haffenon, and places his cup on the rock.

VILLAGE HEAD (CONT'D) I tried to convince them you are not the kind of man to be held prisoner. Their fears are of other villages attacking us. So they can use you as a tool to settle matters faster. Haffenon looks to the water, and remembers the word tool in his early teachings from Marish.

VILLAGE HEAD (CONT'D) I told them it was not possible. Since the underworld also has ties to you. The council would not listen.

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON So I need to leave as soon as possible.

VILLAGE HEAD That is the best way.

HAFFENON I was getting used to this life.

VILLAGE HEAD I'm -- so sorry.

HAFFENON

It's not your fault. They know humans must face their own trials. Even if war breaks out, between humans it should be left to humans.

Haffenon gets up to stare at the group of potters who shape jars with enjoyable attitudes.

Writes in the air...

HAFFENON (CONT'D) Does tyomi know about this?

VILLAGE HEAD He does. I told him to watch the council in case they move against you.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY TME

The imposing building impresses tyomi's eyesight. But not the men which now assemble outside the front entrance.

TYOMI

Ah shit.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - FRONT ENTRANCE

Featuring the elder#2. He stands at the entrance as he gives his orders to the troops.

ELDER #2

Make sure haffenon does not resist. We need him to keep this village safe. Use shackles if you have to.

SOLDIER

Sir, why arrest him?

ELDER #2

Just do it. No other questions, do your job.

The soldiers glance to each other in disbelief.

Then the lead sergeant takes over.

SERGEANT Turn right! March!

EXT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - TYOMI

Tyomi then sneaks away, into the dark shadows between the buildings.

Hops over boxes, and crates as he races to warn his friend.

CUT TO:

The village head is pacing along the side of the river with haffenon as the artisans do their work in silence. Just in front of his path, a small frog chirps. Haffenon looks down to see it basking in the sun.

Then it jumps into the water as if frightened by something.

He sees tyomi.

VILLAGE HEAD

What's happening?

TYOMI

You were right. Your council has taken the troops and sent out a squad. They'll be here in about three minutes.

VILLAGE HEAD You two have to go. Now!

TYOMI The furubial pass?

VILLAGE HEAD No, I lost that ability when I used it back then.

TYOMI

Why?

VILLAGE HEAD

In emergency cases like that, it can only be used once during the reigns of gods. Once they leave, the ability vanishes with them.

TYOMI

Crap.

Haffenon faces the village head.

Then he writes in the air ...

HAFFENON I'm glad I was able to live here.

VILLAGE HEAD I enjoyed our conversations. I'll miss them, and you.

TYOMI

And me?

VILLAGE HEAD (Slightly exasperated) Yes tyomi, even you too.

Tyomi smiles brightly, and then all shake hands in silence.

VILLAGE HEAD (CONT'D) Go. I'll stall them.

Tyomi and haffenon run around the streams bank. The artists take notice and scamper to the stream just as the troops march in to see the village head.

Haffenon, and tyomi sneak around a building.

VILLAGE HEAD (CONT'D) What are you doing here?

SERGEANT Sir, we have reason to believe haffenon is here.

VILLAGE HEAD

Well as you can see, nothing here but artists. Care to join?

SERGEANT

Sir we have orders to bring in haffenon.

VILLAGE HEAD

Well you all are three hours too late.

SERGEANT

Sir?!

The artists go back to their work.

VILLAGE HEAD Yes, he left three hours ago. Back to the underworld.

In confusion, the troops spread out to search.

SERGEANT Why did you let him leave?

VILLAGE HEAD Why wouldn't I? He is a free man after all.

SERGEANT The council wanted to question him.

VILLAGE HEAD No they didn't. They wanted to imprison him. And you took their orders to do so.

SERGEANT Sir, I only follow --

VILLAGE HEAD I know. But he was your friend, you of all people should know what freedom means -- right?

The sergeant acknowledges the village head's point. Then bows his head slightly and nods yes.

VILLAGE HEAD (CONT'D) So, if you have no other business here, we would like to get back to work.

The sergeant then calls back his men.

EXT. AS SOLDIER PASS - DAY TIME

A wall shows a form of two people embedded in the material. As the soldiers pass the form, it transforms back into haffenon and tyomi.

Both watch the soldiers leave.

TYOMI Where did you learn that trick?

Haffenon writes in the air in conversation...

HAFFENON Something I learned when I took the final trials.

TYOMI Think you can teach me?

HAFFENON

Maybe.

TYOMI

When?

HAFFENON

Soon.

TYOMI

When?

HAFFENON I said soon. Be quiet.

Haffenon and tyomi then race past a field of stacked hay bales, and then jaunt across the open green crops.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BORDERS - HOURS LATER - DAY TIME

Both stop near a pass where in the distance, a border gate is seen. Tyomi catches his breath as haffenon steps off of the dirt road and into the foliage. Tyomi follows.

EXT. FOLIAGE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Haffenon spots a remarkable tree which stands alone in the middle of the green field.

Tyomi stops to notice this strange sight.

TYOMI What's this?

Haffenon writes...

HAFFENON

A tree.

TYOMI

I can see that. What are we doing here?

HAFFENON

I am going home.

TYOMI You mean to the underworld.

HAFFENON

Exactly.

Tyomi's face is now sullen, which turns to an expression of anger.

TYOMI This is bull shit. It isn't right.

Haffenon reassures in writing...

HAFFENON

True. But the head did have a point. I am a weapon everyone wants. It wouldn't be fair if I was too destroy an opposing army with just a word. I was once a general who enjoyed the heat of battle. (MORE) HAFFENON (CONT'D) Now, I'm a necromancer who still has more to learn.

TYOMI Just isn't fair. Can I come with you?

HAFFENON No. My road is for my feet only.

TYOMI Will we get to see you again?

HAFFENON

Someday.

Haffenon strolls to the tree.

Tyomi watches him as haffenon places a hand on the bark.

He closes his eyes, and whispers in silence...

The ground rumbles, and near the roots, the ground collapses in seconds.

A doorway with stairs lead down to blackness.

TYOMI

So this is it.

HAFFENON

Yes.

Haffenon approaches Tyomi, and grabs his hand to shake it with a healthy grip.

Tyomi smiles meekly as he is losing a dear friend to the lower depths of the underworld.

TYOMI

I'll miss you my friend.

Haffenon only nods in response which indicates to Tyomi -- the word yes.

Haffenon turns and walks down the stairs slowly, and then reaches into his pocket to grab a stone.

He whispers, and the stone glows red to light the way back home.

He glances back to give a final wave, then the ground closes over the opening, leaving nothing but grass, and tree root.

Tyomi stares blankly for some time.

The view blends out to ...

BLEND TO:

EXT. UNDERWORLD - LATER ON - PERPETUAL NIGHT

Near a cobble road, he waits patiently. Then a clop sound of horse hoofs come closer to him from his left. He glances to see his favorite messenger waving to him.

MESSENGER

Necromancer! Good to see you!

HAFFENON

Seems you are never late, how come?

MESSENGER

Didn't I tell you? In the underworld, time has no meaning. So naturally I knew you would come this way sooner or later.

The driver stops, and haffenon climbs up to sit with him.

HAFFENON

So now what?

MESSENGER Now we go and pick up new souls which have arrived.

The driver snaps the reigns which cause the horses to move.

(Droll) And how long is that going to take?

MESSENGER

Oh -- about a few thousand years.

The cart moves over a small knoll as the driver laughs.

HAFFENON

You really know how make me feel better you know that?

MESSENGER

It's a gift.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.