

The Swordbearer Saga  
Part Two:

Toward a Southern Shore

An  
Original Screenplay  
By

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FADE IN:

EXT. A COUNTRY VILLAGE - DAY

A medieval style village of 12 or 15 wood and stone huts seen from a short distance away through RAIN that falls in thick, heavy sheets.

VILLAGERS scurry and point to a group of RIDERS assembled on the outskirts as the ALARM BELL SOUNDS.

CAPTAIN KA'RAN's horse dances anxiously beneath him, underscoring his exhortations to a band of 40 YARG RAIDERS.

He's a brutal looking creature whose right eye is dead and glassy beneath a scar that runs down his face.

He speaks in short guttural tones.

KA'RAN

Kill them! Kill them all.  
Make them suffer.

The Yargs, man-like creatures with grey skin, deep set eyes, and sharp, pointed teeth, are heavily armed and ready to fight. Ka'ran spins his horse and leads the charge.

IN THE VILLAGE -

A HUNTRESS with RED HAIR, armed with BOW & ARROWS and a LONG KNIFE, herds Women and Children into a large hut.

HUNTRESS

Get inside! Bar the doors!

The last GIRL to enter has red hair as well. Her face is wrought with concern.

HUNTRESS

Don't worry. I'll protect you.

The Huntress hurries her inside, closes the door, and joins the MEN assembled nearby.

The men, about 20 in all, are of various ages and armed with HUNTING SPEARS, BOWS, FIELD AXES, and OLD SWORDS.

MAN

Here they come!

The Yargs sweep through the village, putting everyone to the sword.

The villagers fight with desperate courage, especially the Huntress who drops several of the raiders.

Ka'ran finally, and brutally, kills her as she defends the hut with the children inside to her last ounce of strength.

Ka'ran throws his weight against the door as the rest of the Yargs dismount and start breaking into the other huts.

The door of the hut gives way and Ka'Ran enters.

INT. COUNTRY VILLAGE/HUT - DAY

As Ka'ran steps into the room, he's attacked by 13-year-old BOY with a PITCHFORK.

Ka'ran wrests the weapon away and throws the boy aside. Two Women kneel protectively in front of the huddled Children, including the little girl with the red hair.

Another YARG enters, grabs the boy, and throws him with the others. Ka'ran grins mercilessly as he steps forward.

OUTSIDE THE HUT -

The rain continues to pour, muting the SCREAMS from within.

LATER -

The RAIN forms pools and flows, stained red with blood.

Two riders survey the village. RAVENWOLF is on a black warhorse named FALCWREN.

ELAN is on a sturdy Brown. The stirrups on her saddle are hitched up slightly, like a jockey's.

He's a large, powerfully built man in his 30's with shoulder length black hair and an air of strength and fierceness.

He's well-armed and carries a ROUND SHIELD slung on his back. The shield has the images of a wolf, a raven and a dragon boat drawn to either side of, and below the boss.

Elan is about 20. She's short and fit with green, almond-shaped eyes and long, curling brown hair that the rain has plastered about her face.

She wears several BRACELETS on each wrist. Like Ravenwolf she is well armed.

ELAN  
We're too late.

Ravenwolf dismounts and turns a Yarg body over.

RAVENWOLF  
At least the odds are  
getting better. We should  
see if anyone survived.

Elan dismounts. They split up and start checking the huts. Elan goes to the hut where the Huntress fell.

She steps to the door and immediately turns away from the horror inside. She leans against the hut wall, struggling to breathe.

Ravenwolf sees her distress and comes over. He looks into the hut.

RAVENWOLF  
We're getting closer. We'll  
catch them soon and we'll  
make them pay.

ELAN  
Must we always leave them  
like this?

RAVENWOLF  
There's nothing we can do for  
them now, but there may be  
others ahead we can still save.

She nods, then draws her KNIFE and goes into the hut.

She reappears a moment later with a lock of red hair.  
She puts it into a LEATHER POUCH on her sword belt.

ELAN  
So I won't forget.

She strides to her horse mounts. Ravenwolf does the same.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE - DAY

The RAIN continues to fall. Now there is THUNDER and LIGHTNING as well. Ravenwolf and Elan make their way at a slow, steady gallop.

Ravenwolf reins up abruptly and stops. Elan, caught off guard, pulls sharply on her own reins.

ELAN  
What is it?

RAVENWOLF  
There they are.

Ahead, barely visible in the rain, Elan sees the trailing rider of the Yarg pack. Her eyes narrow dangerously.

Ravenwolf unstraps his shield. Before he can position it, Elan draws her sword and spurs her horse forward.

RAVENWOLF  
Elan!

Seconds pass as Ravenwolf gets his shield in place.

He draws the AIREON BLADE. It clears the saddle scabbard just as BOLT of LIGHTNING FLASHES above.

The lightning briefly highlights the RUNES inscribed on the long, black sword. Ravenwolf spurs Falcwren on.

Elan charges towards the Yargs, her sword arm held low and back as she prepares to strike. Ravenwolf is behind her, racing to catch up.

The SOUND of the rain and their own horses covers Elan's advance on the Yargs, who number about 15.

She nears the last rider, stands up in her stirrups, and lifts her sword. The rider turns his head just as she sends it flying from his shoulders.

She slashes the blade down through the shoulder of the next man, severing his arm, then drives her sword through the back of a third.

The Yargs clear their weapons as Ravenwolf arrives. He rams Falcwren into one of the Yarg horses. It crashes down on its rider.

The fight becomes a swirling melee. Ravenwolf fights with skill and power, Elan with speed and accuracy.

One of the Yargs slashes Ravenwolf across the side, drawing blood. Ravenwolf kills him and fights on.

The Yargs fall one-by-one. The last trades blows with Elan until she finds an opening and stabs him in the throat. He falls from his horse, clutching the wound.

Elan jumps from her saddle and hacks at him until she is satisfied. She bends over and angrily cuts off a lock of his hair with her bloody sword.

ELAN

So I won't forget!

She kicks his body, then strides back to her horse. Ravenwolf rides over, looks down at her sternly.

She meets his gaze but then lowers her eyes; sees the bloody tear in his tunic.

ELAN

You're cut.

Ravenwolf puts his hand to the wound. It's still bleeding.

RAVENWOLF

I don't think its deep  
enough to worry about.

Ravenwolf sheathes the sword and gets a roll of cloth from the saddlebag. He cuts off a length with his knife and secures the wound. He scans the Yarg bodies as Elan mounts.

RAVENWOLF

I thought there'd be more than  
this.

ELAN

Could there be another band?

RAVENWOLF

If there is we'll find them  
and deal with them, but we  
can't track them in this.  
Let's try and find some shelter.

They ride off.

EXT. COUNTRY SIDE/NEAR A FOREST - LATE DAY

The RAIN continues along with the THUNDER and LIGHTNING.  
Ravenwolf indicates the tree line in the distance.

RAVENWOLF

Maybe it will be better  
in there.

They spur their horses in that direction.

EXT. FOREST - DUSK

The RAIN continues, but not as heavily. Ravenwolf and Elan  
come to a fork in the trail divided by a low rise of earth.

One trail leads deeper into the forest. The other towards  
a WOODEN STOCKADE WALL about 150 yards further on.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING highlights twenty WOODEN FIGURES stuck  
into a rise of earth that splits the trail.

They are carved out of wood and vary in height. Though  
crudely done each possesses a distinct character.

Ravenwolf and Elan stop to look. They HEAR a GROWLING,  
WAILING SOUND echoing from somewhere deep in the forest and  
nudge their horses towards the stockade.

EXT. STOCKADE VILLAGE - DUSK

The wall is made of tightly braced logs about 15 feet high with sharpened points at the top. It's still raining.

Elan rides up to the gate, kicks it with her foot. After a moment two Villagers appear at the top of the wall. One, CEDRIC, holds a LANTERN, the other, MATHIS, a cocked CROSSBOW. Both men are in their late thirties.

CEDRIC

What do you want?

RAVENWOLF

A dry roof, some hot food,  
and a bed.

MATHIS

Ride on. There's no place for  
you here.

ELAN

Listen to me, you worthless hump.  
Do you know who this is? This  
is Ravenwolf of Bourne. Until  
a fortnight ago he was the King  
of this sopping, shithole of a  
country. If it weren't for him  
there would be twenty Yarg  
raiders sitting here instead  
of two, wet, hungry, riders.  
Now open the fucking gate!

Cedric scowls at her and disappears with the lantern.

RAVENWOLF

That's telling them.

ELAN

Well, it's true.

She kicks the gate again. Ravenwolf notices two large circles of charred earth and ash on either side of the gate, barely visible in the mud.

They hear the SOUND of the gate being unbarred. It opens slowly inward and they ride through.



EXT. INSIDE THE STOCKADE VILLAGE - DUSK

The wall surrounds a village of about 30 buildings. The MEN of the village line the path on either side of the gate.

They are all armed in one way or another and stand with their WEAPONS ready.

Ravenwolf and Elan stop their horses and the gate is closed behind them. A heavy-set man in his 50's, with white hair and beard arrives at the head of the crowd.

ALDEN

I am Alden, the village Elder.  
Is it true that you are the King?

RAVENWOLF

I was. I'm not anymore.

ALDEN

Then you are welcome.  
(MORE)

He indicates for the villagers to lower their weapons.

ALDEN (CONT'D)

There is a stable just ahead.  
You can put your horses there  
while I find a place for you  
to stay.

Ravenwolf nods his thanks and nudges Falcwren forward.  
Elan follows.

Among the crowd a small boy, about eight, watches them go.  
His name is BEAN.

EXT. STOCKADE VILLAGE/STABLE - NIGHT

Ravenwolf and Elan reach the stable and dismount. Next to the stable is a blacksmith's shop with an open front.  
They pause to look in.

INT. STOCKADE VILLAGE/BLACKSMITHS - NIGHT

By a LANTERN'S LIGHT the Blacksmith, DECLAN, uses a HAMMER and CHISEL to carve another of the WOOD FIGURES that were on the trail. He's a bearded, sturdy man of about 45.

He stops to clear away the wood chips and examine the carving. He briefly notes the two of them then solemnly returns to work.

EXT. STOCKADE VILLAGE/STABLE - NIGHT

Ravenwolf and Elan lead their horses inside.

INT. STOCKADE VILLAGE/STABLE - NIGHT

There are FOUR HORSES in the stalls. Ravenwolf and Elan start to remove the tack from Falcwren and the Brown.

ELAN

I have a bad feeling about  
this place.

RAVENWOLF

We'll stay until the rain stops.  
If we don't pick up the tracks  
of any more raiders we'll move on.

ELAN

To the sea?

RAVENWOLF

To the sea.

This seems to cheer her up a bit. They wipe down the horses with dry blankets and lead them into empty stalls.

Ravenwolf throws down some fresh hay, pats Falcwren's muzzle and comes out.

Alden enters as Elan comes out of the Brown's stall.

ALDEN

I have a place ready for you,  
just down the way. I'm afraid  
it will mean getting wet again.  
You can use those blankets for  
cover if you like.

RAVENWOLF

We're already soaked to the bone.  
I doubt it would make a difference.

ELAN

Speak for yourself.

She takes one of the blankets and drapes it over her head.  
They follow Alden out of the stable.

You've just read the opening scenes of

**TOWARD A SOUTHERN SHORE**  
**Part Two of THE SWORDBEARER SAGA**

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