

Tale of Good Audio Lore

written by

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INT. SECRET ROOM IN THE FLYING CASTLE - EVENING

Alone, in the dead of a very silent night...

The DISTINCT TENOR OF HEELS springs against the floor. Hurried, heavy breaths follow along from LORELAAN's (seemingly in her 40s) lips.

LORELAAN (V.O.)

It is currently 1256. The war between humanity and elvenkind shows no sign of abating. Sin has tempted all the land into spilling blood. A mere few nights prior, countless humans were slaughtered in the safety of their home. So Alair said, the village it all occurred at was not far from the Aemilia clan's home.

A rhythmic *thump, thump, thump* of books pile up atop a wooden chair. Loose papers rustle, a faint CLICK OF THE TONGUE following before they are gathered back into her hands.

Lorelaan slides the papers under the books, securing them in place. Before long, the CHAIR LEGS are scraping atop the cold stone floor, dragged to the other side of the room.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

What it is the elves hope to achieve matters no longer. How can humanity reason with those as vile as they? What slaughter they committed cannot be forgotten. Not now, when the stench of death still lingers in the air. Not in the future, when the survivors of this generation...

There is a light *PLOP!* as Lorelaan settles the chair where she has repositioned it to. Her footsteps sound, moving back and forth, with more chairs taken across the room with ever as prompt, purposeful steps.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... and those after suffer from this miserable bloodshed. Death will not tend to the elves and deliver their comeuppance for millennium to come. To remain idle any longer will not do.

Again, she marches across the room. This time, her steps are accompanied by the heavier drag of a table SCREECHING against the floor.

Multiple pauses--

-- complete with LIGHT PANTS and HEAVY SIGHS, weave into Lorelaan's speech.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There is a way to end this all so
that the world will finally know
peace.

Beat.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Tonight, as the castle sleeps, the
spell will be cast with my own
hands. Though, if it is as those
forbidden texts say, it will not
be...

She stops - both her words and her steps -, and bites her lips. An attempt to maintain her composure.

She drops the table with a resounding *THUD!*

Right on top of the door.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(slightly trembling)
It will not be a method acceptable
to most.

This breath BILLOWS into the air-- long and worn. But Lorelaan does not hang in silence for more than that.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But it is a kindness to them.
Freeing them of their eternal
hatred and thirst of blood with
this spell would do them a
favor...

The shelf she PUSHES through the room elicits many more LADEN BREATHS.

A thud of her weight crashing against it.

A groan.

And now- a muffled grunt.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Oh, if only I could fully convince
myself of such a thing! Were that
the case, I would not be recording
this log and leaving evidence of
my misdeeds for someone to judge.
Should my own family unearth this
recording, I pale imagining the
faces they-...

Beyond the thick, dense walls, incomprehensible words from
MALE ELVEN SOLDIERS scarcely manage to penetrate into the
secret room.

Her body SLIDES AGAINST the shelf and onto the floor,
shoulders slumping. Quiet but there.

Another immense sigh and shake of her head follows.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
No. Enough talk. The time for
action has come. I know that this
is for the best. My loved ones
will understand: had I not done
this, none of us would live.

Her palms SMACK against the floor as she crawls to the
center of the room. With her fingers dipping into the paint
comes a SLOSH and SPLASH.

Liquid OOZES with her every stroke...

The pitter-patter of paint like rain thrumming against the
roof...

And the faint WHIR of magic shattering the remaining
silence.

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
For the sake of my dearest Alair
Azurian and our child... and the
children yet to come, I must.

That magical hum CRESCENDOES from piano to fortissimo. It
takes the room by STORM, corrupting the sound of LORELAAN'S
VOICE. Rather than the elegant, quiet tone she always
speaks in--

LORELAAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(coldly)
No matter how great a sin I must
commit, I shall never allow them
to be in harm's way.

THE END.