

Sunrise

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TEASER

EXT. THE CRUSHNG RAY - NIGHT

A ship with two masts coasts, THE CRUSHING RAY through the choppy starlit ocean, towing with a lengthy rope a barge with a single cage spanning the area of its deck.

Locked in are around a hundred prisoners. Some are shouting to the crew of the ship, some are praying, some are trying to break the cage, and some are completely silent.

The ship approaches a massive wall of mist that spans the entire horizon line and seems to reach higher in the sky as the ship gets closer.

The captain of the ship, early 50s, wearing large, leather boots. A golden belt. A ruby pendant. And an evil smile. He also dons a trifold hat with a large green feather as he climbs the steps to the helm.

The ship draws closer to the mist.

CAPTAIN TAROS

All hands!

THE CREW

Aye, captain!

The screams from the prison barge increase. Pleas for mercy. Curses on the captain's family. Claims of innocence. The Captain keeps his eyes on the mist.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Hard to starboard!

THE CREW

Hard to starboard!

The helmsman beside the captain wrenches the wheel to the right, and just before the ship is about to impact the mist, it turns away.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Slack!

Two crewmates on the stern throw coils of rope into the water, adding length to the tether between the ship and the barge. The screams worsen still, but the crew pays no mind. This is merely procedure.

As the ship completes a 180 degree turn, the barge continues forward, its momentum carrying it toward the mist.

A prisoner, Baylon, late 30s, dressed in rags, curses as they pass the ship. The captain seems to look him in the eyes, but soon he and the crew of the crew fade as the barge is enveloped.

The sounds of the waves become muffled. The screams stop. Fear has frozen everyone. They can do nothing but wait for the end.

Baylon hears a sudden splash and the motion of water. And then again. And again. He slowly turns his head towards the waves.

Through a mist, a canoe emerges, rowed by a figure he can't quite make out. There is a slight blue glow coming from the bottom of the canoe.

BAYLON

Hey... HEY! HELP US! HELP!

Prisoners begin to gather at Baylon side and join him in the call for help.

As if he were excusing itself from a conversation, the figure puts his hand up in a light apology. His voice is slightly cracking with age.

FIGURE

Oh, dear, it seems I'm rather early.

BAYLON

What??

FIGURE

Ah, never you mind. Hail, friend! What brings you out so far? I didn't think anyone else knew how to make it through.

BAYLON

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?? WE'VE BEEN BANISHED!!

FIGURE

Banished? Well... what for?

BAYLON

Wha-? Stealing, viol- look, it doesn't matter. We've been sent here to die. Please help us get out of this damned cage!

FIGURE

Ah! Execution, you mean. Barbaric, isn't it, that they drift you all the way out here, rather than chopping your head off on land, eh?

The figure looks at the bottom of the barge. He seems to take note of the absence of blue runes and begins to slowly paddle backwards.

BAYLON

No, no no! Wait sir, please! Don't leave us! Look- my name's Baylon, I was a fletcher for Solphare but I was wrongly accused of fixin' arrows. And for that, I've been sent to die. N' all these folk you see here have a similar story. Many here are mothers and fathers. We don't deserve this. Please, sir, find it in your heart. Save us.

The figure stands in his bobbing canoe, now farther from the barge.

FIGURE

If that's all true, my friend Baylon, then you have my deepest condolences. Your lands have never been kind. Unfortunately, I cannot offer you help, as you've been a dead man talking the moment you drifted into this accursed place. But take solace in this: you are among the last to ever suffer this punishment.

There is a deep groan that reverberates across the waves, followed by a few slow clicks. Everything falls silent.

BAYLON

You could've done something...

We finally see the figure's face as a surge of water is heard in the background, followed by quick muffled screams. The figure is an man, Isaac, mid 60s, wearing assorted jewelry and with a faded burn scar along the left side of his face. He winces, and almost looks sad, as he watches the deaths in front of him. The carnage is quick, and everything is silent once more.

Isaac sighs, keeping his eyes forward. A moment later, the barge begins to move away from him.

ISAAC
Ah, damn it all!

He sits and begins quickly rowing, catching up with the barge.

He follows it as its pulled back out of the mist. The captain can be heard in the distance.

CAPTAIN TAROS
Heave! Heave!

Isaac brings his canoe close alongside the barge. As it and he draw closer to the ship, Isaac times his paddle strokes with the captain's yelling to mask the noise. He finally makes it to the ship's side and sets his paddle down.

Taking two knives out from his coat, Isaac wedges them between the boards of the ship's hull. He uses them as steps as he takes more knives out and begins to climb.

The captain is standing on the stern of the boat, overlooking the surface of the barge with the two crewmates who are finishing pulling in the rope. Below and behind them, on the main deck, Isaac slowly draws himself up over the side--

--slinking towards the captain's quarters below the helm. He nudges the door open.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS- NIGHT

There is a table in the center of the room, a bed in the corner, a couple fancy trinkets, a bottle of wine and a flintlock on the table, a box of dynamite, and a chest.

Isaac scans the room and goes for the chest, lockpicking it quickly and opening it. Inside, there is a scroll. He quickly reads it.

ISAAC
It couldn't be that easy...

He tosses the scroll aside, grabs the wine, uncorks it, and pours a good amount into the firing mechanism of the flintlock. Some splashes on the floor, but he's moving too fast to care.

Isaac sets everything back neatly, and takes a seat, pointing the ruined pistol at the door, and drumming his fingers on the table.

After a beat, the captain walks in. Before he can to anything, Isaac speaks softly.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Any sudden move, you die.

The captain thinks for a moment, then nods.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Close that door. C'mere, take a seat.

The captain slowly closes the door behind him and sits down. Isaac puts his elbow on the table, moving the flintlock closer to the captain, threateningly.

CAPTAIN TAROS
What do you want, traitor? Money? Food? How'd you even get off that thing?

ISAAC
Aye, a traitor to your eyes, I'm sure. And as to how I got off that damned vessel? Well, I'd love to get into it, it's a bit of a story. But I'd like to be leaving within, hmm...

Isaac pulls out a pocketwatch.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
5 minutes' time. And I simply cannot squeeze four decades of story into five minutes. Could you?

The captain gives a confused look. Isaac replies with a wide smile.

CAPTAIN TAROS
Cut it, traitor. What in hells do you want with me.

ISAAC
Oh, well, I just wanted to play a little game. And then I'll leave. Sound fun?

The captain growls and begins to stand. Isaac shoves the pistol again towards the captain.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Ah! Please sit, kind sir.

The captain slowly sits, eyeing the gun.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Great, now, here's how the game is played. One of us will ask the other a question. We must answer as honestly as we can. If one of us refuses to answer or lies, they die. Now, I promise not to do either of those things, so I think I'll keep the gun, eh? How's that for you?

CAPTAIN TAROS

I don't have much of a choice...

ISAAC

Great! Since you've already asked me a question about myself, I'll go first. To the best of your knowledge, who is Radley Barathade?

The captain is even more confused. That's common knowledge.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Uh... he's one of the councilors of Solphare. The Sage. Although from what I hear, he's not very popular amongst his own.

ISAAC

Ah, that sounds like him... and wow, a councilor. I wonder why...

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Ah! Apologies, good lad. Excuse my absent thought. It's your turn now. Ask me any question you like. And try to keep it short.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Who are you? Are you some kind of assassin from the inland cities?

ISAAC

Oh, right, I failed to introduce myself. I am Sir Isaac [Dread]. I hail from Solphare, like yourself, but I have more recently made a home on the lovely island of Alaowkwa. Alaow, for short.

The captain is getting angrier and continues to glance at the gun inches from his face.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Now, back to me. Do you know of a Calista? Who is she to him?

More common knowledge. This man must have lost it.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Calista is his daughter. She's around 15, 16, something like that. She doesn't leave the castle much.

ISAAC

Hm. His daughter... Thank you very much kind sir. Now back to you, what do you want to know.

As he asks, Isaac gives a little wave of the pistol, almost showcasing his loose grip.

The captain smiles.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Well, I've always wanted to know-

Isaac leans forward.

The captain snatches the pistol in the blink of an eye, laughing to himself.

Isaac stands, dramatically putting his arms up in surrender.

CAPTAIN TAROS (CONT'D)

I've never met someone quite as stupid as you. It must have been a feat, escaping the barge, but justice will always be served to those like you.

He pulls the trigger, and the gun clicks. A couple drops of wine hit the captain's face.

ISAAC

Oh, dear, have you spilled your drink in your own weapon? A commoner's mistake.

Isaac slowly slips a knife into his hand as the captain starts to realize that for some reason, Isaac planned this.

CAPTAIN TAROS

What- what's the point? Why go through so many complicated steps just to have me do that?

ISAAC

Well, I knew we'd have a lovely game, and I thought that after, if you tried to kill me, I'd feel better.

CAPTAIN TAROS

Feel be--

Isaac lunges over the table and sticks the knife in the Captain's throat. As he dies, Isaac plucks the flamboyant trifold hat from the captain's head and places it atop his own.

He then grabs a few sticks of dynamite, takes a deep breath, and walks out back onto the main deck.

In the darkness, the silhouette of Isaac is remarkably similar to the captain's.

CREW 1

Captain on deck!

All crew stand at attention.

Isaac clears his throat and attempts his best impression of the captain as he briskly walks towards the stairs leading below deck.

ISAAC

As you were, gents.

It's not a great impression.

CREW 1

Captain? Are you alright?

Isaac walks faster and disappears down the stairs.

The crew are confused, but a few seconds later, Isaac sprints back up the steps, shoves his way past two crewmates, and dives off the side of the boat.

CREW 1 (CONT'D)

What in hells is-

The dynamite goes off, igniting the gunpowder barrels. The ship explodes in a fiery mess of wooden splinters.

Screams are heard from the chaos as Isaac swims his way back to his canoe and boards.

He grabs his oar and takes one last look at the burning wreckage.

ISAAC
For Baylor. Baylor? Baylon. For
Baylon.

He turns his attention forward, towards the island the mist
surrounded.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
A father? Radley... we've much to
talk about.

Isaac paddles on to the city of Solphare as the moon rises
overhead.

TITLE: Sunrise

END TEASER