

The Ten Laws

By

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A young cabbage farmer-turned royal squire attempts to prevent the resurrection of an ancient evil that is somehow tied to his bloodline.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

ABRAHAM, early 20's, clothed in a purple tunic with leather boots and light armor, runs into a low-end tavern in a panic. He starts to scan his surroundings, looking for somebody. The dirty-looking patrons are paying him no mind. People everywhere are drinking, fighting, flirting with prostitutes, or gambling. Abraham looks into a corner, and finds a lone figure at a table, visible only by candlelight.

MARE, early 20's, androgynous and masked, is wearing a hooded robe with the hood up. The mask Mare is wearing hides all facial features, and clearly is enchanted to disguise Mare's voice. A staff with a large purple crystal is leaning in the chair next to Mare. Abraham pulls up a chair across from Mare.

MARE

I have no quarrel with you. Leave me be.

ABRAHAM

Would you care for a drink? Or a story, perhaps? Stay a while, and listen.

MARE

What stories do you have to tell, traveler?

ABRAHAM

It involves a secret room filled with the smell of death... A child will open a gate to release a young lion into the future.

Mare leans back, impressed, and lets out a satisfied chuckle.

MARE

It's good to see you, Abraham Jacobs. I have the information you requested, but I am rather curious. You showed up a bit earlier than I had anticipated.

ABRAHAM

This afternoon, I was attacked in the northern forest by a certain red-clad magic user.

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MARE  
The Deikados?

Abraham nods and tries to read the courier's emotions, but is unable to do so thanks to Mare's mask.

MARE  
I'm glad you're safe. Lucky for you, I was able to work one miracle. I know exactly where they will be attacking next.

ABRAHAM  
And where would that be?

Mare stands up, stretching, and motions for Abraham to follow suit.

MARE  
Take a walk with me.

Abraham stands up, and follows Mare out of the tavern.

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Mare and Abraham are walking along a cobblestone path, the chatter and noise from the tavern growing fainter and fainter.

MARE  
Do you recall the massacre that occurred in the capital city of Gresnahct?

ABRAHAM  
"The Great Gresnahct Massacre"? How could I not? So it goes, Darion the Traitor, one of the Deikados, went on a rampage through the city during the devil's hour. He slaughtered legions of his own kinsmen in the ensuing battle before being brought down. His majesty, King Alphonse II, considers it his greatest failure to this very day.

Abraham snaps out of his reminiscing, and turns to Mare.

ABRAHAM  
Why do you ask?

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MARE

My sources and my own personal investigation have both concluded that our friend here, the one who attacked you earlier, is going to recreate Darion's murder spree in the same exact manner- tomorrow night!

Horrified, Abraham grabs Mare by the shoulders.

ABRAHAM

Why didn't you tell me this sooner? We need to alert his majesty about this! We need to mobilize his royal knights!

Mare nods, disappearing in a puff of smoke. Abraham, looks around, confused, and sees the courier reappear across a drawbridge leading into the capital city. Abraham begins to run towards the bridge, but a red fireball hits it, and obliterates the bridge. Abraham looks around, and sees a figure. The RED MAGE, ambiguous age, androgynous, and completely cloaked head-to-toe in red with the exception of a green mask appears. They brandish a wooden staff with a glowing red orb perched on top of it. They float over to Abraham, and place a magical force field around the two of them. Abraham looks back towards Mare, who looks back at him. Mare then disappears into the shadows, presumably to warn the king.

RED MAGE

Armageddon draws near, Jacobs. My brothers will rise from their ashes, and send this world into the pit of fire where it belongs.

The Red Mage points their staff at Abraham.

RED MAGE

...And you will be the first to feel the burn, if you continue your feeble attempts to oppose me. Do not continue your quest, Abraham Jacobs. Go home, and hope that my brothers don't spare your life, because I will ensure your eternal suffering if I catch you after we've brought Falamar to its knees.

The Red Mage lifts their staff, and the force field is disintegrated, while The Red Mage disappears in a puff of smoke. Abraham stares at the still-burning bridge, and turns to run back home, determination burning in his eyes.