

"The Fall of Valleniya: From Dusk to Dawn"

By

Nina Alvir

Surbiton
Greater London, United Kingdom
nina.alvir@gmail.com

CUTSCENE 01 - WORLD CREATION REVISION

Before time, when cosmic powers eluded every tangible rule of space and matter, one world was created.

The planet itself was forged by the collision of forces unknown to any creature, capable of both pure destruction and the creation of life.

From the ashes of unforeseeable chaos, four ethereal forms of energy were made.

In the beginning, they possessed no shapes nor minds, as they only had one purpose - face the uncontrollable temper of nature and calm the maelstrom of a furious turmoil set upon them, which was a source of their own existence.

Such disturbance could not rage long until a tranquillity emerged to answer its call.

Once the balance of forces was achieved and the power was divided into many forms, four ethereals reshaped the world, aiming to maintain the equilibrium they so strongly fought for.

As a consequence, many eras after these events, the first forms of life originated on their planet. After a few eras more, the first creature capable to comprehend a small per cent of the worlds' knowledge evolved and started to dominate the world.

In the distant future, they named themselves pneumarians, but over time, it seemed they had forgotten what that truly meant.

At the time when pneumarians learned very little about the world around them, they discovered a revelation that changed their entire belief systems - the world's ancient powers could be obtained. They explored their world for more information, but they could never fully understand nor control such forces.

They made the mistake of thinking power runs through blood, so they established kingdoms, and monarchies to rule over them.

The two oldest civilisations were kingdoms of Valleniya and Ardorren, thought to be direct descendants of the two original ethereals.

One kingdom flourished by creating strong cultural and territorial foundations and cherishing what nature had provided for their inevitable growth into a mighty nation.

The other kingdom prospered by establishing a revered unity among its people and reaching higher cultivation in their endless search for explanations, achieving a prestige very few have reached before.

One knew a fraction of the truth about the ethereal power, the other did not.

Valleniyans did not seek any gain from their discovery, believing such divinity was not meant to be under their control.

But Ardorrenians, haunted by their thirst for knowledge, took it upon themselves to discover it.

And it was only a matter of time before the escalation of the conflict began.

After too many years of warfare, Valleniyans forces, led by their elite warriors traditionally called the guardians, defeated Ardorrenians and pushed them back to their borders.

They sought no compensation in any form, hoping lessons were learned from both sides.

But Ardorrenians never forgot. It was not in their nature.

They spent decades planning their revenge until they finally executed it without a flaw, which led to the event commonly known as - the Fall of Valleniya.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

EXT. ETHERIN - 00:04 AM

On a dark and unnaturally cold evening, Valleniya's capital is burning. The majority of houses are in flames, and the source of this merciless blaze is coming from the main palace. There are no screams, just a layer of silence filled with the fire crackling and wood hissing. A loyal Guardian arrives at the palace's gate.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
It cannot be...

UNKNOWN VOICES

(whispering intensively)
En equelaar ap en
ancencior. ("It ends, and
it begins.")

The Guardian stands frozen in time while he stares at the burning palace until he is knocked back from the impact of the explosion.

UNKNOWN FEMALE VOICE

(calm, firm, decisive)
Leave, Artheus. You have
done all you could.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
I can't leave... Ugh... My
shoulder...

The Guardian turns away from the palace and the flames start dancing around him. He must make a run for it.

UNKNOWN FEMALE VOICE

(calm, firm, decisive)
Run, Artheus! There is
nothing left for you here.
It is already done.

The cart nearby explodes. The Guardian must find another way to leave the city.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
How... How could this
happen?

In a narrow path, the Guardian must squeeze through the burning rubble.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
I should have been there...
In the palace... Where it
all started.

UNKNOWN VOICES

(whispering intently)
En equelaar ap en
ancencior. ("It ends, and
it begins.")

The path leads the Guardian on the roof of an already bygone inn.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
Everything we built... And
protected... How did we not
foresee it?

UNKNOWN VOICES

(whispering intently)
En equelaar ap en
ancencior. ("It ends, and
it begins.")

The Guardian performs another long jump. He is getting closer to the tower.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
These are no ordinary
flames... Nothing about
this is ordinary. These
voices...

The Guardian tries to reach the next platform, but the explosion throws him on the opposite side of the street.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
By Thearon's might! I
should have known... I
should have known.

UNKNOWN VOICES

(whispering intensively)
En equelaar ap en
ancencior. ("It ends, and
it begins.")

The Guardian jumps on the next platform, but it
collapses under his weight.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
The tower. I must find a
way out. I must listen to
her.

UNKNOWN VOICES

(whispering intensively)
En equelaar ap en
ancencior. ("It ends, and
it begins.")

The Guardian climbs the ladders. Once he
reaches the top, an Ardorrenian knight appears
behind him and knocks him down with a powerful
strike. The Ardorrenian uses his powers to
cause Artheus a great deal of pain.

ARTHEUS

(shocked, in disbelief)
Ugh... You?

UNKNOWN ARDORENIAN KNIGHT

(vengeful, merciless)
Morie, Gwyliandriel! ("Die,
Guardian!")

In his try to endure the pain, Artheus stumbles
and falls from the tower.

UNKNOWN VOICES

(whispering intensively)
En equelaar ap en
ancencior. ("It ends, and
it begins.")

OVER BLACK:

CUTSCENE 02 - GUARDIANS' HISTORY REVISION

There are many myths and legends about the Guardians.

Most of them are told with watery eyes full of terror, some are spread by poems and ballads, but all of them are based on either oversimplified or exaggerated memories of distorted minds.

The guardians have seen it all - from the mountains turning into the seabeds and the skies bleeding red, to the rise of cultures and their merciless dooms - they were there to witness it first-hand.

As the founders of the civilization known to the pneumarians today, they have developed a deeper understanding of the forces which shape their world.

In the early days, they advised numerous kings and queens, sharing their hard-earned lessons in combat, literature, and even sorcery, bringing them the prosperity they so desperately needed.

But once they were asked to bow down to dynasties' hypocrisy and lack of disrespect towards the power they held over their people and lands,

they returned to their home, shut the borders, and swore they would never share their knowledge again.

In many years that followed, they fended off countless attacks on their lands and attempts on their lives.

Sadly, as their patience turned thin, the guardians released their wraith on anyone who opposed them, forever ruining their reputation, and becoming the main villains of every bedtime story.

After some time, no one dared to enter their borders or approach them even in friendly manners - any attempt would be in vain and put lives in grave danger.

An exception that touched even the coldest hearts of the guardians was the tragic event of one of the favourite daughters of Valleniya.

As the kingdom of Valleniya grew in size and spirit, the interspace between them and the guardians became the smallest it has ever been.

Knowing their history, they respected each other's borders, not wanting to take part in any bloodshed.

One day, the princess of Valleniya rode out towards one of the largest and most beautiful valleys surrounding her kingdom, which overlooked a majestic waterfall.

At some point, she noticed a young boy on an animal too large for his size, who was primitively dressed and looking at her like he has never seen another pneumarian before.

As she was approaching the child and handing him a flower she had picked up, she heard loud and aggressive shouts in the distance.

Valleniyans heard them too. Both sides were now rushing towards each other, prepared for the worst.

The boy's animal got frightened by the war cries, and since he couldn't control it, it aimlessly started to rush towards the waterfall.

The princess obediently stepped back at first, but once she saw the boy heading to his demise, she turned around, neglected her mother's warnings, and went after him, knowing only she was in proximity to help him.

She flew faster than the wind and managed to catch up with the boy, but to stop him from falling, she needed to jump and knock him off his saddle.

Unfortunately, she was successful. But her mother was not.

The boy tumbled down from the impact, landing safely in the arms of the queen of Valleniya.

The queen stretched every millimetre of her body to catch her daughter, but she slipped through her fingers and forever disappeared in the waterfall's mist.

There were no words to describe the sound that came out of the queen's mouth as there was

nothing to measure the heaviness of her broken heart.

A few moments later, the guardians arrived at the scene, looking at the crying queen and their child in her arms, who was still holding the flower he has been given.

As the ones who knew everything about the cruelty in their world, they could have never expected the queen of Valleniya to gently return the child to them and turn around without a word spoken.

After that moment, the guardians vowed to serve Valleniya once again, to keep the memory of its daughter alive for eternity and beyond.

They re-established the role in their society, known as arkai, which allowed selected individuals to defend their lands outside their borders.

After rigorous training from an early age, only the most skilful and strong-minded of the guardians' children were sent off into such service.

Artheus Cayne was one of them.

During his long years in the service of Valleniya, Artheus had a vital role in countless expeditions, which not only led them to success but also showed all the virtues Valleniyans were famous for.

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

INT. THE REMEMBRANCE - 07:14 AM

The rising sun paints the morning sky with warm colours. Artheus wakes up in a small tavern room, still feeling pain in his head, back and shoulder.

THE INNKEEPER

(sincere, cheerful)
Good morning, dreamer! How are you feeling?

ARTHEUS

(in pain, wary, anxious)
Ugh... Where am I? How long was I out?

THE INNKEEPER

(sincere, cheerful)
You, my friend, are in the Remembrance, the best inn east of Etherin! Let's see... I drove you in my cart for about a week, and then you didn't wake up for another two. I honestly don't know how you survived your injuries.

Artheus manages to find the strength to stand up. He leaves the bedroom and finds the innkeeper casually sitting in the dining room.

THE INNKEEPER

(sincere, cheerful)
Help yourself, friend. I made a delicious *rubrarern* soup. You must eat to keep your strength up.

ARTHEUS

(in pain, wary, anxious)
Is that so, 'friend'?

THE INNKEEPER

(sincere, cheerful)
What do you mean? I helped
you so far, didn't I? Even
when Ardorrenians knocked
on my doors looking for
you.

ARTHEUS

(in pain, wary, anxious)
So, you know what I am.
Sooner or later, everybody
finds their price,
innkeeper.

THE INNKEEPER

(sincere, cheerful)
Oh man, are all guardians
so grim? Listen, take a
walk, and look around. It
will be good for you to
stretch your legs. You
probably won't be able to
run anytime soon.

Artheus reluctantly agrees. He walks to the
small table under a bookshelf on the wall. He
notices some ink, a quill, and multiple scrolls
alongside some educational books.

ARTHEUS

(in pain, wary, anxious)
Who do you teach?

THE INNKEEPER

(sincere, cheerful)
What?

ARTHEUS

(in pain, wary, anxious)
There are two types of
handwriting on the scrolls.
One tries to match the
other. Titles of the books
refer to herbs, animals,
and the ways of nature. Not
something you see in an
inn.

THE END OF PREVIEW (18 PAGES MORE)

FULL SCRIPT AVAILABLE UPON REQUEST