

DARK AGES

Written by

Michael Droberg

Droknows@hotmail.com  
WGAE registered

FADE IN:

EXT. RAINFOREST COLOSSUS - DAY

Lush, primordial, chock full of exotic trees and plants. Colorful bird-like creatures chirp overhead.

A TRIBOAR, a creature like an amalgamation between a boar and a triceratops, roots the ground with its massive tusks. It GRUNTS.

Prince ALDEN (18), well put together, vibrant, an air of innocence about him with heroic aspirations in his eyes, but scared shitless at the moment, drips sweat from his brow, carries a boar spear.

Two MEN in medieval attire, also armed with boar spears, hurriedly sneak through the woods in front of him. We steal only mere glimpses of them as they rustle through the trees.

The triboar raises it's head, sniffs the air, senses something, but unafraid of much, goes back to its breakfast.

CAPTAIN GRAYSON (40s) eye patch, in ornate armor, seasoned, patient, deadly, raises his arm. The group stops.

GRAYSON  
(whispers)  
There he is, sire.

KING WESTIN (50s), "The Grizzly" brash, portly, a sense of regal splendor to him, signals for Alden to come up.

KING WESTON  
(whispers)  
Time to get your first kill, Alden.

Alden nods, nervously moves to the front.

King Weston smiles at his son. Alden halfheartedly returns a smile. There is history between these two.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)  
Come.

The three men duck behind a fallen log. They peer over it at the triboar only a few strides away.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)  
Are you ready, boy?

Alden wipes the sweat off his brow, nods.

GRAYSON

He's standing broadside. Do it now,  
sire.

Alden takes a deep breath, stands. He hurls his spear at the unsuspecting triboar.

*SWOOSH!*

The spear sail towards the triboar, nicks its belly, and impales the dirt underneath it.

ALDEN

Shite.

The triboar bucks, angrily *SQUEALS*, *GRUNTS*, charges toward Alden.

Alden backpedals, falls on his ass. The triboar leaps over the log in a single bound, lowers its menacing tusks to gore Alden.

GRAYSON

Hah!

Grayson impales the triboar. Enraged, it *SQUEALS*, bucks. Grayson's spear snaps, he falls face first into the dirt.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

Watch out!

The triboar *SNARLS*, charges forward. Alden cowers. The beast is about to impale the young prince when...

*SWOOSH!!!*

A mighty sword comes down on the triboar's neck.

The creature crashes into the dirt. The momentum carries its body forward until it finally stops inches from Alden's crotch. Dead.

King Weston pants, removes his sword from the carcass.

KING WESTON

By the Maker! Can't you do anything  
right, boy?!

Alden looks down, cowers, still in shock.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)

You were almost killed!

He waves a hand in disgust. Walks off.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)

Ahhh. My son almost killed by a triboar! Not, in battle, no, by a bloody dim-witted beast!

Alden watches his father storm off.

GRAYSON

Are you hurt?

ALDEN

I don't think so.

Grayson's stern look turns to a smile as he offers a hand to help him up. Alden takes it.

GRAYSON

We have to work on your spear throwing.

Alden dusts himself off.

ALDEN

I couldn't tell.

Grayson looks at the triboar's menacing horns.

GRAYSON

Aye, you were about to be shitting out of four orifices instead of just one. And I already get enough shite from you.

Alden smiles, turns to watch his father in the distance.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)

He expects a lot of you because a lot will be expected.

Something metal glints in the bushes. Alden winces, the light reflects in his eyes. He heads over to the bush, moves the brush.

ALDEN

What the...

He wipes dirt off a metallic circular object the size of a cannonball. It's clearly damaged, dented, antennas broken off. It looks like some sort of space probe.

ALDEN (CONT'D)

What can this be?

GRAYSON  
I haven't the slightest.

ALDEN  
Looks important.

GRAYSON  
Aye, I know someone who would appreciate having it.

Alden nods, knows exactly who he's talking about.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Guards!

Two GUARDS in white, armor ceramic-like approach. They stare at the strange object.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Bring this back to Master Corliss.  
I'm sure it will be of great interest to the old duffer.

The guards nod, worrisome.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Well, I don't expect you to address him as such.

GUARDS  
(in unison)  
Yes, Captain.

They carry off the object.

ALDEN  
I'll be back shortly. I'm going to visit mother.

Grayson concerned, worried look on his face.

EXT. CEMETERY REGALE - DAY

The sun sets over rows of oblong tombstones with runic-like writings on them.

Still muddied, Alden, immeasurable sadness across his face, stands before an ornate tombstone. The alien writings glow.

ALDEN  
The kingdoms are united at last,  
Mother. A bloodbath, but a great achievement nonetheless.

Alden sets flowers down on the grave.

ALDEN (CONT'D)

All this has been accomplished and  
yet he still hasn't forgiven me.

Alden's eyes well up, he composes himself.

ALDEN (CONT'D)

Have you forgiven me?

Alden heads towards an imposing castle in the background.

EXT. CASTLE URSUS - DAY

Alden strides toward the gate of the intimidating stone  
fortress. Vigilant GUARDS stand watch on the parapets.

He walks across the drawbridge. He looks up at a stone-carved  
relief of a grizzly bear with its mouth open, fangs showing.

The bear looks as if it were roaring at any intruder with the  
balls to invade. So far, there hasn't been any takers.

Red and white banners with black bear sigils, flutter in the  
wind.

INT. CASTLE URSUS - THRONE ROOM - DAY

King Weston, in scarlet and ermine robes, watches Alden with  
disdain through the window.

He looks at his magnificently displayed armor rack. He wipes  
the blood off his sword, admires it. This is the  
"peacemaker."

INT. CASTLE URSUS - TOWER - NIGHT

Dimly lit by flickering candlelight. Tables cluttered with  
arcane scientific instruments and books.

CORLISS (60s), weathered, wise, and intuitive, works at his  
desk. The alchemist's humble robe covers his lanky body.

He pushes his long braided beard out of the way as he  
carefully pours one liquid filled flask into another. A  
moment passes. He looks in disappointment, nothing happens.

CORLISS

Hmm.

He tries again.

*BOOM!*

The liquids explodes, fills the room with white smoke. Corliss coughs, waves his arms about clearing the smoke.

CORLISS (CONT'D)  
Oh, poppycock!

He heads towards his window, takes deep breaths. He stares into the star-filled sky. One pulsing star catches his attention.

CORLISS (CONT'D)  
That's odd.

An archaic telescope is set up nearby. He looks through the telescope. The star is too far away to make out any details.

CORLISS (CONT'D)  
What are you?

Corliss walks to a table, examines the probe Alden found. He notices the strange writings etched in the metal.

CORLISS (CONT'D)  
And what exactly are you? A bunch of codswallop? To me at least.

EXT. CASTLE URSUS - COURTYARD - DAY

*CLANG!*

Two swords furiously meet. Alden duels with Grayson.

CASTLE GUARDS perched above them watch the training session.

Alden lunges repeatedly at Grayson who parries with ease. Smacks his hand with the broadside of his sword. Alden winces.

GRAYSON  
Surely the future king can do better than this?

Frustrated, Alden lunges at Grayson impetuously. Grayson sidesteps, flourishes his sword, and whacks Alden on his backside.

Alden, falls face first into the mud, grunts in anger. Grayson puts a hand out.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
My, Lord.

Alden swats Grayson's hand away. He picks himself up, walks away in a child's tantrum.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
My Lord?!

Alden huffs, bows his head, and turns to Grayson.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Your anger is far more dangerous  
than any enemy you shall face.

Alden breathes heavily, bends from the waist.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Don't let your anger cloud your  
focus.

ALDEN  
You're right. I'm sorry.

Alden wipes the mud off his sword.

GRAYSON  
Come. Let's finish.

The two raise their swords.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
Again!

Alden's focused, his blows well placed. The two strike and counter-strike, each slash increasing in speed.

Alden nearly bests him, but Grayson flourishes his sword in a slick upright movement, knocks Alden's sword out of his hand.

The sword stands upright in the grass, sways back and forth.

The guards' jaws drop. Grayson smiles.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
This old dog still has many tricks.

Grayson pats Alden on the shoulder.

GRAYSON (CONT'D)  
You'll be a great swordsman one  
day, just not today.

Alden smirks.



INT. CASTLE URSUS - DINING HALL - DAY

King Weston and Alden sit at a massive table, eat.

KING WESTON  
Grayson tells me you did well  
today.

ALDEN  
Thank you, Father.

KING WESTON  
He also said you were distracted.  
Almost left your training.

ALDEN  
But I didn't leave.

KING WESTON  
Why are you always distracted?

Alden looks away. King Weston slams his food onto his plate.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)  
I will not be here forever.

ALDEN  
I know.

KING WESTON  
Then you should know, you need to  
start acting like a king!

Alden's anger brews.

ALDEN  
I can never please you. Can I,  
father?

KING WESTON  
It's not about pleasing me!

King Weston knocks all the food, plates, and cutlery off the  
table.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)  
It's about growing up!

Alden tosses his napkin, stands.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)  
Yes, yes, go to your room like a  
spoiled little brat! Go!

Alden storms off.

INT. CASTLE URSUS - TOWER - DAY

Corliss looks through an ornately gold gilded book.

The pages full of drawings depicting a variety of creatures and monsters.

He pages through the book until he gets to a page with blue, human-like creatures.

King Weston enters.

CORLISS  
Ah, my dear King.

KING WESTON  
I could use a stiff drink.

Corliss smiles, grabs a liquor bottle out of a desk drawer. He hands it to King Weston.

CORLISS  
For your wobbler.

King Weston pulls the cork out with his teeth, takes a swig.

CORLISS (CONT'D)  
You shouldn't get yourself so worked up over the boy.

KING WESTON  
How did you know?

CORLISS  
I'm a magician after all... and I've been by your side for far too long.

King Weston laughs. He passes the bottle to Corliss. He takes a swig.

KING WESTON  
Yes, you have, old friend.

CORLISS  
The night is darkest before the dawn.

KING WESTON  
Perhaps.

CORLISS

Some mature later than sooner.

KING WESTON

Daft! He has no ambition, no drive...

King Weston looks at the probe.

KING WESTON (CONT'D)

And what of that thing Alden found?

Corliss walk over to it, picks up a bent antenna.

CORLISS

It is not of our kind, that I'm sure of.

KING WESTON

Then of who's kind?

CORLISS

Well, it's a twee to--

Suddenly, the room *THUNDERS* and *SHAKES*.

Books and items bounce off the shelves and crash onto the floor. The probe crashes, rolls on the floor, fizzles out.

Corliss and King Weston struggle to stand. They rush toward the window and see...

High in orbit, a massive fireball plummets towards the planet's atmosphere.

OUTERSPACE

The peaceful view of the Earth-like planet of Aalteris is interrupted by the *RUMBLING* of a spacecraft's thrusters.

The massive streamlined Mactan warship races towards the planet. Sleek, no ornamentation, designed for efficiency, a harbinger of death. This is the *WORLD EATER*.

The heavily armed dreadnought zips past, explosions erupt throughout, pieces of its hull violently break away from its mass.

Alien *CREWMEN* are launched into the void among the ship's debris.

INT. WORLD EATER SPACESHIP - COMMAND DECK - DAY

An imposing alien, NARLOCK light blue, heavily creased skin rushes past. He's colorfully dressed, almost flamboyant, adorned with strange sigils. A red cape swirls behind him as he makes his way to view screen.

The War Master of the race known as the Mactorii, observes his panicked MACTORII CREWMEN manipulate the ship's controls.

Narlok's muscular, humanoid body struggles to stand upright as the ship violently rocks. He shouts frantically.

**NOTE: ALL MACTORII DIALOGUE IS SPOKEN IN A HARSH GUTTURAL LANGUAGE WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.**

NARLOK

Report?

A MACTORII OFFICER manipulates a holographic screen.

MACTORII OFFICER

Catastrophic failure, multiple decks.

NARLOK

Who's attacking us?

MACTORII OFFICER

Nothing on the scanner, War Master.

Narlok ponders.

NARLOK

Get the fires under control! Start sealing off compartments!

MACTORII OFFICER

Yes, sir.

INT. WORLD EATER SPACESHIP - VARIOUS - DAY

CREWMEN scramble at different control stations, seal hatches shut.

The lights flicker, critical failure ALARMS wail. Explosions erupt throughout.

INT. WORLD EATER SPACESHIP - REACTOR ROOM - DAY

MACTORII ENGINEERS hastily move about as electricity arcs violently throughout.

The reactors encased in a glass-like material. Purple, viscous fluid vibrates uncontrollably. They *HUM* with more intensity.

*KA-BOOM!!!*