

THE PROPHECY

"Pilot"

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INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - DAY

KING REICUS, 40s, plump, arrogant, and hotheaded, walks through the exquisite castle halls. Two GUARDS stand in front of his chambers.

GUARD #1

King Reicus, the Queen requested
not to be disturbed -

KING REICUS

OUT OF MY WAY BEFORE I STRIP YOU
BOTH OF YOUR ARMOR AND PARADE YOUR
BARE ASSES AROUND THE CASTLE!

The guards move, allowing Reicus to pass. Guard #2 is shaken by the threat and covers himself. Guard #1 comforts him.

GUARD #1

Hey, don't worry. Your body is
gorgeous.

INT. KING & QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

King Reicus opens the door to his extravagant chambers looking for his wife, QUEEN GLORIANA, 40s, cold and resentful.

KING REICUS

The Queen's presence is req-

He sees a DWARF balls deep in the Queen, doggy style. The Dwarf sees King Reicus and freezes, but then gets in one last thrust as he waits to see what happens.

King Reicus pulls out his sword and attacks. The dwarf pulls out and runs out of the room, dodging swings on his way out.

QUEEN GLORIANA

STOP! STOP IT, YOU FOOL! YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE HUNTING!

Queen Gloriana stops Reicus from chasing him. Once subdued, it's incredibly awkward. They hear the door creak.

GUARD #1

We'll give you some privacy...

Guard #1 closes the door, leaving them alone. Queen Gloriana picks up her underwear and leaves without a hint of remorse.

KING REICUS

I'LL HAVE THE HEAD OF EVERY DWARF
IN THIS CITY!

MONTAGE - DWARVES GETTING SLAUGHTERED

- INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - A dwarf sleeps in bed. Knights enter the room, cover his mouth and stab his throat. His wife comes out of the bathroom and screams. The knights stab her, too.

- EXT. LINOTA STREETS - NIGHT - Dwarves run out of taverns screaming. They're chased down and murdered in plain sight.

- EXT. LINOTA STREET - NIGHT - SIR WILMOT, noble, fiercely loyal, leader of the Pledged Protectors, watches his fellow knights slaughter innocent dwarves, extremely conflicted.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY - WEEKS LATER

The King and Queen sit awkwardly far apart on two separate thrones in the excessively large room. ADVISOR ROWAN, the King's spineless advisor, reluctantly approaches the King.

ADVISOR ROWAN

Your majesty... th-the Dwarf Kingdom got wind of our actions and declared war... They've rallied other kingdoms against us and have already taken out three of our cavalries.

The King is furious. The Queen laughs out of spite.

QUEEN GLORIANA

I hope you're satisfied... starting a war we can't win...

KING REICUS

(beat)
Bring me the witch.

EXT. LINOTA CASTLE - NIGHT

Thunder strikes as the rain pours over the castle.

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MYRIELA, an elegant, all-knowing witch, stands before the King and Queen. The PLEDGED PROTECTORS, the group of knights sworn to protect the King and Queen, stand between them.

KING REICUS

WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T DO SPELLS?! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A WITCH!

QUEEN GLORIANA

And you're supposed to be a king...

MYRIELA

Every prophecy I've foretold has
come true, which is why my
reputation precedes me.

IDIOT KNIGHT #1

It's true! She predicted I'd find
love. The next day I found my cat,
Sprinkles. She's my life partner now.

Sprinkles pops out of his armor. He pets her, lovingly.

KING REICUS

FINE. Tell me the future, witch.

MYRIELA

My name is Myriela, not witch. And
a prophecy will not help you win
the war. It's an inevitable outcome-

KING REICUS

DO AS I SAY, WITCH!

Strong winds build inside. The knights struggle to stand their
ground. Myriela levitates and glows, possessed by the prophecy.
A flame sparks between her hands that visualizes her words.

MYRIELA

ONLY WAR, FAMINE, AND DROUGHT WILL BE
KNOWN FOR YEARS TO COME, UNTIL A HERO
FROM THIS KINGDOM, BORN ON THIS DAY,
COMES OF AGE AND USURPS THE THRONE. A
HERO BIRTHED WHERE THE DAWN MEETS THE
RIVER, OF THE WEST AND THE WOODS,
OUTSIDE OF HONOR, THE RESULT OF A
FORBIDDEN COURT. ONLY WHEN THE CHOSEN
ONE SUCCEEDS SHALL THE KINGDOM REGAIN
PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

The winds die down. Myriela lands on her feet. The knights
stand by awkwardly. That's not what the King wanted to hear...

KING REICUS

You're saying the war won't end
until I'm usurped?!

MYRIELA

The prophecy said it... But yes.

KING REICUS

Kill her.

The knights draw their swords.

IDIOT KNIGHT #1
Is it just me or is everyone
strangely okay with the war,
famine, and drought?

Myriela drops a purple smoke bomb to impair their vision and runs out of the throne Room.

INT. CASTLE HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Myriela runs by a window with a banner leading to the ground. She rips off the sleeve of her dress and uses it to zip line down. Two knights arrive at the window. One backs away.

IDIOT KNIGHT #1
I can't put Sprinkles in danger.

The other knight pushes him aside to zip line down. The banner snaps and he immediately eats shit, falling to his death.

IDIOT KNIGHT #1 (CONT'D)
You're wearing 50 pounds of armor.
What did you expect?

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

King Reicus addresses the remaining knights. Advisor Rowan flips through a book titled "The Kingdom's Population".

KING REICUS
WE MUST BE AHEAD OF THIS. FIND OUT
WHO THIS CHILD IS AT ONCE!

ADVISOR ROWAN
All signs point to Mirabel West and
Clifton Woods, an unmarried couple
whose families are at odds. They
were reportedly expecting and live
in the East by the river -

KING REICUS
Kill the boy. And every other
infant born within the week. I will
take no chances.

SIR WILMOT
My King, I don't think killing
children is the answer -

KING REICUS
DON'T QUESTION MY ORDERS, WILMOT! I
AM THE KING!

Sir Wilmot leaves with the rest of the Pledged Protectors, but is clearly struggling with his assignment.

INT. WOODS & WEST DWELLING - SUNRISE

MIRABEL sits next to CLIFTON holding her crying baby. Mirabel is over the moon. Clifton is not amused.

CLIFTON
Is it just not going to stop crying?
(dangles keys in his face)
Shut up already!

Three knights burst through the door. Sir Wilmot follows. Mirabel screams. Clifton is murdered immediately by KNIGHT #1. Mirabel puts the baby down and stands in front of it.

MIRABEL
PLEASE, TAKE ME. JUST DON'T HURT
BABY TRISTAN -

KNIGHT #2 stabs her. He picks up the baby, about to kill it.

SIR WILMOT
WAIT!

Sir Wilmot walks over and takes the baby from Knight #2. He draws his sword and looks into the baby's eyes... but can't bring himself to do it.

Instead, he stabs Knight #2 in the throat. Knight #1 lunges at Wilmot, who dodges the blow and stabs him in return.

Wilmot walks to the door, guarded by Knight #3. Knight #3 moves away immediately to avoid conflict. Wilmot exits with the baby. Knight #3 grabs a torch and sets fire to the home.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KINGDOM OF LINOTA - NIGHT

Myriela, on horseback, watches flames engulf scattered dwellings across the kingdom.

MYRIELA
You cannot avoid fate, King Reicus.
The chosen one will survive. And
when he comes of age, he'll save
this kingdom from your tyranny. I'll
make sure of it.

She gallops into the night, leaving the kingdom behind.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT - 13 YEARS LATER

A figure enters a beat-down bar filled with lowly commoners. We don't see his face. He walks in, slow and confident.

At the back, a DRUNK MAN approaches a group of women.

DRUNK MAN

I've got a cock the size of a
dragon. Who wants to swallow my
fire?

Drunk Man grabs one WOMAN's arm. She tries to fight him off but struggles. The fight escalates. Everyone's looking...

Suddenly, a knife emerges from the back of Drunk Man's throat. He falls over revealing TRISTAN, an underwhelming 13-year-old.

TRISTAN

My lady, you're safe now.

His voice is comically high-pitched.

WOMAN

Thank you... m'lord.

TRISTAN

Please, call me Tristan.

He kisses her hand. She's amused... How adorable.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

So which of you is going to reward
me for my heroic act?

Tristan has a shit eating grin on his face. The women at the table exchange looks, confused.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

What? Nobody wants to put out? I
just saved you all...

More blank stares. The women are shocked.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Why are you all looking around like
it's some kind of chore? Do you
know who I am?

(beat)

I'm the chosen one!

ACT ONEINT. TAVERN - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The group of women blankly stare at Tristan, who couldn't be more proud of himself.

WOMAN

You want us to have sex with you?

WOMAN #2

You're a child.

Sir Wilmot enters and takes off his hood. He's visibly older. He sees the dead drunk and everyone looking at Tristan.

TRISTAN

I'm a man, actually. Today is the anniversary of my 13th year.

The ladies giggle. Sir Wilmot, embarrassed, walks over.

SIR WILMOT

Lord Tristan, it's been a long journey back to the continent. Maybe now is not the time. -

TRISTAN

No, Sir Wilmot. I just won a great victory by saving these women. So it's the perfect time to be deflowered.

The women giggle again.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? I'M THE HERO THAT'S GOING TO SAVE THIS SHITHOLE!

SIR WILMOT

My Lord, it's best not to reveal who you are -

TRISTAN

You know what? Fuck it. If none of you are into it, I don't want it either... You probably all would've been mediocre anyway... whatever.

Tristan proudly walks away. Sir Wilmot, clearly tired of his shit, follows him.

INT. LEGION OF WITCHES - DAY

Young witches practice spells under the supervision of older witches. A TELEPORTING WITCH taps a fellow witch on her shoulder, then POOF, teleports herself to her other shoulder.

Another witch takes a sip from the potion she just brewed. She turns invisible. Her mentor gives her a thumbs up.

In a private room, Myriela trains PIRI, another young witch.

MYRIELA

Focus. Remember what I taught you.

Piri levitates. Her eyes and body glow. A prophecy is coming... but no. She drops to the floor, unsuccessful and upset.

PIRI

UGH, this is a stupid power anyway.
Why can't I teleport or do
something actually useful?!

MYRIELA

The power of prophecy is essential -

PIRI

How?!

Myriela hesitates. Before she can answer, the door swings open via telekinesis. EMELINE, Myriela's sister, enters.

MYRIELA

Emeline, you can't interrupt my -

EMELINE

He's here, sister. Keya saw him in
the crystal ball. The chosen one.

Myriela's eyes widen. She immediately runs out of the room.

INT. TAVERN - DAY - LATER

Myriela and Emeline enter and see Tristan sitting with a GROUP OF MEN. She's not impressed by his lack of heroic features.

MYRIELA

Him...?

Tristan mimes jerking off and ejaculating as he laughs and drinks with his new friends. Myriela and Emeline approach.

MYRIELA (CONT'D)

Lord Tristan...

TRISTAN

Wench! You're here with my drink?

MYRIELA

No... I'm here because -

TRISTAN

I don't care why you're here if it's not to bring me more mead.

MYRIELA

I'm here to ensure a prophecy I made years ago is fulfilled. To help you take the throne of Linota.

The men murmur in shock, upon realizing who Myriela is. Tristan looks at her as if she's a joke.

TRISTAN

A woman? Help me take the throne?

(laughs)

I suppose I'll need someone to cook for me when I'm back from my battles. Fetch me another drink and I'll let you be my maid when we settle into the castle.

The men laugh. Myriela storms off, furious. Emeline follows.

EMELINE

Where are you going?

MYRIELA

There must be a mistake...

A man from Tristan's table gets up. He walks past Myriela and Emeline on his way to the toilet, having a laugh.

MAN #1

Tha' little shit is supposed'ta save the kingdom? King Reicus was right ta banish ye. Yer past yer prophesizing days.

Myriela is furious, she exits the tavern. Emeline follows.

Sir Wilmot enters as they leave. He walks to Tristan's table.

SIR WILMOT

Lord Tristan, may I have a word?

TRISTAN

Sir Wilmot! Of course. Sit down.

The remaining men leave. Sir Wilmot sits, unimpressed with drunk Tristan who nearly falls over finishing his drink.

SIR WILMOT

How many people have you told about being the hero from the prophecy?

TRISTAN

Not many... Where did that wench go?

Tristan looks around and yells out.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

WENCH, WHAT DOES THE CHOSEN ONE HAVE TO DO TO GET ANOTHER DRINK AROUND HERE? I NEED MY MEAD!

Tristan laughs at his own rhyme. He turns back to Wilmot.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

See what I did there?
(yells across the bar)
BARD! WRITE ME A SONG CALLED "I NEED MY MEAD." Something like:
(singing)
I need my mead to do the deed, and
once you feed on all my seed -

Sir Wilmot grabs Tristan and pulls him up.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me!

SIR WILMOT

Once word spreads that you're alive, King Reicus will send men to kill you. We need allies. Immediately.

Wilmot forcefully drags a stumbling Tristan out of the bar.

TRISTAN

But the bard hasn't finished my song!