

GRAYWATCH

"PILOT"

Written by

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Two guards, BELUN (27) and MIRCE (48) stand watch outside a massive wooden gate between two high stone walls that seem to go on for miles at either side. To the right is heavy forest left untouched and a long road stretches out from the gate and into the darkness. A sprawling town of 500,000 people sits behind the wall and the massive Graywatch Castle sits further back up on a hill surrounded by a second wall.

The warm lights in the windows glowing in the distance, contrasting the men standing between torch lights facing the cold dark night, swords at their sides.

Ready for whatever may come.

BELUN

Hey.

Mirce is clearly ignoring him.

BELUN (CONT'D)

Heeey.

MIRCE

(annoyed)

What?

BELUN

How's it going?

MIRCE

Fuck do you mean how's it going?
We're on guard duty and it's
freezing out. It's going shit.

BELUN

Just making conversation. Don't
have to be so snippy.

MIRCE

Make conversation when our watch
ends.

BELUN

When's that?

MIRCE

When they come get us.

BELUN

(annoyed)

Seems like it should be a set time for all we know they're just leaving us out here while the captain does fuck all.

MIRCE

This is the goddamn job, shut up, and keep your eye out for trouble. Don't matter if they're at the bloody inn we stand here.

BELUN

But nothing ever happens.

Mirce does the sign of the cross.

MIRCE

That's what some poor bastard always says before something does.

BELUN

Well we are poor bastards or we wouldn't be out here freezing our arses off for a wee bit of coin.

MIRCE

At least it's better than working as farmer or something of the like. Get some honor in death instead of a hole in some mud behind a shack.

BELUN

Christ.

The mental image got to Belun but on he goes.

BELUN (CONT'D)

But what honor truly? Dying defending this slag holding out in the face of the King?

Mirce tenses up and turns towards Belun in disbelief.

MIRCE

Fuck the King! We don't serve him. We serve Princess Kitrin. We don't bow to a fucking King. He holds the four. We're free, we're five.

BELUN

We serve a cunt that won't bend the knee because she don't want the King to have all the five lands. We ain't free. We're hers. She ain't even a damn Princess. She claimed the title.

MIRCE

Listen, you might be new here but her father was Lord of this land for decades and his father before him. They are the fucking Grays of Graywatch. And her father never gave an inch to the King even once the King took the other four kingdoms. We stood, we stayed.

Mirce moves away from his side of the post, stepping face to face with Belun too make his point.

MIRCE (CONT'D)

We always do, we fight for that, our freedom, her freedom, no one else's because it who we are.

BELUN

(dismissively)

That's what you fight for.

Mirce steps back, returning to his side of the post.

BELUN (CONT'D)

Her father died a year ago and she's calling herself a Princess. He was a Lord. She's a Lady. She's got no right to be parading on as a Princess. If she'd kneel to the King we'd have more men. Less nights like this.

MIRCE

(mockingly)

My Princess don't call herself a lady, I don't want guard duty even though i'm a guard. Where's my mother with my milk? Waaah. Shut the fuck up you cunt.

BELUN

You're an asshole.

MIRCE

You're an asshole! But maybe I can make you a little less of one. Let you in on a secret.

Belun turns his head towards Mirce, the idea of a secret intrigued him even in this mood.

MIRCE (CONT'D)

Graywatch stands, because of Graysteel.

BELUN

Gray steel?

MIRCE

It's in your hand, that sword, that armor, weaved in.

BELUN

What the fuck are you talking about? Make sense man.

MIRCE

That weapon! That armor!

He points to Belun's sword, then his armor.

MIRCE (CONT'D)

Open secret. Has all been smelted with a sprinkling of graysteel. Every weapon, every armor we have, no matter who you are. Knight to scout. You get it.

BELUN

Am I supposed to find joy in that?

MIRCE

It gives you an edge you simple bastard. One good strike from that sword can take off an arm with significantly less effort than the average weapon. Enemy hacking at you, might not get through your armor at all without a few tries.

BELUN

So what?

MIRCE

So, you can take a few more blows than the other man wearing shit bark armor.

(MORE)

MIRCE (CONT'D)

The first Lord Gray mined it out from under the keep. Any other Lords, ladies, whatever you prefer would have sold it all off to fill their own pockets.

Mirce shrugs, feeling he isn't getting through to Belun.

MIRCE (CONT'D)

At least they give us a fighting edge out here. Would you rather be standing outside of Castle Windfall? In a patch work armor carrying a sword a second rate blacksmith put together? That might crumble after a few good knocks?

BELUN

Ain't because the Grays or your precious Princess give a damn about us, it's because us winning fights, keeps them alive. I might not have known about this gray steel but what I knew when I came here looking for work was about the damned gold mines.

Mirce does a double take.

BELUN (CONT'D)

Didn't think I knew that much did you? I assumed any kingdom with it's own gold might be paying more but I was fucking wrong so graysteel or no this job is shit!

MIRCE

Would you rather be on the other-side?

There's a sound off in the brush like a twig snapping. They both tense up, Belun draws his sword and points towards the darkness.

BELUN

(jokingly)

There, go fight for your bloody Princess.

MIRCE

Go fuck yourself.

Belun gives in and takes over instead of pushing Mirce to go and look himself.

He creeps towards the darkness in the bushes with his sword drawn, creeping slowly closer as the tension rises and then out jumps a small white rabbit!

BELUN
Little cunt!

MIRCE
Poke him one, we could roast him
and have a snack.

He goes to take a stab at the rabbit, but the rabbit jumps out the way as Mirce begins to laugh.

MIRCE (CONT'D)
Too quick for you huh?

Belun turns back around away from the rabbit.

There's an arrow sticking out of his left eye! Blood begins pouring down his face. Belun falls to his knees and drops dead. Mirce's eyes go wide, he draws his own weapon and begins banging on the gate and ringing a nearby bell.

MIRCE (CONT'D)
Alarm! Alarm! Attack! We're under --

He too is hit by an arrow from behind but in a display of graysteel armor he is able to sustain that along with three more arrow strikes, continuing to ring the bell.

MIRCE (CONT'D)
ALARM!!!

His back is struck by more arrows, weakening his armor with every concurrent strike. He's in pain but not mortally wounded. The arrows stop and two swordsmen in unmarked brown armor rush out of the forest next to the road and left wall.

Having given up on felling Mirce with arrows. He turns in time to gut one of his attackers with a single swing. That's what Graysteel does. The man may as well have been shirtless.

His innards hit the ground.

The other stutter steps upon seeing such a thing happen so quickly, but he takes an overhand swing. Mirce is ready.

He goes to block the strike but the graysteel cuts the other man's sword in half! It surprises both men, as the attacker looks at the broken sword in his hand, Mirce takes a swing and removes the man's arm! Blood paints the ground.

The attacker falls screaming.

But at least 40 more brown armored swordsmen step out of the darkness in front of the gate as other bells begin to ring at the other watch towers alerting the castle and townsfolk of what is happening. A tolling daisy chain.

From eastgate, to westgate miles off in the distance. Torches are lit and watch towers shine brighter. Another guard rushes towards the upper portion of east gate overlooking where Mirce is trying to hold it from the group of swordsmen.

They outnumber him but after losing those first two men no one is quick to charge towards him.

JAREK

Get your arse in here!

MIRCE

No don't open the gate!

JAREK

They're gonna kill you!

MIRCE

It's my job to die.

Mirce spits out some blood, revealing one of the arrows may have gotten through and wounded him more significantly.

MIRCE (CONT'D)

(coughing)

Keep that gate locked and send word
some fucking army is attacking us!

Finally the nearest swordsman, wearing a heavy beard charges Mirce from the side, as another noticeably older swordsman comes from the front. He tries to kick back the first but the second gets a clean stab at his neck.

Mirce swings his sword as he falls back truly mortally wounded. Slicing across his killer's chest, dropping him as well but Mirce falls into a seated position in front of east gate. His watch ending where it began.

Jarek shakes his head regretfully and runs in a full sprint down the wall towards the next guard tower which is a good 50 feet from east gate. We stay with him and as he runs across the cold stone pathway, torches light up in the distance beyond the wall. There has to be at least 1000 men out there, a few hundred yards away into the forest and down the road.

JAREK

Fucking hell!

Running as fast as he can, trying to get to that next tower. Ropes and hooks begin flying over the wall.

It's a full scale invasion they were not prepared for. One lands in front of him, he swings his sword to cut the rope but another siege hook nearly clutches his shoulders. He pulls it off the wall and throws it back over. But so follow a pair of ladders, that he tries to kick back but they're scaling the walls and there's too many.

Jarek engages the first few attackers. Spurred by the bravery he witnessed from Mirce. The superior quality of his blade cuts the hand clean off of one. But he's quickly overwhelmed and stabbed in the face and neck by another two that scaled the pushed up and over. He falls and is finished off with an axe blow to the skull just below screen. Jarek is dead.

Finally the Graywatch guard have gotten a force together, to make it towards the east gate and wall.

At least 200 men are now charging up the stairs as the enemy forces begin to get over the wall in greater number.

It's a large clash between the two sides on the wall of the eastern gate. Bodies are dropping on both sides, the Grays are clearly doing better. Smaller numbers or not.

The superior armor and weapons are sustaining them from what would normally be fatal blows. It's not invincibility, it just buys you some time to strike back. Too many hits and it fails just like any other armor. You can eat a blow but be wise about it. The attacking army's reinforcements advance, now all 1000 men are charging the wall. The issue for the attackers are the slow filing in they're being forced to do.

As this is now truly a battle. It's the fact that Graywatch has now just below 200 men trying to blot up the bottleneck of the men trying to get over the wall. As they cut them down, throw them off and send them back there's always another with a sword, spear or axe trying to break through and those following right after.

The town is also waking up by now, east gate is positioned right up towards the border. The town below Graywatch castle sits about 60 yards from the wall itself. So there are non-combatants, farmers, bakers, men, women, children coming out of there homes to see more guards and soldiers rushing through the streets towards the tower.

But **BOOM!** The gate begins rattling.

A Graywatch guard amongst the group peeks over the wall.

They're trying to breach east gate with a large wheeled battering ram. The ram itself is 30 feet long and 6 feet thick, on swinging hinges with handles so men at either side can keep pulling it back and **BOOM!** Trying again.

SAŠO

Where are our archers!?

Veles leans over and grabs Sašo by the shoulder.

VELES

All over the place! Most are barracked near north gate! They probably don't even know we need them. We weren't ready for this! Just do what you can! This is what we trained for!

SAŠO

Gotta do more than that, we can't let these bastards get in.

The battle rages on, now that they have knocked the attackers back from the wall. The Graywatch guards are staying put on the wall at either side of east gate and over top but the true concern is the gate itself being breached.

Sašo runs back down the walkway, stepping and jumping over bodies before heading down the stairs to get behind the gate.

BOOM! The sound of the battering ram hitting the gate is deafening. He lifts his sword and just decides to make his stand here, only to be tapped on the shoulder.

SIR ARTUS

We're here!

Sašo turns around and sees SIR ARTUS (42) and 250 more men of Graywatch wearing steel, black armor with gold trimming, carrying heavy phalanx like shields and spears.

They are knights of Graywatch.

The elite fighting force defending the castle in comparison to the guards and soldiers on the initial defense. Sir Artus, is a tall handsome black fellow. He leads them.

Sir Artus walks ahead and begins drawing a line in the mud with his boot as the knights of the Gray step right up to it and slam their shields down in to it. This is where they make their stand. Forming a shield wall within seconds.

It appears impenetrable and visually roman. He's also brought along archers, 150 of them.

They create a firing line behind them. All in line, side by side. Neat, like rows of deadly crops.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

On me! All ears! We're going to open the gate and when they rush in. You rain hell upon them. I need you to fight tooth and bloody nail for this. Do not let them past this line! Victory or death! And in death glory will await you!

Sašo looks bewildered, patting Sir Artus on the shoulder to draw his attention.

SAŠO

Open the gate? The hell would you just open it for?!

SIR ARTUS

You want them to destroy it? Take months to repair. Then we're guarding a open hole for reprisals and every cut throat waltzing by all winter? We open up before they're ready it might shake them enough to slow this down.

SAŠO

Fucking Christ. We're going to die here.

SIR ARTUS

(joyfully)
A fine night for it if any!

With that he joins the knights their heavy black and gold shields, standing behind them. The rows of archers stand ready further behind. Sašo sighs, follows suit and takes position beside Sir Artus.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

Archers! Draw!

The Archers, draw their bows as the Sir Artus motions towards a guard near the gate lever. CADWYR (34), looks back.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

When I tell the archers to knock, you open the gate!

CADWYR

Yes sir!

SIR ARTUS

Archers!

A silence falls amongst the men, steely eyes one and all. From Cadwyr and Sir Artus, to Sašo and each and every knight and archer. Mixtures of fear, nervousness and resilience in this moment of blood and glory. The continuing **BOOMING** of the battering ram, the wooden gate creaking and cracking.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

Nock!

The archers nock their arrows as the lever is pulled, the gate starts to swing open. The light of the enemy torches silhouetting them from behind.

The attacking army is clearly caught off guard because they do not flow right in. The men manning the battering ram actually freeze up as the gate opens all the way.

ENEMY SWORDSMAN

Get in there!

SIR ARTUS

Archers! Loose!

The archers fire over the front line of the knights' phalanx, the steel of the arrows wiping out the entire front line of the enemy. A good 30 bodies drop right in front of the gate and all around the battering ram. Showing how lethal Graysteel arrows are. It's on full display. They're cut down almost as if they had been struck by bullets.

The enemy's battering ram is now causing them to have to come around the sides of it rather than straight in the gate.

Nearly single and double file. The archers are picking off man after man and the morale amongst the attackers is shaking, men are dragging their feet and shoving each other.

But they continue to push in, changing their strategy on the fly as they begin reorganizing and getting behind the wheeled battering ram and pushing it towards the phalanx, trying to use it as cover against the Graywatch arrow volleys.

The shield wall holds though, as the archers keep raining hell upon the slowly advancing enemy.

All of this action happening within the 30 foot length of the battering ram from the entry of the gate.

The wheeled battering ram rolling forward, until it's far enough to give more of them room to funnel in.

At least 500 men rushing in quickly and coming into direct contact with the 250 knights making up the shield wall and phalanx. But the defenders valiantly hold the line.

The shield wall budes but it does not break.

Defending well, stabbing over and under, through cracks, well trained precision. Graywatch however does begin losing some men but the structure of the wall holds on as the archers continue to drop large numbers of the attackers men again and again because they cannot get past this shield wall.

But the attackers defiantly keep throwing men at it.

Foolishly so, as row after row of the invaders are cut down on single charges. Bodies piling up at the gate and around all sides of the battering ram.

Of the thousand or so men that began the siege this smaller force of defenders at the lonesome east gate have quickly killed at least 150 of the attackers. Some trying to come around the sides and break out only to be shot by archers.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

Give them nothing! You're fighting
for everyone behind you!

Meaning the other men, the women, the children, the Princess, and all their lives. Along with their lands homes and their castle, even Graywatch itself. It all lay behind them.

Losing the gate is losing the keys to the kingdom.

Sašo bravely steps along the side of the shield wall, dueling with an attacker that swings his way. Showing some skill with a blade, fending him off with a block.

Then he strikes the man down but another two charge him, he shoulder checks the one that gets to him first and finishes him with a quick underhand swing cutting through his ribcage with that graysteel aided ease but he doesn't have time to deal with the other attacker, about to come across the back of his uncovered head with a sword!

But right in the knick of time an archer's arrow catches the attacker and drops him dead. Sašo acknowledges it nods back at the archer as the battle rages on around them.

The defenders of Graywatch are beginning to lose even more men. A contingent of guards from the wall are making their way down the stairs towards the line the phalanx in an attempt to support them while Sašo and Sir Artus are holding in front of and around the paused battering ram.

Yells of violence, fury and death into fill the night.

The sounds of steel against steel clanging as one member of the Kknights keeping up the shield wall is finally taken down by an arrow through the opening of his helmet from outside the gate that flew out of the mob of the attacking army.

As he falls it creates a problematic hole, that the attackers jump right on. Spearing another knight in the neck, working around the superior armor by going only for heads and necks.

The shield wall begins to fully break.

The Graywatch archers begin retreating into the town, they carry only bows and daggers. They have no interest in fighting in such close combat.

Sašo, tries to help support the failing shield wall and reaches for one of the shields as Sir Artus tries to pull him back in only to see Sašo have his **head cut off!** by the swing of a blade from the advancing enemy who are now taking the opportunity to rush the opening in their line.

The Graywatch men essentially scatter into the fray as Sir Artus lets Sašo's headless body fall and immediately returns the favor, decapitating the man who killed Sašo.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

Fight for what you love!

The heavily armored knights go into overdrive, they ditch their spears and shields and switch to great swords. The hulking men that made up the shield wall hacking through the enemy with single blows of their great swords.

The horrors of war in a situation such as this, becoming clearer. Heads, limbs, errant hacks leaving gaping wounds, but still living men screaming as they lay dying, only to be used as foot holds for the next in line. Everyone up front is slowly soaked in blood wounded or not.

The few guards remaining on the wall, trying to make sure no one else gets over it and those on the stairs trying to compliment the heavies in pushing the attackers back out the gate. It only takes seeing a few men get cut in half with these great swords for it to finally break the morale of the attackers. But they keep trying, they're down now at least 350 men of that original 1000 but the defenders at most have lost 70 out of the 250 knights, 200 original guards and the 100 archers. The knights handily felling attackers 4 to one in some cases, Graywatch appears to be winning.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

Push them back!

The knights, begin advancing around the sides of the battering ram. Forcing the enemy back out of east gate but they still have so many more men to throw at this problem.

A few of the enemy archers begin firing from the outside into the space between the open gate and the rear part of battering ram because unfortunately now for the Graywatch knights and guards the battering ram is stopping them from closing the gate. The plan that Sir Artus came up with to open the gate is now stopping them from ending the attack.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

Get the ram inside the gate!

Guards begin trying to get hold of the grips on the outside of the long battering ram but the archers outside the gate along with the at least 600 attackers remain.

But of course they now know about dealing with the superior Graywatch armor, so the Grays are losing men now left and right. Pin pointed arrow shots at necks, heads, eyes.

As they struggle to pull the battering ram back in to get the gate closed. The knights, gathering a few shields that they'd thrown down as the great swords are now more or less useless in this now tight space in between the sides of the gate and the ram clogging it up. Sir Artus realizes this is his fault and leads the charge to cover the attempt to get this big battering ram inside the gate so he makes the decision to get in front towards the end of the of it which is outside the gate itself. Using his sword to stab his way out.

As if he were goading back lions. Striking and killing a few more enemies in process with ease. Using his shield with his other hand to cover the guards.

His shield though is being struck by an arrow every few seconds. As he exits east gate entirely exposed. His plan has cost him enough men, he's making himself the distraction.

Once outside the gate, the battering ram rolls quicker as the end of it disappears back inside the gate.

But Sir Artus puts on a good showing, struck with several arrows in the chest. His armor holds but he for a few seconds is standing in front of east gate alone, facing down the entirety of the attacking army or what is left of them.

Still more men than he has behind the gate because the Graywatch archers never took the wall, the archer unit is in shambles, having retreated when the line broke.

Some are however helping pull the battering ram in.

Five enemy soldiers charge him, others seem to be indecisive about trying it. But the first goes high, the other goes low. Sir Artus blocks low with his sword, but high with his shield. Quickly slicing the hand the man that came low as the slick sound of metal sliding against metal shrilly attacks the ear as he parried off his blade then hand.

The next two, he can do nothing about.

He's stabbed in the back but his graysteel armor holds, turning he slices through the poorer armor of both men and looks back towards the gate as Graywatch guards and knights begin rushing back towards him and out the gate.

SIR ARTUS (CONT'D)

No! Stay back! Close the gate! If they charge again we'll lose the Kingdom! Close the gate!

A few Graywatch archers have finally made it to the upper wall over the gate and begin firing at the enemy, defending Sir Artus but it is too late.

Sir Artus is then struck in the back by a volley of arrows from the enemy as the rest continue their retreat. It's finally too many strikes. They get through his armor the same way they did Mirce. Blood pours from his mouth and he drops to one knee as that last attacker near him tries to end him but Sir Artus lunges forward one last time and runs the sword through the enemy's gut and out his back.

Both men fall among the pile of bodies. Sir Artus, lays dying. But gets one last opportunity to look through east gate, past the bodies of Mirce and Belun.

A last look at Graywatch castle off in the distance up on the hill above the town. His eyes closing along with east gate.

2

INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - MAIN HALL - NIGHT

2

Sławomir (44), a battle weary guard walks in carrying a bloody sword and finds the Princess' mother, MORANA GRAY (45-55), sitting at the massive dining table that's held place here for generations. It looks as if a great feast had begun only to be abandoned. A few candles flickering about the table.

MORANA

(worried)

What is it? What's happening? I heard the bells and a terrible banging. Like an earthquake.

SŁAWOMIR
We've been attacked.

MORANA
By who?

SŁAWOMIR
We aren't sure. They were wearing
no colors. But there was at least
1000 of them, maybe more.

MORANA
Who would do such a thing
unprovoked? It makes no sense.

SŁAWOMIR
I don't know my lady, they appeared
to be a great army of sell swords
or bandits which is all the more
troubling. As to who could gather
so many bannerless men in such
number without anyone noticing.

MORANA
Are we going to fall?

SŁAWOMIR
Not tonight, we forced them to
retreat but we lost a lot of men. I
can't begin to stress that enough.
Even Sir Artus. We now have no
knight commander and east gate
itself was almost destroyed
entirely. God knows what the
morning will bring.

Morana drops her head, looking off towards the window. Sir
Artus was one of the greatest warriors Graywatch ever had and
his loss was nothing to blink at. She remains quiet.

SŁAWOMIR (CONT'D)
We need to tell the Princess.

He begins to walk around Morana, heading towards where the
Princess' chambers are up the stairs.

MORANA
No!

She rushes to block him as if he's committing some great sin.

SŁAWOMIR
(confused)
No?

(MORE)

SŁAWOMIR (CONT'D)

They have more men now even in retreat than we still have at the ready tonight. We have no idea if they're simply retreating! Our men gave everything to hold one damn gate. If they attack again--

MORANA

You'll watch your damned tone with me! I could care no less! And how did you all let this happen? Didn't we used to boast about our armies? Why were there so few ready to fight? Isn't this your duty?

SŁAWOMIR

Forgive me, but you know how large our Kingdom is. There's half a million people behind our walls and there's three other damned gates, we will fall! We hadn't been attacked since before the Princess was born. If you want to blame someone for our lack of preparation blame your dead husband!

Smack! Morana strikes Sławomir hard enough to stagger him, the sound echoing throughout the great hall.

MORANA

My husband gave everything for this place. From his first breath to his last, he was your Lord and you'll honor his name.

Sławomir is clearly annoyed with all this and begins to push his way past Morana.

SŁAWOMIR

We need to tell her!

But Morana stays in front of him, blocking his path.

MORANA

If this is the last good night's sleep my child will receive I'll be damned if I'll take that from her. Our peace may have ended but hers with the dawn. Let her rest.

SŁAWOMIR

But we might be able to use her opinion on...

MORANA

My daughter has been in power for a year. I sat at the side of her father and watched him weather storm after storm as he kept this land free. What could she tell you right now? Pulled out of her slumber, shocked, startled?

Sławomir stops and looks at her, but keeps looking past her towards the stairs as his frustration grows.

MORANA (CONT'D)

Besides some knee jerk reaction that might be avoided if you allow her to start the day properly?

He shakes his head, and pushes past her.

Morana pulls a dagger from his belt and in a flash before he can react **she slits Sławomir's throat**. Blood sprays from his neck and she steps to the side to be away from that initial spray, pressing herself back against the wall as if she's done this countless times. He can't believe what has happened, his face reads absolute bug-eyed shock.

Morana stares at him coldly as he reaches for his neck with his left hand and his sword with his right. Morana places her hand on the hilt of the sword, the blood pouring down his neck. Sławomir is fading and too weak to resist her.

MORANA (CONT'D)

Shhhh...dear.

She almost comfortingly shushes him as he falls to his knees, clutching at her dress as if seeking an embrace in his final moments regardless of her being his killer.

MORANA (CONT'D)

Go with the Gods, and share this lesson. Don't make a mother ask twice.

With that she pushes him away like trash, he falls back dead on the floor. Morana looks around the hall, she can't really cover this up. So she gets right on with it. She takes the dagger and blades herself, just into her hair line. Blading for effect, blood pours down her face.

She rubs it over her face, forehead, eyes and neck and even into her dress before tossing his dagger to the floor.

Morana rushes back towards the exit of the dining hall, where she finds two knights near the front entrance of the castle.

Just before the exit out the massive doors. They of course see her covered in blood and rush to her.

SIR ROSTEK
My Lady what's happened?

MORANA
Quietly, one of the soldiers threatened the Princess and tried to take the stairs, he attacked me but I stopped him, I need his corpse disposed of before she wakes.

SIR MARTYN
Yes my lady.

They motion between each other and head in the direction of the body. At the same time Morana continues towards a side room where the head of handmaidens. HALLIE (57), makes her way out where she sees Morana covered in blood.

HALLIE
My Lady, what's happened?

MORANA
Nothing, it's not serious. Just get the other girls and go clean up the blood in the dining hall and help me get into something clean.

HALLIE
Right away.

Hallie rushes back towards where she came from, whistling for the other handmaidens. She's in charge of them and has been since Morana married Lord Gray, she runs a rather tight ship.

Quickly, a group of other castle keepers hurry out of where they were hiding away, lead by ONA (18) and including a mumbling old man with a broom in hand, LUGH (76), who stops and mumbles incoherently in a thick accent but Morana ignores him as she and Hallie scurry off on their own way.

3 INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - PRIVY - NIGHT

3

Sir Martyn and Sir Rostek kick open the door to the privy, carrying the body of Sławomir. Armor clanking off the door frame as they approach the toilet.

SIR MARTYN
Hold on.

Sir Martyn lets go of the body and goes to pull off the rectangular wooden seat as Sir Rostek proceeds to dump Sławomir head first down the garderobe chute.

SIR ROSTEK
Traitorous bastard.

He spits and places the wooden seat back in place, the two the leave and the door wooden door slams.

4 INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - ROYAL QUARTERS - MORNING 4

We see a heavy fist banging on a different door. It is CAPTAIN CADOGAN (55), the hand to the Princess and her father before her. The door opens and two very attractive naked people walk out of the room. A red haired woman and a man.

The woman is SÉARLAIT (25) and the man is SÉARLAS (25), they look to be twins. Captain Cadogan does a double take and steps to the side, they both give him a once over.

Séarlait runs her hand across his chest and he swats her hand away. But takes a second look at her from behind before barging in once they've turned the cover. There we see KITRIN (18-35), our Princess, in an ornate black and gold robe.

She is sitting at a table by the window with a glass of wine in hand, playfully eyeing Cadogan. She's definitely buzzed.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Who were they?

KITRIN
Good morning Captain.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
I'll say it again, who were they?

KITRIN
I don't remember their names.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
They were nude.

KITRIN
Very much so, lovely weren't they?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Why?

KITRIN
Why were they in a state of undress
or why were they lovely?
(MORE)

KITRIN (CONT'D)

You'll have to ask their mother and father.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Wait, what?

KITRIN

Do you really want me to confirm what you're already guessing?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You fucked them?

KITRIN

Well of course but more aptly she sat on my face while he fucked me. They fucked each other too but they were here for me soooo...

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Stop! Please! Good Lord.

KITRIN

(laughingly)

I'll put it this way, seed was planted where it should go and where it shouldn't.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Christ alive, stop talking! Swear I should curse your father for making me swear myself to you. He never put me through so many horrors. Things you tell me stick to the walls of my mind worse than a hundred gutted men.

Cadogan actually grabs at his chest for a moment as Kitrin while Kitrin laughs, she simply enjoys his reactions and overreactions to every little thing.

KITRIN

Says more about you than it does me. I could order them to take care of you if you like. Seems like you could use, all tense always.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

No. Thank you. My wife is plenty enough.

KITRIN

(jokingly)

Is she? Can I have a go at her?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Listen you little royal minx, if you touch my wife I'll throw you out that window and happily take the execution after.

Kitrin begins laughing, this whole back and fourth is a testament to their relationship. He's known her since she was born and her father before that. The love is there but he treats him like an older brother or uncle to pester.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)

I need to tell you something important.

Séarlas walks back in, cock out and all.

SÉARLAS

My lady, my sister left her necklace could I?

Captain Cadogan snaps and rushes towards the bed grabbing the gold necklace, chucking it at Séarlas who gives him a thumbs up and rushes back out of the room.

KITRIN

See that thing? It's like sausage.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

So they are brother and sister.

KITRIN

I thought you figured that out already.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You're going to hell.

KITRIN

Perhaps, but not yet. Not yet.

She begins to gulp down the rest of the wine in the glass but Cadogan grabs her wrist.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

On the note of going to hell I need your focus. Your father left you his seat for a reason.

KITRIN

He left me his seat because my brother ran off and he'd rather me than his name ending.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Damn all that. Listen.

KITRIN
Fin what is it?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
We were attacked last night.

KITRIN
Oh? How exciting.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Not at fucking all, do not say that
sort of shit in front of the men.
There was a rather serious battle
at the east gate. We lost a fucking
bucket of men last night.

KITRIN
I assume since I'm alive we won.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
For now.

KITRIN
Then everything's alright?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
No, like I said we lost at least
25% of your...well our damn army
and because we have no idea who
sent them and who may have wanted
to hit us with an army of that
size. It came out of the blue, no
whispers of anything. We don't know
if they'll come back for another
try. So we must prepare.

KITRIN
Well that's troubling to say the
least isn't it? If there was ever a
reason for more wine.

She reaches for the decanter on the other side of the table
but he stops her.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Damn the wine, child!

Kitrin looks as if he had just insulted the only thing she
cares about. Which he had.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)
Morana wanted me to tell you once
you had your rest but you obviously
weren't resting.

The Princess tilts her head to the side, trying to keep a straight face for half a second but she grins and agrees. Thinking about her time with the twins.

KITRIN
(sheepishly)
No I wasn't.

Reaching again towards the wine like a cat about to knock something off a shelf. He grabs the wine decanter and she gets up trying to grab it. Cadogan just holds it high above his head where she can't reach, she hops a few times.

KITRIN (CONT'D)
Give it back!

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Not until we deal with this!

She scoffs and stops trying to grab it.

KITRIN
If you don't give me that decanter
back i'm going to open this robe.

The tensely two stare off for a moment, she goes for the tie of the robe, preparing to flash him and he just can't take the risk, Cadogan quickly hands her the decanter.

KITRIN (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

She takes a long swig from the decanter and sits back down.

KITRIN (CONT'D)
Go on then, tell me what the lay of
the land is.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
We're in the process of burning
bodies just to get rid of them
before they start festering. I'm
trying to convey to you the
magnitude of what has happened
here. We're at war with a mystery!

KITRIN
Don't yell at me like i'm a child.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You might as well be one the way you behave, you're the ruler of the last free Kingdom on this side of the fucking sea. We nearly got overrun last night and you're in here fucking the fire crotch twins and pouting because I took your wine for four seconds!

KITRIN

I didn't know we were being attacked! Who chose not to tell me?!

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Your mother!

The Princess stands back up.

KITRIN

Don't bring my mother into this!
I'll have you fucking executed!

He pushes her forehead, forcing her to sit back down in something of a comedic pratfall.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

It would be a weight off my shoulders but I literally meant your mother. She was very adamant about it! You don't listen and if we're going to survive this ordeal you need to become get it together!

KITRIN

Fine, fuck it, you know I didn't mean that but let's go to see what's going on and all that.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

East gate.

He sighs, having been down there already, knowing what awaits her.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)

Get dressed and meet me outside, it's quite a ride to get to that gate. Don't need you catching your death for this, last thing to add to this mess is you incapacitated more than you usually are.

KITRIN

I'm never incapacitated. I just choose to let you believe that.

She points to her temple, tapping her head.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

No matter how drunk I am, i'm always right here. Watching, thinking, remembering. I'm never gone, the alcohol just makes the world feel a bit more loving. Even when it's not.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You make a bit of drink sound like a romance, all I know it for is watching bastards get so shit faced they end up killing each other in a tavern because somebody touched knees at the piss hole.

KITRIN

The what?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

It's a place, men piss.

KITRIN

You piss in a hole together?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Meet me outside!

He rushes back out the room and slams the door.

5 EXT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - MORNING

5

A full calvary waits outside. At least 40 horses and mounted knights are lined up prepared to move at the command of Kitrin. Captain Cadogan is standing just outside the front door of the castle, with a pair of horses. His own a black steed and the white stallion that belongs to Kitrin. Built like a sturdy war horse. The doors to the castle open.

Kitrin exits flanked by her towering personal bodyguards, in ornate black armor with gold piping matching the knights. The winter sun shining down on the Princess in her white royal gown giving her an almost angelic light.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Would it have harmed you to wear something a bit more appropriate? We're visiting a spot of hell.

KITRIN

We won't be there long.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Regardless, you need to look the part of a mourning Princess. Not an oblivious one.

Kitrin turns to one of her taller guards, he's perhaps 7ft tall. A giant among men and assigned to her for that reason, she waves her hand to him and raises her arms like a child asking to be carried. He obliges and lifts her up onto her horse so she doesn't have to climb, straightening the train of her gown out over the back of the horse. Captain Cadogan looks absolutely disgusted.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)

God help me. God help us all.

He mounts his own horse, then spurs the horse and takes off, Kitrin who's ridden since she was a girl expertly follows behind him at speed, her gown flowing noticeably like a ghost tailing her but right behind her are the cavalrymen acting as her escort as they weave through the streets away from the castle. Captain Cadogan leading the way.

Commoners hurrying out the way and waving at her as they pass homes and more people but as they ride we begin to see the signs of what happened at east gate. Men being stretchered away. Bodies laying in front of homes with sheets over them. Sobbing wives, husbands, family members and children.

Closing in on the gate itself, the absolute carnage is revealed. Body parts, gutted corpses, small fires. Blood against the stones and running out of the east gate like a creek. There are hundreds of bodies are littering the walk, the upper walls, the outer walls, inside gate and out and now as many people dealing with the situation.

Some progress has been made to separate allies from enemy fallen but some families have come to east gate and found their loved ones among them. Fathers, brothers, sons.

Surviving guards are also dragging their dead brethren out of the pile, the battering ram remains where it was. Belun and Mirce are still just outside of the gate where they fell amongst many of the enemy that had been riddled with arrows. Notably of course is Sir Artus, his armor shining under the sun.

They've yet to get to his body but his sword stands in tribute next to where he fell. Daggered into the dirt like a place marker of it's own.

And off to the side a pile of burning enemy combatants. The first of at least three being lumped together because there will be no burial for them. Only ashes.

Kitrin stops her horse about 50 feet from east gate, looking all this over in mixture of disgust and disbelief.

KITRIN

This is victory?

She asks Captain Cadogan in a hushed tone.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

It's what earned victory looks like. War ain't as pretty as you are. And i'm not being complimentary, you look ridiculous in comparison to all this.

The men see Princess Kitrin sitting at-top that white horse, wearing that glaring almost gaudy gown for such an occasion like some white rose growing out of blood, muck and butchered human flesh. Some are clearly surprised to see her, a few cheer but a worrying number seem exasperated and disgusted.

She picks up on this of course and tries her best to play to the crowd and try to spin this in some helpful way.

KITRIN

Thank you all! Thank you for what you've done! I can never repay you!

VELES

Don't thank us! Thank them!

He points to the dead, including the headless body of Sašo that Cadwyr is standing near.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

(angrily)

Watch your tone!

VELES

Fuck you, you cunt! Where were you when we needed you? Up there playing lap dog to our fair lady?!

Captain Cadogan starts to climb off his horse in a rage, going for a weapon. The other guards are not even about to deal with this so it's clear they are siding with Veles.

After what happened last night. They form up near him rather quickly. Kitrin reaches for Captain Cadogan's arm trying to calm him. She shakes her head 'no'.

KITRIN

It's alright, it's alright.

He stops but looks back to her.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

No, it's not. That sort of shit is how you end up with a coup. Bastards back talking the woman they fight for. Too many of them followed your father, they don't know you, don't believe in you yet.

KITRIN

So I'll make them believe.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You'll try, but look at them. Fuck were they planning to do just there? Cut me down in front of you? I'm your damned hand. He should be hung to make a statement.

KITRIN

I can't question their loyalty, they fought and died to hold this patch of shit in my name. But whatever shards of their loyalty I've yet to capture. I'll get it.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

More than shards, if shards were slices it's most of the damned pie.

With that she waves to the guards, the knights, everyone cleaning up the bodies and trying to repair the damage.

KITRIN

You have my love! Even if you don't want it. By the Gods you have it.

She turns to look at Captain Cadogan, nods to him and spurs her horse without warning, heading back up the pathway towards the castle in the distance.

The cavalry quickly follows after her, Captain Cadogan gives one last look at the remnants of the battle for east gate.

6

INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - MIDDAY

6

Princess Kitrin is sitting on her throne, but they are not doing this by the book. The palatial throne room has been turned into a war room. There's a large wooden table in front of the throne, chairs at all sides. The mosaic windows have been boarded up and her mother sits at her left.

Her advisor ELGER (59), a long time aid to the Grays sits at the right and Captain Cadogan on the other side of him.

Her Mother is hovering a bit, holding the Princess' hand, stroking it as the discussion goes on.

KITRIN

Is there still no word on who attacked us?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

No, but we're readying defenses for any further attacks. We counted their dead. We took 542 of them with us but just as many made a clean retreat.

MORANA

Don't worry dear, it'll be fine.

KITRIN

You don't know that, I appreciate the support but you just don't know. So please --

Her mother kisses her on the temple then leans back onto her side of the table as a swordsman walks in.

CADWYR

My lady, a word?

KITRIN

Who are you?

CADWYR

I'm a guard but they sent me to speak to you since Sir Artus was killed. We had no formal higher ranked and it's trying times.

KITRIN

Right, go ahead.

CADWYR

We've dug the trenches from east gate to north, the rest will take time but there are defensive pikes in position all around our walls.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

How the bloody hell did you do that so quickly? That's got to be five miles worth of pike.

CADWYR

Lord Gray, had them placed before his death, they were buried under the dirt for emergencies. They're all rigged to a pully system.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Could have said something last night, might have been of some use.

CADWYR

They were not directly in front of the gate, just the walls, once they were coming up over the walls it would have done nothing but slowed them if even that.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I don't think that's a good enough answer, less men would have died.

CADWYR

I wasn't in charge of our defenses last night. Once we were under siege Sir Artus made the decisions about the defense and some were questionable at best.

KITRIN

What do you mean?

CADWYR

Well, opening the gate for one.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Opened the gate?

CADWYR

He seemed to believe, opening it would throw off the attackers, stop them from breaking it down. Which was true.

KITRIN

But?

CADWYR

We lost a lot of men because of that engagement, in my opinion if we had let them break the gate it might have still jammed them up and held long enough to get archers up on the walls and fend them off.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I see the point but archers alone can't hold a wall, you would have had to been sure they could have kept firing long enough to turn back a force that size. Not accounting for the counter archers.

CADWYR

He died trying to make it right, he went out the gate, held it alone but good men, friends, Sašo for one. So many are gone because he opened the damned gate.

KITRIN

But he died making it right, like you said. So I won't sully his name. Any man you saw worthy, have him buried in the catacombs.

CADWYR

Aye, my lady.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I'm still not passed the ignoring of the pikes? Sounds like they could have kept the gate closed, raised the pikes and held them off with the archers.

CADWYR

Well, maybe you should have gotten down there with us. Where were you? Didn't hear you answer earlier.

Captain Cadogan clenches his fist.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Here, doing my job.

CADWYR

While we fought and died.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Do you have any respect for my
role? We have a goddamn Princess.
Look at her!

Cadogan points at her, the Princess smiles.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)

As dumb as she is beautiful! She
needs guarding like a stack of pies
at a fair near the fat children!

Kitrin's eyes widen, sitting up angrily as the insult hit.

KITRIN

Mother fu-

Her mother Morana places a hand over her mouth but Kitrin
pushes it away.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Enough! Your point has been made!
We can't raise the dead. What I
need from you all is who the fuck
attacked us so we can get a handle
on this! Anyone that can raise a
sword, get them armed and ready!

CADWYR

(nervously)
The women too?

A momentary silence falls over the room.

KITRIN

Well, I wasn't thinking that but...

She slinks back into thought.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

How many men can we get to aid in
our defense, full stop?

CADWYR

10,000 foot soldiers are oathed but
they're scattered amongst the
gates, 2000 heavy units another
1000 cavalry and mounted knights,
but all these numbers are rounded
up. We lost so may last night. Only
about 500 archers remain but it
will take days to raise, armor and
station them all.

(MORE)

CADWYR (CONT'D)

We were mostly keeping reserves since the peace had been so long. Most are willing and eager to fight but they weren't expecting this. Many have never seen battle as you know.

KITRIN

Arm the women.

MORANA

Dear.

Morana leans over towards her daughter. Kitrin doesn't have to look at her to know she's questioning it, that need to please her mother coming in an immediate deescalation.

One that is in fact a lie.

KITRIN

Not for offense, they need to be able to defend themselves if there's a breach. I won't see women dragged off as trophies by these bastards. You know what actually...

She raises her hand.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

This is a decree. Any woman, that wishes to become a soldier. You will train them like any man. Make this known. No reason to have such a large fighting force wasted.

CADWYR

I'm not sure...

KITRIN

Did I ask for your assurance?

CADWYR

No my lady.

Veles rushes in, Cadwyr turns towards him. Veles stops right beside him, yelling towards the group.

VELES

The enemy, the enemy!

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Ah, fuck, what now?

VELES
It's King Rinton!

Kitrin actually laughs out of shock and disbelief.

CADWYR
You fucking serious mate?

VELES
I am.

Elger puts a hand over his own mouth as Captain Cadogan goes blank in the face at first as her mother squeezes the Princess' hand hard enough it pains her.

KITRIN
(mouthing)
Ow!

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
This isn't a joke!

The Princess nervously looks to her mother.

KITRIN
But Why? I mean what would he do that for? He swore to my father he'd leave us in peace.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Clearly he changed his mind.

VELES
Well if you'd let me go on they sent a messenger.

KITRIN
Where's the messenger?

VELES
Dead i'm afraid, after last night anyone charging towards east gate. Alone or not wasn't going to be welcomed with open arms. Archers cut him down 100 yards out.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Fuck, that might have been our only chance to dialogue!

CADWYR
After last night. I'd have shot the bastard too, we lost so many.

Cadwyr backs up the other guards and Veles without question.

VELES
(exasperated)
There was a note.

Veles pulls it from his pocket and begins to read.

VELES (CONT'D)
Fair Kitrin Gray, I hope this finds
you well. I King Rinton first of my
name, ruler of the four lands have
made the just and right decision.
To for the first time in centuries
unite the people of our great land
under the five point crown...

ELGER
Sounds about right.

Everyone in the room turns to look at the Elger.

KITRIN
That's what breaks your stone face?

ELGER
I was trying to get all the
information before I spoke, too
much useless arguing amongst you
all but the man rules as the one
King of all four great Kingdoms in
our land except this one. We're
number five and we were always the
thing keeping his absolute rule
incomplete. What King doesn't want
to be remembered with that glory?

MORANA
One with a sense of humility.

ELGER
He respected and feared your
husband. There's nothing to fear
now except graysteel and no
judgement to worry himself with.
Only a missing son and a daughter
of questionable standing.

The Princess looks at him but she knows Elger only speaks
hard truths and she isn't blind to how she's viewed. Not a
woman to plant yes men around her.

KITRIN
Well then we'll fight.

VELES

We can't.

Veles shakes his head but Cadwyr doesn't appear to agree with Veles but he's holding his tongue, Elger reacts only by crossing his arms, waiting for him to go on.

VELES (CONT'D)

There, there, there's 50,000 men out there now.

KITRIN

Fuuuuuck!

Kitrin tosses her head back, Cadwyr paces away.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Why not lead with that!?

Cadwyr stops paces and turns to look at Veles, sharing an understanding that this might be the end.

KITRIN

(nervous laughter)

We're going to die. We're actually going to die.

She turns towards Morana, reaching for her mother as she's trying not to full of break down in front of her small council. Morana puts an arm around her.

MORANA

Calm down. It'll be alright.

KITRIN

Mother.

Trying to fight back her emotions for a moment but Morana sees the break coming and pulls her head into an embrace so she can let out a muffled yell into her mother's shoulder, hiding her face as she broils through a tremble.

VELES

They outnumber us 5 to one, but there's more to the letter.

Kitrin lifts her head from her mother's shoulder, her eyes red. Fact that she broke down now obvious, eyes runny.

But we focus in tight on Veles as he reads the rest of this most important letter.

CADWYR

Read it then brother.

VELES

The pact with your father made before his death, is not lost to me. To defend you, your honor, and his name. With the rumors of your recreational activities, with whores and scoundrels. Refusal to take a husband or wife. It is my duty, to take you as my own so that we may sire a child and continue your father's lineage.

The Princess jumps up from her throne and starts to flip the planning table over. Captain Cadogan grabs the other side of it to keep it down as Morana hugs her daughter from behind to still her arms as she rages. Cadwyr looks startled.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Wait! Let him finish!

ELGER

We need to know everything!

VELES

If you accept these terms, you will be Queen of the Five Kingdoms, but you will surrender and submit yourself to me, and Graywatch to a Lord or Lady of my choosing. If Graywatch is taken by force, I cannot guarantee your safety from death, savagery or ravagement. You have until the dawn to accept these terms and surrender.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Alright.

Morana let's Kitrin go and she flips the table over.

KITRIN

Fuck him, fuck his army, fuck that note. Fuck the four kingdoms! I ain't bowing to that old piece of pigeon shit cock fuck!

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

We can't fight them, it would be a slaughter.

KITRIN

You know what else is a slaughter? That old hog grunting and wheezing on top of me!

Cadwyr turns away, doing everything he can not to laugh.
Veles grabs his shoulder.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You won't like what i'm going to say but I suggest accepting his terms for all our sakes. At least we would live.

KITRIN

How dare you suggest such a thing to me?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I'm trying to keep you alive!

KITRIN

He doesn't give a damn about me. That last part was a damned rape threat, ravagement. As if i'm to be thrown to his men like feral dogs if he has to come get me. All he wants is the crown. He doesn't expect me to accept this shit.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Hear me out, you could marry him, kill him in his sleep and take the crown. Easy.

CADWYR

It would be my greatest honor to help you kill him my lady.

KITRIN

Not if he insists on a bedding ceremony which I wouldn't put past him. I won't risk it.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Then try the next night.

KITRIN

Shut up!

She looks back to Veles and Cadwyr as she sits back down on the throne.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Anything else I should know before we die?

VELES

If I may speak freely.

KITRIN

Why not? Go ahead.

VELES

From what I have gathered his men are tired, cold, hungry. They're flying his colors so the army is from First Kingdom and his castle of Caldor.

ELGER

So he has not called men from the other four?

VELES

If he had, we would see either their banners or a force several times as large.

ELGER

It also means he may have not even made the other Lords and ladies aware that he's attacking us because they may not have agreed with his choice. He may be doing this all on his own. Regardless of the fact that they've bent the knee to the King. Him attacking a Kingdom like this, a Kingdom he had an oath to. He could do that to them as well. He's trying to hide his shame by doing this quickly and quietly. Because if we fall there will be no reason to cause a fuss amongst the other Lords and ladies.

The group stays quiet.

ELGER (CONT'D)

Plus, coming from the Caldor it means they were marching for days on his orders simply to make a show of force here because they expected the small force that attacked east gate to take us last night.

VELES

Aye, the men out there now from what I've seen they look soft, tired, their camp fires are small. They can't be keeping warm. Doesn't even look like they brought many rations.

ELGER

I imagine they expected a victory parade through the streets as uniting every kingdom on our side of the sea for the first time in centuries is surely a grand affair to be had. But these foot soldiers are no noblemen. They aren't excited to die for one man's vainglory and it seems the King may have even lied about what they were marching for or the circumstance.

The Princess is listening intently but looks to Captain Cadogan who simply shrugs her way.

KITRIN

A lot of this seems like conjecture but your point is we fight them?

CADWYR

Gladly, on your orders.

Veles looks at Cadwyr, questioningly, in regard to this turn towards extreme support of the Princess.

ELGER

It would be 13,500 of our forces at best, against 50,000 of theirs.

KITRIN

But graysteel on our side?

ELGER

Debatable that it would give us an edge against such a force. Our men would hack through them but eventually be overrun. The King is knocking on our door with all his might and we aren't letting him in again.

KITRIN

So there's nothing to do but die or give up?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Day we were all born...that's all there ever was. Die later or give up now. Everyday you wake up you can give up but you don't, you fight for every breath.

CADWYR

Fucking aye.

KITRIN

Could we pay for aid? We have more from our mines gold than any bank or castle. Bribery?

ELGER

That's likely part of their motivation as well, they all will get more than we'll pay them once they raid our coin house and gold mines. Graywatch will be forgotten for what it once was.

KITRIN

What about Ravensreach? Bloodbit? Rosefall? Lady Bridgette was always kind to me.

ELGER

Until she woke up in bed with you after the Christmas celebration.

MORANA

What?! Lady Bridgette has to be 70!

KITRIN

I didn't do nothing! She started it! Climbed in my bed, talking about let me help you with that.

MORANA

Help you with that?

KITRIN

That's what I said! Before I know it she's got her face between my thighs and I think okay, she's a generous host but when we woke up she didn't remember doing it and so now she's all cunty.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

This is why you need to stop drinking!

KITRIN

I need to stop? I remembered everything! She drinks, starts mouth pleasing her guests, forgets and i'm the one in trouble?

(MORE)

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Would have been rude if I elbowed
the old bitch in the forehead.

ELGER

Noooooone-the-less.

MORANA

We'll discuss this later.

KITRIN

Nooooooo-we'won't.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Could be blackmail her for help
from her army?

ELGER

Not enough time and clearly our
deaths are in her interest if she
doesn't want your relationship to
be known also they couldn't arrive
in time. Same for any other army.
We would send the offer, the coin
and by the time they arrived we'd
be overrun assuming they accept it
and don't just keep the gold.
Anything we attempt is asking
another Kingdom to rebel.

VELES

So um, orders?

KITRIN

One more thing, you think we could
turn their army?

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

No time for that either, trying to
plant fucking moles and spies in an
army outside our damned gate
waiting on you to go get in his
bed! Least he's more age
appropriate than Lady Bridgette.

Kitrin motions towards Captain Cadogan.

KITRIN

Listen, I appreciate what you've
done for me. Done for my father.
I've known you all my life but if
you suggest I lay with that piece
of shit one more time this thing.

Motioning between them.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

With you. Us. It's done. You can get the fuck out of here. I will not be remembered for taking the easy way out. I will be remembered for what I truly was.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Selfish?

The Princess' hands begin to shake, she's been suppressing an impossible amount of rage until it just explodes.

KITRIN

You are finished! You are stripped of every title you've ever had! Get out of my sight! Guards! Guards!

The Princess' guards rush towards Cadogan along with Veles and Cadwyr who wanted a piece of him already as it is. Morana moves towards Kitrin and begins rubbing her shoulders, whispering into her ear trying to calm her.

MORANA

Darling, darling, please. We need him, we have no one else in this trying time. He will not be easily replaced. Don't do this.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

My Princess, I am loyal to my word unlike that traitor and I promised your father I would make sure...

KITRIN

(teeth clenched)

Promises to my father are the bane of my existence right now. If you try to drag me out of here I will have you killed before this fight starts. **Stop testing me.**

There was a real anger and almost scary tone for that last bit. A side of her he hadn't seen began to pick up and Captain Cadogan actually looked a little nervous and backed away. A clear cut fire in her eyes.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I'm sorry.

KITRIN

Sit the fuck down.

She points to the chair to her right.

KITRIN (CONT'D)
Guards, leave him here.

They obey and return to their positions near the doorway, Veles and Cadwyr as well.

VELES
I have no plan that is sure to work, but what I feel is. As a swordsman myself, that his men don't believe in this fight. We saw so many of them retreat when things got rough.

Which was true towards the end of things at east gate.

VELES (CONT'D)
They know they outnumber us but they are aware of how well trained and armed our knights and army are. Size disadvantage or no. -- That's why he tried to wait until winter. When crops ran to reserve. They would rather starve us out than fight because facts are if we were to somehow win this day. He would no longer have an army defending the first Kingdom. If that army don't make it back home even Bloodbit could take them and they're out in the marshes.

MORANA
So you think we have a chance?

VELES
Not a good one.

KITRIN
You're just rambling on.

ELGER
I wouldn't call it rambling my lady, but we have the only gold mines in all the five. We can try to pay them to turn. Rather than a soldier's salary.

KITRIN
But again we covered this that's assuming a few thousand men would find that a better deal than just raping and pillaging our kingdom.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
She's right about that.

As soon as she hears his voice, Kitrin stares daggers through him as if the sheer sound repulsed her and reminded her so quickly of how angry she still is with him.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)
If we did accept his terms or not, that army is coming in here and picking through or villages and stores at least once before they march out. That's how you stop a mutiny, men need that release after a march. The terror that's gonna run through the commoners is fucked either way.

ELGER
I was just revisiting the idea after what Veles here said.

VELES
Yes, I'm saying that perhaps after that long march, the cold, the lack of food, they know no matter what if they face us in open combat they will sustain heavy losses. We will lose undoubtedly but they will not win handily. It will be a bloodbath.

KITRIN
Then we give them a fucking bloodbath.

CADWYR
Let's do it!

ELGER
That's not what I meant.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN
Kitrin please.

She shifts in her seat, she's so angry with this man it's effecting her breathing.

KITRIN
Please what? Go be the wedded whore of some old bastard? Or fight for what is mine? I know what song I want sung about me. We fight.

Elger the advisor nods his head solemnly and the Princess stands back up, the choice has been made.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Get me a sword, armor and inform
the men. I need a show of force.
Every able bodied man, every horse,
archers, banners but I'll lead.

Morana tries to grab at her arm but is swatted away.

MORANA

Dear what are you doing?

Cadwyr slams fist against his chest, he is hyped. Veles seems to be questioning it inwardly but says nothing. Kitrin ignores her mother's pleas.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

You'll what?

All of her attention goes right to Cadogan, she moves towards him and leans in as her mother tries to keep some hold on her. Settling on a light clasp of wrist.

KITRIN

(quietly)

This is my kingdom and I have a
plan. If it fails, so be it. But
you have one more time to test me.
One more old friend. I'm begging
you. Please don't make me do
something I can't take back.

With that she shoulder bumps and pushes past him.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Summon the handmaidens, send them
to my quarters and ready the army.

The course has been set. Morana runs after her daughter who heads upstairs towards her quarters.

7

INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - WARDROBE - AFTERNOON

7

We see a close up of Kitrin putting on a black shirt, as the hands of hovering handmaidens including Hallie, making sure every single thing about her gear is perfectly done.

They place a corset around her ribcage with interwoven golden graysteel chainmail and tie it tight. Pitch black riding breeches follow, with the same gold piping as her knights.

As she is then guided into her boots. Black, over the knee, leather, with simple golden buttons with Graywatch insignias going up from ankle to knee like spats.

Meanwhile her mother is carefully braiding her hair up, silently while fighting back tears because she assumes she is preparing her daughter for her inevitable death. As if she is preparing her living corpse to meet eternity.

8 EXT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - AFTERNOON

8

Outside, we see the castle walls. Graywatch banners flying in the wind, the watch towers and the outside of east gate and it's walls. A large group of soldiers are marching from the barracks and towards east gate.

1000 heavy soldiers march through and out of east gate, followed by 5,000 standard foot soldiers. Showing us more of the scope of Graywatch as a hold and city. In the distance another 1000 heavy soldiers and another 5,000 are waiting.

The army gathering in the distance where they'll make their stand. A flurry of activity on the outside as well, pikemen and trench builders are building barricades and townspeople are boarding up their homes as quickly as they can.

Along with trebuchet's being calibrated behind the walls, in between houses, ready to fire out and over the army.

9 INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - ROYAL QUARTERS - AFTERNOON

9

We come back inside and see Kitrin pulling on her leather gloves. Fully dressed in her black and gold leather armor, hair in a crown braid with a chignon.

She turns back towards her mother Morana who is openly sobbing. Hallie and several of the handmaidens are trying to support her. Kitrin purses her lips, fighting off her own emotions. Regardless of how certain she is about her path. Saying goodbye is never an easy thing.

KITRIN

Girls, don't loot my chambers until
you're sure I'm dead.

One of the maidens, ONA (18) rushes towards her and hugs her, as Hallie is trying to keep her mother standing.

ONA

I'll miss you.

KITRIN

I'm not dead yet, but I have to go.

Breaking free of Ona, Hallie and her mother pull her into a group hug.

HALLIE

Do what you must to come back.

MORANA

We can run, it doesn't have to be this way.

KITRIN

Can't run all my life.

MORANA

I love you, so much more than anything in this world.

Her mother kisses her on the cheek several times.

KITRIN

I love you too. I love you all.

She gives each woman another quick hug, but Hallie and Ona have to tear Morana away so Kitrin can get out of the door.

She steps into the hallway, and shuts it behind her. Morana's cries go on audibly through the door.

In the hall, she puts on her game face as she's met by several towering guards in black leather armor much like hers. Faint gold piping on their shoulders, matching what is on the pants of hers.

She nods to them and the group silently heads down the long hallway. A kingdom and it's ruler walking what feels like their last. Their mile of green, facing extinction.

10

INT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - MIDDAY

10

They head down the stairs and as she passes her throne she pats the side of the chair and heads towards the door of the main hall. The massive doors pull open on her approach for likely the last time as a squire by the door bows his head and hands her off a custom golden hilted sword. Built as light as it can be while maintaining it's structural integrity. It's built for speed and sharpness.

11 EXT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - MIDDAY

11

Outside waits the calvary men and mounted knights, the heaviest of armored members of their army. 1000 of them, awaiting her, banners, shining armor and all.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

My lady.

She simply gives him a nod before climbing up on her horse, herself this time, no help request, sheathing the blade at her belt before turning her attention to her men.

KITRIN

Thank you all for being here, I'm sorry it had to be this way.

There's a reverence and acceptance in her tone. Knowing these are the people that may be going to their deaths along with her. But for her and that carries a lot of weight.

SIR ROSTEK

What did you think we'd do? Hand you over? Not a chance. This is who we are. We fought for your father, we'll fight for you. No honor in being a knight if you can't stand by your liege.

There's a roar from the men, everyone's ready.

KITRIN

Here's hoping their army don't feel that way. Otherwise this just might be our last day.

SIR MARTYN

Excuse me for speaking out of turn but what are you talking about?

KITRIN

I'm going to attempt a parlay, but what I need from you and your men is to make sure I am able to finish speaking. There are things I'm going to say that he will undoubtedly try to stop if I'm able to get underway.

SIR ROSTEK

Will a shield wall do?

KITRIN

Shields, archers, whatever you can do. I'd like to survive the day but i'm not betting on it.

SIR ROSTEK

How close do you plan on getting?

KITRIN

I'm approaching them on my own.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I can't hold my tongue if I think you're going to lose your life.

KITRIN

It's the only way, they want me alive so it's not an initial risk. Only way I have a chance to stop us all from dying today because I will not hand myself over to him. It's turn them away or face damnation.

SIR ROSTEK

Everything was so peaceful yesterday.

KITRIN

It's that time.

She makes a move out motion with her hand, the calvary begins to ride out. She merges a few horses behind the front row. Flanked by her usual guards, Cadogan, Rostek and Martyn.

Even her personal in castle guards are on horse back. It's all hands on deck. The heavy knights marching behind them as they get towards east gate to join the rest of the army.

12

EXT. GRAYWATCH - EAST GATE - AFTERNOON

12

The sight of a group of about 100 farmers, blacksmiths and the like are making their way towards the cavalry, carrying makeshift weapons.

KITRIN

Slow, slow down.

She breaks off, slowing her horse, approaching the group as the cavalry stops with her.

FARMER

My lady, we've seen the size of that army.

(MORE)

FARMER (CONT'D)

We lost sons, fathers, brothers,
 friends in that attack, Let us
 join. It would be an honor to die
 at your side and to seek revenge.

KITRIN

I'm not one to deny a man his day
 of glory and the eternity
 thereafter but they only want me.
 Trying to get me to give up my
 crown and give the King a son. Your
 businesses, your farms will go on.
 But I won't have my life dictated
 to me by any man. I'm living or
 dying free.

The farmer up front places his hat over his heart.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

If you remember me as nothing else,
 remember me as a woman who did not
 bow.

Spurring her horse, she pushes ahead of the knights and
 charges down the road to east gate and out of it. Past where
 Sir Artus' sword remains and the blood soaked ground.

13

EXT. EAST GATE BATTLEFIELD - AFTERNOON

13

We get a look at the Graywatch army. Rows of 2000 heavy units
 standing in front of the standard guards and soldiers. Their
 golden shields side by side stretching on amongst 2000 men,
 golden shields side by side like Leonidas had trained them.

Guarding the 10,000 regulars behind them and the smaller unit
 of archers behind even them.

As Kitrin leads the cavalry towards the line, cheers do break
 out, fact standing only Veles and Cadwyr among them knew she
 would be coming. The soldiers create an opening, she and the
 calvary ride through. Fanning out the 1000 of them.

Kitrin stops, as the cavalry begins to form their own line
 ahead of the heavy units massive shield wall. Cadogan turns
 to look at her but says nothing as she finally takes a look
 into the distance as the King's army of 50,000 marches
 towards them. A much more impressive army, one not of gold
 but of blue and brown, flying banners of the King.

Each army stops within 100 yards of each other.

KITRIN

No one, make a hostile action. If I fall. Surrender, and keep your lives! Stay here!

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

What?!

Kitrin doesn't wait, not a moment, she spurs her horse and begins to ride not fearlessly but in spite of it towards the enemy alone, on her white horse and out into the open cold field, raising her hand as if requesting a parlay. The King's army almost breaks formation.

KING RINTON

Do not fire! That's my Queen to be!

King Rinton rides out towards her. His army seems as confused as the Graywatch army but both armies stay put. The two leaders meeting between the armies at 50 yards.

KING RINTON (CONT'D)

Have you accepted my terms?

KITRIN

No, not a chance.

She unsheathes her sword and points it towards the King on his horse. That's all it takes, the King's massive army begins rushing towards them.

KING RINTON

This isn't what I want!

KITRIN

I don't give a damn what you want!

The Graywatch army has no choice and begins rushing there as well despite their smaller number, both armies intending to clash right there. Men and horses closing that distance in seconds but the two leaders try to regain control.

KING RINTON

Stop! Stop that is an order! If she is harmed I will have your head!

The King's army obeys, Graywatch however tries to form a defensive circle around their Princess.

KITRIN

Stand down, I told you once already! I won't say it again!

Both armies, thousands of men on each side. The King of the four kingdoms and Princess Kitrin of the outlying Kingdom of Graywatch facing one another from their horses.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Hear me! All of you. I ask no man
to die for me. Nor for you.

She points to the King but the armies are listening though King Rinton is looking confused and perhaps worried.

KING RINTON

What are you doing girl?

KITRIN

I Princess Kitrin Gray of
Graywatch, challenge you King
Rinton! To a duel! For Graywatch
and for your crown! I'll have
glory, or i'll have death but you
will never have me!

KING RINTON

Have you lost your damned mind?!
You've earned no such claim!

KITRIN

Like you have earned Graywatch?
Like you've earned the audacity to
request I lay with you, to breed?
As terms of surrender?!

She's yelling this purposefully loud, so his men will hear it from the front to the back. There are some mummers amongst the front lines but nothing substantial.

KING RINTON

I swore an oath to your father to
protect you!

KITRIN

Did that include taking my castle?
Did it include trying to turn me
into a broodmare with less choice
than the lowest whore would get?

KING RINTON

I offered you Queenship!

KITRIN

You offered me death!

She shakes her head and looks back towards her men, then points towards the King's army.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

All I ask for, is the right to fight for my own life. Same odds, any of you have here today.

KING RINTON

No, fuck this! This battle begins. Ready your men, everyone fall back to your lines and we'll do this with some sense of honor.

KITRIN

Sounds like he's giving you orders already!

She's speaking to the Graywatch army.

KING RINTON

I will not lower myself to murdering a woman.

KITRIN

So you'll orchestrate my death but don't have the heart to do it yourself. You really are a coward.

The King finally snaps he climbs down off his horse and points to Kitrin, yelling back at his men.

KING RINTON

Seize her!

The Graywatch front line of shields, draw their spears and swords with the same militancy as spartans but the King's men don't react accordingly.

KITRIN

You see? That's who he is! Seize me so he can haul me off and rape me rather than let me fight for my honor! He is not worthy the crown!

A man steps up towards the King's horse. Large, rugged, with a Rinton pendant on his chest. OBRAD (51).

OBRAD

Just fight her.

KING RINTON

That's treason, you're hand of the King. How dare you!

The King is looking more agitated, breathing heavier, face reddening.

KING RINTON (CONT'D)

If you all do not seize this woman
and take that Kingdom on my order!
You will all be hung! This right
here, right now is treason!

OBRAD

Ain't that your highness, it's
just. You know...

KING RINTON

I know what?

KITRIN

You know! See you know, you're
asking them to fight and die so you
can stick your cock where it don't
belong and parade yourself around
as the rightful King of the five!
You know my men, you know their
training, you know what graysteel
can do and you'd rather send your
men rushing right into what you
know will be heavy casualties even
if they win the day. Than risk a
knick on that fat arse of yours!

The King tries to speak up but she cuts them off.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

Ask them who would they rather
follow? A girl willing to die, sure
to be manhandled in a one on one
fight so that they might live? So
their children might see them
again? Or a pathetic man with a
crown that's weighed down any good
that's ever been in him?

There's a silence that hangs there as the King stares daggers
through her but has no rebuttal. Kitrin now knows she's won
this part of the battle. She returns the gaze and goes on,
speaking more to his men and their better nature than him.

KITRIN (CONT'D)

So what may happen? I ask you? So
that you can carry me back to his
chambers? And ignore my screams as
they echo through the night? Then
when your wives ask you why you're
so distant. Is it because when you
lay with them you hear the ghost of
the horrors inflicted upon me?

That did it, there was a rash to disgusted and rattled groans from both armies. A vividness struck many of the men, young and old and perhaps they were simply better men than the King they were forced to follow because of where they were born.

OBRAD

She gets her fight. It's all any warrior asks, we won't interfere.

Every man knows the drill, there's a bit of tradition. A circle is quickly formed around the two. Giving them about 30 feet of space. Shields act as the walls to this little makeshift arena for a duel of this magnitude.

KING RINTON

No! Clear the way!

He tries to rush to get back on his horse but one of his men lead his horse out of harms way through the shields as the King tries to follow right after it only to be blocked in.

The King like Kitrin is a product of generations of royal life, only age, egotism and sexism separate them.

He's been in countless more sparring matches for sake of sport, with yes men making him believe he's some great warrior. Likely never won one in his life. And in a moment such is this, he knows that deep down. His armies are the only thing that ever allowed such a lie to live on.

Greater men conquering the other kingdoms in his name.

Until Lord Gray, the Princess' father found a way to raise the legend of graysteel and the army of Graywatch.

To the point King Rinton had feared and respected all these things enough to have conquered the other four kingdoms but never found the balls to attempt this until now.

Even as Lord Gray weakened towards his death he still had such a fearsome hold over the King that he made that oath to leave his daughter alone and to protect her. The very same oath that was now the launch of this. Obviously Lord Gray thought it graysteel, thought it the army, that was what would force the King to behave. But it was only him.

On the other side, Kitrin has climbed down off her horse, the animal is let out of the shield wall and she has her golden hilted sword at the ready.

Cadogan has come up behind her and is rubbing her shoulders and talking into her ear like a corner man.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

I don't know how you done this, but if you can pull this off you're Queen of the Five Kingdoms and by God we live to see the sunrise. Now I know you. I know the hands under those gloves are soft as a baby's arse and your arms might as well be wet noodles. But if you listened to anything I said at the only sparring session I ever got you to come to. Use the pointy end.

Cadogan starts to step away, but comes right back.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN (CONT'D)

And maybe the fact that he can't fuck you if you're dead. He wants you alive. Cutting up that pretty face ain't in his best interest. If he starts soft, you go hard. You're in this to kill the fucker. Also, he's fat. If you got anything, it's lungs but don't let him grab you, your sword is pure graysteel but do not let that be a crutch. Don't overdo the power swings or your arms will tire. You have to kill him to get out of this but i'll be honest with you in this moment. Ain't no way i'm watching you die. I'm jumping in if you go down.

He steps back behind the shield circle. Leaving Princess Kitrin and King Rinton alone.

KING RINTON

This is your last chance girl!

She doesn't say anything and charges towards him. It catches him off guard as she tries to run him right through.

Her stabbing motion grazes his stomach as he jumps to the side. The men roar on both sides. She got him good through the belly fat but not deep, the blood is heavy though. Pure graysteel carved him like a ham.

Kitrin tries to turn towards him and strike again, as he is only evading, she twists her body around in the same spot her lunge ended with the grace of a ballerina but he blocks the blow. The rattling of the two swords combing in contact reverberates so heavily it hurts her wrists.

There's some shock that the graysteel blade didn't go through his weapon, but he's the King. This sword could be made out of any even rarer steel and now she had a new concern.

KITRIN

Fuck!

The King takes advantage of her stun to try to grab Kitrin by the arm to stop her sword hand. She goes right to kick him in the balls defensively, but he blocks her knee with his hand.

Only to brutally bash her across the head with the hilt of his sword. She crumples to the muddy ground bleeding from the head, dropping her sword as well. The two armies gasp and cheer, each rooting for their ruler but Kitrin seems to be turning the King's men against him more and more.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Get up!

KING RINTON

Yes, my Queen. Do get up, bend the knee and I'll take you home!

She finds her way up to her hands and knees, but she starts crawling towards her sword. Fighting through the pain, we look through her eyes. Head ringing, vision blurred, heavy breath and heartbeat pounding between her ears. Until the King kicks her square in the ass and we rejoin the crowd.

The kick sends her crashing into the mud, but in arms reach of her sword. The King cannot let her get there. He has no choice but to stab her from behind. He drives the blade into the back of her right shoulder. She yells in pain.

Cadogan looks concerned but her armor holds for the most part but she begins to bleed immediately. That sword is made of something stronger than graysteel to get through so quickly. The armor holding to the extent that his sword didn't go through her entirely. King Rinton pulls his sword away from her seeing the blood on his blade. He doesn't want to kill her.

KING RINTON (CONT'D)

Submit!

KITRIN

Fuck you!

She dives for her sword! Grabs it and rolls onto her back!

Bringing it around to swing up from the ground, it forces King Rinton to jump back as the blood from the hilt wound pours down her face. The Graywatch men cheer for her, noticeably so do many of the Kings's men.

Kitrin is back to her feet. Valiantly hanging in the fight of her life. Trying to end this. Swinging wildly at the King.

Not listening to Cadogan's advice as she forces him onto the defense, the fact that her sword is light and was made for her is paying off. The King is trying to parry her swings. Steel slamming against steel.

The king backpedals and they together find the edge of the shield circle around them in this makeshift arena.

The King backs up against it and is forced to make a defensive choice as his lack of conditioning is catching up with him and the Princess is trying to end it.

Kitrin swings, but he halts the blow with a block across his body. Shoving her away, he pushes hard enough to throw her back. But she steps back into the fight, trying not to give him that space and in the King's panic he lunges and stabs her through the right shoulder across the body with his right hand mind you. He gets lucky! It goes through her armor.

The men gasp on all sides. He pushes forward until it comes out the back of her armor! She's been run through!

Kitrin screams in agony. The sight of it actually startles the King and he lets go of his sword. Kitrin is no experienced warrior. It's an incredible amount of pain.

She wilts down to her knees symbolic of what the King wanted all along. Except she's keeling with his sword jutting two feet out the back of her shoulder. The King starts to reach for his sword to pull it out. Kitrin slowly looks up.

Their eyes meet as he's reaching for the hilt of his sword.

Cadogan looks ready to jump in but she tells him off with her eyes. Kitrin offers the King her left hand.

Since of course her right arm isn't very useful. It catches the King off guard as if he thinks she's accepting the offer now and finally submitting in some sort of honorable way. He reaches for her hand and takes it but instead she pulls him inward with all her might. **His eyes widen in realization!**

He grabs his sword and tries to pull but she lunges up, forcing the sword further through her shoulder so he can't get away! She's straining in pain, screaming in fury and determination as the blade impales her further.

The King has no idea what to do as Kitrin lets go of his hand and grabs the front of his armor!

Forcing him onto the pointy end, of her blade!

It goes up under his chin! Through the floor of his mouth and into the roof. Blood starts pouring out of his mouth and nose but he's still alive, trying to swallow blood to stop from choking as he falls back into the mud.

His sword is pulled from her shoulder as he falls backwards and both the King and Kitrin end up laying in the mud circled by the two armies. The 12,000 or so Graywatch and 50,000 Kingsmen. Cadogan jumps up and down in restrained celebration as it's not over yet. Kitrin did not release her sword, pressing her other hand over the heavily bleeding wound in her shoulder. She stares up at the cloudy winter sky, the voices of the yelling men pulling her out of this lull. Only to hear one familiar voice out of the noise.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

Get up! Get up! Get up! Finish him
damn it! Pick up the crown!

It brings her out of the daze, blood loss and pain, rising up to her feet she approaches the King who is making some horrendous noises. So much blood leaving his mouth and nose, he's rolled over trying to do anything to stop it so he can properly breath but it's much closer to the sound of a stuck squealing pig. Kitrin is up on her feet, the King sees her out of the corner of his eye and makes no attempt at his sword. He only puts up a hand defensively.

The other holding the underside of his jaw. Nothing but a cold, blank, stare on her face as he begins to beg.

KING RINTON

Please, please...

Choking out his words as she approaches. She lifts her sword, coming over to him, the King loses all sense of dignity, grabbing at her boots, then pants, pulling himself up, pissing himself. There's a look of disgust amongst her and even some of his men. He ends up on his knees, clinging to her legs like a child begging his mother.

KING RINTON (CONT'D)

Please, I'll give you the crown,
let me live. You can't do this, it
isn't right! Remember when you were
a child? I sent you that horse, for
your birthday?

Kitrin turns her head, looking back towards Cadogan then down at the King as he hugs her legs.

KITRIN

How'd we get from that, to the
offer you made me today?

She begins to angle the sword to finish him, in a last act of desperation he tries to bite her thigh through her armor, no avail. She pulls back, knees him right in the mouth. Teeth go flying in all directions. The King falls onto his back.

Kitrin brings the sword over head.

KING RINTON

Nooooo!

Blade connects with the front of his throat, he goes limp immediately as if his soul left his body on that.

Blood sprays skyward like a leak in a pipe. It paints her entire body. Then she swings it once more to remove his head entirely. Only then does she look around in time to see the Graywatch men celebrating regardless of the fact that they're still surrounded by 50,000 of the King's men some of who are celebrating but most definitely not all of them. Some are only staring at her without much emotion.

The celebrating stops as that tension is recognized. Cadogan moves in towards Kitrin in her defense as he is figuring this may still go to shit. He places his hand over the wound on her shoulder, front and back trying to stop the bleeding while simultaneously trying to use his body to shield her.

But Obrad, the hand to the dead King puts a stop to it. He walks out of the shield wall. All eyes on Obrad as the defacto leader of the King's former army.

He bends the knee without a word.

And slowly so follow the rest of the army from first Kingdom. His lead was all they needed.

50,000 men one after another bending the knee as she stands next to the body of the King. Like so many dominos. She watches this sight. Cadogan, though always by her side, disagreements or no is struck by the sight and formality as well. He steps back after making sure she placed her hand over the entry wound he too bending the knee along with every member of the Graywatch army. We pull back, and see Kitrin surrounded by thousands of kneeling soldiers, knights, cavalry in a circle fanning out.

The defeated King at her feet, having just done something not achieved in centuries. It is a sight to behold.

Cadogan takes it upon himself to make the announcement from bent knee, as proud as he is shocked things turned out this way instead of the death they were all so certain of.

CAPTAIN CADOGAN

All hail! Kitrin Gray! Queen of the
Five Kingdoms, first of her name!
Long may she reign!

BEGIN MONTAGE:

Coldplay's 'Viva La Vida' gently fades in as we pull further back and turn to look back towards where it all began.

It was a wicked and wild wind...

We see east gate, bodies cleared of it, blood stains remain.

...Blew down the doors to let me in.

We see Kitrin back on her horse, arm in a sling, riding through the city to the cheers of the townspeople, flanked by her new massive army. She's getting that parade after all.

Listened as the crowd would sing...

...Now the old king is dead long live the king.

We see King Rinton's body being loaded onto a cart, followed by a soldier picking up his head and placing it in a brown bag and tying it off. An unceremonious end.

One minute I held the key next the walls were closed on me...

...And I discovered that my castles stand

Upon pillars of salt and pillars of sand...

We get a teasing look at Castle Caldor, the King's former keep. The First Kingdom of the Five, where banners are being torn down and Gray banners fall into place.

...People couldn't believe what I'd become...

The soldiers from Caldor, receiving Graywatch shields and turning in their former Rinton shields.

...Revolutionaries wait, for my head on a silver plate.

Just a puppet on a lonely string...

We see Kitrin take her seat on the throne, in a shimmering gold and black gown, sparkling like glitter. Her mother places the 5 point crown on her head. Kitrin stone faced.

...Oh who would ever want to be king?

END MONTAGE.

14

EXT. GRAYWATCH CASTLE - REAR - EVENING

14

Séarlait, the red haired playmate of Kitrin much less naked than we last saw her and her brother. Wearing Kitrin's robe and a pair of simple boots, standing with her arms crossed next to Lugh, the old fellow with the broom and they're both staring at the bottom of the privy chute.

Where the shit comes out the back of a castle toilet.

SÉARLAIT

When me and the Queen-

She catches herself, needlessly about to say too much.

SÉARLAIT (CONT'D)

We were in her room, talkin' and such. She says she could smell somthin' unusual as it were. Coming out the loo. Wanted me to tell you.

Lugh grumbles, takes his broom and starts poking at the bottom of the chute with the stick. Whacking it all around noisily then stabbing it up in again and again.

A squishy, meaty sound is heard.

SÉARLAIT (CONT'D)

What's it?

She leans over curiously, then **SPLOOSH!**

The body of Sławomir spills out, pruned, decayed, covered in weeks of shit and piss along with all the backed up shit that was clogged up by his corpse. Séarlait screams and jumps out of the way in the nick of time. Lugh however just looks down, shit all over his boots and overalls.

LUGH

T'fuck that get in there?

FADE TO BLACK.