

"Arazel & Xarenia"

by

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EXT. UPPER CASTLE WALL - KING FALAN'S CASTLE -- DAY

Gorgeous tall hills and stone cliffs surround the impressive castle, and a small river from the hills winds its way by the front wall.

XARENIA, an elf from the desert regions with blonde hair and well-bronzed skin, scales the outer wall. As she nears the top, her hand snaps back from the stones, and her knee-jerk reaction nearly topples her off the wall. She hangs for a moment before regaining her grip. Xarenia examines her hand to find a slick, oily liquid covering it.

XARENIA

Crap.

Xarenia places her hand back where she had pulled away from before, and it passes easily through an illusionary image of the wall. More of the oily liquid covers her hand after she removes it from the illusion.

XARENIA

Someone just went straight to the top of my paranoid kings list. Does he actually believe anyone would be crazy enough to climb this entire wall just to get into his castle?

Xarenia looks up the wall to the very top as determination washes over her.

XARENIA

Well, I guess there's only one thing to do now.

EXT. CASTLE WALL - KING FALAN'S CASTLE -- DAY

Xarenia's exhausted body slumps against the cold stones of the wall.

XARENIA

I think my body's been stolen and replaced with a giant muscle cramp.

She tries to move from her sitting position but decides it's better to just give in to exhaustion right now.

XARENIA

I'm definitely not trying anything like that again...ever...and I really mean it this time.

Xarenia rests her head back against the wall and closes her eyes. She's completely oblivious to the guard's shadow that creeps over her.

GUARD (O.S.)
Here she is over here!

Xarenia opens an eye lazily to look up at the castle guard standing over her. A couple more guards approach the scene. Behind them are the rolling hills and cliffs since Xarenia never made it inside the castle.

XARENIA
Is there a problem? I'm just resting up a bit from my travels.

GUARD
No point in trying to fool us. Just give up and make it easy on yourself. Hills...strong winds...sounds around these parts carry really well. Especially loud cursing from high up.

XARENIA
You heard all that?

The guard nods as the other two guards take up positions to surround Xarenia. She goes back to resting.

XARENIA
Well, can you just give me a little time to rest? That wasn't the easiest wall to deal with you know.

The guards can't help but be amused by that comment.

GUARD #2
We'll actually get to take a live prisoner this time.

GUARD #3
Aye. Everyone else that's tried it just fell to their deaths. You're the first to make it back down again.

Xarenia perks up a bit.

XARENIA
The first? And here I was doubting my skills. Well, I guess if all the others died...

Xarenia leg sweeps one of the guards.

XARENIA
You're probably not used to dealing with a live one.

One of the other guards reaches for her, but Xarenia rolls forward into his legs.

He smashes face first into the wall as Xarenia continues her roll and sets into a crouched position behind him. She lunges toward the first guard she dropped and knees him in the gut before he can completely recover. Xarenia spins to face the third guard and sees nothing but the guard's fist flying at her.

Everything goes black.

GUARD #2 (O.S.)
I think you killed her.

GUARD #3 (O.S.)
Nah. See there, her leg's still twitchin'.

INT. THRONE ROOM - KING FALAN'S CASTLE -- LATER

Xarenia regains consciousness. She struggles with the shackles clamped over her wrists as she begins to sit up and get her bearings.

KING FALAN
Good. You're finally awake.

As the blur in her vision clears, Xarenia sees a throne room with guards lined up on both sides of her leading up to KING FALAN's tall-backed and oversized throne. The king's a large man yet fairly young for a ruler. His clothing and the room are very ornate--in fact, a stained glass window depicting a scene of King Falan fighting some horrendous monster takes up most of one wall.

KING FALAN
I was just getting ready to declare your punishment. Do you prefer to be executed by beheading, burning, drowning, dragged by slow horses through the great predator plains, arena combat, or drugged and fed to the hounds?

Xarenia makes it to her feet and begins to take a closer look at the shackles that bind her.

XARENIA
I kind of missed that part where you mentioned what I was being executed for. I always seem to have trouble hearing during periods of unconsciousness.

KING FALAN
You're being executed for making an attempt on my life.

XARENIA

An attempt on your life? But I was just wanting to meet with--

KING FALAN

Breaking into my castle is not the normal method of getting an audience with the king. You could have just asked at the front gate.

Xarenia approaches the king...

XARENIA

But I wasn't--

...but the guards intervene and block her path with weapons ready.

XARENIA

I wasn't coming here to see you.

KING FALAN

Silence!

ARAZEL (O.S.)

Maybe you should hear her out.

ARAZEL walks over to the king. She's another elf--a fiery redhead with an air of constant condescendence about her. She places herself beside the king's throne with her hand resting on the hilt of her superbly crafted scimitar. She finally turns a slight glance in Xarenia's direction.

ARAZEL

She seems like the type to have an amusing little story to share.

XARENIA

Arazel! I'm so glad to see you. Tell these people who I am.

The thought of torturing Xarenia brings a little joy to Arazel's face.

ARAZEL

Do I know you from somewhere?

XARENIA

Please, please, please don't do this to me.

KING FALAN

Arazel, do you know this woman?

Arazel circles around Xarenia examining her. She stops to take one last look at her then walks back to the king's side.

ARAZEL

Did you know she's managed to get out of her shackles?

KING FALAN

What?!

Xarenia looks up sheepishly toward the king and Arazel. In one fluid motion, she drops the now open shackles, turns and runs.

King Falan looks shocked as Arazel leans in to provide the king with some advice.

ARAZEL

You probably should have disarmed her when you had the chance.

The guards cut Xarenia off, and in response, she draws her sword. As the guards press forward, she turns and heads back toward the king using her nimbleness to dodge and parry the guards as she maneuvers by them.

ARAZEL

Shackling her legs would have helped too.

KING FALAN

Stop her you fools! She's trying to kill me.

ARAZEL

Kill you?

Xarenia sprints past the throne with the guards in pursuit. She uses the throne as a shield dodging back and forth to avoid the guards and striking out as needed to keep them on their heels.

ARAZEL

Do you really think anyone that incompetent could actually be a killer?

XARENIA

Hey!

KING FALAN

She is something of a simpleton, isn't she?

Xarenia leaps up onto one of the arms of the throne and smacks the king on the back of the head.

XARENIA

Don't you have any tact?

A guard swings his weapon towards Xarenia. She leaps over the weapon and up onto the back of the throne while King Falan dives under the weapon strike. As Xarenia recovers her balance on the throne where she's out of reach of their weapons, she sticks her tongue out at the guards.

The guards huddle up for a second, mumble a bit, and then charge the throne. They slam into it hard enough to tip it, and then they slowly rock the throne back-and-forth to build up momentum.

As the throne starts to tip, Xarenia tries to stay upright by standing on the back of the throne. She's doing her best to keep from sliding down the back of the throne and into the guards.

King Falan rushes over to Arazel.

KING FALAN

Do something! They're destroying my throne.

ARAZEL

I'll have the artisans start working on a new one tonight.

KING FALAN

I know you can stop this. I order you to stop this.

Arazel gives the king a venomous look before calling forth her magic. A small tornado appears before her and moves straight toward the guards.

KING FALAN

What are you doing?

ARAZEL

Stopping this.

KING FALAN

That's not what I--

Arazel's elbow slams into King Falan's face knocking him to the ground. She turns her attention back to the twister and the guards. The small tornado continues toward the guards and sweeps them up. It then bounces around the room smashing them into the walls.

Xarenia sheathes her sword and approaches Arazel. She's still focused on controlling the twister as the king slowly rises to his feet behind Arazel.

ARAZEL

Is he unconscious?

XARENIA

No.

Arazel kicks behind her striking the king in the face.

ARAZEL

How about now?

XARENIA

Doesn't look like it.

Arazel glances over her shoulder and gives the king that classic "look of death". He covers his face anticipating the next strike. Instead, Arazel leans over speak with him.

ARAZEL

(calmly and softly)

Do you know what's going to happen now?

King Falan lowers his guard to answer her, but Arazel decks him before he can say a word. This time, the hit knocks him out.

Arazel starts walking to the main doors of the throne room. Xarenia gives the king a few swift kicks before catching up.

XARENIA

So, what's the plan?

ARAZEL

I think we should defeat the king's army, torch the rest of the buildings, and tear the castle apart stone by stone.

XARENIA

We won't really have to fight his entire army, will we?

Arazel opens the doors to the throne room revealing a hallway filled with armed soldiers.

ARAZEL

Remind me not to be sarcastic around you again.

Arazel slams the doors shut, grabs Xarenia and dashes toward the stained glass window.

XARENIA

What are you doing? Arazel? Why are you smiling?

ARAZEL

Just don't let go, and you'll be fine.

EXT. COURTYARD - KING FALAN'S -- DAY

Arazel and Xarenia crash through the throne room window, which sits hundreds of feet above the ground.

The shards of colored glass around them get caught up in a magical wind that starts spinning around the two girls like a tornado. Xarenia holds on as best she can as the wind picks up speed but soon finds herself caught in its grasp with the shards of glass.

Their falling slows, and Arazel guides the wind holding them toward the castle's main gate.

ARAZEL

Get ready. We still need to get past the soldiers at the gate.

XARENIA

I'm--

Xarenia draws her sword and immediately loses her grip on it in the wind.

XARENIA

--ready?

She reaches desperately after it, but it takes off ahead of her in the wind. Xarenia, the sword and the shards of glass continue to spiral around Arazel as the twister makes its way toward the main gate.

The wind disperses and Arazel lands lightly on the ground while Xarenia takes a hard spill and goes rolling across the ground. Amazingly, her sword lands right next to her.

She reaches for the sword as she begins to feel like her luck's changing, but the large boot that steps on the sword quickly erases that feeling.

ARAZEL (O.S.)

Xarenia, stop flirting with that guard and get moving!

XARENIA

I'm not flirting with the guard.

CHAMPION

That's right, you're flirting with the King's Champion.

Xarenia stands up and continues looking up at the man towering over her. The CHAMPION leans on his sword, which has a blade as tall as Xarenia. Xarenia backs up a bit. She turns to Arazel and sees that she's fighting a half dozen soldiers that are "normal" in size.

XARENIA

Why does she always get the easy jobs?

CHAMPION

Are you ready?

XARENIA

Sure. Let's get this over with.

The Champion pivots Xarenia's sword onto the top of his foot and kicks it up into the air toward her. As the sword leaves his foot, she dives forward into a roll and pulls a couple metal throwing spikes from out of concealment.

She comes up from the roll and throws the spikes toward the Champion's legs with one spike hitting just above his knee and the other flying past his knee two feet to the right.

Xarenia then springs forward from the ground plucking her sword out of the air as she passes by it and launches into a rapid series of attacks that drop the Champion before he even realizes what's going on.

She turns to help out with the others, but instead finds Arazel walking casually toward her while cleaning her scimitar with a cloth. As she gets closer, Arazel spies the spike that missed lying in the dirt and picks it up.

ARAZEL

These work better in the target.

XARENIA

It's not my-- I'll just explain it to you later. Now how do we get out of here?

Arazel walks up to the portcullis barring the main gateway.

ARAZEL

We go right through the gate.

XARENIA

You mean this gatehouse here with the portcullis, that interior gate, another gate after that, and a drawbridge?

ARAZEL

Sounds like someone did a little research on this place. Too bad you missed the murder holes located between each gate.

XARENIA

Grreaaaat. You really know how to sell a plan.

Arazel begins drawing a magical symbol in the air with her finger. A glowing line of energy trails behind her finger.

ARAZEL
(grinning)
We could always scale the wall.

She finishes the symbol and various rumbling sounds echo through the gatehouse as all the gates open up and the drawbridge lowers over the small river.

ARAZEL
Now, for the tricky part.

XARENIA
The murder holes? How do we get by them?

Arazel takes off as fast as she can into the gatehouse.

ARAZEL
Run really fast.

INT. GATEHOUSE - KING FALAN'S CASTLE -- DAY

Xarenia runs after her but slows down when she sees clay jars falling from the murder hole just behind Arazel. They shatter and cover the floor with caltrops.

XARENIA
Do they really expect that to stop anyone?

Xarenia nimbly leaps through the pointed caltrops and easily avoids them. When she makes it into the middle of them, a bunch of torches giving off lots of smoke drop from the murder holes and quickly cloud her view of the entire floor.

XARENIA
Who thinks up this stuff?

Xarenia looks to Arazel who's waiting for her at the drawbridge.

XARENIA
Arazel! You designed all of this crap, didn't you?

ARAZEL
Yes!

XARENIA
Well, what else are they gonna drop on me?

ARAZEL
Oil!

Panicking, Xarenia locates flames through the smoke and picks up one of the nearby torches. She tosses it forward a little ways and jumps onto the handle.

SNAP!

The flaming part of the torch she picks up is much smaller now.

Xarenia sees more clay jars dropping as she tosses the small torch forward. She jumps onto it and immediately dives forward as far as she can. The burst of flames from the oil rushes towards her. She rolls into an upright position after hitting the ground and makes a mad dash out of there.

EXT. KING FALAN'S CASTLE -- DAY

Xarenia pulls a couple caltrops out of her forearm as the two make their way across the drawbridge.

ARAZEL

Hmmm...I bet that would work much better if they dropped the oil first and then the rest.

XARENIA

Have you ever thought you might be overdoing it?

Xarenia bandages up her arm as the two walk away from the castle. Behind them, flames and smoke pour out of every opening in the gatehouse.

ARAZEL

No.

XARENIA

Well, that's the last time I try to sneak into a castle you live in.

ARAZEL

So, why were you trying to sneak in?

XARENIA

I really need your help with something.

ARAZEL

You could have just sent a messenger or asked for me at the gate.

XARENIA

I wanted to test my skills. I've been retired for a while, and I wanted to prove to myself that I could still do it.

ARAZEL

Well, you proved one thing.

XARENIA

What's that?

ARAZEL

You still have a knack for failure.