

A Warrior's Anguish

FADE IN:

EXT. RANSACKED VILLAGE - DAY

A cluster of small, Stone-Houses sit in ruin. Multiple bloody corpses are strewn through-out the area.

On a hill beyond the village, smoke billows from the smoldering remains of a Church.

GULORN, 38, a warrior clad in iron armor, cautiously steps between two of the Stone-Houses, an iron sword and shield at the ready.

He scans the area. No movement. His gaze falls onto a particular Stone-House on the outskirts of the village.

GULORN

Oh... No.

Gulorn dashes towards the Stone-House.

EXT. GULORN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With his sword and shield gripped tight, Gulorn moves around side of his House.

Once he reaches the front, he stops and looks on in horror.

The wooden door has been smashed in.

Gulorn steps over the splintered door, disappears inside.

A few moments pass before Gulorn steps back out, his sword now sheathed.

Grasped in his hand is a crude trading card. ON THE CARD: A warrior with thick armor, looks similar to Gulorn.

Sadness fills his eyes as he thumbs the card.

GULORN

You never go anywhere without your favorite card...

Someone COUGHS O.S.

Gulorn slides the card into his waste-band, looks over to an OLD MAN, 72, who lies on his back in the dirt road.

The Old Man clutches a gnarly stab wound in his stomach, COUGHS up dark blood.

Gulorn rushes over to the injured Old Man, kneels next to him. Without touching him, he inspects the Old Man's wound.

GULORN
You've lost a lot of blood...

OLD MAN
Don't worry... About... Me...
You're Son... Was taken to... the
church...

GULORN
What happened?

OLD MAN
T-trolls... They came... and--

The Old Man's eyes roll back in his head as he COUGHS up more blood and convulses.

After a few moments, the Old Man goes still. His last breath CROAKS out of him.

Gulorn stands, looks to the burning Church on the hill beyond the village. With a sense of purpose, he moves for the hill.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The charred remains of the building have all but collapsed in. Smoke billows up into the sky.

The Ransacked Village is visible in the BG.

Gulorn reaches the hilltop, runs to the Church. He slows to a stop just before it, falls to his knees.

In the debris of the Church are multiple burnt corpses, some are children.

With misty eyes, Gulorn takes a deep BREATH.

GULORN
Please... Forgive me...

He pulls out the trading card, looks over it once more.

A tear falls down his cheek as his bottom lip quivers.

GULORN (CONT)
I should have been here... I should
have protected you...

Gulorn stands, steps closer to the smoldering remains of the Church. He brings the trading card to his lips, kisses it, then tosses into the ash.

GULORN

Your favorite card... It belongs
with you, Son.

A ROAR O.S. gets Gulorn's attention.

He unsheathes his sword, turns to see a TROLL, at least eight-feet tall, three eyes, green skin.

It stomps up the dirt road with a massive club in it's hands, sprints towards Gulorn.

GULORN

You picked the wrong village, you
savage beast!

With a BATTLECRY, Gulorn charges the Troll.

The Troll swings it's club, but Gulorn is able to duck under it's attack. He slices his sword across the Troll's thigh as he rolls behind the beast.

The Troll SCREAMS out in pain as blood gushes from it's wound. It twists around, swings it's club down hard--

--But Gulorn counters by lifting his sheild, blocks the heavy blow. He quickly lashes out with the sword, slices off the Troll's left arm.

As the Troll stumbles backwards, Gulorn rushes forward, quickly closes the distance between them. He raises his sword high, ready to strike when--

--The Troll lunges forward and headbutts Gulorn. The force of the headbutt sends Gulorn flying off his feet. He lands hard on his back, WINCES in pain.

As he struggles to his feet, the Troll grabs the club from the grip of it's severed arm. It glares at Gulorn and ROARS.

Gulorn spits out blood, readies himself for another exchange of blows.

The Troll lifts it's club high above it's head, ROARS as it charges Gulorn. Blood gushes out of the stump where it's arm used to be.

Gulorn grits his teeth, clinches his sword.

Just as the Troll swings it's club down, Gulorn sidesteps and dodges the blow. In one swift motion, he spins around and swings his sword hard.

The blade slices through the Troll's neck, it's decapitated head spins around 360 degrees befor finally falling off of the beast's shoulder.

Blood shoots out of the Troll's neck like a fountain, sprays onto Gulorn.

He closes his eyes as the Troll's headless bloody falls to the ground.

Behind him, the sun sets on the horizon.

FADE TO:

BLACK