

Knights of Moondale

written by

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EXT. DREG MIRE NIGHT

The twilight in the mire brings with it a musky wet sense that lies thick in the air. The night is filled with insect songs and the occasional sound of whatever else lives in the mire.

Three torches light up the night as three pairs of boots thread on grassy mounds and deep in mud. The three figures are making their way carefully through the mire, making sure not to disturb the waters. Imagining trolls, corpses, and wisps that may be waiting to spirit them away.

HALDER

How far out has he gone?
(One of his boots slips
and splashes into the
muddy waters, sending
splashes into the night.)
Bloody hells.

The splash is heard by the small stumpy ears of a large creature in the middle of tearing the legs off of a fox, before its attention is directed towards the torch lights.

One of the other men grabs Halder by the arm and pulls him free.

ERIC

Falker wouldn't have sent word to the fort if he didn't think it was important enough. Especially since he asked for three rangers to join him here in Dreg Mire.

TORVELD

Most of us Moon rangers wouldn't even be out here on a good day.
(The three men laugh
faintly)

HALDER

Is that Falker's light up ahead?

On a dry flat ahead of them, a man is leaning over the body of another. A lantern lights up a small area around him, the man's cloak is stained and torn, the green color that was once vibrant has now been dulled after years of use.

Approaching him, the three men wearing similar cloaks call out.

HALDER (CONT'D)

(Nervous voice)

Greetings Falker! I was filled with dread seeing your pale face out here, I nearly took you for a spirit.

FALKER

I wouldn't be so pale if I didn't have to do all your work.

Falker pauses for a moment and looks up at the three men with worry in his eyes, greeting them with a short nod.

FALKER (CONT'D)

Eric, Torveld.

You all made it here without trouble I hope?

HALDER

No more than a dirty boot, do you expect trouble?

FALKER

Keep your eyes open and wits sharp, there is more than insects roaming around here tonight.

Eric and Torveld look at each other and start keeping watch, torches held high and blades drawn.

Only a few feet away from the group, a large creature hunched over its own burly weight leans around a tree, watching the men. Wet moss grows over its milky white bulbous skin, dirty claws tap the tree its leaning against.

It's warm breath creates a musky fog as it tries to breathe through thick disfigured teeth. It silently stutters out an imitation of a word through its slack jaw and labored breath.

CREATURE

(Shaking voice)

F-f-foood?

HALDER

So tell me, what have you found?

(Halder gestures toward the body)

I doubt that you would travel all the way out here for someone who fell foul to wolves.

FALKER

No.

(Falker hesitates)

He died to no wolves.

An arrow got him, a black arrow.

Falker turns the corpse around.

The corpse is that of a young man, not more than 20 winters old. He is dressed in simple clothing not made for travel and his veins have turned black, skin pale and eyes milky. A clear sign of black steel's poisonous effect.

Halder freezes for a moment and then kneels down.

HALDER

Are you sure of this?

Falker nods.

FALKER

And his blood still runs thin, not dead for more than a day, maybe less.

FALKER (CONT'D)

He must have ran into mire trying to escape from Greylings.

Halder turns pale and the night air turns colder as a shiver goes down his spine. He quickly looks around, as if on instinct, trying to spot the monsters that could be hiding in the mire.

Halder takes a deep breath and regains composure.

HALDER

Then we should make haste to return to the Moondale fort. We have to-

A large splash can be heard in the water, as if something large slumped into the murky water .

HALDER (CONT'D)

What was that?

Falker puts the black arrow away, picks up his lantern and pulls out his blade.

ERIC

Might it be Greylings?

Eric moves his torch in an attempt to cast light further into the mire.

The flat mound the four men are standing on gives little room for quick movement, but they still take a stance.

A silence has fallen over the mire. Even the insects are silent.

FALKER

Move out, leave the mire. Go back
the way you came.

Halder and the others nod and quietly start making their way back.

The water explodes, and Eric takes one last sharp breath before being pulled into the waters, splashing and thrashing.