

The Legend of Aramelle

written by

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PERSEPHONE:      It seems to me that at this point in time, it may work best if I gave you some added context.

                      Dramatic irony of sorts. For while the giants had lost the second part of Aramelle's prophecy, it's timeline was still in play. No-one in the present remembered the words and that's a shame because it really would have helped.

F/X: VOLCANO BUBBLING IN BACKGROUND.

LIAM:                And now, you pass the baby to the soothsayer to learn her fate.

SOOTHSAYER:      Bring forth the baby.

F/X: BABY CRIES. IS HANDED TO SOOTHSAYER.

SOOTHSAYER:      You wish to know her fate?

GIDEON:            Yes please, like all royals. She gets a fate at birth.

SOOTHSAYER:      What is the baby's name?

GIDEON:            We've called her Aramelle.

SOOTHSAYER: (Gasps ethereally) Aramelle...

GIDEON: Yes.

LIAM: Shush. You'll ruin her process.

SOOTHSAYER: Aramelle - The bear and the prince...

F/X: SPIRITS ENTER SOOTHSAYER

SOOTHSAYER: (Gasps) Aramelle...When the foulest sin has been committed by your own foul hand. The golden sky will last forever. Silver flows throughout your land.

GIDEON: She's fainting! Liam, take the baby!

F/X: BABY IS TAKEN BY LIAM

F/X: SOOTHSAYER COLLAPSES.

GIDEON: Was that it?

F/X: ARAMELLE CRIES.

LIAM: Seems to be.

GIDEON: What that garbled nonsense about the sky and then she collapses?

LIAM: She has to rest after.

GIDEON: I'm no wiser to her fate as I was before!

LIAM: Well that's for the astronomers to interpret. Come on.

F/X: EVERYONE LEAVES.

F/X: SOOTHSAYER SITS BACK UP, GASPS.

SOOTHSAYER: (Breathes heavily) And when the deed is over and done. Death will take another one. When the spirit is brave enough, the country will take up your arms. And when the union is finally done, only then will you know the heart you've won. (BEAT) (Normal voice) Oh. They've all gone. Oh well, I'm sure they'll work it out correctly.

PERSEPHONE: The princess didn't know any of this of course, but she did have a plan to save her life. A plan involving the giant-summoning drum.

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3     **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - DAY**

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F/X: HAMMERING OF SCAFFOLD

BARRY:                    And if you just come out this door we'll be in the courtyard.

F/X: DOOR OPENS

ARAMELLE:                (LOW) I think I have a plan, Orson.

ORSON:                    (LOW) You said banging the drum would be the last thing you did. Surely not? Do it earlier. Get the giants to us.

ARAMELLE:                As, I said. A plan. But I'll need help. Can we get word to the Witch Princess? If she knows her father is here, she'll send a spell to save him. I know it.

ORSON:                    I don't think we can get word to her in time, Princess.

ARAMELLE:                Right. Damn.

ORSON:                    The Giants could. They can walk right to our kingdom and hers in barely a step. That is what you got the drum for isn't it? To summon them?

BARRY: Princess, we're ready for you.

F/X: ARAMELLE CLIMBS ONTO SCAFFOLD.

KING GIDEON: Everyone, we are gathered here today to witness a momentous occasion. The seers foresaw today and told us of my daughter's fate when she was born. Her fate is to provide us with a glorious future, because with her death, will arrive a golden sky and a silver future for us all. I know my daughter has been unaccepting of her fate, but now she is here, she can finally do her duty to her kingdom. Aramelle, is there anything you would like to say?

ARAMELLE: Say? Well...I know I get some last words. I'd like to say them.

GIDEON: And they are?

ARAMELLE: My father says I am unaccepting of my fate, I say only that I want a new one. I would like to rule this kingdom one day and bring it forth into that golden future. However, I should like to be present and alive when that future arrives. I have been away. I have seen the world, now. Befriended many. And though I was recaptured, I have not arrived back without help.

(MORE)

I have in the crowd my loyal crew of pirates. I have in my pocket, the last remaining giant-summoning drum. Now, who wants me to bang the drum?

MAN IN CROWD: You've got a Giant Summoning drum?

ARAMELLE: Yes.

MAN IN CROWD: But those are ancient! There's none left!

ARAMELLE: It is the last remaining one. Built from the roots of the Wolf tree itself. The giants knew to make it small, they used the hollowness of the wolf tree to make it audible only to giants.

MAN IN CROWD: Prove it!

ARAMELLE: What?

MAN IN CROWD: Prove you've got the drum! Take it out your pocket!

ARAMELLE: Well...I will take it out my pocket, but only to bang it. Do you want me to bang it?

MAN IN CROWD: You've not got a Giant's drum!

ARAMELLE: Yes I do!

MAN IN CROWD: And I don't see any pirates in the crowd either!

ARAMELLE: You want proof I've got a Giant's drum! Here's your proof!

SHE HOLDS UP DRUM.

F/X: CROWD GASPS.

ARAMELLE: Now who wants me to summon some giants?

KING GIDEON: Now, now. I don't think anyone needs to summon giants. Why don't you just give that to me, Aramelle?

ARAMELLE: No! Don't take it, it's mine!

F/X: THEY HAVE TUG OF WAR WITH THE DRUM.

BARRY: Careful of the ceremonial torches! (BEAT) And you've knocked one over!

MAN IN CROWD: Fire!!

F/X: CROWD PANICS.

F/X: ARAMELLE KNOCKED DOWN IN PANIC.



F/X: DRUM ROLLS OUT OF HER HANDS, AWAY.

F/X: FIRE CRACKLING.

ARAMELLE: Damn! I dropped the drum! Where is it? It's too smoky! Orson! Orson, where are you? I can't see 'cause of the smoke!

ORSON: I'm here! (BEAT) I've got your hands! (BEAT) I think...

ARAMELLE: No you haven't.

ORSON: Well, then whose hands am I holding?

DEATH: Mine.

ORSON: Oh!

DEATH: Well, don't let go. I'm going to be your guide in just a minute.

ARAMELLE: Orson! Can you see the drum? I dropped it!

ORSON: I don't know. Is it up there with you? Crawl around.

F/X: ARAMELLE CRAWLS AROUND THE SCAFFOLD.

ARAMELLE: I've got it!

ORSON: Perfect! Now bang it!

F/X: ARAMELLE BANGS DRUM.

ORSON: Did you do it? I couldn't hear.

ARAMELLE: Yes, I've done it!

ORSON: Great!

F/X: ORSON FIGHTING SOLDIERS.

ARAMELLE: I can help you fight, I just need a sword!

ORSON: Good plan, Here. (Stabs someone) Take this one.

F/X: ORSON THROWS SWORD TO ARAMELLE.

ORSON: Now, the guards are the only people not fleeing, but it's hard to see who's who in the smoke. Stay low, stand against this wall, and hit anybody wearing your father's colours. I'll come back once I've got the crew with me.

F/X: GENERAL FIGHTING AND SCREAMING

ARAMELLE:           There's so many of them! And I can barely see  
                          through the smoke!

ORSON:               You just want to kill anyone in your father's  
                          colours, Princess. They're the ones attacking you.  
                          I'll be back.

F/X: ORSON LEAVES.

ARAMELLE:           Right. Anyone who comes near here in my father's  
                          colours. Got it. (BEAT) That's you!

F/X: SOLDIER GROANS.

ARAMELLE:           Sorry! Thought you were trying to kill me!

ELSEWHERE IN BATTLE/FIRE.

KING GIDEON:        You! This whole thing was you!

LIAM:                Yes. This whole thing was me, Gideon.

KING GIDEON:        But Aramelle...

LIAM:                Has done perfectly. Brought me all the way back  
                          here, so I can kill you.

F/X: LIAM STABS GIDEON.

KING GIDEON: Why?

LIAM: Prophecies have an awful habit of coming true.

KING GIDEON: The foulest sin...But there's meant to be a golden sky?

LIAM: The golden sky? Look around Gideon! The fire's turning the sky golden! Your kingdom's burning down!

BACK TO ARAMELLE

ARAMELLE: Now, you? Nope, you're wearing blue and silver.  
(PAUSE) You? Nope Green and red. How many different kingdoms did my father send looking for me? (PAUSE) Red and gold! My father's colours!

F/X: ARAMELLE STABS ORSON.

ORSON: Princess...

ARAMELLE: Orson? I stabbed you?

DEATH: And that's my cue...

ARAMELLE: Orson! I'm so sorry!

ORSON: You got me...

F/X: DEATH SUMMONING SOLDIERS SOULS.

ARAMELLE: Death is just taking the other soldiers, Orson, they're not taking you!

DEATH: I will eventually. Though, to be fair, there are a large amount of souls to take. I need help to process them. (BEAT) Persephone!

ARAMELLE: See, this is what happens when you only teach me one move!

ORSON: I'll be sure to teach you a second...when I can...

ARAMELLE: Orson...stay awake!

F/X: PERSEPHONE ARRIVES.

DEATH: Could you take Orson's soul for me, while I process all these soldiers?

PERSEPHONE: Of course!

ARAMELLE: You're not having him!

PERSEPHONE: Princess, look at him. You stabbed him in the stomach. The stomach's really important.

ARAMELLE: It can heal! He just needs to heal!

PERSEPHONE: What was it Death told you, Princess? Prophecies have an awful habit of coming true.

ARAMELLE: Mine hasn't come true.

PERSEPHONE: You haven't seen this fire from far away. It's lighting up the sky.

ARAMELLE: I can put the fire out! I've already summoned the giants! They can put the fire out!

PERSEPHONE: I'm not sure that's the best plan...

4 **EXT. GIANT COUNTRY - CONTINUOUS**

4

F/X: GIANT ANIMALS. DRUM IN DISTANCE.

GIANT GARY: Can you hear that, George?

GIANT GEORGE: That's the drum! The little one we gave to the princess.

GIANT GARY: We told her to bang it when she needed our aid.

GIANT GEORGE: Yeah. It's coming from this way! Quick!

F/X: GIANTS WALK OFF IN DIRECTION OF DRUM.

5     **EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS**

5

F/X: FIRE BURNING, CROWD SCREAMING, SOLDIERS FIGHTING.

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

ARAMELLE: The giants are going to put the fire out, and then that will mean the prophecy didn't happen and Orson will heal.

PERSEPHONE: He is mortally injured. To keep him alive is just to suffer.

ARAMELLE: He will heal!

ORSON: Aramelle...

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS STOP.

GIANT GARY: Look at this fire, here.

ARAMELLE: Gary! Get water to put the fire out!

GIANT GARY: Alright, Princess.

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS RECEDE.

PERSEPHONE: Princess, please let me take him...

ARAMELLE: But it's...I don't want you to!

ORSON: It's alright....

ARAMELLE: I'll be alone.

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

F/X: WATER BEING POURED.

GIANT GARY: There! That's the fire out!

MAN IN CROWD: Flood water!! Everybody grab hold!

ARAMELLE: Of what?

MAN IN CROWD: ANYTHING!

GIANT GARY: Oops! Bit too much water!

F/X: VILLAGERS SWEEPED OUT TO SEA.

ARAMELLE: Ah! That branch!

ARAMELLE HOLDS ORSON AND HOLDS ONTO A BRANCH. JUST  
AS IN EP.1.



ARAMELLE: Orson...I need to put you on this branch...so  
you're safe...

PERSEPHONE: Just let me take him.

ARAMELLE: No!

ORSON: ...Princess...

END.