

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY - 1430 A.D.

A teenage JOAN(18) sleeps propped against a tree in an open field with an adjacent dirt road. A notebook lays on her lap as she rests peacefully. A figure approaches Joan and casts a shadow on her face. Joan stirs and sees the silhouette above her. She instinctively swings wildly.

JOAN

Back off!

RUTH(18) sheepishly ducks out of the way.

RUTH

Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry.

Joan stops as soon as she recognizes her friend. She immediately throws her arms around Ruth.

JOAN

Ruth, Jesus! Fuck! I could have hit you!

Ruth looks shocked but hugs her friend right back.

RUTH

I didn't try to wake you. I saw you were working hard on your...studies.

Ruth looks down at the notebook Joan had on her lap while she was sleeping. It's a doodle of a woman with big boobs.

JOAN

I was gonna start studying... after I got her titties right. What do you think?

Ruth takes the notebook.

RUTH

I can't say I've seen breasts that big before.

JOAN

It's not a real person silly, do you think it looks good?

RUTH

The boobs?

JOAN
(suggestively)
Ummmhmmm.

RUTH
(giggles)
Hell yeah.

THOMAS(18) walks by the two girls on the dirt road, pushing a wheelbarrow of chopped wood.

THOMAS
Afternoon ladies, you both look lovely today. Joan, you especially.

Joan groans and hides the notebook behind her back.

JOAN
What do you want Thomas?

THOMAS
Just heading into town, would you like to accompany me m'lady?

JOAN
Fuck off Thomas! Take the hint! I'm not going to court you!

THOMAS
(matches Joan's energy)
Your Dad gave me his blessing!

JOAN
I don't give a fuck! Go take your wood somewhere else, cause I'm sure as hell ain't gonna touch it!

Thomas huffs as he walks away.

THOMAS
Whatever. There's a town crier in the square by the way. That's what I was going to tell you.

JOAN
What's he saying?

THOMAS
I don't know Joan! I'm going to town now. God!

Thomas mumbles under his breath as he walks away.

RUTH

We probably should find out what the news is.

JOAN

Why? It's probably just those English fucks taking something else of ours.

Joan falls back into the grass.

JOAN (CONT)

Assholes.

Ruth stands up and offers out a hand to Joan.

RUTH

You're probably right, but it's good to know what the assholes are taking exactly.

Joan takes Ruth's hand and pulls herself up.

JOAN

They shouldn't be taking anything. But no ones standing up to them so I guess we'll just let them kill us all.

Joan and Ruth start walking down the dirt road towards town.

RUTH

I wish God would send someone to stop them.

JOAN

Well I feel like if God was going to do it, he would've done it by now. Why can't we do something?

RUTH

Oh I could never fight.

JOAN

Well I want to fight.

RUTH

Joan, I love your zeal for justice, but I don't think you could take all of England.

JOAN
Of course not, but... if everyone rallied together, we could beat them back. I'm sure of it.

RUTH
Who would they rally behind?

JOAN
I would do it.

RUTH
I... never mind.

JOAN
What? You don't think I could be a leader?

RUTH
No, it's just... well you don't have the experience, and... I don't know if people would listen.

JOAN
You mean men would listen.

RUTH
I mean...

JOAN
I know, I know. (Sigh) Sometimes I wish I was born a boy.

Ruth reaches for Joan's hand.

RUTH
I'm glad you're a girl.

Joan smiles, and pulls Ruth in for a side hug as they continue walking.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Joan and Ruth walk into a 14th century tavern full of agitated townspeople. An official royal messenger FRANCIS(25) stands on top a table, he wears robe with a cross adorned on the chest. A crowd of townspeople surround him listening to his words with muted frustration.

FRANCIS
Domremy is now deemed a new supply

stop for our new English neighbors.
Farmers are to share 2/3 of their
grain with passing by soldiers as well
as any cattle they may inquire.

Joan weaves through the crowd in an attempt to hear Francis
better. Ruth trails after Joan.

FRANCIS (CONT)

Further more, English soldiers will
come through on a regular basis during
which time, the people of Domremy will
display their finest clothing. At this
time the English may acquire whatever
they please.

Joan stops and waits for Ruth to catch up. Francis continues
reading from his scroll.

RUTH

Sorry.

JOAN

Are you hearing this? This is such
bullshit.

RUTH

Yeah... Maybe someone will say
something.

Joan shakes her head, and looks around. No one speaks out.
They all complain under their breath to each other.

JOAN

Fuck it.

RUTH

(Quietly)

What are you doing?

Joan climbs atop a bench.

JOAN

This is bullshit! What's next? Will
they take our friends? Or families?
They can't do this to us!

Joan looks around expecting the crowd to join in. But
instead, the crowd turns on her.

TOWNSPERSON #1
Shut up Joan.

TOWNSPERSON #2
Quit complaining.

THOMAS
It's real easy for you to say Joan,
your Dad's rich.

JOAN
Shut up Thomas! I'm just saying the
English inch closer everyday to
totally taking over France, and we're
just going to let them take it?

FRANCIS
Joan, just calm down. You're gonna pop
a tit getting all worked up.

JOAN
Pop a tit? Fuck you Francis!

Joan climbs down and pushes through the crowd to get to
Francis. Ruth tries to grab Joan's arm, but Joan pulls away.

RUTH
(Quietly)
Joan, wait!

JOAN (CONT)
Clearly you've never touch a boob if
that's how you think they work.

FRANCIS
Just step back Joan.

JOAN
No, you should hear what I have to
say.

Joan climbs the same table Francis is on.

JOAN (CONT)
We don't deserve this. We are not the
livestock of the English bastards to
be slaughtered, trampled, and taken.
We are France! Beautiful. Proud. And
Strong. Why do we let them take what
they want from us?

Joan climbs down and walks amongst the crowd.

JOAN (CONT)

We can fight back, if we stand together.

FRANCIS

What in God's name makes you think the people should listen to you?

Joan looks up. She see's the cross adorn on Francis' chest. She looks back to Ruth.

Ruth looks nervous and pleads with her eyes to stop.

Joan looks back to Francis.

JOAN

You just said it.

FRANCIS

Said what?

JOAN

God thinks you should listen to me.

The crowd murmurs in response.

JOAN (CONT)

I've been sent by God to rally the people of France. He told me it's time to put the English down a peg. God told me, it's time for everyone to get off their asses and stand up for themselves.

Ruth looks petrified. The crowd falls silent.

JOAN (CONT)

Fucking... AMEN!