

LEGENDARY KNIGHTS OF YORE

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FADE IN:

On a desolate --

BATTLEFIELD - DUSK

Corpses of soldiers as far as the eye can see. Various sections of the field smolder. This battle is over.

Then, in the distance, a SOLDIER runs toward --

A massive, seemingly impenetrable FORTRESS of stone.

The soldier, still tiny in the distance screams out a rather unthreatening battle cry as he unsheathes his SWORD.

We PULL OUT to reveal a row of ARCHERS sitting atop the fortress.

The soldier heads straight for a DRAWBRIDGE. Beneath it -- a MOAT of FIRE.

SOLDIER

To the last man! To the last man!
To the last man!

An ARCHER readies his BOW.

The soldier stops momentarily to pick up a BATTLE HORN, which he struggles to play for a few beats before tossing it away in frustration.

The drawbridge begins to slowly RISE. The soldier presses on towards it.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Down with the king!

The drawbridge squeaks and creaks as it continues to slowly rise.

The archer takes aim.

The soldier closes in on the drawbridge.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

To the last man!

We HEAR the tension in the archer's bow.

The soldier runs and jumps -- attempting to propel himself onto the drawbridge. But --

He ain't even close.

The soldier screams helplessly as he PLUMMETS to his fiery doom into the MOAT below.

The archer stands down his bow.

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE CARD: **LEGENDARY KNIGHTS OF YORE**

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

A classic dark, dank dungeon. An oafish, TORCH CARRYING GUARD drags along a PRISONER (20's), by a CHAIN.

They walk on top of several GRATES on the floor. We hear moaning and muttering coming from beneath each of them. Finally, the guard stops at one of the grates and opens it. He unshackles the prisoner and pushes him towards the open pit.

The prisoner looks down into the pitch dark hole.

Bam! The guard shoves him into the pit. He closes the grate and laughs at the hopeless soul looking up at him.

INT. THE PIT - CONTINUOUS

The prisoner holds his head in pain.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ah, welcome!

The prisoner looks down to see DICKY (50's), a craggy, filthy, emaciated, bearded man hobble towards him.

DICKY

Lord be praised, I have a roommate!
I was afraid I was going to die alone
in sorrow and agony down here. It's
a relief to know that now I'll die
in sorrow and agony in solidarity
with a friend. Unless of course,
you die first. In that case...I
suppose I'll eat you. I'm Dicky.

Dicky extends a filthy, mangled hand. The prisoner ignores him and sits down in the corner.

DICKY (CONT'D)

You're a quiet one, aren't you?
That's alright. Just looking at
your face I can see your plight.
The human face, it speaks volumes.

Dicky sits down close to the prisoner and stares at him.

DICKY (CONT'D)

Hmm. Your name is...John.

PRISONER/JOHN

How did you know that?

DICKY

He speaks! Wonderful! How did I know your name? I guessed. John is a very common name, my dear boy. Let me show you.

(then)

Guard! Guard!

The guard walks over the grate and stares down at them.

GUARD

What do you want, you filth?!

DICKY

Sorry to disturb you, my kind brute, but may I ask your name?

GUARD

Why?!

DICKY

I am simply curious to know the name of the man who will eventually remove my shell of a body from this dark pit after I am finally relieved of my mortal misery.

GUARD

John.

Dicky gives his cellmate an "I told you so" look.

GUARD (CONT'D)

But I just dump the shit buckets 'round here. I hope one day I'll move up to corpse dumping. Better pay. But the current corpse guy, Toby, is the warden's nephew, so I don't have high hopes on a promotion.

DICKY

Well, I have hope for you, John.

GUARD

Shut your mouth, you diseased rat! I got shit buckets to clean out!

The guard walks away.