

WAMPHYR

by

Mario Perrotta

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human13@gmail.com

EXT. VLASIA FOREST - NIGHT

A dark, wooded forest. A light mist hovers close to the ground.

Overhead, a large blood-red moon breaks through the dark clouds.

SUPER: WALLACHIA, 700 YEARS AGO

FEREN (V.O.)

Long before the Age of the Dragon,
the Sikaar ruled over the ancient
land of Wallachia.

Through the mist emerges a CLOAKED, HOODED FIGURE on horseback.

FEREN (V.O.)

A warrior race, the Sikaar ruled
with an iron fist.

The cloaked figure brings his horse to a stop and dismounts. The horse's breath steams in the frigid night air.

FEREN (V.O.)

Many armies have tried to topple
their reign and seize control of
Wallachia and its mystic secrets.
But all have failed. The Sikaar
destroyed their enemies time and
again.

The cloaked figure approaches a spot. Crouches down.

FEREN (V.O.)

Until a new enemy descended upon
them -- a noble people known as the
Calanos. My people.

The cloaked figure pulls back his hood, revealing a grizzled man in his thirties. Unkempt black hair. Heavy stubble. Battle-weary. This is FEREN.

FEREN (V.O.)

Our leader, the cunning warrior king
Drakul, and his wife, the queen
Mina, lay a rightful claim to this
land, dating back centuries to their
great ancestor Attila.

Feren's horse huffs and stomps his hoof. Something is spooking him.

FEREN (V.O.)
 But the vicious Sikaar would have
 none of it. And so we went to war.
 Our king Drakul would take Wallachia
 back by force.

Feren glances back at his jittery horse. Scans the
 surrounding forest.

FEREN (V.O.)
 And after a long and bloody war,
 Wallachia belonged to us again. The
 Sikaar were defeated. But they did
 not go quietly to their graves.

Feren returns his focus to the spot on the ground. Brushes
 some leaves aside, revealing a booted FOOTPRINT.

FEREN (V.O.)
 Now, every thirteenth lunar cycle,
 on the eve of Samhain, the gateway
 to the Otherworld is opened, and the
 undead Sikaar army returns to
 reclaim what they believe is theirs.

Feren gazes up at the blood-red moon.

Feren's horse huffs once more, stomps its hoof excitedly.

Feren rises from the ground. Pats his steed with a reassuring
 hand.

FEREN
 What's the matter, boy, huh?
 Something bothering you?

A sudden RUSTLING. Movement among the trees.

Feren spins his head. Startled.

His hand clutches the hilt of his sword, which hangs at his
 side.

More rustling. Twigs and branches sway ominously.

A GROUP OF UNDEAD SOLDIERS stand among the trees. Eerily
 still. Their silhouettes barely visible through the mist,
 except for the glowing RED of their eyes. Some on horseback,
 others on foot. Swords, shields, spears in hand.

Trembling and suddenly cold, Feren backs up slowly toward his
 horse. Quickly mounts it. Swings his steed around and races
 off.

EXT. SNAGOV VILLAGE - NIGHT

Feren's horse breaks through the trees and sprints toward a nearby CAMPFIRE, where hovered around the flames are his fellow Calanos warriors -- BOROARD (51, big, long grey hair and beard), VREYGOR (40, dark hair tied in a bun, scar across left eye), and the queen MINA (32, long brown hair, elegant yet lethal). Like Feren, they wear cloaks over their armor to protect from the cold.

Feren brings his steed to a halt and dismounts.

BOROARD

So, Feren?

FEREN

The Sikaar army has returned. As foretold.

VREYGOR

Hell be damned. We barely survived their last assault. We lost many good people. Some of our best warriors.

FEREN

Vreygor is right. We will not survive this night... unless...

Borogard shakes his head.

BOROARD

No. There must be another way.

FEREN

Not with the people we have left. There is no other way. Borogard...

He puts a hand on Borogard's shoulder.

FEREN

We must awaken the wamphyr.

Borogard turns away.

BOROARD

Heresy!

VREYGOR

He is our king.

BOROARD

He is an accursed abomination!

FEREN

The Sikaar made him what he is. Who are we to deny our king his rightful vengeance.

Borogard looks toward Mina, who stands silent, her eyes hypnotized by the flames.

BOROGARD

My queen, Drakul was your husband. You knew him better than any of us. If you give the word, I will obey. Without question.

She looks up at them. Points toward a nearby CRYPT.

MINA

That creature in there is no longer my husband. I will not have whatever memories remain of him to be sullied by what lies in that tomb.

She looks at each warrior in turn, her eyes piercing.

MINA

Do what you must so that we may live through this night. But I will not be a party to this. Just know that if we still draw breath after this night is done, the creature must return to the grave from whence it came.

INT. UNDERGROUND CRYPT - NIGHT

The three Calanos warriors descend the steps by torchlight to a large underground dungeon.

FEREN (V.O.)

History may look upon this as folly, but in that moment we knew nothing but survival.

Borogard and Vreygor force the massive stone lid off the sarcophagus, while Feren holds the torch.

The lid crumbles to the ground, revealing--

DRAKUL

lying dormant inside the tomb, impaled by a long SILVER SPIKE through his chest. Long black hair. Full beard. Flesh pale and ghostly. He wears the same Calanos cloak and armor as the others, rusted and spattered with dry blood.

Borogard and Vreygor each grip part of the spike. They exchange an uncertain glance, brace themselves, then PULL THE SPIKE OUT--

DRAKUL'S EYES SHOOT OPEN -- a demonic yellow-red color--

The warriors stumble back. Fearful but ready.

Drakul rises from the crypt. Glares at them with savage eyes. Bares his pointed fangs.

Borogard is trembling, despite his size.

BOROGARD

My king... it is the night before
Samhain...

Drakul seems not to hear or care. Approaches them. Claws out.

FEREN

The Sikaar have returned. They are
coming here to take back Wallachia--

Drakul stops.

FEREN (V.O.)

His eyes were ablaze with fury upon
hearing the name of his mortal
enemy...

EXT. WALLACHIA BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

A MASSIVE BATTLE. A few hundred CALANOS WARRIORS defend against THOUSANDS OF UNDEAD SIKAAK SOLDIERS.

DRAKUL TEARS and SLASHES through them with both sword and claws. A whirlwind of ferocity.

FEREN (V.O.)

King Drakul tore his way through the
undead Sikaar army with the strength
of a hundred men. Eyes blazing with
vengeance.

With a ROAR, Drakul THRUSTS his sword through the final soldier--

FEREN (V.O.)

In the end it was too much for the
Sikaar. Drakul and the Calanos drove
them back to the Otherworld.

The remaining Calanos soldiers raise their swords in victory.

FEREN (V.O.)

Wallachia was ours again. But something was amiss. We came to realize what we had done.

Drakul grins, fangs dripping red.

DRAKUL

Were you foolish enough to believe I would go back willingly to my grave?

Vreygor charges at him, sword raised. But Drakul easily knocks his sword aside. Plunges his arm straight through Vreygor's gut and out his back.

Vreygor falls dead, and just as Borogard and the others are about to attack--

VOICE (O.S.)

Drakul...

Drakul stops. That voice -- he knows it.

Slowly he turns--

MINA stands mere feet away. Battle worn. Hair and face dripping with blood.

She drops her sword.

Drakul glares at her with reverence.

DRAKUL

Mina... how I've longed to hear you say my name again...

She walks up to him. Strokes her fingers along the blood on his face.

MINA

It is done, my king.

DRAKUL

Mina, come with me. Let us be free of these mortal shackles. Roam the fields of eternity together.

MINA

I'm sorry, my love...

With a sudden thrust she DRIVES THE SILVER SPIKE through his chest--

MINA

...but I cannot be what you are.

Drakul's eyes are wide in disbelief.

Then, burning with rage, he grabs Mina... and with the last of his strength SINKS HIS FANGS into her neck--

Borogard, Feren, and several other soldiers grab Drakul. Pull him away from Mina.

Weak from the spike in his chest, Drakul collapses.

The soldiers run to Mina, who is on the ground, clutching her bleeding throat.

FEREN (V.O.)

It was too late for the queen. We did what needed to be done.

In tears, Borogard takes a silver spike from his bag. Raises it in the air. And just as he brings it down--

INT. UNDERGROUND CRYPT - NIGHT

Drakul's tomb is sealed again. But beside him now is another stone crypt. Also sealed.

FEREN (V.O.)

King Drakul got what he wanted.

Over Drakul's lid, the sign of the Dragon, his family crest.

And over the other tomb, a single rose...

FEREN (V.O.)

They were together again. In death.

INSIDE THE OTHER TOMB

MINA lies dormant. Flesh pale, almost translucent. Still beautiful in death. Impaled by the spike through her chest.

FEREN (V.O.)

But for how long...

Her EYES suddenly SHOOT OPEN. A demonic yellow glow...

FADE OUT