

THORK PILOT

Original Script

Copyright (c) 2024 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

0. EXT. EDINBOROUGH - DAY

We open up on the town of Edinborough. B-Roll plays as we see children playing, women laughing, and a group of men engaging in a game of roll ball. The objective of the game is to roll the ball the farthest. The men are quite intoxicated by the game while intoxicated themselves.

The camera slowly approaches 2 men bickering by a fence. THORK is dressed in a light blue top with dark coloured trousers. KYARG is wearing a beige handmade shirt and shorts carrying a satchel.

THORK

Everything needs to be perfect today. This is the beginning of my jou-

KYARG

You got a little something on your face there.

THORK

Do I?

KYARG

Yeah, something green... a little black.

Thork notices the camera approaching and puffs his chest.

THORK

Are you the author? The one writing the book about me? I'm Thork, noble of this land, 4th of my name. My father is the ruler of Edinborough. That's Kyarg...

Thork reluctantly points at Kyarg. Kyarg waves awkwardly.

THORK

Don't worry about him though, he's just my helper. He's been with me since I was 4.

KYARG

(follows up)

My family was on the losing side of the war. So, I was brought up alongside Thork to aide him.

THORK

That's what happens when you mess with nobles. Bam! Royalty for everlty.

Thork's cheesy grin begins to waiver when he notices Kyarg'S discomfort.

THORK

Anyways, perfect timing by you.
Today is the combat tournament. At
the ripe age of 30 I've decided to
become a knight.

Thork takes a heroic stance, hands on hips, and a leg propped up on the fence. Thork stares off into the distance.

THORK

(cocky)

You can see it can't you? I'll be
one of the kingdoms best in no
time. Forget nobility I'll be the
right-hand man to the king.

KYARG

(awkwardly)

Yeah and I'll be the right-hand man
to the right-hand man of the
king...(smiles)(awkward pause)

THORK

Well... yeah, we'll see how that
goes.

Kyarg still smiling awkwardly.

THORK

Before I chose to be a knight I had
many occupations.

B-Roll footage plays of hideous cow sculptors, awful paintings of horses, and an odd painting of Thork naked playing a harp.

THORK(V.O)

Sculptor, artist..

1. INT. THORK'S HOUSE - TALKING HEAD

Thork holds up small book of poems entitled 'My Heart Urns by Thork the 4th...perfect for when you need a good cry'.

THORK

Poet, and songwriter *oomf* the
ladies love me. My big hit, it was
a rage in all the towns. You must
have heard it 'I watched you as you
milked'.

Thork gives a cheeky smile.

THORK

But none of these things speak to my primal essence, to my core. My heart desires to be a warrior.

INT. STABLES - DAY

Thork walks backward into the stables waving his hands extravagantly for us to follow. Kyarg follows closely.

THORK

Tonight I'm riding my trusty steed...

Thork walks up to a stable with an older donkey.

THORK

Isabella! I've had Isabella since I was 5. She's 25 now but is feisty and will be my companion till I reach knighthood.

Kyarg makes a face like he knows Isabella can drop at any moment.

THORK

She's more of a donkey but she's wicked fast.

Kyarg shakes his head no out of Thork's sight.

THORK

I beat Kyarg in a race every time.

Cuts to Thork riding Isabella beating Kyarg in a race who is running alongside the donkey nearly beating it.

Back to Thork excited by the authors presence.

THORK

Here follow me let me show you how a noble lives.

We follow Thork from out the stables to the front of his house.

2. EXT. THORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Thork and Kyarg stand outside of a dingy little hut in a neighbourhood of more immaculate homes.

THORK

(Proud)This is my humble abode...the best a father can buy.

The camera pans to show the other homes on the street. They're much bigger and more distinguished. It pans back to Thork who has an embarrassed look on his face.

THORK
It's not the biggest on the street
but it's the most defined...

Thork then turns to look at his house. A little pause as Thork takes in his house. Thork takes a big whiff.

THORK
You smell that?...Nobility!

Kyarg takes a big whiff. Makes a disgusted face.

KYARG
(Under his breath)
Smells quite putrid...

The smell begins to linger in Thork's nose.

THORK
Well come on in I'd love to show
you around.

Thork walks into his house. Kyarg follows.

3. INT. THORK'S HOUSE - DAY

THORK
Let me show you this come on.

We approach a living room with a dining table too large for the room with benches for seats. Off to the side on a mannequin we see a full suit of armour gleaming with bluish tones. Standing by the suit of armour we have Thork and Kyarg smiling like children.

THORK
This is what I'll be wearing
tonight. Cool isn't it? The best
armour in the tournament I bet.
Made of volcanic steel... I've been
training very hard for this day...

KYARG
You are going to look so cool.

Kyarg gives a spaced-out awkward smile. Thork responds with a smile of his own.

THORK
Right.

Thork smiles off into the distance. Kyarg makes eye contact with the author awkwardly then looks at Thork who is oblivious. Kyarg follows Thork and stares off into the distance as well.

THORK

To be a knight I need to prepare as such. Kyarg!

KYARG

Yes sir!

THORK

Prepare Isabella! We will be going to the market and buying their finest boar.

Kyarg leans over to Thork and whispers.

KYARG

We don't have any money.

THORK

What?

Thork smiles awkwardly at the camera then makes a quick glance at Kyarg and back at the camera then whispers.

THORK(CONT'D)

We'll figure something out. Now go on then get Isabella ready.

Kyarg rushes off.

4. INT. THORK'S HOUSE - TALKING HEAD

We see a waist up shot of Thork sitting on a bench in his living room with the knights armour in the background.

AUTHOR

Why become a knight at this stage of your life?

THORK

Why not? Being a knight is being the most respected man in the country... Other than the king.

Thork points at the camera.

THORK

Coming for you next your highness.

Thork lets out an awkward laugh.

THORK

Who doesn't want to be a knight right? The adventure, the women, the excitement,... the respect(lingers). It's one of the many things I plan to succeed at.

We hear knocking at the front door. We turn to see Kyarg poking his head in.

KYARG

We're all set.

THORK

Good.

Thork nods and gets up and pats the author on the shoulder. The shot lingers then focuses on the armour.

5. EXT. THE MARKET - DAY

We see Thork riding Isabella, chest upright pointed outwards. Quite a noble stance as Isabella trots forward. Kyarg walks in front of Isabella and makes a shooing motion with his hands. Onlookers stare at Kyarg and Thork like it's just another day.

KYARG

Step back! Step back! Thork is embarking.

Thork grinning from ear to ear as they make it to the meat stall. His grin turns to disgust as he takes in the smell.

6. EXT. THE MEAT STALL - DAY

They approach the meat stall. Kyarg takes hold of Isabella's reins and puts his hand out to help Thork off. Thork climbs down inelegantly.

SHOPKEEPER

What're we having boys?

KYARG

Hi Esme!

The shop keeper blushes as she turns toward Kyarg.

ESMERALDA

Hi Ky-

THORK

(Exclaiming)

Esmeralda no pleasantries please. I am Thork 4th of my name.

Thork smiles as he looks around but then his smile waivers as no one seems to care.

THORK

Yeah, big day today Esme.

Thork stands there eager for Esmeralda's response

ESMERALDA

Today is the tournament. You planning on begging to work for one of the five generals? Oh, let me guess court jester.

Esmeralda and Kyarg snicker. Thork looks annoyed.

THORK

No no... knight, I've conquered a lot in my time. I think knighthood is right up my alley. I'm in today's tournament.

ESMERALDA

(Leans in looking at Thork bewildered)

You know Thork there are some real warriors in today's tournament. You sure you're up for this?

Thork confused by her concern brushes it off.

THORK

Yeah...I'm good. I'm Thork Klarginsonn 4th of my name. Me and Kyarg have been training for months. So much news has been going around for my arrival. Look! I even got an author following me around.

Thork points towards the camera.

THORK

Since it's the tournament I'll need your best boar.

Thork looks around to spot a boar roasting with an apple in its mouth and points at it.

THORK

I'll have that one then.

Esmeralda looks over at the boar.

ESMERALDA

Thork, we've been tracking that boar for weeks all the way from Scotland. It's going to cost you a heavy set.

THORK
A luxurious pig for a luxurious
man. From Scotland to me belly.

Kyarg and Thork let out a hearty laugh.

THORK
How much then?

Esmeralda looks back at the boar and at Thork contemplating.

ESMERALDA
50 gold. Nothing less.

THORK
(Stunned)
50? What am I paying for the boar's
vacation?

Esmeralda knowing Thork can't pay rolls her eyes and begins to walk away. Thork reaches out closer to Esmeralda and does a head nod telling Kyarg to go away.

THORK
50 gold then? I shall pay.

Thork lackadaisically fumbles around for his coin pouch. In the background we can spot Kyarg grabbing the spit with the boar attached and running.

KYARG
Hot! Hot! Hot!

Esmeralda finally notices she's been robbed and looks back to see Thork mounting Isabella and trotting off laughing. She continues with her work as if nothing happened.

7. EXT. MEAT STALL - TALKING HEAD

ESMERALDA
At the end of each month Thork
Klarginsson, 3rd of his name.

Esmeralda let's out a little chuckle

ESMERALDA
(Ahem)
Visits all merchants off the
stalls. He pays off whatever debts
his son owes.
(leans in)
Us merchants jack up the prices to
make a pretty penny.

Esmeralda points at a mighty stallion of a horse.

ESMERALDA

You must be careful though, be too greedy and you'll become one everything Richard.

AUTHOR

One everything Richard?

ESMERALDA

The poor bastard. He lied so much they cut off one of everything.

(leans in)

And I do mean one of everything. For what Thork and Kyarg took I'll charge the nobleman 100 gold. I'll tell him it's imported from France. Don't want to get too greedy now.

Esmeralda let's out a embarrassingly hearty laugh.

8. EXT. THORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Outside of Thork's house we see Thork arriving on Isabella and Kyarg who is viciously blowing on his hands and panting heavily. Thork dismounts Isabella and approaches Kyarg.

THORK

What a rush! That was something special! I can hardly breathe! You're the man Kyarg!

KYARG

That was cool innit!

THORK

Now we have a delicious meal to prepare me for victory.

KYARG

My hands are burnt a little.

THORK

Well... don't make this about you. Plus, when I'm a knight we'll eat loads of good food. No need for that we'll be taken care of.

KYARG

Eating like kings.

THORK

Exactly...You've done good Kyarg now let's feast and prepare for the tournament.

Thork and Kyarg enthusiastically run into Thork's house like school children being let out at the final bell.

9. INT. THORK'S HOUSE - DAY

The camera moves towards Thork, standing in a heroic stance, gleaming in the sunlight as light flickers off his blue armour. Kyarg slightly adjusts some parts of Thork's armour. Thork notices the camera approaching and starts to smile.

THORK

How is it? Don't even start I know.
I'm going to be the best dressed
knight there.

KYARG

Apprentice...

THORK

Ye- wel- fetch Casca, Kyarg. Make
yourself useful now go on.

Kyarg scurries off and rushes back with Casca. Thork takes hold of Casca and unsheathes it. Casca immediately falls to the ground revealing Thork does not have the strength to wield it. He struggles to pick it up and grabs it with the other hand while it shakes as he holds it.

THORK

Check it out...Casca. It was my
father's mighty longsword. The
story is he took out 100 men in 1
night with this. That night he held
it up in the moonlight and
christened her Casca...Glorious,
just glorious. I plan to take Casca
out of retirement at the
tournament. These loathly
apprentices aren't worthy of Casca
but she's been asleep for too long.

Thork places Casca in her scabbard and tosses the longsword over his shoulder. For just a moment he appears to actually look like a knight.

THORK

Well let's get going then. Kyarg,
ready Isabella. It's time to begin
my journey.

Kyarg rushes out, Thork takes a sip of water and starts to head outside.

10. EXT. THORK'S HOUSE - DAY

Thork misty eyed looking back at his house.

KYARG

Thork! Isabella is ready.

THORK

Take a good look Kyarg this will be
the last day we live in this house.

Thork lets out a deep sigh.

THORK

I'm going to miss her.

Thork mounts Isabella and they begin to trot off into the
distance.

11. EXT. ROAD TO TOURNAMENT - DAY

We follow beside Thork who's riding Isabella with Kyarg following closely. In the distance there is a large coliseum like building. You can see flags flying off the building and horned instruments playing in the background. Hundreds of spectators are lined along the road hoping to see their favourite knights. Thork waves at random people who he thinks are pointing at him. Kyarg stunned by all the people is speechless.

THORK

(directed to different
people)

Hi! Hey! Yes, yes it's me. Do you
like the suit darling? After I win
this tournament come find me. Hey
babes want to go on a double date
with me?

RANDOM GIRL

I have a sister!

THORK

Yeah look at my mate over here
10/10. Kyarg set up the date
afterwards.

Kyarg smiles boyishly. He seems proud that Thork would like
to go on a double date with him.

RANDOM GIRL 2

Oh he so dreamy!

THORK

Thanks cutie!

RANDOM GIRL 3

Oh my! I just love his curls!

Thork reaches at his hair which is surely not curly.

THORK

It's not really curly, more like a
slight wave.

RANDOM GIRL 4 aweing in his presence.

RANDOM GIRL 4
He looks so good in green!

Thork looks down at his suit confused he turns to Kyarg.

THORK
Poor thing she's blind.

Kyarg turns around to notice the knight trailing behind them clad in green armour. The knight is followed by a band of 12 members all helpers to the knight.

KYARG
Maybe they're talking about him.

Thork turns his head to see JOHN VALINGSTROM, wavy hair flowing behind him. Thork pulls his reins and in his moment of awe, Isabella moves off to the side.

JOHN
Gentlemen...

John nods in their direction as his band follows. Thork, Kyarg, and Isabella stand their awkwardly.

KYARG
(Enthusiastically)
Hi Johnny.

THORK
(Angry)
I can't believe it! Why is he here?

12. EXT. THORK'S HOUSE - TALKING HEAD

Thork and Kyarg are sitting on a bench outdoors. Thork has his arms crossed visibly upset.

THORK
John and I use to be friends till
he thought he was too cool and left
for
(mockingly)
'higher learning' whatever that is.
Can't even send a letter to his
friend? What a joke? Tell them
about Johnny, Kyarg.

KYARG
We used to play castle when we were
younger.

THORK
(stammering)
Wha-

KYARG
I was the court jester. John was
th-

THORK
(embarrassed)
Kyarg sto-

Kyarg looks at Thork reluctant to continue but does it anyway to rile Thork up.

KYARG
The King. Thork was the Queen.

Thork throws his hands up in frustration.

THORK
Why would you say that?

KYARG
You said tell them about Johnny.

Kyarg looks at the camera with a cheeky grin.

THORK
Yeah well-

Thork realizes Kyarg did it on purpose.

THORK
(Frustrated)
Oh okay thanks Kyarg..

Thork notices the Author writing in their book. Thork points at the camera.

THORK
Look! They're writing it! Good job
Kyarg!...Just hurry up lets get
registered.

Thork remounts Isabella and Kyarg grabs the supplies, and they walk into the coliseum entrance.

13. INT. COLISEUM REGISTRATION CIRCLE - DAY

We enter a dimly lit room bustling with the sound of aspiring knights. Knights eager to register are standing in a long line waiting for their turn. Knights already registered are waiting for the tournament to start alongside the walls. We can see knights dressed in extravagant suits and some knights with chainmail and tattered armour plates.

Poor men trying to make a name for themselves and rich nobles ready to show the poor they were not welcomed here.

Thork and Kyarg make their way to the front of the line brushing past everyone else waiting their turn. Kyarg gets lost in the shuffle.

THORK

(To many aspiring knights)
Excuse me...yup...you're not going to be a knight. I'm doing you a favour don't worry.

Thork makes his way to the front of the line.

REGISTRATION LADY

Next!

THORK

Yes yes! I'm here! I'm ready to register.

The REGISTRATION LADY has no idea who Thork is. She looks down as she couldn't be bothered and is just ready to get this day over with.

REGISTRATION LADY

Name?

THORK

Name? You don't know me? Look! You don't know this face?

The registration lady looks up at Thork with a tired look on her face.

REGISTRATION LADY

Sir, name?

Thork makes eye contact with the registration lady. She looks down ready to write.

THORK

(defeated)
Thork Klarginsonn the 4th.

REGISTRATION LADY

Klarginsonn the 4th. Birthplace?

THORK

Edinburgh.

REGISTRATION LADY

(condescendingly)
Hometown boy nice...
Weapon of choice?

THORK

Casca

REGISTRATION LADY

Ca- a what?

THORK

Casca, a mighty longsword.

Kyarg finally makes his way to the front of the line.

KYARG

Finally, *sighs* done registering?

THORK

No, this lady has no idea what she's doing. No wonder the line is so long.

The registration lady makes a face irked by what Thork said. But, unfazed she continues.

REGISTRATION LADY

You are registered sir. The tournament will take place shortly. You will be placed in a 1 on 1 duel with your fellow aspiring knights. You must win by incapacitating your opponent or they must surrender. Those placed in the top 5 will choose which general they would like to fight for. The generals can then choose aspiring knights leftover. Best of luck to you. Here are your registration papers.

Thork snatches his registration paper from her hands and holds them in Kyarg's direction. Thork and the registration lady violently stare at each other.

THORK

Kyarg, put this in a safe place for me.

Kyarg lifts up his shirt to show his rotund belly and a leather strap pouch. Thork and the registration lady hold each other's stare. Thork notices Kyarg's stomach out of his peripheral.

THORK

Kyarg?

Kyarg struggling to open his belly patch.

KYARG

Yes Thork.

THORK
What are you doing?

KYARG
What?...

Kyarg realizing he looks awkward scans the room.

KYARG
Just putting the...

Kyarg finally undoes the pouch and papers frantically fall on the ground. Kyarg scrambles to grab all the papers. Among the papers is a rather seductive drawing of Esmeralda. Thork and Kyarg immediately awkwardly glance at the camera. Thork stares for longer. Kyarg cleans up the papers and places them in his pouch and put his shirt back down.

KYARG
Just putting away the registration papers.

THORK
Are we just going to? You know what never mind...

JOHN
Hey Thork! Kyarg! Over here!

John is waving over Thork and Kyarg to come over.

KYARG
Hi John!

THORK
(furious)
Ugh now what does he want!

Kyarg is slowly walking over to John.

THORK
Kyarg? Kyaaaarg? Where ar-

Thork lets out a reluctant sigh and follows Kyrag to where John is sitting. John surrounded by other aspiring knights and his helpers.

John sits comfortably while his helpers are massaging his various limbs. Behind him are other helpers polishing his armour and weapon. His weapon appears to be a French Rapier.

THORK
...John

KYARG
Hi John!

Thork immediately follows up with.

THORK

What are you doing here John? I thought you left for 'higher learning'?

JOHN

I did, Thork. I studied medicine in Marseille. I danced with the French. Tasted their language on my tongue... and their women...

John blows a kiss at a helper massaging his right arm. She blushes. John stares at her lovingly.

JOHN

It was beautiful...

Thork scoffs finding John to be embarrassing.

THORK

Medicine in Marcy? Why are you here then? Why sign up for the tournament?

John still facing the helper moves his eyes toward Thork then tilts his head in Thork's direction.

JOHN

This world is such a cruel place Thork. Men fighting in the rich man's wars. While the rich men sit in their comfort and do nothing about-

THORK

Isn't your father Doro Valingstrom?

Thork can't help himself from smirking.

THORK

Arms dealer, I bet your father makes a killing off the rich man's wars.

John's face is now visibly upset.

JOHN

I despise my father. I am disgusted by the Valingstrom name. I used my father's money to learn medicine to make sure no man dies on the battlefield. Friend or foe.

Everyone around John awes even Kyarg.

JOHN

I will make my way through the ranks and rebuild this nation. A land of peace. I will put an end to these silly feeble-minded issues.

Everyone around John begins to clap and cheer even Kyarg. Thork and John hold each other's stare.

THORK

Well, it was pleasant speaking with you John. Please excuse us we have our own preparation to take care of.

John stands up.

JOHN

Oh yes, please prepare diligently I hope to witness your match. Take care my dear friend.

They embrace but there is a sense of animosity. It is clear that Thork cut deep with his words. John then turns to Kyarg and places a hand on his shoulder.

JOHN

Kyarg keep and eye out for Thork make sure he is prepared. There are some real knights here.

KYARG

Will do John!

Kyarg and John embrace. Kyarg is enjoying the hug a little too much and lingers for a while. John begins to peel him off.

JOHN

See you gentleman around then. Good luck in the tournament!

KYARG

Good luck to you too John!

THORK

John.

Thork and Kyarg head off to their own area to prepare for the tournament. John sits back down and lets out a big smile. John continues flirting with his helper.

14. INT. COLISEUM REGISTRATION CIRCLE - MOMENTS LATER

Thork sitting on a log looks even more determined than usual. It seems John lit a fire in him.

THORK

Can you believe that guy!

Thork directs his anger towards no one.

THORK

"I learned medicine to make sure no man dies on the battlefield." What a joke I can't believe him.

KYARG

I thought it was quite sweet actually.

Thork stares daggers at Kyarg.

THORK

I hope I get him in the first round. I'll send Johnny back searching for more 'higher learning'...prick. Kyarg, assert power stance. Lets run through some combat drills.

Kyarg turns his body to face Thork they bow toward eachother. Then they unsheathe imaginary blades.

Thork holds a more defensive samurai stance. While Kyarg takes a more agile thrusting stance with his imaginary blade pointed toward Thork. They stare at each other like cowboys engaging in a duel.

Thork goes for a mighty slash down. At the same time Kyarg jabs his sword toward Thork. Seeing Thork's imaginary sword Kyarg brashly deflects it. Thork off-balance goes for a sideways slash towards Kyarg's mid-section. Kyarg reacts by bracing his sword towards his side to stop the blunt of the attack. Kyarg lets out a grunt as Thork's sword impacts. Fast as ever Thork spins around and goes for a sideways slash onto the opposite side of Kyarg. Kyarg tries to react and switch to his opposite side he thinks he makes it in time. Thork begs to differ. They begin to bicker like school children.

THORK

Dead!

KYARG

No! No! I made it in time you didn't get me!

Thork and Kyarg turn toward the camera.

THORK

He's clearly dead I got him right?

Thork and Kyarg begin to realize the author has no idea what's going on.

THORK

Oh you see were visualizing battle.
I've experienced a hundred wars at
this point. I'm a combat veteran.
The more I battle in here
 (points to his head)
 the more vicious I am out there.
Plus, we don't want to use real
blades now do we.

KYARG

Quite dangerous and that.

THORK

And heavy.

KYARG

Mate real heavy.

THORK

Oh, what am I an ox?

They both laugh awkwardly.

THORK

Oh, yeah...Kyarg.

Thork nudges Kyarg they both instinctively bow.

We can hear a faint voice trying to break through the
bussling crowd.

REGISTRATION LADY

Hello Ev-

The registration notices her voice is not loud enough to
break through the crowd. She takes in a deep breath and lets
out the most visceral blood curdling scream. It immediately
deafens the room.

REGISTRATION LADY

Ahem. All fighters have been
registered. Please make your way to
the coliseum arena when your name
is called.

There are a few nervous coughs scattered throughout the room
as knights begin to tense up.

REGISTRATION LADY

For our first bout....one
everything Richard is up against
Hinrik the giant.

The camera pans to ONE EVERYTHING RICHARD who gives a
grimacing stare at HINRIK. HINRIK sitting with battle axe at
his side stands and picks it up. It cuts through the air as
he lifts it.

Hinrik is a mountain of muscle but One Everything Richard doesn't let up he is not scared one bit. Hinrik makes his way up first. One Everything Richard readies himself with a right arm attachment of a large blade. He manages to get up and hobbles his way up shortly afterward. It is dead silent as trumpets blaring and cheering could be heard from upstairs. Everyone stares at the light from upstairs in nervous fear.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

Your first bout! Hinrik the Icelandic giant with his mighty battle axe against one everything Richard and his long blade. Fighters ready. BEGIN!

The crowd begins to roar screaming the name of either side. No more than 10 seconds pass and a scream is let out. Someone has clearly won. The door leading upstairs violently swings open. Heavy footsteps walk down the stairs. It's Hinrik and his battle axe is covered in blood. Some of the other fighters grimace, some wince away at the sight. We can hear a panic rushing as someone is being carried. We see One Everything Richard agonizing in pain.

ONE EVERYTHING RICHARD

Yeah bastard! You took away my one good leg! Now I'm one arm Richard!

Hinrik ignoring Richard sits back down waiting for his next bout. John rushes to Richard's aide to see if there is anything he can do for him.

MAN AT TOP OF THE STAIRS

Next!

Now the fear really sets in. Some knights can be heard puking. Others running away to never return.

REGISTRATION LADY

For our next bout we have John Valingstrom!

John nervously gets up, you can clearly tell reality has settled in. The dishevelled look on his face. The nervous beads of sweat on his forehead.

REGISTRATION LADY

His opponent will be Thork Klarginsonn the 4th!

Surprisingly Thork is not nervous. Kyarg on the other hand is panicking.

KYARG

L-li-like we tr-trained for Thork. Th-this is your time now.

Thork steely eyed gives Kyarg a hug and walks past John.

THORK

Ready then ol' pal?

Thork makes his way to the top of the stairs. John's panic seems to subside as he follows suit.

15. INT. COLISEUM BATTLEGROUND - DAY

The brightness of the sun attacks Thork's eyes, Thork puts up a hand. Once Thork's eyes adjusts to the sun we see the massive coliseum.

It is filled with Edinborough natives cheering ready for the next bout. Above the crowd there are private sections for the generals.

From left to right they appear as Elric Elwise, slick black hair, and a green cape. Berenice Bodil, long blonde hair, and a blue cape. Arthur Adalbert, medium length blonde hair, and a gold cape. Maurin Morcant, a darker skinned man with black hair, and a red cape.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

Hear ye! Hear ye! For our next bout
we have with us Edinborough's own
Thork Klarginsonn the 4th!

It is dead silent with a few boos riddled throughout.

MAN

That's the boy who never pays for
anything!

MAN 2

(turns to his neighbour)
Who? I've never seen him round
Edinborough.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

His opponent! John Valingstrom!

The crowd erupts with cheers. John begins to wave at his fans as women fawn over him.

RANDOM GIRL 4

Those curls!

RANDOM GIRL 5

Those eyes!

They seem to collapse in their excitement.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

Gentleman to your ends.

Thork and John both walk to either side of the arena merely 5 metres away from each other.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

Gentlemen this is a duel. Winner must incapacitate their opponent to win. You can surrender if you wish.

THORK

Never that.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

You may unsheathe your weapon.

Thork unleashes Casca it begins to shake in his hold. John unsheathes his French Rapier and takes a fencing stance.

THORK

Puny sword like that is gonna defeat me is it Johnny? You have not learned a single thing. I'm the king now.

Ceremonial trumpets begin to play drowning out Thork's speech. The weight of Casca seems to become unbearable for Thork.

COLISEUM ANNOUNCER

Begin!

In a blink of an eye John closes the distance. Thork in a panic steps back but he cannot control Casca he starts to lose balance. In a panic he swings downward with all his might. John with the flick of his wrist swats away Casca, it goes flying and lands nearby. John points his rapier to Thork's throat, he waits for the words.

THORK

I yield...

We can see KYARG reacting to the battle standing by the door. He looks visibly upset, hurt that his dear friend lost. We go back to THORK walking toward CASCA head down. THORK bends over to pick her up.

THORK

I failed you..

Thork's eyes begin to slowly water. Embarrassed he grabs Casca and walks off...Kyarg follows.

JOHN

Thork-

Thork ignores John and keeps walking towards the exit.

16. EXT. ROAD TO TOURNAMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Thork is riding Isabella as Kyarg holds the reins. Kyarg can feel Thork's pain so he walks in silence.

Slow tears run down Thork's face.

THORK

I can't believe its over...All that work for nothing. I really tried. I swear I did. I just wasn't good enough.

KYARG

You were plenty good enough Thork.

Tears start to well up in Kyarg's eyes. Blinded by the tears he starts to lead Isabella in circles.

THORK

Kyarg?

KYARG

We can do it again, Thork! We'll train harder for next year!

THORK

Kyarg?!

Before Kyarg can notice a large group of soldiers approach.

UNKNOWN MAN

Is this road leadi- are you crying?
Is this is a lovers spat?

Kyarg and Thork immediately wipe their tears away and clear their throats.

THORK

(Deep Voice)

No, it's just the pollen in the air. Dangerous stuff.

KYARG

(Deep Voice)

Very dangerous.

The UNKNOWN MAN who wants nothing to do with this conversation just continues.

UNKNOWN MAN

Is this the road leading to the tournament? Was out drinking with the messengers of death and now we're late.

The unknown man points to a group of strong burly men who give a nod.

MESSENGER OF DEATH

(Extremely high-pitched voice)

Any problems General?

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
None to worry about...

GENERAL THOMAS EVA AKA BLACKBEARD home to the most ruthless army in all the lands they dawn black capes.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
So boys?

Thork and Kyarg look confused.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
Is this the road?

Thork and Kyarg snap back in.

THORK
Yes, just down this path.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
Thanks...

General Thomas Eva begin to pass by when.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
Wait...

Thork and Kyarg freeze.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
Aren't you Klarginsonn's boy? What was your name again? Than? Bran? Thick?

THORK
Thork!...Sir

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
Of course Thork, what number are you boy the 7th?

General Thomas Eva let's out a hearty laugh.

THORK
4th...Sir. Thork Klarginsonn the 4th.

General Thomas Eva looks Thork up and down.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
Well, Thork Klarginsonn...the 4th.

The general's crew let out a laugh.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA
You are clad in a knights armour. I suspect you to be a knight. Which army?

Thork aims his head down.

THORK

None.

They sit in silence for a moment. General Thomas Eva begins to laugh uncontrollably. He wipes away a tear.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA

Nonsense! You will join us then! If you're anything like your father we'll be happy to have you!

Thork lifts his head up in confusion.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA

No special treatment you'll be starting from the ground up.

THORK

Yes Sir!

General Thomas Eva makes eye contact with Kyarg.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA

Can you hold a sword boy?

KYARG

Is it anything like an imaginary one?

General Thomas Eva's crew let out a hearty laugh.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA

A funny man I'll take him!

Kyarg let's out a boyish grin.

GENERAL THOMAS EVA

Wait for the caravan and you fellas join the back.

THORK AND KYARG

Yes sir!

GENERAL THOMAS EVA

To the tournament!

General Thomas Eva's crew cheer.

Thork, Kyarg, and Isabella pull off to the side to join up with the caravan. They both turn their heads to see a massive line.

17. EXT. ROAD TO TOURNAMENT - EVENING

Near the end of the caravan.

THORK

We did it Kyarg! We're going to be
knights! The both of us!

THORK AND KYARG

Knights! Knights! Knights! Knights!
To the tournament!

Thork, Kyarg, and Isabella join the caravan and head toward
the tournament as knights.

FADE OUT.

THE END.