

The Summoner: Seeker of the Guardians

By

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THE SUMMONER: SEEKER OF THE GUARDIANS

FADE IN:

BLACK SCREEN

A man's voice speaks out.

THE NARRATOR (V.O.)

The world is forever changing, and with that, it gives us never-ending stories. Today, we start with the first story ever told: the story of our creation.

**MONTAGE**

EXT. PROLOGUE-DAY

We see the paintings of the goddess, DIJANA, and THE ARCHDEMON as the narrator sets forth our tale. Similar to Japanese mythology, they depict the two creating the world side by side, standing on a floating bridge, stirring the sea with a celestial jeweled spear.

Both depicted in human form, Dijana is portrayed as a beauty with wavy, flowing hair and angelic wings. As for the archdemon, he's always shown immersed in the shadows never fully showing his face. We can, however, partially see white wings.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Order of Yildun teaches us that there are two Creators: Dijana and the archdemon. Side by side, they created our world. Dijana's desire was to create man with free will. She wished for man to be able to make his own decisions, but the archdemon opposed this. He said free will would lead to hate, envy, and greed.

The adults are farming, the carefree kids are playing in the field.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Dijana believed man would come to love one another because he would be created in their image. However, what the Creator saw was what the archdemon foretold.

As we watch men with blades at war with one another:

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The archdemon was enraged by what he saw. He believed that he and The Creator should annihilate what is and create what could be. Dijana rejected the idea. She had grown to love man and still believed in him.

As we spot the natural disasters destroying cities and towns, a devastated mother holding her wounded baby:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Behind Dijana's back, the archdemon began killing off man.

We see paintings of the Battle of Androostasai: Dijana and the archdemon battling in the stormy gray sky, the goddess with her bow and the archdemon with his spear.

Battling along side the creators are the SEVEN GUARDIANS of Dijana against the SEVEN GUARDIANS OF THE ARCHDEMON, who compared to Dijana's angelic guardians look like they came straight out of hell.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When Dijana discovered this, she attempted to cast him out, initiating the Battle of Androostasai. After twelve days and twelve nights, the battle came to an end.

As we sthe live montages of the lands and the calm ocean:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Creator scattered seven gates around the land to seal the archdemon away. It is the same for her; seven gates separate her from our world. But our story does not end here. In fact, this is where it begins.

Black.

INT. CAVERN-DUSK

Sixteen year old ANAILEIA (pronounced A|Nile|Ya) scampers through the murky passageway, dodging falling debris. The cavern is collapsing before our very eyes. Her once sleek skirt is torn, her brown skin covered in dirt.

She hears the deafening cries of men in the distance along with a threatening voice, shouting:

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
Anaileia! Anaileia!

As Anaileia races toward a staircase, the ground leading to them starts to crumble, creating a gigantic pit. She leaps over it, tumbling forward and scrambling up the stairs.

Behind her in the distance, she hears an ear-splitting screech that makes the wails of the men sound like harmonizing.

She reaches the top of the staircase, finding flecks of sunlight pouring in.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-DAY

The rays of the sun cover the woodland in a precious, pale yellow.

A SNOW WHITE BIRD is perched on a tree branch, its beady eyes following our protagonist, who...

...Scampers through the forest, falling to her knees and gasping for air. As she catches her breath, she hears a booming snarl that causes the foliage to quiver, and whatever it is, it's headed her way.

The forest goes quiet.

Anaileia then hears footsteps so heavy, the ground quakes beneath her. Stumbling to her feet, she scurries along tripping over a tree root and tumbling down an incline. She lands at the bottom, and...

THUD.

...Hits her head hard. Anaileia raises her head disoriented, showing off a nice little gash. She stands yelping out, glancing down at her ankle; it's swelling.

Beside her is a tree with a hollow at the trunk. Anaileia crawls inside, holding her breath as she hears the footsteps right beside her followed by an ear-piercing howl. Whatever this creature is, it walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST-NIGHT

Anaileia limps her way forward, using the trees to hold herself up. A patch of dry blood stains her head, she shivers from the chilled air.

A distance away she sees a burning, reddish light that's like a star embedded in the night sky. Drawn to it like a moth to a flame, she reaches a campfire.

Perched in a tree shrouded by darkness is a SILHOUETTE, watching Anaileia unbeknownst to her.

Anaileia extends her hands toward the flames for warmth becoming wobbly. She loses consciousness.

Black.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Anaileia lies on the grassy terrain, unconscious as the flames from the CRACKLING campfire radiate her profile. She awakens disoriented. She must've been out for only a few seconds. As she looks around, a FACE peers down.

THE FACE

Hey! Are you okay! Hey!

The alluring face belongs to JAKE RASON (early 20s). His ice-blue eyes stare back.

Anaileia's eyes roll back. She faints.

Black.

EXT. MISTY FOREST-DAY-(DREAM)

Anaileia awakens in a dim, eerie forest with fog so thick, it's almost impossible to see the thundery gray sky. It's a chilly day with the breath of Anaileia forming clouds of smoke and frost covering the terrain.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(faintly)

Anaileia.

Anaileia stands up, finding a SILHOUETTE of a woman a distance away deep within the fog. She steps forward, filling the air with the sound of crackling leaves.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
Hello? Who's there?

The silhouette starts walking off.

ANAILEIA  
Wait!

Anaileia scurries toward the silhouette, though no matter how far she runs, the distance only seems to widen.

ANAILEIA  
Please, wait!

The fog thickens, masking Anaileia's eyes. She comes to a stop, seeing if she can make out the silhouette.

Behind Anaileia countless SHAPELESS SHADOWS materialize. These eerie, black entities slither toward her like snakes, howling in a manner like a wail from the wind.

Anaileia turns to this awful sound.

The shadows swarm in surrounding her reaching for her.

Caught off guard she stumbles back falling.

These creatures take this chance to hover over her as she clenches her head squeezing her eyes shut. The shadows sweep over her completely.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. INN ROOM-NIGHT

With a jolt Anaileia awakens in bed covered in sweat. The damp cloth that was on her forehead falls onto her lap, showing us that the wound on her head is bandaged. She looks down at what she's wearing, a kimono robe; someone's changed her clothes.

Anaileia looks over the room and finds...

...Jake on the windowsill, looking out the window, fiddling with a white coin that's the size of a half dollar.

He wears a traditional tunic under a navy blue vest and dark trousers with a belt buckle, a change pouch attached. Against the wall is his precious, sheathed Great Sword.

Anaileia panics leaping up, putting pressure on the bad yet wrapped ankle. She yelps out nearly falling over.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Hey! You'll mess up your ankle even more!

ANAILEIA

Who are you?!

JAKE

It's okay. You're okay-My name is Jake-

ANAILEIA

Why am I alone in a room with you?!

JAKE

You passed out, and-

ANAILEIA

Passed out? And your initial thought was to bring me back to a room with you?!

JAKE

(to self)

And I'm regretting it.

ANAILEIA

Where are my clothes?

JAKE

I threw them out. They were dirty, and-

ANAILEIA

You took off my clothes?

JAKE

I didn't! I had the housekeeper do it!

Anaileia starts to sway, dizzy from the excitement.

JAKE

You need to lie back down. You have a fever, and with that gash on your head, I wouldn't doubt a concussion.

Anaileia palpates the bandage.

JAKE

You can relax. If I wanted to hurt you, I wouldn't have wasted bandages on you...Or my time...

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

You make a legitimate case, but it seems rather difficult to 'relax' when I'm in a room with a strange man. But thank you for your kindness. I'll take my leave now.

Anaileia turns to leave, limps forward, and starts to lose her balance.

Jake rushes to Anaileia, holding her up.

She looks up into his bewitching eyes mesmerized not noticing his deep scowl.

JAKE

I'll leave, but you need to stay.

ANAILEIA

Well, I can't very well put you out of your own room.

JAKE

Then lie down and go back to sleep. It'll be morning soon.

Anaileia hesitantly climbs back into bed careful with the bad ankle. She lies down and turns over, hearing Jake return to the windowsill.

INT. INN ROOM-DAY

Anaileia is asleep in bed or so it looks like.

We hear the creaking of a door opening, footsteps on the hardwood floor coming and going, and then the closing of a door.

Her eyes fly open, finding at the foot of the bed: a v-neck tunic, a jacket similar to a hanten, slim wool slacks, and boots.

INT. BATHROOM/INN ROOM-DAY

Anaileia wipes away the moisture from the full-length mirror, gazing at her battered reflection. Her body is wrapped in a cloth, the blazing purplish bruises and scratches still peeking out.

What really catches our eye, however, is the minuscule birthmark of two, black wings on the back of her shoulder.

INT. INN ROOM-DAY

Anaileia enters from the restroom, wearing the new clothes minus the jacket.

Now that we have a little more light in the room, we can spot that it's encircled by smooth wooden walls. Spread out on a table in the corner are a roast smothered in gravy and vegetables in a dish, a bowl of soup, two steel cups, and a wooden fork and bamboo spoon.

Anaileia's eyes light up like firecrackers seeing the food. She dashes to the table, sits in one of the two chairs, and starts on the roast.

Jake enters, eyes falling on the roast.

JAKE

The soup was for you.

ANAILEIA

Uh-Would you like this back?

JAKE

Eat up.

Jake sits in the second chair, watching her eat.

JAKE

How's the ankle?

ANAILEIA

Better. It isn't swollen anymore.

JAKE

Good...About last night, what happened?

That's a bit abrupt.

JAKE

What about where you're from. Can you tell me that? I can take you back.

ANAILEIA

I can't go back.

JAKE

Did someone hurt you?

Anaileia looks down at her quivering hands. Jake sees this too.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

There's a chantry close by. They can help you. It'll take a couple days to get there, but I can take you if you want.

Anaileia feebly nods her head, yes.

JAKE

We'll need supplies. While I'm doing that, eat.

Jake stands and turns to leave.

ANAILEIA

Jake? Thank you.

He nods, departing.

EXT. CREEK-DAY

Jake leads Anaileia toward a rocky, blue stream with tranquil waves, having begun their mini journey.

Anaileia wears the hanten-like jacket, carrying a rugged, sand color traveling backpack while Jake carries his sheathed Great Sword on his back.

She follows Jake across the stream, stumbling over some large stones in the creek. Jake quickly catches Anaileia, who looks up, finding his face a little too close for comfort. Her face flushes, though Jake doesn't notice or just doesn't care.

JAKE

Watch your step.

He brusquely lets her go, continuing across the creek.

Anaileia sighs, following behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY-DAY

Light snow falls, covering the terrain. The chilled wind sways the green vines that hang on the trees.

In the distance a family of bulky animals similar to a hippopotamus, though with an exceptionally long nose, scamper across the valley.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia and Jake, who by now have traveled a great distance, enter a valley. When Anaileia sees how it looks never-ending, she almost gives out. Jake starts leading the way, and so their hike begins.

CUT TO:

EXT. VALLEY-NIGHT

The sky is pitch black except for the few specks of light embedded in it. The wind has died down, plots of snow are scattered about.

Anaileia is asleep in a fleece sleeping bag near the campfire. A nightmare disturbs her. She tosses and turns, clenching her hands.

Across the campfire, Jake fiddles with the same white coin from the inn.

ANAILEIA  
(pleading in her sleep)  
Wait. Please wait.

Hearing her catches his attention, though ultimately he returns to his coin.

EXT. THE TOWN OF CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

It's snowing, and quite frankly, it's a beautiful sight. Footprints aetched in the pale snow from the strolling civilians, who all wear collared jackets similar to what you'd see in traditional China.

Crystal Lake looks like a town one would see in a fantasy role-playing game. Encircling it are white, stone buildings with tracery patterns.

Anaileia and Jake wander into town. As Anaileia admires her surroundings, she starts to stagger, clutching her head.

JAKE  
Are you okay?

ANAILEIA  
My head.

JAKE  
You're probably just hungry. Come.

They enter the town-square.

(CONTINUED)

In the center is a grand ice sculpture of the same graceful bird we saw in the woods. Behind it is a two-story, castle-like chantry with stained glass windows.

Nearly twenty PRIESTS enter the chantry. Signifying rank they wear pale blue chantry robes with beige cloths around the pelvis.

Greeting the priests at the entrance is PRIESTESS CYLESTIEL, an angelic woman in a pale blue clergy.

A THRONG OF CIVILIANS stop and observe.

CITIZEN (CITIZEN)  
(to CIVILIAN)  
Aww Creator. This looks serious.  
I've never seen so many priests at  
once.

The last of the priests enter the chantry followed by Cylestiel.

The crowd disperses.

INT. MAIN HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Anaileia and Jake enter.

Drowning under somber, amber lights are CLERICS aligned on each side of the hall, bowing their heads respectfully as the priests head into a back room. These gender mixed clerics wear simple, gray clergy robes, ages ranging from elementary to late seventies.

Cylestiel walks behind the priests.

The last of the priests pour into the room, passing the dull, copper statue of Dijana. Cylestiel closes the door behind them.

JAKE  
Wait here.

Jake walks up to the priestess.

Anaileia watches their exchange curiously, though with Jake's back to her and Cylestiel only stealing glances at her, she gets nothing.

Jake and Cylestiel approach Anaileia.

CYLESTIEL

Anaileia. Hello. I'm Priestess  
Cylestiel. How do you do?

ANAILEIA

Well. Thank you.

CYLESTIEL

You've been through quite the  
ordeal. You are more than welcome  
to stay at the chantry for as long  
as you like. It's ultimately Father  
Gebreheem's decision, but I know he  
will welcome you. Right now he's in  
a meeting.

JAKE

With those clerics we saw? What's  
it for?

CYLESTIEL

Nothing. A conversation.

JAKE

'A conversation'?

CYLESTIEL

Yes-A conversation-While we wait,  
(to Anaileia)  
Why don't I show you to a room?  
And, Jake? Why don't you stay for  
dinner as well? I can have a room  
prepared for you both.

JAKE

I can't turn down a meal.

CYLESTIEL

Marvelous! Follow me!

INT. BEDROOM/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Anaileia and Cylestiel enter.

The room is of simple decor with a metallic gold color and  
marble flooring.

CYLESTIEL

Your room, dear.

ANAILEIA

It is lovely. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CYLESTIEL

Wonderful. Would you like a warm bath? Shall I show you to the washroom?

ANAILEIA

Yes, please!

INT. WASHROOM/CHANCERY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

The grand washroom has a delicate and natural feel to it, the surface being made up of gray tiles while the walls are a pale blue stone.

Anaileia sits in the squared-shaped, in-ground tub. As she's rinsing herself off with a washcloth, tears begin to fall. Her brave front has fallen.

She hears a knock at the door and faces away from it.

Cylestiel peeks her head in.

CYLESTIEL

It's me! I'm leaving clean clothes for you.

ANAILEIA

Thank you.

Cylestiel can tell from Anaileia's shaky voice that she's been crying, though her back is to her. She walks up to her, takes the washcloth, and tends to her back.

CYLESTIEL

We're having lotus stew for lunch today. It was my turn to cook. I wanted to make something fancier, but I'm not a very good cook. I practice, but when I make something grand, it is a disaster. Why, just a month ago I tried making a roast fillet. Lets just say everyone is thankful we still have a kitchen.

ANAILEIA

How long have you been practicing?

CYLESTIEL

Years? But it is important I do not give up, right?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
You should probably give up.

Anaileia chuckles. Cylestiel is thrilled to see that.

The priestess moves hair away from Anaileia's birthmark, preparing to wash the area.

CYLESTIEL  
Is this a tattoo?

ANAILEIA  
'Tattoo'? Oh, no. It's a birthmark.

CYLESTIEL  
I feel like I have seen it before.

ANAILEIA  
My birthmark?

CYLESTIEL  
Yes. Maybe it reminds me of a painting.

Cylestiel wrings out the towel and sets it aside.

CYLESTIEL  
I'm going to go check on the stew.  
Take your time, dear.

Cylestiel leaves.

Anaileia sinks deeper into the water, uncomfortable in the unbearable yet familiar silence.

INT. DINING HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Lively voices permeate throughout the hall. The priests are gathered at the sleek rectangular table as several PRIESTESSES serve them stew and bread.

At the head of the table is FATHER GABREHEEM (early 60s) dressed in the same robe as his fellow priests minus the cloth, being it's gray. Adjacent to him is Jake dressed in an ivory, wide neck tunic looking as spruce as ever.

There is a vacant seat beside the father and Jake.

Cylestiel and Anaileia walk in. After having her bath and now wearing a robe similar to the priestesses, Anaileia looks refreshed.

Seeing the food Anaileia grins and skips her way toward the table with glee.

(CONTINUED)

The priestess sits beside the father, Anaileia bedside Jake.

CYLESTIEL

Father Gabreheem, this is Anaileia.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Anaileia, it is very nice to meet you, and welcome to Crystal Lake. Cylestiel has told me about your circumstances. For as long as you like, the chantry is your home.

We should be able to recognize this voice from the beginning of our tale; he's our narrator.

ANAILEIA

Thank you, Father.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

The clerics chat away eating their meal.

As TWO PRIESTS across from Jake speak in a low tone, he listens in.

Anaileia, sitting at the table with Jake, says:

ANAILEIA

So are you leaving tomorrow?

JAKE

Yeah. In the morning.

ANAILEIA

Oh...

JAKE

You'll be fine. You're in good hands here.

A YOUNG CLERIC rushes in toward Father Gabreheem, and he whispers in his ear. Calm as one can be, Father Gabreheem stands up straightening his robe. Noticing something's up Cylestiel follows suit. The three depart.

JAKE

Something is going on.

INT. MAIN HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Surrounded by a group of PANICKING CLERICS is a WOUNDED MAN, clutching his arm, which is soaked in red. His face is pale; he's barely able to stand. Beside him is his FRANTIC FRIEND, looking as if he's seen the devil himself.

Father Gabreheem and Cylestiel make their way through the crowd to the injured man.

Father Gabreheem, seeing the man, says:

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Cylestiel!

CYLESTIEL  
Yes!

Cylestiel frantically takes off.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
What happened?

As Jake and Anaileia enter:

FRANTIC FRIEND  
A fiend! A fiend attacked us!

CLERICS  
(gasping)  
A fiend?

Anaileia's face clouds over. She knows something.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Get him to a room!

The clerics help the wounded man down the corridor.

JAKE  
(to Father Gabreheem)  
What happened to him?

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Nothing to worry yourself over.  
Please go finish your meal.

JAKE  
He said they were attacked by  
fiends?

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Please return to the dining hall.

Cylestiel appears holding a wooden basket of: cloths, bandages, and a jar of antiseptic.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
(to Cylestiel)  
This way!

Father Gabreheem leads Cylestiel down the corridor.

INT. ROOM/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Jake strolls right on in with Anaileia close behind.

Father Gabreheem, Cylestiel, and the clerics gather around the man of the hour, his fidgety friend standing out of the way.

The wounded man rids his shirt with the help of Cylestiel, wincing in pain, revealing a gash with deep claw marks. Using the basket of supplies, the priestess cleans and bandages him up as he cries out.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
(to the friend)  
Are you certain it was a fiend?

FRANTIC FRIEND  
Am I-Am I certain? Yes, I'm certain!

YOUNG CLERIC  
Father Gabreheem, what will we do?  
There really are fiends roaming.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
We need to request Protectors from the Archon Chantry.

CLERIC(CLERIC)  
It could takes weeks for them to send anyone! There is a fiend attacking people now!

JAKE  
I'll go take a look.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
What? No. I cannot allow that.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

It's fine. I'll go now.  
(to the friend)  
Where were you attacked?

FRANTIC FRIEND

In the woodland outside of town.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Then I will go too.

CYLESTIEL

What? Of course you cannot go,  
Father!

FATHER GABREHEEM

I need to see this with my own  
eyes.

CYLESTIEL

But-

JAKE

Then I'll meet you by the entrance.

Jake walks out the room, leaving Anaileia to look around, absorbing in the sight of frightened and sickly pale faces. She follows him.

INT. MAIN HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-CONTINUOUS

Anaileia enters.

JAKE

Go back to your room.

ANAILEIA

I'm coming with you.

JAKE

No. You're not. Go to your room.

ANAILEIA

Why?

JAKE

I don't have time for this.

ANAILEIA

Well you better hurry then.

She heads to the entrance, leaving Jake to heave a sigh.

EXT. WOODLAND/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

The wind carries the beautiful tune of humming birds.

Jake leads Anaileia and Father Gabreheem toward an open space. He's dressed in his original attire, carrying his sheathed blade.

JAKE

This is the place, right?

FATHER GABREHEEM

Yes. Be alert.

We notice the birds have stopped singing, and the wind has died down.

As Jake holds out his hand, prompting Anaileia and the father to stop, he says:

JAKE

There's something here.

FATHER GABREHEEM

There is...

Jake takes out his sword from its scabbard, scanning the area as the sword expands into a layered, grand blade.

Sprinting toward Anaileia is a WRATH FIEND, its jagged claws raised high. Just before it reaches her...

...Jake jumps in, deflecting the attack.

The wrath fiend leaps back, standing at more than seven feet with a crimson, burly, snake-like exterior.

FATHER GABREHEEM

(to himself)

The Creator.

JAKE

Get back!

Anaileia and Father Gabreheem do just that.

The fiend's piercing, red eyes fall on Jake, a shrill cry coming from it. It pounces toward Jake.

Swift attacks are exchanged.

From the corner of his eye, Jake sees a SECOND WRATH FIEND, darting toward Anaileia. He thrusts the first fiend back, dashing toward Anaileia, who is as clueless as ever.

(CONTINUED)

The first fiend lunges at Jake, cutting off his path.

JAKE

Anaileia!

The fiend screeches, raises its claw, and lunges at Anaileia...

Just before it reaches her, Anaileia extends both hands out, creating a radiant, pinkish BARRIER that repels her and the fiend back.

Both Jake and the father are just as taken aback by the barrier as she is.

The second fiend jumps to its feet shrilling in a way that shows us just how agitated Anaileia has made it. As it leaps toward her...

...Jake repels the first fiend back, sprints toward the second, and lunges his blade into it. We can hear it tear into its flesh.

With one final cry, the fiend turns into a black mist that vanishes into the air.

The last fiend, screeching at Anaileia, gallops on all four toward her. As it nears her...

...Jake cuts it down.

Black mist.

Jake returns his sword to its sheath like it's another day's work, the blade returning to its original state.

Father Gabreheem comes down from the shock of it all.

FATHER GABREHEEM

We should return.

JAKE

What's the story, Father? You clerics don't gather around just for dinner.

Father Gabreheem simply stumbles off.

INT. MAIN HALL/CHANCERY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

A murmur lingers over the main hall. A cluster of fidgety clerics hang near the entrance.

Anaileia, Jake, and Father Gabreheem walk in, and the clerics swarm in with questions about what the father saw, but his pale face says it all. They fall back.

Cylestiel makes her way through the cluster toward the father, who acknowledges no one as he walks right past her, leaving her taken aback.

INT. OFFICE/CHANCERY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Father Gabreheem stands in the center of his office with a desolating look, gazing at a painting of Dijana behind his desk.

To the side is a BOOKCASE brimming with books of antiquity.

Cylestiel, Jake, and Anaileia scramble inside, closing the door behind them.

CYLESTIEL

Father? What's happening?

FATHER GABREHEEM

The prophecy.

JAKE

What prophecy?

CYLESTIEL

The prophecy that comes from our religion-The Yildun.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Twelve thousand years ago, High Priestess Metesa prophesied that in centuries to come, the archdemon would rise and bring devastation to all of Almathea. The first sign would be the roaming of the vice fiends. The second would be man turning against man, and the final sign would be a breach between our world and his.

CYLESTIEL

How can that be? The only way for the archdemon to rise is if he's summoned, yes?

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia looks down at her trembling hands. The poor girl knows something, and it's about time to 'fess up.

JAKE

Just because we saw a wrath fiend, it doesn't mean it's because of some prophecy. Fiends walk among us. They always have.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Vice fiends feed off the suffering of man. They are not from our world. The Scathes that walk among us are the descendants of those that chose not to give in to their baser instincts.

CYLESTIEL

You said the first sign is vice fiends, but there is not a breach. How would they get here? Does that mean that there is a breach?

FATHER GABREHEEM

No. Maybe. I don't know!

ANAILEIA

They're coming from the gates.

FATHER GABREHEEM

What? What did you say?

ANAILEIA

They're coming from the gates. The gates protected by the guardians.

FATHER GABREHEEM

How would you know that?

ANAILEIA

Because I am the one who opened them.

There's a moment of silence.

FATHER GABREHEEM

What do you mean?

ANAILEIA

I am the one who opened the gates.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GABREHEEM

Why? Why would you say that?

ANAILEIA

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

The father and Cylestiel can only look at her with a look of terror, and without so much as a warning, the father leaves, Cylestiel tripping over her own two feet to catch up.

JAKE

That barrier you did. How did you do it?

Just as Anaileia looks up at Jake on the verge of tears, the pair hears a commotion in the hall.

INT. HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-CONTINUOUS

Jake and Anaileia step into the hall.

Marching down the hall toward them is the father, leading a group of WARRIOR CLERICS with sheathed blades at their hip and right behind them, Cylestiel. They see Jake, and whatever courage they had is now gone.

JAKE

What is this?

FATHER GABREHEEM

Don't let her get away!

ANAILEIA

Wha-

An order is an order, though the clerics are hesitant. They scramble toward her, taking out their katanas.

Taking out his own blade in one swift motion, Jake points it at the clerics, who stumble back. Compared to his, their blades are nothing more than toothpicks.

FATHER GABREHEEM

(to Jake)

Step aside!

JAKE

You step aside!

FATHER GABREHEEM

Why are you protecting her? You heard her! You saw what she can do!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

So your first thought is to attack her because you're afraid? Is that the way of the chantry?

FATHER GABREHEEM

How dare you!

ANAILEIA

It's not me!

FATHER GABREHEEM

You admitted to it!

ANAILEIA

I was forced! I was forced. By my guardian. He is the one who is after me.

FATHER GABREHEEM

If that is true, how? How were you able to do it?

ANAILEIA

I-I don't know.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Why did you not stop this?

ANAILEIA

I couldn't.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Yes, you could have!

ANAILEIA

I-I...

Cylestiel comes to a realization.

CYLESTIEL

The birthmark! Father Gabreheem, she has-she has a birthmark on her right shoulder. Anaileia, show him.

Though doubtful Anaileia shows them the mark.

Gasps and astonished voices permeate throughout the corridor. Father Gabreheem steps toward Anaileia with quavering legs, his eyes never leaving the mark.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Why did you choose that symbol?

ANAILEIA  
'Choose'? It's my birthmark.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
(to himself)  
It can't be.

ANAILEIA  
W-What?

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Anaileia, do you really not know?

ANAILEIA  
Know what?

At this point the father doesn't know what to say, what to do, nor what to think. He looks over the mark.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
(to the clerics)  
It-It's a fabrication! Get back to  
your academics. Now!

The clerics are doubtful as they leave, putting away their katanas.

CYLESTIEL  
Father, that's no fabrication.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
We must speak in my office.

INT. OFFICE/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Father Gabreheem places an open book with elegant, cream embroidery on the desk in front of Anaileia. Hovering over her curiously, Jake and Cylestiel take a peek at the page, which displays an illustration of Anaileia's birthmark with some text.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
According to the High Priestess's prophecy, 'the archdemon will rise to bring devastation, but so will the liberator'. She is the Summoner, the one created in the image of our Creator, Dijana, and she is the one who bares this mark...

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

What? What-Father, you are mistaken!

FATHER GABREHEEM

Am I?

ANAILEIA

Yes! Yes, you are!

FATHER GABREHEEM

Opening gates, That barrier you did out there. How do you explain that?

ANAILEIA

I-I don't know.

Father Gabreheem, reading from the page, says:

FATHER GABREHEEM

'The Summoner will rise, and she to prevent the prophecy from being fulfilled.'

JAKE

Lets say what you're saying is true. How would the Summoner do that?

FATHER GABREHEEM

I-I am not sure.

JAKE

This has been interesting.  
(to Anaileia)  
You, come.

ANAILEIA

What?

Jake glares at her, and that's all she needs to stand up.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Where are you going?

JAKE

We're leaving.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Wait! How can you leave after everything I have told you? The fiends? Her mark!

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

That's precisely why we're leaving.  
God day.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Please wait!

Jake and Anaileia exit the office.

INT. HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-CONTINUOUS

The pair enters, and following behind in desperation is Father Gabreheem and Cylestiel.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Okay! I understand. However, one simple request could solve this.

JAKE

What?

FATHER GABREHEEM

There is something I want Anaileia to see. It can prove whether or not she really is the Summoner.

JAKE

Father-

ANAILEIA

Show me.

Jake can't believe what this mousy, little woman just said.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Follow me.

INT. SANCTUARY/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Father Gabreheem and Cylestiel lead Anaileia and Jake down a spiral staircase. The air is so cool, they can each see their breath. Above them illuminating their way with each step are orbs.

FATHER GABREHEEM

According to the scriptures, The Creator has seven guardians: Phoenix, Bahamut, Suijin, Fujin, Raijin, Dryades, and...

They step into a spacious room, and in the center is an ICE SCULPTURE of a woman, holding a hunting bow, standing in front of an iceberg. Encircling beneath her is a white seal that looks like it was made with chalk.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER GABREHEEM  
...Skadi, the guardian of ice.

JAKE  
It's a sculpture.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Y-Yes, but the Summoner should be able to communicate with it.

JAKE  
I don't see any communicating.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Maybe we're missing something.

As Anaileia gazes at the sculpture, her eyes burn white, and as if in a trance, she walks up to SKADI, with Jake and Father Gabreheem going back and forth behind her while a fidgety Cylestiel watches on.

JAKE  
I've seen enough.  
(to Anaileia)  
Come.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
She must stay!

JAKE  
I don't think so.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
She must stay!

CYLESTIEL  
Please stop fighting!

Anaileia reaches for the sculpture, and a blinding white light emits from it, capturing everyone's attention.

ANAILEIA  
(in ancient language)  
Guardian of Dijana. Skadi, the guardian of ice. Lend me your light.

A gust of wind sweeps through, extinguishing the orbs with a whisper. The sculpture sheds its harden exterior, coming to life, and a lustrous light surrounds it, illuminating the sanctuary once again.

Anaileia's eyes return to their natural state, and with a jolt she leaps back at the now living figure looking back at her.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
(to self)  
Creator.

SKADI  
You have summoned me,  
Summoner. What is it that you  
desire?

JAKE  
How...?

FATHER GABREHEEM  
G-Guardian of Ice. We believe the  
archdemon is rising. What can we do  
to stop it?  
(beat)  
Guardian of Ice?

CYLESTIEL  
Maybe she only acknowledges  
Anaileia.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Of course. Anail-Lady Anaileia, ask  
her if the archdemon is rising.

ANAILEIA  
What?

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Ask her if the archdemon is rising.  
Go on.

ANAILEIA  
I-I would like to know if the  
archdemon is rising.

SKADI  
Yes. He is rising. The gates are  
being unsealed. One remains.

CYLESTIEL  
One?

FATHER GABREHEEM  
What are we supposed to do? How do  
we prevent it?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

How-How do we prevent it?

SKADI

You cannot.

FATHER GABREHEEM

That cannot be.

SKADI

Man will summon the archdemon, and he will roam the land.

FATHER GABREHEEM

I do not understand! How is that possible?

SKADI

Summoner, what is it that you desire?

As Anaileia quivers under this tremendous pressure, Cylestiel places a comforting hand on her shoulder.

CYLESTIEL

It's okay.

ANAILEIA

It's not. I am no Summoner.

SKADI

You are indeed The Summoner and you have acknowledged it. What is it that you desire?

ANAILEIA

I don't know.

SKADI

Summoner, what is it that you desire?

Anaileia glances back finding stunned faces.

ANAILEIA

I want to stop the archdemon. How do I do it?

SKADI

You must determine if man deserves to continue his existence. Your heart must be free from hatred and doubt. When you are sure, you must

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SKADI (cont'd)  
find the remaining six guardians,  
and when the archdemon reveals  
himself, you must summon the  
Creator. Do you believe man should  
live?

ANAILEIA  
Yes.

SKADI  
Very well, Summoner. Please call on  
me for I am at your service.

ANAILEIA  
Skadi-wait. Pease.

SKADI  
Yes, Summoner.

ANAILEIA  
Today I made a barrier! How?

SKADI  
You are the Summoner, yes, but a  
barrier? I'm sorry. I'm unable to  
answer that.

ANAILEIA  
I see...

SKADI  
Summoner. I will depart. Call on me  
at anytime.

ANAILEIA  
I will. Thank you, Skadi.

A beaming, white light encircles Skadi, transfiguring into a ball that enters Anaileia, and the seal vanishes. The orbs' light returns with a flicker.

Maybe this has taken a toll on our protagonist, she sways.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
The prophecy. The prophecy has come  
true.

JAKE  
(noticing Anaileia)  
Anaileia?

She collapses.

Black.

INT. BEDROOM/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

OVER BLACK:

JAKE (V.O.)  
You need to hide her.

FATHER GABREHEEM (V.O.)  
Of course. I will send word to the Archon Chantry. She'll need Protectors. It will take time for them to arrive, but they can accompany her to the chantry.

CYLESTIEL (V.O.)  
Jake, did you not say you found her in the woods injured?

JAKE (V.O.)  
Yeah. I don't know who, but she was running from someone. You don't have much time.

Anaileia lies in bed, eyes closed while Jake, Cylestiel, and the father are gathered around the room.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
That's-That's why I would like to ask for your help. If you could just wait here until the Protectors arrive-

JAKE  
I can't.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
But-

JAKE  
I'm sorry, but I have things I need to take care of.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
So you plan to leave her?

Guilt washes over Jake's face. He looks away.

ANAILEIA  
It's okay.

CYLESTIEL

Anaileia! Are you all right?

ANAILEIA

Yes.

Anaileia sits up and rises from bed, clasping her hands together and bowing deeply to Jake.

ANAILEIA

Thank you for everything you have done for me. I do not know how I could ever repay you, but I will never forget the kindness you have shown me.

JAKE

(softly)

I'm sorry.

ANAILEIA

It is okay. Good luck with everything, and please be safe.

Jake hesitantly leaves, and an overwhelming emptiness fills the room, the brave front Anaileia put up faltering.

FATHER GABREHEEM

It is all right. We can manage! I am certain the Archon Chantry will send who they can right away.

ANAILEIA

I can't stay.

FATHER GABREHEEM

What?

ANAILEIA

I can't put you all in danger because of me.

CYLESTIEL

Don't be silly! You can't leave!

FATHER GABREHEEM

It might not look like it, but many of our clerics train in martial arts so please do not worry and rest. I will go contact the Archon Chantry.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

All right. Thank you, Father.

The father and Cylestiel exit the room with a phony spring in their step, a front for Anaileia or for themselves; a pointless gesture though.

Anaileia's already made up her mind.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Jake is walking toward the exit of town, passing the TOWNSPEOPLE. Near the ice sculpture, he sees two out-of-place looking fellas showing a photo to a COUPLE OF TOWNFOLKS.

Judging by their attire, one could say that they are probably MERCENARIES. The smaller man carries a bow and arrows, a combat knife attached to his belt buckle. His burly partner wears weight lifting gloves that match his jet black poly cotton trousers.

The mercenaries approach an OLD MAN as the bow carrying one holds up the photo.

BOW MERCENARY

(with an Australian accent)

Have you seen this gal?

Jake passes the pair, glancing at the photo; it's of Anaileia. He comes to a halt, walks past them, stopping on the other side of the sculpture, listening in. With townspeople passing him by, he's roughly concealed.

OLD MAN

You know what? I think I did. She wasn't wearing a big enough jacket.

The old man chuckles.

BOW MERCENARY

Where did she go, old man?

OLD MAN

'Old man'? Seems like I can't remember. Must be the dementia.

With his nose in the air, the old man walks off. The burly mercenary tries to follow. His partner holds out an arm, blocking his path.

(CONTINUED)

BOW MERCENARY  
We know she's here.

The mercenaries walk off.

Jake doesn't even have to think about his next move. He rushes back to the chantry.

INT. HALL/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Jake strides toward the office as Father Gabreheem and Cylestiel appear around the corner.

CYLESTIEL  
Jake?

JAKE  
They're here.

INT. BEDROOM/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Outside the door is vehement knocking that can only be coming from someone in a panic.

FATHER GABREHEEM (O.S.)  
Lady Anaileia? Lady Anaileia? May I  
come in?  
(beat)  
Lady Anaileia? I'm coming in.

The handle to the door turns, and the door opens. The father, Cylestiel, and Jake enter, looking around the room; it's empty.

JAKE  
Where is she?

FATHER GABREHEEM  
I-I don't know.

CYLESTIEL  
Father? You don't think...?

JAKE  
Think what?

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Outside the bedroom, silence pours out...

WHEN...

...Jake comes bursting into the hall.

Father Gabreheem and Cylestiel enter, struggling to keep up with him.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Wait! She could still be inside the chantry!

JAKE

She's not. You should've left someone outside her door!

FATHER GABREHEEM

I didn't think-

JAKE

I'm going to go look for her.

FATHER GABREHEEM

I'll send clerics with you.

CYLESTIEL

Jake, you have to find her. Please.

Jake strides down the hall without a second glance back.

EXT. WOODLAND/CRYSTAL LAKE-DUSK

Specks of snow fall under the fading, pale sun.

Anaileia treads through the woods, wearing the jacket and chantry hood that don't stop her from trembling from the chilled air. She carries her traveling bag.

She's been hiking for a while now so she sits underneath a tree, putting the bag down. Her eyes are watery, and her face is flushed. She's close to tears.

A FOX-LIKE ANIMAL with curved ears and a bushy, curled tail peeks its head out from a bush across from Anaileia. Mostly white, its fur has patterns of cyan. It watches Anaileia, and seeing she's harmless, it leaps out and tip-toes to her.

ANAILEIA

Hey, little guy.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia extends her hand to the animal, waiting for its reaction, its beady eyes only staring back. She pets it.

The animal falls into her fingers loving the caresses.

ANAILEIA

I thought Kompas were scared of humans. I have never seen one of you up close before.

*Rustle. Rustle.*

Anaileia hears the rattling of foliage from a nearby bush...

WHEN...

...A FLOCK OF KOMPAS spurt out and take off past her, the lone kompa joining them.

Anaileia hastily stands, scanning the area as her eyes widen in fear.

From a distance she can hear the tiny footsteps galloping on the snowy terrain, though soon that vanishes, leaving Anaileia in utter silence. At this point, she's terrified.

You see, catching the slightest glimpse of a kompa is considered a sign of good luck, though seeing a flock of them is nothing short of misfortune, and according to the myth, wherever there is a calamity, these creatures flee in the opposite direction.

Anaileia quickly picks up her bag. Just as she takes a step, an arrow shoots into it, hanging it from a tree. She yelps out, taking off, leaving it.

As she scampers through the woodland ducking and dodging branches hanging like daggers on trees...

...The bow and arrow mercenary from Crystal Lake sprints in the same direction a distance away, his bow fluttering behind him.

The mercenary takes hold of his bow, coming to a stop and loading it, pointing it directly at her foot and firing. The arrow misses her by the width of a strand of hair, landing in the trunk of a tree.

Anaileia glances behind her...

WHEN...

...The burly mercenary steps out in front of her. He reaches for her.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia parries and strikes back. From the look of it, seems she knows some martial arts, however, the burly mercenary evades with ease.

His partner enters, snickering at the sight of the two.

BOW MERCENARY  
Havin' some trouble there, Kaden?

KADEN scowls and slaps Anaileia's face with the back of his hand so hard, she falls to the ground, her cheek red, her lip smeared with blood.

The bow mercenary bends down to her.

She sees the nearby combat knife on the bow mercenary's belt buckle.

BOW MERCENARY  
The boss won' like it if she's  
bruised.

KADEN  
And?

The bow mercenary shrugs, disinterested.

Anaileia takes hold of the knife and stabs the bow handling mercenary in the leg.

BOW MERCENARY  
Ah! You wench!

Kaden reaches to snatch up Anaileia, who swings the blade with everything in her, and he jumps back not wanting the same fate as his partner.

ANAILEIA  
Stay back!

Anaileia presses the knife against her neck.

BOW MERCENARY  
Kaden, fall back!

It takes Kaden a second to consider it. He steps back.

Anaileia stands up.

BOW MERCENARY  
Put down the knife, gal.

ANAILEIA  
I am not going back.

BOW MERCENARY  
Put down the knife.

Anaileia cautiously stumbles back into the woods.

The bow mercenary, loading his bow, says:

KADEN  
Ibon, lets just kill her.

IBON (IBON)  
Lets.

Ibon points the bow at Anaileia. Even with a bad leg, he is able to remain perfectly still.

IBON  
Stop your whinging, and put down my  
knife, or I'll take your arm. Which  
will it be, darlin'?

Anaileia is shaking like a leaf in a hurricane, staring him down in defiance. She presses the knife deeper into her skin, a speck of blood slithering down her neck.

Just as Ibon pulls back on his bow...

...Jake's expanded Great sword hurls toward him.

Ibon sidesteps just in time.

Jake springs onto the scene tackling Kaden.

Ibon raises his bow at Jake and fires. Jake evades, rolling off Kaden, and as he stands Kaden lunges at him exchanging blows.

KADEN  
(to Ibon)  
Get the girl!

Ibon raises his bow as Anaileia flees. He lowers it gritting his teeth, limping after her.

Jake jerks his sword from a tree, cutting Kaden down and hurling it toward Ibon. We hear it tearing into flesh.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia dashing through the woods still holding the knife. She reaches a cliff that has an extraordinary high view of a crystal blue river with roaring waves. Gazing over the edge, she steps forward.

JAKE (O.S.)

Anaileia!

Jake has appeared, coming to a halt, panting as if he's just raced here to find her.

ANAILEIA

Stay away from me!

JAKE

Don't do this!

ANAILEIA

You don't understand! He won't stop coming for me! People will only get hurt, but I can end this.

JAKE

Anaileia, I get it.

ANAILEIA

You don't!

JAKE

I do. I know what it's like to lose people and to blame yourself. I know what it's like to be alone backed into a corner, but you're not alone anymore.

Anaileia looks up from the waves and slowly faces Jake.

JAKE

You have me.

ANAILEIA

Hmph. For how long?

JAKE

For as long as you do. You're stuck with me.

ANAILEIA

Jake...Thank you.

JAKE

For what?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
Everything.

Gently smiling Anaileia steps back, tumbling off the cliff.

JAKE  
Anaileia!!

Jake bolts toward the cliff and jumps off.

As Anaileia and Jake free fall, he reaches for her, embracing her, falling deeper and deeper into the river. He swims to the surface, cradling Anaileia, who chokes up water as he carries her to land. He sits her down.

Jake, gripping both of her shoulders, says:

JAKE  
(shouting)  
What the hell was that?  
(beat)  
Why did you do it? Why did you  
jump?

We can't tell if her face is stained from the river or from her tears as she looks up at Jake, who is taken aback. She looks like a lost child. He wraps his arms around her, and she falls into his embrace.

*Ahem.*

Several warrior clerics stand a distance away looking visibly uncomfortable. One WARRIOR CLERIC hesitantly holds up Anaileia's traveling bag embarrassed that's all he found while the girl herself is right there.

JAKE  
(under his breath)  
Useless.

INT. CORRIDOR/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-NIGHT

The corridor is bathed in a dull amber light.

Jake leaves Anaileia's dimly lit bedroom, gently closing the door behind him. Coming toward him is the quick PITTER-PATTER of a pair of feet. He turns to find the good ole father and priestess headed his way.

FATHER GABREHEEM  
Is she all right?

(CONTINUED)

CYLESTIEL

How is she?

FATHER GABREHEEM

She isn't hurt, is she?

JAKE

She's asleep.

Jake turns to leave.

FATHER GABREHEEM

W-Where are you going?

JAKE

To bed. Good night.

He walks off as Father Gabreheem sighs in relief, comforted with knowing that Jake isn't going anywhere.

EXT. MISTY FOREST-NIGHT-(DREAM)

Anaileia awakens in the same eerie forest, rising to her feet, looking around, baffled by the familiar environment.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Anaileia.

Anaileia turns toward the direction of the voice.

ANAILEIA

Who are you? Do you know who I am?

(beat)

Why won't you answer me?

The silhouette turns to leave and walks off.

Anaileia frantically dashes toward it, though once again the distance only widens.

ANAILEIA

Wait! Please, wait!

The fog thickens.

The same shadows materialize behind her accompanied by the same horrid howl.

Anaileia turns to them. As they slither toward her, she sees an opening and bolts off, with the fog masking her eyes. The shadows dissolve, materializing right in front of her. She tries to backtrack.

(CONTINUED)

They surround her, hover, and engulf her whole, her hand reaching up as it, too, is swallowed before she is no more.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. BEDROOM/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Anaileia is asleep in bed, faced drenched in sweat when her eyes quickly open. She sits up, looks over the room, and relaxes after a few deep breaths. That's until she hears boisterous knocking at the door.

JAKE (O.S.)

Get up!

Anaileia falls back into bed not ready for whatever is to come.

INT. OFFICE/CHANTRY/CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Standing around the office is the father, Cylestiel, and our protagonist. Anaileia is in her original yet pristine attire. She carries her traveling bag.

Jake is leaning against the door, arms crossed.

FATHER GABREHEEM

(to Anaileia)

Jake has agreed to escort you to the Archon Chantry. Once you reach it, that is where your journey begins. You must find the remaining guardians of the Creator. They will be located in areas of their element, and it won't be easy finding them, but you will sense them. I am afraid that since the High Priestess's death, there are not as many Protectors as there once was, but they will accompany you and protect you.

CYLESTIEL

And you must be careful. That is what's most important.

ANAILEIA

I will. Thank you for everything.

CYLESTIEL

Don't sound as if this is good-bye.

Cylestiel embraces Anaileia as tears well in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Um-Father? Skadi told me to look  
for my mother. Will she be at the  
Archon Chantry?

This question catches father off guard. Seems it he knows  
more than he'll say.

FATHER GABREHEEM

When you get there, the Chantry's  
resources will be at disposable.

Anaileia doesn't know how to take that answer.

JAKE

We need to move.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Be careful.

Jake opens the door, signaling that's the end of that.

Anaileia gives a slight bow to the father and priestess,  
whose eyes widen in disbelief. Did the liberator just bow to  
them? She exits.

Jake turns to leave.

FATHER GABREHEEM

Jake?

JAKE

Yeah?

FATHER GABREHEEM

Does she know?

Jake gazes at Father Gabreheem, unconcerned with the  
question even though his eyes seem to burn a hole into the  
father.

FATHER GABREHEEM

She will find out, regardless. It  
is best if it comes from you.

Jake exits.

FATHER GABREHEEM

May the Creator guide them.

EXT. CRYSTAL LAKE-DAY

Anaileia and Jake amble toward the exit of town, Anaileia walking slightly behind him. She stops.

Noticing she's stopped, Jake turns to her.

JAKE

What?

ANAILEIA

I need to buy a map.

JAKE

What for? I know the way.

ANAILEIA

Thank you for your kindness, but I can find my way.

JAKE

...You are grating.

ANAILEIA

Excuse me?

JAKE

You are so grating. Lets be open for a moment. Your 'I can do everything alone' attitude is loathsome. I detest it. I told you I'd get you to the Archon Chantry, and I will. All you have to do is everything I say and not question it. Understand?

ANAILEIA

It's not safe.

JAKE

You're right. It's not. It's okay to depend on others, and I'm telling you, you can depend on me.

ANAILEIA

...Thank you.

JAKE

Lets go, and keep up.

ANAILEIA

(faintly)  
Prickly daffodil.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

What?

ANAILEIA

Nothing!

EXT. PATH IN FOREST-DAY

Jake and Anaileia, close behind, amble the dirt path. Her shoulders droop, she's barely able to keep up.

Seeing Anaileia's state Jake pretends not to notice, which is hard to do since she's breathing like a dog in a hot car.

JAKE

Do you need to rest?

ANAILEIA

No. I'm okay.

JAKE

When you're tired, tell me. I don't need you passing out.

ANAILEIA

Okay. I am tired.

JAKE

See? Wasn't that easy? You get thirty minutes.

Anaileia, forcing a smile, says:

ANAILEIA

Thank you.

INT. CAMPSITE IN FOREST-DAY

Anaileia powernaps on the sleeping bag underneath the shade.

Standing over her is a menacing shadow as it says:

JAKE (O.S.)

Wake up.

Her eyes flicker open, and as she sits up yawning, she finds a shirtless and well-toned Jake. Droplets of water fall from his hair to his impeccable chest. He tosses a hand into his hair, the other carrying his shirt and sword.

Seeing this is too much, Anaileia flushes red.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I found a spring. Why don't you go wash yourself off?

(beat)

What is it?

ANAILEIA

Can you please put your shirt on?

JAKE

Why? I'm hot.

ANAILEIA

You lack proper manners!

JAKE

Do I?

ANAILEIA

Yes! Awakening in an inn with you! Awakening in clothing other than my own! Your rude rhetoric! Now this!

JAKE

Being cheeky, are we?

ANAILEIA

Just put your shirt on please!

JAKE

You're making it more of a big deal than it is, but I'm not too surprised.

ANAILEIA

What does that mean?

JAKE

It means you are a kid.

ANAILEIA

I am not a kid! I am sixteen!

JAKE

The points you prove.

Jake, pointing toward the direction he came from, says:

JAKE

The spring's over there.

Anaileia rises pouting.

## EXT. SPRING IN FOREST-DAY

Anaileia undresses herself and hangs her clothes on a nearby tree. She ambles to the clear, blue stream and cups the water into her hands, damping her face.

CUT TO:

In the spring Anaileia rinses herself off. She then stops to gaze at her reflection. Dabbling the water with her finger, she causes ripples that distort her reflection, and she sighs. She closes her eyes, leans back, and relaxes.

Jake enters.

JAKE

You about done?

Anaileia quickly shields her chest, her eyes flying open.

ANAILEIA

(shouting)

Does it look like I'm done?

JAKE

What are you so worked up for? I'm not interested in that shabby body of yours.

ANAILEIA

'Shabby'? Please go away!

JAKE

Well, hurry up. I want to get to the next town before nightfall.

Jake walks off.

ANAILEIA

Goodness!

## EXT. COUNTRYSIDE NEAR CARMILE TOWN-DUSK

Anaileia and Jake walk on a dirt road that leads into a town as they pass green scenery, including a woodland. Nearby encircled by a gate is a GARDEN filled with STAR FLOWERS. Something about them draws Anaileia in.

An elementary-aged BOY scampers toward the couple, carrying a stack of yellow PARCHMENTS used as flyers. He extends one to them.

(CONTINUED)

BOY  
Here ya go!

ANAILEIA  
What's this?

Anaileia takes the flyer and looks it over. It reads "CARMILE ANNUAL FESTIVAL", and below that it reads "12012". Star-shaped flowers surround the text.

BOY  
It's a festival! Every year we celebrate the blooming of the star flowers! It's tomorrow!

ANAILEIA  
Wow! Thank you!

BOY  
You're welcome!

The boy turns around and scampers toward...

...His MOTHER and GRANDMOTHER, who are waving him over. They both are holding a stack of the same parchments.

ANAILEIA  
So, can we go?

JAKE  
No.

Disgruntled, Anaileia sighs and walks off, leaving Jake as he looks up at the sky, his face tensing. The waxing gibbous moon has revealed itself. It's going to be a full moon soon.

Behind a tree facing away from the couple, there's a HUMAN FIGURE watching them. We can't see his face, which is hidden by the shade, but we partially see his attire.

CUT TO:

INT. CARMILE INN LOBBY-DUSK

There's a lit fireplace going, and near the entrance is a set of stairs. Behind the front desk is a cheery, ELDERLY INNKEEPER. Jake and Anaileia approach him.

JAKE  
I need a room.

The innkeeper, winking, says:

(CONTINUED)

INNKEEPER

Oh! I understand.

JAKE

I don't think you do.

Jake takes out bronze coins from his pouch and hands them to the innkeeper, who retrieves a key from beneath the desk with his bony fingers. He hands it to Jake.

INNKEEPER

Best room in the house! Enjoy your night!

The innkeeper winks at Jake again.

Jake scowls, heading toward the stairs with Anaileia right behind him, oblivious to the awkward exchange.

INT. ROOM/CARMILE INN-DUSK

Anaileia and Jake look over the room, Jake heaving a sigh at it.

In the center is a circular bed with a crimson comforter, and beside it is a nightstand with a bouquet of crimson, bushy flowers neatly placed in a vase.

As Jake turns to leave:

ANAILEIA

This seems rather strange. Um-where are you going?

JAKE

Out.

ANAILEIA

Where?

JAKE

Out.

ANAILEIA

And I'm supposed to stay here?

JAKE

That's the plan.

ANAILEIA

Well, I'd like to go with you. I want to see the town.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

You will not leave this room tonight. I suggest you make yourself comfortable. I'll tell the innkeeper to send up some food.

Jake exits.

ANAILEIA

Prickly daffodil.

INT. TAVERN/CARMILE-NIGHT

A ROWDY CROWD plays pool in the center of the tavern. Multiple PATRONS are sitting at tables, drinking out of their stainless steel beer mugs and chatting.

Behind the bar is a portly man named BARNEY, serving drinks. On his nearly bald head is a tan beret that matches his cardigan.

Jake enters.

A PATRON, sitting at the bar with an empty mug in front of him, says:

PATRON

Come on, Barney! One more!

BARNEY

If your poor ass can't afford to pay no more, your poor ass is drunk.

PATRON

Come on, Barney! You know I'm good for it!

BARNEY

Yeah. I can tell by your tab.

The other patrons nearby laugh in a boisterous manner.

Jake approaches the bar and sits down.

BARNEY

(to Jake)

Look who the devil dropped in!

Jake, grinning, says:

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

Barney, it's been awhile.

This is the first time Jake has genuinely smile.

Barney starts fixing a drink.

BARNEY

A while? Hell, it's been a couple years!

Barney finishes making the drink, placing the mug in front of Jake.

BARNEY

Jake Rason. How ya been my boy?

JAKE

Good. I see you have your hands full.

Jake picks up the mug, taking a sip.

BARNEY

Of course! These drunks would be in trouble if I wasn't around.

JAKE

And Mina? How is she?

BARNEY

She started doin' some travelin'. Think she's tryna become some treasure hunter or pirate or somethin'.

JAKE

Really...

BARNEY

She's always askin' about ya when she comes to visit, but I usually don't have nothin' to tell her.

JAKE

I'm sorry about that.

BARNEY

I can't blame ya. Ya have things ya need to take care of.

TWO DWARVE PATRONS ("Dwarf" meaning a race of people) sit at the bar, opening their tan overcoats, their faces covered with a lengthy, thick beard.

(CONTINUED)

DWARVE PATRON

(with Scottish accent)

Barney! What a man got to do to get a drink?

BARNEY

Sit down and wait! Ya see I'm talkin'!

(to Jake)

So what do ya have for me?

JAKE

I have sources saying he was spotted near Carmile, but he isn't here. That leaves three places he can be: Antiqua City, Kankika, and Caleston.

BARNEY

And ya need to narrow three down to one.

JAKE

Yeah.

BARNEY

Let me see. Caleston is a factory town. Nothin' but coal mines and factories. Men go there for work. Since it's some of the most dangerous, they're almost guaranteed the job. Criminals even hide out there. Employers don't ask for ID. I'd bet my life he's not there. Caleston is out.

JAKE

What about the other two?

BARNEY

Antiqua is a lively city. Has some of the best bars. Sells some of the best liquor. Kankika, on the other hand, is the opposite. Small village known for its fish. If I had to choose, I'd choose Antiqua. He's after somethin' if he doesn't stay in one place for too long. He'd be closer to findin' it there than Kankika. Here's an idea. There's a festival tomorrow. People from all ova will be here. Ask around. You'll get some answers.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
Thanks, Barney.

Jake stands up.

BARNEY  
Wait now! Hold on a minute! I know  
ya have to run off, but one more  
drink to last us until next time.

JAKE  
Fine by me.

BARNEY  
Now that's what I like to hear!

INT. ROOM/CARMILE INN-NIGHT

The room is pitch black minus the intruding moonlight.  
Outside the window we hear singing cicadas.

Anaileia lies in bed deep in thought. Making up her mind  
about something, she crawls out of bed.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE NEAR CARMILE TOWN-NIGHT

Anaileia travels along the road reaching the garden. She  
enters through the gate and is immediately drawn to the  
star-shaped flowers. Bending down for a closer look, she  
sees that they look familiar.

EXT. GARDEN-DAY-(FLASHBACK)

The screen is bright white, though we can make out a garden  
full of the star-shaped flowers.

Tending to the flowers with her back to us is a WOMAN with  
caramel skin, hair tied back dressed in a gown. She turns  
toward the screen; it brightens.

WHITE.

END OF FLASHBACK.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE NEAR CARMILE TOWN-NIGHT

Back in the garden:

Anaileia clutches her head. She then hears a thud behind  
her. Turning around she finds nothing. Returning to the  
flowers, she finds...

...CHRYSOPHAEL ACKAMEN (mid 20's) inches from her face.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia shrieks falling on her back.

Chrysophael (Chrys) is a handsome, pale gentleman with crimson eyes and lengthy hair that's tied back with a bow. He wears an exotic jacket with a mandarin collar. We recognize part of his attire. He was the human figure we saw when the couple first arrived outside of Carmile.

CHRYS  
(with English accent)  
What a gratifying surprise.

ANAILEIA  
Wha-What?

Chrys smirks, revealing his fangs. As Anaileia scurries back, he leaps onto her showing off his leopard-like agility. He nears her face.

CHRYS  
I didn't mean to frighten you. I  
don't bite.

ANAILEIA  
Let me go!

CHRYS  
All right.

Chrys gently grasps her neck, his sharp, black nails nearly puncturing the skin. He bites down...

WHEN...

...Jake rushes in, swinging his blade at Chrys.

Chrys evades, wiping the red from his lips.

As blood trickles down her neck from two puncture marks, Anaileia presses a palm against it.

CHRYS  
(to Jake)  
Why so narked?

JAKE  
(to Anaileia)  
Are you okay?

ANAILEIA  
He bit me!

Jake darts toward Chrys, swinging his blade at him.

(CONTINUED)

Chrys evades each swing almost being snipped a couple times then leaps high onto a nearby tree.

CHRYS

My apologies! I did not know she was taken. I will take my leave now.

Chrys bows, grins, and vanishes into the woodland.

ANAILEIA

He bit me! Why did he bite me?

JAKE

That's what daemoras do-Did I not tell you to stay in the room?

ANAILEIA

I-I'm sorry.

JAKE

You're sorry. You're sorry. I told you the condition to travel with me was that you had to do exactly what I said, did I not?

ANAILEIA

Y-Yes. I'm sorry.

JAKE

Don't ever do something like this again.

ANAILEIA

Okay.

Jake extends his hand to her and helps her up, glancing up at the moon that hangs high against the dark sky.

INT. ROOM/CARMILE INN-NIGHT

The couple enters. Jake rids himself of his vest and shirt, tossing them to the floor as Anaileia watches in disbelief. He flops down on the bed, closing his eyes.

ANAILEIA

What are you doing?

JAKE

Going to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
Without a shirt on?

Jake's already asleep.

Anaileia climbs in bed on the other side. She doesn't close her eyes though. Not tonight.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE NEAR CARMILE TOWN-DAY

A pleasant melody fills the air. A BAND is on a mobile stage, playing string instruments among others. FESTIVAL ATTENDEES stroll around enjoying themselves. Off to the side are several FOOD STALLS, and near the center is a JUGGLER, performing for a captivated AUDIENCE.

Anaileia and Jake travel on the dirt road toward the festivities. This time Anaileia isn't carrying her traveling bag; she's come to play. On the side of her neck she dons a bandage.

Seeing the lively atmosphere, Anaileia grins in delight. She looks to Jake for approval.

JAKE  
One hour.

ANAILEIA  
Yes!

JAKE  
Don't go too far.

ANAILEIA  
I won't!

CUT TO:

Anaileia amongst other heads and shoulders watches the juggler perform, enthralled as if she's never seen anything like it.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
First time at the Carmile Festival?

Standing beside Anaileia is SERILAUN METHIAS (early 20's), a woman with creamy skin dressed in a violet cloak and ankle slacks. She wears her hood like she's trying to hide her face.

ANAILEIA  
It is!

(CONTINUED)

SERILAUN

It's one of the most popular galas  
in the region.

ANAILEIA

I believe you! The sight of this is  
almost overwhelming. The music, the  
performers-

SERILAUN

The food!

Serilaun holds up a glazed dessert on a stick beaming. She  
takes a bite. One can almost see the drool flowing from  
Anaileia's mouth.

ANAILEIA

Oh my.

SERILAUN

(with a mouth full)  
You really should try it.

ANAILEIA

Uh-Sadly, I have no money.

SERILAUN

Then it can't be helped.

Serilaun holds up a second, identical dessert and hands it  
over to Anaileia.

ANAILEIA

Thank you!

SERILAUN

Enjoy. Now is the only time you can  
savor this beauty. Your tastebuds  
will forever be indebted to you.

They both savor their dessert, watching the performance.

That's until Anaileia notices Jake from afar, carrying a  
small photo, grilling an ATTENDEE for answers to who knows  
what as other attendees pass by. The attendee shakes his  
head "no" a little taken aback.

Walking towards Jake's direction is a SCRAWNY MAN, wearing  
suspenders and a beret. Noticing Jake and his little witch  
hunt, he comes to a halt then walks off, hands in his  
stitched pockets.

(CONTINUED)

The performance ends, and the juggler takes an embellished bow as the crowd, including Anaileia and Serilaun, applauds with joy.

SERILAUN

I'm going to take a look around.  
Enjoy the rest of the festivities.

ANAILEIA

I will, and thank you for the food!

Serilaun excitedly waves goodbye then vanishes into the crowd.

Jake walks up to Anaileia.

ANAILEIA

Did you find who you're looking for?

JAKE

What?

ANAILEIA

It's quite obvious that you are looking for someone. May I ask who that someone is?

JAKE

You're not allowed to ask anything.

ANAILEIA

I don't mean to be "cheeky", but you seem to be bothering people. One man ran off before you got to him.

JAKE

What?

ANAILEIA

Yes. I would have fled too. You looked like you were interrogating people. Do you not see people trying to enjoy themselves or...?

JAKE

You didn't think to mention this?

ANAILEIA

Mention what?

JAKE

The guy.

ANAILEIA

I just did.

JAKE

Where did he go?

ANAILEIA

Why?

JAKE

Where did he go?

ANAILEIA

Uh-

Anaileia points toward the direction the scrawny man went.

CUT TO:

The scrawny man is at a stall. A line of FESTIVAL PATRONS stand behind him. He retrieves bronze coins from his pocket and hands them over to the VENDOR, who hands him some type of meat on a stick.

Jake scans the line of patrons. The scrawny man turns to leave seeing Jake, and their eyes meet. The man swiftly looks away and walks off in the opposite direction.

JAKE

Hey!

The scrawny man drops his food and dashes into the crowd with Jake running after him, dodging the attendees. Anaileia observes this, shaking her head disapprovingly.

CUT TO:

The scrawny man scurries toward the woodland glancing behind him. Jake isn't in pursuit. He stops, catching his breath.

Jake leaps down from a tree behind the scrawny man without making the slightest sound like a lion stalking its prey.

The scrawny man sighs in relief, looks around, looks behind him, and without so much as a warning, Jake pounces on him, grasping his neck, tightening the hold.

JAKE

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

SCRAWNY MAN

What? I-

JAKE

(shouting)

Where is he?

SCRAWNY MAN

I don' know who you're talkin'  
'bout!

The scrawny man tries to break free from Jake's grip,  
gasping for air.

Anaileia rushes to them.

ANAILEIA

Jake, stop!

JAKE

Answer me.

ANAILEIA

Let him go!

JAKE

(to Anaileia)

Stay out of this!

Shaken up by his tone, Anaileia falls back.

JAKE

Where is he?

SCRAWNY MAN

Okay. Okay! He's not here!

JAKE

Where is he then?

SCRAWNY MAN

I don' know.

JAKE

You're lying.

SCRAWNY MAN

I'm not! He was only here for a  
day. That was weeks ago!

JAKE

Why was he here?

(CONTINUED)

SCRAWNY MAN

He was lookin' for someone.

JAKE

Who?

SCRAWNY MAN

I forgot the name!

JAKE

You forgot?

SCRAWNY MAN

Yeah! I swear! I never heard of the man!

ANAILEIA

Jake, let him go!

JAKE

How did you know who I was looking for?

SCRAWNY MAN

He told me someone would come lookin' for him!

JAKE

Where was he headed?

SCRAWNY MAN

I don' know. Look, I don' wan' no trouble. That's all I know!

ANAILEIA

Jake...

Jake storms off. Anaileia follows him.

ANAILEIA

Where are we going?

JAKE

Do not ever interfere again!

ANAILEIA

I-I'm sorry.

Jake gives Anaileia a look over as she stands there stunned at his outburst. He looks away, tossing both hands into his hair then takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

I'm leaving you in town for a few days.

ANAILEIA

What? I said I'm sorry!

JAKE

It's not that! It's-It's very important that I don't take you with me for now. You're safer here.

ANAILEIA

Is this your way of disposing of me because if it is, then say it!

JAKE

That's not what this is.

ANAILEIA

Yes, it is. I'm use to being alone. You leaving isn't going to be any different. I can get to the Archon Chantry on my own. I don't need your help.

Anaileia starts to walk off in a huff. Jake grabs her arm, and she yanks it away.

ANAILEIA

You said I wasn't alone anymore! You said I could depend on you, but those were just fancy words, right?

JAKE

And you're not-you can.

ANAILEIA

Then why?

JAKE

I need to take care of something, and I don't want to force you to do more than you can handle.

ANAILEIA

But I am okay! I like traveling with you!

(under her breath)

For the most part.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

'For the most part'?

ANAILEIA

All the time! Please, you can't leave me here. What if he finds me while you're gone?

JAKE

...You're right.

ANAILEIA

Thank you! I promise I won't interfere with any business you may have!

JAKE

Yeah...

ANAILEIA

Great! Now, I believe I have half an hour left!

JAKE

Yeah...

Anaileia skips off.

EXT. TOWER-DAY

Encircled by lush trees in the middle of the wilderness is a brick tower with windows here and there.

As Anaileia and Jake walk up to the tower, she gazes up at it in awe. Jake leads the way to the door and rings the doorbell that makes this sound similar to something you'd hear from a bell tower.

JAKE

Do not bother me tonight. If you need something, ask Father Mihchai.

ANAILEIA

All right, Daffodil.

Anaileia and Jake exchange nonchalant glances.

The door opens. Standing inside is MIHCHAI (late 60's), a short, skinny man with a crooked nose and pure white hair that matches his fuzzy brows. He wears a copper brown sweater and wool slacks that show off his twig-like legs.

(CONTINUED)

MIHCHAI  
Já-Kob! You're late!

Mihchai notices Anaileia, giving her a blank stare. He clearly wasn't expecting her.

MIHCHAI  
Oh. Hello.

Mihchai looks over at Jake, who walks off into the tower.

ANAILEIA  
Um-hello. I am Anaileia.

MIHCHAI  
I'm Mihchai. It's nice to meet you,  
Anaileia.

ANAILEIA  
It is nice to meet you, Father.

MIHCHAI  
Well, don't stand out there. Come  
in!

ANAILEIA  
Thank you!

INT. DINING ROOM/TOWER-DAY

Mihchai sits at the head of the rectangular table, Jake beside him. A plate of creamy pasta is in front of them, across from Jake a third plate with an empty seat.

Mihchai's face is as white as ice, having just heard some of the most distressing news.

MIHCHAI  
Creator. Are you sure?

JAKE  
I watched her summon a guardian.  
Speak to it in some language.

MIHCHAI  
This can't be.

JAKE  
I'm taking her to the Archon  
Chantry.

(CONTINUED)

MIHCHAI

She should wait here until the Archon Chantry sends Protectors.

JAKE

She can't stay in one place for too long. It's not safe for you or her.

MIHCHAI

It's not safe for you either, and I think you forget who trained you.

JAKE

I didn't forget.

Mihchai, sighing, says:

MIHCHAI

All the teachings of the Yildun can never prepare you for this. We're taught it. It's ingrained in us, but it's one thing to believe. It's different to know.

The dining room door creaks open. Anaileia timidly enters, wearing a knee-length skirt and a ruffled blouse. She sees the food and grins, happily strides to the table, and sits at the empty seat with the food.

MIHCHAI

You look very pretty, Anaileia!

ANAILEIA

Thank you!

MIHCHAI

Doesn't she look pretty, Já-Kob?

Jake has already started on his dinner and refuses to acknowledge either party.

MIHCHAI

So, Anaileia. How is traveling with this grump?

ANAILEIA

Good. He can be a tad bit...uncharitable..., but-

JAKE

'Uncharitable'?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

I'm sorry. I thought I was speaking loud enough.

JAKE

Seriously? I wouldn't be so 'uncharitable' if you weren't so troublesome.

ANAILEIA

Oh, I am so sorry. Is me following your every order not sufficient enough?

JAKE

Hm. Following my every order-if that was true, then you would be in Carmile right now.

Mihchai watches their exchange like a proud father watching his son on his first date.

ANAILEIA

I would be, wouldn't I?

JAKE

Yes. Yes, you would be.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM/TOWER-NIGHT

Anaileia wipes down the table with a damp rag as Mihchai clears the table, with Jake nowhere in sight. Mihchai leaves with dishes in hand and comes back, carrying a tray of crispy treats and two ceramic, hand-made mugs.

Our protagonist is delighted to see this.

MIHCHAI

A little thank you for helping me clean up!

ANAILEIA

Oh, you didn't have to.

...As she takes a treat...

Anaileia and Mihchai sit across from each other, enjoying their treats and the comforting silence.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

These are really good. You cook.  
You bake.

MIHCHAI

Of course! Had to feed Já-Kob  
somehow!

ANAILEIA

Did you raised him?

MIHCHAI

I did.

ANAILEIA

Really?

MIHCHAI

He's private, isn't he?

ANAILEIA

That he is.

MIHCHAI

I think that will change soon.

ANAILEIA

I doubt it.

MIHCHAI

No. It's true! He's a quiet boy. He  
didn't grow up around people, and  
he keeps to himself, but tonight at  
dinner, he was different.

ANAILEIA

'Different'? How?

Mihchai, as if a secret, says:

MIHCHAI

It might not seem like it, but he's  
comfortable around you.

ANAILEIA

Hmph.

Mihchai nods, enthusiastically.

Anaileia picks up her mug and sips on the warm milk with a  
longing look, having something to say and not knowing where  
to start.

(CONTINUED)

Mihchai picks up on this, sipping on his mug, patiently waiting for Anaileia to speak.

ANAILEIA

Father?

MIHCHAI

Yes?

ANAILEIA

May I speak to you about something?

MIHCHAI

Of course.

ANAILEIA

I don't know where to start.

MIHCHAI

Take your time.

ANAILEIA

Father, I'm scared. I'm scared of the future. I feel like I'm in this dark pit, and I have no way of getting out. I'm suffocating. I feel abandoned-I feel alone. I don't want to feel like this anymore. Sometimes I just want it to end...

MIHCHAI

Anaileia, you're a child of the Creator. You have never been abandoned. You've had hardships, and you carry a burden like no other, but you have not been abandoned. You're living in the future and in the past. Live in the present. If you worry about your future, you'll miss the moon and the stars. You'll miss the sun and the wind. If you're able to see that, then you know you are alive! Life is what we're living at this very moment, and if we embrace that, we don't need to be afraid of the unknown because we are able to accomplish what we want and need. We're afraid of losing what's dear to us whether it's possessions or loved ones, but that fear doesn't exist when we live for now.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia isn't convinced, though appreciative of Mihchai's words.

MIHCHAI

I know that's not what you want to hear, but take this journey called life one day at a time. It's all you can do.

Anaileia nods.

Mihchai stands up.

MIHCHAI

Well, those dishes aren't going to wash themselves! Anaileia, if there is anything you need—even if just an ear...

ANAILEIA

Thank you, Father.

Mihchai turns to leave, stops, and faces Anaileia.

MIHCHAI

You know, you and Já-Kob are more alike than you think. You can depend on each other a little more. Sleep well.

Mihchai departs, leaving Anaileia in her own thoughts as she finishes her milk, wiping the white residue from her upper lip with the back of her hand.

INT. CORRIDOR/TOWER-NIGHT

It's five minutes later.

After having an in depth conversation with Mihchai about Jake and possibly having had the wrong idea about him, Anaileia walks the dim-lit corridor. The only sound being made is the creaking floor beneath her feet. She reaches the spiral staircase, climbs it, and reaches...

...A dim hall with a lone door.

The Summoner approaches the door and knocks.

ANAILEIA

Jake?

Behind the door Anaileia hears a loud thud.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
Jake? Are you okay?

The corridor is quiet.

Anaileia grasps the doorknob, turns it, and enters the room.

INT. ROOM/TOWER-CONTINUOUS

Anaileia takes a look around, leaving the door open behind her.

Moonlight filters through the drapes, illuminating the room with what it can.

Deep in the room, Anaileia hears a chain rattle then turns to it and sees the movement of a figure that looks awfully like an unconscious man chained to the wall.

ANAILEIA  
Jake?

Anaileia slowly steps towards the figure and finds in the shred of moonlight:

...Jake unconscious with his arms, legs, and neck chained to the wall. His hair looks to be a shade lighter, something we don't really notice.

The chains rattle.

Anaileia makes out Jake's figure, stunned at the fact that he is indeed bound to the wall.

ANAILEIA  
Jake?

Anaileia reaches for Jake...

WHEN...

...Jake grips Anaileia's neck, with pointed black nails nearly puncturing her skin. He raises his head, revealing hair as white as snow and brutish, gold eyes. His grip tightens, piercing her skin as she struggles to breathe.

Anaileia frantically tries to break free from Jake, beating on his arm with the little strength she has. Just as she is losing consciousness...

...Mihchai enters filled with dread at seeing the door open, in his hand a vial filled with liquid. He sees Anaileia and Jake.

(CONTINUED)

MIHCHAI  
Já-Kob! Stop!

Mihchai, tossing the vial's contents onto Jake, says:

MIHCHAI  
(in ancient language)  
Return to slumber! Return to  
slumber, Scathes!

Jake releases a ferocious, booming roar as he releases Anaileia. Behind him black wings expand from his back.

Anaileia collapses onto the hardwood floor, gasping for air.

The chains rattle as Jake tries to break free from the restraints. He quickly reaches to snatch up Mihchai, who jumps back, tossing the remaining contents of the vial onto Jake.

MIHCHAI  
(in ancient language)  
Return to slumber!

Jake goes motionless, his head dropping to his chest.

MIHCHAI  
Anaileia, are you okay?

Anaileia holds her neck, nodding her head, yes.

INT. DINING ROOM/TOWER-NIGHT

Anaileia sits at the table deep in thought with a fresh, purplish bruise manifesting itself around her neck.

Mihchai sits beside Anaileia, putting on the table a wooden basket filled with various ointments contained in jars. He looks through it, AHA, finds the one he needs, opens it, and pinches the top.

MIHCHAI  
May I?

Understanding what he means, Anaileia extends her neck to him.

Mihchai smears the ointment on the bruise.

MIHCHAI  
Are you sure you're okay?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Y-Yeah. Was that Jake?

MIHCHAI

Hm...yeah.

ANAILEIA

I don't understand. What is he?

MIHCHAI

It's best to hear it from him, but I guess it's a little too late for that. Já-Kob's father is of Scathes lineage, and his mother was a human.

ANAILEIA

'Was'?

MIHCHAI

His mother passed away when he was very young.

ANAILEIA

Oh...

MIHCHAI

Every full moon he turns into a full-blooded Scathes. He's not able to control it, which is why he comes here, and I put him under. He's strong so I have to put him under every few hours.

ANAILEIA

Why didn't he tell me?

MIHCHAI

Please forgive him. It's not something he embraces. He really can't control it. Tomorrow morning, he won't even remember. You have every right to be afraid of him, but please don't be. He's had to live his entire life like this. Isolated from everyone else. You're the first person he's ever let in.

Anaileia considers Mihchai's words, understanding that she can absolutely relate to them.

INT. ROOM/TOWER-DAY

Sunlight permeates the room. We hear the chirping of birds outside the window.

Jake is still chained to the wall, asleep and back to his normal appearance.

The door creaks open, stirring Jake.

Anaileia peeks her head in, strides in, and starts unlocking Jake's restraints with a rusty key.

Jake's eyes flicker open, and seeing Anaileia comes as a complete shock to him.

JAKE

What are you doing here?

ANAILEIA

What do you think?

JAKE

How? Why-What happened to your neck?

ANAILEIA

I accidentally came in here last night.

JAKE

N-No.

ANAILEIA

But I'm okay! Mihchai came and-

JAKE

No.

Out of his restraints, Jake stumbles out the door with Anaileia rushing after him.

INT. DINING ROOM/TOWER-DAY

Mihchai is setting the table for breakfast for a party of three, humming a tune.

Jake storms in, fists clenched, fumes fuming followed by Anaileia.

ANAILEIA

Jake-

(CONTINUED)

MIHCHAI  
Good morning!

JAKE  
(to Mihchai)  
Why didn't you lock the door?

MIHCHAI  
Come again?

JAKE  
You didn't lock the door!

MIHCHAI  
I never do so it didn't cross my  
mind.

JAKE  
I could've killed her!

ANAILEIA  
I'm fine!

JAKE  
You should've made sure the door  
was locked!

MIHCHAI  
Or you should've told her the  
reason why you wanted the door  
locked in the first place.

Jake is struck speechless.

Mihchai leaves unperturbed.

ANAILEIA  
Jake?

Jake heads toward the exit.

ANAILEIA  
Stop!

JAKE  
Stay away from me.

Anaileia blocks his path.

JAKE  
Move!

ANAILEIA

I am not moving! He is right! You should have told me! You should have trusted me! Like I trust you.

JAKE

You don't know what you're talking about!

ANAILEIA

I don't? Really? Everyday I have to wake up and be someone I don't want to be, but I accept it. I accept it because no matter what I do, I cannot change who I am, and neither can you. You are a person, Jake, and you have a good heart.

JAKE

Give me a break.

MIHCHAI (O.S.)

Well said, Anaileia!

Mihchai has returned heading toward the table carrying a patina jug.

MIHCHAI

I set out clothes for you both. Anaileia, I chose something to take the attention off you. You're both heading out after breakfast, right?

Anaileia and Jake exchange awkward glances.

MIHCHAI

Great. Lets eat!

EXT. TOWER-DAY

The wind is calm, the birds are graciously chirping, and the sun shimmers in the brilliant, blue sky.

Anaileia and Jake stand outside the tower ready to hit the road. Dressed in ankle slacks and a hooded laced-hem tunic, she almost looks like a character dropped out of *Assassin's Creed*. She carries her traveling bag.

Jake is dressed in a nearly identical outfit with his sheathed sword on his back.

Mihchai stands in the doorway with tears brimming.

(CONTINUED)

MIHCHAI

I'll let you know when I find out anything on the gates. Já-Kob, take of yourself and take especially good care of Anaileia!

JAKE

Why 'especially' her?

MIHCHAI

Anaileia, don't let him bully you!

ANAILEIA

I won't!

JAKE

I do not bully her.

Mihchai hugs Anaileia then Jake in a dramatic way like a father saying farewell to his cubs.

MIHCHAI

Be careful.

ANAILEIA

We will.

Jake walks off, lazily waving goodbye to Mihchai.

Anaileia follows behind. A distance away, she turns to Mihchai and sees him waving goodbye, enthusiastically. Anaileia waves back just as ardent.

ANAILEIA

Thank you for everything!

Anaileia continues to wave to Mihchai until he vanishes from her sight.

EXT. PATH-DAY

Anaileia and Jake descend a steep path that leads to an open space. Beyond that is the woodland.

ANAILEIA

I have a request.

JAKE

Not taking any.

ANAILEIA

Please. I think you owe me at least one question.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

You get one question.

ANAILEIA

Five.

JAKE

You said one.

ANAILEIA

Pardon, but I said 'at least'.

JAKE

One. Under one condition?

ANAILEIA

And what is that?

JAKE

Stop being so formal with me.

Anaileia grins like a school girl thrilled to hear this. Perhaps Jake is finally ready to open up to her. Today with this open dialogue that's long overdue, she feels last night's *accident* was actually a blessing, even with the purplish black bruise displayed around her neck.

ANAILEIA

Your mother. What was she like?

JAKE

You want to know about my mother?

ANAILEIA

Yes...

JAKE

...She was like something out of a fantasy. Like a mother you'd find in a story book. Loving, optimistic, kind. I remember getting into fights as a boy. She'd sit me at the table and bandage me up without saying a word. No yelling. No scolding. Not a word...That's the only time I would see her unhappy.

ANAILEIA

I don't think she was unhappy with you. Perhaps sad whenever she saw you hurt.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

And how do you know?

ANAILEIA

Because she was your mother. No mother wants to see her child hurt...

JAKE

What I put her through, I don't think there was enough time for her to love me.

ANAILEIA

Jake-

JAKE

Shhhh. Do you hear that?

As the path becomes steeper, Jake offers Anaileia a hand and assists her. Reaching the bottom he holds out a hand prompting her to stop, his face tensing.

ANAILEIA

What is it?

JAKE

Show yourself!

Anaileia waits with bated breath.

A PAIR OF MERCENARIES, a man and woman, appear from behind a tree unconcerned with having been found out.

The male mercenary is dressed in rusty brown cargo trousers, attached to it a belt with a sheathed blade. There is an air of intimidation that surrounds him, which could be due to the deep scowl he flaunts.

Behind the male mercenary is an alluring, pale woman with violet veins that run across each cheek, dressed in dark leggings and a sleeveless blouse that cups around her bosom. Attached to both hips is a dagger.

JAKE

Can I help you?

MALE MERCENARY

Are you the one who killed my men?

JAKE

Enlighten me.

(CONTINUED)

MALE MERCENARY

Ibon and Kaden. They were after the girl behind you.

JAKE

Ah, I remember now. Yeah, that was me.

The mercenary's scowl deepens at the blatant disrespect. He goes for his blade.

FEMALE MERCENARY

Lavi, we need to be careful. He isn't human. Allow me to take care of him.

LAVI(LAVI)

Then don't disappoint.

FEMALE MERCENARY

Of course, sir.

LAVI

And Lana, make it quick.

Lavi takes a step back crossing his arms.

LANA snags both daggers twirling them, eyeing Jake like a predator preparing to pounce on its prey.

ANAILEIA

Jake?

JAKE

(to Anaileia)

Get back.

Jake retrieves his blade, which expands to the Great Sword it is.

Lana sprints toward Jake without warning, raising both daggers, and a fierce battle of blades ensues.

As Anaileia watches the battle from a distance, she hears from behind:

LAVI(O.S.)

You've caused a lot of trouble.

Lavi snaps an arm around Anaileia's neck from behind, holding her firmly as she tries to jolt him off.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Let me go!

In the heat of battle, Jake hears Anaileia glancing her way.

Lavi starts dragging a defiant Anaileia into the woods. Even though she's kicking, screaming, and putting up the best fight she can, Lavi is unconcerned.

Jake appears from behind, swinging his blade at Lavi, who evades a fatal blow just in time, but not before being nicked in the arm wincing.

Anaileia yanks herself free from Lavi.

Lana springs up from behind Jake, thrusting a dagger into each shoulder.

Jake yelps out.

LANA

I am your opponent!

ANAILEIA

Jake!

Lana pulls out the daggers from Jake's shoulders with one swift motion. The cloth covering his shoulders is now torn as a dark, ruby red liquid soaks through.

With intensity Jake swings his blade at Lana, who leaps back nearly missing her footing.

JAKE

Anaileia, run!

Anaileia flees into the woods.

Lavi's entire hand is covered in red. He looks at it in disbelief that he, of all people, has been cut. Glancing at Jake and Lana exchanging blows, he curses under his breath then strides toward where Anaileia headed.

Jake and Lana sprint toward each other, raising their blades high...

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLAND-DAY

The Summoner scampers through the woodland, and close behind is Lavi in pursuit.

Lavi closes in on Anaileia, pulling her back by the hair.

Anaileia cries out, trying to break free from the grip. Seeing an opening she parries and jabs the mercenary.

Dumbfounded at this girl's sudden skill, Lavi stumbles back. As he reaches for her...

...Anaileia parries and jabs him in the center of his face.

Lavi stumbles back, holding his nose seemingly more surprised than bothered at the sudden turn of events.

Anaileia grabs a nearby bulky branch and holds it up ready to swing at any moment.

Lavi looks over the hand that was holding his nose, looking for any trace of blood.

LAVI

Who taught you how to fight?

ANAILEIA

People like you.

LAVI

People like me, eh?

Anaileia lunges at Lavi, who side-steps with ease. With the branch she performs kali (stick fighting) techniques against him. Though the strikes are stiff and in need of improvement, no one can doubt her spirit for trying.

LAVI

Enough!

Lavi grapples her, disarms her, and tosses her to the ground. He bends down to her, and reaching for her...

...She eye jabs him.

Lavi yelps out in agony, covering the injured eye as he stumbles back nearly falling over.

Anaileia drops the stick, scrambling off until she reaches...

...A cliff. She looks down below at the extraordinary blue water with roaring waves, stepping back.

(CONTINUED)

Lavi stumbles in covering his eye, face flushed with rage.

Anaileia faces the mercenary, stepping back, glancing down below the cliff. She has nowhere to go.

Lavi rushes toward her ready for any blows she might deal.

Anaileia steps back stepping right off the cliff, and in one swift motion, she grabs a branch that hangs from the cliff, stopping herself from falling into the sea.

Peering down at her is Lavi with a slight smirk as he watches her whimper, struggling to hang on for dear life.

ANAILEIA

Jake! Jake! Help me!

Lavi scoffs and reaches for her to pull her up.

Anaileia tightly closes her eyes with bated breath.

The area is quiet.

Anaileia hesitantly opens her eyes and finds that Lavi is no longer there. Her hands start to slip, and just as they are about to give out...

...Chrys appears hovering over her grinning.

CUT TO:

Jake frantically sprints through the woodland with his sword in his hand.

JAKE

(calling out)

Anaileia! Anaileia!

He sprints deeper into the woods until he finds...

...Anaileia on her knees, face stained with tears, and Chrys standing above her, hands on hips.

JAKE

You?

Clenching the grip of his blade, Jake bolts toward Chrys.

Anaileia scrambles to her feet.

ANAILEIA

Wait, Jake!

(CONTINUED)

Jake swings at Chrys, who sidesteps raising both hands up high.

CHRYS  
Steady on!

JAKE  
What are you doing here?

CHRYS  
(nodding to Anaileia)  
Saving her life...

Jake looks at the young girl covered in dirt, face stained with tears as if noticing her for the first time. Ashamed he allowed her to get to this state, he puts his blade away.

JAKE  
(to Chrys)  
This isn't a coincidence.

CHRYS  
It isn't. I've been keeping my distance so you wouldn't sniff me out. Literally. You're a Scathes, yeah?

JAKE  
Why are you following us?

CHRYS  
I don't mean to be dodgy. My name is Chrysophael Ackamen, and I have a request.

JAKE  
You're kidding me.

CHRYS  
I did save the Summoner's life, did I not?

Anaileia and Jake's eyes widen in disbelief.

CHRYS  
So you are the Summoner! You taste just like I imagined.

ANAILEIA  
You bit me!

CHRYS  
(proudly)  
Yes.

JAKE  
I should kill you.

CHRYS  
You will want to hear me out first.  
You are looking for the guardians,  
yeah? I know where one is.

JAKE  
How do you know any of this?

CHRYS  
You think people don't know what's  
happening? Fiends are picking sides  
as we speak.

JAKE  
And you're siding with her?

CHRYS  
There aren't many of us, yeah. You  
know, he's very close to rising. Do  
you really have the time to doubt  
me?

JAKE  
That won't happen.

CHRYS  
Don't be dim. If I wasn't here, you  
wouldn't be saying that.

Jake tenses. He knows Chrys is right.

CHRYS  
You accept my request, and I'll  
take you straight to the guardian.

JAKE  
Take us straight to the guardian  
then I'll hear you out.

CHRYS  
(to Anaileia)  
Will you hear me out, sweet lady?

JAKE  
She doesn't make the decisions.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

I sadly do not, but we can't  
prevent you from speaking.

The Scathes gives her an 'Are you serious?' look. She pretends not to notice.

CHRYS

Thank you, sweet lady. I'm looking for an elixir called the Herb of All Truth. It's believed to be hidden deep within a mountain...or a forest...or the ocean, but the point is, it's hidden. I need to find it, and I need your help.

JAKE

That's it?

CHRYS

That's it.

JAKE

Great. No.

CHRYS

What?

JAKE

(to Anaileia)

Lets go.

CHRYS

Wait! Why won't you help me?

JAKE

It doesn't exist.

CHRYS

It does exist!

JAKE

Then why haven't you found it?

CHRYS

There's no text on it anywhere!  
Only the Archon Chantry knows where  
it is!

(to Anaileia)

Surely you've heard of it.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

A bit. It's an elixir that can cure any disease, heal any ailment, give much strength. Why do you seek it?

CHRYS

...To sell it...Anyone would pay a hefty fee for it...

Anaileia is doubtful.

JAKE

You cannot be serious!

CHRYS

I am-Summoner, if you help me, in exchange, I'll take you to the guardian.

JAKE

We don't have time for your little escapade!

ANAILEIA

I do not know where it is. I'm sorry.

This news stuns Chrys. He's wasn't expecting it.

ANAILEIA

But we are headed to the Archon Chantry. If you take us to the guardian, I'll shall request an audience with the Elder for you.

Jake glances at her ready to protest.

CHRYS

You will?

ANAILEIA

Yes.

CHRYS

And I can trust you?

ANAILEIA

Yes. I am trusting you after all.

Chrys looks her over. He sees she's genuine, he extends his hand to her and says:

(CONTINUED)

CHRYC

Deal.

Anaileia accepts his hand, and Chrys brings his lips to it. Caught off guard she flushes red.

JAKE

Hey!

Jake swats Chrys's hand away.

CHRYC

Ow.

JAKE

Lead the way.

ANAILEIA

Wait! Jake, we need to treat your wounds!

JAKE

I'm okay. I heal quickly.

ANAILEIA

No. Take off your shirt.

JAKE

Why?

ANAILEIA

Just do it. Then you can change.

Jake, taking off his shirt, says:

JAKE

You're ordering me to undress?  
That's new.

ANAILEIA

...Shut it.

Raising both hands over a shoulder, Anaileia chants a spell indistinctly, and the wound is immersed in a radiant, white light that fades. The wound has vanished.

JAKE

What did you just do?

ANAILEIA

I don't know. It's something I just know how to do.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

You're a healer? Can you heal yourself?

ANAILEIA

No, only others.

CHRYS

Once you two are finished, we need to travel to the town over. We'll need to board ship.

JAKE

'Ship'? I'm not taking a ship.

CHRYS

Why? We would have to cross the mountain if we don't travel by sea.

JAKE

I'm not taking a ship.

CHRYS

...Do you get seasick?

JAKE

I'm not taking a ship!

ANAILEIA

(sighing)

Le sigh.

CUT TO:

Chrys leads Anaileia and Jake out the woodland toward a dirt road. Jake is wearing a new, similar tunic.

On the side of the road is a MERCHANT standing beside a mobile stand, selling goods to SEVERAL TRAVELERS. On the stand are vials full of liquids of various colors, herbs in cylindrical glass bottles, corked flasks filled with water for travelers, among other things.

One traveler looking over the stand is BARON (mid 40s), a tall man with broad shoulders and skin so tan, it radiates underneath the sun. He wears royal blue, curling bottom pants, a sleeveless wool v-neck, and carries a retractable lance and traveling bag.

JAKE

Good. A merchant. I'll be right back.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
Get food!

JAKE  
We just ate!

Jake heads over to the merchant.

CUT TO:

At the stand Baron hands over a couple bronze coins to the merchant, who in return hands him a glass bottle of herb. Baron puts it in his bag, nods to the merchant, and heads to the dirt road toward Anaileia's direction.

CUT TO:

Anaileia curiously watches the travelers do their shopping until she hears a deep gasp behind her. She spins around to find...

...Chrys gasping for air, clutching his chest as he uses the tree to hold himself up.

ANAILEIA  
Chrysophael?

Anaileia rushes to him.

CHRYS  
Don't!

Anaileia stops in her tracks, eyes widening.

Chrys slowly raises his head, his face covered in sweat and his eyes burning a deeper shade of red. His breathing calms, his eyes returning back to their crimson color as he struggles to stand.

ANAILEIA  
Are you okay?

CHRYS  
Yeah.

ANAILEIA  
What was that?

Chrys smiles, self-deprecatingly.

CHRYS  
The reason I need the Herb of All  
Truth.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
Chrysophael? Are you sick?

CHRYS  
Do not mention this to anyone.  
Especially the Scathes.

ANAILEIA  
But-

CHRYS  
Please!

ANAILEIA  
O-Okay.

CHRYS  
I'm going to wash my face.

Chrys staggers into the woodland.

CUT TO:

Baron starts to pass Anaileia on the road and stops, his face going white like he's seen a ghost.

BARON  
Ana?

ANAILEIA  
I'm sorry?

BARON  
Is-Is your name Anaileia?

ANAILEIA  
Um...

BARON  
It is you.

ANAILEIA  
I think you have me mistaken for  
someone else. Excuse me.

Anaileia starts to walk off.

Baron, stepping in front of her, says:

BARON  
Wait! You're the spitting image of  
her.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

What?

BARON

Your mother. You look just like her.

ANAILEIA

Excuse me?

BARON

I don't understand. Where have you been-How are you here?

ANAILEIA

You are mistaken.

BARON

No. I'm not. You don't remember me? I'm Baron. Baron Dugar.

ANAILEIA

I'm sorry. I don't recognize you.

BARON

That would make sense. You were so little the last time I saw you. Where have you been?

ANAILEIA

What do you mean?

BARON

Ana. You went missing.

ANAILEIA

What? What are you talking about?

BARON

Ana, you've been missing for eight years!

ANAILEIA

You have me mistaken. Excuse me.

Anaileia starts to leave.

BARON

Ana!

JAKE

Anaileia!

Jake jogs up to her.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE  
(to Baron)  
Do you need something?

Baron looks Jake up and down, sizing him up unperturbed. He looks over at Anaileia, who only stares back uncomfortably. She looks safe. He'll let her be for now.

BARON  
My house is at the top of the east  
hill.

With that, Baron departs.

JAKE  
Who was that?

ANAILEIA  
No one. He had me mistaken for  
someone else.

JAKE  
I can't leave you alone for a  
minute. Where's the daemora?

ANAILEIA  
He went to go look for a river.  
Thirsty.

EXT. BOTTOM OF STAIRCASE-DAY

An infinite-looking staircase surrounded by lush trees leads up. Though thunder rumbles and lightning strikes, the sky is a dazzling blue with no cloud in sight.

At the bottom of the staircase is Serilaun in her same cloak, carrying a staff with a ruby embedded at the top. This time she doesn't wear her hood, showing off pointed elven ears. It may be the reason she wore her hood up at the festival...

Behind Serilaun a distance away...

...Anaileia, Jake, and Chrys enter. Just like in Crystal Lake, Anaileia clutches her head stumbling.

Jake, catching her from falling over, says:

JAKE  
Hey! You okay?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Y-Yes.

JAKE

You sure?

ANAILEIA

I'm fine. Don't tell me we're climbing that.

CHRYS

Right you are. It's at the top.

CUT TO:

Serilaun notices the group and immediately recognizes Anaileia.

CUT TO:

ANAILEIA

No way.

CHRYS

That's why we should have taken the ship...

Chrys throws a sideways glance to Jake, who glares back.

Serilaun approaches the group.

SERILAUN

(to Anaileia)

Hiya!

ANAILEIA

Oh! Hello!

SERILAUN

I never thought I'd run into you again. What are you doing here?

ANAILEIA

Uh-Sightseeing! And you?

SERILAUN

Same. Sort of.

JAKE

You two know each other?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Yes. We met in Carmile.

SERILAUN

But never properly introduced ourselves. My name is Serilaun Methias.

ANAILEIA

Nice to meet you! I'm Anaileia, this is Jake, and this is-

Chrys takes Serilaun's hand.

CHRYS

Chrys. Charmed.

He intimately kisses it, grinning as he eyes her like new prey. Serilaun awkwardly takes her hand back.

SERILAUN

Nice to meet you.

CHRYS

Are you traveling to the Deimone Shrine too?

SERILAUN

I am.

CHRYS

It's said it can take half a day to reach. Why not travel with us? Traveling lone can be dangerous especially for a comely doll such as yourself.

SERILAUN

S-Sure.

JAKE

Lets get this over with.

EXT. STAIRCASE-NIGHT

There is a break between the first set of stairs and the next, both sides leading into the forest. There is no thunder or lightning, only calm wind.

The quartet enters, Anaileia and Serilaun on their last leg.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Thank the Creator! Can we please  
set up camp?

SERILAUN

Please!

CHRYS

Agreed. I'm quite knackered.

Jake can't believe this is the bunch he's stuck with.

EXT. CAMP/STAIRCASE-NIGHT

The leaves of the trees dance to the rhythm of the wind.

Anaileia sits on the sleeping bag, gazing at the crackling  
campfire. Across from her Serilaun sets her robe on the cold  
terrain then lies down.

Jake and Chrys enter from opposite directions, having just  
looked around the area. In between Jake's fingers is his  
beloved coin.

ANAILEIA

Is everything all right?

JAKE

Yeah. We're the only ones here.

Jake removes his scabbard from around him, putting it  
down. He sits behind Anaileia.

SERILAUN

What-Chrys!

Chrys has taken it upon himself to lie beside Serilaun,  
gazing at her profile.

SERILAUN

What are you doing?

CHRYS

It's chilly, and I don't want you  
to catch a cold.

SERILAUN

I don't think I'll catch a cold  
from chilly air!

CHRYS

Shh. You don't know what you're  
saying.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

JAKE  
(to Anaileia)  
Go to sleep.

ANAILEIA  
I'm not sleepy.

JAKE  
At least lie down and cover up.  
It's cold.

ANAILEIA  
It's not that cold.  
(referring to the sleeping  
bag)  
You should use this tonight. I'll  
stay by the fire.

Jake leans forward, opening the sleeping bag.

JAKE  
Lie down.

ANAILEIA  
What?

JAKE  
We have a long day tomorrow. Lie  
down.

Anaileia reluctantly lies down.

ANAILEIA  
You should really take this. I'm  
not going to sleep.

JAKE  
Just close your eyes. You haven't  
been sleeping, and the dark circles  
under your eyes are starting to  
bother me.

ANAILEIA  
You are as polite as ever.

JAKE  
Go to sleep.

Anaileia lies on her back and folds her arms on her stomach  
as Jake sits back, fiddling with his coin.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
(referring to the coin)  
Why do you carry that?

JAKE  
What?

ANAILEIA  
That coin. I always see you with  
it. Is it an old Euoria coin, or is  
it from a different country?

JAKE  
My mother gave it to me.

ANAILEIA  
A white coin is rare. May I see it?

Jake glances at Anaileia then the coin as if apprehensive about parting from it. Making up his mind, he hands it to her. Anaileia looks it over.

ANAILEIA  
It's a Scathes coin. Did your  
mother ever visit Scatha?

JAKE  
No. It was my father's.

ANAILEIA  
Oh, right.

She hands Jake back the coin.

ANAILEIA  
It must be special to you.

JAKE  
She wanted me to have it so I'd  
remember who I was...but enough  
about that. Go to sleep.

ANAILEIA  
Not sleepy.

JAKE  
Try again.

Anaileia sighs and closes her eyes.

CUT TO:

Chrys with his arm around Serilaun as they lay.

(CONTINUED)

SERILAUN

You don't have to put your arm  
around me! I'm not even cold!

CHRYS

Relax. Relax.

As Serilaun bickers with Chrys in the background, Anaileia turns over facing the fire.

EXT. STAIRCASE-DAY

The wind, thunder, and lightning have returned with a vengeance, though the sky is as blue as ever. Jake and Chrys lead the way up while the ladies chat feet behind.

ANAILEIA

So you are a mage?

SERILAUN

Yup.

ANAILEIA

Wow. I only know of one other.

SERILAUN

That's not surprising since we're  
confined to the Magistry.

ANAILEIA

Ugh-I'm sure that will change one  
day.

SERILAUN

Not in my time. It's been law that  
all mages live and train at the  
Magistry for centuries now. The  
Archon Chantry will never overturn  
that.

ANAILEIA

But you left?

SERILAUN

Yeah. I'm looking for my mother.

ANAILEIA

And you think she is here?

SERILAUN

I heard rumors, but every time I  
think I have a good lead, it's no  
good.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

How long have you been looking for her?

SERILAUN

A year.

ANAILEIA

That is quite a long time. I hope you find her.

SERILAUN

Me too. What about you? A young woman traveling with two men. One being a perverted blood sucker. That's different.

ANAILEIA

I guess it is.

SERILAUN

You and Jake. Are you together?

ANAILEIA

'Together'?

SERILAUN

You know. Together...

ANAILEIA

Oh. No! No.

SERILAUN

Really? Surprising.

ANAILEIA

I don't see how.

SERILAUN

You two were awfully close last night.

ANAILEIA

What do you mean?

SERILAUN

You slept right next to each other.

ANAILEIA

We did?

(CONTINUED)

SERILAUN

Yeah! I don't think air could get  
in between you!

ANAILEIA

That was-hey-you and Chrysophael  
slept next to each other too!

SERILAUN

Not by choice!

The quartet reaches the top of the mountain and treads under  
a brick red torii toward a wooden shrine of the same color.

CUT TO:

INT. DEIMONE SHRINE-DAY

The group enters looking over the truly beautiful shrine.  
The wooden smooth floor, the altar with burning incense  
inside their burners. It's a calming atmosphere.

At the altar are two miniature statues: Raijin, the guardian  
of thunder and lightning and Fujin, the guardian of wind,  
both surrounded by offerings of flowers and offering bowls  
filled with water.

The Raijin statue is depicted as a humanoid spirit with  
horns, a cloth around its waist, and carries multiple drums  
connected to each other. Fujin, too, is depicted as a  
humanoid spirit with horns, knee-length trousers, and  
carries a bag of wind on both shoulders.

JAKE

(to Chrys)

I don't see a guardian.

CHRYS

This-This is where it is. I don't  
understand. It should be here.

JAKE

Okay.

CHRYS

I'm not lying!

JAKE

I didn't say you were.

CHRYS

I didn't lie! I was told right  
here!

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

They're here.

A gust of wind encircles the room, the group shielding their faces, and a roar of thunder permeates. Behind the altar a hidden door materializes, opens, and reveals a long, dark corridor. The thunder and wind subside.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR/DEIMONE SHRINE-DAY

The group walks the dim corridor, reaching an oval-shaped hall. At the end of it is a chamber door.

ANAILEIA

That way.

As they head to the chamber door, a pair of footsteps echo from behind them. They turn toward them to find...

...TWO PEOPLE at the entrance immersed in the shadows, though a flickering ball of reddish orange light hovers in front of them. We cannot see their face, but their presence alone is threatening enough.

JAKE

Who's there?

MALE VOICE

...Anaileia.

Anaileia is nearly rocked off her feet. We, too, recognize the deep, commanding voice.

The same voice from the cavern at the beginning.

Both figures step out into the light.

Standing there is KAMILLA (mid 40s), a woman with radiant, creamy skin and elven ears dressed in a black cloak similar to Serilaun. In her hand is a flame that illuminates their way. She extinguishes it.

But it's the person beside her that gives off the chilling aura. FATHER SEYMOUR (mid 60s) isn't a big man in the slightest, though his presence commands the entire room. He wears a black, chantry robe.

ANAILEIA

Father Seymour.

Father Seymour gazes intently at Anaileia, giving her a stern look as he glances down.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia promptly drops to her knees, bowing deeply.

JAKE  
Anaileia? What are you doing?

Chrys's eyes widen in disbelief at the sight of Kamilla and Father Seymour. He clenches his trembling fists, digging his nails into the skin breaking it. Red liquid trickles down from his palm.

JAKE  
Anaileia, get up! Get up!

As Jake tries to force her up:

ANAILEIA  
No! No! Stop!

Anaileia jerks him off never letting her head rise from the ground. Jake steps back, stunned.

SERILAUN  
...Mother?

CHRYS  
What is this?  
(shouting)  
What is this?

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Chrysophael. It has been too long.  
Thank you for leading Anaileia to  
me.

CHRYS  
What?

JAKE  
You set her up?

CHRYS  
N-No!

Jake lunges at Chrys, grabbing him by the collar.

JAKE  
You set her up!

SERILAUN  
Stop you two!

Serilaun throws herself in between them.

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Anaileia, you have had your fun.  
Now it's time for you to return.

JAKE  
She's not going anywhere with you!

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Are you the one that killed my  
mercenaries?

JAKE  
Yeah. I did.

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Interesting. What is your name?  
(beat)  
Don't be like that. Since I'm  
taking Anaileia back, you should  
consider coming too, Scathes.

JAKE  
I'd like to see you try.

SERILAUN  
I don't know what's happening, but  
Mother, you have to come back home  
with me.

CHRYS  
'Mother'? She's your mother?

KAMILLA  
Go home, Seri.

SERILAUN  
No! Mother, I looked for you for so  
long! Return to the Magistracy with  
me! Please!  
(beat)  
Mother, why won't you look at me?  
Look at me!

CHRYS  
Enough of this!

Sprinting toward Kamilla like a tiger after its prey, Chrys  
takes out a dagger from his jacket and hurls it toward  
Kamilla, who is not the least bit concerned.

SERILAUN  
Stop!

(CONTINUED)

Serilaun raises her hand, a white light engulfing it, and a staff appears, taking the place of the brilliant glow. She raises the staff, the ruby glowing.

A purplish barrier appears in front of Kamilla, deflecting the dagger.

CHRY S

Why did you do that?

SERILAUN

What are you doing?

CHRY S

Why did you do that?!

Chrys tries to grab Serilaun's collar.

Jake, holding Chrys back, shouts:

JAKE

Hey!

CHRY S

Get off me!

With astonishing strength Chrys pushes Jake, who skids several feet back.

FATHER SEYMOUR

Now, now, Chrysophael. I am not here for you today, but your day will soon come.

This hits Chrys like a dagger in the heart.

FATHER SEYMOUR

Anaileia. Look at me.

Anaileia hesitantly raises her head not meeting Seymour's eyes.

FATHER SEYMOUR

I said look at me!

Anaileia looks at Seymour.

FATHER SEYMOUR

Rise.

Anaileia staggers to her feet.

FATHER SEYMOUR

Come to me.

Anaileia takes a step toward Seymour.

Jake, gripping her arm, shouts:

JAKE

Stop! This isn't what you want!

ANAILEIA

Let me go.

JAKE

No! You fought this long. You've endured more than any one person should ever have to. You are strong, Anaileia. Stronger than me. You don't believe that yourself? Then believe me. Trust me like I trust you.

Anaileia looks up at Jake, eyes brimming with tears.

FATHER SEYMOUR

Anaileia, I am your family. Would you really go against me?

JAKE

You are not her family!

ANAILEIA

Why, Father Seymour? Why are you doing it?

FATHER SEYMOUR

Doing what?

ANAILEIA

Why are you summoning the archdemon?

We could be wrong, but we may have seen a flicker of sorrow on Seymour's face, but we could be wrong.

FATHER SEYMOUR

The world is a deplorable place full of deplorable people. No one cares for anyone until it is time to care for themselves. Just like your parents. They left you to die the moment they discovered what you are. You are no liberator. No

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FATHER SEYMOUR (cont'd)  
savior. You are a curse. You are  
destruction, and that is what they  
saw in you. Your friends there are  
no different. Do you really think  
they care for you because of who  
you are or could it be because of  
what you are?

JAKE  
(to Anaileia)  
Don't listen to him. He's trying to  
manipulate you.

FATHER SEYMOUR  
'Manipulate'? Anaileia, that  
Scathes would abandon you if it  
meant caring for himself first.

JAKE  
Anaileia-

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Now he cares about you? In any  
other situation, he would have  
never looked at you.

JAKE  
Don't listen to him!

FATHER SEYMOUR  
You know my words are true. Now  
come back home, dear.

Jake, retrieving his blade from its scabbard, says:

JAKE  
Just shut up!

FATHER SEYMOUR  
It's not her decision, but I will  
get rid of you so you can no longer  
cloud her judgement. Men!

TWENTY MERCENARIES march inside with blades in hand.

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Kill the two fiends. Do not harm  
Anaileia!

The mercenaries rush toward Jake and Chrys and clash.

Jake evades the attacks of the mercenaries as he counters,  
striking them down with his blade.

(CONTINUED)

Chrys counters blows from the mercenaries, taking out two daggers deflecting attacks.

The pair manages to take down all of the men.

FATHER SEYMOUR

I see.

CHRYS

You're next, Seymour!

FATHER SEYMOUR

Hmph. Kamilla?

Kamilla raises her hand, a white light engulfing it. A staff takes the place of it.

KAMILLA

Cerberus, arise!

Kamilla raises her staff, hitting the ground with the base of it.

In the center a dark circle forms, black light expelling from it, and the three headed dog, CERBERUS, appears towering over everyone. A slimy tongue hangs from each mouth, each head snarling.

KAMILLA

(to Cerberus)

Finish them!

Cerberus gallops toward Jake and Chrys, swinging at both mercilessly.

ANAILEIA

Serilaun! You have to do something!

SERILAUN

I can't.

ANAILEIA

If you don't, they'll die!

SERILAUN

I can't!

Jake and Chrys exchange blows with the being until...

...Jake sprints under Cerberus, thrusting his blade into it then leaps up, plunging it into the being once again.

Cerberus cries out.

(CONTINUED)

Chrys leaps toward the beast, striking it with both daggers.

Kamilla clenches her staff, struggling for self-control. She raises it horizontally, closes her eyes, and chants indistinctly. She opens them.

A pillar of flames trail toward Jake and Chrys engulfing Cerberus and the motionless mercenaries.

ANAILEIA

Serilaun!

SERILAUN

I-

ANAILEIA

Serilaun, please!

As the flames near Jake and Chrys, Serilaun quickly chants indistinctly, raising her staff horizontally then extending it forward.

A vortex of wind propels from the staff, blocking the paths of the flames.

Kamilla pushes her staff forward.

The pillar enlarges repelling Serilaun back.

Serilaun drives her quivering arms forward as her face contorts in pain.

The vortex starts to shrink and vanishes.

Just as the flames are about to engulf the quartet, Kamilla lowers her staff, the flames vanishing.

Serilaun stumbles back, panting.

KAMILLA

(to Serilaun)

Go home.

SERILAUN

But...

FATHER SEYMOUR

Kamilla. End this now.

Kamilla extends her staff forward and twirls it, speeding up the rotation.

Dark circles form on the surface, and from a lone one, a jagged claw clings to the edge.

(CONTINUED)

COUNTLESS WRATH FIENDS make their way up from the ground, hissing at the quartet.

SERILAUN

M-Mother?

CHRYIS

She can summon fiends?

ANAILEIA

(fearfully)

No.

All at once the fiends gallop toward the group shrilling harshly. Just as the fiends are closing in:

ANAILEIA

Skadi!

The hall is quiet.

Fog surrounds the hall and fiends as a gust of wind repels them back.

FATHER SEYMOUR

What?

As the fog disperses, Skadi appears beside Anaileia, pointing her loaded bow at the horde. She fires.

An arrow made of ice flies across the room, hitting the ground in front of the horde, and starting from their feet, the horde turns to ice.

An arrow materializes in Skadi's hand, she loads her bow, points toward the horde, and fires.

The arrow hits the horde, shattering them into fragments.

Skadi readies her bow, points it at Seymour, and fires.

Kamilla raises her staff, a glistening barrier surrounding her and the father and deflecting the arrow.

The barrier shatters from the impact.

Kamilla stumbles back.

KAMILLA

Father, we have to go!

FATHER SEYMOUR  
Not without Anaileia!

Skadi points her loaded bow at Seymour.

Kamilla hits the ground with the base of her staff, and white smoke conceals her and the father.

Skadi fires her arrow.

The smoke disperses. Seymour and Kamilla have vanished.

Skadi lowers her bow.

CHRYS  
Seymour!

SERILAUN  
Mother!

CHRYS  
(softly)  
No...

Chrys drops to his knees with a defeated look.

Anaileia feels sympathy for them both.

ANAILEIA  
Thank you, Skadi.

Skadi bows her head to Anaileia, turns into mist, and vanishes.

Chrys screams in anguish, repeatedly striking the ground with his fist.

JAKE  
(to Anaileia)  
Leave them alone for now.

Jake puts a hand on Anaileia's back, directing her to the chamber door.

INT. CHAMBER/DEIMONE SHRINE-DAY

Anaileia and Jake step inside the chamber that resembles a planetarium: starry navy blue ceiling, dim-lit.

In the center of the chamber are two, larger statues of RAIJIN and FUJIN beside each other. Beneath them is an seal like in Crystal Lake.

(CONTINUED)

Anaileia walks to the statues, her eyes glowing white as she enters a trance.

ANAILEIA  
(in ancient language)  
Guardians of Dijana. Raijin, the  
guardian of thunder and lightning.  
Fujin, the guardian of wind. Lend  
me your light.

A gust of wind sweeps through, and thunder permeates.

Both Anaileia and Jake shield their faces.

The statues shed their harden exteriors, coming to life as the wind and thunder cease.

Anaileia returns to her original state.

SERILAUN (O.S.)  
You're the Summoner?

Serilaun and Chrys have entered.

RAIJIN  
Summoner. You have summoned us.

FUJIN  
What is it that you wish for?

ANAILEIA  
I want to stop the archdemon.  
Please help me.

FUJIN  
Look at this, Raijin. She's asking  
us to help her stop the archdemon.

RAIJIN  
I see that.

ANAILEIA  
Uh-

FUJIN  
Why should we help you?

ANAILEIA  
Well, I need your help in stopping  
it.

FUJIN  
How redundant. Isn't that  
redundant, Raijin?

RAIJIN  
Clearly.

FUJIN  
Maybe I don't want to help.

ANAILEIA  
What?

FUJIN  
I'm not going to repeat myself like  
you.

ANAILEIA  
(shouting)  
What?

FUJIN  
She sounds angry.

RAIJIN  
Looks like it.

ANAILEIA  
I am not angry!

FUJIN  
She's angry.

RAIJIN  
Clearly. Stop messing with her.

FUJIN  
Fine. Fine.

A beaming, white light encircles the two guardians, and they transfigure into a ball of light that enters Anaileia. The seal vanishes.

Anaileia sways, and like always, faints.

Black.

EXT. MISTY FOREST-NIGHT-(DREAM)

Anaileia awakens on the cold terrain. Recognizing the forest she stands up, looking around for the silhouette. Although the fog obstructs her view, she spots it across the forest. She and the silhouette just stare at each other-neither moving.

Then the silhouette extends her a hand.

Anaileia jogs toward the figure, though she isn't getting any closer.

The shapeless shadows materialize, surrounding Anaileia. She's paralyzed in fear. The shadows, too, come to a halt. Anaileia looks at the retreating silhouette.

ANAILEIA

Wait!

Anaileia darts toward the silhouette, the shadows swarming in for the capture. She falls to her knees.

ANAILEIA

Stop!

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Anaileia.

Anaileia hesitantly looks up, her eyes widening in disbelief. We can assume the silhouette is standing directly in front of her.

As the shapeless shadows close in on Anaileia:

FEMALE VOICE

Anaileia!

The shadows come to a halt shuddering, light spurting from them just before they burst into countless shards.

Anaileia shields her face.

The shards vanish.

Anaileia uncovers her face, finding the figure in front of her, surrounded by a blinding white light. We can't see her face, though we do recognize the gown she wears. It's from the flashback.

FEMALE VOICE

Wake up.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA  
What?

JAKE (V.O.)  
Anaileia, wake up!

ANAILEIA  
Jake?

The screen goes bright.

White.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. DEIMONE SHRINE-NIGHT

Anaileia awakens on the sleeping bag. Beside her is Jake peering down at her, face full of concern. Across from her is Chrys and Serilaun, looking like kicked puppies. Anaileia tries to sit up.

JAKE  
Hey, don't move.

SERILAUN  
(to Anaileia)  
Anaileia! I'm so glad you're okay.  
You really had me scared!

ANAILEIA  
Ha. This is normal.

CHRYS  
So what are we going to do?

JAKE  
'We'?

CHRYS  
Yeah. 'We'.

JAKE  
I don't know what you're going to do, but-

CHRYS  
Wait. You're ditching me?

JAKE  
If that's the word.

(CONTINUED)

CHRYS

Why? We're after the same people!

ANAILEIA

Chrysophael, how do you know Father Seymour?

For the first time, Chrys looks vulnerable like a lost boy.

CHRYS

With the archdemon rising, we must choose sides. Seymour chose us. He said my family was lucky to be hand picked by his chosen hand. What he didn't consider was that we'd say no... Seymour damned my family, using that mage.

ANAILEIA

What is the curse?

CHRYS

Daemoras feed on people. At least that's what our ancestors did before we found ways to sustain ourselves. We didn't want to hurt humans anymore. We wanted to live along side them.

Anaileia comes to a realization. She knows what it is.

JAKE

Wait. Does this have to do with the Herb of All Truth?

Chrys lowers his eyes.

Jake looks to Anaileia, who avoids his gaze.

JAKE

(to Chrys)

You're craving human blood...

(to Anaileia)

And you knew?

ANAILEIA

Yes.

JAKE

(to Anaileia)

Why didn't you tell me?

CHRYS

I would never hurt her or anyone!

JAKE

You bit her!

CHRYS

That was to check to see if she really was the Summoner!

JAKE

What does that mean? You knew who she was as soon as she stepped foot in Carmile?

CHRYS

Yes. I had been looking for her far too long to not know who she was.

ANAILEIA

You were looking for me?

CHRYS

Yeah. To help me find the elixir. I believed you could help me.

ANAILEIA

Chrysophael, I'm so sorry.

JAKE

You can't travel with us.

CHRYS

What?

ANAILEIA

Why?

JAKE

He's sick.

CHRYS

I'll be fine as long as I have the elixir!

JAKE

We don't know where it is.

CHRYS

Even if we don't find it, there's a way to break the curse.

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

How?

CHRYS

Kill the mage.

SERILAUN

What? You're talking about killing my mother!

CHRYS

And once I kill her, the curse is broken.

JAKE

I can't take the risk.

CHRYS

We're after the same people!

SERILAUN

(to Anaileia)

I'm coming with you.

JAKE

You're not.

SERILAUN

Why not? I can help! I can beat her! With a little more training, I can! I'll convince her to come home!

CHRYS

The hell you will!

SERILAUN

I will not let you kill my mother!

CHRYS

So either I feed on humans or I die? Which do you prefer, love?

SERILAUN

I can convince her to break your curse!

Chrys scoffs.

CHRYS

Rubbish. You did a marvelous job back there.

(CONTINUED)

SERILAUN  
I just need time!

ANAILEIA  
Please! Stop!

SERILAUN  
Anaileia, let me come with you. Let me go with you to the Archon Chantry. That's where you're headed, right?

Anaileia turns to Jake, he shakes his head "no".

JAKE  
Absolutely not! How does it make sense to bring a daemora that's two seconds away from eating you and her when he wants to kill her mother?

ANAILEIA  
I think Serilaun is the only one that has a chance against Lady Kamilla, and Chrysophael must be able to discover things we cannot.

JAKE  
Seymour planted the whereabouts of this shrine up in the air. He lured us here!

ANAILEIA  
He was able to do that because he knows Chrysophael can find out things we cannot.

Jake looks at Anaileia sharply.

JAKE  
Whatever.

SERILAUN  
Thank you!

ANAILEIA  
Sure...

SERILAUN  
...Something's bothering me though. If Seymour was luring you to him, why here to two guardians?

CHRYL

He didn't come up with the rumor.  
It was already there. He spread it  
to where I would hear it.

JAKE

That puts us at a disadvantage.

SERILAUN

What do we do now?

ANAILEIA

...I know...

EXT. VALLEY/BARON'S HILL-DAY

A forest surrounds the valley.

Our quartet walks along a path toward a bulky hill with a staircase that leads to a one story, simple house.

EXT. BARON'S HOUSE/BARON'S HILL-DAY

The group reaches the top of the stairs.

Anaileia knocks on the door.

It opens, and standing inside is Baron. He wasn't expecting to see our protagonist at his doorstep.

BARON

Ana?

CUT TO:

INT. DEN/BARON'S HOUSE-DAY

Anaileia and Baron sit across from each other at a black, drop leaf table, Anaileia drinking from a mug.

BARON

Seymour was a revered priest. He was known for welcoming the homeless into the chantry, feeding the poor, helping to treat the sick. That day he was visiting The Archon Chantry. When it happened, the Elder was away, and I was one of the Protectors accompanying him. We returned, and...the chantry had been attacked, and the High Priestess and her Protector had been killed. A lot of clerics died

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARON (cont'd)  
that day, but a lot of them just  
vanished. Seymour too.

ANAILEIA  
Why? Why would he do it?

BARON  
To take the High Priestess's child.  
To take you...

ANAILEIA  
No. No. I don't believe you.

BARON  
He kidnapped the child of the High  
Priestess. He kidnapped the  
Summoner.

ANAILEIA  
No!

BARON  
That's what you are, right? The  
Summoner?

ANAILEIA  
(to self)  
No...

BARON  
Ana, don't you remember anything?

ANAILEIA  
No matter how hard I try, I can't  
remember anything. I can't remember  
anything you're telling me.

BARON  
Not even your parents?

ANAILEIA  
He said my parents abandoned me.  
They abandoned me, and he took me  
in.

Baron, slamming his fist against the table, says:

BARON  
He's a liar! He murdered the High  
Priestess! Killed my brothers and  
sisters! The Elder had to find his  
own daughter lying in her own...! I  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARON (cont'd)  
tried to stop him from seeing her like that, but he pushed me away, and I let him. I felt so weak. Then to find the young miss was missing too. The Elder broke. We all did.

ANAILEIA  
I'm so sorry.

BARON  
Why?

ANAILEIA  
You lost someone because of me.

BARON  
Don't ever say that again.

ANAILEIA  
But if what you're saying is true-

BARON  
Your parents died for you. Not because of you.

ANAILEIA  
...What were their names?

BARON  
High Priestess Áva Yildun. She was the kindest person. She had this way of lighting up the darkest corners of the world. She could touch the most tainted of hearts. People would cross the lands just to be healed by her. She had the power to heal any wound, any ailment.

Anaileia nods, understanding that's where her healing effect comes from. Perhaps her barrier too?

BARON  
Your father's name is Commander Alexander Crowdan. She married her Protector. Love at first sight is what he use to say.

ANAILEIA  
So they both are no longer with us?

BARON

Sadly not.

Anaileia looks down at her trembling hands. That isn't what she was expecting.

ANAILEIA

What did my mother look like?

BARON

Like you. Just like you. She was radiant. Graceful.

ANAILEIA

This will sound absurd since I can't remember her, but every night I have this dream, and there is this woman in it, who calls my name, and even though I can't see her face, I run to her. I try my best to reach her, but I never can.

BARON

Ana...

EXT. BARON'S HOUSE/BARON'S HILL-DAY

Chrys and Serilaun sit at the top of the staircase while Jake stands near the door ready to storm in.

Anaileia comes out rushing down the stairs.

JAKE

Hey-

As Jake is about to chase after her, Baron enters.

BARON

Give her a minute.

EXT. FOREST/BARON'S HILL-DAY

Anaileia walks along a path, eyes brimming with tears. She reaches a cliff covered in green with a view of a blue lake that extends all the way toward a woodland.

She looks out at the open water, taking in everything she's learned today. Hearing footsteps behind her, Anaileia looks back to find Jake, who looks like he's just heard the worst news of his life.

Anaileia, turning away from Jake, says:

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Uh-I just wanted to collect my  
thoughts. I'll go back in a minute.  
I-

Anaileia feels strong, warm arms wrap around her from behind. Jake has embraced her. At first she tenses up then she just relaxes. Facing him she cries in his arms.

EXT. BARON'S HOUSE/BARON'S HILL-DUSK

Baron, Chrys, and Serilaun stand at the top of the staircase.

Anaileia and Jake reach the top.

BARON

We were getting worried.

ANAILEIA

I'm okay, but Baron. I have a  
request.

BARON

Hm? Sure. Anything.

ANAILEIA

I want you to train me.

JAKE

What?

BARON

Oh?

ANAILEIA

All of this is my fault.

BARON

No, it isn't-

ANAILEIA

So I want to do what I can.

JAKE

You're doing everything you need  
to. There's no need to do this.

ANAILEIA

But every time something happens,  
you have to protect me.

(CONTINUED)

JAKE

And I will keep protecting you.

ANAILEIA

No. I have to do this. How can I protect you all if I can't protect myself?

JAKE

Anaileia-

BARON

I'll train you. For one year. It'll be tough, and I won't go easy on you.

Anaileia is determined. She nods her head, yes.

JAKE

Then I'll stay too.

BARON

No. You'll distract her.

JAKE

You expect me to leave her here with you?

ANAILEIA

Jake, it's okay.

JAKE

No it's not. How do we know we can trust you? How do we really know you were a Protector?

Baron isn't too thrilled with Jake's blatant disrespect. Moving the neckline of his shirt, Baron shows off the insignia of a Protector, a black engraving of a sword with two arrows crossing through it forming an "X".

BARON

I might've left the chantry, but it's still my duty to protect whether it's the High Priestess or her daughter. You help her too. Go find the other guardians. Go find Seymour. One year from today, come back.

JAKE

(to Anaileia)

Is this what you want?

(CONTINUED)

ANAILEIA

Yes.

Jake isn't convinced.

ANAILEIA

I can do it, but I need you to believe in me. I need you to agree to this.

Jake forces himself to nod, yes.

BARON

I'll let you say your goodbyes.

ANAILEIA

Wait. Baron, do you know anything about the Herb of All Truth? Like where it is?

This catches Chrys's attention.

BARON

Why?

ANAILEIA

Just asking. I heard about it and wondered if it really existed.

BARON

I know a little. The myth says it can be found in the west of Almathea near a body of water. They say spirits keep it hidden to prevent it from being used by the wrong person.

ANAILEIA

Thanks. It sounds interesting.

BARON

Hm. Take as long as you need.

Baron enters his home.

SERILAUN

And just when we formed our little group.

Serilaun embraces Anaileia.

ANAILEIA  
It's not like we're disbanding.

SERILAUN  
We'll probably go our separate ways  
for the year. Please be careful.

ANAILEIA  
I will.

Serilaun takes a step back.

Chrys, embracing Anaileia, says:

CHRYS  
(softly so only she can hear)  
Thank you.

ANAILEIA  
You have to find it first.

CHRYS  
And I will.

Chrys steps back, leaving Anaileia and Jake to gaze at one another.

SERILAUN  
...We'll be at the bottom of the  
stairs.

CHRYS  
Huh?

SERILAUN  
Come on!

Serilaun drags Chrys down the staircase.

JAKE  
Is there any way I can talk you out  
of this?

ANAILEIA  
Ha. No.

JAKE  
I thought as much...Don't hurt  
yourself. Make sure you get plenty  
of sleep and stay warm. It'll get  
cold at night.

ANAILEIA

I can say the same to you.

Anaileia's brave front falters. She embraces him.

He's caught off guard, though embraces her too.

ANAILEIA

I'll be okay.

JAKE

I know. Take care of yourself.

ANAILEIA

I will. You too.

Jake climbs down the stairs, leaving Anaileia to watch, her eyes quivering.

### **MONTAGE**

Anaileia being trained by Baron over the course of a year. He trains her in martial arts and archery while some days, no matter the weather, keeping her fit with jogging.

Though she does know some techniques, she might as well not know anything at all.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/BARON'S HOUSE/BARON'S HILL-NIGHT

Anaileia languidly enters the dim-lit room as tears trickle down her flushed cheeks.

In the center is a traditional futon laid out, beside it a coffee table with an old framed photo.

The photo shows Baron standing next to a MAN (late 20's), who has the same skin tone as Anaileia. Both are wearing beige uniforms with gold embroidery and the Protector insignia on the the chest. Baron holds his lance, the other holding a DOUBLE BLADED SWORD.

Anaileia picks it up, taking a better look and embraces it as she falls into the futon. She doesn't know how, but she knows exactly who the man is.

INT. TRAINING ROOM/BARON'S HILL-DAWN

Baron enters yawning finding...

...Anaileia already up working on her kali.

He's impressed.

CUT TO:

Back to training we go, though this time, she's ready.

INT. TRAINING ROOM/BARON'S HILL-DAY

Anaileia and Baron are still sparring with the wooden sticks.

Baron disarms her and drops his stick.

They spar hand to hand in Wing Chun and Self Defense.

Baron sidesteps, grapples, and throws her onto the mat.

Anaileia rolls over.

Baron stands over her with a stern expression. He then smiles, offering her a hand. She accepts it grinning.

EXT. FOREST/BARON'S HILL-DAY

The sky is a clear, joyous blue.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so our Summoner trained for the full year, fighting her way through bruises, sweat, and tears, and now she stands victorious. Yet the battle remains, but for now, lets enjoy the peace we have.

Anaileia stands near the cliff, holding the double bladed sword from the photo smiling triumphantly. She wears a sleeveless blouse and an ankle length skirt with a split and underneath, black shorts.

Behind her propped up on a tree branch is the white bird from the cavern at the beginning. It takes off, flying over the cliff, the body of water, the valley, Baron's Hill, the forest, and lands back on the tree branch.

Anaileia is no longer standing near the cliff.

FADE OUT.

THE END OF PART ONE.