

THE BREAKUP

Written by

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EXT. ABELONIAN COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

A scarred, war-torn countryside. Petrified trees, smoldering craters, sunlight barely cracking through a drifting flurry of cinders.

With a sucking WOOSH!-

-a flock of HOLLOWINGS (Dripping, gnarled, humanoids with wings of dark flame) burst forth from a portal and unleash torrents of fire onto the land below in a strafing run.

On the ground below KNIGHTS (Dressed in plate metal armor with holographic accents) scatter and return fire with mechanically enhanced crossbows.

One KNIGHT in the line of fire cannot scatter in time, a beam of fire nearly hitting him. Suddenly a figure leaps between the two, blocking the flame with a glowing hand.

The figure, LOGAN BRENTON (Late 20s, male, Six Foot tall and built like a brick. Dressed in wedding attire that has been torn haphazardly in the battle) flicks out a pair of chains which wrap around the attacking creature and drags it down to the ground. On impact the Hollowing explodes into a cloud of ash.

LOGAN

Where are Lydia and Wylder?

KNIGHT

Who?

LOGAN

The bride and groom!

The knight turns away from Logan and points to a massive vortex of black flames in the distance.

KNIGHT

The storm began at the altar. The bride and groom are in the heart of the storm.

Logan sighs.

LOGAN

We should help the others. Wylder can handle himself.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE/ALTAR - SAME TIME

Within the vortex of flame stands the ruins of a wedding altar. What would have facilitated a beautiful outdoor service reduced to rubble by a battalion of six pale skinned DEMONS.

SLAM!-

-A chain mace smashes through the head of a demon, causing it to crash to the ground with a strained howl.

The wielder of the weapon, LYDIA VON HINTERLAND (A green-skinned half-human wearing the tattered remains of a wedding dress), pulls the weapon back and shouts when another demon emerges from the vortex to fill out the ranks.

LYDIA
They just keep coming!

A demon attempts to sneak up behind Lydia but is defeated by a jet stream of water conjured by WYLDER ZYNNE (A blue skinned Water Elf dressed in a tattered wedding suit) who then goes on to pull out a golden axe and slash another across the chest.

WYLDER
Cover me, I need to stay absolutely
stil!

Wylder holds out his hand, a ring on his middle finger lighting up with a red glow. Lydia flips between the remaining demons, finally taking them all out. She slides into place behind Wylder in a defensive stance.

LYDIA
What are you doing?

WYLDER
I'm scanning the vortex, I think
we've got more company. DO you know
what a Rust Devil is?

Lydia shakes her head.

WYLDER (CONT'D)
Well in that case you're in for a
surprise.

A beat - and Wylder's ring suddenly snaps towards the altar-
- Lydia and Wylder follow. Steadying themselves.

LYDIA
Is this the kind of stuff you're
doing when I'm not around?

And WHOOSH! With a sudden pulse a cloud of red particles emerges from the vortex, manifesting into a RUST DEVIL (A hulking humanoid entity comprised by churning red rust.)

It roars and tramples the altar-

-Wylder's face scrunches.

WYLDER
Yeah pretty much.

The Rust Devil stomps it's foot down and disconnects a razor-clad hand, projecting it towards the couple-

- Wylder and Lydia share a look. Lydia removes an earring and reluctantly thumbs it in her palm before throwing it down-

-SLAM! In a puff of magic the earring manifests a large mushroom to block the attack.

WYLDER (CONT'D)
Nice thinking.

LYDIA
I know.

WYLDER
Wanna go kill that thing as man and wife?

Lydia clicks her tongue.

LYDIA
I think I want an annulment.

WYLDER
What?

Lydia proceeds to vault over the mushroom with her chain mace raised for attack. Wylder remains for a moment, his expression flashes with despair before he runs around the side of the mushroom.

Wylder and Lydia stand side by side, weapons at the ready.

WYLDER (CONT'D)
Can we talk about this?

LYDIA
No.

The Rust Devil sprints as the pair, launching another blade at them. Wylder meets the attack with a wall of water generated from his ring, redirecting the blade back at the demon-

WYLDER

Why not? We just got married.

-the blade sinks into the Rust Devil, which roars and reabsorbs it.

LYDIA

Maybe because a demonic horde burst forth seconds after we said "I do!"

Lydia runs up to the entity while it is distracted and swings her chain mace, barely missing the attack. The Rust Devil slashes Lydia, sending her flying backwards.

WYLDER

Lydia!

Wylder catches Lydia with a stream of water and propels himself forwards, lobbing an orb of water from his ring.

WYLDER (CONT'D)

Lets wrap this up.

The Rust Devil slices the projectile in two before grabbing Wylder out of the air by the ankle and slamming him down onto the ground.

Lydia gets back onto her feet, grabbing a bag of seeds from the wreckage of the pews. Lydia begins throwing seeds down, each one flaring with her magic and manifesting a large plant mass each. She leaps between them and slams her chain mace down onto the Rust Devil's head.

POOF! With that hit the Rust Devil collapses into a pile of sand-like particles with a metal orb in the center. Lydia lands on the ground ready to land the final blow-

WYLDER (CONT'D)

Lydia wait!

- Wylder jumps between Lydia and the Rust Devil, kicking the orb away from the particles and casting a shield of ice over it.

WYLDER (CONT'D)

That could have been bad.

With Wylder's act the vortex surrounding the area disburse, revealing the battle-scarred countryside in full view. Lydia gasps.

LYDIA
Could have? Wylder this is bad.

WYLDER
I'll admit it's less than ideal but
I'm sure the others have the
stragglers covered.

Lydia whirls around and slaps Wylder.

LYDIA
That's not the point! We've barely
been married an hour and look at
this.

Wylder opens his mouth to respond but Lydia silences him.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
All because my husband-to-be didn't
think it was relevant to tell me
about his soul debt to a demon
lord!

Wylder looks down, bruised and battered, finally taking in his torn clothing.

WYLDER
I didn't know how to tell you.

LYDIA
You could have tried.

Wylder stares past Lydia, just not understanding.

WYLDER
Would you have understood?

Lydia frowns, her fire extinguishing.

LYDIA
I don't know. I only know what I
understand now.

She turns from Wylder and begins walking away, towards the battle elsewhere. Her face is grim, unreadable.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
We're done.

CUT TO BLACK.

