

PONDER WONDER:THRONE WARS

by

Dr. Charles C. Okika

(c) 2024 Charles Okika.
All Rights Reserved.

Registered WGAw(Writers Guild of America West)

Contact:

Phone: +447471311674

Email:emekaokika@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. DENSE FOREST - NIGHT

Night light filters through knobbly branches, casting eldritch shadows across the forest grounds. The air is saturated with a strange mist, obscuring the boundaries between nature and nightmare.

In a narrow spot, a HUMANOID figure stands surrounded by a horde of attacking grotesque mutant creature species - the IKEOCHICHIS, aka the MALEVOLENTS.

The Humanoid's skin is burnt and scarred, more skeleton than flesh, yet its hands protect its head with an intensity that belies its decrepit appearance.

Its being attacked by a dozen PIGGAWKS - vicious humanoid Ikeochichis with pig-like heads, dead eyes, four illuminating ear lobes, large limbs with tiny hooves capping their fingers and toes, all housed in athletic bodies with pink fur.

Their ear lobes glow ominously in the darkness, scorching their victim intermittently amidst endless growls.

Amongst them are a group of attacking POWRYETAWKS - larger boar-headed humanoids with red antler-shaped tusks, retractable claws on their fingers and hand-shaped feet.

They stab at the Humanoid with their growling snouts, drawing fossil fuel-like blood with their horrendous tusks. They retract the tusks, protruding its hidden part as horns on their heads, continuing the cycle of attack.

The Humanoid staggers but barely remains standing, its resilience seemingly superhuman.

HUMANOID

(pleading)

I did it for you! My sons, I did it
for your sake!

From the shadows, a group of dwarfish SPECTRAWLS emerge and pounce on the humanoid, making guttural sounds. These dark green-furry ikeochichis sport a baboon's head and a human-like body with panther features.

Elaborate Afro-tribal suits and forest-themed Agojie inspired fashion that seem at odds with their monstrous appearance, covers them perfectly. One of them attacks while holding on to a heavy bag.

They aim wooden baton-staffs, unleashing rainbow-like thermal blasts that engulf the Humanoid in a kaleidoscope of searing energy.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
(through gritted teeth)
Aaaaah!...

A pack of dwarfish GRINDYNAWMES - ikeochichis with ape and porcupine features, covered in green-blue fur, scurry to the humanoid. Subdermal muscle spasms reveal their retractable quills which glisten under the pale illumination.

Growling, they hurl themselves at the Humanoid, their large limb quills piercing its withered form repeatedly.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
(gasping in pain)
Listen to me! It was for the common
good!

Suddenly, the air itself seems to shudder as six bat-faced, red-skinned, horned humanoid FAUNKOBAWLDS swoop down from nearby treetops.

Their Chiroptera heads, faun-like bodies and tiger-like hands and feet, exude an aura of malevolence.

They point their movable horns towards the humanoid like antennas, launching a vicious headbutt attack on it, with claws and fangs tearing at its flesh with savage fury.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
(voice growing weaker)
Nooo!... I am your father...
nooo!...

The Ikeochichis upgrade their attack, using sharpened stones and bones to hack at the Humanoid. Despite the onslaught, the creature's eyes remain defiant, scanning the chaos around it.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
(suddenly, with renewed
strength)
Let me show you what you don't see!

In a sudden burst of movement, the Humanoid throws off its attackers. The ground beneath its feet trembles, and a gleaming crown of OROHNITE erupts from the earth, leaping onto the Humanoid's head. The ikeochichis are taken aback.

The crown begins to burn the Humanoid's scalp, but it endures the pain, its eyes now blazing with an austere rage.

The Humanoid grasps the crown, wincing as it burns its hands, and in a fluid motion, reshapes it into a deadly CHAKRAM QUOIT. The Ikeochichis press again.

The Humanoid becomes a whirlwind of destruction, wielding the Chakram with superhuman skill. It slices through the Ikeochichis, ducking and weaving with impossible grace.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
(with each strike)
It was for you! All of you!

As the Ikeochichis fall, the Humanoid's gaze locks onto a large bag among the fallen. With a gesture, the bag slides across the ground towards it. A LONE SPECTRAWL, seeing its chance, grabs the bag and flees.

The Humanoid hurls the Chakram with deadly accuracy, striking the Spectrawl and sending it crashing to the ground. It approaches the fallen Spectrawl, which tries to crawl away, clutching the bag desperately.

LONE SPECTRAWL
(pleading)
Please don't kill me! I was only
vengeful!

HUMANOID
(voice dripping with
sarcasm)
Vengeful? I said I did it for you!

The Spectrawl's grip on the bag tightens, attracting the humanoid furious gaze.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
What is that you cling to so
tightly?

LONE SPECTRAWL
(defiant despite its fear)
My heart!

HUMANOID
(genuinely puzzled)
Your heart? How are you able to
sustain your life-force with a
heartless body?

LONE SPECTRAWL
(sneering)
Haba, by your pale words one would
think your intellect was devoured
along with your flesh.

HUMANOID
 (leaning in menacingly)
 Would you prefer I rip your bowels
 apart for the answer?

LONE SPECTRAWL
 (swallowing hard)
 Look, figuratively speaking, this
 is something very dear to me. A
 payment for something.

HUMANOID
 (eyes narrowing)
 So, you were paid to kill me?

LONE SPECTRAWL
 (defiance returning)
 No! It's a payment for trading a
 special animal... but your kind of
 animal... I will kill for free!

The Spectrawl suddenly pulls out an energy baton-staff from the bag, aiming it at the Humanoid. But the later is faster, striking it with the Chakram and bursting the bag open.

OROHNITE COINS spill out, levitating around the Humanoid, who stares in fascination and looks at his arms.

HUMANOID
 (voice filled with wonder)
 Orohnite...so many of them!

The moment is short-lived as another wave of roaring Ikeochichis descend upon the Humanoid from all sides.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
 (furious)
 Ingrates!

The Humanoid's eyes harden, and it begins to move with renewed purpose, using the Chakram and the levitating coins as deadly projectiles.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
 (voice rising above the
 chaos)
 I shouldn't have done it! Ingrates!

The Humanoid becomes a whirlwind of destruction, coins piercing skulls and the Chakram slicing through flesh. The scene becomes a showcase of magnetic melee, telepathic close-quarter and projectile combat.

The screams of the dying Ikeochichis fill the air.

As the last of the attackers fall, those lucky to remain alive surrender to its superior tyranny or flee, the Humanoid stands amid the carnage, its burnt and ravaged form somehow more imposing than ever.

It turns its gaze to the horizon, where the first hints of dawn are beginning to appear.

HUMANOID (CONT'D)
 (voice filled with grim
 determination)
 My time will come.

EXT. BOUNDLESS SEA - DAY

The morning sun bathes a vast, azure sea in golden light. Waves lap gently against the shore, creating a soothing rhythm that belies the extraordinary scene unfolding above the water's surface.

PRINCESS AMARA, a ravishing 20-year-old black tandayana woman with slender features, angular face, black braided hair and covered in black and red beaded tribal couture, hovers above the sea with Harlequin ladybird wings.

Her large, vibrant elytra bear African minimalist red, black, brown and orange patterns.

In sync with the geometrically patterned wings underneath, they flutter effortlessly, keeping her aloft.

She dives and emerges from the water with graceful, playful movements.

Watching from a distance is DIMPIEWEOMA, Amara's guardian dressed in brightly coloured tribal couture.

The sparrow-winged tandayana woman in her mid-forties observes with a mix of affection and concern.

AMARA
 (laughing, with a light
 African accent)
 Come and catch me! Come and catch
 me!

Amara plunges back into the water, causing a splash that glitters in the sunlight.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (calling out, worry
 creeping into her voice)
 Princess Amara, I thought you have
 an appointment with your mentor,
 Chancellor Zikifema, before the
 pledge?

Amara bursts from the water, droplets cascading off her wings.

AMARA
 (playfully)
 Yes, I have! Yes, I have!

She twirls in the air, her laughter echoing across the water.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (more insistent)
 You know we haven't got all day,
 and we need to return to the castle
 so you can change into dry clothes.

AMARA
 (pouting slightly)
 A little more time! A little more
 time!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (exasperated)
 But we've been here since dawn?

Amara hovers above the sea, her expression dreamy as she gazes out at the horizon.

AMARA
 (wistfully)
 Oh, I love the sea so much. I wish
 I could be a fisherman... or a
 pirate!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (alarmed)
 A pirate, princess? An Oshinmiri?
 That, would be awful!

Amara dives back into the water, then emerges, flying up into the air with a mischievous grin.

AMARA
 Why is being a pirate awful?

DIMPIEWEOMA

(stern but affectionate)

Everybody knows they are plunderers and murderers who make treasure owners cry. And you, my future queen, are born into a world of treasures.

AMARA

(considering)

Okay, Dimpieweoma! Then, I will be a clown, an Mmanwu precisely.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(chuckling despite herself)

Hahaha! You are so free-spirited as you're light-hearted, but can you really amuse a crowd?

AMARA

(confidently)

Yes, I can. Let me show you.

Before Dimpieweoma can protest, Amara dives into the water. A moment later, she leaps out, juggling three mid-sized SHARKS in the air like a circus performer.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(eyes widening in horror)

Princess! What are you doing?

AMARA

(grinning)

Entertaining you, of course!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(panicking)

No! Those sharks are going to maim or worse, kill you! Drop them!

AMARA

(nonchalantly)

Okay!

She releases the sharks, which fall back into the sea with loud splashes. Without missing a beat, Amara dives back into the water.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(calling out desperately)

Oh no, princess! What are you up to now? Please get out of the water! She's going to get me into trouble!

A moment later, Amara emerges from the sea, this time grasping three young SELENMIRIUKUS by their legs. These strange, mutant creatures resemble African masquerades, their faces naturally mask-like.

AMARA
 (juggling the Selenmiriukus)
 What about these, Dimpieweoma? Do you like them?

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (horrificed)
 Nooo! Amara! You're going to kill me! Selenmiriukus? Get out of the water right now, or I'm telling your father!

AMARA
 (sighing)
 Okay! Okay!

She gently lowers the Selenmiriukus back into the water, then flies down to the sandy shore. Seashells scatter the beach like icing on a cake, reflecting the sunlight.

Dimpieweoma lands beside her, producing a towel to dry Amara off.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 (pulling away)
 Leave me. I am twenty now. I can dry my own body.

She takes the towel, a hint of frustration in her movements.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 But dear guardian, why are you so scared of adventure?

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (softly)
 My dear, we have different understanding of what is fun and what constitutes danger.

AMARA
 But I have never been hurt by any creature in the sea or on land.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 That doesn't mean you are beyond harm or are immortal. Virtue should always be in the middle.

AMARA

(suddenly serious)

Such virtue, or I would say fear,
could prevent us from doing what
might be necessary to break the
mutation circle.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(taken aback)

I'm just watching out for you,
darling, so that one day you will
make the greatest queen the kingdom
is yet to see.

AMARA

(defensively)

My mother is the greatest queen
ever!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(gently)

Yes, that's true, darling. And that
is also why we must leave so you
can be with her. Right?

AMARA

(reluctantly)

Okay.

As Amara flaps her elytra wings, preparing to take off, she
pauses, a look of wonder crossing her face.

AMARA (CONT'D)

(observing herself)

I feel... lighter and healthier.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(smiling knowingly)

Haba! You don't know about these
waters of Nsacha. They have a one-
time detoxing quality which makes
you feel almost new. Unfortunately,
they can't heal us.

They both rise into the air, their wings catching the
sunlight. Amara turns and waves at the Selenmiriukus as
submerged boats rise to the shore, bearing more adult clan
members.

The Selenmiriukus wave back, their mask-like faces somehow
conveying warmth.

As Amara and Dimpieweoma prepare to dash away, Amara takes one last look at the sea, her expression a mix of longing and determination.

AMARA
(quietly, to herself)
One day, I'll uncover the secrets
of this our world... and maybe find
a way to heal our people.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(not hearing Amara's
words)
Come, Princess. Your future awaits.

With a burst of speed, the two tandayanas soar away from the shore, leaving behind the shimmering sea and its mysterious inhabitants.

We see the vast, beautiful world they inhabit, hinting at the adventures and challenges that lie ahead for the young princess.

EXT. GARDEN - NIGHT

The midnight moon bathes the lavish palm tree garden in an empyreal glow. Exotic flowers on the ground emit a soft charm, their petals shimmering like rubies.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA, a forty-something regal tandayana with two pairs of egret wings, stands before a group of MAID TANDAYANAS. Their insect and bird-like wings flutter gently in the night breeze.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
(voice rich with wisdom
and sorrow)
Listen, my dear ones. Tonight, I
shall tell you the tale of our
kingdom's darkest hour and its
brightest dawn.

The Maid Tandayanas settle on ornate benches and cushions, their eyes wide with anticipation.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)
There was a great war, a conflict
that saw tandayanas and humans
fight both alongside and against
each other. The prize? The very
soul of Ponder Wonder.

She launches a STAR-LIKE CREATURE into the air which transforms into a spectral image, showing a desert-like battlefield teeming with winged tandayanas and human soldiers in tribal armor.

MAID TANDAYANA 1

(gasping)

It's like a living tapestry, Your Majesty!

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(nodding solemnly)

Indeed. This was the reality our ancestors faced. The clash of African swords and the fury of energy blasts filled the air as they battled to overthrow the tyrant, King Ajorom.

The image shifts to show the interior of Powonda Castle. A figure with dragonfly wings stamped with minimalist art patterns and Afro-regal armor sits uneasily upon a throne with legs of surging, rainbow-colored liquid fire.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

Ajorom, drunk on power and corrupted by his own ambition, committed unspeakable crimes against the kingdom and the living throne itself.

MAID TANDAYANA 2

(confused)

But Your Majesty, how can a throne have a life of its own?

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(smiling mysteriously)

Ah, that is the wonder of Powonda, child. Our realm is imbued with mutation and science beyond mortal understanding. The wonder throne is the heart of that science, and it has a will of its own.

The spectral image shows the throne pulsing with energy, the rainbow fire intensifying.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

After much ado, the wonder throne could bear Ajorom's evil no longer. It cast him out with a blast of proton energy so powerful it ripped the wings from his back.

The Maid Tandayanas gasp collectively as they watch the spectral Ajorom being hurled from the throne, his body engulfed in flames as he rockets into the sky.

MAID TANDAYANA 3
(shuddering)
What a terrifying sight!

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
(nodding gravely)
Exactly. But from that terror came
a time of great joy. Ponder Wonder
entered an era of peace unlike any
it had known before.

The image shifts again, showing tandayanas dancing and playing Igba drums, Oja flutes, Ichaka gourds, Uba-aka pianos and Mangbetu harps in the sky, surrounded by swirling flocks of white Chekeleke egrets.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)
Our skies were filled with music
and laughter. It was a time of
unparalleled beauty and harmony.

MAID TANDAYANA 1
(wistfully)
Oh!

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
(smiling softly)
The neighbouring kingdom of
Arwkahmanda was also blessed like
ours with an age without wars.

The spectral image changes to a more realistic image showing Arwkahmanda, men, women and children in festive tribal clothes, dancing and feasting in rich grazing among sheep and cattle.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)
But even in times of peace,
curiosity and desire could not be
at peace in men.

The scene shifts to the border of Arwkahmanda, where armed human horsemen in Tuareg-themed military regalia gaze longingly towards an invisible barrier of Powonda.

MAID TANDAYANA 2
(concerned)
They look as if they want to
invade!

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(shaking her head)

Not invade, my dear. They desired what they could see but not have. For you see, our kingdom used to be protected by light-bending spectral domes by virtue of being on a different existential plane. These rendered us invisible to the inquisitive eyes and hearts of men.

MAID TANDAYANA 3

(frowning)

But Your Majesty, the invisibility. What happened to it?

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

Ajorom's final act of defiance left a lasting scar upon our realm, tearing down the very veil of our world for selfish reasons. His hubris birthed three dark errors that plague us to this day.

The image dissipates, replaced by swirling tendrils of black smoke and animated sludge that ooze from the very fire of Powonda's throne.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

These dark errors flow from the wonder throne itself, a constant reminder of the price of tyranny.

MAID TANDAYANA 1

(shivering)

It looks... alive.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

In a way, it is. The dark errors are the corruption of the very science that sustains our world.

The image shifts once more, showing the interior of the Wonder Castle. Countless tandayanas kneel before a newly crowned KING IGWEDIKANA and CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA, pledging their loyalty.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

To combat this corruption, my husband, King Igwedikana, and Chancellor Zikifema instituted the annual Throne Day pledge.

MAID TANDAYANA 2

(nodding)

Yes, I remember my first pledge! It made me feel... lighter somehow.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(approvingly)

You're very perceptive. The wonder throne releases a pulse of proton-charged luminous rays during the pledge. This anti-mutagen, which we call the Ogwuife, temporarily relieves tandayanas from the effects of two of the dark errors.

MAID TANDAYANA 3

(confused)

Two? But you said there were three dark errors, Your Majesty.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(grimly)

Yes. The third error, Igweigbawku, cannot be reversed by the pledge. It's a vulnerability to erbium and orohnite ores that afflicts all tandayanas.

The Maid Tandayanas exchange worried glances.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

But let me explain the other two errors in more detail. The first is the mehenjoor, an accumulation of mutagen dirt that can transform tandayanas into hideous monsters we now call the Ikeochichis or malevolents.

The image shows tandayanas writhing in agony as black sludge seeps from their eyes, nose, mouth, and skin.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

Although they are us, the chasm between us and them now, can never be bridged. That is why we have given their species alien and foreign names.

MAID TANDAYANA 1

(horrified)

That's terrible! Is that why we must stay so clean?

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(nodding)

Precisely. Cleanliness from mutagen is not just a virtue in Ponder Wonder; it's a necessity for survival.

MAID TANDAYANA 2

And the second error, Your Majesty?

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

The second is perhaps the most heartbreaking. It's called Ibenku, the dark error of wing loss.

The image shows tandayanas falling to their deaths from the sky, their wings disintegrating mid-flight.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

(voice thick with emotion)

Imagine the horror of suddenly losing the very thing that defines us as tandayanas.

The Maid Tandayanas instinctively clutch their hands, faces desolate with fear.

MAID TANDAYANA 3

(whispered)

Is there no way to stop these dark errors permanently?

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(sighing)

That, my dear ones, is the question that has haunted every tandayana of Ponder Wonder since Ajorom's fall. My husband, King Igwedikana, spends many hours pondering this very problem.

The image shifts one last time, showing King Igwedikana seated on the flaming Powonda throne, his face etched with worry as tandayana knights in heavy tribal armor - the MOZZORGUS stand guard around him.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)

What our kingdom truly needs is a way to break the cycle of the dark errors once and for all. But the path to that solution remains unknown.

The images fade away, revealing the star-like creature which returns to the Queen. As the Maid Tandayanas bow and take their leave, Queen Ngozianna turns to gaze at the wonder throne which is visible in the distance.

Her expression is one of both hope and concern, the weight of her kingdom's fate heavy upon the King's shoulders.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA - OAK TREE PLANTATION - DAY

A vast plantation of oak trees stretches as far as the eye can see, their roots firmly embedded in rich, grassy loam soil. Thick-wooled sheep graze peacefully under the dappled shade.

HAMMALU, an athletic thirty-five year old black man with piercing eyes and a tough-as-nails demeanor, stands vigilant.

His Afro medievalist ranger attire, complete with metal and leather armor over tie-dye tunics, speaks to his dual role as a husbandman and hunter.

Two long Ikul swords with intricate perforated patterns are affixed to his back, while he grips an erbium Berber tribal hammer in his hand.

Suddenly, the peaceful scene is shattered as a Piggawk and two Powryetawks circle Hammalu menacingly. Their wing stumps, barely healed scars, hint at their malevolent origins.

The Piggawk clutches a bleating white-wooled ewe, MAA, in its paws.

HAMMALU

(with forced casualness)

I see you lost your way, found my
sheep, and grabbed it thinking it
was a deer. It happens sometimes,
but you're not welcome in these
lands.

PIGGAWK

(in Supuiggbo, subtitled)

Undil'ra bra-nzuzuh uno-kedur
mbadar-lar?
[What stupid deer are you talking
about?]

POWRYETAWK #1

(in Supuiggbo, subtitled)

Inbre-nas'ka beri-nzuh choror
mbadar-lar kai.

(MORE)

POWRYETAWK #1 (CONT'D)
 [The foolish shepherd thinks we are
 after his flock.]

HAMMALU
 (sarcastically)
 Hello! Can you speak in a language
 I can hear?

The creatures merely growl in response, their faces devoid of emotion.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 (sighing)
 You know what? Never mind. Just
 hand over the sheep and go away. I
 don't want any violence today!

Powryetawk #2 makes a beastly gesture to the Piggawk, pushing its antlers down to its mouth.

POWRYETAWK #2
 (roaring in Supuiggbo,
 subtitled)
 Metor'ra mbadar-lar!
 [Defile it!]

The Piggawk's head becomes enveloped in slithering black mutagenic strands, reminiscent of Medusa's snakes. It vomits a blackish sputum onto Maa, who immediately begins to transform.

PIGGAWK
 (spewing, subtitled)
 Inbre-nas'ka zoh'ka mbadar-lar!
 [Come and get it, shepherd!]

HAMMALU
 (enraged)
 The mehenjoor! How dare you touch
 my Maa with that filthy mutagen?
 You really want blood? I'll take
 from you more than you can give!

As Hammalu lifts his hammer to attack, Maa transforms into a rabid, spiked black wolf and darts between his legs.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 No! Not a wolf, Maa!

With lightning-fast reflexes, Hammalu bends backward, feet still on the ground, and throws a swift, ornamented Mambele dagger. It severs a rope connecting two oak trees, releasing a hidden trap net that ensnares the Wolf-Maa.

The three malevolents were astonished at his acrobatic reflexes.

PIGGAWK
(cried, dumbfounded)
"Aww!"

HAMMALU
(to the malevolents)
Surprised? Don't be!

He launches into action, striking Powryetawk #2 with his hammer, knocking off its antler tusks and sending it crashing into a nearby tree, causing a leaves' shower.

The Piggawk and Powryetawk #1 draw butcher cleavers, wincing at the erbium burn but persevering. They attack Hammalu, who deftly evades their assault.

As they fight, Hammalu catches glimpses of a purple, horse-sized, WINGED WOLF-LIKE CREATURE observing from the woods. Multi-colored light rays emanate from its chest, its eyes glowing.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(muttering)
What the...! Is that?

The creature vanishes into the woods as quickly as it appeared. The malevolents turn to look but see nothing.

POWRYETAWK #1
(growling)
Smart move with your animal traps,
shepherd. Never anticipated that!
But we are no sheep!

HAMMALU
Soothe yourself!

PIGGAWK
(snarling)
I know that trick! Misdirection! It
won't work on me.

The battle intensifies. Hammalu's movements are a blur of precision and power, his years of training evident in every strike and parry.

Hammalu for a nanosecond directs his gaze once more at something behind the foes.

The duo turn around but Hammalu was tricking them this time and lands a mortal blow to the skull of Powryetawk#1, forcing one antler down its jaw. Its deformed body spins as it drops dead.

The Piggawk roars at him, fighting him violently with thermal blasts from the ears and countless cleaver strikes.

PIGGAWK

(in Supuiggbo, subtitled)

O'rbulur'ka welur-kai ndur weg-yi
ka O ga-ka iha na-pugar uhnuh!
[Even if you take all our lives, it
will never compare with what we've
taken from you. All of you!]

HAMMALU

You can rattle your venomous tongue
as much as you can, but If you
don't free my Maa from the body of
that damned hell hound!

(in perfect Supuiggbo,
subtitled)

Ga-ya ila ka gbyry afur a ka-jor
spiktrala.
[I will feed your tongue and
entrails to the most soulless of
spectrawls.]

PIGGAWK

(shocked)

You speak Supuiggbo! Trickster! You
fooled all of us, husbandman!

HAMMALU

You fooled only yourselves,
hideous.

With a lightning-fast roundhouse attack, Hammalu knocks the Piggawk to the ground. Black blood trickles from its broken leg.

PIGGAWK

(squealing)

My leg! You broke my leg! Aaahhh!

Hammalu activates his hammer, unleashing spikes from various orifices. He places it on the Piggawk's chest.

HAMMALU

So, what will it be, malevolent? My
sheep or your entrails?

Sweat rolls down Hammalu's face as he scans the area, subtly clearing foliage from a concealed stone trap trigger with his foot. He's anticipating a threat.

PIGGAWK
(defiantly)
I choose inevitability!

HAMMALU
(confused)
What?

Hammalu prepares the hammer for a strike.

PIGGAWK
(sarcastic)
The stench of wavering nerves capes
your pretty face, so I'd rather
surrender to the inevitable, at the
hands of the jackal!

The Piggawk unleashes a blinding flash from its ears. Hammalu drops his hammer, but before he can reach the Piggawk, a set of sharp teeth snatch the weapon from behind him with a deafening roar.

In a split second, Hammalu activates his trap. Two massive tree logs hurtle horizontally from the surrounding vegetation, slamming into the newly revealed WINGED JACKAL.

The impact shatters its wings, sending purple feathers and fur flying.

The Jackal's roar of pain is cut short as Hammalu's hammer, launched skyward by the impact, plummets back down onto the Piggawk's chest.

A third log, adorned with spikes, drops vertically, burying the Piggawk whose screaming is blurs with the Jackal's.

The wounded Jackal flees on all fours, leaving a trail of blood. Hammalu, drawing both of his Ikul swords, gives chase.

HAMMALU
(shouting)
Beast, what have you done?

As Hammalu disappears into the woods after the Jackal, the peaceful scene which the oak plantation had from the beginning is now marred by signs of the brutal confrontation.

Sheep bleat nervously in the background, while the netted Wolf-Maa struggles against its bonds.

EXT. POWONDA KINGDOM - DAWN

A misty forest terrain slowly comes into focus as the first rays of sunlight pierce through an unravelling nebula-like fog. The befogging mist parts to reveal a breath-taking landscape unlike any seen before.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Welcome to Powonda, where ponders
and wonders are alive.

As the realm is revealed, we see colored okwutels and ambers sculpted into leaves, nuts, and petals, littering the ground like precious jewels. The fauna and flora defy imagination.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In this land, the very essence of
nature bends to the will of anomaly
and mutation.

The mist clears further, revealing a distant, terrestrial mutant world protected by a transparent spectral dome. Flying humanoids dart through the air, their movements graceful and zoological.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Behold the tandayanas, winged
mutants of this realm, as diverse
as they are fantastic.

The spectral dome's surface is embellished with fantastical creature symbols that seem to move and shift as we watch.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The spectral dome, a marvel of
tandayana ingenuity, serves as both
protector and gatekeeper.

Various tandayanas gracefully fly through the dome, while shadowy, misshapen creatures are repelled, dissolving into mist as they touch the barrier.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It allows entry to the pure of
heart and genes, while barring the
malevolent, a constant vigil
against the dark forces that
threaten this wondrous land.

We swoop through the dome, following a group of tandayanas as they fly towards the heart of their civilization. As we pass through, the full splendor of Powonda is revealed.

Skyscraper-sized trees called Okeosisigwes dominate the skyline, their massive trunks and branches housing an array of buildings in various African architectural styles.

One of these colossal trees, showcases the diverse structures built into its very being.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
These Okeosisigwes are living
marvels that house the tandayanas,
from root to summit.

We see close-ups of different architectural wonders: Malagasy-inspired structures with intricate woodwork, Lunda dwellings perched precariously on branches, their thatched roofs swaying gently in the breeze.

Higher up, Dervish forts and Gareesas crown the treetops, their domed roofs glinting in the morning sun.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A testament to the ingenuity and
diversity of tandayana culture,
where every dwelling tells a story.

There's revelation of cottages nestled in the crooks of branches and square buildings jutting out at odd angles.

Cone-on-ground African vernacular architectural structures that seem to defy gravity as they cling to the tree's enormous trunk are visible in every corner with variants of Besakanas.

The full scope of this arboreal metropolis is laid bare. Tandayanas of all shapes and sizes flit between the buildings, their wings a kaleidoscope of genetic colors and patterns.

Some have the delicate wings of insect species, others the powerful pinions of a wide variety of birds.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In Powonda, every tandayana is
unique, their wings a reflection of
their inner selves.

We focus on a crowd of tandayanas swarming to a central location. They wear clothing that blends traditional African styles with fantastical elements - flowing robes adorned with rings, beads, leather and wooden plates.

We follow the crowd and catch a glimpse of the Powonda business life, bustling market stalls sell everything from fabrics to food, ornaments and livestock.

The air is filled with the sound of haggling, laughter, and the constant rustle of wings.

Suddenly, a hush falls over the crowd. Something has caught everyone's attention. A procession of TANDAYANA MOZZORGUS, imposing figures with dragonfly and hawk wings, flies through the bustling market.

They're dressed in flamboyant Afro leather couture armor, carrying scepters made of amber and okwutel.

THORELU a thirty-something tough and commanding tandayana leads the group, his tribal leather armor marking him as their leader.

THORELU
(addressing the crowd)
Make way! The Throne Day
approaches. All must prepare for
the pledge! Proceed to the bigwe.

The crowd murmurs excitedly, some bowing their heads respectfully as the Mozzorgus pass.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The Throne Day, a sacred tradition
that binds the tandayanas to their
King and throne, freeing them from
the Mehenjoor for a year.

As the Mozzorgus fly off, we follow them, soaring up through the layers of the Okeosisigwe city.

We pass by windows where we catch glimpses of tandayana families going about their morning routines - parents coaxing children to eat their breakfast before school, elderly tandayanas tending to gardens that grow on their balconies.

Finally, we crest the top of the tallest Okeosisigwe, and there, nestled in its uppermost branches, we see Bigwe, the wonder castle.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And at the heart of it all, Bigwe -
the wonder castle, home to the
royal family and the beating heart
of Powonda.

EXT. BIGWE CASTLE - DAY

The castle is a magnificent Dervish fort-style edifice, its Hut-looking towers and domes seeming to touch the very sky.

The walls are adorned with intricate African minimalist art and patterns that have luminescence, and great archways lead to sprawling courtyards and gardens resting on massive branches.

As dawn breaks fully, we see a flurry of activity around the Bigwe. Crowds of winged tandayanas swarm towards it, their diverse wings creating a phantasmagoria of movement.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the tandayanas gather to renew their pledges, the Ogwuife will give them new life at least for another twelve months.

As a chanting of the King's name begins among the crowd, we see Princess Amara and Dimpieweoma fly in through a rear door of the Bigwe.

INT. BIGWE CASTLE - CORRIDOR - MORNING

The Princess and her Guardian walk past half a dozen maid tandayanas who greet them. They then head left to the Queen's chamber.

INT. BIGWE CASTLE - QUEEN'S CHAMBER - MORNING

The room is a lavish space, filled with African sculptures and masks of tandayana ancestors. Lavender tie and dye cotton curtains, frame windows that offer a breath-taking view of the kingdom below.

Queen Ngozianna stands before a mirror, adjusting her elaborate Agojie-inspired fashion - an ornamented headdress, okwutel crown, beaded necklace and earrings made of ambers that glowed like fireflies.

Her regal dress - a traditional cotton Ankara Kente print evening dress with navy blue and purple patterns, leather harness, beaded collars, and arm beads filled the chamber with an ethereal splendour. Her wings adorned with ambers.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

How do I look?

MAID TANDAYANA #1

Resplendent, Your Majesty! Just like on your wedding day.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA

(smiling fondly)

Oh, thank you.

(MORE)

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)
 You have a most astute memory. The
 Throne Day has become the greatest
 day in our lives. It wouldn't be
 out of place to look our best
 today.

MAID TANDAYANA #1
 That is correct, my Queen.

A knock at the door interrupts them. Maid Tandayana #1 opens
 it to reveal Amara and Dimpieweoma.

MAID TANDAYANA #1 (CONT'D)
 (bowing deeply)
 Princess Amara! Guardian
 Dimpieweoma!

AMARA
 (rushing forward)
 Mother!

Amara embraces Queen Ngozianna, their wings briefly
 intertwining in an affectionate gesture.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
 Darling, you've been gone all day.

AMARA
 (looking sheepish)
 Yes, but I missed you, Mother.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
 (stroking Amara's cheek)
 I missed you too, my darling.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (bowing)
 Good morning, Your Majesty.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
 Good morning, Dimpieweoma. I hope
 Amara hasn't been naughty today
 with those dangerous games she has
 a thing for?

Amara freezes, her eyes darting to Dimpieweoma. The guardian
 maintains her composure.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 Not at all, my Queen. The Princess
 has been a model of decorum.

Dimpieweoma winks at Amara, who visibly relaxes.

AMARA
(mouthing silently)
Thank you.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
Darling, Chancellor Zikifema is
already here.

AMARA
(perking up)
Oh! Where is he?

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
He's with your father.

AMARA
(excited)
Okay then, let me get dressed!

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
Darling, hurry and be back in time
for the pledge.

AMARA
Yes, Mother.

Amara rushes out of the chamber, her excitement palpable. Queen Ngozianna turns to Dimpieweoma, her expression turning serious.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
Follow her wherever she goes and
keep her safe.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(bowing)
Yes, Your Majesty. Please excuse
me.

As Dimpieweoma leaves, Queen Ngozianna turns back to the mirror, her countenance thoughtful.

INT. BIGWE CASTLE - KING'S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

The room is larger and more masculine than the Queen's chamber, with a small library and walls adorned with ornamented African swords, shields, and Nok sculptures.

KING IGWEDIKANA is in his early 60s, black, bearded and imposing. His large lacewings with African patterns twitch slightly as he leans forward.

His fashion - Benin-inspired purple and green royal cotton couture, a spiral shaped okwutel crown adorned with amber stones and multi-coloured beadwork and an amber and okwutel sceptre to match.

Sitting with the King is CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA in his 70s, grey-haired and wise powerful tandayana with two pairs of dragonfly wings.

His fashion - Massari-influenced printed fabric mixed with leather upper body armour and matching couture's beadwork.

KING IGWEDIKANA

Chancellor, what progress have you made with modifying the pledge of allegiance as we earlier agreed?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

A lot, Your Majesty. Since the white okwutel contaminated the life of the evil forest more than we expected after it absorbed the mehenjoor, it was imperative to find a replacement. We were able to find one in a rare animal.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(intrigued)

An animal? What kind could neutralize this type of dark mutagen?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

It is known among the spectrawl tribes as the Artuloo.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(puzzled)

The Artuloo? I've never heard of such a creature.

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

A white mutagenic, herbivorous lion with a lamb-like personality. Among its many abilities, it can absorb any kind of radiation, dark energy, poison, or mutagen with its mane. That's why the spectrawls have hunted it to near extinction.

KING IGWEDIKANA

And you've confirmed this creature can absorb the mehenjoor?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

Yes, my King. In fact, we were forced to pay a hefty sum in orohnite coins to the spectrawls for the last two specimens alive in their captivity. We then used one to test the creature's ability to absorb the mehenjoor, and it was flawless.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(leaning forward,
intrigued)

That is very good news. So will it be used for today's pledge?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

Yes, your majesty. However, we will need the assistance of Arwkahmanda if we are to continue the pledge in this proposed new form for more years to come.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(frowning his brow)

Why is that?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

The Artuloo autoignites to destroy the mehenjoor it absorbs, but unlike the Nnuoku, it can't rise from its ashes.

The king rises to his feet, pacing around the room. His wings twitch with frustration.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(voice rising with
emotion)

Chancellor, these dark errors. This disease! This darkness! The malevolents! It is the greatest test of our time, of my reign! We don't need a temporary cure! We need the cure!

He pauses, a determined look crossing his face.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)

You know what? Anyone who can break the dark errors... I will grant half of the kingdom.

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

(eyebrows raised)

That is a lot of reward, my king.
But if we can make a successful
appeal to Arwkahmanda for their
replicating stone, the Kwutemusa,
this will no longer be a challenge.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(eyes widening)

Huh! The Kwutemusa! So, it still
exists?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

Yes, your majesty. But the humans
are very secretive with it and have
outlawed its use on the dead.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(scoffing)

But who will want to multiply the
dead when the living can barely
live?

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA

(with a grim smile)

You never can tell, my lord. There
are many who'll prefer countless
soldiers to endless food.

The king nods, considering this new possibility.

KING IGWEDIKANA

Chancellor, all your plans and
decisions on this subject are
excellent. Make a formal contact
with Arwkahmanda. We helped them
rebuild their kingdom for free
after the great war, so they are
still in our debt in these times.

Suddenly, Princess Amara bursts into the chamber, her wings
flapping with excitement. The guards tense for a moment, then
relax upon recognizing her.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)

(his face softening)

And look who just graced our
presence?

PRINCESS AMARA

(embracing her father)

Father!

KING IGWEDIKANA
 (hugging her tightly)
 My darling princess!

PRINCESS AMARA
 (turning to the
 chancellor)
 Chancellor Zikifema!

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA
 (bowing slightly)
 Princess, I was wondering when you
 would show up. Your mother says you
 left with your guardian at dawn.

PRINCESS AMARA
 (looking slightly
 sheepish)
 I got carried away by the sea,
 Chancellor.

KING IGWEDIKANA
 (laughing)
 Oh, the sea! Good you are back in
 one piece, my daughter.
 (to Zikifema)
 She has a thing for dangerous
 adventures.

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA
 (with a knowing smile)
 Just like when you were a young
 prince.

KING IGWEDIKANA
 (chuckling)
 I guess the apple never falls far
 from the tree.

They all share a laugh, the tension from earlier dissipating.

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA
 My king, we should be on our way to
 be back soonest for today's big
 event.

KING IGWEDIKANA
 (nodding solemnly)
 Half the weight of the kingdom is
 on your shoulders today,
 Chancellor, but I trust you.
 (turning to Amara)
 Watch over my daughter. She is also
 your daughter.

Princess Amara hugs her father once more, a mix of excitement and nervousness in her eyes.

CHANCELLOR ZIKIFEMA
 (bowing deeply)
 She will be just fine, your
 majesty.

EXT. POWONDA SKY - DAY

Chancellor Zikifema, Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma, all dressed in vibrant tribal couture, soar through the azure sky.

Their wings dance to the wind currents as they ascend towards a mysterious structure floating on a cluster of clouds.

AMARA
 (eyes wide with wonder)
 Chancellor, is that... is that the
 Ogboguakwukwo?

ZIKIFEMA
 (nodding solemnly)
 Yes, young princess. The Library of
 Wonders awaits us.

As they approach, we see the magnificent OGBOGUAKWUKWO in the distance.

Millions of plant stems and roots dangle from beneath the structure, swaying gently in the breeze.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (whistling in awe)
 Now that's what I call a book
 house!

EXT. OGBOGUAKWUKWO - DAY

They land gracefully on a cloud-like platform before the enormous wooden entrance. Its a sturdy Besakanas-style castle adorned with intricate arches, towering columns, and ornate wooden windows.

Zikifema steps forward and knocks on the door.

ZIKIFEMA
 Welcome to the halls of knowledge.

AMARA
 (excitedly)
 You mean the library of scientific
 wonders?

ZIKIFEMA
 (smiling)
 You got it!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (gesturing to the dangling
 roots)
 Haba! Just look at its crazy
 location, and the weird roots
 falling off below.

ZIKIFEMA
 (with a hint of mystery)
 The roots and stems enable the
 trees to harness knowledge from the
 world around them. In the same
 vein, not all kinds of knowledge
 are meant for those without the
 power of flight.

AMARA
 (raising an eyebrow)
 You mean like men?

ZIKIFEMA
 (cryptically)
 You figure that out, young lady.

The massive library door creaks open, revealing a sliver of
 the wonders within.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (playfully)
 Creepy!

AMARA
 (eyes sparkling)
 Fun!

ZIKIFEMA
 (gesturing them inside)
 Ladies, we don't have all day.

INT. OGBOGUAKWUKWO - DAY

They enter the structure. The interior is a breath-taking
 sight - wooden shelves stacked with books and scrolls stretch
 as far as the eye can see.

Stems and roots connect the books to the shelves and the floor, creating an organic, living network of knowledge.

Colored volumetric light filters through partitions in the wooden windows, casting an empyrean glow throughout the space.

AMARA

(in awe)

Sir, why is this deserted place even called the Library of Wonders?

ZIKIFEMA

Because the knowledge of marvels beyond the grasp and imagination of men lies hidden in the pages of books here. Unfortunately, many of our kind consider reading books a laborious venture.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(looking around)

The volume of books here is quite large, Sir.

ZIKIFEMA

There are books on almost everything.

The chancellor begins to point out different sections of the library.

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)

(gesturing to the northeast)

We have books on the origins of Ponder Wonder over there.

(pointing to the right)

On the great war there.

(indicating the left)

Different works on the three dark errors, King Ajorom, the death of Agwokus, the people of Arwkahmanda, the malevolents, and the tandayanas.

He pauses, turning to Amara with a sense of importance.

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)

That brings me to why I brought you here, princess.

Zikifema reaches for a book on a nearby shelf, carefully extracting it from the web of stems and roots.

He hands it to Amara. The cover bears an illustration of a ladybird tandayana and the title "The Life of the Ladybird Tandayana."

AMARA

(surprised)

Wow! I never knew someone would consider me interesting enough to write a book about.

ZIKIFEMA

This is more about your kind, Amara.

AMARA

(thoughtfully)

My ancestors...

Zikifema nods.

ZIKIFEMA

Please read it and become who you are born to be.

AMARA

(gratefully)

I can't thank you enough, Sir.

ZIKIFEMA

Thank me when you are done reading.

Amara opens the book and begins to read, wandering into the west aisles of the library.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(mischievously)

Chancellor, can I look around to see if there are any books written about me? You never can tell.

ZIKIFEMA

(suppressing a chuckle)

I wouldn't stop you from satisfying your curiosity, Dimpieweoma, but hastily - we have limited time.

Dimpieweoma grins and dashes off into the east aisles.

As Amara reads and walks between the bookshelves in the west section, she notices something extraordinary - a book that's sprouting and retracting multi-coloured leaves.

AMARA
 (calling out)
 Chancellor, does this happen often?

ZIKIFEMA (O.S.)
 What is it, Amara?

Amara carefully pulls the peculiar book from the shelf. It's anchored to the floor by numerous stems and roots.

AMARA
 (as Zikifema approaches)
 The book keeps sprouting different leaves, Sir! It doesn't even have a title.

Zikifema takes the book and opens it, revealing blank pages.

ZIKIFEMA
 (with reverence)
 The Book of Stones!

AMARA
 (confused)
 There's nothing written in it! What kind of book is this?

ZIKIFEMA
 A collection of hidden writings about radioactive stones, ambers, and rare earth metals. Like many books here, it is produced from the Eebowh tree, a mutant knowledge-gathering tree.

He runs his hand over the blank pages, his voice taking on a tone of wonder and explanation.

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)
 It picks up energy impulses from the brain and nervous systems of almost any living creature and stores them as words in its eukaryotic cells. Its phelloderm, phloem, cortex, and xylem can adapt photons, solar energy, and audio energy waves for manipulating its surface in the same manner the chameleon changes colors.

AMARA
 (fascinated)
 That's incredible!

ZIKIFEMA

This makes it possible to visualize intelligent words and images. However, it only reveals its texts to the DNA it scans and syncs with. I believe it's trying to show us something.

Amara notices a page sprouting colorfully patterned leaves and flips to it. The page reveals a hand-illustrated animated map showing a wolf with a rainbow-like glow in its chest being chased by four horse riders with spears.

AMARA

Is that a map, Sir?

ZIKIFEMA

(leaning in for a closer look)

You guessed right, young lady. It is a tandayana map, but wait... these are men of Arwkahmanda!

AMARA

Chasing after a wolf? Are they hunters?

ZIKIFEMA

Most likely. More like herders.

AMARA

(pointing to the wolf's chest)

Sir, what is that in the wolf's heart?

Zikifema's eyes widen in shock as he examines the image more closely.

ZIKIFEMA

(alarmed)

No! This can't be! The wolf has stolen the kwutemusa from shepherds hunting it!

AMARA

(confused)

Kwutemusa? In what age did this happen, Sir?

ZIKIFEMA

(urgently)

You don't understand, daughter.

(MORE)

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)

This is happening right now as we speak! And we need that kwutemusa for the pledge today. Call your guardian! We leave now!

AMARA

(shouting)

Dimpieweoma! Dimpieweoma!

Dimpieweoma emerges from a corner of the library, clutching a book.

DIMPIEWEOMA

Princess!

AMARA

Our time is up! We have to go now!

The three quickly make their way to the exit, the urgency of their new mission palpable in the air.

EXT. BIGWE CASTLE - DAY

The majestic Bigwe castle stands tall against a vibrant sky. A sea of Tandayanas, their wings embellishing the scene, fill the expansive courtyard. The air is thick with anticipation and excitement.

Suddenly, a fanfare of buffalo horn trumpets pierces the air, their royal tunes echoing across the gathering. The crowd falls silent, all eyes turning towards the castle's main balcony.

From an underground chamber, a grand platform rises, revealing King Igwedikana and Queen Ngozianna seated on their thrones.

The king's throne is a marvel to behold, pulsing with harmless, multi-colored liquid fire that circulates endlessly within its structure.

It hovers slightly above the platform, a testament to the prowess of the non-biological lifeform from which it was crafted.

The royal couple stand, their regal presence commanding attention. They wave to the energized crowd, which erupts in cheers and applause.

KING IGWEDIKANA

(voice booming)

Welcome, everyone! Welcome! You are all amazing. It gladdens our hearts that we are loved. Thank you!

The crowd's cheers intensify. Queen Ngozianna takes her seat, a gentle smile gracing her face.

Behind the thrones, positioned as guards, stand Thorelu, DOXIEOSIRI, and AGUBAA, their eyes scanning the crowd vigilantly.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)

Benevolent citizens, today we mark the blessings of a new year and our harvest. Our greatness, the troubles we have overcome, our victories over the malevolents. We honor our dead who sacrificed their lives.

The crowd applauds solemnly, a mix of joy and reverence on their faces.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)

As you all know...

As the king continues his speech, we focus on the three guards behind the thrones.

THORELU

(whispering)

Sir Doxieosiri, Sir Agubaa, be especially vigilant today. I had a bad dream last night.

Doxieosiri and Agubaa exchange amused glances, struggling to contain their laughter.

DOXIEOSIRI

(smirking)

Sir Thorelu, everyone knows you always have bad dreams. What happened in your nightmarish slumber this time, commander?

THORELU

(frowning)

This was different. I saw a colossus orohnite throne crush the castle to pieces. Everything in the whole kingdom turned into orohnite and died, including...

DOXIEOSIRI
 (interrupting)
 Let me guess, including the king?

Thorelu nods gravely.

AGUBAA
 (concerned)
 My goodness! This is bad! Will you
 tell his majes-

DOXIEOSIRI
 (cutting him off)
 Don't tell the king, commander!
 Tales of such visceral horror will
 ruin today's joy. I have had such a
 dream before. Nonetheless, let's be
 vigilant and protect the royal
 family and the people.

THORELU
 (curious)
 Yeah! Doxieosiri, wise son of
 Gonaxu. Em... What was it you
 dreamt of...?

DOXIEOSIRI
 (with a straight face)
 You won't believe me if I told you,
 an invasion of pot-belly
 obelemanwus!

The three guards struggle to contain their laughter, their
 shoulders shaking with suppressed mirth. The queen turns
 back, catching their eye.

They immediately freeze, but she simply offers them a soft,
 knowing smile before turning her attention back to the king's
 speech.

KING IGWEDIKANA
 We are a people of scientific
 marvels gifted from birth. A people
 of virtue, of love. We do not need
 to meddle with the dark waters of
 witchcraft or sorcery to sustain
 ourselves as some have done in the
 past to their peril. This kingdom
 must be a better and safer place
 for future generations unborn.
 Remaining strong and vigilant, ever
 disentangling from the shackles of
 our hubris, of that darkness within
 us.

The crowd erupts in thunderous applause, their wings fluttering in excitement.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)
 (turning to the queen)
 As this is a new year, our queen
 might have a few words to share.

Queen Ngozianna rises gracefully, stepping forward to address the crowd. The tandayanas cheer at her resplendent presence, their admiration palpable.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA
 (her voice melodious and
 strong)
 May our kingdom be ever blessed and
 ever prosperous. Let us love each
 other and safeguard our values and
 virtues. I must also thank the
 tandayanas who make this kingdom
 that of marvels and justice.

The crowd's cheers grow even louder, their love for their queen evident.

QUEEN NGOZIANNA (CONT'D)
 I especially thank the mozzorgus,
 the soldiers, and the guards who
 keep us safe from the malevolents.
 Without forgetting the amazing
 maids who are always there to serve
 and to care. I thank Chancellor
 Zikifema for his guidance and
 protection. Finally, I must thank
 my king and my love for being more
 of a servant than a king. Long live
 Powonda!

The queen exchanges a loving glance with King Igwedikana as the tandayanas erupt in a deafening standing ovation. She returns to her throne, radiating grace and warmth.

KING IGWEDIKANA
 (beaming with pride)
 Thank you, my queen, for such
 inspiring words. Now, to the
 business of the day.

The king's tone grows serious, and the crowd falls silent once more.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)
 The pledge to the throne has saved
 us for ages from the dark errors.
 (MORE)

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)
 However, the mehenjoor poisons our
 forests and the wilderness. So, we
 need anyone among us who can bring
 an end to these dark errors. A
 reward never conceived awaits
 whosoever can achieve such.

He pauses, his gaze sweeping across the gathered tandayanas.

KING IGWEDIKANA (CONT'D)
 (voice filled with hope
 and challenge)
 So, who will be our savior?

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELDS - DAY

The vast, rolling grasslands of Arwkahmanda stretch out under a blue sky. A cold breeze whips across the landscape, bending the tall grass in waves. The peaceful scene is suddenly shattered by the thunderous sound of galloping hooves.

Four horsemen burst into view, their mounts' manes and tails streaming before and behind them like banners. They are in hot pursuit of the strange, monstrous Winged Jackal.

Its broken wings, flapping uselessly as it bounds across the terrain, howling and struggling like a trapped bear to loose its assailants. Unfortunately, it's broken wings failed to give it the gift of flight.

The leader of the group, Hammalu, a rugged man with fierce determination in his eyes, raises a roped harpoon.

HAMMALU
 (shouting over the wind)
 Steady, men! We've got the beast
 within striking range!

He hurls the harpoon with practiced accuracy. It strikes true, lodging in the jackal's hide. He quickly secures the rope to his saddle.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 (taunting the creature)
 So, you want to fly away? That's
 not possible, not from us
 shepherds!

KARAMO, a 35 year old bald Greek-African with a goatee, adorning a ranger leather attire, grins fiercely.

KARAMO
 And monster vanquishers!

HAMMALU
(nodding)
Yeah!

The winged jackal howls in pain and frustration, its struggles growing more frantic. All of them embed harpoons in its flesh, it continues an unhindered run with surprising strength.

XEE, a 35 year old Tuareg knight of Ethiopian descent, sporting leather armour leans forward in his saddle, eyes gleaming with excitement.

XEE
This is what we live to do!

WIGGULU, a bearded hunter of Caribbean descent, sporting a leather ranger attire, looks on in amazement.

The four men pull hard on their reins, causing their horses to dig in their hooves. The sudden change in momentum yanks at the ropes attached to the jackal, but without results.

HAMMALU
(urgently)
Shepherds, pull! Speak to your
stallions, pull! Aaaahhh!

The jackal remains a juggernaut, cancelling their drag.

WIGGULU
(shouting to be heard)
It is so powerful! I can't believe
Hammer took out its wings single-
handedly!

KARAMO
(with pride)
Hammalu is the baddest man in the
realm. Don't be surprised by his
ability!

The horses strain against the jackal's strength, their muscles rippling under their sweat-slicked hides. But the beast's resistance is formidable, threatening to overwhelm their efforts.

HAMMALU
(gritting his teeth)
Grab and pull, brothers, as hard as
ever! As if it is all that matters!
Pull!

The chase leads them through the grazing fields, sending flocks of sheep scattering in panic.

Suddenly, the landscape changes. The grassy plain gives way to the banks of a shallow river - the Nsacha. Without hesitation, the jackal plunges into the water, spraying foam in its wake.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(determined)

Let's make this beast a tasty supper for vultures. Escape is not an option for a thief so daring to steal the kwutemusa!

The horses splash into the river, their riders leaning low to avoid the spray. Wiggulu, seizing the moment, urges his mount forward and unleashes a barrage of Mambele daggers at the jackal.

WIGGULU

(with fierce joy)

I feel reborn! We'll cut you down, sly fox! You'll pay for such abomination against the kwutemusa!

KARAMO

(warning)

Easy, Wiggulu! It's a jackal, not a fox! You're going to hurt somebody, or worse, kill yourself!

HAMMALU

(intervening)

Karamo, let him be! Jackal, wolf, or fox, it doesn't matter as long as it has teeth and claws. Today is its bleeding day!

They emerge from the river, water cascading from their mounts. The chase continues across the land, neither side willing to give in.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(passionately)

The kwutemusa has saved our people from famine, drought, and death for ages. All of Arwkahmanda should be going to war against the malevolent kingdom!

WIGGULU

(nodding vigorously)

Bless you, brother! You know...

(MORE)

WIGGULU (CONT'D)
 we should kill these beasts of prey
 for fun before they ruin us. Give
 them the gift of death, whether
 they're predators of nature or
 mutating monsters!

HAMMALU
 (raising an eyebrow)
 Gift of death? Huh! Isn't that a
 little too disturbing, Wiggulu?

WIGGULU
 (without hesitation)
 No!

To emphasize his point, Wiggulu flings several Mambele daggers at the jackal. They embed themselves in its thick hide, but the creature barely seems to notice.

Suddenly, Xee's eyes widen in alarm.

XEE
 (shouting)
 Watch out!

The group swerves just in time to avoid a cluster of sharp rocks jutting from the ground.

HAMMALU
 (breathing heavily)
 Eyes on the road, people! Those
 rocks are death traps.

As they continue their relentless pursuit, the landscape begins to change. The open grasslands give way to more rugged terrain, with scattered trees and rocky outcroppings becoming more frequent.

EXT. PONDER WONDER BORDER - SKY - DAY

The vast expanse of sky stretches out in all directions, a tapestry of blue punctuated by wisps of cloud. Suddenly, three figures streak across this canvas, their wings cutting through the air with fierce determination.

Zikifema, Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma hurtle earthwards at breakneck speed. The wind whips around them, howling its protest at their intrusion.

ZIKIFEMA
 (shouting over the wind)
 Hang on, ladies! We're almost
 there!

Amara's face is a mask of concentration, her eyes narrowed against the onslaught of air. Dimpieweoma, however, is a different story.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(voice strained)

Sir, I've never moved this fast before! I think I'm going to throw up!

AMARA

(alarmed)

Don't do it, Dimpie! You'll attract Udeles!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(confused)

Udeles?

AMARA

(grimacing)

Those evil, ravenous executioner birds that will pluck your eyes and burst your bowels!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(chuckling nervously)

Ow! I thought they were just kid fables to scare them into eating their food?

AMARA

(deadly serious)

No, Dimple. Udeles are very real killers. They're sensitive to enzymes in saliva and can perceive it miles away, especially when exposed with food spit out of the mouth.

Zikifema, noticing Dimpieweoma's distress, slows their descent slightly. He reaches into a pouch at his side and produces a small loaf of bread.

ZIKIFEMA

(gently to Dimpieweoma)

Eat this. It should make you feel better.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(eyeing the bread
suspiciously)

What is this, Sir?

ZIKIFEMA
Tandayana archychar!

Dimpieweoma takes a hesitant bite. Her face immediately contorts in disgust, as if she's just tasted something unspeakably foul.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(spluttering)
It tastes horrible!

AMARA
(stifling a laugh)
You should see your face now,
Dimpie. Remember, don't throw up!

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FOREST - DAY

The verdant, ancient forest teems with life. Sunlight permeates the dense vegetation, casting dappled shadows on the twig rich floor.

Suddenly, the peace is shattered as the Winged Jackal bursts through the underbrush, still being pursued by the four horsemen.

Wiggulu, Karamo, and Xee urge their horses forward, weaving between the massive trunks with practiced ease.

The jackal, its eyes wild with desperation, veers sharply towards a towering oak tree, causing small animals in the habitat to flee.

XEE
(shouting)
Careful with this beast!

The riders scatter, narrowly avoiding the jackal's attempt to crush them against the tree.

WIGGULU
(breathing heavily)
That was really close!

As they regroup, KARAMO flashes a roguish grin at Xee.

KARAMO
Em! Xeemanda, where is my damsel?
Your sister?

XEE

(exasperated)

Karamo, how many times have I told you she is not my sister?

KARAMO

(chuckling)

I couldn't have been more correct, you two look way more alike. You know, just cut the overprotective crap because you know I like her.

XEE

(rolling his eyes)

Must you like every lady, Karamo?

KARAMO

(winking)

If she is my type for marriage, why not?

XEE

(smirking)

Do you then like the obelemanwu goat queen? You two look alike.

The group erupts in laughter, momentarily forgetting the gravity of their pursuit.

KARAMO

(feigning offense)

Yeah, very funny!

WIGGULU

(between chuckles)

You should get yourself a good wife, you know, Karamo!

Suddenly, the sound of thundering hooves draws their attention.

Two FEMALES burst onto the scene, riding a bizarre, horned horse-sized creature that's part baboon, part buffalo. This is the ADAKAR, a fearsome war beast.

VYRAOMA, a Jamaican-descent woman in her thirties, clad in leather Afro ranger armor, expertly guides the Adakar. Behind her sits LI, a twenty-five year old woman of Chinese and Indian descent, dressed in simple ranger clothes.

The Adakar leaps onto the jackal's back, its powerful jaws snapping at the creature's back, with its front limbs striking against the purple head.

Vyraoma's hand moves in intricate gestures, puppeteering the beast's attacks. It leaps off the jackal's back and joins the pursuit.

KARAMO
(admiringly)
Talk of damsels among men!

VYRAOMA
(shouting over the chaos)
Hi, everyone!

LI
(softly)
Hello!

VYRAOMA
Hammer, we heard about the stolen stone and thought we should join you guys in retrieving it.

KARAMO
(eyes wide)
What an entrance for such beauties!
I was just asking your brother about you. Where are you ladies coming from? And what is that ?

XEE
(sighing)
Don't mind him, he's talkative.

LI
(smiling)
Hi anyway, the beast is an Adakar.

KARAMO
(confused)
A what?

VYRAOMA
An Adakar, a highly intelligent war beast from the eastern realm.

KARAMO
(grinning at Li)
Wow, I've never seen such a dangerous, hideous creature become so tamed. I'm not surprised it melted before you, Li, because you look so divine. Beauty tamed the beast!

LI
 (blushing)
 Oh, so caring. Thanks, Lord Karamo.

VYRAOMA
 (rolling her eyes)
 Karamo, you never change. Sorry to disappoint you, dreamcatcher, but she's already taken by-

KARAMO
 (interrupting)
 Exactly, she's already taken up by my heart!

HAMMALU
 (sternly)
 Enough with the cupid chitchats! It's becoming a distraction. Let's kill this creature before it ends us. You don't want a thousand-year-old kwutemusa in the hands of the wrong people.

The group sobers quickly, refocusing on their mission.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 Let's destroy its legs. Wiggulu and Xee, destroy the left legs while the rest and I incapacitate the right ones. Throw a weapon at the tendons and joints.
 (to Vyraoma)
 Do you have a harpoon?

VYRAOMA
 (smirking)
 You mean this?

She produces a deadly-looking harpoon attached to a rope.

HAMMALU
 Yea! Now, you need to-

Before he can finish, Vyraoma hurls the harpoon with deadly accuracy, striking the jackal's rear right leg.

VYRAOMA
 You mean do this?

KARAMO
 (impressed)
 Wow!

HAMMALU
 (nodding approvingly)
 Excellent, now all of you ride in
 different directions and-

VYRAOMA
 (interrupting)
 Hey! Hammer! We aren't yet done
 with the dog.

With a series of complex hand gestures, Vyraoma commands the Adakar. The beast catches a much larger harpoon she throws into the air, then hurls it with incredible force into the jackal's front right leg.

The creature howls in pain, its gait becoming uneven.

HAMMALU
 That's more like it, but we need to
 hurry so as to avoid crossing the
 border. There are very bad things
 beyond that.

EXT. MEADOW - AFTERNOON

A serene meadow savours what the afternoon sun was offering. ENEKENTIORBAS, small flower birds with large flapping ears, flit among the colorful blooms and tropical shrubs. The peaceful scene is about to be shattered.

Suddenly, three figures appear in the sky: Zikifema, Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma. As they descend, a bolt of energy strikes Zikifema out of nowhere.

ZIKIFEMA
 (grunting in pain)
 Ambush!

Just before crashing into a massive baobab tree, Zikifema pulls out a football-sized, STARBEING, similar to that of the Queen.

The creature instantly projects protective electron spheres embellished with Afro minimalism patterns around Amara and Dimpieweoma.

AMARA
 (voice muffled inside the
 sphere)
 Chancellor!

The enekentiorbas scatter in panic, their wings a blur as they flee the chaos erupting around them.

Amara and Dimpieweoma, encased in their protective bubbles like genies, crash-land in a tangle of limbs and screams.

AMARA (CONT'D)
(disoriented)
What was that?

DIMPIEWEOMA
(breathless)
Lightning!

AMARA
(scanning the area
frantically)
That is no lightning! Where's the
Chancellor?

ZIKIFEMA (O.S.)
(weakly)
I'm right here!

Zikifema staggers towards them, bruised and tense. Another energy bolt streaks towards him, but this time he's ready.

Using the starbeing, he fires back a counter-bolt. The energy crackles through the air, its pattern unlike anything in nature - abstract lines and vector patterns mirroring African minimalist art and seem to defy physics.

The resulting explosion sends shockwaves across the meadow, blowing Amara and Dimpieweoma's spheres into a nearby tree, which bursts into flames.

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)
(grimly)
Assassins.

AMARA
(voice shaking)
Where are they?

ZIKIFEMA
They're invisible.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(panic rising in her
voice)
Invisible? Are they going to kill
us, Sir?

ZIKIFEMA
(determined)
Not on my watch. I'll hide you
both. Just be calm!

He turns to Amara, his eyes intense.

 ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)
Princess, you must fulfill your
destiny!

 AMARA
(confused)
What destiny, Sir?

 ZIKIFEMA
You will know when it's time. Help
will be given to you from a
powerful human ally! Just be quiet,
both of you.

As Zikifema moves away, aiming the starbeing and scanning the area, Dimpieweoma leans close to Amara.

 DIMPIEWEOMA
(whispering)
Did he just say a human ally?

 AMARA
(urgently)
Shh!

Zikifema uses the starbeing to telepathically submerge and conceal the ladies in the ground. The earth seems to swallow them, leaving no trace.

 ZIKIFEMA
(shouting defiantly)
Cowards! You want me? Come and get
me!

He generates two pattern-rich, glowing electron whips from the starbeing. With a series of fluid motions, he begins to thrash the entire area. Trees fall, stones shatter, and shrubs are sliced to ribbons.

Energy bolts taking their forms from African patterns, rain down on Zikifema from all directions. He deflects them with his whips, creating a dazzling light show of explosions and shock waves.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The fleeting forest echoes with the reverberant sound of hoofbeats. Hammalu and his team race through the undergrowth, their horses leaping over fallen logs and weaving between ancient palm trees.

The air is thick with tension and the scent of pine. Ahead of them, the Winged Jackal is relentless, its powerful legs propelling it forward with unnatural speed.

Karamo, his face etched with fear, clings desperately to his mount.

KARAMO
(shouting)
We are going to die!

Hammalu, his eyes fixed on their quarry, calls back without turning.

HAMMALU
No, Karamo! Nobody dies, not today.
Everyone goes home to dine and
wine!

As they crest a small rise, Hammalu's eyes widen. In the distance, ominous plumes of smoke rise above the treeline.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(to himself)
The border is up north. I can
already sense trouble ahead.
(to the group)
We don't want to trespass the
benevolents' domain without the
scroll.

He deftly maneuvers his horse, dodging low-hanging branches and jutting rocks.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
Now, Wiggulu! Hit the front left
leg with everything you've got!
Joints, tendons, all of them! But
be careful not to hit the bowels -
that's where the stone may likely
be.

Wiggulu, a fierce determination in his eyes, nods and readies his weapons. With skillful prowess, he lets fly a barrage of ikul daggers. They whistle through the air, finding their mark in the jackal's front left leg.

The beast roars in pain, its stride faltering.

WIGGULU
(grinning)
Sweet revenge!

HAMMALU

Karamo, the rear right now!

Karamo fumbles for a dagger, but just as he's about to throw, a low-hanging branch knocks it from his grip. Distracted, he doesn't see the massive boulder in his path until it's too late.

LI

(shouting)

Karamo, watch out!

Karamo's horse leaps, but mid-air, another branch catches Karamo squarely in the chest. He's thrown from the saddle, hitting the ground with a sickening thud.

For a heart-stopping moment, the others looking back, fear the worst. But Karamo, showing remarkable resilience, scrambles to his feet and remounts his horse in one fluid motion, catching up with the chase.

HAMMALU

(concerned)

You okay, axe man?

KARAMO

(grinning despite his
bruises)

Never been better!

Karamo reaches for another dagger, only to realize he's lost them all in the fall.

KARAMO (CONT'D)

(to Li)

Hey beautiful, could you lend me a dagger or something?

LI

(apologetically)

Karamo, I'm spent! Sorry!

VYRAOMA

(calling out)

Karamo, I have something better!
Catch!

She tosses him a Maravich flat-bow and a quiver of Aka arrows. Karamo catches them deftly, nocking an arrow in one smooth motion.

HAMMALU

Perfect! I knew you could do it.
Now, Xeemanda, fire!

Xee raises his Mpongwe-variant crossbow, loosing a volley of arrows at the jackal's front legs. The beast roars in agony, its pace slowing to a painful crawl.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(eyes gleaming)
I'll go for the kill.

With the grace of a seasoned warrior, Hammalu rises on his horse's back, balancing like a surfer. In a breathtaking display of skill, he leaps into the air, unsheathing his swords mid-flight.

Time seems to slow as Hammalu descends, his blades poised to end the chase once and for all. But fate has other plans.

Suddenly, a blinding energy blast erupts from nowhere. The forest is engulfed in a deafening explosion, scattering Hammalu and the hunters like leaves in a storm. Trees topple, the ground trembles, and darkness claims them all.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - LATER

Hammalu stirs, groaning as consciousness returns. He pushes himself up, ash and debris falling from his face and clothes. The clearing is a scene of devastation - trees reduced to splinters, the ground scorched and smoking.

HAMMALU
(coughing)
What's going on?

He stumbles to his feet, scanning the area for his companions. They lie motionless, scattered across the clearing. The horses are nowhere to be seen, likely incinerated in the blast.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(panic rising in his voice)
Are they dead? No! That can't be.

He rushes to each of his fallen comrades, shaking them desperately.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
Karamo! Wiggulu! Vyraoma!
(realization dawning)
The stone... I've failed you,
Nnatipiasia!

As the full weight of the situation settles on him, Hammalu's eyes fall on his swords, half-buried in the scorched earth.

He retrieves them, the familiar weight offering little comfort.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(bewildered)
My goodness! What did this?

In the distance, the sound of battle reaches his ears. Proton bolt strikes, electron blasts, and explosions echo from the north.

Without hesitation, Hammalu sets off towards the chaos, determination etched on his face.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

The once-peaceful meadow has become a war zone. Energy blasts tear through the air, shattering trees and scorching the earth. Amidst the chaos, Zikifema, weaponizes the starbeing, battling against unseen foes.

Hammalu, arrives at the edge of the battlefield. He ducks behind a large tree, eyes wide with disbelief at the superpowered conflict before him.

ZIKIFEMA
(shouting defiantly)
Show yourselves, cowards! Discard
the cloak and face me like real
Ikeochichis!

Zikifema raises the starbeing skyward, unleashing a torrent of spherical proton blasts. The air crackles with energy as he repeats the attack behind him.

A pained MOAN pierces the air. Black blood materializes, dripping from an invisible wound.

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)
(laughing triumphantly)
Ha ha! How does that feel,
malevolent?

A neutron blast suddenly erupts from thin air, streaking towards Zikifema. He counters with another sustained proton attack, the energies colliding in a blinding flash.

ZIKIFEMA (CONT'D)
Is that your best move? Haba! Come
on! Come on!

Hammalu, still hidden, watches in awe and confusion.

HAMMALU

(whispering to himself)

Who is this tandayana anyway? Why
doesn't he ever shield himself from
these attacks or just flee?

Zikifema suddenly changes tactics, firing electron bolts into the ground. The earth trembles as particles of soil, twigs and vegetation begin to levitate, wrapping around invisible forms within a twenty-foot radius.

ZIKIFEMA

(voice booming)

I am Zikifema, lord of energies and
science, and I will make you reveal
yourselves!

INVISIBLE FOE #1 (O.S.)

(hissing sinisterly)

You shall be no more, Chancellor!

ZIKIFEMA

(unflinching)

I do not fear death!

Hammalu's eyes narrow as he notices a faint distortion in the air near Zikifema - the refractive index silhouette of an invisible foe.

HAMMALU

(under his breath)

I see you!

Before he can shout a warning, the invisible attacker strikes. An erbium Assegai spear materializes, plunging into Zikifema's back. He cries out in pain, dropping the starbeing as he crumples to the ground.

Multi-colored blood seeps from the wound as Zikifema, with his last ounce of strength, snaps the starbeing.

A Harlequin ladybird beetle with African minimalist patterns is teleported in position, before flying to a spot in the meadow, shape-shifting into a Commodore butterfly.

Hammalu rushes to Zikifema's side, his shepherd's instincts overriding his fear.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(urgently)

Hey! Let me help. Your wound seems
very deep, and the erbium spear is
poisoning you.

He carefully removes the spear and wraps the wound with a cloth from his waist bag.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

Apply pressure. It should slow down the bleeding.

ZIKIFEMA

(weakly)

What is your name?

HAMMALU

Hammalu. I'm a husbandman from Arwkahmanda. I heard you call yourself Zikifema. You are a benevolent?

ZIKIFEMA

Yes, I am a tandayana.

HAMMALU

(with a mix of awe and caution)

I've never been this close to a tandayana before. It's... strange. What attacked you?

ZIKIFEMA

One of our kind, armed with the light-bender skin, Akwalgbagoihe.

HAMMALU

Why did they attack you?

ZIKIFEMA

(grimacing)

Probably because of something I know or am capable of doing.

HAMMALU

You mean protecting your mutant kind?

ZIKIFEMA

Yes, the tandayanas of Powonda.

Hammalu examines the erbium spear, his brow furrowing in confusion.

HAMMALU

Erbium! But if your attackers were tandayanas, how could they hold the spear without burning?

ZIKIFEMA

I sensed a new kind of covering for their hands which protected them from the dark error burn.

HAMMALU

You mean gauntlets?

ZIKIFEMA

Yes, more like gloves made from the sap of the rare Eebowh tree.

HAMMALU

(eyes widening in
recognition)

We call it Akwala, the immortal rubber which always remains alive no matter what you subject it to. It has such a strong level of transferred natural intelligence!

Hammalu helps Zikifema to his feet, but he's weak and pale.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(concerned)

You need urgent treatment. Your wound is mortal.

ZIKIFEMA

(breathlessly)

Let me lay for a while.

Hammalu scans the area nervously.

HAMMALU

This place could be crawling with malevolents any time soon. We should leave!

ZIKIFEMA

(studying Hammalu)

You know, for a human, you must have a very good heart, offering help to a benevolent.

HAMMALU

(shrugging)

A peace agreement still exists between us. Moreover, I guard and rear life. It's really difficult for me to just watch you die. You know, a conscience thing.

ZIKIFEMA

(smiling weakly)

Conscience of shepherds! I like that.

HAMMALU

Can you fly home? I mean, your wings still look intact. So, you can receive tissue healing. Or signal for help?

ZIKIFEMA

(shaking his head)

I don't have much time, and there's something I must do before all that I know and have are lost in time.

HAMMALU

(puzzled)

What would you want to do that's more important than saving your life?

ZIKIFEMA

(cryptically)

Forgive the pain.

HAMMALU

What pain? Are you okay?

Suddenly, before Hammalu can react, the chancellor telepathically removes his double pair of wings and swiftly attaches them to Hammalu's back.

Hammalu screams in agony, staggering as he tries to detach the appendages.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(in shock and pain)

What have you done to me? Wings!
No! Remove them!

ZIKIFEMA

(solemnly)

Pardon me, I had no choice. You have been given a new destiny. Fulfill it for the sake of both our kingdoms.

HAMMALU

(recoiling)

Stay away from me, monster! I knew you all could never be trusted!

ZIKIFEMA

You will find a powerful ally among tandayanas.

HAMMALU

(desperately)

No, undo what you've done to me now! Remove these wings! I only wanted to help save your life. You tricked me!

ZIKIFEMA

(his voice fading)

Tell Powonda I love them. Farewell, shepherd.

With these final words, Zikifema's body begins to shimmer and dissolve, transforming into a humanoid cluster of flickering, humming sparks.

INT. UNDERGROUND ENERGY SPHERE - DAY

A large, translucent energy sphere glows faintly underground. Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma lie asleep inside. The sphere is surrounded by earth, stones, and roots. A faint whinny of horses can be heard from above ground.

Amara's eyes flutter open at the sound. She sits up abruptly, disoriented.

AMARA

Zikifema!

She looks around wildly, taking in their subterranean prison. Her gaze falls on the still-sleeping Dimpieweoma.

AMARA (CONT'D)

(shaking Dimpieweoma)

Haba! How did she enter here?
Dimpieweoma! Dimpieweoma wake up!
Wake up! We're about to be meal for
sharks! And Selenmiriukus! Wakey!
Wakey!

Dimpieweoma remains motionless, snoring softly. Amara sighs in frustration.

AMARA (CONT'D)

So much for a guardian!

Amara stands and begins pushing against the sphere's walls, then kicking it. The sphere doesn't budge.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 What amber has Zikifema entombed us
 in?

She notices a small opening at the top of the sphere,
 partially uncovered by earth. Amara stretches up on her
 tiptoes to peer out.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 (calling out)
 Anyone there? Anyone out there? We
 need help. We are buried down here!
 Really need some help!

Silence. Amara slumps down, dejected. A moment later, she
 spots a familiar butterfly - the one which transformed from a
 ladybird beetle earlier. It lands on the opening, blocking
 her view.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 Hey butterfly, can you please move
 away from my view? I can't see and
 I need to see everything clearly!
 Move! Come on move!

Amara taps the sphere wall near the butterfly. It remains
 still.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 (softly, to herself)
 Oh, Zikifema what have you done?
 You saved us for a slower and
 grimmer death. If you were okay, we
 wouldn't still be in here.

She hugs her knees to her chest, looking small and
 vulnerable.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 I miss my parents and I miss home.

Her gaze falls on the book Zikifema gave her earlier. She
 picks it up hesitantly. As she opens it, roots sprout from
 the book and attach to the sphere's floor. The pages begin to
 glow softly.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 (reading aloud)
 "The life of a ladybird tandayana
 is a call to service and sacrifice
 for others."

She tilts her head, intrigued.

AMARA (CONT'D)
That's interesting. Since the history of Powonda, there has been only two of their kind, Princess Euphemego and Queen Ledomanya.

(beat)
So, I am ladybird the third? Hmm!

She continues reading, her expression changing from curiosity to excitement.

AMARA (CONT'D)
"The ladybird tandayana is attracted to danger and hence without real fear for anything."
(grinning)
That is definitely me.

Her smile fades as she reads the next line.

AMARA (CONT'D)
"She is a good soldier at the time of war."
(grimacing)
War? That is so boring!

She flips through several pages, then stops abruptly.

AMARA (CONT'D)
(reading, eyes wide)
"Besides the king, the queen, the chancellor and an Ugoagha tandayana, a ladybird tandayana is the only tandayana that can possess and command a starbeing."

Amara looks up, a mixture of awe and frustration on her face.

AMARA (CONT'D)
That is delightful to know but how can I command a starbeing on an empty belly in an underground prison?

She tosses the book aside and yawns, her stomach growling audibly. Amara turns to Dimpieweoma again, shaking her more vigorously.

AMARA (CONT'D)
Come on Dimpieweoma! What abyss of a slumber have you fallen into?

Dimpieweoma remains unresponsive. Amara sighs and leans back against the sphere wall, her mind racing.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Hammalu stands in the ravaged meadow, his new wings twitching involuntarily behind him. He grimaces, reaching back to grasp at them.

HAMMALU
(frustrated)
These cursed things! They don't
belong on me!

He strains, trying to pull the wings off, but they remain firmly attached. Wincing in pain, he draws a dagger from his belt.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(determined)
If I can't pluck them, I'll cut
them off!

Hammalu awkwardly twists, attempting to saw at the base of one wing. The blade skitters harmlessly across the feathers.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(angry)
Unbelievable!

He throws the dagger down in frustration. Suddenly, he notices the flickering sparks left behind by Zikifema. They coalesce into a vaguely humanoid shape.

SPARK SILHOUETTE
(deep, echoing voice)
Human, fulfill your destiny!

HAMMALU
(shouting at the sparks)
Destiny? I never asked for this!
What am I supposed to tell my
people? They'll think I'm a freak,
a monster!

The spark silhouette disperses, floating skyward and fading away. Hammalu watches, a mix of anger and awe on his face.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(muttering)
Great. Now what?

His eyes fall on the strange, glowing starbeing nearby. He approaches cautiously.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
What manner of weapon is this?

Hammalu picks it. Immediately, it begins to glow brighter and vibrate intensely. The ground beneath Hammalu's feet starts to shake.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
(struggling to keep
balance)
Whoa! What's happening?

STARBEING
(calm, synthesized voice)
Greetings, master. I am at your
service.

HAMMALU
(startled)
You can talk? What... what are you?

STARBEING
Indeed, I can communicate. Allow me
to introduce myself. I am Ifeoku, a
condensed conservation of alterable
photon energy and antimatter. My
purpose is to serve and guide you
in accessing and utilizing advanced
mutant powers that surpass the
abilities of both tandayana and
humans.

The tremors intensify. Hammalu struggles to stay upright.

HAMMALU
(panicked)
I don't have any powers! Wait... am
I causing this earthquake?

IFEOKU
I'm afraid so, master.

HAMMALU
(urgently)
Well, make it stop before you kill
us both and end this "destiny"
nonsense!

IFEOKU
I cannot control it, sir. Only you
have that power.

HAMMALU
(exasperated)
What do you mean, only I can stop
it? I don't know how!

IFEOKU

Your heightened emotional state and resistance to your destiny are triggering these dangerous occurrences. The instability of your emotions is creating negative impulses in your brain, which in turn affects my antimatter composition, resulting in these seismic disturbances.

HAMMALU

(sarcastic)

Oh, you should be a science teacher. You certainly know how to overcomplicate things. So what am I supposed to do? Just drop you and hope for the best?

IFEOKU

Use your heart, master.

HAMMALU

(confused)

My heart? What does that even mean? How do I use my heart to stop an earthquake?

EXT. DARK FOREST - DAY

A foreboding forest, distant from the lands of men and Tandayanas, the Dark Forest is a twisted web of ancient and mangled life.

Towering, deformed trees loom above, their starved branches casting haunting shadows under the glaring brilliance of the sun.

The vegetation, broken and stunted, shudders weakly in the oppressive light, as though the forest itself resents life.

Different animal and humanoid skins hang grotesquely from the trees, swaying in the stale breeze like laundry in a cursed village.

Suddenly, a rustle emerges from the dense undergrowth. Staggering through the dead foliage, the Winged Jackal appears, its body scorched, fur singed to a charred purple.

The creature's wings hang limply at its sides, broken and blackened, and its body is pierced with arrows, harpoons, and spears—each a reminder of its violent encounter.

The Jackal limps toward the rear of a CLOAKED FIGURE, standing motionless near a large, intelligent EEBOWH TREE.

The figure gazes intently into the tree's hollow bark, where dark latex flows into its hands, hardening into gauntlets.

Without looking back, the CLOAKED FIGURE speaks in a deep, unsettling voice.

CLOAKED FIGURE

(low and coarse)

I was beginning to wonder if I had lost my mind...

The Jackal collapses, gasping for breath.

WINGED JACKAL

(panting)

No, my lord. I have returned... but barely.

CLOAKED FIGURE

And what is it with these arrows, these... burns that scar your pride?

The Jackal shudders, struggling to speak.

WINGED JACKAL

I... was attacked, my lord. By shepherds... husbandmen, they called themselves. Six of them, armed and trained-like soldiers.

CLOAKED FIGURE

Husbandmen? Shepherds of the Arwkahmanda? How curious. And yet, are you not gifted with the ability to fly and carry a piece of my glorious mind within you?

WINGED JACKAL

Yes, my Lord.

CLOAKED FIGURE

Why engage that you can flee from?

WINGED JACKAL

(labored breathing)

My lord, they stripped me of my power of flight, bound me in their snares. I underestimated them... But I shall not make the same mistake again.

CLOAKED FIGURE

Then tell me, who burned you? Did these shepherds also roast you on a spit?

WINGED JACKAL

No, master. The burns... came from the battle between your sons and Zikifema.

At the mention of Zikifema, the figure's posture stiffens. Finally, the Cloaked Figure turns, revealing Ajorom, the deposed King of Powonda. His once-regal figure now the orohnite-manipulating grotesque humanoid.

He is looking partially restored yet still bound in scorched form.

The orohnite crown gleams faintly. He halts the flow of the akwala latex.

AJOROM

(intense)
Zikifema... my accursed nemesis. A mortal foe! Tell me, is he dead?

WINGED JACKAL

I cannot say. I fled before their duel ended. But I believe... the shepherds perished in the crossfire.

AJOROM

I await my sons of shadow to bring me Zikifema's all-powerful star-being. Wrenching it from his dead palms.

He backs the jackal again.

WINGED JACKAL

(weakly)
Hopefully your wait will soon be over great master. Your victory is inevitable, my lord.

AJOROM

(voice darkening)
And your mission? Did you fail me as well, Nkythar?

WINGED JACKAL

No, my king. I have it.

With a burst of excitement, Ajorom turns around and steps forward, his eyes gleaming with feverish anticipation.

AJOROM
Where is it?

WINGED JACKAL
(voice strained)
Inside me... safe in my bowels, my lord.

AJOROM
Release it!

The Jackal gags, its body convulsing in agony. Finally, it regurgitates a radiant seven-colored icosiedodecahedron-shaped stone. The air hums with energy as the stone levitates between them, casting light on the forest floor.

AJOROM (CONT'D)
(awed)
The Kwutemusa... Even more dazzling than the throne of Ponder Wonder.

WINGED JACKAL
My king... what is this stone?

AJOROM
This, Nkythar... is the Kwutemusa.
A non-biological life form.

The stone floats into Ajorom's outstretched hands, its alien glow illuminating his villainous face and glassy eyes.

WINGED JACKAL
(fearful)
My lord... should we not clean it first?

AJOROM
(laughing)
Clean it? This stone, cannot be defiled or deformed by creature biology. It's amazing, isn't it?

WINGED JACKAL
But what does it do, my lord?

AJOROM
It multiplies DNA, tissues, atoms. It can reproduce anything, living, inanimate or dead, mutant or otherwise. With this... I can take back my throne.

WINGED JACKAL

(gasping, weak)

My lord, could it... save me? I am dying... increasing my life force is the least I'm asking for.

The joy on Ajorom's face dims. He leaves the Kwutemusa and approaches the Jackal, who gazes up at him with a flicker of hope.

AJOROM

(gently, deceptively)

Oh, my loyal servant. You shall live forever... I even have better plans for you... I will make you a harbinger of these arrows you bear, of death to those who harmed you. But first, I must release you from the burden of this porous body. And the weight of the memories you carry.

WINGED JACKAL

(desperate, disappointed)

No... please, my lord. I beg you... I wish for life everlasting!

AJOROM

You will have it.

His voice dripping with false kindness, Ajorom summons a storm of orohnite coins from the ground. They twist and transform into arrows and spears, suspended in mid-air before Nkythar's widening eyes.

Without warning, they descend upon Nkythar, piercing its body from all angles. With a gurgling cry, it falls dead.

Ajorom manipulates the orohnite weapons to separate from jackal's carcass then yanks off the husbandmen weapons and crushed them.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

(smirking)

A threat even in death... No more.

Ajorom extracts a small red electrical impulse from Nkythar's corpse. It hovers briefly before being absorbed into Ajorom's forehead. His eyes flash with updated knowledge.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Little-cunning-jackal, you already know this much about the plan.

(MORE)

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Way more than I thought. Too dangerous to leave you alive.

He raises the Kwutemusa, aiming it at the lifeless quadruped.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Kwutemusa, forged from the seven accidents of Amarhar, gift the world of nature and of mutants, with another creature deriving its nature and form from the object of your science without deform.

The Kwutemusa pulses, releasing a burst of light. Nkythar's body shudders, then from it, a perfect replica is generated via mitosis—whole and breathing.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

(in awe)

It can replicate life... even in death. If I had such power during my reign, I wouldn't have lost the Great War.

He manipulates what is left of the crushed weapons into spades which swiftly dig a shallow grave and buries Nkythar. The orohnite spades transform into coins and disappear into the earth.

The newly formed jackal stirs awake, blinking into the alien world.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Arise, sleepy creature. Your master calls for a new dawn of power.

The jackal, now fully under Ajorom's control, rises and howls softly in submission.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

You do not know me creature. I am your master. It's your job to serve me. I know you must be hungry. But you must feed first from the depth of my mind.

A thin blue electrical current flows from Ajorom's forehead into the jackal's skull. The creature stiffens, absorbing the flood of knowledge.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

You now have my mind and my intelligence to guide you towards my will. If you understand me... say my name.

CLONED JACKAL

(hissing reverently)

Hail thee, King Ajorom!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The forest is a site of environmental carnage. Uprooted trees reduced to firewood, the ground is cracked, and smoke rises from various spots. Vyraoma, is the first to stir. She pushes herself up, wincing from a concussion.

VYRAOMA

(groggy, but concerned)

Is everyone okay?

Karamo, sits up next to her.

KARAMO

(rubbing his head)

Am good. We must have passed out for a while.

Wiggulu, points to several charred horse carcasses nearby.

WIGGULU

(shocked)

What just happened?

Li, surveys the destruction.

LI

(grimly)

Even the stallions aren't as lucky as we are.

Xee, scans the area nervously.

XEE

I think we got shot by either benevolents or malevolents. Their exploding projectile may be!

KARAMO

(shaking his head)

Definitely malevolents. Look at the extent of burning. But we didn't trespass their domain.

VYRAOMA
 (thoughtfully)
 I guess their defence is their
 offensive.

The ground beneath them trembles ominously. Debris shifts,
 and small pebbles bounce on the forest floor.

LI
 (urgently)
 We need to leave here now before
 this quake buries us alive.

Suddenly, the earthquake stops as abruptly as it began. An
 unsettling silence descends on the forest.

KARAMO
 (grinning at Li)
 Hmm! Beauty can also stop quakes.

VYRAOMA
 (exasperated)
 Karamo, seriously! You want to do
 this now?

KARAMO
 (sheepish)
 My bad!

VYRAOMA
 (looking around, worried)
 Where's Hammer?

A voice calls out from the distance.

HAMMALU (O.S.)
 Over here!

They all turn to look towards the northeast. Hammalu emerges
 from behind a fallen tree, but he's not the same as before.

Massive dragonfly wings protrude from his back, flapping with
 mechanical speed. In his hand, he wields the glowing Ifeoku,
 pulsing with energy.

The group stares in shock and disbelief.

KARAMO
 (drawing his axe)
 Shepherds, I think we have a very
 serious situation here.

VYRAOMA
 (voice trembling)
 Is that Hammer? Oh, my goodness.
 What have they done to him?

KARAMO
 (aggressive, calls out)
 Hey monster! Who are you and what
 do you want?

HAMMALU
 (approaching cautiously)
 It's me! Don't mind the...

WIGGULU
 (drawing his sword)
 Shape shifter? What have you done
 to him?

KARAMO
 (roaring)
 Ahhh!

Karamo charges at Hammalu, swinging his axe. Wiggulu joins the attack with his sword. Li grabs a nearby club and joins the fray. Hammalu, with surprising agility, defends himself, disarming them one by one.

Vyraoma nocks an arrow and fires, but Hammalu ducks with inhuman speed.

WIGGULU
 (enraged)
 You killed him, we will end you!

Karamo retrieves another axe and continues his assault. Hammalu evades each attack with grace, his new wings giving him an advantage.

Xee joins the fight, swinging a roped harpoon.

XEE
 (anguished)
 So, you killed my brother and took
 his form?

HAMMALU
 (dodging attacks)
 Calm down, I am no shape shifter,
 it's really me!

His pleas fall on deaf ears as the group continues their relentless attack. Hammalu flies into the air, landing a short distance away.

WIGGULU
 (astonished)
 Unbelievable, this is really
 happening! Face to face with a gnat
 man.

Wiggulu discards his sword and charges with a spear. Hammalu
 parries with the Ifeoku, shattering the spear like glass.

HAMMALU
 (screaming in frustration)
 All of you, I did not kill anybody,
 enough of this madness!

Hammalu, pushed to his limit, unleashes a mild stasis blast
 from the Ifeoku. The energy wave washes over his friends,
 freezing them in place. They stare at him, paralyzed but
 conscious.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 (thundering)
 I said it's me. How can I convince
 you boneheads to stop attacking me?
 Can't you see I haven't hurt any of
 you, even though I have enough
 power here to obliterate all of
 you?

He takes a deep breath, trying to calm himself.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 These creepy wings and the
 starbeing aren't mine. A dying
 tandayana forced them on me with
 tissue absorption. I rejected them,
 that was the cause of the quakes.
 But you all are going to help me
 remove them.

Hammalu looks at each of his frozen friends, searching for
 understanding in their eyes.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)
 (softening)
 Are we cool, husbandmen?

Xee's eyes flicker, the only part of him that can move.

XEE
 (strained)
 Can I ask you a question?

HAMMALU

(relieved)

Go on.

XEE

If you are really who you say you are, who among us is in love with an obelemanwu goat queen soup?

HAMMALU

(laughing)

Don't you have a more difficult question? Of course, it's Karamo, Son of Xono!

XEE

(chuckling despite the paralysis)

Shepherds, stand down. It's really him, our own annoying Hammer.

Hammalu waves the Ifeoku, releasing his friends from the stasis field. They stumble as mobility returns, then rush to embrace him.

KARAMO

(clapping Hammalu on the back)

Good to have you back alive, Hammer. What's with these insect wings? Are tandayanas recruiting cockroaches or something?

HAMMALU

(sighing)

It's a complicated ownership situation. Remember as we hunted the jackal-thief, an explosion caused us to pass out. I woke up to find crazy tandayanas destroying the whole forest with energy combat. When one of them got injured, I tried to help him. He pulled off these wings and mandated me to be its next destined owner. Then he died.

VYRAOMA

(shocked)

The tandayana dies?

HAMMALU
 (struggling to explain)
 Yes, and em... turns into em,
 photons and this star...

WIGGULU
 Wait, Hammer. I thought tandayanas
 were immortals?

HAMMALU
 Apparently not. Haven't you read
 your history?

KARAMO
 (examining the wings)
 So, how do we remove these vermin
 wings?

HAMMALU
 All of you grab and pull.

They all grab the wings and pull with all their might, but to
 no avail.

WIGGULU
 (panting)
 Unbelievable!

KARAMO
 (grimacing)
 It's attached to your bones and
 muscles. You are technically a
 goner.

Suddenly, Ifeoku in Hammalu's hand glows brighter and speaks.

IFEOKU
 Master, may I remind you of the
 need for a wholehearted acceptance
 of Zikifema's knowledge, power, and
 destiny.

The group jumps back, startled.

KARAMO
 (eyes wide)
 Haba! The star also talks!

HAMMALU
 (exasperated)
 A crazy fact!

IFEOKU

I can do more than chatter for both
our worlds if the master embraces
his destiny.

HAMMALU

(frustrated)

Destiny, huh? I am not
superstitious! How about embracing
my free will? What man will give up
his humanity for a bunch of insect
and bird people?

IFEOKU

Tandayanas are more than bird or
insect people. Moreover, we will
not violate your free will if you
really decline this call during the
pledge of allegiance.

HAMMALU

(confused)

What pledge of allegiance? To whom?

Ifeoku remains silent. Hammalu, fed up, drops the it to the
ground.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(thundering)

I don't have time for this!

To everyone's amazement, the dragonfly wings detach from
Hammalu's back and fly into the sky, disappearing from view.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(sighing with relief)

Shepherds, let's go home. I am
tired!

VYRAOMA

(skeptical)

That was really easy!

WIGGULU

Good to have your man-life back in
your big hands, Hammer. Lucky
things didn't get weirder than
this.

KARAMO

(thoughtful)

Hmm!

They take a few steps forward but suddenly halt. The sound of twigs snapping and leaves rustling surrounds them. From the shadows of the forest, a dozen dwarfish SPECTRAWLS emerge, armed with sheathed orohnite daggers and wooden baton-staffs.

They form a menacing circle around the shepherds.

Their leader, ODIDA, a grizzled spectrawl of about fifty years, steps forward, wielding a large wooden baton-staff.

ODIDA
(voice rough and
 threatening)
Well! Well! Well! What do we have
here?

The shepherds instinctively back away, forming a defensive circle.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
A species of earthquake just
feasted on our houses, prompting us
to make sure it doesn't also make a
meal of our buried pots of
orohnite. But then what do we find
here? Intrusive, bloody mercenary
humans so far away from home,
wielding a dangerous tandayana
starbeing like a mere plaything on
our lands.

He narrows his eyes, studying the group.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
I mean, do you even have the
slightest idea of how powerful the
creature in your hands is?

Odida takes a menacing step forward, his voice dropping to a growl.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
Better hope that your meddling
hasn't gifted our treasures to the
graveyards of the underworlds
because there will be blood!

HAMMALU
(trying to defuse the
 situation)
Your pots of orohnite?
(MORE)

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

Look, big guy, sorry for your losses, but the starbeing is not ours, and the quakes are technically not our doing. We are not mercenaries, and we don't want spectrawl trouble. We were just heading home. Good luck with your orohnite hunt.

Hammalu signals to the others to move, but Odida blocks their path.

ODIDA

(sneering to Hammalu)

Are you talking to me?

Odida's gazes at Hammalu but is repulsed as he spots the wings on his back.

ODIDA (CONT'D)

(stupefied)

Are those wings on you... meat sack? My goodness! You humans now grow these?

HAMMALU

(attempting to sidestep)

Gotta go now!

The shepherds try to leave, avoiding eye contact with the spectrawls. But Odida's voice stops them in their tracks.

ODIDA

Not so fast, meat sacks! Among all creatures, the human tongue is the most tainted with the venom of lies and deceit.

The shepherds freeze, tension mounting.

ODIDA (CONT'D)

No creature comes close to your versatility in fallacy!

He turns to a bulky spectrawl nearby.

ODIDA (CONT'D)

Anumpama, check the orohnite!

ANUMPAMA

(nodding)

Yes, great one!

Anumpama and the other spectrawls begin probing the ground with their shorter wooden baton-staffs. A soft, rainbow-colored mantra emanates from the staffs, seeping into the earth through the fissures and cracks left by the earthquake.

Odida keeps his piercing gaze fixed on the shepherds, his staff at the ready. The atmosphere is thick with tension as the spectrawls continue their search, and the shepherds stand trapped, unsure of their fate.

INT. UNDERGROUND ENERGY SPHERE - DAY

The translucent walls of the energy sphere shimmer with an otherworldly glow, casting a soft, light on Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma. The sphere remains underground in the meadow.

Amara, eyes wide with wonder, watches the Commodore Butterfly flutter gracefully within the confines of their prison. Dimpieweoma lies motionless, lost in a deep slumber.

AMARA

(to the butterfly)

How did you get in here, little one? Is there an opening I can't see?

She runs her hands along the smooth surface of the sphere, searching for any sign of a crack or seam. Finding none, she sighs and turns back to the butterfly.

AMARA (CONT'D)

What do you want, butterfly? Flowers? I'm sorry, but I'm just a hungry prisoner. I have nothing to offer you.

The butterfly alights on Amara's outstretched hand. In a shimmer of light, it MUTATES into a ladybird. Amara gasps in surprise. Suddenly, a bunch of plum fruits and several loaves of bread TELEPORT into the sphere.

AMARA (CONT'D)

(shocked)

Food! What the... How did you do that?

Without hesitation, Amara pounces on the food, devouring it with the ferocity of a starving tiger. The scent of fresh bread wafts through the air, stirring Dimpieweoma from her slumber.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(groggily)

Food? Where did this come from?

She springs to her feet, joining Amara in satisfying their hunger. Amara, her mouth full, turns to her guardian.

AMARA

(struggling to speak)

I thought you were in a sleep of death, Dimpie.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(sheepishly)

Sorry, princess. I sleep most when I hunger most. Please don't tell your father I left you all by yourself. He may skin me alive.

AMARA

(swallowing)

I won't... but these Mbembe fruits are so tasty.

DIMPIEWEOMA

And the loaves! Mmm! From the finest flour. Darling, tell me, who brought these in here? Was it Zikifema?

AMARA

No, just a cute butterfly that can disguise itself as a ladybird. I think it can also teleport things.

Dimpieweoma looks around, searching for the shapeshifting insect.

DIMPIEWEOMA

Where is it?

Amara scans the sphere.

AMARA

(frowning)

It was on my hand just a moment ago. It's gone now.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(teasingly)

And you were so hungry, darling, that you didn't know when you ate the ladybird that just saved us from starvation!

AMARA
 (horrificed)
 Oh! O! That is so awful a thing to
 do!

As they continue their unexpected feast, a red glow emanates from Dimpieweoma's bag, catching Amara's attention.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 Look, Dimpie! What's that?

Dimpieweoma pulls up her bag, curiosity evident on her face.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (jokingly)
 I don't know. Hope it's more food?

She opens the bag and extracts a GLOWING BOOK. As soon as it touches the ground, roots sprout from its spine, anchoring it in place.

DIMPIEWEOMA (CONT'D)
 (reading the title)
 "How to Woo a Starbeing." What am I
 doing with a star?

AMARA
 (excitedly)
 Please, can I see it, Dimpie?

Dimpieweoma hands her the book, then gazes skyward through the translucent sphere.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 I didn't know you were interested
 in studying the stars, princess. I
 mean, they're kind of too far away
 to talk to, let alone woo.

AMARA
 Not that kind of star. A destiny
 starbeing.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (confused)
 What now is a destiny starbeing?

AMARA
 While you were asleep, I read part
 of the book Zikifema gave me. It
 said ladybird tandayanas, among
 other things, could woo a special
 starbeing like that of Zikifema.

DIMPIEWEOMA

You mean like your parents' stars?

AMARA

(nodding enthusiastically)

Yes!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(skeptically)

Come on, princess. An Amarhar starbeing is one of the most powerful creatures in the clouds and way beyond all of us. Don't tell me you believe everything you read in books.

Amara opens the book, her eyes scanning the pages eagerly.

AMARA

You never know what could be true. Let me see what it says.

(reading aloud)

"There's a warning which says: If you are not the king, the queen, or the chancellor of the kingdom, do not read."

DIMPIEWEOMA

(smugly)

I told you, Amara. Those light-emitting creatures are beyond us.

AMARA

(continuing to read)

Wait, there's more. "If you are an heir to the throne, be patient till you're king or queen."

DIMPIEWEOMA

(nodding)

Okay, that is promising.

AMARA

(excited)

However, if you are graced with the ladybird wings or are an Ugoagha tandayana and have a good disposition, you may try as your DNA is more likely to bond with the starbeing. I told you, Dimpie, I can woo my own starbeing!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (concerned)
 Let me see that book.

Amara hands her the book. Dimpieweoma scans the pages intently while Amara starts to dance around the sphere.

AMARA
 (singing)
 I'm gonna own a star! I'm gonna own a star!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (gravely)
 Before you prematurely celebrate your super heroism, darling, listen to another warning.
 (reading)
 "A ladybird tandayana or an Ugoagha tandayana who can complete the words of wooing will attract the seven starbeings of Amarhar to their DNA and assume power over them. However, if they fail, they will be devoured by the beast of far and near which can sense incomplete or failed motion signatures of the starbeings."

AMARA
 (startled)
 Oh dear! The beast of far and near! Have you ever heard of such?

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (shaking her head)
 No, princess, but I think you should ponder very well this desire of yours for a wonder starbeing. If anything should happen to you, an only child and sole heiress, the king and queen will be devastated for a very long time. They might as well not survive such an avoidable tragedy.

AMARA
 (determined)
 I know that, Dimpieweoma, but Zikifema believed in me and wanted me to fulfill my destiny. If not, he wouldn't have gone this far to tell me about the book of ladybird tandayanas.

(MORE)

AMARA (CONT'D)

And of all books in the library,
why would you have chosen a book on
how to woo starbeings?

DIMPIEWEOMA

(sighing)

You do have a point, princess, but
don't be superstitious. And
moreover, how do we handle the
beast of far and near if things
don't go our way?

AMARA

(confidently)

Since it is about words, I won't
fail.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(skeptical)

Are you sure? You've never done
something like this before, and you
don't have to! This looks like deep
science to me, way beyond bedtime
stories. Are you sure you can
handle it?

AMARA

(reaching for the book)

For Zikifema's sake, I won't fail.
Give me the book!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(reluctantly handing over
the book)

Okay, I wish you the best of luck.

Amara takes the book, her face set with determination. She
opens it, her fingers trembling slightly as she turns the
pages.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FOREST - DAY

The wretched forest absorbs sunrays, dappling the husbandmen
and spectrawls with alternating patterns of light and shadow.

The atmosphere is rank with tension as the search for stolen
orohnite is underway. Hammalu and Odida have eyes locked on
each other.

KARAMO

(whispering urgently)

Hammer, we are in the crosshairs of
real trouble. Spectrawls! What do
we do?

WIGGULU

(voice trembling)

We aren't prepared to take on these
sinister over-cooked energy
guzzlers.

HAMMALU

(trying to maintain calm)

Everybody stay calm. I'll think of
something.

WIGGULU

(panicked)

Better hurry or we're dead!

Hammalu's face contorts with worry. He glances at Ifeoku,
then back at Odida. His expression shifts, a plan forming in
his mind.

HAMMALU

(calling out, feigning
confidence)

You know, spectrawl, this is a
pretty innovative way to search for
stolen orohnite!

Odida whirls around, his abominable form pulsing with anger.

ODIDA

(voice booming)

Stolen? You don't know anything
about spectrawls. For decades, you
bloody humans have ravaged the
earth, plundering orohnite hidden
by our ancestors.

Odida moves closer, his countenance growing more menacing.

ODIDA (CONT'D)

And what did you do with it? Forge
all you use to adorn your sweaty
bodies and fuel your avarice for
all that glitters and glimmers. So,
choose your next words carefully.

VYRAOMA

(stuttering)

Em, great one, we do not have eh...

(MORE)

VYRAOMA (CONT'D)
 orohnite, but we heard rumors you
 have a thing for footwear. Please
 take our expensive shoes and we
 will never be on your path again.

ODIDA
 (scoffing)
 Expensive indeed! And what do we
 make of the stench from your rotten
 feet?

Wiggulu frantically signals for Vyraoma to stop talking.
 Odida's ego swells with indignation.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
 You meddlesome meat sacks take us
 for trash pits only worthy of odor
 and decay. You read bedtime fables
 to your offspring, reducing us to
 despicable shoemakers and cowardly
 hoarders of orohnite jewellery
 eager to grant special powers to
 our captors.

Odida's voice grows more impassioned, a hint of pride
 creeping in.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
 But for centuries, we have
 developed our way of life to become
 forgers of glamorous and lustrous
 weapons for the noble and mighty,
 as well as masters of weaving the
 best of armor and...

Suddenly, Anumpama, interrupts Odida's tirade.

ANUMPAMA
 (anxiously)
 Sorry to interrupt you, great one,
 I have bad news... It's gone!

ODIDA
 (roaring)
 What? Everything?

ANUMPAMA
 (voice quavering)
 Down to the last Nchala orohnite
 needle, lost to the bowels of the
 Earth.

ODIDA
 (screaming in rage)
 Ahhh! What have you bloody dump of
 tasteless meat done to us?

KARAMO
 (whispering urgently to
 Hammalu)
 Hammer, you may need to use that
 star pet of yours now! These
 constant meat references may mean
 we are dealing with a carnivore or
 cannibal.

HAMMALU
 (whispering, conflicted)
 Zikifema, forgive my refusal, but
 we need help.

Odida's baton-staff crackles with energy, his rage
 manifesting through it as bolts of rainbow-colored light.

ODIDA
 (voice thundering)
 You will all pay for this!

He fires a torrent of energy bolts at the shepherds. In a
 flash, Ifeoku zooms into Hammalu's hand. Hammalu raises his
 arm, and a shimmering energy shield materializes, protecting
 the group.

The bolts ricochet off the shield, striking the spectrawls.
 Half of them disintegrate in a shower of radiation.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
 (anguished cry)
 Nooo! You killed them! Nooo!

HAMMALU
 (voice steady, eyes
 blazing)
 You may be dreaded monsters, but we
 are equally resourceful. So don't
 you ever mess with any of us!

Odida's is engrossed in shock and disbelief.

ODIDA
 (voice trembling with rage
 and awe)
 He really commands the star being
 of Amarhar! How can such a powerful
 creature answer to a bloody,
 insignificant human mercenary?
 (MORE)

ODIDA (CONT'D)

Such an aberration! And to make matters worse, he kills my kin with it! How did I not see this coming?

ANUMPAMA

(accusingly)

And you shepherds deny causing the tremors which have wretched us.

The rising tension reaches a crescendo as the two groups face off. Hammalu steps forward, Ifeoku glowing brightly in his hand.

INT. UNDERGROUND ENERGY SPHERE - DAY

Amara sits cross-legged in the sphere's centre, a glowing book open in her lap. Dimpieweoma leans on the wall, plucking food particles stuck in her teeth, idling away, her expression a mix of concern and curiosity.

AMARA

(eyes glued to the page)

This is it! The path to wooing a starbeing!

She looks up at Dimpieweoma, seeking approval. The guardian nods hesitantly.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(warily)

Are you certain about this, princess? The consequences if we fail...

AMARA

(determined)

We have to try, Dimpie. For the kingdom, for Zikifema.

Amara takes a deep breath, steadying herself.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Starbeing of mutant wonders...

Suddenly, the sphere vibrates violently, interrupting her. Both of them scan their surroundings, alarmed.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(voice trembling)

What was that?

AMARA
 (trying to sound calm)
 I don't know. Maybe a quake or the
 stomping of animals.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (not convinced)
 Or maybe it's a warning. Princess,
 perhaps we should reconsider-

AMARA
 (firmly)
 No, Dimpie. We've come too far to
 turn back now.

She refocuses on the book, her voice gaining strength.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 Starbeing of mutant wonders, born
 of the photons of-

The ladybird teleports directly on the page Amara is reading.
 It blocks the next crucial word.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 (frustrated)
 Go away!

She tries to shoo the insect, but it remains stubbornly in
 place.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 What is it, princess?

AMARA
 It's the ladybird! It's back and
 won't let me read!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (puzzled)
 Oh, it wasn't in your belly? Maybe
 it has run out of mutagen food or
 something.
 (beat, then decisively)
 Close the book to squash it.

AMARA
 (shocked)
 What? I thought you were
 sympathizing with it earlier!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (grimly)
 No food, no life, princess.
 (MORE)

DIMPIEWEOMA (CONT'D)
 Sometimes survival requires
 difficult choices.

Amara hesitates, then forcefully slams the book shut. But instead of squashing the ladybird, the book suddenly bursts open, releasing a swarm of ladybirds with wings of various colors.

They blanket the pages, completely obscuring the text.

AMARA
 (panicking)
 Oh no! Where did all of you come
 from?

The swarm grows, thousands of ladybirds crawling out of the book and spreading across the walls of the sphere. Dimpieweoma becomes increasingly agitated.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (shouting)
 It's the book! Stop reading! Stop
 reading! The book is evil!

AMARA
 (stubbornly)
 We can't stop reading, that's what
 the beast of far and near would
 want.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (exasperated)
 Have you looked around lately,
 dear? This is madness!

AMARA
 (trying to stay calm)
 I think the beast is using a strong
 kind of hallucinogen to heighten
 fear and thwart our desires. But
 with courage and patience, we'll
 overcome this.

She takes a deep breath, focusing on the book despite the swarm.

AMARA (CONT'D)
 O antimatter of wonders...

More ladybirds crawl over Amara and Dimpieweoma. They frantically try to brush them off.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(panic rising)

What kind of hallucinogen is this
powerful? They look and feel so
real to me! We're going to die!
Someone please save us!

AMARA

(determined)

Born of the photons of Amarhar...

The sphere begins to quake violently. Dimpieweoma screams, battling against the swarm. Amara grits her teeth, pressing on.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Gift me with your companionship...

She swipes at the ladybirds covering the page, revealing more words.

AMARA (CONT'D)

So I may uphold the...

The ladybirds grow larger, their efforts to cover the book intensifying. Amara uses her free hand to keep them at bay, her voice rising to a shout.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Way of virtue and conquer
scientific errors as well as
maladies wherever they may lurk in
the kingdom!

As the last word leaves her lips, all the ladybirds shapeshift into butterflies. The quaking ceases abruptly.

EXT. CLOUDY SKY - DAY

High above the earth, seven Starbeings hover in formation. Each pulsates with a different color of the rainbow, their brilliance intensifying with each moment.

Suddenly, as if responding to an unheard signal, they detach from their cloudy moorings. They plummet through the sky, leaving trails of vibrant light streaks in their wake.

EXT. UPPER ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

The starbeings breach the upper atmosphere, their descent accelerating. As they plunge deeper, their individual colors begin to blur and merge.

EXT. LOWER ATMOSPHERE - CONTINUOUS

In a dazzling flash, the seven fuse into one large WHITE STARBEING. Its form is fluid and radiant, containing the essence of all seven colors.

The White starbeing streaks down the sky with purpose, heading towards Amara's prison.

As it approaches, it's light intensifies, rivalling the sun.

EXT. UNDERGROUND ENERGY SPHERE - DAY

In a flash, the starbeing collides with the sphere which SHATTERS with a thunderous CRACK, sending fragments scattering across the meadow.

Simultaneously, the starbeing jumps with supersonic speed into Amara's outstretched palm.

As the sphere's pieces fall away, Amara, Dimpieweoma, and countless butterflies are freed. Her eyes GLOW briefly.

A small crater is born where the sphere once was.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(shouting with unbridled
joy)
You did it, Princess! We are free!

AMARA
(breathing deeply,
savoring the moment)
Yes! The sweet breeze of freedom
returns!

Amara gazes at the irradiant starbeing in her hand.

AMARA (CONT'D)
(softly, to the Starbeing)
Welcome to my world, glowing
fellow. I shall call you Kpando.

Amara holds Kpando up, its light casting a warm glow on her face. Her eyes track the fluttering butterflies who soon disperse in a flurry of colorful wings.

They take to the skies, burning with excitement.

Shortly, the crater left by the exploded sphere reveals a massive REPTILIAN EYE, as wide as the crater itself.

It suddenly OPENS. Nonchalant butterflies mistake the flamboyant eye for flowers and surround it.

The eye's lid SLAMS shut with a thunderous BOOM, sealing the fate of the captured butterflies.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FOREST - DAY

The shepherds and spectrawls lower their eyes from the sky, where Amara's starbeing left a trail. Odida, circles Hammalu and his companions like a predator eyeing its prey.

ODIDA

(bitter)

But what has become of the tandayanas, that a starbeing we've sought for ages is now subservient to an inferior human master?

ANUMPAMA

(bewildered)

There must be some sort of explanation for this error!

KARAMO

(defiantly)

Hey imp, this is no error! We can command the starbeing and you can't because we have friends in high places.

ODIDA

(skeptical)

Oh really, friends?

WIGGULU

(confidently)

Yeah, friends!

XEE

(with a hint of threat)

The type that can gift you a quicker death than your cold stone minions!

ODIDA

(smirking)

I have more than just friends.

He nods to his lieutenant.

ODIDA (CONT'D)

Anumpama, the horn!

XEE
 (worried)
 What is he going to do now?

VYRAOMA
 (cautioning)
 Xeemanda, you should stop bruising
 its ego!

XEE
 (dismissively)
 But what else than to call for imp
 back up?

Anumpama blasts a lion-jaw horn, sending rainbow-colored waves into the air. The sound of approaching creatures fills the air.

Hammalu expands an energy shield, covering the shepherds in patterned mini dome.

HAMMALU
 (urgently)
 We need to leave this place now,
 Ifeoku!

IFEOKU
 Master, you have to pledge
 allegiance to the throne.

HAMMALU
 (confused)
 And why is that?

IFEOKU
 My antimatter can connect with the
 DNA of the throne's bloodline.
 Without doing so, you cannot unlock
 the full power and wisdom of Lord
 Zikifema necessary for fulfilling
 your destiny.

VYRAOMA
 (nodding)
 I think you should listen to the
 firefly now.

Suddenly, seven human size hulking BUGGANYCHAWNS emerge from the forest, resembling advanced, scarred, and stitched distant cousins of piggawks.

They are embellished with rusty shark teeth, lining two mouths stuffed into a large jaw.

Leather armour blends with animal hide to cover their hairy skin of the colors of the rainbow. The humans are bedazzled.

HAMMALU

(startled)

What are those?

ODIDA

(smugly)

Friends, spectrawl orohnite can buy or better... spectrawl weapons!

VYRAOMA

(realizing)

As a young girl, my father used to tell me tales of spectrawl- bugganychawns. I never understood what he meant until now.

KARAMO

Spectrawl- bugganychawns?

VYRAOMA

Abominable creatures born from corruption of orphaned bugganychawn babies with spectrawl and septakawn blood. They are said to be immune to some mutagen and can launch energy attacks with their mouths.

LI

Don't forget to add, quick reversible mutation.

HAMMALU

(desperately)

They must have some sort of weakness. Everything does.

But no one knows their weaknesses. Hammalu looks to Ifeoku for guidance.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(resignedly)

Okay, listen. I, Hammalu, heir of Pirimotanya, husbandman of Arwkahmanda, do hereby pledge allegiance to the Powonda throne! Are you happy now?

IFEOKU

I admire your resolve, master, but we have to go to Ponder Wonder so you can make the pledge in person.

HAMMALU

(incredulous)

What! Journey to Ponder Wonder? How do we survive this current threat? These ferocious beasts are literally about to have us for lunch. You have to do something right now, to get us out of this situation.

IFEOKU

Help will always be given to those who ask of it.

Odida stabs the ground with his baton-staff, drawing attention.

ODIDA

(menacingly)

Meat sacks, enough with the blabbing! I will make you only one offer: surrender the starbeing to me and I may consider giving you a quicker death.

The shepherds remain silent, eyes fixated on the growling bugganychawns. VOLCANO, the red one points at the shepherds.

VOLCANO

(roaring)

You all heard the master, hand over the light thing or we make a quick soup of your spleens and bone marrows!

The husbandmen exchange glances. Ifeoku vibrates.

IFEOKU

(whispering to Hammalu)

Master, taunt the blood bugganychawn to come and get me.

HAMMALU

(shouting)

Hey you! Bloody elephant. You want the starbeing? Come and get it!

VOLCANO

(enraged)

My name is Volcano! Ahhh!

Volcano charges towards the humans. As he nears them, Anumpama's dagger, controlled by Ifeoku, stabs his foot. He staggers and thuds to the ground, grabbing his foot.

VOLCANO (CONT'D)
 (screaming in pain)
 Aaahhh! My leg! Stop, it's a trap!
 Everyone stop! Something knifed me!

The other bugganychawns halt, examining Volcano's wound.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FOREST - DAY

The bugganychawns halt their advance, examining Volcano's wound. Odida, glares at them menacingly.

ODIDA
 (seething)
 Why are you stopping, maggots? Kill
 them all and retrieve the
 starbeing!

VOLCANO
 (wincing in pain)
 Boss, something knifed me!

ODIDA
 (dismissively)
 And so what?

FIRESTORM, the orange bugganychawn, approaches Volcano cautiously.

FIRESTORM
 Volcano, who did this? Is it them?

Volcano picks up the dagger, immediately dropping it with an allergic reaction. He examines the black and white blood stains.

VOLCANO
 (shocked)
 What the... Firestorm, it's a
 spectrawl cleaver!

FIRESTORM & ODIDA
 (simultaneously)
 What!

The spectrawls check their weapons. Anumpama discovers his is missing.

ANUMPAMA
 (trying to hide his awe)
 It's mine! These meat sacks already
 plundered me of my blade from afar!

MOONBLOOD, the yellow bugganychawn, offers a suggestion.

MOONBLOOD
Volcano, maybe you accidentally
stepped on the blade.

VOLCANO
(angrily)
This is no accident, Moonblood. My
sight is as clear as day. It's
trickery meant to pitch us against
the master.

JUNGLEFEVER, the green bugganychawn, interjects.

JUNGLEFEVER
Trickery? Mate, you are bleeding!

VOLCANO
(sarcastically)
Of course, Junglefever, I'm
bleeding. I just got stabbed, pig
brain!

HAILSTINGER, the bluish bugganychawn, chimes in.

HAILSTINGER
Volcano, you are leaking fluid!

VOLCANO
(exasperated)
Hailstinger, what is it with you
void-headed maggots? Creatures like
us leak our fluids when we are cut!
(wincing)
Ahhh! What is this?

Volcano notices the white part of his blood flowing into the
burnt horse carcasses.

NIGHTSTAR, the indigo bugganychawn, speaks up.

NIGHTSTAR
Volcano, is that septakawn blood
coming from you?

VOLCANO
(furious)
Nightstar, are you implying I'm an
animal? A donkey? Are you mocking
me?

NIGHTSTAR
 (backpedaling)
 No! Septakawns are no donkeys.

VOLCANO
 (thundering)
 Do I then look like a stinking
 septakawn to you, Nightstar?

NIGHTSTAR
 (quickly)
 Not at all, brother!

VOLCANO
 (to all bugganychawns)
 We are terrifying bugganychawns,
 not degenerate septakawns, idiots.
 It's brain impulse-jamming. Those
 humans are just trying to mess with
 our minds using that destructive
 starbeing! They want to pitch us
 against each other, but it won't
 work.

Suddenly, NETHERWRATH, the violet bugganychawn, shouts in
 alarm.

NETHERWRATH
 Look, the roasted horses!

The dead horses start to exhibit tissue regeneration. The
 humans watch in disbelief.

KARAMO
 (astonished)
 Haba! Are you seeing this?

HAMMALU
 Septakawn blood and the power to
 heal.

XEE
 I thought it was a myth?

HAMMALU
 Not any longer!

WIGGULU
 (worried)
 Will they still be normal? You
 know, still be on the good side,
 rationally?

HAMMALU

(grimly)

Only time will tell, Wiggulu.

Odida, frustrated with the situation, berates the bugganychawns.

ODIDA

Maggots! What have you done?
Reanimating dead donkeys?

VOLCANO

(confidently)

Nothing we can't handle, Sir.

ODIDA

(furious)

Is that what I'm paying you for? I
can't believe this. Forget the
donkeys and give me the starbeing!

Volcano takes charge, barking orders to his fellow bugganychawns.

VOLCANO

Hey! Firestorm, Moonblood,
Junglefever, retrieve that
starbeing. While Hailstinger,
Nightstar, Netherwrath and I will
handle the horses.

JUNGLEFEVER

(confused)

Those look like wildebeests!

VOLCANO

(exasperated)

I know what they look like
Junglefever! Idiot, move!

Firestorm, Moonblood, and Junglefever attack the humans' protective dome ferociously. They pound on it from all sides, but it doesn't crack.

FIRESTORM

(menacingly)

We will hurt you all so bad you'll
wish you were never born.

Firestorm breathes fire on the dome, but it stands tall. Junglefever unleashes a torrent of animated thorny plants, but they fail to penetrate.

Inside the dome, the humans react to the onslaught.

HAMMALU
 (encouraging)
 Courage, shepherds! We'll pull
 through this.

WIGGULU
 (panicking)
 I have never been in such a
 helpless situation.
 (to Ifeoku)
 Come on, luminous fellow, is this
 all you can do for us?
 (to Hammalu)
 Come on, blast these hideous
 creatures to oblivion!

IFEOKU
 Patience is a powerful virtue when
 facing a stronger enemy.

Meanwhile, Volcano, Hailstinger, Nightstar, and Netherwrath
 approach the revived horses cautiously.

VOLCANO
 (wary)
 Caution, comrades! We don't know
 what we're dealing with.

NIGHTSTAR
 (fearful)
 Why aren't they moving now that
 they're all fully healed?

NETHERWRATH
 I have no idea, Nightstar. Maybe
 they need more blood?

Suddenly, one of the horses opens its eyes. With a loud
 whinny, they all transform into four SEPTAKAWNS, mutated
 horse variants with seven movable horns.

Two instantly ram their horns into Nightstar and Netherwrath,
 killing them.

VOLCANO
 (horrified)
 Nooo! Fall back!

Hailstinger retreats swiftly as the septakawns flee into the
 woods.

ODIDA
 (disgusted)
 You maggots are all completely
 useless! What a waste! Anumpama,
 time to go. Everyone, move!

An electromagnetic wormhole opens before the spectrawls.

XEE
 (taunting)
 You know, it's a shame your
 weapons-spectrawl-orohnite-can-buy
 have failed you.

ODIDA
 (ominously)
 You may have won this skirmish, but
 our grand battle will overrun all
 of you when we meet again at a time
 you least expect.

LI
 We will be waiting, orohnite
 plunderer!

As the spectrawls prepare to leave, Hammalu calls out Odida.

HAMMALU
 Hey! Freak! You never told us your
 name?

ODIDA
 You will remember me as Odida, your
 downfall.

HAMMALU
 (smirking)
 If I were you, I'd change such a
 name.

ODIDA
 And why would I want to do that,
 maggot?

HAMMALU
 It jinxes you all!

The shepherds laugh as the spectrawls vanish into the
 wormhole. The remaining bugganychawns, fuelled by grief and
 rage, turn to the humans.

VOLCANO
 (furious)
 Look at what you worms have caused.
 (MORE)

VOLCANO (CONT'D)

The master has abandoned us. You'll pay for all this.

(to bugganychawns)

Brothers, rally unto me! Give me power.

Firestorm, Moonblood, Junglefever, and Hailstinger - abandon their attack on Hammalu's dome and dash towards Volcano. Hailstinger races swiftly ahead of the others.

Volcano spreads his arms wide, awaiting them.

VOLCANO (CONT'D)

(shouting with fervor)

Stronger together!

BUGGANYCHAWNS

(in unison)

Forever!

They collide with Volcano's body, fusing into one entity. The terrifying amalgamation of creatures SHAPE-SHIFTS, transforming into a monstrous being - the BRAWLTRAWL.

It's a zebra-textured, mega humanoid brute with velociraptor-like glowing claws fixed to massive humanoid hands.

The brawltrawl announces its birth with a deafening ROAR that shakes the forest.

HAMMALU

(urgently to the
shepherds)

Everyone, time to go, all of you run for your lives!

VYRAOMA

(concerned)

What about you?

HAMMALU

(determined)

I will try to hold off the monster.

VYRAOMA

(alarmed)

Alone? That's madness!

HAMMALU

(insistent)

Vyraoma, just go. I will be right behind you!

The shepherds hesitate but ultimately flee into the woods. The brawltrawl CLAWS at Hammalu's protective dome, shattering it with ease.

Hammalu aims Ifeoku at the beast, which ROARS like a Nemean lion in response.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

How do I shoot energy bolts? It doesn't seem to be working.

IFEOKU

(calmly)

You have done it before, use your willpower. Imagine you have Zikifema's DNA and own his powers.

Hammalu concentrates, firing an energy ball from Ifeoku. It strikes the Brawltrawl, knocking it back slightly. Encouraged, he fires four more shots in rapid succession.

To Hammalu's dismay, the monster appears unscathed, instead absorbing the energy from the blasts. Its voice a cacophony of the fused bugganychawns.

BRAWLTRAWL

(taunting)

Is that all you can do, human?

The beast HOWLS maniacally, laughter echoing through the forest.

Hammalu, thinking quickly, generates a protective neutron sphere around himself. The brawltrawl, not to be outdone, creates an even larger, more powerful energy sphere that engulfs both Hammalu and his protective barrier.

The monster LIFTS the sphere, Hammalu still inside, and SMASHES it to the ground. The impact QUAKES the earth, but Hammalu's sphere holds.

BRAWLTRAWL (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

You are lucky to survive my fury this long because I am short of two warriors, but playtime is over.

The brawltrawl LIFTS the sphere again, racing towards a jagged rock formation. Hammalu, realizing the danger, leaves Ifeoku floating and draws his double swords.

With a mighty effort, Hammalu STABS through both spheres, piercing the brawltrawl's hide.

Both spheres SHATTER, and Hammalu tumbles to the ground. The brawltrawl TRIPS, momentarily stunned.

Hammalu examines his swords - one is badly mangled. He discards it as Ifeoku flies back into his hands.

HAMMALU
(whispering desperately)
Do something or it's my end!

IFEOKU
(encouragingly)
Hammalu, fight! You are more than a man!

Reinvigorated, Hammalu STRIKES at the brawltrawl with his remaining sword. The monster CLAWS at the blade, losing some of its talons in the process.

But the brawltrawl recovers quickly, KICKING Hammalu to the ground and SNAPPING his second sword. It advances menacingly towards the fallen hero.

HAMMALU
(panicked)
Do something now!

IFEOKU
(mysteriously)
Just tell the monster goodbye.

HAMMALU
(confused)
What?

IFEOKU
Trust me and just say goodbye.

The brawltrawl looms over Hammalu, raising its remnant claws for a fatal strike.

BRAWLTRAWL
Any last words, human?

HAMMALU
(hesitant at first, then
with conviction)
Goodbye!

BRAWLTRAWL
(puzzled)
You say what, human?

HAMMALU

(defiantly)

I said goodbye, you ugly freak!

Suddenly, a large stone SMASHES against the brawltrawl's head with incredible speed, knocking the beast unconscious. Hammalu looks up to see the Adakar, returned from its mysterious absence.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(relieved)

About time!

Hammalu quickly mounts the Adakar, riding a short distance to safety.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

We thought you were dead. Where did you go?

The Adakar merely GRUNTS in response.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

I forgot you don't talk. Thank you for saving my life. Take me to the others.

The Adakar GRUNTS again, and they ride off into the forest, leaving the unconscious brawltrawl behind.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

Karamo, Wiggulu, Xee, Vyraoma and Li race through the meadow, glancing behind them as they foray deeper into the dense vegetation. The group slows, catching their breath.

VYRAOMA

(looking back anxiously)

I don't see Hammalu. Where is he?

KARAMO

(panting)

You know Hammer. Always bringing up the rear.

VYRAOMA

This is different. He's facing a new enemy alone - one far more powerful than anything we've encountered. We can't just leave him behind!

WIGGULU

He told us to run. Hammer's no fool
- he wouldn't take on an opponent
he couldn't handle. He'll catch up.

LI

(quietly)

Unless he sacrifices himself to
save us.

The group stops abruptly, exchanging worried glances as Li's words sink in.

KARAMO

(grimly)

Sacrifice... I hadn't considered
that. But Hammer does have an
impeccable sense of honor.

WIGGULU

(determined)

No! We can't let him die for us. We
have to go back!

They turn and start racing back toward where they last saw Hammalu. Suddenly, a low animal grunt echoes through the trees. The group freezes.

XEE

(whispering)

Did you hear that?

KARAMO

Sounds like some creature is
heading our way.

WIGGULU

The septakawns?

KARAMO

More likely the bugganychawns.

VYRAOMA

Whatever it is, we don't want to
cross paths with it.

KARAMO

Everyone, take cover! Now!

They scatter, ducking behind trees and bushes. Tense moments pass as they wait, barely breathing. Then, a familiar voice calls out.

HAMMALU (O.S.)
 Karamo! Vyraoma! Wiggulu!
 Husbandmen, where are you?

VYRAOMA
 (emerging joyfully)
 It's him!

The group rushes out, embracing Hammalu with relief. Vyraoma and Li hug the Adakar tightly.

KARAMO
 You had us worried, laddie.

HAMMALU
 Vyraoma's powerful pet arrived just in time to stop that bloodthirsty brawltrawl.

VYRAOMA
 (to the Adakar)
 I thought we'd lost you, my dear friend.

The Adakar grunts affectionately.

WIGGULU
 (pensively)
 Speaking of the brawltrawl... could this be a new stage in bestial mutation? Bugganychawns fusing into an even more powerful entity? This threat far surpasses common malevolents or even our own septakawns.

KARAMO
 What exactly are you suggesting, Wiggie?

WIGGULU
 If these bugganychawns multiply and organize into armies, our world could be doomed.

HAMMALU
 Armies, you say?

WIGGULU
 Yes - bugganychawn armies, brawltrawl armies. The possibilities are terrifying.

HAMMALU

(thoughtfully)

Wiggie, I believe that no matter how powerful our enemy becomes, those who stand for good and justice will always find a path to valor and victory.

EXT. SKIES OVER PONDER WONDER'S BORDER - DAY

The sun hangs high in the cloudless sky as Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma soar over vast stretches of land. Amara clutches Kpando, tightly in her hands.

Her eyes scan the landscape below, searching desperately for any sign of Zikifema.

AMARA

(voice tinged with worry)

Dimpieweoma, we've been searching for hours. Where could Zikifema be? We've covered every inch of this border.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(hesitantly)

Princess, I hate to suggest this, but... have you considered that Zikifema might have returned to the kingdom without you?

AMARA

(shaking her head vigorously)

No, he wouldn't do that. He knows how important this journey is to me, to us. He wouldn't just abandon us here.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(gently)

Amara, I know this is difficult to hear, but... if you truly know Zikifema as well as you think, then... we must consider the possibility that he may no longer be in the world of the living.

AMARA

(eyes widening in disbelief)

What? No! That's impossible! He's so powerful, Dimpieweoma.

(MORE)

AMARA (CONT'D)
He's invincible! Those assassins...
they couldn't have...

Her voice trails off, unable to complete the thought.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(softly)
Princess, there are no immortals in
this realm. Anyone can die, even
someone as powerful as your mentor.

AMARA
(voice breaking)
But he just... vanished. How will
we ever know what happened to him?
What am I supposed to tell the
kingdom?

Suddenly, Kpando begins to glow brightly in Amara's hands.
Its light palpitates, drawing their attention.

KPANDO
(in a clear, feminine
voice)
Dark forest!

Amara and Dimpieweoma exchange shocked glances.

AMARA
(stunned)
You can talk?

KPANDO
Yes, Princess. All starbeings can
talk.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(amazed)
Haba! The wonders of this world
never cease to amaze me.

AMARA
(focusing)
You mentioned the dark forest.
What's happening there? Do you know
something about Zikifema?

KPANDO
You will find answers about
Zikifema there, Princess. The dark
forest holds secrets that are key
to understanding his disappearance.

EXT. DARK FOREST - DAY

A haunting tableau stretches for yards, towering baobab trees loom over Ajorom, as he manipulates two orohnite crossbows with hands encased in akwala gauntlets.

Beside him stands Nkythar, its metallic form shinning in the sunlight.

AJOROM

(voice laced with menace)

You are now my personal bodyguard
and the harbinger of death to my
enemies. You must always protect me
from surprise attacks. Transporting
me to wherever I wish to go until
my army is assembled.

Ajorom repositions electrons in the air, opening a small black wormhole. He pulls out the Kwutemusa, which glows with rainbow light.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

(admiring the kwutemusa)

Together, we will build an army the
world has never seen its kind. We
will bring death to our enemies and
ensure our armies always outnumber
the cold teeth of death.

A withered Montezuma cypress tree stands tall nearby. Princess Amara, and Dimpieweoma silently drop on a large branch, hidden by mutant leaves that are see-through on one side. They chat in whispers.

AMARA

(eyes widening)

I see the wolf! The glowing
kwutemusa! Just as the map in the
library showed.

She fixates on Ajorom, confusion evident in her expression.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Who's that?

Dimpieweoma doesn't pay attention as she looks around.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(scanning the area
nervously)

Princess, we are too exposed!

AMARA
 (to the tree, establishing
 a connection)
 Can you hide us in plain sight?

The mutant leaves of the tree rustle and grow, concealing
 them further.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 That's more like it.

AMARA
 Who's that with the kwutemusa?

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (squinting)
 Well, let me see, em... I don't
 know!

KPANDO (V.O.)
 The darkest of all who crave the
 dark!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (puzzled)
 What a name, but why did he skin
 himself?

KPANDO (V.O.)
 He didn't! Others did.

AMARA
 (curious)
 What does the kwutemusa do?
 Zikifema says we need it for the
 pledge.

KPANDO (V.O.)
 It can multiply life from the
 living or dead. Scientifically
 speaking, it can generate cells
 from living or dead tissue.

AMARA
 (awestruck)
 Wow!

BACK TO SCENE

Ajorom returns the kwutemusa to the black wormhole and closes
 it.

AJOROM

(to Nkythar)

I have armed you to kill an entire army if needed. Just target your opponents with my mind in you, think the shot and it happens. Let's have a demonstration. I know you have not eaten.

Ajorom scans the clouds, searching for something.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Birds should make you a refreshing meal. Em, where are those bloody hawks?

His gaze fixes on a point in the sky.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Yeah! There, near the wool-like clouds, you see three buzzards moving swiftly, they must be heading for the mountain plains. Bring them down with just one shot.

NKYTHAR

Yes, master!

Nkythar fires a pair of arrows from each crossbow. Three birds fall from the sky.

AJOROM

(pleased)

Excellent! I know you wouldn't fail me. Go have your meals, you've earned it.

Suddenly, a cracking sound fills the air. A large black wormhole swiftly opens behind Ajorom and Nkythar.

AMARA

(alarmed)

What's happening?

DIMPIEWEOMA

A wormhole and black hole fused together!

The invisible foe#1 who fought Zikifema emerge from the wormhole, bearing another invisible foe#2 in its arms. Their silhouettes reveal them to be winged tandayanas.

Ajorom and Nkythar spin around, their reflexes razor-sharp. Nkythar, overcome with zealous instinct, prepares to attack.

NKYTHAR
 (panicked)
 Master, take cover!

Nkythar fires a torrent of arrows at the invisible foes.
 Ajorom reacts instantly.

AJOROM
 (shouting)
 Nkythar, No!

Ajorom generates a magnetic field, halting the arrows' flight mere inches from their targets.

AJOROM (CONT'D)
 (desperate)
 Nkythar, don't shoot! They are my sons!

NKYTHAR
 (remorseful)
 Apologies master! I didn't mean to harm them, just that I have never seen such strange creatures before.

AJOROM
 (stern)
 Those creatures are my heirs. Only execute an attack if you have confirmed it's really an enemy of mine.

Ajorom recalls the suspended arrows back into Nkythar's crossbows. One of the invisible figures deactivates their light-bender skins, revealing themselves.

OGBUTOTOMYR, 35, carries the lifeless body of his brother CLYVAKATA, 30.

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (anguished)
 Father!

AJOROM
 (panicked)
 My sons! Ogbutotomyr! Clyvakata!

Ajorom rushes to them, taking Clyvakata's body in his arms.

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (sobbing)
 Father, I've failed you! Clyvakata has fallen!

AJOROM
 (devastated)
 Nooo! What happened? Oh no! My son!
 Who killed him, Ogbutotomyr?

OGBUTOTOMYR
 He was hit by a powerful energy
 attack from Zikifema.

Ajorom breaks down, cradling his dead son.

Meanwhile, Amara and Dimpieweoma continue their hushed conversation.

AMARA
 (shocked)
 Ogbutotomyr and Clyvakata!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (struggling to remember)
 Those names sound familiar.

AMARA
 Are those not the sons of...

Their eyes widen as realization dawns.

AMARA AND DIMPIEWEOMA (CONT'D)
 (faces etched with shock
 and fear)
 Ajorom!

They cover their mouths, but their sudden movement rustles leaves, catching the attention of Ajorom, Ogbutotomyr, and Nkythar. The trio's heads snap towards the sound, eyes narrowing suspiciously.

AJOROM
 (voice low, menacing)
 What was that?

Nkythar, pronogrades towards the tree. Its massive paws leave deep imprints in the soil, glowing eyes scanning every leaf and branch. Ogbutotomyr raises his spectre, ready to attack.

Amara's eyes widen in panic. She leans close to Dimpieweoma, her voice barely audible.

AMARA
 (whispering urgently)
 Fleeing hawk!

A small wormhole suddenly appears, and a teleported hawk emerges, taking flight from their hideout.

The distraction works - Ajorom and Ogbutotomyr relax slightly, while Nkythar retreats.

OGBUTOTOMYR
(voice heavy with grief)
Father, I tried to heal him, but...
it was beyond my power.

AJOROM
(struggling to contain his
emotions)
Where is Zikifema?

OGBUTOTOMYR
(hesitating)
Presumably dead. I... I stabbed him
through the heart.

Amara and Dimpieweoma exchange horrified glances, silent tears streaming down their faces as they listen to the murderous exchange.

AJOROM
(voice growing harder)
And the star creature? Where is it?

OGBUTOTOMYR
(regretfully)
I couldn't retrieve it. Clyvakata
was fatally wounded, we had to
leave...

Ajorom's face contorts with rage. He violently drops Clyvakata's lifeless body and summons orohnite chains from the ground, wrapping them around Ogbutotomyr's neck. The chains glow with heat, searing his skin.

AJOROM
(roaring)
I gave you everything! Power,
knowledge, and yet you disappoint
me! You couldn't protect your
brother, and you lost the star-
being. How am I supposed to reclaim
my kingdom now?

Ajorom tightens his grip on his son.

Amara and Dimpieweoma watch in horror, their whispered conversation barely audible.

AMARA
 (voice quivering)
 Is the jackal of a father also
 going to kill his reservoir son
 now?

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (bitterly)
 There's no honor among bloodthirsty
 wolves, princess.

Ogbutotomyr struggles against the burning and choking chains,
 gasping for air.

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (choking)
 Father... you're killing me!

AJOROM
 (coldly)
 Better you dead than Clyvakata!

NKYTHAR
 (pleading)
 Restrain yourself, master! You need
 your bloodline!

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (voice strained)
 I know what you did, father! Why
 Nkythar tried to kill me with the
 arrows?

Ajorom's eyes widen. He releases the chains, which sink back
 into the ground. Ogbutotomyr collapses, gasping and touching
 the raw blisters on his neck.

AJOROM
 (warily)
 What did you say, son?

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (catching his breath)
 You heard me. Or should I tell your
 new hell hound what it really is?

Ajorom's face pales. He turns to Nkythar.

AJOROM
 (tersely)
 Excuse us.

As Nkythar leaves, Ogbutotomyr confronts his father.

OGBUTOTOMYR

(accusingly)

Is this what you desired the kwutemusa for? To become a monster that kills and brings back mindless doppelgängers at will? How is this war?

AJOROM

(defensively)

It's a necessary sacrifice for a greater gain.

OGBUTOTOMYR

(bitterly)

What about the sacrifice of tandayana soldiers who died fighting for a king they believed in? Don't they deserve to live again, even as doppelgängers?

AJOROM

(frustrated)

Maybe they do, but son, without the starbeing - a most powerful weapon - I cannot wield enough power over the massive army I intend to create with the stone.

Amara taps Dimpieweoma.

AMARA

(whispering)

So, this is what this is all about, war!

Ogbutotomyr pauses, lost in thought. Then, his eyes light up with a dangerous idea.

OGBUTOTOMYR

Father, if you cannot have the starbeing... why not create a dark star?

AJOROM

(confused)

A dark what?

OGBUTOTOMYR

A dark star!

AJOROM
 (skeptical)
 Never heard of that. Is it even possible?

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (excitedly)
 I overheard some spectrawls talking about stealing from Powonda's dump of dark energy trapped in mutagen dirt. They plan to use it to create a dark star - the most powerful weapon ever in the hands of a creature.

AJOROM
 (thoughtfully)
 The mehenjoor dump? It's locked in an evil forest in one of the dimensions of Ponder Wonder by Zikifema. But it's impossible to access. I know the spectrawls have been hunting tandayana star-beings for their superiority over rainbow staffs, but stealing all that mehenjoor is madness.

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (persuasively)
 I believe they've found a safe way to do it. So we need to beat them to it or coerce them to do it for us. If they succeed, not only will they make you pay for stealing their orohnite for your new armor, but they'll also obliterate the Ajorom bloodline.

AJOROM
 (intrigued)
 How do we beat them to it?

OGBUTOTOMYR
 Let's pay them a surprise visit... but first, do we bury Clyvakata, or will you do your new thing to his body?

Ajorom considers this for a moment. Nkythar returns, and they mount Clyvakata's body on it before it flies them away.

As soon as they're gone, Amara and Dimpieweoma descend from their hiding spot.

AMARA

(voice shaking with anger
and disbelief)

So, they murdered Zikifema to have
your kind, Kpando! And this stone!

She reaches for the spot where Ajorom opened the black
wormhole, hoping to touch the kwutemusa, but feels nothing.

KPANDO (V.O.)

You can't find the stone, princess.
Black wormholes are doorways into
vast space dimensions which can be
made to appear anywhere. The secret
code that opens the one you seek is
a unique alignment of electrons and
protons lodged in the dark heart of
Ayorom.

AMARA

(bitterly)

And all this happened while the
kingdom basked in a false peace
built on the presumed death of
Ayorom.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(grimly)

And of his killer children.

AMARA

(confused)

But the throne rejected him and
threw him out of the kingdom.
Historians even said he burnt as he
was hurled out of Powonda, that his
corpse was cannibalized and
scavenged by the malevolents.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(thoughtfully)

I guess he survived despite the
odds. Maybe because of the
exceptional power he has over
orohnite, as we've just witnessed.

AMARA

(with growing concern)

Now, he wants a dark star!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(gravely)

An aberration of mutagens mixed
with tandayana cellular waste.

(MORE)

DIMPIEWEOMA (CONT'D)

That will be the greatest threat to all of us, especially now that Zikifema, our defender, is no more.

AMARA

(determined)

We can't allow him to have his way this time: the army, the dark star, all that power. We must warn the humans and our people and, if necessary, go to war.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(hesitantly)

But how do we warn the humans looking like this without already starting a war with them?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Hammalu and his group trudge through the thick grove. Ifeoku levitates among them then pulses in a distinct Morse code pattern.

XEE

(sarcastically)

What now? Is the freak lamp hungry?

KARAMO

(chuckling)

And what could possibly be its food since it is mouthless?

WIGGULU

(earnestly)

Fireflies!

The group bursts into laughter, all except Hammalu, who frowns at their mockery.

WIGGULU (CONT'D)

But its a fact, vermin love to jump into lamps even if it consumes them!

HAMMALU

(stern)

You know, you should show him a little more respect.

KARAMO

(surprised)

Him! You mean like a man thing?

HAMMALU

(resolute)

You and I know we are all still alive because of him. That's why I have to honor him by pledging allegiance to the throne of Ponder Wonder.

WIGGULU

(concerned)

Hammer, if you dare go to the kingdom of insect and bird people, you're going to be a dead man.

HAMMALU

(defiant)

Watch me dare!

Hammalu turns to Vyraoma, determination etched on his face.

HAMMALU (CONT'D)

Vyraoma, I need Adak to make this important journey.

VYRAOMA

(nodding)

He's all yours.

IFEOKU

(interrupting)

That won't be necessary.

HAMMALU

(confused)

How am I supposed to get there without falling into the hands of these evolving species of malevolents?

Ifeoku turns to the Adakar, speaking in a strange, melodic language.

IFEOKU

(in Supuiggbo)

Tuoor Himazit le-nuigwer mgar kwuur
gir ugwoor ukwuur.

SUBTITLE: "Launch Hammalu high into the sky and you will be well rewarded."

The Adakar roars, suddenly grabbing Hammalu. Before anyone can react, it leaps high into the air and tosses Hammalu skyward with tremendous force. Ifeoku ascends with him.

HAMMALU
(screaming)
Adak, you are going to kill meeee!

VYRAOMA
(shocked)
Why did you do that?

The Adakar merely grunts as all eyes turn skywards, watching Hammalu's ascent with a mix of horror and fascination.

ADAKAR
(suddenly speaking)
He will be fine.

The shepherds spin around, staring at the Adakar in disbelief.

SHEPHERDS
(in unison)
It can talk!

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA SKY - DAY

The clear blue sky boasts of fleeting clouds and migrating buzzards. Hammalu tumbles through the air, battling fierce winds and the pull of gravity. His heart pounds like a drum as he plummets earthward. Ifeoku follows him.

HAMMALU
(terrified)
Is this the end?

IFEOKU (V.O.)
Just the beginning. All you need to
do is believe and your brain will
link you to tandayana DNA!

Suddenly, Zikifema's wings drop from the skies, reattaching themselves to Hammalu's back. His descent halts abruptly as he gains control, beginning to fly with newfound grace.

HAMMALU
(exhilarated)
Haba! I didn't feel any pain this
time!

IFEOKU
Because you are starting to embrace
your destiny. Your nervous system
is beginning to adapt as well.

HAMMALU

(curious)

So, what next?

IFEOKU

Just follow my lead. You need to learn a few things before we get to the kingdom.

Ifeoku glides ahead. Hammalu follows, his wings beating steadily as they soar over the vast expanse of Arwkahmanda's forest.

EXT. FOREST PATH - DAY

The midday sun flows through the verdant foilage of the Arwkahmandan forest.

Princess Amara and Dimpieweoma gallop along a narrow path, their horses' hooves kicking up dirt and leaves, while wagging tails shrugged itself off the dirtied company.

Their wings are absent, a result of disguise mutation, courtesy of Kpando.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(shouting over the galloping)

Princess, are you absolutely certain this will work?

AMARA

(confident)

Of course, Dimpie! Disguise mutation rarely fails. Isn't that right, Kpando?

KPANDO (O.S.)

(muffled, from inside a bag)

Indeed, Princess. Especially if there are no unforeseen surprises.

They continue riding for a moment before Amara suddenly pulls on her reins, bringing her horse to an abrupt halt. Dimpieweoma follows suit.

AMARA

(squinting)

Wait... what's that up ahead?

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (excitement building)
 It looks like... could it be? A
 tandayana! Princess, I think it's
 Zikifema!

AMARA
 (hopeful)
 Zikifema!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 Oh, at last!

KPANDO (O.S.)
 Caution!

Ignoring Kpando's warning, Amara leaps from her horse and races towards the figure hanging from a tree branch. Dimpieweoma hurries after her.

As they draw closer, their expression of hope begins to falter. The 'Zikifema' before them is clearly a crude imitation - a scarecrow fashioned from sticks, fruits, tandayana clothes, and large leaves for wings.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (confused)
 A... scarecrow?

The dummy suddenly moves its head like a possessed puppet, transforming their shattered hopes into a vivid nightmare. Amara's eyes widen in horror.

AMARA
 (screaming)
 It's a trap!

The dummy Zikifema EXPLODES like a sandbox tree fruit, revealing a hidden POWRYETAWK#1 that leaps towards Princess Amara.

With lightning-fast reflexes, Amara delivers a powerful kick to the creature's hairy chest, sending it tumbling backwards onto the leafy forest floor.

Suddenly, trap nets fly from all directions, ensnaring Amara and Dimpieweoma. They SCREAM as more powryetawks emerge from hidden pits, surrounding them like Komodo dragons closing in on a carcass buffet.

It's a hunting pack of half a dozen Ikeochichis.

Amara maintains her composure, lying still within the net alongside her guardian. They resemble freshly captured Selenmiriukus, helpless and vulnerable.

POWRYETAWK#1
(growling with glee)
Fresh human meat, gotten at no cost!

DIMPIEWEOMA
(panicking)
Please, don't eat us!

POWRYETAWK#2
(snarling)
Shut up!

DIMPIEWEOMA
(whispering urgently)
Princess, do something!

POWRYETAWK#1
(ears perking up)
Wait! Did I just hear "princess"?

The hunting pack turns their attention to Amara, their antler tusks sprouting menacingly from their mouths. Dimpieweoma freezes, realizing her mistake. Amara rolls her eyes at her distraught guardian.

POWRYETAWK#1 (CONT'D)
(leaning in close)
Which one of you is a princess? And of which kingdom?

Silence falls over the captured pair. The tension builds as the powryetawks await an answer.

POWRYETAWK#1 (CONT'D)
(growing impatient)
A stray human of royal bloodline slew our kind not far from here. So I ask one more time, which one of you is a princess? And of which kingdom?

AMARA
(defiantly)
I am! And I am no human!

The powryetawks HOWL and CHATTER among themselves, clearly taken aback by this revelation.

POWRYETAWK#2

(skeptically)

Wish to lie yourself out of being
our dinner, human?

AMARA

(with fierce dignity)

I do not lie, Ikeochichis, or
cannibals as you suggest! I am a
princess, but of no human kingdom
and it will do you good to release
us immediately, for we mourn!

POWRYETAWK#1

(laughing cruelly)

Irony, isn't it? Having a common
share of mourning! Such nerve,
calling us Ikeochichis and
cannibals, human! You want me to
release you... so I will! With
this!

The creature quickly pulls out a bone cleaver and HURLS it
down towards Amara. In that instant, Kpando reappears in
Amara's hand.

She creates a force field, deflecting the cleaver mid-air. It
spins back, embedding itself in Powryetawk#1's forehead,
killing it instantly.

Taking advantage of the moment, Amara uses energy blasts to
shred the nets. She and Dimpieweoma rise, their wings
reappearing. However, Dimpieweoma's bird wings remain
entangled in the ropes of the net.

The creatures, initially confident in their trap, now realize
they've caught more than they bargained for.

POWRYETAWK#2

(panicked)

She has a starbeing! Benevolents!
Kill them!

The powryetawks surround Amara and Dimpieweoma, brandishing
sharpened animal bones as makeshift spears. Amara's eyes
narrow, her grip tightening on Kpando.

AMARA

(voice low and dangerous)

I warned you.

She makes a swift gesture with Kpando, her voice ringing out
clear and confident.

AMARA (CONT'D)
Erbium and akwala!

In a flash of light, Kpando transforms into an elegant erbium Ikul sword with an akwala grip, pommel, and guard. Amara hefts the weapon, its weight familiar in her hands.

Dimpieweoma flees and Amara faces the onslaught of three powryetawks who assault with dangerous stabbing bones like a pack of porcupines. Their antlers shift between horns and tusks as they attack with ferocious headbutts and bites.

She moves with grace and precision, her skill evident in every motion.

She parries another attack, then launches into a series of lightning-fast slashes. Powryetawk#2 falls to a double horizontal strike, its body crumpling to the forest floor.

She's circled by the rest, Powryetawk#3 in front and Powryetawk#4 behind.

Powryetawk#4 launches a rear assault, but Amara generates powerful air currents with her wings and blows it off into a thorny shrub some yards away.

She fights with Powryetawk#3

POWRYETAWK#3
(circling Amara)
So much power, so much skill from
just a girl! Zikifema really
trained you well.

AMARA
(smirking)
There's more where that came from.
Bring it on, monster!

Amara unleashes a flurry of vertical slashes at Powryetawk#3, their weapons clashing in a deadly dance. With a final thrust, her sword pierces the creature's abdomen.

AMARA (CONT'D)
(breathing heavily)
Learn to respect the lady who
mourns.

As Powryetawk#3 falls, Amara turns her attention to Powryetawk#4, now entangled in a thorny shrub by the antlers. She approaches slowly, her sword at the ready.

Meanwhile, Dimpieweoma flees through the forest path, her wings still tangled from the earlier trap like a fowl from the serrated fangs of a puff adder. Powryetawk#5 and Powryetawk#6 give chase.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(panicking)
Please! Please! Spare me! I'm just
a steward!

In desperation, she throws a piece of leftover archychar at her pursuers. The powryetawks catch and both bite into it, only to spit it out immediately, gagging.

POWRYETAWK#5
(enraged)
Poison! You salty fowl! Dare poison
us like rodents?

DIMPIEWEOMA
(trying to sound
convincing)
No! No! It's not poison, just sweet
cakes! I thought you were starving!

Suddenly, a large shape swoops down from the trees, striking Powryetawk#5 across the face. The creature falls, screaming in agony.

POWRYETAWK#5
My eyes! Something plucked my eyes!
Aaahhh! My eyes!

Black blood oozes from its eye sockets, it springs up holding its eyes, staggering, and groping. Powryetawk#6 looks around in terror, then fixes its gaze on Dimpieweoma.

POWRYETAWK#6
(furious)
What specie of spell is this,
witch?

DIMPIEWEOMA
(genuinely confused)
I don't know! I'm no witch. I had
nothing to do with it!

POWRYETAWK#6
I will impale your crooked
maledicting spine if you don't ...

Before Powryetawk#6 can attack, a swarm of large, black birds descends upon them.

The Udeles, their beaks sharp and eyes gleaming with an otherworldly intelligence, carry off both screaming powryetawks.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(calling out)
Princess, you were right! The
Udeles did hate throwing up!

Back at Amara's location, she watches the Udeles carry off their prey, a grim smile on her face.

AMARA
Smart move, Dimpie.

She turns her attention back to the trapped Powryetawk#4, pressing the flat of her blade against its skin. The ikeochichi howls as the metal burns its flesh. She extends the pressure to its thorns.

AMARA (CONT'D)
(voice cold)
Where is Zikifema's body?

POWRYETAWK#4
(through gritted teeth)
The right question, royal, should
be: where is your future?

AMARA
I don't need to ask because it is
right where it should be!

POWRYETAWK#4
(laughing weakly)
You are indeed no liar, but also
devoid of truth!

AMARA
(pressing harder)
What do you mean, malevolent?

The creature remains silent. Amara transforms the sword back into Kpando, then uses it to generate a thermal blast against the powryetawk's face. It screams in agony.

POWRYETAWK#4
(breaking)
Okay! Okay! Your future and that of
your benevolent kind, lies in the
bowels of a new order, a new
sovereign more powerful than any
before it, especially your
cherished father!

AMARA

(eyes narrowing)

If by sovereign you mean Ajorom,
then I assure you he will never be
king of Ponder Wonder again.

POWRYETAWK#4

(sneering)

Your childish words hold no power
over what is to come. The sovereign
will not be bound by chains of your
throne and will bring down death
like a vermin plague on those who
oppose him.

AMARA

(defiantly)

Even if Zikifema and my father were
to die a thousand deaths, there are
many who will fight and destroy
that mad usurper.

Dimpieweoma returns, her eyes widening at the carcass carnage
around them.

DIMPIEWEOMA

Princess, you killed them all
single-handedly?

AMARA

(with a slight smile)

So did you, guardian. Smart move
using those ferocious birds.

Dimpieweoma gazes at Powryetawk#4 which gnarls at her.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(eyeing Powryetawk#4)

Why spare this thing?

AMARA

It has vital information.

(to Powryetawk#4)

Now, tell me what the usurper's
strike plan is?

EXT. OGBOGUAKWUKWO - DAY

Gentle breeze rustles stems and leaves dangling from the sturdy structure. Hammalu stands before the imposing structure, Ifeoku floating beside him.

HAMMALU
(awestruck)
Amazing edifice. What is this place?

IFEOKU
(with pride)
The Library of Wonders.

Hammalu takes a step back, trying to take in the full scope of the building.

HAMMALU
If I didn't know better, I would think it's the king's second palace.

IFEOKU
(chuckling)
When you see the king's castle, you'll be short of words.

Hammalu turns to Ifeoku, his expression a blend of curiosity and determination.

HAMMALU
So, what exactly am I looking for here?

IFEOKU
(solemnly)
The Akwombu, the alpha book. The first of all books.

Hammalu nods, taking a deep breath before approaching the entrance.

INT. ARWKAHMANDA - FARMHOUSE - EVENING

The warm glow of vintage Moroccan lanterns illuminates the rustic interior of a simple farmhouse.

The walls, fashioned from oak planks and clay, are adorned with an eclectic mix of stuffed animal trophies, African beads, Nok sculptures, and the grim visages of malevolent heads.

At the center of the room, a large wooden table groans under the weight of a sumptuous feast.

Local dishes steam invitingly: bowls of rich egusi soup, platters of aromatic jollof rice, cassava meal, maize meal, fufu, abacha meal, succulent nkwobi meats, and fresh fish.

Kola nuts and alligator pepper paste add pops of color, while palm wine drinks extracted from fruit trees glisten in carved wooden cups.

Seated around this bountiful spread are Karamo, Wiggulu, Vyraoma, Li, Xee, and Adakar.

At the head of the table sits their host and mentor, NNATIPIASIA, an 80-year-old grandfather farmer dressed in vibrant Afro-tribal couture that belies his advanced years.

NNATIPIASIA

(raising his cup)

I am relearning to appreciate farm labor, my friends. We've grown accustomed to rearing a few livestock and planting a handful of seeds, relying on the kwutemusa to multiply our efforts. But perhaps there's a lesson in this loss. Let us be thankful, even when our blessings are taken from us.

The group nods solemnly, each taking a sip from their cups. Karamo clears his throat, his expression grave.

KARAMO

Sir Nnatipiasia, we're grateful for your hospitality, truly. But there's something urgent you need to know. Hammalu has gone to the benevolents' world to pledge allegiance to their throne.

NNATIPIASIA

(raising an eyebrow,
amused)

Pledge of allegiance? That's... interesting.

He takes a long gulp of palm wine, considering this news.

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)

How does he intend to get through their energy barriers without the scroll?

(MORE)

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)

As far as I know, besides tandayana DNA, those energy domes only respond to the xylem of the scrolls.

VYRAOMA

(hesitantly)

Well, Sir, that's... that's a whole different issue. But the most troubling thing is that he's caught up in a... how do I put it... a wings ownership situation.

NNATIPIASIA

(frowning)

A wings ownership situation? What on earth do you mean by that?

WIGGULU

(bluntly)

Sir, she's trying to say that Hammalu is now a benevolent. He's flying all over the skies with the wings of some dead tandayana named Sisilfema.

KARAMO

(correcting)

Zikifema!

WIGGULU

(nodding)

Yeah, Zikifema!

NNATIPIASIA

(rising from his seat,
shocked)

Lord Zikifema is dead? When? How?

XEE

According to Hammalu and a talking starbeing, he was assassinated earlier today.

NNATIPIASIA

(sinking back into his
chair)

Assassinated! My goodness...

He pauses, his mind racing as he processes this information.

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)

That explains everything. The stolen kwutemusa, Zikifema's murder... they're all connected. This is likely foreshadowing a catastrophic event.

LI

How, Sir? What does it all mean?

NNATIPIASIA

(gravely)

Whoever stole the kwutemusa is most likely behind Zikifema's death. The kwutemusa can be used to raise soldiers, entire armies even, from corpses. Zikifema would have been the primary obstacle to such a plan. That's why I believe he was eliminated.

A heavy silence falls over the table as the implications of this sink in.

KARAMO

(leaning forward, brow furrowed)

Sir, you speak ambiguous words. What exactly are you trying to tell us about the kwutemusa?

NNATIPIASIA

(sighing heavily)

The kwutemusa's power goes far beyond simply multiplying food, my friends. Its ability to replicate atoms and cells means it can be used to create full living bodies from mere fragments.

A hush grips the group as they process this information. Nnatipiasia's face darkens further.

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)

Dead, decayed, even cooked body parts... bones... all can be used to create perfect doppelgängers or clones of any creature. In the wrong hands such as the ill-intentioned, the kwutemusa could birth an army of the dead.

WIGGULU

(shocked)

But Sir, we've never seen the stone used to recreate humans! Surely that's not possible?

NNATIPIASIA

(nodding solemnly)

The Elders of the East were wise to restrict its use to life's necessities. But it wasn't always so...

He pauses, lost in memory for a moment before continuing.

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)

There was a time when the stone was used to resurrect the dead at the request of grieving relatives. But then... families of executed criminals, those accused of witchcraft... they began creating doppelgängers of evil persons. It nearly tore our kingdom apart.

VYRAOMA

(softly)

So they banned its use on human remains.

NNATIPIASIA

Exactly. There was a reason for the dead to be left dead.

WIGGULU

(desperately)

Can't the stone be destroyed, Sir? Surely there must be a way to end this threat once and for all?

NNATIPIASIA

(shaking his head)

To the best of my knowledge, with its altered atomic structure, the kwutemusa is indestructible.

A heavy silence falls over the room as the implications of this sink in.

KARAMO

(voice tight with worry)

So which kingdoms are most at risk if war breaks out? Do we need to be worried about Arwkahmanda?

NNATIPIASIA

All kingdoms are vulnerable - human, tandayana, it matters not. None are immune to the devastation of war, especially when we don't know the full extent of our enemy's potential.

XEE

(speaking up for the first time)

But Sir, who exactly is our enemy? Who would want to use the kwutemusa in such a terrible way?

NNATIPIASIA

(grimly)

That, my young friends, is the question we must answer. But I fear the list of those who would seek such power is quite extensive.

KARAMO

(determined)

Sir, how can we warn Hammalu and the tandayana kingdom? They need to know the danger that's coming.

NNATIPIASIA

(nodding)

You must journey to Powonda immediately. Alert them, and protect Hammalu - he may be in grave danger. Those who have stolen the kwutemusa will surely seek the starbeing next. It's an ultimate weapon, one they'll need for victory in war.

ADAKAR

(concerned)

But how will we get past the energy barriers surrounding Powonda?

NNATIPIASIA

(reaching into his robes)

I will give you the scroll of Pirimotanya. It will grant you safe passage through the dome.

He produces an ancient, weathered scroll from a box beside him and hands it reverently to Karamo.

WIGGULU

(practical as always)

But how do we get there fast enough? We'll need really strong horses for such a journey.

NNATIPIASIA

(with a wry smile)

Hey now, don't go getting any foolish ideas about trying to catch those deadly septakawns I heard rumours about. Instead I'll give you guvars which are far better for your journey.

KARAMO

(curious)

Sir, guvars? What kind of horses are they?

EXT. SPECTRAWL VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

The African sun beats down on a bizarre sight: the spectrawl village, a collection of damaged huts and cottages undergoing repair.

Odida, supervises a group of male spectrawls as they work. Nearby, female spectrawls and children assist, creating a bustling scene of reconstruction.

Suddenly, a shadow passes overhead. Ajorom, clad in full akwala armor, descends from the sky atop Nkythar. They land with a THUD in the center of the village.

The spectrawls HOWL in alarm. Women and children scatter, dragging the little ones away from the perceived threat.

AJOROM

(calling out, trying to sound friendly)

Hey, women, children, don't run away! I'm not gonna eat you. Greetings, rainbow fellows! Renovating?

Odida steps forward, his eyes narrowing with undisguised hostility.

ODIDA

(croaking angrily)

Salty meat sack! What do you now seek with this arrogant intrusion?

(MORE)

ODIDA (CONT'D)

Have your kind not caused enough
havoc already?

AJOROM

(feigning confusion)

Spectrawl, I believe by "meat sack"
you mean human? Never knew you
shared cannibalistic cultures with
bugganychawns.

ODIDA

(bristling)

You have such nerve, showing up
here with a pet confused if it
wants to be a bush dog or a
vulture. You have the audacity to
come here even after your
mercenaries sank our orohnite and
killed many of us?

AJOROM

(genuinely surprised)

Mercenaries?

ODIDA

(roaring)

Yes, mercenaries! We heard they and
assassins are always in the service
of your kind. And it was one of
such that sank our orohnite and
murdered our people!

AJOROM

(taken aback)

Haba! When did I sanction all these
mayhem? I believe you are gravely
mistaken with these accusations
because I do not hail from the low
ranks of men.

ODIDA

(skeptical)

If that's the case, who then are
you?

AJOROM

(drawing himself up
proudly)

I am the lord of tandayanas.

A beat of silence, then Odida and the other spectrawls BURST
into uproarious laughter.

ODIDA
 (between guffaws)
 Lord indeed of the carcass flies!

ANUMPAMA
 (joining in)
 And of skinned wingless folks!

The laughter continues, growing louder. Ajorom's face darkens, his patience wearing thin.

AJOROM
 (raising his voice)
 I am looking for my star creature!

The laughter dies instantly. A tense silence falls over the village as the spectrawls' eyes widen in shock and fear.

ODIDA
 (voice low and dangerous)
 What did you just say, lord of vermin?

AJOROM
 (oblivious to the change in mood)
 Some petty human thieves stole my star creature. I was wondering if any of you came across them or have any information on its whereabouts?

Odida exchanges a meaningful glance with Anumpama, who nods and quietly slips away with a LIMPING SPECTRAWL.

ODIDA
 (voice trembling with barely contained rage)
 So, you are the mystery owner of the ravaging star being?

AJOROM
 (perking up)
 Oh, you've seen it? Where is it? I can help you rebuild your homes in return for information.

The remaining spectrawls begin to circle Ajorom and Nkythar, their movements predatory and menacing.

ODIDA
 (snarling)
 Rebuild indeed!
 (MORE)

ODIDA (CONT'D)

Your shredded tongue appears to
outshine the starbeing in the work
of ravaging lives. Our lives!

AJOROM

(finally sensing the
danger)

Did something I say offend you?

ODIDA

(seething with rage)

So, after your mercenaries used
your accursed starbeing to destroy
our homes, our orohnite, and our
people, you now mock us by
presenting yourself as what...? A
victim of theft?

AJOROM

(trying to maintain
composure)

I think there's a lot of
misunderstanding here! I have no
business with those shepherds if
they are the ones you call
mercenaries!

Anumpama arrives, handing Odida his staff and the lion-jaw
horn. A limping spectrawl distributes more staffs to the
aggressive crowd surrounding Ajorom and Nkythar.

ODIDA

(gripping his staff
tightly)

Yeah, there's a big
misunderstanding which we intend to
correct for good.

AJOROM

(feigning a plea)

Spectrawls, this doesn't have to be
resolved with malevolence... em,
Sons!

The spectrawls' exhibit a fatal flaw which prevents them from
realising Ajorom words were a cue not meant for them.

ODIDA

(roaring)

Sons? We are not your sons!

Suddenly, a powerful energy blast erupts from behind,
vaporizing four spectrawls. The crowd turns in horror.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
 (screaming)
 He's not alone! Attack!

An intense battle breaks out. Ogbutotomyr and Clyvakata reveal their forms, wielding amber staffs with akwala gauntlets, before cloaking themselves again.

Spectrawls fire rainbow bolts from their baton-staffs at Ajorom, Nkythar, and the invisible sons. Ajorom creates an orohnite shield from coins that leap from the ground, encasing himself in mozzorgu-style armor.

ANUMPAMA
 (eyes widening in
 realization)
 Master, our orohnite! The vermin
 thief had them the whole time!

ODIDA
 Kill them!

Nkythar takes flight, raining arrows upon the spectrawls. Five fall in an instant. The beast circles, dodging bolts and claiming three more victims with headshots, including Anumpama.

Ajorom, using telekinesis, fashions a Mambele sword from fallen arrows. He manipulates it to slice through staffs and impale two spectrawls with deadly precision.

Cloaked Ogbutotomyr and Clyvakata unleash devastating energy blasts, turning ten more spectrawls to ash. Nkythar continues its aerial assault, picking off six more with perfect headshots.

Ajorom's orohnite chains burst from the ground, binding Odida and the remaining nine spectrawls, restraining their ability for rainbow bolt attacks. The lion-jaw horn drops to the ground.

The captives writhe in pain, their skin blistering from the allergic reaction to the chains.

ODIDA (CONT'D)
 (struggling against the
 chains)
 Let go of me! Let go of me! Coward!

Ogbutotomyr and Clyvakata switch off their cloaks again and aim their staff of ambers at the restrained spectrawls who howl and threatened. Nkythar drops to the ground.

AJOROM
 (coldly observing)
 Violence is a two-faced sword,
 isn't it? It can just strike both
 ways.

ODIDA
 (spitting blood)
 So also, are liars and thieves!

Ogbutotomyr steps forward and strikes Odida, bloodying his nose.

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (emotionless)
 Choose your next words wisely.

Suddenly, the Limping Spectrawl on observing Anumpama still alive, kicks the lion-jaw horn towards him.

He grabs and blows it despite his injuries, unleashing a rainbow blast wave which knocks everyone off their feet and loosens some chains.

In the chaos, seven spectrawls vanish through an electromagnetic wormhole. Odida and the Limping Spectrawl remain trapped, their chains still tight.

AJOROM
 (regaining his footing)
 Oh! You summoned your new foot
 soldiers of commingled blood? That
 was a mistake!

With a gesture, Ajorom forms an orohnite stone from buried coins that crushes Anumpama into the earth. He then tightens the chains around the Limping Spectrawl's throat, killing it.

AJOROM (CONT'D)
 (to Ogbutotomyr and
 Clyvakata)
 Go lay siege for those
 bugganychawns and destroy them
 before they can reach here. And
 Clyvakata... be careful.

As his children depart with Nkythar, Ajorom turns his attention to Odida, who continues to struggle against his bonds.

ODIDA
 (panting)
 What do you want from me?
 (MORE)

ODIDA (CONT'D)

As you can see, it's obvious we don't have your star being which has brought only misery to us.

AJOROM

(leaning in close)

Tell me everything you know about making a dark star creature!

Odida's eyes widen in shock, his mind racing as he realizes the implications of Ajorom's request.

ODIDA

(cautiously)

I will not only tell you all you need to know, but I will also assist you in making it. I only ask in return that you spare my life.

Ajorom considers for a moment, then seizes Odida's wooden baton-staff. The chains binding Odida fall away, leaving angry red welts on his skin.

AJOROM

(pointing the staff at Odida)

I'll keep this till all this is over. Try to trick me and you'll die by your own spectral blast.

Their conversation is interrupted as Ogbutotomyr and Clyvakata return, dragging the corpses of Nightstar and Netherwrath. Nkythar follows, pulling a battered Brawltrawl.

OGBUTOTOMYR

Father, we saw this creature trying to move these bugganychawn corpses futilely. It seems to have a head injury.

Ajorom examines the bodies, his expression unreadable.

AJOROM

(with a sarcastic smirk)

I haven't seen such a creature before. It appears these your double-mouthed soldiers had a fatal encounter with a more worthy adversary!

ODIDA
 (stuttering, clearly
 intimidated)
 It was a surprise attack from
 donkeys... em, septakawns!

AJOROM
 (scoffing)
 Donkeys do not have what it takes
 to kill bugganychawns, neither can
 non-existent septakawns. So, what
 has overpowered your overrated
 thugs and this... thing?

CLYVAKATA
 (interjecting with
 curiosity)
 Why don't we ask the thing?

ODIDA
 (hesitantly)
 It's a brawltrawl.

AJOROM
 (bending over, addressing
 the creature)
 Hey creature! Brawltrawl!

Ajorom jabs the brawltrawl with Odida's weapon. A rainbow
 spark erupts, reversing the fusion mutation. Suddenly,
 Volcano, Moonblood, Firestorm, Junglefever, and Hailstinger
 appear, leaving Ajorom and his sons momentarily stunned.

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (shocked)
 What just happened! Where did all
 these goons come from?

AJOROM
 (excitement building in
 his voice)
 Son, you just witnessed fusion
 mutation. Concealing more in less.
 A priceless strategy for warlords
 and armies.

Ajorom circles the disoriented bugganychawns, his eyes
 gleaming with newfound opportunity.

AJOROM (CONT'D)
 I think I have just found my new
 soldiers.

VOLCANO
 (dazed and confused)
 Where are we? What happened?

Volcano's eyes focus on Odida, recognition dawning.

VOLCANO (CONT'D)
 Master! What are you doing here?

ODIDA
 (hissing)
 Quiet, maggot!

The other bugganychawns look around in confusion, their powerful forms a stark contrast to their current vulnerable state.

AJOROM
 (addressing Volcano
 directly)
 What is your name, bugganychawn?

VOLCANO
 Volcano! Son of Ogbuorti.

AJOROM
 (with a commanding
 presence)
 Volcano, there has now been a
 change of leadership. I am now your
 new master and your king.

Ajorom points at Odida, who shrinks under his gaze.

AJOROM (CONT'D)
 He is now your servant. I will make
 you the new commander of my army,
 answerable only to me and my sons
 here. Your brothers will be
 ruthless soldiers bearing the
 finest of weapons and most
 formidable armors. Enemies will
 crumble before you.

The bugganychawns, still processing this sudden shift, bow before Ajorom.

BUGGANYCHAWNS
 (in unison)
 Long live the king!

OGBUTOTOMYR

(to Ajorom)

Father, this means we have a lot of expansion work to do?

AJOROM

And combat training! But for starters...

Ajorom turns to Odida, his gaze piercing.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

How do you proceed with your new job on the dark star?

Odida hesitates, fear evident in his eyes. Ogbutotomyr and Clyvakata aim their scorching weapons at his face.

ODIDA

(reluctantly)

We need to find a way into Powonda right now!

AJOROM

(nodding thoughtfully)

I know a way, but first...

He turns to Ogbutotomyr, his voice filled with dark purpose.

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Son, I need you to attack Arwkahmanda with a thousand soldiers. I want to make a strong statement in blood to the humans, to never raise arms against me again. I underestimated them before, but not again. They caused me a lot of losses during the great war. For that, I want them to suffer, to weaken their morale such that they'll yield their cold and vacant throne to my rule.

OGBUTOTOMYR

Yes, father. Will you deploy these fusion soldiers for this?

AJOROM

(with a cunning smile)

No, they are not yet ready. I have bigger plans for them.

(MORE)

AJOROM (CONT'D)

Assemble every scumbag, maggot, and scavenger with a thirst for human blood and invade their lands. Let us reserve our finest for the end.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FARMHOUSE - DAY

The African sun beats down on a bustling farmstead. Men, women, and children in vibrant tribal attire move about their daily routines. In the distance, two figures on horseback approach - Amara and her guardian, Dimpieweoma.

As they draw closer, we see Nnatipiasia, tending to a massive, peculiar bird. This is the GUVAR, with its stick-like body and impossibly broad wings. The bird emits a mournful cry that seems to pierce the very air.

Amara and Dimpieweoma dismount, approaching Nnatipiasia with a mix of curiosity and caution. The guvar's eyes - eerily placed on its wings - seem to follow their every move.

AMARA

(with practiced politeness)
Greetings, Sir!

NNATIPIASIA

(warm but wary)
Greetings, young ladies!

DIMPIEWEOMA

(blurting out)
What stick of a bird is that?

Amara shoots Dimpieweoma a disapproving look, then turns back to Nnatipiasia with an apologetic smile.

AMARA

Sorry, Sir! Pardon our lack of manners. I am Miss Adathornema, and this is Lady Orringto. We are traders from the west.

NNATIPIASIA

(chuckling)
Interesting names you bear! I am Sir Nnatipiasia.

Dimpieweoma can't take her eyes off the guvar, its outlandish presence both fascinating and unsettling.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (still fixated on the
 bird)
 But if I may ask, what kind of a
 bird is that, Sir?

NNATIPIASIA
 It's the Guvar.

Amara steps closer, examining the guvar's wings with a
 mixture of awe and trepidation.

AMARA
 Are those... eyes on its wings,
 Sir?

NNATIPIASIA
 Yes.

AMARA
 (breathless)
 The strangest bird I have ever laid
 my eyes on.

NNATIPIASIA
 (with a hint of pride)
 This one is the queen guvar. It is
 the most powerful bird in this
 realm and can lift a hundred men at
 once.

AMARA
 (astonished)
 A hundred men! Haba! Do you rear
 them? I see you are a shepherd as
 well as a farmer.

NNATIPIASIA
 (shaking his head)
 We don't rear them. They breed like
 every other wild bird. They were
 brought to Arwkahmanda during the
 great war by elders of the east.

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (softly)
 It looks so sad!

NNATIPIASIA
 (his voice tinged with
 sorrow)
 It has been grieving for a while
 now for its eggs that were stolen
 by powryetawks.

AMARA AND DIMPIEWEOMA
 (in unison, startled)
 Powryetawks!

NNATIPIASIA
 (eyeing them closely)
 Ye-es! Have you... come across any
 lately, ladies?

AMARA
 (hesitantly)
 Too close for comfort, Sir! That is
 also part of why we are here.

NNATIPIASIA
 (gesturing towards his
 home)
 Let's then go inside and talk over
 some palm wine!

AMARA
 (politely declining)
 No Sir, thanks. We are rather in a
 haste.

NNATIPIASIA
 (with a knowing smile)
 Okay, so what have the powryetawks
 taken from you, sheep or sleep?

AMARA
 Sleep and peace!

NNATIPIASIA
 How is that?

AMARA
 (choosing her words
 carefully)
 Sir, the powryetawks bear dreadful
 tales of the rise of an ancient
 evil, having the largest of bowels
 and darkest of will.

NNATIPIASIA
 (frowning)
 You speak in shrouded tongues!

DIMPIEWEOMA
 (bluntly)
 Let's put it like this, Sir: Ajorom
 lives!

NNATIPIASIA
(recoiling in shock)
What! That's impossible! No!

AMARA
(grimly)
So did we think, and he now plans
to blot out the sun of both our
lands with the smoke of war!

NNATIPIASIA
(visibly shaken)
Such terrible news! It all makes
sense now. All this time, Ajorom
was the puppeteer in the shadows
behind the murder of Zikifema and
the theft of the kwutemusa?

AMARA
(surprised)
You knew about Zikifema, Sir?

NNATIPIASIA
(with a knowing look)
I know everything about the
tandayanas, princess!

Amara and Dimpieweoma exchange shocked glances.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(terrified)
You know who we are?

NNATIPIASIA
Amara, I was there as a boy when
Zikifema crowned your father king.
You were just a baby. Very wise of
you disguising as one of us.
Without the scroll of Zikifema,
benevolents who enter our kingdom
are hunted down and killed like
malevolents.

AMARA
(grateful)
Thanks for your understanding, Sir.
We should be on our way now, but
send word to your king to prepare
for war.

NNATIPIASIA
(with a hint of sadness)
Am afraid we have no king.
(MORE)

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)

I am just the keeper of the throne,
more of a regent as our men no
longer desire royal power for fear
it corrupts them. Our only
reluctant heir to the throne is now
in your kingdom, wishing to pledge
to your father's throne.

AMARA

(intrigued)

This heir, what is his name?

Suddenly, a bone-chilling voice SCREAMS as if answering from
afar:

OGBUTOTOMYR (O.S.)

Death!

Nnatipiasia, Amara, and Dimpieweoma whirl around in horror.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - AFTERNOON

The sky darkens as thunder rumbles and lightning flashes. A
skull size darkly, octagonal black wormhole appears in a
grazing field about a third of a mile away.

Ogbutotomyr's face twisted with malice emerges from the hole.

OGBUTOTOMYR

And his name is of the dead! As all
your names will soon be!

The hole expands to an enormous size, enough to house a herd
of elephants. Its borders glowing with a weird ring of
photons, resembling the wedding ring of the damned.

An army of a hundred Ikeochichis - piggawks, powryetawks, and
grindynawmes - pour out of the wormhole.

They brandish an array of deadly weapons: Blackwood cleavers,
Tuareg daggers, Hadzabe bows, Lele arrows, spiked Rungu and
Knobkerrie clubs, Assegai pikes, with hands protected by
akwala gauntlets.

Ogbutotomyr, wielding an orohnite-okwutel scepter, follows
behind his troops. He fixes Nnatipiasia with a hateful glare
before sealing the wormhole.

OGBUTOTOMYR (CONT'D)

(roaring)

Make these meat sacks drink the cup
of blood they served you aeons ago!

The malevolent army chants in unison:

MALEVOLENT ARMY
Aghar! Aghar! Aghar!

OGBUTOTOMYR
(screaming)
Attack!

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

As the terrifying horde charges towards them, Nnatipiasia springs into action. He throws the guvar into the air, and the majestic bird lets out a deafening signature cry before attaching itself to his back.

A YOUNG STEWARD races out of the farmhouse, handing Nnatipiasia a Salampasu sword, Bamileke metal shield, Kushite bow, and arrows. Nnatipiasia whispers to him before he retreats.

NNATIPIASIA
(urgently)
You two must leave now. We wouldn't want you dying on human territory!

AMARA
(determined)
Sir, I can't leave you alone to be killed by them. I want to fight by your side.

DIMPIEWEOMA
(pleading)
Amara, listen to him. This is not our war.

NNATIPIASIA
Don't be stubborn, princess. You can't fight these malevolents. I have sent word for our well-trained infantry, so I won't be alone!

AMARA
(insistent)
I have killed a number of them today, Sir. I want more of their blood, at least for Zikifema's honor. Just permit me to use my energy blasts.

NNATIPIASIA

(sighing)

Okay! But don't say I didn't warn you.

AMARA

Thank you, Sir.

Nnatipiasia tosses Amara a scroll.

NNATIPIASIA

You will need this. That's ours - keep it so you don't have problems with my people, but return it after all this.

AMARA

(gratefully)

Thank you, Sir.

She turns to her guardian, concern etched on her face.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Dimpie! You must go and hide. If anyone asks you tell them we have the scroll.

DIMPIEWEOMA

But am to watch...!

AMARA

(firmly but with compassion)

Please don't worry. Just do it for me. I can explain to my father.

DIMPIEWEOMA

(reluctantly)

Okay, but be careful!

Amara nods, reversing her wings mutation. Kpando, materializes in her hand. Dimpieweoma hesitates for a moment, then dashes away to hide.

In the background, women, children, and the elderly retreat deeper into their villages.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - AFTERNOON

Ogbutotomyr, leading the encroaching army, races forward, stomping on green grasses and twigs mercilessly. His spectre glows with maximum intensity, casting a sombre light across the battlefield.

OGBUTOTOMYR

(roaring)

Splinter their bones, sever their
heads, and rip open their bowels!

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

From the farmhouse emerge Karamo, Wiggulu, Vyraoma, Li, Xee,
and Adakar, all armed and armored.

They're joined by an impressive infantry: twenty longbow men
with Liangulu bows, fifteen crossbowmen armed with Nayin
crossbows, and thirty swordsmen bearing an array of swords -
Bilao, Ikul, Takouba, and Ngombe.

The infantry's armor is a striking blend of Agojie-inspired
designs with medievalist elements. They bear Adarga variant
shields, hastily assembling into battle formations.

KARAMO

(to Nnatipiasia,
bewildered)

We were set for a treacherous
journey to Powonda when we heard
the war cry. My goodness, an
invasion! Where did they all come
from?

NNATIPIASIA

(grimly)

They just appeared from nowhere,
but that doesn't matter now.
Defending homeland is all that
matters.

Karamo notices Amara, his eyes narrowing with curiosity.

KARAMO

I see we have a visitor from the
other side. Why is she here, Sir?

NNATIPIASIA

For kingdom business, Karamo! She's
Zikifema's protege and is here to
fight with us.

AMARA

(radiating a luminous
smile)

Greetings!

KARAMO
 (skeptically)
 Fair lady, better be a good
 fighter!

AMARA
 (confidently)
 All our women are.

Suddenly, Wiggulu's voice cuts through the air:

WIGGULU
 Incoming!

A surprise energy blast strikes the husbandmen, infantry, and Amara. Shields go up, absorbing much of the impact. Amara, quick to react, shoots counter bolts at Ogbutotomyr.

He evades, but four malevolents behind him are obliterated. The husbandmen take cover behind the infantry.

NNATIPIASIA
 (commanding)
 Use your shields! Avoid those
 electron attacks! Archers... fire!

The swordsmen form a shield wall as longbowmen unleash a rain of arrows from behind.

Crossbowmen follow, their arrows finding marks in the heads and upper bodies of the enemy. Scores of malevolents fall, their bodies trampled by their own forces.

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)
 (analyzing)
 Advance!

The infantry moves forward into the grazing field, husbandmen in tow. Malevolent archers return fire, their arrows whistling through the air. More shields go up, but a few infantry soldiers fall.

Vyraoma and Li, proving their worth, down several malevolents with precise crossbow shots.

KARAMO
 (impressed)
 Good work, ladies.

Ogbutotomyr, enraged, launches a powerful energy blast at the front row of the infantry. Amara, thinking quickly, generates a neutron energy wall that absorbs the blast before disintegrating.

KARAMO (CONT'D)
 (amazed)
 She's really good!

OGBUTOTOMYR
 (thundering)
 Kill the beetle!

Malevolent archers focus their fire on Amara. She manoeuvres gracefully, dodging arrows while protecting herself with a circular energy shield. Then, to everyone's surprise, she takes to the air.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - SKY - AFTERNOON

The sky is charged with unforgiving projectiles. Amara's swift flapping elytra and wings keep her afloat as she scans her targets.

AMARA
 (calling down)
 Let's see how they handle an aerial assault!

She launches her offensive from above, the battle intensifies on the ground.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - AFTERNOON

Felled malevolent bodies are trampled on by advancing infantry. Nnatipiasia intensifies his offensive.

NNATIPIASIA
 (bellowing)
 Fire!

The infantry archers set free a volley of arrows, their deadly projectiles finding marks among the malevolent ranks.

Nnatipiasia takes to the air, his guvar wings unfurling majestically.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - SKY - AFTERNOON

The grey sky is saturated with sky bound and earth bound arrows. Nnatipiasia nocks a Kushite arrow, its tip coated with a red amber.

NNATIPIASIA
 (to himself)
 For Arwkahmanda.

He lets fly, and the arrow explodes on impact, obliterating a cluster of malevolents. The battlefield below erupts in chaos.

NNATIPIASIA (CONT'D)
(shouting to his forces)
Archers, kill the vermin!

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - AFTERNOON

The long bowmen and crossbowmen focus their fire on Ogbutotomyr, who stands at the rear of the malevolent army. With a snarl, he unleashes sonic blasts, shattering incoming arrows and destroying the weapons of the human archers.

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - SKY - AFTERNOON

Nnatipiasia's eyes narrow and he immediately throws in another counter attack.

NNATIPIASIA
(commanding)
Pikes, now!

EXT. ARWKAHMANDA GRAZING FIELD - AFTERNOON

In a stunning display of tactical ingenuity, hundreds of Assegai pikes burst from the ground, impaling and shredding the unsuspecting malevolents.

The tide of battle shifts, the distance between the infantry and the remaining malevolents narrowing rapidly.

Nnatipiasia and Amara descend from the sky, landing amidst their forces. The old warrior's voice rings out:

NNATIPIASIA
Draw swords!

The infantry and husbandmen surge forward, engaging the malevolents in general close-quarters combat and melee attacks. The clash of orohnite on erbium fills the air, punctuated by cries of pain and triumph.

Amara, her face set in grim determination, forms an Ikul sword from Kpando. She moves with lethal grace, her blade a blur as she hacks down malevolents left and right with vertical and horizontal slashes.

Spotting a familiar face in the chaos, she advances on the thorny powryetawk she had interrogated earlier.

AMARA
 (with cold fury)
 Remember me, powryetawk?

She thrusts her sword into the ikeochichi's heart, then kicks its dying form away.

Nearby, Karamo fights with savage intensity. He dispatches a piggawk, narrowly avoiding its blinding attack, then swings his axe in a deadly arc, cleaving a powryetawk in two.

A grindynawme lunges at him, but he blocks its dagger with his shield. Quills fly from the creature, but he deftly evades them before delivering a killing blow.

KARAMO
 (roaring)
 Stay off our lands!

Wiggulu, not far away, drives his takouba sword into a powryetawk's gut.

He spins, bashing another in the face with his shield, the crack of breaking antlers audible even amidst the din of battle. Without missing a beat, he slashes down a charging piggawk.

Xee fights with a different style, hurling Mambele daggers with deadly accuracy. He's a whirlwind of motion, striking down malevolents from every direction while skillfully deflecting attacks with his shield.

The Adakar, bearing Vyraoma and Li on its back, becomes a living battering ram.

It charges through the malevolent formations on hind limbs, crushing foes with rocks held in both hands, while the two women atop it strike down any who come within reach of their Mambele blades.

Suddenly, the Adakar's horns begin to glow. Strange energy balls shoot forth, homing in on the malevolents. They latch onto their targets, enveloping them in searing energy that reduces them to ash.

Nnatipiasia, in the thick of the melee, hacks down enemies with practiced efficiency.

His guvar wings detach periodically, snatching up malevolents and hurling them high into the sky. Some meet their end from a hail of arrows before they even hit the ground.

As the battle rages on, Ogbutotomyr's frustration grows visible. His plans crumbling around him.

OGBUTOTOMYR

(rages)

This is impossible!

With a gesture of defeat, he reopens the black wormhole and escapes through it, the portal closing behind him with a thunderous boom.

A cheer goes up from the human forces. Weapons are raised in triumph, and cries of victory fill the air. But Amara's face remains grave. She turns to Nnatipiasia, her voice cutting through the celebration:

AMARA

Too early a birth for songs of
valor.

NNATIPIASIA

(puzzled)

Why is that?

AMARA

(ominously)

I don't think the sons of shadow
give up that easily.

As if triggered by her words, a deafening sonic blast knocks almost everyone to the ground. The air shimmers, and to the horror of the assembled forces, three black wormholes tear open the fabric of their victory.

From each hole, the first rows of malevolents emerge, their numbers far greater than before.

KARAMO

(in despair)

What have we done!

Nnatipiasia, despite the shock, rallies quickly. His voice rings out, infused with determination:

NNATIPIASIA

Soldiers, battle formations!

The infantry, battered but unbroken, reassembles into fighting positions.

Amara surveys the faces of the soldiers - sweaty, bruised, and strained. She knows they can't withstand another assault of this magnitude.

AMARA

(with steely resolve)

Enough of this nonsense!

She raises Kpando, pointing it at the encroaching enemies.

AMARA (CONT'D)

Kpando, ice in the time of no snow!

The starbeing responds instantly. The air around the wormholes shimmer as thermal energy is rapidly sucked away.

A wave of intense cold sweeps across the battlefield, and before the eyes of the astonished soldiers, the emerging malevolents and the wormholes themselves are transformed into massive ice sculptures.

Silence falls over the battlefield. The soldiers stare in awe at the frozen tableau before them. Karamo's voice breaks the silence:

KARAMO

(in disbelief)

Husbandmen, did you see that?

As the implications of what just happened sink in, Nnatipiasia's voice thunders across the field:

NNATIPIASIA

Pikes!

The atmosphere is awash with trepidation as the pike men emerge from their hidden underground pits. With practiced precision, they hurl their spears and pikes at the frozen malevolents and the black wormhole.

The impact is devastating - the ice shatters like glass, sending crystalline shards flying in all directions.

As the ice particles settle, a chilling sight is revealed: Ogbutotomyr, half-frozen, his hands trapped in ice. In his right hand, barely visible through the frost, is the kwutemusa.

KARAMO

(shouting with urgency)

The stone! He has the stone!

Nnatipiasia, his eyes narrowing with determination, takes quick aim. Without hesitation, he releases an explosive amber arrow. The projectile streaks through the air, striking Ogbutotomyr's arm with devastating force.

The limb is blown clean off, and the kwutemusa tumbles to the ground.

Amara steps forward, her face a mask of grim resolve. She stands before the panting, half-frozen Ogbutotomyr, her voice laced with cold fury.

AMARA

Your usurper of a father will never lay eyes on you again, not even as a doppelgänger. Your wicked path ends here.

OGBUTOTOMYR

(defiant despite his condition)

You lie!

AMARA

(with steely conviction)

I don't lie!

Suddenly, a frozen mehenjoor pike thrusts out of Ogbutotomyr's mouth, poised to impale the princess. But Amara's reflexes are lightning-fast.

She ducks backward, her body arching gracefully as she falls. In a display of incredible dexterity, she drops Kpando mid-air, catching it between her feet.

Time seems to slow as Amara, still falling, aims Kpando at Ogbutotomyr. A blinding flash erupts from the weaponized starbeing, and Ogbutotomyr is vaporized into oblivion, leaving nothing but a fading wisp of smoke.

The battlefield is wrapped in awe for a moment, the enormity of what just transpired sinking in. Then, the Adakar lumbers forward, retrieving the kwutemusa and bringing it to Nnatipiasia.

The old man raises the rainbow-glowing stone high, its surface catching the light.

A roar of triumph erupts from the assembled forces. Cheers, applause, and cries of jubilation fill the air. Soldiers embrace one another, weapons raised in victory.

NNATIPIASIA

(his voice carrying across the field)

Yes! We did it. You are all valiant soldiers. Pirimotanya will be proud of all of us.

The celebration continues, but Amara's expression remains guarded. She approaches Nnatipiasia, her voice low and serious.

AMARA

Sir Nnatipiasia, you also deserve much thanks for being such a commander.

NNATIPIASIA

(turning to her with a warm smile)

Amara, you are a most worthy ally. Zikifema would be so proud of what you have done here today.

AMARA

(nodding gravely)

Yes, he will, but this is just the beginning of a beast wave. Ajorom is coming!

EXT. DARK FOREST - NIGHT

The thick forest vegetation eclipses a greater part of what little moonlight there is, creating a sensible, oppressive darkness.

Ajorom stands in a small clearing, his imposing figure silhouetted against the dim backdrop. Around him, Clyvakata, Nkythar, and Odida stand in solemn silence, their faces etched with a mix of fear and uncertainty.

Ajorom's anguished cry pierces the night air, echoing through the trees.

AJOROM

(wailing)

Ogbutotomyrrr!

His voice is raw with grief and rage, a sound that sends shivers down the spines of those around him.

INT. OGBOGUAKWUKWO - DAY

The once-pristine library is now a scene of utter devastation. Broken bookshelves lie scattered across the floor, their contents strewn about haphazardly among litter of broken stems and roots.

Torn pages flutter in the air, carried by tropospheric breeze. The air is thick with dust and the acrid smell of destruction.

In the center of this chaos stands Hammalu, his posture defiant, eyes blazing with newfound courage.

In his left hand, he clutches Ifeoku, while his right hand grips his trusty hammer.

Facing him are Volcano and the six bugganychawns now sporting guvar wings, their presence a dark contrast to the library's former serenity.

VOLCANO

(sneering)

Meat sack, hand it over! The star!

Hammalu's grip on Ifeoku tightens, his voice carrying a rugged resolve that surprises even himself.

HAMMALU

(mockingly)

I thought your brains got crushed
to a pulp?

VOLCANO

(boasting)

As you can see, we come with
upgraded skulls!

The bugganychawns flex their wings menacingly, their eyes gleaming with malice.

HAMMALU

(with a hint of challenge)

So then, come and take it if you
can.

He presses Ifeoku firmly against his chest, and within seconds, an intricate full-body tribal armor envelopes him, courtesy of Ifeoku's matter-bending abilities. An orohnite multicoloured African tribal Akan Mask covers his face.

The bugganychawns' eyes narrow, surprised by this unexpected display of human bravado. Both sides charge furiously towards each other to fight.

FADE TO BLACK.