

CRESTFALLEN

Written by

Antonio Perry

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

A luxurious red carpet stretches past stone walls lit by torchlight. A lone knight; fully armored walks toward a set of large oak doors

He reaches out an armored hand to push the latch and it doesn't budge. He knocks, the sound echoing throughout the large chamber. Still nothing. With a balled fist of metal he pounds twice...

Still nothing.

With both hands now, our knight slams into the doors with his body as if trying to break them down. An impossible task considering the size difference. Red faced, he brings his entire weight down into the doors becoming more and more determined with every blow until a soft click leads him stumbling into the

INT. LARGE COURTROOM - CONT

Decrepit advisors, old seers, foreign pupils, lavish merchants, decorated generals, a squire and plenty of concubines look on as our knight clambers to his feet awkwardly walking a couple feet only to bend the knee at the foot of a long staircase leading to a single bronze throne.

His name is

SQUIRE

Introducing SIR FELT from the white
table my lord!

The figure on the throne leans forward, squinting to recognize the noble at the foot of his throne. He is fat, his golden crown almost concealed in a mess of straw like golden hair.

SIR FELT

My lord!

He slams a fist into his breastplate next to his crest of an
EAGLE WITH RED WINGS

SIR FELT (CONT'D)

I came as soon as I received your
summons.

LORD GODWIN

It pleases us to see you so eager
to serve the throne. Lets see what
your quest holds.

LORD GODWIN smiles.

LORD GODWIN (CONT'D)
Bring her in!

The throne room doors creep open just enough for a pair of guardsmen to walk through. Between them a beautiful young woman dressed in white with a crown of flowers.

LORD GODWIN (CONT'D)
This is my daughter Evalyn. She is set to marry a prince from the next kingdom over. The marriage hopefully will combine our forces allowing us to win this terrible war which has ravaged our `lands. I charge you with transporting her. She is mute so you will speak for her.

EVALYN looks up at the knight and frowns.

LORD GODWIN (CONT'D)
Your message will be: carry on.

EXT. GOODINGS TOWN - DAY

A white felly kicks up dust as our knight and his charge gallop through climbing shacks past meandering peasants. Through the great walls separating Godwin's hold from the great pastures.

EXT. GODWINS PASTURE - CONT.

Sir felt holds firm and Evalyn, draped in a black cloak, bounces mercilessly on the hind end of the horse. Flowing fields of grain sway like an ocean past the two as our couple suddenly stops.

Sir felt looks into the distance and sees dark purple plumes of smoke just past the forest line, saddles his sword and continues into the forest

EXT. YAWNING FOREST - DAY

Long dark tree branches stretch overhead. A thick canopy of bushy leaves chokes out the daylight giving the place an amber hue. It's quiet except for the sound of hooves mutely thumping against the soft ground.

Evalyn looks behind suddenly frightened she begins to pound on her knight's armored back.

SIR FELT

Whoa!

The horse comes to a stop. SIR FELT turns

SIR FELT (CONT'D)

What is it?

Evalyn points into the thicket revealing the silhouette of 3 individuals crouching within the bush

An arrow whistles from the opposite side bouncing off of our knight's backplate. He draws his sword and turns to see a man on a horse blocking his trail; His clothes are raggedy and mismatched.

His grin reveals rotting teeth.

BANDIT LEADER

Big knight all alone in the woods.

(off Sir Felt)

Where's your master?

He looks at Evalyn in the back

BANDIT LEADER (CONT'D)

Who's this

She looks at the bandit leader and frowns.

Sinister laughs from the back as the BANDIT TROOP reveals itself. Two archers, and a large man with an ax. He wears a helmet a size too small.

The ax man walks toward Sir felt. The two size each other up

BANDIT LEADER (CONT'D)

There's four of us knight. Two of you. Make a move and Tiny here might cut you in two. You one of the smart ones? Or one of the dumb one's?

Sir felt dismounts and stands face to face with ax man. He stands a little taller, readies his sword.

Ax man raises his big ax and in one swift motion..

His arm is separated from the shoulder. Crimson blood paints the ground as TINY drops to the floor, white as bone, gasping for air.

BANDIT LEADER (CONT'D)

Tiny!

The group rushes to their fallen companion's aid and in the last moment the bandit leader turns to see Sir felt and Evalyn riding off deeper into the woods.

Evalyn frowning as they make distance.

The bandit leader grits his teeth.

EXT. BATTLEFIELDS - AFTERNOON

Scorched earth, pockets of arrows, burnt out trees desolate landscape with unidentifiable bodies splayed on the ground just out of distance of our knight as he and Evalyn gently tread the wounded soil

The sun sets on the horizon casting lazy shadows past the two. Sir Felt stops the horse puzzled. Ahead of him lies a crater deep enough to swim.

He looks at Evalyn who dozes off in the saddle, still frowning. He softens a bit then stiffens at the sound of distance explosions.

A moment of silence, then instinct.

He kicks his horse up in a frenzy making a mad dash to the other side of the clearing. Behind him loud shells burst one by one on his trail getting closer and closer until something catches, the horse slips and together the three fall down a steep cliff into a rocky bottom below.

Everything goes black on impact.

FLASHBACK

EXT. PUBLIC SQUARE - AFTERNOON

Rain soaks the linens of a robed man who reads from a bible, a large gold chain hangs from his neck. A hangman's gallows' swings behind him. Two hooded executioners sit leaning on the platform flanking an old woman who shivers in the rain.

PRIEST

For the one in authority is God's servant for your good. But if you do wrong, be afraid, for rulers do not bear the sword for no reason.

Sir Felt, dressed in rags looks on alongside a crowd of village people.

PRIEST (CONT'D)
They are God's servants, agents of
wrath to bring punishment on the
wrongdoer.

FLASHBACK OVER

INT. REOCCUPIED INN - NIGHT

OLD LADY
He's stirring.

Sir felt awakes in a small cot. An old woman stands over him smiling a warm smile.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
Good evening. Sir Knight.

He sits up wincing. A dried crimson bandage covers his left eye wrapped around the back of his head. His eye opens to see a small lodge with enough room for a small mess area, a recreational table and a couple other cots.

Two men sit at the table drinking. One stares at the knight.

SIR FELT
(recollecting)
I came with another.

OLD LADY
The girl, she's around here
somewhere.

SIR FELT
How long have I been here

OLD LADY
One day and one night.

Sir Felt struggles to get to his feet. His legs shake underneath him. A FOOTSOLDIER dressed in blue grieves comes to aid him, sliding underneath his shoulder.

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER
Easy knight. You took a nasty blow.
We weren't sure you'd even awake.

SIR FELT
I must leave. Where's the girl?

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER
 She's at the stable, tending to
 your mare.

The RED FOOTSOLDIER slams on the table. Raises his flagon and drains the entire drink in four hearty gulps. Puts the now empty pint down, wipes his mouth and smacks his lips.

RED FOOTSOLDIER
 Noble Knight, protector of our
 kingdom. Who is that girl that
 accompanies you. She must be
 important no doubt to require your
 services.

The two hold each other's glare

RED FOOTSOLDIER (CONT'D)
 Who exactly did we pull from that
 battlefield?

Sir felt starts gathering his armor and strapping it on.

SIR FELT
 She is no one of importance. Just a
 charge to be safely escorted.

He looks up to see the red footsoldier mere feet from him, pointing.

RED FOOTSOLDIER
 What lord do you serve?

Hesitation from the knight. The room gets tense. Blue steps in

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER
 You know of the war, sir knight.
 But I wonder if you truly know
 about the sides in this conflict.
 Those lords and kings would have
 you believe it's a holy battle
 between foreigners and the God
 fearing.

Red footsoldier goes to the mess area and begins rummaging through the cabinets, eventually coming upon a small dagger

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER (CONT'D)
 The truth is the war is between
 those in the castles and those of
 us outside of its walls.

(MORE)

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER (CONT'D)

Too long we've been forced to live
and die at the whims of the crown.
But now, things are different.

Blue footsoldier pulls out a flintlock pistol, hands its to
the knight who examines it curiously.

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER (CONT'D)

Trade has brought an instrument of
liberation to our lands, something
that will even the battlefield.

RED FOOTSOLDIER

I recognize that crest you put on.
The red winged eagle. It represents
someone knighted without nobility.
Someone who actively showed their
loyalty for the crown.

He holds the dagger behind his back as he approaches Sir
Felt.

RED FOOTSOLDIER (CONT'D)

So tell me, what did you do to get
those wings? Who did you kill, how
many innocent families did you ruin
to attain your station! Who's the
girl!

Sir Felt shoves off the Red Knight as he struggles to affix
his last remaining bit of armor and makes his way to the door

SIR FELT

She is no one! A simple peasant
girl who's father enlisted my help
with the last of his coin. Nothing
more.

He turns to the old woman

SIR FELT (CONT'D)

I thank you for your hospitality.
You have no doubt saved me and my
charge's life and for that I'll see
to it you're rewarded. I must leave
now.

He shuts the door, leaving nothing but silence in the INN.
Red footsoldier edges closer to Blue.

BLUE FOOTSOLDIER

He left his sword.

RED FOOTSOLDIER
I'll see to it he receives it

EXT. INN STABLES - DUSK

Evalyn awakes in a pile of straw, turns to see Sir Felt striding towards the barn. She cleans off the straw and gets up.

SIR FELT
Evalyn. Are you okay?

She pats herself down, looks up at the knight and nods her head.

SIR FELT (CONT'D)
Off we go then

As they mount his horse the Red Footsoldier approaches with an off-putting smile. Sir Felt turns to meet him.

RED FOOTSOLDIER
Sir Felt, you are most loyal to be sure. But, forgetful. Here.

He hands him his sword.

SIR FELT
Who are you

RED FOOTSOLDIER
There are ears all over the kingdom. Lord Godwin will be happy to know his daughter is in good hands. Also

Red reveals a bloody dagger, drops it to the ground.

RED FOOTSOLDIER (CONT'D)
Don't worry about that reward.

Sir Felt looks at the dagger then to Red then, slowly, out to the INN. Somewhere a rooster crows.

EXT. MUDDY TRAIL - DAY

Thunder cracks illuminating the knight and Evalyn as they ride. In the near distance another castle sits on a hill, so high up flocks of birds fly around its midpoint. Rain soaks the two

The horse is in a mad gallop churning up bits of wet soil as it gets closer and closer to it's destination. Heart pumping, thick coily muscles moving fluidly, white foggy breath leaving its snout. All is well.

Until an arrow embeds itself into the powerful steeds chest, collapsing it. The horse falls, throwing both Evalyn and Sir Felt from its saddle and into the mud. The knight tries to stand, looks up to see three figures standing over him

BANDIT LEADER O.S.

Look who it is.

Sir Felt climbs to his feet, Evalyn behind him.

The bandit leader smiles his rotten smile. He is flanked by an archer and a spearmen. They menacingly step toward the knight.

BANDIT LEADER

Took all three of us to bury Tiny.

The archer readies his arrow.

BANDIT LEADER (CONT'D)

This time we'll be taking the girl
and the armor.

Lets loose. The arrow finds it mark in the calf of Sir Felt, he stumbles, falls to his knee's.

Evalyn screams.

SIR FELT

Leave....Now

His breath is labored. His vision hazy. He looks up to see a boot kick his chest plate causing him to fall into the rain soaked marsh. The spearman stands above him spear readied right above his head.

BANDIT LEADER

Make it quick

He glances at Evalyn. Moves toward her. She tries to fight him off screeching

EVALYN

Get your dirty hands off me you
FILTHY PEASANT NOOOO.

A deafening sound like thunder shakes the ground. Both the bandit leader and Evalyn cover their ears.

The spearman drops to the ground, half his jaw gone, blood intermingling with the muddy floor.

The archer fumbles for an arrow but stops, looking down the barrel of Sir Felt's pistol.

SIR FELT

Don't.

He drops the bow.

Evalyn runs behind Sir Felt again. Who points the weapon at the bandit leader. He cowers.

BANDIT LEADER

What is that?

SIR FELT

Something to even the battlefield.

BANDIT LEADER

Please.

Sir Felt embeds his sword within the rib cage of the bandit leader who falls to his knees, then collapse. The archer runs off leaving just Evalyn and Sir Felt in the rain.

SIR FELT

Evalyn? Why?

EVALYN

Father thought it would be best, so we wouldn't become attached.

SIR FELT

Why would he care?

EVALYN

Because the one in Red was meant to silence you.

Silence. Sir Felt pulls off his chest plate and drops it to the ground. Stuffs the pistol in his waist string and starts to limp away.

SIR FELT

Goodbye Evalyn

Evalyn watches her knight limps away in the rain. The RED WINGED EAGLE on his chest plate slowly sinking into the mud.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER:CRESTFALLEN