

PRAYPREY: WORLD BREAKER

Screenplay by

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Stylized animated feature

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FADE IN:

**INT. HAVEN NURSERY - NIGHT**

FIRELIGHT flickers against walls of polished fossil-bone.

Acrid smoke—the stench of scorched resin and ozone—chokes the rib-arched corridors.

VALKYRITH (15) skids around a corner. Her carapace is a mottled jade-speckled brown, dusty with ash. On her brow, three sensory nodes—THIRD-EYES—sit dark and dormant.

She cradles a shrieking HATCHLING to her chest. Its tiny translucent wings buzz in blind panic.

Behind her, VEDRAN (14) scrambles. He is smaller, his chitin still soft, his movements jerky with terror.

The rhythmic, syncopated CLICKING of lacquered carapaces echoes from the shadows.

HOLLOW SWARM TROOPERS flood the hall—a wall of obsidian plates and hissing breathing-vents. They don't just walk; they advance with a predatory, mechanical cadence.

Underfoot, the nursery floor—slick with jade-colored yolk—shudders as unhatched eggs CRUNCH beneath heavy trooper boots.

VEDRAN

Oh, no.

Valkyrith's antennae whip back, tasting the metallic tang of the Swarm's advance. She jams her serrated claws into a splintered doorframe—halts, pivots.

She shoves the hatchling into Vedran's trembling arms.

VALKYRITH

Run.

He freezes, staring at the wall of black armor closing in.

VALKYRITH

NOW!

Vedran bolts into a narrow ventilation flue.

Valkyrith vaults a collapsed archway, her wings snapping open just enough to flare—a deliberate threat display to draw the troopers' eyes. They take the bait.

**EXT. HAVEN - NURSERY ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Ash drifts like grey snow. The bioluminescent lichen that once lit the city is guttering out, replaced by the orange roar of

fire.

Valkyrith staggers out of the smoke, her lungs burning.

She stops.

A shadow stretches long across the ground, cast by a figure lying in the center of the courtyard.

AMETHYL (40s).

The old mantid lies amidst the wreckage. Her ornate robes are shredded. Limbs wrapped around the last living clutch.

Breathing—barely.

Valkyrith drops to her knees.

VALKYRITH

Amma...

Amethyl's eyes flutter, searching.

AMETHYL

(weak, trembling)

Spark.

She smiles. Raises a hand—her trembling clawed fingertips touch Valkyrith's face.

AMETHYL

Never forget who you are.

The pseudo-pupils fade from her compound eyes.

Her hand falls.

Gone.

Valkyrith clutches her—soundless at first—then a raw, broken cry.

ON VALKYRITH'S BROW: The dormant Third-Eyes IGNITE.

Not a gentle awakening. A violent birth—gold light SPUTTERING like an engine catching, flickering, failing, then BLAZING steady.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. CHAPEL VAULT - NIGHT**

Fractured light from the DIVINE MIRROR. A faint breeze through a shattered arch. Motes drift.

At the outer perimeter of the sanctuary, VOWLESS MONKS stand like statues. Silent. Resolute. They do not move, nor do they look at the intruders. They simply are.

VALKYRITH and VEDRAN enter, AMETHYL'S BODY in their arms.

They kneel, lay Amethyl beneath the Mirror. Valkyrith steadies her, folding her claws with care.

Silence.

VEDRAN stands near the Mirror's edge. He glances at the surface  
—

IN THE MIRROR: Vedran's reflection shifts. Not him as he is—him as he will become. Older. Encased in obsidian Swarm armor. Eyes cold and hollow. Serving the edict-givers.

Vedran staggers back, breathing hard. He meets Valkyrith's gaze—a flash of shame, of fear—

Then he turns and RUNS.

Valkyrith exhales. Alone.

The Monks in the shadows do not stir.

She takes a breath. Her closed wings vibrate softly against her carapace.

VALKYRITH  
(winged whisper-chant)  
Hush-a-bye, you grounded ember,  
Don't you cry, you leaf-borne  
flame.

The vaulted mosaics catch her voice, carrying it upward.

ON HER BROW: Her Third-Eyes begin to STROBE—gold pulses dimming to ember, then flaring again. Each cycle longer. Each interval darker.

The strobe CATCHES on the Mirror first—light skimming the convex surface like a heartbeat finding glass.

The Mirror RESONATES with her grief.

VALKYRITH (CONT'D)  
Mama's in the husk-nest, spinning  
up shelter, Papa's bones are buried  
in the flame.

Light radiates outward across the Mirror. The Monks remain motionless, though their antennae twitch.

The strobing Third-Eyes reach a fever pitch—

ON THE MIRROR: the chapel reflection THINS—then gives way.

FLASHES — NOT SEPARATE SCENES, A CASCADE:

**FLASH TO:**

**EXT. GARDEN PERCHES - NIGHT (2 DAYS EARLIER)**

The strobe SNAPS to stillness.

Stars above. VERDANT RAIN drifts—glass-like drips dissolving into mist.

Valkyrith and Vedran sit on a curved outcrop, legs dangling. Her Third-Eyes are dark. Dormant. This is before.

VEDRAN

I dream of someone saying my name.

VALKYRITH

(coy, smiling)

"Vedran."

VEDRAN

(smiles slightly)

No.

(then solemn)

Saying it in crescent moonlight.

VALKYRITH

(smile vanishing)

You can't want that!

VEDRAN

And why not?

VALKYRITH

Because...

(beat)

I don't want you to die.

VEDRAN

Val, I'll never be strong. If I die, I'd become useful. Plus, you'd always remember me—

VALKYRITH

You don't have to die to be sure of that.

She reaches out. Claws brush his.

VALKYRITH

I will always remember you.

A soft double-click of mandibles.

**FLASH TO:**

**INT. HAVEN - LOWER NESTS - DAY (1 DAY EARLIER)**

Valkyrith arrives home. She stops outside the nursery and from a small opening in the bone wall peeks in to watch Amethyl feeding verdant fungal blooms to hatchlings.

Amethyl hums to them, her wings trembling lightly in rhythm with the tune.

**FLASH TO:**

**INT. HAVEN - LOWER NESTS - YEARS EARLIER (MEMORY WITHIN MEMORY)**

A younger Amethyl sits with a small Valkyrith gathered in her arms.

AMETHYL

You're light tonight. Did you eat?

Silence answers.

AMETHYL

There was once a queen who ruled a garden at the edge of molten cliffs. A storm came. In the chaos, she found a wounded mothling.

Young Valkyrith's eyes close.

AMETHYL (O.S.)

She could have left it. She had before. But something stayed her claw.

AMETHYL (O.S.)

Years later, when the garden burned, it was the mothling who returned. And lifted her to safety.

Amethyl strokes Valkyrith's brow, covering the dormant Third-Eyes.

AMETHYL

Kindness, Val. It doesn't always pay what you expect. But it always pays.

**FLASH TO:**

**INT. HAVEN - LOWER NESTS - DAY (1 DAY EARLIER)**

Valkyrith smiles at the memory. Enters the nursery. Sneaks up on Amethyl.

She wraps her adolescent raptorial claws—the once single digits already differentiating into individual fingers—around Amethyl from behind.

Amethyl doesn't flinch. She simply stands motionless.

AMETHYL

(dryly)

Are you going to devour me?

VALKYRITH

No. I just wanted to tell you...

AMETHYL

Yes?

VALKYRITH

I—I just never want you to leave.

AMETHYL

(smiling warmly, knowing)

Thank you, Val. Now go to bed.  
We've got an early morning—it's  
your special day.

**FLASH TO:****INT. CHAPEL VAULT - NIGHT (PRESENT)**

The strobe accelerates.

ON THE MIRROR: BLACKNESS spreads across the convex surface—like ink in water.

A sharp sound. Inverted bell.

The room seems to INHALE.

The Mirror's reflection PEELS away into a black horizon—

A LUMINOUS THREAD ignites at Valkyrith's feet in the glass—climbing into darkness, fracturing into branches.

Below: churning dark threads—THAL'GOX, a mass of hunger.

Above: radiant light—THE FIRST EMBER, watching.

Visions spiral in the Mirror's skin:

— Valkyrith cloaked in light.

- Valkyrith crowned in thorns, claws bloody.

- A world where she was never born.

One branch flares GOLD-

ONE FRAME ONLY:

PRAYPREY—holding a luminous blade.

Gone before it can be understood.

The strobe hits a breaking point-

**FLASH TO:**

**INT. HAVEN NURSERY - NIGHT (THE PRESENT - THE MOMENT OF DEATH)**

The memory SLAMS forward-

Amethyl lies in the wreckage. Her body wrapped around the LAST LIVING CLUTCH.

A HOLLOW SWARM TROOPER stands over her, BATON raised.

ON THE MIRROR: a dark shape rises—baton poised—already falling.

The baton DROPS-

**MATCH CUT TO:**

**INT. CHAPEL VAULT - NIGHT (THE PRESENT)**

The Mirror CRACKS.

A sound like a world breaking.

Valkyrith's eyes snap open. Her Third-Eyes BLAZE gold—no longer strobing. Steady. Awake.

ON AMETHYL'S BODY: The lifeless form begins to glow.

Not gold. VERDANT.

Her inner structure CRYSTALLIZES—flesh becoming luminous green-gold dust. It swirls upward in delicate spirals, drawn toward the fractured Mirror.

The HAIRLINE CRACK widens. The dust streams into it—consumed, preserved, remembered.

ON THE MIRROR'S SURFACE: For one breath, Amethyl's reflection appears whole—her expression radiant with love, mercy, farewell.

Then she is gone. The dust settles. The crack remains.

A single drop of LIQUID STARLIGHT beads from the fracture—falls—lands on the stone where Amethyl's body lay.

A SIGIL BLOOMS where it lands: MERCY.

Distant bone flutes sound. Drums. The aggressive rhythm of the HOLLOW SWARM approaching the Chapel steps.

Valkyrith reaches toward the empty space beneath the Mirror.

A HAND grabs her shoulder.

She looks up. The VOWLESS MONKS have surrounded her.

The LEAD MONK steps close. His chestplate HUMS—resonance, urgent and deep.

LEAD MONK  
(chestplate hum)  
You were seen.

Valkyrith tries to pull away, back toward the spot beneath the Mirror.

VALKYRITH  
I won't leave her.

The Monk's hum deepens, almost like a second voice speaking through him.

LEAD MONK  
(chestplate hum)  
She was chosen.  
(beat)  
You are chosen.

Bone flutes sound closer. Drums. Shouts outside.

Valkyrith trembles, torn between the crack in the Mirror and the door.

LEAD MONK (CONT'D)  
(chestplate hum)  
She is broken.  
(beat)  
You will be broken.

Valkyrith looks up at the fractured Mirror—at the seam where her mother's dust vanished—then down at her own trembling claws.

The Monk grips her tighter.

LEAD MONK (CONT'D)  
 (chestplate hum, softer)  
 She has risen.  
 (beat)  
 Now you will rise.

He pulls her up.

The Lead Monk's wings SNAP—a short, sharp burst—and he VAULTS her over a collapsed pillar. The others follow in staggered leaps—their wing-pulses syncing in tight, rhythmic bursts—covering ground the Swarm will have to climb.

They reach the rear archway just as the MAIN DOORS SHUDDER under a BATTERING RAM.

**EXT. BROKEN RIDGELINE - NIGHT**

The Vowless lead her along a misted ridgeline. Bone-shaped rock. Fossil arches rise jagged and black against silver-blue moons.

Valkyrith looks back once. Smoke rises from the Chapel. She turns forward.

The Tower of Dust and Memory looms.

Jagged spines curve inward, cupping the full moon. The tower grows from the mountain, its skin alive with shadow and fossil striations.

A narrow path glows molten-gold, winding up into the hollow of the spines. Light pools at the base like memory gathering.

The Vowless stop. Valkyrith stands between them, framed by moon and black teeth. Wind hisses through the spines of the tower.

She steps forward. Resolve set.

Valkyrith climbs the glowing path. The Vowless follow, bone-dust robes trailing gold. The moon hangs fixed above the crown.

They vanish into the hollow. Swallowed by dark.

**SMASH TO BLACK.**

**SUPER: "PRAYPREY: WORLD BREAKER"**