

SOUL EATER

By

Alejandro W. Orellana

OVER BLACK

The sound of HOWLING WIND and distant THUNDER as the following words appear:

There once was a time when our world was evil, a time called the *Blood Age*. Where war and chaos was all there was, and a man's life was violent and short. Death was but a respite before being born again.

These words fade. Replaced by:

Life eternal was made possible by the soul, and with it Man could live forever, with it, anything could. Man's own mortality blinded him from this, but not the dark Gods he worshiped. And to satisfy their own hunger, they tricked Man, offering power and glory at the price of his soul.

These words fade. Replaced by:

Those that agreed were damned to an eternity of suffering after death and...to never live again.

These words fade. Replaced by:

But men who make such deals cannot be trusted. And to cheat death, they took souls of their own.

These words fade. Replaced by:

These men were known as the SOUL EATERS.

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN RIDGE -- WINTER DAY

Blizzard winds blow HARD, veiling a vista of spear-like crag peaks: titanic in size and utterly inhospitable. A ridge lies below, almost indiscernible in this harsh landscape.

On the ridge, is a TRAIL--littered with DEAD WARRIORS. Each one a tragic story of failure, tattered HOUSE BANNERS flap in the wind, the remains of a KNIGHT sit nearby against a rock. It's all very Everest-esque

The trail, continues up before disappearing over a RISE. There, looming majestically, are the ruins of an ANCIENT TEMPLE shrouded by clouds, a fleeting image of marble steps and Doric columns. The undeniable jewel of the mountain.

An EARTHQUAKE is steadily tearing the temple apart as a crude form of SELF DESTRUCT, fog curtaining over before the end, leaving us only with the sound of TUMBLING DEBRIS and WHITE OUT.

A BEAT THEN...

A MAN'S (30s) BLOODY MANE RISES INTO VIEW AS HIS HAGGARD, HAIRY FACE FILLS THE SCREEN, out of breath and straining, carrying an OLD MAN (60s) on his back.

This is **BRAU GOLOS**, legendary barbarian of the Blood Age. And his constant companion **SOMM**. Who Brau, even with his beastly physique is struggling with great pain to carry, because...

A HALF BROKEN SPEAR is lodged in his abs! And unable to ignore it any longer, Brau puts Somm down along with his own trusty longsword the HALBERGER.

As Brau tends to himself, Somm is in CLEAR VIEW: from his neck, down to his hips, runs a savage, organ-showing GASH.

Somm limply pats it, afraid to look, his eyes instead on the horizon, watching out for what might be coming. Dagger at the ready.

Meanwhile, Brau grabs hold of the spear inside him and yanks it free with a SCREAM. Long strings of blood gush out. The spearhead now in FULL VIEW: impossibly engraved and primordially evil.

The metal glows RED and Brau GLARES before it's snatched from his hands with telekinetic FORCE. His eyes follow as it's stolen away into the fog and back to the TEMPLE RUINS.

There: hazy under the arch of broken pillars, stands a fiery eyed, HORNED FIGURE. Its mighty arm stretched out with the other half of the spear. A CLANG as it reunites with spearhead.

Complete, the figure lingers and holds BRAU'S HATE FILLED GAZE. Then unleashes a bone rattling LAUGH before disappearing back behind the fog.

Brau's eyes HOLD, caught in the memory of something painful. His lips mumbling anger. Then overcome, he turns to grab hold of his sword and finds Somm's hand blocking it.

Somm STARES, wagging his head imploringly. A BEAT as it sinks in and Brau balks back sobered, nodding in agreement. Then another BEAT before he CRINGES and looks down to finally see his own wound and the blood profusely coming out.

Brau hides the wound with his hand and glances around for aid, anything. But all there are, are dead warriors. EVERYWHERE. And then it hits him, with a sort of hysteria, as he realizes the inevitable.

A LONG BEAT PASSES and he looks to meet Somm's eyes. He knows it too and NODS. Brau GLARES and for a moment is unable to accept it. Then Somm shows his bloody hand and Brau understands fully: this is the end.

Somm smiles weakly as Brau's eyes well with tears and gently SOBS, making Somm cry too. Both tremble, Somm in the way of a body failing, his eyes scared. Brau consoles, goes to him, kneels down and takes his hand, holding it tightly. Somm LAUGHS at the gesture and faces BRAU.

They hold each others gaze, smile, then LAUGH at one another, reliving an old memory. And in that moment: a lifetime of camaraderie and brotherhood can be felt, as they LAUGH harder, pretending nothing were wrong, until Somm's chuckle slows and fades away, leaving only the WHISPER OF WIND behind him.

Brau laughs on, unaware , until he FEELS the silence. It sobers him with concern, his eyes sinking down on Somm's dead face as he pats his hand to wake him. But it's no use and Brau's smile fades as it hits him. GRIEF taking over as he's seized by violent SOBS.

The moment is long and painful, but Brau finally purges himself. And collected turns back to Somm to close his dead eyes.

Brau stares again at the dead bodies around him and Somm as the latest addition before CRINGING in pain and being spurred to his feet by that damn wound. It's time to go.

Brau then reaches into Somm's waist belt and takes out a GOLDEN AMULET. A striking piece of jewelry, fitted with a heart sized ruby centerpiece.

Brau weighs it in his hand with the sort of contemplation of a heavy price having been paid. Then as though deciding, balls a fist around it and stuffs it in his trousers. He leaves.

#### **EXT. MOUNTAIN CANYON AND FOREST -- CONTINUOUS**

A steep slope of rocks, grass and pine tree thicket. Brau sluggishly scales his way down, in worse shape and fading. His trousers completely drenched in his own blood.

He grabs hold of a tree branch and stops to catch his breath. His whole body TREMBLING as he struggles to stay upright. Then as though sensing something, he looks to his side and sees...

The torch lit mouth of a CAVE against the pines.

**INT. CAVE TUNNEL AND DEN -- CONTINUOUS**

PAGAN HIEROGLYPH scrawled walls and curtains of FIGURINES. Skulls and bones on the ground. A lair of the occult.

We hear Brau's shallow breathing before he staggers INTO VIEW and props himself against the tunnel. He continues forward, smearing his bloody hand over rock.

**INT. DEN -- CONTINUOUS**

Thousands of candles are lined about the cove, warmly lighting the space. Animal skulls and bones hang or are stacked against the walls. A black cauldron boils in the center.

Brau stumbles INTO VIEW from around the corner and GLARES at the sight of it all. Then takes another step forward before collapsing into a pile of ceramic pots with a CRASH. He settles, out cold.

Our attention shifts to a ROCK COLUMN near the cauldron and HOLDS. A WOMAN (30s) with dagger, emerges from hiding. This is **ALDA YA-MURIEN**, the mountain witch.

We get a good look at her as she steps into the candle light, and she's certainly no hag. A nymph is more like it and that's what we think as she slinks her voluptuous body in Brau's direction. Her eyes watching him with the intensity of a cobra.

She kneels down on all fours and crawls over to him. Her face coming very close to his as she smells him and inspects his body. Then she turns him over and spots his WOUND. A string of blood spurting out.

Alda winces at the sight of it and looks back upon Brau's face, MEETING HIS EYES. Surprised, she doubles back, dagger drawn, and stays on guard FOR A BEAT. Brau's startled himself, and looks at her pleadingly.

A BEAT as they hold gaze and she realizes he's at her mercy. Then slowly, she puts her dagger down and Brau drops his head back. His hand going back over his wound as more blood gushes out.

Alda sobers at the sight, rises to her feet and looks about for aids.

**MONTAGE**

-Brau laid out over bear rug, weak and sweaty. A stick clenched in his mouth as he GROANS. CLOSE UP of his pulsating black wound as boiling hot water splashes on to it and cleans. Alda's mouth agape, watching Brau take it. She pauses and he looks at her, nodding to continue.

-Brau, racked by fever and writhing in pain. He knocks over a soup bowl and reaches out in agony. Alda unable to watch him suffer any longer, comes to and cradles him from behind. They ride out the fever together.

-Alda feeding Brau: still weakly but over the fever. His wound now scabbed. He looks at her as she brings the spoon to his mouth, more than hunger in his eyes. She catches herself and looks away. Brau's eyes sink and look at his chains.

-Rain coming down in sheets just outside the cave. Alda and Brau playing knuckle bones, a medieval dice game. Brau's looking healthy and it shows because he's winning (he has all the chips). Alda rolls a final set and comes up short. She shakes her head and pushes her last chips to his pile. He looks at her expectantly and she frowns. She turns and presents him with a necklace as a prize. He shakes his head, refusing. Then she shrugs and presents a belt, this too he denies. She looks around unsure of what else to offer then meets his STEADY EYES. Their look holds as a smile slowly spreads across her face. He rises to his feet and BREAKS the manacles from his hands. She cowers momentarily at his size then lets herself be taken with a kiss.

-BRAU'S ABS AND CLAY COVERED WOUND: Alda's hand reaches for it and chips it off, revealing healed skin. Alda, radiant with love, looks up at Brau and smiles. He pulls her face close and kisses her. ANOTHER DAY: they're outside, idyllic weather, gathering herbs, chasing each other. Brau throwing Alda into a pond. He jumps in after, the two splashing water at each other and kissing. LATER: as Brau puts his clothes back on, he spots the amulet and it DARKENS his face.

- Alda by herself in the woods, arms full of timber. She's walking back home and stops in her tracks. Sees a pair of DOVES grooming each other with their nest full of chicks beneath them. She watches with a smile, her mind churning with fantasy.

-Alda returns to the cave, spotting a bouquet of roses and...Brau packing. His smile guilty and her hurt eyes saying everything before turning away. Brau FROWNS, putting down a cloth he was folding, and goes to her. Putting a hand on her shoulder as he speaks. His words bringing joy to her face. Making her turn around to watch him kneel, as he takes a ring from his finger and puts it on her. Tears rolling

down her cheeks as he rises back up to kiss her. Them embracing for a long BEAT before parting. Looking into each others eyes, and her nodding in understanding. Then Brau turning to sling a bag over his back and picking up his sword, PAUSING. His hand caressing the scabbard thoughtfully. Then...he turns back and gives Alda the sword. She shakes her head at first but then seeing Brau's insistence, NODS. He kisses her a final time before heading out of the cave.

-Leaves and dust blow past the cave, Alda sits alone by the fire. She's knitting: a tiny blue onesie. We sink down to her stomach and it's bulging. Over her shoulder we spot the doves from earlier, but now in a cage. Alda looks at them with a smile then back towards the cave opening with longing eyes.

-Snow sprinkles down outside the cave. We spot the bouquet of roses, now dead and curling. Alda's sweaty face is looking at them and we see she's on her back in the motions of child birth. She's scared and crying. She reaches out and grabs hold of Brau's sword, clutching it as if it were him. Blood pools around her spread legs as a steaming BABY plops out of her. She lifts the crying thing into the light and it's a BOY. She embraces the child with joy.

-The den all tidied up, Alda finishing and putting her broom away. She looks stronger and more mature, her hair up in a knot. Alda nods at her work and picks up the baby, bouncing him around a bit before saddling him into a back harness. She puts it on and grabs Brau's sword. Then takes one last look at the place and leaves with the baby.

-GRASSY HILLTOP with towering mountains behind: Alda and baby coming down the hill, following a trail to a VILLAGE.

-Alda talking with various village people, describing Brau and asking where he might be. Everyone shaking their head or shrugging. LATER Alda looks dejected as she leaves the village then an old woman runs up to talk to her. Alda listens as the woman points to a road leaving the village. What she's looking for is there.

-Alda walking the road,(DISSOLVES) through various locales.

- HILLTOP OVERLOOKING A WAR TORN BATTLEFIELD: Alda's at the peak looking down over all the destruction. LATER: with horror, Alda wanders past burnt huts, slaughtered livestock and dead people. The road disappearing amidst a pile of SKINNED BODIES. Hysteria sets in as Alda begins to panic. She glances from left to right, unsure of where to turn next. Then in searching, she catches a TWINKLE and turns her gaze to...a CEMETERY.

-A tomb door opens and Alda enters. Her eyes full of fear before she drops to her knees, defeated. OPPOSITE HER is BRAU'S OPEN CASKET. She wails to the sky and crawls to him. Clutches his dead hand and kisses it. Brau hollowed by time.

-THE FIRST VILLAGE, A DOOR STEP: Alda's baby left in the harness. REVEAL OPPOSITE VIEW: Alda walking away, following the road back to BRAU.

-BRAU'S TOMB: Alda tries her various spells of revival. Each fails. Finally she collapses on the floor from fatigue. Her mind wanders as she recovers and FIGURES it out.

-(NIGHT) THE PILE OF SKINNED BODIES: A giant hexagram chalked around it. Alda throws a torch on and the whole thing goes up in flames. As the bodies burn, Alda genuflects and chants. A PAIR OF EYES take shape against the fire and stare at her.

-BRAU'S TOMB, HIS NECK: The golden amulet is around it. Alda tears it off.

-THE BURNING BODY PILE: Alda returns, flings the amulet and Brau's sword into the flames. HOLD ON: sword and amulet as they BURN...NEXT MORNING: Alda wakes at dawn, the flames now ashes. She sifts amongst the soot, FINDS THE SWORD. It's transformed: impossibly engraved and primordially evil. She looks upon it with wonder.

-RIVER AMIDST CLEARING: A father (20s) and son (5) descend down river bank, fishing supplies in hand. The father kneeling to let the boy run off while he sets up by the water. FOLLOW BOY: skimming stones, until one hits the HALBERGER. Boy in awe as he grabs the scabbard. He's about to unsheathe it when from behind his father snatches it away. Boy protests as father apprasies the weapon. He unsheathes it and is struck by a FLASH. In that instant he turns on his son and CUTS HIM DOWN. The Father reeks back in HORROR, watching as the sword glows RED. And his own eyes DARKEN.

-ALDA'S CAVE--BRAU'S BODY: Laid out on an altar, the remaining half of the amulet dug into his chest, glowing hot. Alda near by arranging some flowers, senses it and stops what she's doing. Brau's eyes OPEN and he bolts upright. Disbelief on his face, as he touches himself and climbs off the rack. He turns, and finds Alda watching him awestruck and teary eyed. He runs to her and picks her up in embrace. The moment sweet, touching.

-BURNING VILLAGE: A trail of bodies, women, children and men lead to a hilltop. The father standing there: comatose and bloody, blade glowing in his hand. His darkened eyes FILL THE SCREEN: reflecting the flames of his destruction.



SMASH TO BLACK THEN CREDITS & SHOW TITLE:

CREDITS: DISSOLVING IMAGES: Artifacts and medieval weapons  
at odd angles over a black background.

**TITLE: Stone slab slams over the screen like a freight door,  
forming the bold words: SOUL EATER**

**END TEASER**

ACT ONE**EXT. RIVER FORD AND BANKS -- FOGGY MORNING**

Knights and infantrymen clash against a throng of barbarians on the ford. Bodies of both sides strewn about the watery shore, bloody and torn. The barbarians winning at this point.

**EXT. SANDY RIVER TRENCH -- CONTINUOUS**

Away from the battle, but still close enough to hear. A powerfully built youth (21) jogs INTO VIEW carrying an injured knight in his arms. He lays the knight down against a rock.

This knight is **SIR CALVIN** (50s) a hard assed, regal looking aryan with a battle axe notched in his chest. It's only moments now before he perishes. He gives the youth, his squire, a steely look.

SIR CALVIN

Fool! I didn't want to be saved!

OPPOSITE ANGLE ON YOUTH: handsome, if somewhat cromagnon looking, this is **MAESTRIN**.

MAESTRIN

(chastened)

My, Liege...

SIR CALVIN

(emphatically)

Enough!

(rubbing his face)

I know. You're sorry.

A BEAT as Calvin's eyes burn into Maestrin then shift to the distant battle.

SIR CALVIN

(yearning)

Out there is where I belong! Not here, safe against some *rock*!

Nobody sings songs about *that*...

(BEAT)

Out there, that's where my honor is! Not here!..with you!

MAESTRIN

My, Liege, I--

SIR CALVIN

My instructions were simple: cover the flank! Does the sight of blood scare you so?

(BEAT)

Your hesitation caused this! And now these barbarian thugs will be victorious!

(Calvin grabs Maestrin by the collar)

I thought you held great promise--with that face and body. But I was wrong--you're no killer and never will be. You don't have it in you.

(Pushing Maestrin away)

Tell your parents I'm sorry and that I made a mistake. Their boy belongs in the monastery, not the field.

MAESTRIN

(agonized)

My--

SIR CALVIN

(Coughs up blood gob)

You will never be a knight. Accept it. Your heart is simply too pure. Now go, I tire...of all these words...

Maestrin is mortified.

SIR CALVIN

Leave me be, boy, and rid me of your presence! So that I may die in peace...

Sir Calvin shoos Maestrin with a wrist flick then folds his hands over his chest and closes his eyes. But Maestrin remains.

MAESTRIN

You may be right about me being pure of heart. But I'm no coward!

Calvin's eyes flash open with surprise and stare.

MAESTRIN

--Let me show you!

SIR CALVIN

(chuckling)

Fine. You wish to prove yourself?  
and make amends? Then restore my  
honor! Take up my sword and armor  
as if you were me and slay those  
ruffians in my name. And after,  
when the battle is won and they ask  
of your liege, give them this.

(Hands Maestrin a token)

It is my sigil and with it you can  
wager for your own coat of arms.  
Now go and may the strong be with  
you.

MAESTRIN

(bows)

I will not fail you.

SIR CALVIN

While I still breathe, boy!

Maestrin kneels and begins prying the armor from Sir Calvin's body.

**EXT. RIVER FORD AND BANKS -- CONTINUOUS**

The battle rages on. Only a few knights and infantrymen remain, tired and on the verge of defeat. The barbarians numerous and emboldened by impending victory.

CLOSE ON a infantryman as he's knocked down to the water. A barbarian over him ready to deliver the coupe de grace before he's KICKED aside by MAESTRIN.

The barbarian stumbles a ways before he regains his footing and turns back to face Maestrin. The barbarian's eyes full of murder.

Maestrin's confidence shrinks under his gaze and fills instead with fear. The barbarain reading it like an open book, charges forward.

He crashes into Maestrin's shield nearly knocking him off his feet. Then pummels the shield with blows Maestrin can barely deflect. The armor, weighing Maestrin down, making him clumsy. He's clearly bitten off more than he can chew.

RACK FOCUS TO: the distant hill not occupied by fighting. A BLACK KNIGHT, sauntering his way toward the battle, HALBERGER in hand. CLOSE UP ON HELMET: visor down, only the slit of his eyes visible, dead and angry.

BACK AT THE BATTLE: barbarians fighting on the edges of the field, sense the knight's approach, and stop with their killing to turn and see.

One of the barbarians, a MANGY FELLOW, looks upon the knight and his armor, and wants it. He pries his sword from the corpse at his feet and sallies forth with a SCREAM.

This inspires the other barbarians near him to raise their weapons and follow, forming a stream of attackers.

The knight continues marching forward, unfazed, as the horde of barbarians rush his position. The mangy fellow comes at him first and what happens next happens very quickly.

The knight slashes his blade up and sends the torso of the mangy one flying. Then slashes down and side to side, every move, killing one or two barbarians at a time. Limbs and organs splatter on the ground in scores.

Meanwhile, Maestrin is still deflecting the angry barbarian's blows. Each strike less intense than the last. He's tiring. And anticipating the next hit, Maestrin parries, knocking the barbarian on his ass.

The barbarian is wide open and Maestrin springs for him, blade raised to strike when--SHINK! A blade runs through Maestrin's stomach! The barbarian had a back up dagger!

Maestrin looks down stupidly at his gut then falls to his knees. It's over. The barbarian smiles as he gets back up and kicks Maestrin to the ground.

Maestrin looks up in horror as the barbarian towers above him, sword ready to strike. Good bye--SHINK! The Halberger slices the barbarian's head off!

Maestrin winces back as blood splatters on his face and then the decapitated barbarian falls on top of him. The knight, right behind, continues on, killing with effortless in discrimination.

Maestrin watches in awe, in the way one does an idol. The knight, now a distant figure, the only one left standing. He cuts down one last barbarian, then sheathes his sword with a CLANK. Then turns and marches toward Maestrin.

His vision blurs then FADES TO BLACK.