

Son of Zorn  
Sane Patrick's Day

written by

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CHARACTER LIST:

Zorn  
Alan  
Buff Orc  
Inbred Orc  
Teacher

Address  
Phone  
E-mail

INT. ALAN'S SCHOOL - CLASSROOM -- DAYTIME

Typical high school classroom.

Alan and his classmates are all sitting in math class, no one is paying attention as the TEACHER, mid-50s, long curly hair with a bald spot, wearing bland khakis, a button up shirt and a wool vest, rambles on.

TEACHER

And this class is how the quadratic equation is properly use-

Zorn kicks down the door and walks into the classroom. The whole class is startled awake. They are all staring at him.

ZORN

Alagulon!

ALAN

Oh my god.

TEACHER

Excuse me sir what are you doing in my class?!

ZORN

It's Sane Patrick's Day! Why aren't you out celebrating?

ALAN

Dad, St. Patrick's Day is in March.

ZORN

No! Sane Patrick' Day!

Alan sighs.

ZORN (CONT'D)

What is Sane Patrick's Day, you ask?

ALAN

No one asked.

ZORN

Sane Patrick's Day is a day commemorated to the legendary warrior Sane Patrick! During the great Orc invasion on Zephyria, Sane Patrick snuck behind enemy lines and killed the Orc King, which was the turning point in the war.

ALAN  
 (annoyed)  
 Dad please leave.

ZORN  
 Alright, I'll go, but you're coming  
 with me to celebrate this historic  
 day!

TEACHER  
 You can't just take one of my  
 students out of school like that!

Zorn turns towards the teacher, walks up to him, staring him  
 down and towering over him.

ZORN  
 (serious voice)  
 Who's gonna stop me? You?

TEACHER  
 Well... I uh... I suppose not.

ZORN  
 (gleeful)  
 Excellent! Alagulon, lets go.

Alan gets up and follows Zorn out.

TEACHER  
 Don't forget to do your homework,  
 Alan!

EXT. FOREST CLEARING-- DAYTIME

Zorn and Alan are in a forest clearing, there are two metal  
 cages a few feet away from them.

ALAN  
 So why do they call him Sane  
 Patrick anyway?

ZORN  
 Oh, I mean, Patrick was absolutely  
 insane, but he did such a brave  
 thing for Zephyria that we called  
 him Sane Patrick, out of respect. I  
 mean not only did he basically end  
 the war, we got a bunch of orc  
 slaves out of it.

Zorn is practice swinging his sword around.

ALAN

Woah! That's really messed up, man!  
You have slaves?!

ZORN

Well, I mean, orc slaves. But it  
isn't all bad! Orcs love Sane  
Patrick's day too! This is the day  
the orcs get to choose their  
strongest warriors to fight their  
master, and if the orc wins, they  
all go free!

ALAN

Wow. So that's what the cages are  
for?

Zorn walks over to one of the cages and begins to undo the  
latch. He opens the latch and walks back to Alan.

ZORN

Damn right. Maybe this year they'll  
pick a good contender.

The cage door swings open, out walks BUFF ORC, green, bald,  
pointy ears, nasty pointy teeth, built like The Rock, wearing  
a piece of leather over his groin, holding a huge wooden  
club.

BUFF ORC

I've been waiting for this day ever  
since you killed my father all  
those years ago. Today you will pay  
the price for destroying my family!

Zorn is casually swinging his sword through the air.

ZORN

You gonna hit me with that club or  
is your tactic to talk me to death?

Buff Orc charges at Zorn screaming his furious battle cry.

Zorn darts towards Buff Orc and moments before they reach  
each other, Zorn slides onto his knees, slicing Buff Orc's  
legs clean off.

Buff Orc falls to the ground, propping himself up only with  
his wooden club.

Zorn walks up behind Buff Orc, holding his sword like a  
baseball bat, and in one clean swing, slices off Buff Orc's  
head.

Alan stares at the decapitated corpse, astounded.

Zorn walks over to Alan.

ZORN (CONT'D)

Alright champ, you're up, you ready?

ALAN

Wait what?

ZORN

Why do you think there's two cages, I brought an orc for you too!

ALAN

What? That orc was huge, you can't expect me to fight someone like that?

Zorn chuckles.

ZORN

No no no, I brought a special orc for you. One that's more your speed.

ALAN

What, he's skinny like me or something?

ZORN

Well, he's not exactly skinny. Let's just say that his family loved each other a little more than a family should.

ALAN

So he's...

ZORN

His parents are brother and sister, yeah.

ALAN

Gross.

Zorn walks over to Alan and hands him his sword.

ZORN

Yup. Anyway, you'll be needing this.

ALAN  
I don't know if I can even swing  
this sword.

ZORN  
Give it a shot, just try and swing  
it.

Alan struggles to lift the sword. He swings it poorly.

Zorn walks over to the second cage and opens the door.

INBRED ORC, short, fat hunched over, green skin, pointy ears  
nasty pointy teeth, has a limp in his right leg, walks out.

Inbred Orc has a short chain attached to his ankle, he sniffs  
the grass around him, he eats a small flower and proceeds to  
sniff some more.

ZORN (CONT'D)  
Awe what a cutie, alright Alagulon,  
kill him.

Alan struggles to lift the sword again.

Inbred Orc locks eyes with Alan and gives him puppy dog eyes.

ALAN  
How am I supposed to kill him? He's  
so cute!

ZORN  
What do you mean how are you  
supposed to kill him? With the  
sword!

Alan uses all of his strength and swings down as hard as he  
can into the chain holding Inbred Orc captive.

ZORN (CONT'D)  
Alagulon he's gonna get away!

ALAN  
No Dad, I did it on purpose, I  
wanna let him go. He deserves a  
life free of captivity!

Zorn sighs.

ZORN  
Alright.  
(beat)  
Get outta here you little bastard!

Zorn tries to shoo him off. Inbred Orc looks at Zorn, then Alan. He starts running.

INBRED ORC  
(heavy British accent)  
Ye fookin' idiots!

ALAN  
What? I thought he was stupid?

ZORN  
Apparently he's smart, and British?

INT. ALAN'S HOME - DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Zorn has placed decorations around the dining room, vines around the walls, decorations on the table, lots of Zephyrian food, a mystery meat as the main course, and Buff Orc's head intricately painted as the center piece.

Zorn and Alan are eating dinner together at the table. Zorn's plate is full of meat and Alan's plate is full of veggies.

ZORN  
Well, did you have a good day today?

ALAN  
Yeah, I think I had a good day. I finally got to take your sword for a test run, which was cool.

ZORN  
Yeah, too bad you didn't kill that fat little orc though.

ALAN  
Yeah, but I think it was for the best.

Zorn takes a bite of the mystery meat.

ZORN  
I mean, I'd have a lot more meat on my plate right now if you had just killed him. All you had to do was aim a little to the left.

ALAN  
You're eating orc right now?!?!?  
That's disgusting!

ZORN

What? No way its delicious! That's my favorite part of Sane Patrick's day!

(beat)

It's very tender.

Zorn takes another bite and looks up.

ZORN (CONT'D)

(with mouthful of food)

Well, I'll be damned.

ALAN

(confused)

What?

Zorn points out the window to Inbred Orc sifting through the trash can outside.

Zorn gulps down his food. He stands up and grabs his sword.

ZORN

Alagulon stop eating! It's time for redemption!

Zorn grabs Alan by the back of his shirt and pulls him towards the door.

ALAN

I can walk just fine!

ZORN

Perfect! Here, hold this.

Zorn tosses Alan his sword.

Zorn slowly opens the door and sprints at Inbred Orc, he tackles him.

INBRED ORC

Awe bloody hell! Not you two pillocks again!

Inbred Orc is struggling, trying to get away from Zorn's grasp.

Zorn stands up and holds Inbred Orc still.

ZORN

Okay Alagulon, I'll hold him still for ya, finish him off!



ALAN

I don't wanna kill anyone!

ZORN

He's just an orc! Plus listen to that accent, it's disgusting!

ALAN

Oh look at the boy, he's not a warrior, he's a puny little runt!

Zorn smacks Inbred Orc of the side of the head.

ZORN

(to Inbred Orc)

That right there is my son, and one day he will be the greatest warrior the Zephyria has ever seen!

INBRED ORC

He's a stupid little twerp who can't even swing a sword, let alone kill the likes of me.

ZORN

(to Alan)

Alagulon, whether you want to end this turds life is up to you, but if you don't do it, I definitely will. I can't have some orc talking smack about my boy.

Alan smiles.

ALAN

Alright I'll kill him, but only because it's Sane Patrick's Day.

ZORN

That's my boy!

INBRED ORC

Oy no you won't! You ain't got the bollocks!

Alan backs up to get a running start. He rushes towards Inbred Orc, sword held as high as he can.

Alan swings the swords at Inbred Orc. It grazes his lower belly, drawing a little bit of blood.

Zorn looks down at the blood in amazement.

ZORN  
Alagulon! You drew blood!

ALAN  
I drew blood!

In Zorn's amazement, Inbred Orc breaks his grasp. Zorn ignores it and runs over to Alan and hugs him.

INBRED ORC  
You almost took off me knackers!  
You're crazy!

Inbred Orc starts running away. Zorn casually grabs a throwing knife out of the back of his belt and throws it at Inbred Orc. It connects, killing him instantly, his body flops to the floor.