

CARRION

S01 E01: NOTHING LASTS FOREVER

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EXT. SIRITIL - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A figure is silhouetted by a towering inferno blazing away behind him. He holds a scythe by his side.

A soldier cowers on the ground in front of him. He's unarmed, trembling, absolutely terrified: The flickering flames throw shadows off the anguished lines on his face.

On the figure's neck, there's a glowing mark. It looks like some kind of glyph, pulsing with bright blue light.

The figure's hand tightens on the scythe's handle...

A small SHRIEK escapes from the soldier -

It's cut off. The tower collapses inwards as the fire continues to rage.

The figure looks to the sky, his mouth open. Not screaming, just staring.

EXTREME CLOSEUP of an eye - the iris is an icy, iridescent blue, the same colour as that glowing mark.

As we pull away from it, a ripple disrupts the image.

INT. VIEWING CHAMBER - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The image is, in fact, being displayed in a font of water.

The blue light being projected from the font illuminates a chamber. Deep carvings in the chamber's walls resemble the language of the glowing mark.

A man wearing monk's robes is staring into the font. This is LYKUS (30's). He grips both sides of the font, leaning over it, his hair hanging limp... he's exhausted.

He waves his hand over the water and the image changes with a ripple. We move in once again.

EXT. LAKENEN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

We're flying over landscapes:

Snow-capped mountains feed a hungry river gorge that consumes the countryside then empties into a monstrous ocean.

The image changes with a ripple: A canyon of red baked stone and monumental hoodoos collapses into a vast desert.

Another ripple: An immense forest formed by twisted trees clambering over one another, desperate for sunlight.

LYKUS (V.O.)

Lakenen is a cruel world. On the surface, it appears like ours: Mountains, oceans, deserts, forests. But its core is corrupt.

Ripple: A deep pit plunges into the ground. We descend into it, past the tracks and lifts running down its walls.

At the bottom, masses of squirming black forms writhe like slugs. It creates a sickening cacophony of SQUISHING sounds.

One form engulfs another: The victim's form turns white and becomes ethereal before being absorbed into the killer.

LYKUS (V.O.)

The inhabitants are malformed to survive. Bloodlust pervades their thoughts. Like their world, they appear normal. But they too are corrupt: Their society is a fragile illusion soon to be broken.

Ripple: Baliso, a small village with quaint rooftops, nestles in farmland. On a hill to the south is a farmhouse that overlooks a field of red flowers. We close in on the house...

LYKUS (V.O.)

"Good" people are an anomaly in Lakenen. But if I can find someone who is violent yet righteous, then I may be able to prevent the inevitable...

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Wood shavings fall to the timber floor with a repetitive SCHRIT, SCHRIT sound. Calloused hands whittle away at a block of wood, each movement precise and measured.

KOHL (late 20's) is focused entirely on the job at hand. His stern expression belies the delicate nature of his task. His black, shoulder length hair is tied back, sleeves rolled up, world-weary eyes fixated.

ILA (O.S.)

Kohl, I'm off!

ILA (early 20's) descends from upstairs. She has a warm, open face, moving with grace as she collects her things.

Kohl GRUNTS his acknowledgement.

Ila stops, waiting for something more from Kohl.

Nothing. Just the SCHRIT SCHRIT of wood shavings.

Ila walks up to Kohl and grabs his chin, moving his gaze up to meet hers.

ILA (CONT'D)

You should come to the festival.

KOHL

I need to keep an eye on the crop,
a couple thieves have figured out
what we're growing.

ILA

Who'd rob us in fulllight?

KOHL

Idiots. Users. Both.

Ila sighs, shaking her head at him. Then, she kisses him lightly before sauntering to the doorway.

ILA

Have it your way. If you decide to
join me, I'll be out enjoying the
beautiful sunshine.

Ila dances her way out of the house, closing the door.

ILA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(melodically)

Beauuuuutiful sunshiiiine!

Kohl watches her go and smiles for just a moment –

But long enough for his whittling knife to slip. Kohl winces, squeezing the wound: A drop of blood leaks out.

He moves to a cabinet for bandages, but something out the window catches his eye – something we can't see.

Kohl's eyes narrow. The stern expression is back.

As he crosses to the front door, he picks up a familiar-looking scythe resting against the wall...

EXT. FLOWER FIELD - DAY

We're running through a field of red flowers, following a boy in ragged clothing - This is RALI (10).

Rali sprints between the tall stems, breathing hard, pushing.

Pursuing are two wrinkled, patchy-haired, half-human creatures known as Garenos. They run on their hands and feet, snarling and cutting down stems with their sharp claws.

The boy pushes out of the flowers into a clearing, turning forwards to see -

KOHL, SCYTHE POISED, SLASHING TOWARDS HIM.

But the slash completely misses: Rali is too short. Instead, Rali barges straight into Kohl's front.

Rali looks up at Kohl, scared, then sprints off.

RALI
(calling behind him)
GARENOS!

Kohl snaps his attention back towards the flowers, just in time to see a Garenos leaping towards him.

Kohl slashes - The Garenos is split in two at the waist.

Even in this divided state, the Garenos writhes and SCREECHES, its sunken eyes fixed on Kohl with rage.

KOHL
This far north..?

Kohl is caught off-guard by the second Garenos. It jumps, catches the snath of his scythe and pushes him to the ground.

Kohl fends off the Garenos' gnashing teeth by keeping his scythe between them. He pushes the Garenos to the side and rolls on top, pinning it down.

He gets one hand free and pulls a kama - a small farming tool with a curved blade - from the small of his back...

SCHLIIICK! Kohl slashes open the Garenos' throat. It manages one last swipe in its death throes, cutting Kohl's cheek.

The corpses of the two Garenos and their splattered blood start to glow white. Then, the bodies dissolve into small, glowing orbs that drift with comet-like tails and absorb into Kohl - This is the process of Transferral.