

"Blades of the East "

by

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FADE IN:

INT. KAGEUBAU COMPOUND - NIGHT

Black darkness. Aquatic ripples of light ooze their way into the void. The ancient and eerie voice of MINION trickles its way to our attention.

MINION (OS)

The progression of the empire is infallible. We have conquered the northern third of the country, and more resources are being amalgamated as we speak.

The voice of the EMPEROR makes itself known, similar to Minion's, but more official and mature.

EMPEROR (OS)

Sufficient news, Minion. The Kageubau Empire will proceed as planned. I see the expansion of our kind as perpetual as time itself.

MINION (OS)

There is one hindrance, however, which requires immediate attention, if we are to perpetuate the expansion.

A large splash is made as a large orb, somewhat cloudy, intangible, and light greyish and dark blueish in appearance, spews its way up from the liquid darkness. Inside the orb, we see a slightly blurry image of one man and one teen male dueling with swords at incredible speeds.

Around the orb stand Minion and the Emperor, both greyish, disgustingly wrinkled with age, and dressed in conservative, black, Japanese garb, the Emperor's being more regal. Behind them are KAGEUBAU WARRIORS and CLERGYMEN, dressed accordingly to their roles, also grey-skinned. All eyes peer into the sphere.

EMPEROR

By all means, Minion, please come forth with this discovery.

MINION

Yes, highness. There is one man who can bring cessation to the empire. It is this man the Kageubau Empire must be wary of and use utmost precaution in enacting his execution. He answers to the name of Satoryu.

EMPEROR

Deploy the warriors. We will deal with this Satoryu as a spider deals with a fly. One mere mortal will not stand in the way of the Kageubau.

EXT. KAGEUBAU COMPOUND - NIGHT

Kageubau warriors grab armor, wicked and evil in design, snatch multitudes of different weapons such as bows and arrows, swords of all types, strange curved weapons, and ribboned spears. Swords sheath and buckles buckle. The horde mounts its black, ominous steeds that retch guttural neighs.

One horseman glances over this vicious clan. Silent, he raises his sword. The sky starts to bleed with clouds that rush through the heavens. The horseman thrusts the sword forward, advancing the army.

We see Minion and the Emperor observe the dueling swordsmen in the orb becoming replaced by the Kageubau army advancing. The orb retreats downward into the black liquid from which it erupted, leaving only aquatic ripples of light.

FADE TO:

EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN FOREST - DAY

Light twinkles upon beautiful, clear water. A lotus flower floats into sight before the flat of one blade of a double edged sword lifts the flower meticulously out of the water. The sword belongs to SATORYU, athletic in stature, dressed in loose fitting attire. SEKIEN, teen in his years, also athletic and dressed in loose clothing, unsheathes his sword, which is also double edged.

Satoryu grins slightly and possibly mischievously as he holds up the flower on the end of his weapon.

SATORYU

Cut the flower, young one.

Sekien rears back, like a cat ready to pounce. The standoff. A beat. The ballet begins.

The young samurai blasts forward, thrusting, parrying, as clanks of the blades sing their cacophany. Amazingly, no matter what Sekien does, Satoryu manages to keep the flower on the edge of the blade. It remains uncut.

SATORYU

Loosen your wrists, Sekien.

SEKIEN

Yes, Shishou.

Sekien repeats his actions, as if he never heard Satoryu's advice at all.

SATORYU

Loosen your wrists.

SEKIEN

Yes, Shishou.

Their blades continue to dance. The flower moves slightly, and bobs in the air a bit, but remains uncut, and on the edge of the master's blade.

SATORYU

Your wrists are too tight. You are limiting yourself.

SEKIEN

Yes, Shishou.

By now it is obvious that Sekien has not heeded his master's teaching. Satoryu remains poised as if he had not exerted any effort at all, while Sekien huffs and puffs out of breath.

Sekien thrusts once more, and after a few maneuvers, Satoryu gives a love tap with his sword against Sekien's shoulder. The flower still remains uncut and on the blade.

Sekien backs up, surprised more than hurt. He is bleeding slightly.

SATORYU

Are you ready to listen? Do you believe I sing like the songbird? I speak to you to teach you, my young one. Again. And loosen.

SEKIEN

Yes, Shishou. I am sorry, Shishou.

Sekien rears back a second time. Satoryu prepares himself as if he can detect an oncoming powerful attack. A beat. Sekien stands straight up, puts his sword close and parallel with his chest, and begins to spin ferociously. His spinning carries him swiftly forward, as the master guards himself. We hear the swords discourse with each other like gossiping Japanese women, when suddenly, both samurais stop.

Satoryu stands with his sword out, ready for the next attack. Sekien is out of breath. A smile manages to creep over his sweaty face.

SATORYU

Where is it that you find amusement,
young Sekien?

SEKIEN

In the fact that I overcame an
obstacle I thought was near
impossible.

Sekien holds up his sword, the lotus flower shish-k-babed at
the end of it.

SATORYU

Yes, but at what cost?

Sekien replies with only a look of confusion. With subtlety,
his better indicates downward with his sword as he glances
in the sword's direction at the same time.

Sekien looks down and sees that his pants are hugging his
ankles. He frantically pulls them up.

SATORYU

(lightheartedly)

This is where I find the amusement.

SEKIEN

Yes, Shishou.

SATORYU

Come. Supper beckons us to reward
our hard work.

SEKIEN

Yes, Shishou.

Sekien removes the flower from his sword, looks at it, and
smiles and shakes his head, as if he is content with the
lesson. He throws it over his shoulder as he follows the
master, and we see the flower fall to the ground, the wind
stirring it into the nearby stream after it makes contact.

FADE TO:

INT. SATORYU'S CABIN - DUSK

Ripples in a bronze liquid quickly turn to a boil. A ladel
dips into the soup, cradling out smoking wanton and noodles.
Satoryu serves Sekien the meal at a wooden table. Dinner is
served, and the dishes washed soon after.

INT. SEKIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The garments of the two samurais have changed into even baggier clothing. The pair light two or three candles, as Sekien pours himself into bed, as Satoryu tucks him in.

SEKIEN

Shishou, you have looked worrismatic every night for the past fortnight. Am I not living up to your standards as your student?

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The Kageubau murders an entire village like a typhoon upon a small hut. We see people become amalgamated into their forces, becoming the same wrinkly grey beings which made them meet their makers, much like vampires turn people into vampires.

INT. SEKIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SATORYU

Sekien, little samurai, my end draws near.

SEKIEN

But, how do you know? Are you ill?

SATORYU

No. Men like us, we feel the end in our soul, like the dark clouds before the storm. It is coming.

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The Kageubau tortures villagers like tornadoes destroy cities. Blood shoot in aerial streams, while screams, weeping, swords, and the strange demonic sounds of the horde are the cacophony of evil.

INT. SEKIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SATORYU

It is not death I fear. I fear for what will become of you when I am gone.

SEKIEN

(crying softly)

You have taught me well, Shishou.

SATORYU

Yes. You are formidable now.

SEKIEN

And the lone student of the
greatest warrior in the whole
history of Japan. I will continue
the legacy.

Satoryu chuckles slightly.

EXT. JAPANESE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The horde of evil begin to leave the now decimated small
village, as the last of the human survivors are filleted
with strange metal Japanese weapons.

INT. SEKIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SATORYU

You may be the greatest yet, little
one. There is much potential in you.
When the time comes, as they do for
all men, you must choose valiantly,
not only for the sake of valor, but
for the sake of your being.

Sekien suddenly embraces his mentor.

SEKIEN

Do not look so worrismatic, Shishou.
All will be right.

Satoryu smiles.

SATORYU

Tonight, we rest well. Good dreams,
Sekien.

Sekien smiles slightly as his eyes slowly shut, and his
hands draw the covers up. A candle is blown out, and there
is darkness.

A BOOMING CRASH strikes the air as Sekien's eyes open wide
with a choking gasp escaping from his mouth. The strange
noises of the Kageubau demons and the uproar of an ancient
supernatural army invade the air.

EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN FOREST - NIGHT

Swords are drawn. In contrast to their reckless slaughter of
the last village, the Kageubau are now cautious in
approaching Satoryu, who stands nonchalantly with a slight
scowl.

He slowly situates himself into a martial stance, his sword
itching to begin.

INT. SEKIEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sekien grabs his sword and creeps through the darkness of the cabin with caution. His breath conceals the fear that his eyes fail to hide. The din of the horde continues.

He makes his way outside, and his eyes widen slightly as they discover the Kageubau surround Satoryu.

EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN FOREST - NIGHT

The cluster of evil swarms Satoryu as the battle begins. The master and his sword drop them like rain falls from the sky. Their screams are even more awful than the sounds they make while they are alive.

The swarm grows, almost doubling in size. Satoryu continues, upping the pace, knowing the risks are higher. He smites three Kageubau warriors, while one behind him almost beheads him, before being beheaded himself by Sekien.

Satoryu turns as his eyes meet Sekien's. He isn't pleased that his student is out here, but is glad his life has just been saved.

They continue. During the battle, they two heroes become distanced from each other. Sekien is amazingly fast, almost as good a fighter as his master. He turns to check up on his master, and sees that his master is taking a little bit of a beating now.

Sekien becomes infuriated, and his deathblows become much more frequent, as he tries to make his way back to Satoryu.

The little samurai gets halfway there before he sees Satoryu get skewered by a sword. And then another. And then two more. And then four more.

The great Satoryu falls to his knees.

SEKIEN

NOOO!!!

The Kageubau raise their weapons in victory and roar in conquest. Satoryu's body is raised by the filthy demons, before they amalgamate him as their own.

Sekien tries to make his way to the great master to save him. He destroys many of the Kageubau, but by the time he lessens the dark crowd around him, the Kageubau has retreated even farther away from him, moving at increasing speed.

The Kageubau has achieved their ultimate execution, and waste no time with a mere boy. Sekien fumes through his tears, and begins to SPRINT after the receding murderers.

Suddenly, Sekien's body stops as if hit by an invisible brick wall. His eyes pop wide open, before slowly shutting as his body goes limp, and he slumps to the ground, unconscious.