

The Legend of Aramelle

written by

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PERSEPHONE: When the cruelest sin has been committed by your own foul hand. The golden sky will last forever. Silver flows throughout your land. Such reads the prophecy for the sacrifice of Princess Aramelle. Important things, prophecies. They let people know what's expected of them. What was expected of Princess Aramelle, was that she would wait patiently in the highest tower of her father's castle for her sacrifice to come. But Princess Aramelle did not wait. She tied her bedsheets together, climbed out the window and changed the world forever...

CUT TO:

F/X: ARAMELLE THROWS BEDSHEETS OUT THE WINDOW.

F/X: ARAMELLE CLIMBS OUT WINDOW VIA BEDSHEETS.

ORSON: (From below) Princess? Why are you climbing out your window?

ARAMELLE: Just giving the sheets an airing!

ORSON: By climbing down them?

ARAMELLE: Yes...just...er...wringing them out...

F/X: THE SHEETS RIP AND SHE FALLS THE REST OF THE WAY.

ARAMELLE: (Screams)

F/X: ARAMELLE FALLS ON TOP OF ORSON.

ARAMELLE: Sorry! So sorry! Didn't mean to use you as my landing. I thought the sheets were stronger than that. Let me help you up.

F/X: ARAMELLE HELPS ORSON STAND BACK UP.

ARAMELLE: Don't let me distract you from your duties. I'm just going for a walk.

F/X: ARAMELLE STARTS WALKING OFF.

ORSON: A walk!? You're not supposed to leave your room, Princess!

F/X: ORSON STARTS WALKING AFTER HER.

ARAMELLE: Yes, I've decided to escape, you see.

ORSON: You're not allowed to escape! When I became a guard here, King Gideon made me vow not to let you leave the castle grounds.

ARAMELLE: Mmm, I know. I watched you take your vows. You also took a vow to protect me from harm, didn't you?

ORSON: Yes...

ARAMELLE: Well then, it seems like you have a predicament.

ORSON: A pre-what?

ARAMELLE: Predicament: A Problem.

ORSON: Right, got it. (BEAT) What problem do I have?

ARAMELLE: Well, you aren't allowed to let me leave the castle grounds and to do so would break your vow.

ORSON: Yes...

ARAMELLE: However, to harm me would also break your vow. And I'm not going back without a fight (BEAT). Now, you're in my father's army. I'm a princess who's been confined to her room for years. I do rather think you'd win in a fight. But take me back and a fight we will have (BEAT). A fight where I will, most likely, get harmed.

(MORE)

Either way, you break a vow. So your predicament is: Which vow would you rather break?

ORSON: Well...You are due to be sacrificed in the morning...and it was foretold at your birth that with your sacrifice "The golden age will last forever and silver will flow throughout the land."
(PAUSE) But...my mum said, you should never fight a fight that's not fair. (BEAT). Only...We are meant to believe soothsayers aren't we? Every royal for generations has had their prophecy told when they were born and we haven't gone wrong yet.
(PAUSE) But then again, soothsayers, well, soothsayers know the future. (BEAT) So, If they know the future, then they would know that this was going to happen, right?

ARAMELLE: Know what was going to happen?

ORSON: That you would try to escape.

ARAMELLE: Right...(BEAT) Right!

ORSON: And they would know that I would see you and not want to harm you, and they would know what my mother had told me.

ARAMELLE: Ye-es. That's definitely a possibility.

ORSON: So, I won't stop you escaping. (BEAT) But I will come with you.

ARAMELLE: With me? Whatever for?

ORSON: To protect you from harm, Princess. I did vow to do so.

PERSEPHONE: And so it was that Princess Aramelle left the castle with Orson by her side. And changed the world forever.

3 **SCENE. EXT. FIELD - DAY**

3

F/X: BIRDS, TREES RUSTLING.

F/X: BOTH WALKING THROUGH GRASSLAND

ORSON: Do you by any chance have a plan?

ARAMELLE: Plan? What do I need a plan for?

ORSON: Well, you escaped the castle, and now you're just walking. I wondered if you had a plan for where you wanted to go?

ARAMELLE: I didn't think that far ahead. What's on the other side of this field? We must be near the end of it.

ORSON: This field? This is the grasslands. It's what covers most of the country.

ARAMELLE: Most of the country? Looks like this?

ORSON: Well, some of it gets farmed, but, yeah. We should probably think of somewhere safe to go. The guards from the castle will start looking for you. They probably already are looking for you.

ARAMELLE: Where's the nearest river?

ORSON: A...A river?

ARAMELLE: Yes, rivers lead to the sea. So if we go to sea, the guards can't swim in their armour.

ORSON: No, but they can use ships.

ARAMELLE: My father has none. He'll have to strike a deal with a neighbouring kingdom, by which point, we'll be far out to sea.

ORSON: Alright, there's a river to the east, but we'll need to go to the village first to get supplies. It's this way.

F/X: BOTH START WALKING AGAIN.

ARAMELLE: I've never seen a village. Or a house. Or a river, actually.

ORSON: They're not that exciting.

ARAMELLE: Orson...

ORSON: Yes?

ARAMELLE: You said before that your mother told you never to fight a fight that wasn't fair.

ORSON: She did.

ARAMELLE: Is that the sort of thing mothers do? Give advice?

ORSON: Do you not know?

ARAMELLE: My mother died when I was born. I never met her.

ORSON: Oh! Of course she did! I knew that. Sorry.

ARAMELLE: I've often thought whether she would agree with my father about the prophecy or whether she would want me to escape as much as I do.

ORSON: Well. If I know mothers. Then she'd want you to escape.

ARAMELLE: Really?

ORSON: Absolutely.

ARAMELLE: Thank you.

F/X: ORSON UNSHEATHES HIS SWORD.

ORSON: Stand behind me.

ARAMELLE: Why? And why have you got your sword out?

ORSON: See that figure over there?

ARAMELLE: The one with no face, a hooded cloak, and a scythe?

ORSON: Yeah.

ARAMELLE: Yeah, I'll stand behind you.

F/X: REAPER APPROACHES.

GRIM REAPER: Afternoon, afternoon. Do you mind putting the sword away?

ORSON: I will if you put the scythe away.

GRIM REAPER: Sorry, no can do. Massive robe, tiny pockets.

ORSON: Ah.

F/X: ORSON SHEATHES HIS SWORD.

GRIM REAPER: And you can come out from behind him too.

ARAMELLE: Who are you?

GRIM REAPER: Death.

ARAMELLE: Death? The Death?

GRIM REAPER: Well, it wouldn't be much fun if I was only an 'A Death', would it?

ARAMELLE: Why are you here? No-one's about to die.

GRIM REAPER: Au contraire, Princess. I do believe your death is mere hours away.

ARAMELLE: Right, hours away. Not now. I'm all hale and hearty now. No death needed.

GRIM REAPER: Approximately,

F/X: GRIM REAPER PULLS OUT TICKING CLOCK.

GRIM REAPER: 14 hours to be exact. But you are not where you are supposed to be. That is, anywhere near the place you will be sacrificed.

F/X: TICKING CLOCK PUT AWAY.

GRIM REAPER: Unfortunately, I cannot take your soul while you do remain, as you say, hale and hearty. (BEAT)
Unless of course you were to come willingly?

ARAMELLE: I'm not going to do that though, am I?

GRIM REAPER: I warn you, your survival will set the world onto a vastly different series of events. I know you're trying to outrun a prophecy, Princess, but prophecies have an awful habit of coming true.
(MORE)

(BEAT) It's not too late yet, to put everything back the way it should be, but your time is running out.

ARAMELLE: You said I had 14 hours.

GRIM REAPER: To do what, exactly?

ARAMELLE: To...to...to see a village! I've never even seen a village! Let me see a village! Then I'll come willingly! In 14 hours.

F/X: GRIM CHECKS TICKING CLOCK AGAIN, PUTS IT BACK AWAY.

GRIM REAPER: Very well. 14 hours. Then I will return for your soul. Use your time, wisely. Won't you?

F/X: GRIM REAPER DISAPPEARS.

ARAMELLE: Oh, they're gone.

ORSON: Are you really going to go willingly?

ARAMELLE: Of course not! I just need...I've got 14 hours to think of a plan. We'll keep running. That's a plan. You said we need supplies first? To take with us on the river?

ORSON: Yes.

ARAMELLE: Will they recognise me? At the village?

ORSON: Oh Yes. Straight away. Maybe you stay on the edge of the village and I'll get you a disguise along with the supplies?

4 **SCENE. EXT. ORSON'S VILLAGE - DAY**

4

F/X: HORSES, VILLAGERS, MARKET TRADERS.

VILLAGER ONE: Orson! You get fired from the castle already?

ORSON: No, not quite yet. Just here to pick up some supplies before going on a field mission.

VILLAGER ONE: Ah! Say no more. You one of the guards tasked with looking for the lost princess?

ORSON: The princess is lost?

VILLAGER ONE: How have you not heard? They think she's escaped. Right before her sacrifice too. The guards have been searching everywhere.

ORSON: Have they searched the edges of the village?

ARAMELLE: (Getting closer) Unhand me! Steven, Barry! Don't forget, I know your dads!

ORSON: Ah. I see they have.

F/X: EVERYONE DRAWS THEIR SWORDS.

ARAMELLE: Put your swords away, everyone. You can't do the sacrifice, remember. It has to be by my father's hand.

F/X: GUARDS PUT THEIR SWORDS AWAY AGAIN.

ORSON: Now, everyone, I have been tasked with a new mission. A mission to protect the princess from all harm. Isn't that right, Princess?

ARAMELLE: Yes, that's right. So you should let go of me, Steven.

BARRY: Now, who gave you those orders, Orson? Because we are working on orders direct from the king to bring her home for the sacrifice.

ARAMELLE: I don't want to be sacrificed! Why is that so hard for people to understand? Steven, please let go of me, I want to make a speech. (BEAT) Thank you.
(MORE)

Now, my, lords, ladies and gentlemen, please listen to me, your princess. I can assure you I am not meant to be sacrificed. I am not meant to be sacrificed because I don't want to be sacrificed and I won't enjoy it. There's obviously other reasons as well, that escape me right now, but I think I have enough of your attentions to - RUN ORSON!

F/X: THEY RUN, GUARDS AND VILLAGERS CHASE AFTER.

PERSEPHONE: And so, taking Orson's hand, the Princess ran away from the horde of guards and villagers and fled to the river. Where she stole the only boat.

5 **SCENE. EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS**

5

F/X: FLOWING RIVER.

ORSON: Quick! Get in this boat!

F/X: ORSON HELPS ARAMELLE INTO THE BOAT AND THEY START TO ROW.

F/X: ROWING SOUND THROUGHOUT.

ORSON: Get as far into the centre as you can, their swords can't reach us there.

ARAMELLE: No, but death's scythe can.

GRIM REAPER: Hello!

ORSON: I thought we had 14 hours? (BEAT) Right, well.
We'll stay away from that rock and Death's scythe
and also away from the shore and just keep rowing,
they'll stop running after us eventually.

GRIM REAPER: You do know I don't have to stay on this rock,
don't you?

ARAMELLE: Well, if you move, you'll fall in the water.

GRIM REAPER: No, I won't. I can walk on water.

F/X: GRIM REAPER WALKS ON WATER.

ARAMELLE: Oh, come on! That's not fair! If I had known you
could walk on water, I wouldn't have got in the
river! Row away from Death, Orson!

ORSON: I'm trying!

GRIM REAPER: Now I just need to wait for one of those arrows
from that angry horde to finally hit you and your
soul is mine for the taking.

F/X: ARROWS FLYING PAST THEM.

GRIM REAPER: Though if you're going to duck, it really takes the fun out of it. (BEAT) The other option of course, if you wanted to make this easy for me, is if you could just dunk your head under the water?

ARAMELLE: I don't want to make this easy for you! And whatever happened to my 14 hours?

GRIM REAPER: That was before your life was in danger. I'm always around when there's mortal peril.

ARAMELLE: Do try and row away from Death, Orson!

ORSON: They can walk on water! They can go where they like! We have to avoid the shore because of the villagers and away from the shore is where Death is! At least talking to Death, there's a chance you'll survive.

GRIM REAPER: Mmm. Of course, you do also need to avoid the waterfall coming up.

ARAMELLE: What!?!/

ORSON: /What!?

GRIM REAPER: As I said: Mortal peril.

ORSON: I don't think this river has a waterfall? We're nowhere near high ground. Why would it have a waterfall?

GRIM REAPER: Being Death does give you some benefits.

ORSON: That's not a reason for there to be a waterfall.

GRIM REAPER: No, well I could make it a reason. I have got powers. And I don't like being tricked, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Who's tricking you?

GRIM REAPER: If you were going to come willingly in 14 hours, then I don't think a boat ride out to sea is going in the right direction, is it?

ARAMELLE: We were only outrunning the villagers!

ORSON: Right, we're getting off track. Can you make a waterfall appear in the middle of a river with no waterfall?

GRIM REAPER: What do you think?

ORSON: I think if you could, you'd have done it already, so I'm gonna say no.

ARAMELLE: Ah, look the villagers can't go any further,
because the river bends. Now they're just waving
at us.

F/X: VILLAGERS JEERING.

ORSON: I think it's more jeering than waving.

GRIM REAPER: You know, I really do recommend just coming with
me.

ARAMELLE: I'd rather not.

ORSON: Princess...

F/X: RIVER GETS LOUDER.

GRIM REAPER: It's much simpler in the long run.

ORSON: Princess...

ARAMELLE: What?

ORSON: Look! They weren't lying about the waterfall!

F/X: WATERFALL.

ARAMELLE: Orson, quick! Get down and hold onto the sides of the boat!

ORSON: What good will that do?

ARAMELLE: Just do it!

F/X: THEY GO OVER THE WATERFALL IN THE BOAT.
SCREAMS ETC.

END.