

THE SOUL COLLECTOR

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INT. SILHOUETTE BASE - THYETOR'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

THYETOR, 40s, bitter mage, sits at his desk in front of a blazing fire. The light flickers over his immaculate robe as arcane symbols fade in and out on the black fabric.

He places a hand on the dusty books and scrolls scattered atop his desk and absently strokes his long, graying beard.

He straightens at a KNOCK on his door.

THYETOR

Enter.

A HANDSERVANT, 20s, nervous and jittery, walks in. He bows his head in fearful reverence.

HANDSERVANT

He has arrived, Master Thyetor.

THYETOR

Excellent. Show him in.

Handservant bows and leaves. A moment later, THE FIGURE, age unknown, impatient and conniving, glides through the dark doorway in a tattered, road-stained cloak and light armor. His face is hidden by the shadows of his hood.

Thyetor stands.

THYETOR (CONT'D)

My friend, welcome.

The Figure's eyes glitter predatorily in the firelight.

THE FIGURE

All is ready?

THYETOR

Indeed. She is more than ready for the task at hand.

THE FIGURE

We have long awaited this moment. I hope these... magics you have taught her will prove adequate.

THYETOR

She will not fail.

The Figure clenches his fist. Oily smoke bleeds from his fingers and swirls down to his feet, gathering in a pool that begins to envelop him.

THE FIGURE

See that she does not. You know
what failure means.

All that remains of The Figure are his two red eyes burning
within the smoke.

THE FIGURE (CONT'D)

Until victory, my old friend.

The smoke dissipates, leaving Thyetor alone once more.

INT. KITHALI'S ROOM - NIGHT

KITHALI, early 20s, sheltered assassin, sits hunched over her
desk. She dips her quill in a bowl of ink and sketches on an
old piece of parchment by the light of a few half-melted
candles.

She starts at a KNOCK on her door and turns to stand as
Thyetor enters.

KITHALI

Master Thyetor.

THYETOR

Kithali. I have your next
assignment.

He hands her a thin scroll. She breaks the wax seal and scans
the page as her eyes widen.

KITHALI

Do you believe I am ready for such
a task?

THYETOR

You are more than ready, my child.
Do you accept?

Kithali turns to her desk and holds the scroll above the
flickering flame of a candle. The name "JARRIK" burns into
ash.

KITHALI

I accept.

INT. KRYTA KINGDOM - KING'S CITY PALACE - MESS HALL - DAY

JARRIK, mid-20s, overconfident combat mage, navigates through
the crowded mess hall. Loud CHATTER fills the spacious room
as Jarrik grabs a plate of food and heads for a table.

He sits down across from VAEDAHL, mid-20s, easygoing combat mage and Jarrik's friend.

VAEDAHL
Another one went missing last night.

JARRIK
Aye, and two this morning.

VAEDAHL
That's five this week.

JARRIK
Another month, and the Soul Collectors will be nigh unstoppable.

Vaedahl raises an eyebrow.

VAEDAHL
What do you propose we do -- catch one ourselves?

Jarrik smirks.

JARRIK
That's exactly what I propose we do.

EXT. KRYTA KINGDOM - KING'S CITY PALACE - OUTER GATES - DAY

Kithali pulls her hood up as she approaches the gates. She joins a group of VILLAGERS as they walk past the GUARDS. Once through the thick, iron gate, she drops her hood, and jaw, at the magnificence of the palace.

She walks through the courtyard, observing the PEOPLE and activity around her.

Two Guards posted near a plain door in the side of the palace rush off to handle a drunken brawl. Kithali slips over to and through the door.

INT. KING'S CITY PALACE - MAIDS' QUARTERS - DAY

Kithali scans the dim room. A set of maid's garments lie folded on a bench. FOOTSTEPS echo from outside the room as Kithali grabs the garments and sneaks back out to the

COURTYARD

where she heads for a nearby

STABLE

and settles down in the hay of an abandoned stall.

INT. KING'S CITY PALACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kithali walks down the torch-lit corridor in maid's garments, her arms full of fresh linens. She ducks into a dark alcove as VOICES echo down the hall.

Jarrik and Vaedahl pass by.

VAEDAHL

It's a foolish idea, Jarrik.

JARRIK

It's the only idea we have.

Kithali follows them silently from a distance. They enter a room at the end of the hall and shut the door behind them. Kithali sneaks up to the door and presses her ear against it.

INT. JARRIK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jarrik and Vaedahl watch the closed door.

JARRIK

Did you feel that? In the hallway,
like something --

VAEDAHL

Was following us?

JARRIK

A Soul Collector?

VAEDAHL

If it is, this is the only room at
the end of the hall. If they've
come after you, I should stay --

JARRIK

No. Go warn the others. I can
handle one Soul Collector.

Vaedahl frowns.

VAEDAHL

This isn't the time for your
bravado --

JARRIK
I'll be fine. Just go.

Vaedahl sighs and reluctantly leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE JARRIK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kithali jumps away from the door and hides in a shadowy corner. A moment later, Vaedahl exits the room. Once he's out of sight, Kithali takes a deep breath and knocks on the door.

JARRIK (O.S.)
Enter.

INT. JARRIK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kithali opens the door and pauses in the doorway.

KITHALI
I've come to change your linens.

JARRIK
Have at it, then.

Kithali sets the fresh linens down and strips the old ones from the bed. She bundles them up as Jarrik turns his back to her and removes his cloak.

Kithali reaches into the bundle of fresh linens and pulls out a simple dagger etched with runes. She takes a step toward Jarrik, dagger raised.

Vaedahl bursts through the door.

Jarrik whips around just as Kithali throws her dagger at him. He dodges it by a hair's breadth.

Kithali pulls a small knife from her boot and lunges at Vaedahl. He sidesteps, barely flinching as the knife grazes his side.

Kithali spins on her heel, and Jarrik shoves a pulsing sphere of dark blue magic into her chest.

She falls limp into Jarrik's arms, unconscious.

Vaedahl presses his hand to the wound on his side and grimaces at Jarrik.

VAEDAHL
Told you it was a bad idea.

INT. DUNGEONS - NIGHT

Kithali lays unconscious and bound by ropes in a shallow pile of hay in the corner of a prison cell.

Jarrik and Vaedahl stand outside the rune-etched, iron bars, watching her.

VAEDAHL

We got one.

He glances at his bandaged side.

VAEDAHL (CONT'D)

Unwise though it was. What now?

Jarrik leans back against a cold, stone wall and crosses his arms.

JARRIK

Now we wait. When she wakes, we can finally get some answers.

INT. SILHOUETTE BASE - THYETOR'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Thytor stares into the dying fire.

Oily smoke drifts across the floor and manifests as an inky black scorpion that skitters slowly up Thytor's robes and settles on his shoulder.

THE FIGURE

How is she faring, old friend?

Thytor glances, unfazed, at the scorpion.

THYETOR

She has found the target. It will only be a matter of time now.

The Figure laughs darkly, curling his poison-tipped tail.

THE FIGURE

Very good.

He dissolves into smoke once more. His voice echoes as it fades.

THE FIGURE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The stench of his soul haunts me. I look forward to his end.

Thyetor uncurls his fingers, revealing a small, red rune-stone resting on his palm.

THYETOR

I knew you would fail, but so quickly?

He drops the rune-stone into the fire.

THYETOR (CONT'D)

You are a disappointment after all, Kithali.