

DIARY OF DIA

Written by

Kevin Nealey & Ryan Masters

Address  
Phone Number

EXT. ULSAN SEA - NIGHT

Raging dark waters and a storm crash over an island in the distance. Waves roll and beat upon one another and the distant shores over and over in the dark. A light appears, hurled over one of the waves and onto another. Lightning flashes reveal the distant light belongs to a small ship's cabin.

INT. RYMAN'S SHIP

A soaking wet floor of the small ship's raised cabin reveals worn wood and a rough expedition. The room is a mess of scattered seafaring materials, a single banging lantern, and the sloshing of water carrying the items to and fro. As the light swings it reveals bunk beds to the side.

Beside the bed hangs a worn bronze pilum and a light backpack, and an embroidered diary on a small nightstand.

Sitting on the bottom bunk is DIA, a young, pale late-thirties woman who is cradling her son QUINTUS, a bronze-skin boy of ten-years-old.

Above the two pokes out the head of ESTA, Dia's daughter of eighteen-years and more bronzed than her brother.

ESTA

Mum... Quin is looking worse.

DIA

(softly)

Quintus. Quintus? Wake up, dear.

QUINTUS

Where are we?

DIA

Still at sea. You need to take the alorma again.

He writhes in disgust.

DIA (CONT'D)

Come on, you've got to get better before we land.

Esta takes the bottle from a pouch nearby and reaches down to place it in her mother's hand. Dia uncorks the bottle and gets Quintus to open up his mouth. He nearly spits it up in disgust.

QUINTUS

This would wake the Vorah!

ESTA

If they're even alive.

The room falls silent except for the usual clanging and sloshing ambience. The light flickers.

DIA

We can't give up faith. Your father-

ESTA

Father is gone!

The ship tilts heavily to one side and then back onto its center just barely. Rushing boots slam above and across the surface above the cabin, and another set crash into the door swinging it wide open.

Through the door appears a worn sailor in his late fifties with a black disease-like spot coursing over his right shoulder. He falls to his knees.

DIA

What is happening, wha-

The sailor lifts his head and from the center of his eyes forms black swirls that focus on the family of three. As he gasps for air his eyes turn opaque black.

Dia grabs her nearby pilum and stabs the man through as he lets out a scream, black mist swirling out of him and back up into the upper deck he came from.

ESTA

They're here!

DIA

Calm, calm everyone! Grab your things.

Dia slams the door back shut and attempts to bar it with a dresser.

QUINTUS

Where will we go Mommy?

DIA

Grab your things! We've got to escape, quietly.

Dia makes a whispering sign and helps Quintus off of his bed as Esta grabs the backpack and her silk web.

An explosive energy rips through the side of the ship. The same dark force combines with purple hues forming skull-like orbs that cut through the wood and iron. The wall is sundered and the Ulsan's dark sea waters lap in with a rushing wind.

The lightning flashes and reveals an abomination of a shadowy ship with a boney structure. The Imixlian Empire's signature style. Another volley of the magical skulls scream towards the family.

DIA (CONT'D)  
Everyone run!

ESTA  
No!

Esta stretches out the silk in her hands as her mother and brother look on.

DIA  
Esta you're not strong enough! Come on!

The silk begins to glow and spread from one end to the other.

ESTA  
I'm done running! Mora, Yamo, Ignus... will you answer?

Dia places her hand on one shoulder and Quintus holds his sister around her waist. Esta's powers grow and as the projectiles come within a hair the silk becomes like a tower shield and repels them back at their origin.

As the projectiles land back on the enemy ship a swirling dark energy explodes. Screams from the other side couple with shockwaves as the ship veers off and away, limping.

The family hold one another closer.

DIA  
You did it... you did it, Esta!  
(whispering)  
Thank the Vorah, thank you.

The crew above shout and scream. The family look back at the sea. The Imixlian vessel has stopped in the water with its aft facing towards the Ryman.

Sinister dark magic churns in the water with electrical charges and builds up vast energy. It launches with amazing speed towards the Ryman's hull, exploding instantly on contact.

The three go flying out of the hole in their wall along with all their belongings. They sink below the waters as bright electrical energy zaps at the other crew members falling in, killing them.

As Dia hits the water the diary in her hand slips out and floats through the water, its embroidery glowing even in the depths and settles into place.

FADE TO BLACK.

FLASHBACK.

INT. DIA AND VORUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The diary sits on a night stand in a dim light. Dia lies in bed beside her husband, VORUS, a late thirties man with bronzed skin and light hair. He cradles his wife. Dia bolts up from a nightmare flash of the scene from before.

DIA  
(Huffing)  
Gods what was that?

Vorus rouses from behind her.

VORUS  
Another?

Dia nods and rubs her temples.

VORUS (CONT'D)  
Write it down. We'll consult the  
oracle tomorrow.

DIA  
I will. Go back to sleep, my love.

She takes the diary and a quill, scribbling the events down as she remembers them. Lying back onto the sheets she looks worried and restless, taking deep breaths as she tries to sleep.

Through a window in the background a series of stormy clouds twist and churn for a brief moment, then return back to normal on the full moon-lit night.

TIMELAPSE

INT. DIA AND VORUS' BEDROOM - DAY

The skies outside the room's window look blue and peaceful with few clouds. A greenfinch flies to the window and sings its song as a three-year-old Quintus and eight-year-old Esta sneak toward a still sleeping Dia.

Esta tries to quiet little Quintus as he falls on his knees trying to sneak along with his sister. They creep around the bed on the other side ready to pounce.

Dia smiles.

The two jump at Dia but are caught mid-stream and snuggled ferociously.

DIA  
Thought you'd get me, huh!?

They cackle and giggle as Dia tickles them until they give in.

ESTA  
Stop stop! I can't!

Esta falls back into her brother, bonking his head and rendering both of them dazed.

Quintus looks like he is about to cry and Esta begins laughing.

DIA  
Aww my baby boy!

Dia cradles Quintus' head and scolds Esta.

DIA (CONT'D)  
Stop that laughing! He's hurt. Are you okay little one?

QUINTUS  
I's fine mama.

ESTA  
Doubtful. I'm going to find papa.

Esta takes off and leaves the room as Dia sets Quintus down on the floor.

DIA  
I have to cook little sweet one.  
Come along and stay with me.

She leaves the room and Quintus spots the greenfinch still perched on the window. He moves closer and stares at it, waving and smiling.

The finch hops around from side to side as if trying to say something.

Quintus looks on curiously.

DIA (CONT'D)  
Quintus! Come on!

The boy takes off running for his mother.

EXT. KARALIS FAMILY HOME

The home of the family is a tan stucco and modestly proportioned. A well, shed, and a fence with some sheep behind it with straw on the manicured gravel and sandy yard make up the outside setting.

A distant hammer hits near the fenced entrance revealing Vorus pounding away on a new sign post. His mighty swings stop and he looks on the nearby fence for a sign.

Little Esta pops up from behind with it.

ESTA  
Looking for this?

His large frame turns gently to her.

VORUS  
And how do you wish to help, today  
my little one?

Esta walks over to the post with the sign, hanging it just so.

She dusts off her hands and leans against her father, looking up admirably.

ESTA  
Papa, why do you work so hard  
unlike most priests?

He smiles.

VORUS  
See this?

Vorus points to the sign he has just hung that spells out his family's name: "Karalis."

VORUS (CONT'D)

We have had the honor of being  
leaders to the people for  
centuries. But how can we lead if  
we do not set an example of how to  
work?

The girl looks perplexed.

ESTA

But I thought that priests and  
lords didn't have to work as hard  
as the other classes.

Vorus has a bit of a stern but sly look.

VORUS

I see you've been around their  
children a bit much. Listen, there  
are those that take on that idea  
and refuse to do more than is  
expected, then there is us.

Vorus picks up a nearby rake and hands it to his daughter.

VORUS (CONT'D)

We are the Karalis family and we do  
more than what is asked of us so  
that someday, someone might do the  
same for us. The world can't keep  
moving with only a few of us doing  
our part. It takes all of us.

Esta smiles at her father and takes the rake. The two walk  
back towards the home with their tools.

DIA (O.S.)

Breakfast is ready!

INT. KARALIS KITCHEN - DAY

A medium-sized dining room with a four-top bench table is set  
with delicious fruits, porridge, and goat's milk for the  
family.

As little Quintus sets himself up for a bite his mother's  
hand rests on top of his to pause him. She gestures to Vorus.

Vorus places his hands out and over the food as he looks up,  
eyes closed.



VORUS  
Our Voran keepers, we pray to  
thee...

EXT. KARALIS FAMILY HOME

The finch sits near the window frame watching the family pray and then flies off.

It travels off into the city and high above, then transforming from a small quick shadow of a bird into the shadow of some large but insanely fast creature.

EXT. ACROPA CITY - CONTINUOUS

The city is seen from above and is a large place with all the amenities of Athens and Rome.

VORUS (V.O.)  
From the open skies...

Over the sprawling city and countryside and up towards the mountains in the background lies a temple, and then farther out from there a ruin deep in a forest.

VORUS (V.O.)  
Out of the hearth in which we find  
warmth and embrace...

The shadowy figure from above disappears into the shadows of a hole deep into the ground beneath the ruin.

VORUS (V.O.)  
To our protection we ask it  
forever. Amen.

Pitch black takes over until no light is left.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JYXAL RUINS - NIGHT

Within the shadows swirls a faint energy that radiates a purplish and blood-like aura. It forms together and then splits into two orb-like parts, the purple one is IMIS and the blood-red one is DRIS.

The twins encircle each other and drift across the air and illuminate a path across stone walkways and trails, then lowering into a place that is misshapen and marked with glass and black coals amongst bones.

Imis and Dris venture farther and reveal a grand room in a cavernous maw with a floating black island encircled by jagged glass surrounding it in the center.

They cross over the empty pitch black space between the entrance and the island.

At the island's center is a throne made of crystals and skulls protruding from a platform made of black stone. It features the body of COVAX, a fifties male wearing a rippling dark armor over a large muscular framed body.

As the aura twins approach Covax's seemingly lifeless and eerily still corpse the pair begin uttering a chant.

IMIS AND DRIS  
Isnoth-wok-tay? Sool-dranth norgan,  
urumai... Imixl... Grand Despot...  
Covax...

The shadowed face is revealed by the aura and rises from its slumped state to level with the pair in front of him.

A grim smile crosses his face and his eyes open and show swirling purple and red magic in an otherwise black set of eyes.

INT. ORTAVIAN CONGRESS HALL - DAY

A regal and detailed dome ceiling resides over a plain but large marble and mahogany room filled with rows of royal chairs in front of a large podium winged by two juror stands.

In a seat behind the podium sits LILIA, a forties woman with her head bent down into her hands as she ponders.

The large room stands still until a door creaks open from the side.

Entering the room is TANUM, a short pale man of the cloth in his late sixties and YURAI, fifties male of large frame and wearing regal robes.

As they walk down the long aisle they argue every step of the way completely unaware of Lilia.

YURAI  
You and your vagrant priests bleed  
the coffers dry every year!

Tanum remains calm but stern as he eyes the senate chairs.

TANUM

And you?

YURAI

I serve the Ortavian Republic with  
the money you steal for these  
godless ceremonies!

Tanum waves his finger.

TANUM

Your years of blessings leaves you  
worn out in your manor? Your toils  
in the bathhouse weary? How is it  
that there is not enough to go  
around for all on this day when you  
have the manticore's share every  
day?

Yurai places his finger in Tanum's face and motions to speak  
but is cut off.

LILIA

Enough!

Both men look in shock behind them.

YURAI

Regenta Lilia, your grace.

Tanum simply bows towards her.

LILIA

I believe that such a day deserves  
everyone's respect, and not just  
for the pulpit or for the estate.

Yurai looks at Tanum harshly and pursed lipped then back to  
Lilia.

YURAI

Yes. My apologies.

TANUM

Thank you for the reminder dear  
lady.

Yurai leans into Tanum's ear as he turns to leave.

YURAI

(whispering)

Your retirement couldn't come  
sooner.

Yurai speeds off and out the door and Tanum motions to leave.

LILIA

Good notes follow those that leave  
them, you once said. Correct?

Tanum looks back and smiles.

LILIA (CONT'D)

This is the tenth year of Vorus'  
pacifist ceremony. Seems like  
maintaining peace is about as  
difficult as war sometimes.

TANUM

Your ladyship should know we  
haven't had a true war in over two-  
hundred years. Or even further when  
it was the Imixlian Empire from a  
millennia ago. I would say Vorus is  
just taking the next step in  
progress, something I support  
though others may not.

She smirks.

LILIA

If he had his way there would be no  
spears, mounts, or ballistae at  
all. There's got to be some  
balance, yet he takes the most  
accomplished warrior I've ever had  
off the lines. What to do?

TANUM

Find your peace as Astia wills it  
my lady.

He bows to her and walks off from sight as she stands by her  
regal podium in the stillness of that great room.

INT. KARALIS KITCHEN - DAY

The family has finished their breakfast and are cleaning and  
getting ready to leave.

Dia walks over to Vorus with a flower from her herbs planter  
as he's preparing his travel bag.

She places her hands over his eyes and then passes the flower  
beneath his nose.

VORUS  
Another test?

He chuckles.

DIA  
Oh great and powerful Vorus... tell  
me what this is?

Vorus huffs and then takes the flower cradling it in the palm  
of one hand and spinning Dia in the other into his arms.

He looks Dia directly in her eyes.

VORUS  
My powers tell me that this is the  
prettiest flower in all the land.

She blushes immensely.

VORUS (CONT'D)  
And this other flower... it's a  
maiden's lily and can stop  
bleedings both internal and  
external. Great for warriors like  
yourself.

DIA  
My wars are in the garden with  
beetles and at bedtime with the  
kids now. But hopefully I don't  
have to fight for this...

She reaches in to kiss Vorus as little Quintus comes running  
up to his mother and father just as they are about to  
embrace.

He tugs on his mother's tunic ferociously.

QUINTUS  
Mama, papa! When are we leaving for  
the ceremony!?

Vorus and Dia begin chuckling.

DIA  
Can't mama and papa get just one  
kiss before we go?

VORUS  
Dia, the poor children have been  
waiting for weeks. I do have to be  
there early too...

QUINTUS

Yay!

DIA

(whispering)

You owe me more than a kiss when we  
get back.

Vorus smiles and gathers up his belongings over his shoulder.

DIA (CONT'D)

Esta, come along! We're leaving!

EXT. TEMPLE OF ATIA COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Orchids, lilies, and baccara roses adorn one side of the temple's grand wall and climb over everything under the sun, including a trellis that connects across to the other side.

A marble path leads from six grand columns of titan size featured at the entrance and out past a series of trellises and a long running pergola over its center.

Tanum walks out from a row of tall hedges from one side of the pergola with him is DORUM, a tall angelic looking male in his thirties with graceful features.

DORUM

You must have felt something this  
early dawn? Tell me.

TANUM

Dorum you're but an advocate, just  
so.

Dorum furls his brows.

DORUM

Still you berate me for my status.  
You said yourself on the day of my  
initiation that I'd been gifted!

TANUM

Gifted, yes, but not of the visions  
you spoke of. That level of  
intuition is oft honed at the seer  
level.

DORUM

Please, hear me. I am but as you  
say and am humbled, yet this  
feeling was so immensely terrible.  
Can't you at least look into it?

TANUM

Not with the ceremony so nigh my student! You must be patient. Now there is too much going on to perform the scry.

Dorum looks intensely disappointed and huffs as he begins to walk off.

Tanum lurches his old hand fast to place a palm on Dorum's shoulder.

TANUM (CONT'D)

You worry much my boy. Too much like your brother did...

Dorum looks at Tanum angrily and then pulls himself away in furious haste.

TANUM (CONT'D)

Astia... keep this mind.

The wind picks up through the garden and then settles as leaves swirling about spread everywhere.

EXT. RED CROW MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Large bales of fruits, vegetables, and stalls of meats on one side of a square are parallel to a dock on the other side with ships of all sizes lining up to offload.

In the center of the square is a red crow statue made of wood and thousands of people gathering around its stalls to collect goods.

Dorum walks from the side of the temple mount nearby and along the side of the market. He eyes the goings and comings of the people. He flips over his robe to look more modest and then falls in with the crowd.

Eventually he finds himself looking at a warding vendors stall.

WARD VENDOR

Come now sir what'll it be to protect you and your family.

DORUM

Oh, just looking.

WARD VENDOR

What about your friend?

Beside him appears Vorus.

VORUS  
Yes, what about me Dorum?

Dorum looks shocked but delighted.

DORUM  
You sneak! How do you ever find me?

VORUS  
The gods are good my friend. As you know.

Dorum walks away from the vendor and eyes Vorus closely.

DORUM  
You're not really here. I can detect the aura.

Vorus smiles widely.

VORUS  
You get better each time I see you.  
I'm projecting from home. Figured  
I'd check in to see how your  
investigation efforts went.

Dorum looks off and sighs.

VORUS (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought might happen.  
After this ceremony is over I  
promise to help you. It's just been  
so busy with preparing and the  
people need this, you understand?

DORUM  
I do Vorus. I-

In the corner of his eye Dorum sees the aura of Imis and Dris spreading up the wall of the temple mount.

VORUS  
Dorum?

DORUM  
I have to go.

Dorum runs at full speed into the alleyway behind the temple as Dorum fades out of existence.



EXT. KARALIS FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

The family walks outside and are looking around concerned.

Esta is nowhere in sight.

DIA

Esta? Esta?

A nearby set of bushes shake.

VORUS

Esta. Come on out, we can't be late.

The girl jumps from out of the foliage.

ESTA

Had you worried didn't I?

QUINTUS

I wasn't scared...

ESTA

Yeah right I saw you shaking.

Quintus balls up his fist but Dia places a firm hand on both kids.

DIA

Stop you two. We're leaving and I want no bickering.

VORUS

We have to go, Dia. Something was wrong with him.

She nods and gathers the children with haste.

Suddenly a man comes running up the path towards the home. It is CANUS a black male in his late twenties wearing a toga and carrying a scroll. He looks completely worn out.

He arrives at the family entrance as Vorus rushes to check on him.

VORUS (CONT'D)

Canus? What is it?

Canus is nearly choking on his own air. He points at the city in the distance.

CANUS

Vorus. H-help.

VORUS

What? Here sit. Drink.

Vorus hands Canus his canteen and the man chugs it.

Dia looks out to the city from the hillside and see's a massive black cloud rising over the city.

DIA

Vorus! Come see this...