

# *THE PROPHECY*

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COLD OPEN

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - DAY

KING REICUS (40s, plump, arrogant, hothead), walks through the exquisite castle halls. Two GUARDS stand afront 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 allow Reicus through. Guard #2 is shaken by the threat and self-consciously covers his body. Guard #1 notices.

GUARD #1

Hey, your body is gorgeous.

INT. KING & QUEEN'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS

King Reicus enters his extravagant chambers.

KING REICUS

The Queen's presence is req-

He sees a little GOBLIN giving it doggystyle to QUEEN GLORIANA (40s, cold, resentful). The Goblin sees Reicus and freezes... then gets in one last thrust as he awaits his reaction.

King Reicus pulls out his sword and attacks. The Goblin 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 after 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 GOBLIN IN THIS CITY!

MONTAGE - GOBLINS GETTING SLAUGHTERED

- INT. GOBLIN TAVERN - It's Goblin Karaoke night. Knights enter and kill the Goblin singing on stage.

RANDOM GUY  
He wasn't **that** bad...

- INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - A Goblin awaits his smoking hot Elven wife to join him in bed. She enters, then takes off her mask to unveil it's a knight in disguise! He stabs him.

- EXT. LINOTA STREETS - NIGHT - Goblins are chased down and murdered in plain sight. SIR WILMOT (40s, noble, fiercely loyal), leader of the Pledged Protectors, watches his fellow knights slaughter innocents, highly 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 (30s, spineless) reluctantly approaches the King.

ADVISOR ROWAN  
Your majesty... t-the Goblin Kingdom received word 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  
At least now you've done **something**.  
You've started a war you can't win.

A knight comes in with a wheelbarrow of Goblin heads.

RANDOM KNIGHT  
My King, we brought the Goblin heads you asked for. What do you want us to do with them?

KING REICUS  
I didn't mean literally! Get them out of here!  
(beat, to Rowan)  
Bring me the witch.

EXT. LINOTA CASTLE - NIGHT

Thunder strikes as the rain pours over the castle.

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

MYRIELA (30, elegant, all-knowing) 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!

MYRIELA

My reputation precedes me as every  
prophecy I've foretold has come true.

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 affect 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 - it visualizes her words.

MYRIELA

*Only death, 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 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.

KING REICUS

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

MYRIELA

According to the prophecy... Yes.

KING REICUS

Kill her.

IDIOT KNIGHT #1

Everyone's okay with the death,  
famine, and drought? Really?

The knights draw their swords. Myriela drops a purple smoke bomb to impair their vision. She dodges knights lodging at her and runs out of the room.

INT. CASTLE HALLS - CONTINUOUS

Myriela runs by a window with a banner leading to the ground. She rips off her sleeve 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)

Not sure what he expected, wearing  
50 pounds of armor...

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

KING REICUS

Find out who this child is at once!

ADVISOR ROWAN

All signs point to Clementine 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 boy  
born within the week. I will take  
no chances...

(then)

Kill the girls, too. I don't want  
people to think I'm sexist.

The knights exchange looks. That's where he draws the line?

SIR WILMOT  
My King, killing children seems --

KING REICUS  
DON'T QUESTION MY ORDERS, WILMOT!  
Now take the Pledged Protectors and  
get out of my sight!

Sir Wilmot leaves with the knights but is clearly conflicted.

INT. WEST & WOODS DWELLING - SUNRISE

CLEMENTINE sits next to CLIFTON holding her crying baby.

CLIFTON  
Is it just not going to stop crying?  
(dangles keys in his face)  
What's your issue?

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

CLEMENTINE  
Don't hurt baby Tristan, take me --

KNIGHT #2 stabs her. Sir Wilmot approaches the crying baby. He draws his sword and looks into his eyes... but can't bring himself to do it.

Knight #2 approaches, but Wilmot shields the baby. What? **Treason...** Knight #2 swings at Wilmot, but Wilmot dodges and stabs him. Knight #1 attacks, but Wilmot stabs him too.

Wilmot approaches the door guarded by Knight #3, who throws his hands up and gladly NOPES out of the way. Wilmot exits with the baby. Knight #3 torches the home, setting it ablaze.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE KINGDOM OF LINOTA - NIGHT

Myriela, on horseback, watches flames engulf the kingdom.

MYRIELA  
You cannot avoid fate, King Reicus.  
The chosen one will survive. And  
when he comes of age, he'll rid  
this kingdom of 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, revealing TRISTAN (13, short, scrawny, underwhelming).

TRISTAN

My lady, you're safe now.

He clearly hasn't hit puberty yet based on his comically high-pitched voice. He kisses her hand. She giggles, amused.

WOMAN

Thank you... m'lord. Where are your parents, little one?

TRISTAN

Little one? Excuse you, uneducated maiden. Do you not know who I am?

She looks to her nearby friends. They have no idea.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Seriously? I'm a pretty big deal...

Sir Wilmot enters, removing his hood. Time has taken a visible toll on him. He sees the dead drunk, then Tristan at the bar.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

How dare you all! I'm the hero  
who's going to save this shithole!

Confused looks throughout. Wilmot tries to stop him.

SIR WILMOT

My lord, perhaps it's unwise to  
tell people your identit--

TRISTAN

I'M... THE CHOSEN ONE!!!

Sir Wilmot facepalms. Beat. The dead drunk defecates himself.

TITLE SEQUENCE

ACT ONEINT. 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 tries to give her a high five, swatting the air aimlessly.

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...

PIRI

**YOU WILL HAVE PORRIDGE FOR LUNCH.**

She drops to the floor, deflated.

MYRIELA

Great start. You did see me bring in porridge, so, less of a prophecy and more situational awareness. But you're making progress!

PIRI

UGH, this is a stupid power anyway. Why can't I teleport, or set things on fire, or do math? You know, something actually useful.

MYRIELA

The power of prophecy is essential.

PIRI

How?

Myriela hesitates. **She touches her ring finger, which no longer carries a ring.** Before she can answer, the door swings open via telekinesis. EMELINE, Myriela's sister, floats in.

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 watch Tristan sitting with a GROUP OF MEN. She's not impressed by his lack of heroic features.

MYRIELA

Him...?

A drunk Tristan mimes jerking off and ejaculating. He laughs and drinks with new friends. Myriela and Emeline approach.

MYRIELA (CONT'D)

Lord Tristan...

TRISTAN

Wench! You're here with my drink?

MYRIELA

What? No. I'm here because --

TRISTAN

I'm only interested if you're here 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

You're a witch?

MYRIELA

I am.

TRISTAN

So you can do spells?

MYRIELA

Well, no. I make prophecies--

TRISTAN

I've already been foretold baby. If you can't do spells, why don't you prophesize something useful like when my mead is coming. I'm parched!

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

MYRIELA

That can't be him. There must be a mistake.

EMELINE

False prophecy, that would get you  
in quite a bit of trouble.

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

That li'le shit is supposed'ta save  
tha kingdom? King Reicus was right  
ta banish ye. Yer past yer prime.

Myriela is livid. 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?

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

SIR WILMOT (CONT'D)

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

TRISTAN

Not many.

(yells out)

What does the chosen one need 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 lead the freed,  
and once I succeed I'll spread my  
seed --

Sir Wilmot grabs Tristan and pulls him up.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Hey! What are you doing?!

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!

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Advisor Rowan meekly enters and approaches the King and Queen.

ADVISOR ROWAN

K-King Reicus, Queen Gloriana, I'm afraid I have horrible news. Sir Wilmot has resurfaced. Spotted in a tavern outside Linota with a child claiming to be the chosen one.

KING REICUS

HORSE PISS! Wilmot was killed!

ADVISOR ROWAN

Fabricated, it seems. Which makes sense as to how three of our best knights were lost taking out two peasants and a baby. Not sure why we didn't question it at the time--

KING REICUS

Enough!

QUEEN GLORIANA

Bested by an infant, how fitting. Gods forbid you ever got your hands dirty and took care of things yourself. You're a pathetic excuse for a man, let alone a King.

The Queen gets up and leaves. King Reicus sinks in his chair.

KING REICUS

For years I've tried to fix our marriage. Nothing has worked...

ADVISOR ROWAN

It's shocking she didn't appreciate you committing genocide for her.

King Reicus glares at him. Rowan catches himself.

ADVISOR ROWAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps it's not my place, but a date night works wonders when my wife is upset.

(MORE)

ADVISOR ROWAN (CONT'D)

After which we role play and she pretends I'm a dirty little peasant who must be licked clean --

KING REICUS

Keep talking and I'll remove your tongue so you can never lick again.

ADVISOR ROWAN

As mentioned, she does the licking--  
(off his look)  
Apologies. Just trying to help.

KING REICUS

Send half the Pledged Protectors to capture the boy. And bring me the knight who lied about Sir Wilmot. I'll show the Queen just how dirty my hands can get.

ADVISOR ROWAN

Of course, I'll fetch him so you can prove you do things yourself.

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