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Predator Dark Ages

By James Bushe

Marshall Thomas!
I am brother Joseph,
thank you for coming.
I did not expect
someone of such prestige.
Your Grace.
My men at arms.
My son, this is
no place for a woman.
Take comfort in the knowledge:
you are not the first
who have made such a mistake.
Freya knows these lands
as well as any man.
I'm sure.
Thomas, come walk with me.
Please excuse us.
You hear that.
He mistook you for a woman.
I hear you are to leave
the order after this mission.
Your Grace,
my men have
seen too much death.
Some deserved.
Some not.
Many returned from
defending our faith
only to find themselves
questioning it.
Why are we here, priest?
The Archbishop believes we have
someone who could be of use.
You know what they said,
about this beast that you hunt.
You have heard the tales.
Witchcraft, dragons,
but I'm yet to know why the
church is showing such an interest.
The local villagers had
made a substantial donation
towards the order
in return for our help.
So, naturally,

God wills it.
Naturally.
This way.
This is the reason the Archbishop
sent you to our encampment.
- Thomas, this is...
- Sied Ibn Shams.
A Saracen.
A Saracen who can
help you to defeat this beast.
What help could
a Saracen give me?
He can advise you where he can.
Advise?
Why should I trust a man
who sells his own country.
This thing kills both
Christian and Muslim.
It does not care for religion,
even if we do.
Brother, he cannot be trusted.
He is a savage, they all are.
I am not the one who
murders with no remorse!
Compose yourself, Templar.
Sied has experienced this evil before.
I neither need
nor want his help.
Enough, Thomas.
I will hear no more.
You may not want his help,
but I say it is God's will.
Sied rides with you.
What are they thinking?
A Saracen,
apparently has experience
of what we hunt.
Is that so?
He's a bad omen.
I can feel it.
Sign?
Several bodies were
dragged through here,
away from the path.

We go on foot from here.
Feel like looking for
a needle in a haystack.
Saracen.
What do you know of this beast?
We called it, jinn.
Huh?
It's mean, demon.
Have you actually
encountered one?
Yes.
In Jerusalem.
So, how do we kill it?
I do not know.
Well, how did you kill it?
We did not.
After it satisfied it's
hunger for our people...
it moved on.
Killing it is your problem, Christian.
I'm just here to offer help.
Who said to bring him along?
Like I said,
he's a bad omen!
We're not hunting
a mere beast, you fools.
This thing is
more powerful than us all!
And you should have stayed
in the tent with the priest.
Leave the fighting to true knights.
You think I want to be here?
It is not my choice.
Now you listen to me.
I do not care what you want.
You are with us now
and you'll fight with us.
But I'm just a scholar.
Not anymore.
Trail splits here.
There are two sets
of the same tracks
West... and north.
Alright.

We spread out.
Freya, Godfrey.
Hit the trail toward the west.
Twenty leagues.
We meet back here by nightfall.
He goes with you.
Marshall!
What in god's name.
Is it a warning or...
or something else?
No one deserves
a death like this.
I don't think it's this...
thing.
Two, maybe three bandits, the most.
Probably heard the
same stories as Sied.
Nothing like a bit of fear.
Let us hope you are right.
Sied.
Tell me more about this beast.
They say it has claws,
as long sharp swords.
Ha!
Probably breathes fire too, right?
Worse.
Much worse.
Do not listen to him.
He's trying to scare you.
It's working.
Something's not right.
What is it?
It doesn't make sense,
the trail just stops here.
No more signs, nothing.
Witchcraft.
The trees.
It led us here!
DEMON!!
It's retreating.
We must wait.
We must give chase!
No! It wants you to follow!
What happened?

The demon came for him.
Freya has given chase.
Foolish woman!
And yet you're still here.
Oh, dear god.
It took her head.
Why did it take her head?
Some kind of ungodly sacrifice.
No, to make trophies.
It's a prize for the kill.
Did you see it?
Not it.
Just it's eyes,
burning like flames.
He lies!
That's not what he saw.
Why would I lie?
Is this not what you hunt?
Now you are scared.
I am afraid of no man.
This is no man we hunt.
We are all going to die.
I will hear no more of your poison!
That's enough!
We are all scared,
but we will prevail!
Their deaths will not be in vain.
So, how do we hunt
what we cannot see!
When it return for the other body,
to collect it's prize.
Richard, Damien.
Be watchful of each other.
It's near.
And you...
you come with me.
We follow the blood.
Be mindful...
it may well be hoping we do this.
Then let us not disappoint it.
Ahh!
God!
Get it off me!
It's burning!

God!
Get it off!
Get it off!
Don't touch me!
Did you forget about me?
What the...
No!
Wait, don't go.
- Get off me!
- It is too late!
We cannot help them!
I will not be taken so easily.
We strike when it
returns for the bodies.
It has taken what it wants.
There is nothing we can do.
We can fight it! Kill it!
Please,
we must leave
while we still have our lives.
If we leave now,
their deaths will be for nothing!
We could not defeat it
in Jerusalem, it is no different now!
Yes, it is!
We can fight it together!
No.
I cannot die.
Not like them.
You will stand fast!
If you must fight it, know this.
It is not invincible.
It bleeds.
Sied, come back!
Damn you, Saracen.
Here I am!
Show yourself and fight me!
What in hell are you?
Let him go.
Your life for his.
Is he gone?
For now.
Who was it?
I do not know.

Not a demon.
Something else.
Thank you,
for coming back.
Where would be my
honor if I did not.
Although I already half
expected you to be dead.
Not yet, Saracen.
Not yet.