

Conquis

By

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EXT. THE VOID - UNKNOWN TIME

There is nothingness. In the distance, there's a permeating fluctuation of warm and cool colors in the center. There's a faint rumbling, almost like thunder from far away.

Suddenly a flash of light; a crackle of energy on the screen.

A female warrior, HALOSI, stumbles back, grabbing her right shoulder. She moves her hand to look at the wound, revealing a giant gash reaching from the top of her shoulder to the center of her chest.

She stares at a shapeless cloth-like substance. It forms itself into a singular object, PROTEZ, with only a featureless face to define it.

It forms a weapon, a flat-edged blade, out of its arm. It remains motionless.

Halosi reaches back down for her club, then walks forward and grabs another that had been lying near by.

She cracks her neck, and positions herself into a fighting stance.

Protez twitches its blade then, in a blur, surges forward.

Halosi barely escapes the first strike from above, and blocks a side-swipe from Protez.

The red-clad warrior gains her footing and swings with her furiously with her good arm, but Protez dodges it with ease.

The pain is getting the better of her; blood has been flowing out of the wound and her entire arm is drenched.

Halosi charges forward, swinging madly. Protez reels with a quick move. She keeps surging forward.

At one point, she swings both blades in tandem and cuts through the middle of Protez, apparently splitting him in two.

Believing she has won, Halosi turns and begins to walk away.

However, the ghostly figure attaches itself back together. It arches its head, forming a scowl.

A faint wave of energy flushes through its form. It slams its blade onto the ground, sending a shockwave of light across the floor towards Halosi.

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She covers herself by crossing her two weapons, causing the shockwave to split at the middle.

As she blocks it, Protez bursts through the shockwave, drawing its blade back for a strike.

Halosi, caught off guard, tries to move her weapon in the weapon's path.

Protez thrusts his blade with such force, it shatters the club. The blade continues and slashes her chest.

She tumbles onto the ground, rolling back from the impact.

Protez starts to slowly move in her direction; appearing to glide along the surface.

Halosi grabs the wound across her chest and looks at the ghostly figure, both scared and angry. As Protez gets closer, her anger subsides, replaced by a sense of calm.

As Protez stands before her and lifts his blade, ready to strike down, Halosi closes her eyes.

A flash of light; she opens her eyes to see that a barrier has formed in front of her, blocking Protez's attack. She becomes startled and the barrier dissipates. She barely manages to move out of the blade's path.

Protez looks at Halosi, confused.

She finds to strength to get up. She looks at her wounds; the gashes are glowing and stretching out to the rest of her body.

Protez flows towards Halosi, thrusting its sword forward.

Fear grips her immediately, but when she looks down, she sees the wound retract and dim. Her eyes open, and experiences a moment of acknowledgment.

Right as Protez strikes, she channels the energy into her hand.

Protez's blade is once again stopped by a barrier of light that has formed directly in front of Halosi.

Halosi, surprised by the barrier's effectiveness and swings her club at Protez.

Her club manages to strike its face, sending it flying back.

The female warrior looks at her weapon, then back to Protez as it tries to rebuild its physical form.

She grips her weapon with both of her hands, concentrating the energy permeating from her two wounds.

Protez has reformed, turning its two arms into flat-edged blades. It strikes the ground, causing an ethereal energy to form around itself.

The two burst towards each other, weapons drawn.

They clash against each other and a wave of energy and light explodes with each impact.

They try to land an attack against each other, but each maneuver is blocked or dodged by the other.

With enhanced speed, Halosi swings around and hits Protez.

Protez, which had maintained a smooth cloth-like form, changes to a hardened shape. It's now pulsating with energy, crackling along its surface.

The light-trails from Halosi's wounds have now covered her whole body. She charges forward.

The two combatants continue to strike, their respective light-trails flying around in a forceful spiral.

The energy trails overwhelm the two of them; both form into beams of light clashing against one another, rising further into the horizon, glowing more and more.

Each clash causes an explosion of energy and light.

The two beams continue flying higher, piercing the horizon.

After one final explosion of light, the beams spiral into a helix until, finally, the two become one beam of energy.

The speed and ferocity of their two respective energies create a surge of color and light, with each clash revealing with brief flashes the two combatants in conflict.

They ascend towards the sky, breaking through the faintly-lit cavernous environment into a fiery-hued horizon of orange-red clouds and an eclipsed sun.

The beams of energy begin to reconstruct back into their original forms.

Forming together at the top is Halosi, lifting her weapon towards the sky. Below is Protez, outstretching its form in an attempt to wrap around her.

Halosi closes her eyes and all goes silent. The energy from her wounds moves across her body and focuses it into her club.

She slams her weapon down, phasing through Protez's extended form. Protez tries to form more blades to block her weapon's path, but the weapon keeps piercing through.

The weapon strikes Protez directly on the black emptiness that forms his head, shattering it.

The rest of Protez's form implodes into itself and left off one last bit of energy outward.

Halosi is now alone up in the sky. She remains in a slow state of movement, still illuminated. Her weapon begins to fade away.

She spirals around as she begins to fall and looks toward the horizon.

Her figure begins to become transparent, faint trails of light flowing out of her.

The sun appears out of the void, reflecting in her eyes.

She is at peace.

The warrior plummets back to the ground, dissolving into a streak of light.

Halosi fades away completely, with just a vertical beam of light marking the sky in her wake.

FADE TO BLACK.