

Fire Flies

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INT. GERALD RAMSEY'S BEDROOM - LATE EVENING - REAL TIMES

CLOSE-UP: DRAWING PAPER ON DESK WITH A COLORFUL PARTIAL DRAWING OF THE CASTLE ON DRAGON'S PEAK AS GERALD'S MARKER DRAWS THE LINES AND FILLS IN THE COLORS.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS OUT REVEALING GERALD RAMSEY, 12, IN DEEP CONCENTRATION ON HIS ARTWORK.

His bedroom has multiple drawings of dragons, castles etc hanging on every wall, clearly being Gerald's fixation in his beautiful art.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GERALD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANN RAMSEY, 38, GERALD'S mother approaches the door smiling, seeing the faint light below the door.

She gently knocks on the door then peaks in the room.

ANNE

Gerald, you know your father will be here early in the morning to pick you up. Maybe you should get some sleep?

INT. GERALD RAMSEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gerald looks up from his artwork.

GERALD

Okay mom. Do I have to go this weekend?

ANNE

You know your father looks forward to his weekends with you.

GERALD

I do too but "she'll" be there.

ANNE enters the room standing by GERALD'S desk.

ANNE

It'll be okay. We'll talk about that in the morning. Is that the same castle as that one?

ANNA point to the large drawing of Dragon's Peak on wall.

GERALD

It's from the King's drawbridge entry to the royal courtyard.

ANNE

Very nice. You're getting so good.
You've become my personal
Michelangelo.

GERALD

I'd rather be the King.

ANNE

Well, King Gerald needs to get
some sleep.

GERALD crosses to the bed and gets in and ANNE covers him up, kisses him sweetly on the forehead then turns and leaves the room.

Gerald lays looking at the large drawing of Dragon's Peak on the wall.

GERALD

Yeah, King Gerald would be cool.

CAMERA PIVOTS THEN ZOOMS IN SLOWLY ON THE DRAGON'S PEAK DRAWING FOCUSING ON THE COLORFUL PURPLE DRAGON ON THE WHITE FLAG ABOVE THE TOWER OF THE CASTLE.

THE FLAG ANIMATES IN A BREEZE.

EXT. TARAK FOOTHILLS - FIRST LIGHT - MYSTICAL TIMES

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS OUT FROM FLAG REVEALING:

The sun is rising amidst the clouded hills, peering briefly between the earth and the overcast skies.

KING GERALD'S ROYAL GUARD TROOPS, 500 strong, are riding through the foothills displaying their ROYAL BLUE AND GOLD ROYAL COLORS AS WELL AS THE PURPLE DRAGON ON A WHITE FLAG, heading for THE CASTLE ON DRAGON'S PEAK, the King's family home in nearby Montarel.

A rider, ARABA, female, 25, approaches from the rear flanks towards the LEAD GUARD, KEEL, 30ish, an attractive, long haired redheaded, well built man.

ARABA

Times are soon to be no longer
quiet. Even the skies are clouded.
The hills of Tarak are dangerous.

KEEL

Then the sooner we get to Dragon's
Peak the safer our King will
sleep.

The clouds in the sky begin to move deepening their shadowy overcast.

Araba casts her weary glaze skyward.

The Royal Guard crests the hill and begin their descent to the wide valley below.

As they reach the bottom of the hill arrows fly, striking Araba in the shoulder and killing several guards.

HORDES OF SHAMBALAN WARRIORS descend on them.

Araba, hanging on her horse, yanks the arrow from her shoulder, grabs her bow and returns fire using the arrow, killing a Shambalan Warrior. Claspig the palm of her hand over the wound she uses her powers to stop the bleeding, then returns to the fight next to Keel.

The Royal Guard has moved forward in defense from their attackers in a bloody battle.

THE SISTERS OF ARABAS, SIX WOMAN WEARING IDENTICAL CLOTHING TO ARABA approach Araba from the rear.

ARABA

Protect King Gerald at all cost.

The Sisters of Arabas return to the rear flank and surround the COVERED ROYAL WAGON BEARING KING GERALD.

KEEL

ARABA!

A WARRIOR has broken through and is aiming for Araba.

Araba, YANKS HER YLANG, a long, thin, brass appearing pole, from her side saddle, swinging it past the oncoming Warrior, effortlessly slicing him in half.

Warriors and Guards alike are falling in spilled blood.

A DARK SHADOW MOVES UN-NOTICED WITH GREAT SPEED OVER THE BATTLE TROOPS.

The battle rages violently with Keel leading the battle.

AGAIN THE SHADOW PASSES OVER, UN-NOTICED BY THE BATTLE HORDES.

ARABA

KEEL! MY SIGHT IS NOT RIGHT!
SOMETHING MORE COMES!

KEEL

WE WILL FIGHT THEM ALL!