

The Sword Keeper

Written by

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FADE IN:

A black screen.

The black fades away to reveal a gorgeous blue summer sky full of white clouds.

The MAIN TITLE is followed by

FAREIN, 21, Princess of Ishmere. She is a model's height, strikingly beautiful, with a curvaceous body; her skin is brown she has green eyes and long shining ebony hair. She is incredibly rebellious, independent, self-assured, and somewhat tomboyish.

Her eyes are closed as she lies back, and lets the sun cascade over her face she is in deep thought.

FAREIN (V.O)

The end was finally here. I knew because my dreams were coming more violently, more frequently. But I was not afraid. I was only numb. The Holy One had been allowing me to see these horrific future happenings since I was ten. The war, the blood, the grief of the three kingdoms' demise. It was supposed to all take place at the three kingdoms' centennial. It was all coming too soon. The only hope I have in this is the Sword Keeper. The Sword Keeper will save us. Prophecy had spoken it long ago; he is soon to come. And he, with the power of the Sword of Peace will bring new beginning to all of our people.

INT.- CALON THICKET/ISHMERE OUTER PROVIENCE- MIDDAY

The thicket is mostly in soft shadow, with a bit of sunlight peeking through the trees.

The river flows in quiet rhythm, and the birds fly free.

FAREIN starts to sit up reluctantly.

NANETTE-FAREIN'S lady in waiting, a round woman in her late forties; with a warm spirit and motherly instincts makes her way to retrieve FAREIN.

NANETTE

(practically out of breath)

My lady, my lady. The Sheridan Princes  
are arriving early. You must come with  
me right now mine lady.

Nanette pulls Farein's hand.

Farein pulls her hand away from Nanette, and rises up from the  
grass by herself.

FAREIN

Nan please. I have no pleasure in  
acquainting myself with two self-  
absorbed papa's boys whose only  
desire in wedding me; is to inherit  
my father's kingdom.

Farein walks over to pick wild flowers.

Nanette follows her closely.

NANETTE

(disappointed)

Young highness this is not proper  
behavior for an Ishmerean lady.

Farein just ignores her and takes in the sweet fragrance of the  
wild flowers.

NANETTE (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Princess Farein please, if I do not  
bring you with me right this instant;  
your parents will be highly upset.

FAREIN

No one seems to care about  
my feelings.

Farein strolls away from Nanette with a smile on her face.

NANETTE

(pleading)

Lady I beseech you. I have not the  
patience to continue this game  
with you. Your mother has been  
planning your wardrobe for months.  
The least you could do is...

FAREIN

(in response to her pleading)

The least I could do; is to do as I wish.

(her voice escalades into a harsh tone)

If my father has chosen to wrap me in  
satin, and give me away as someone's bride;  
I deserve one last day of freedom to myself.

Farein looks into Nanette's eyes furiously, but after really looking deeply she realizes that she is hurting her.

FAREIN

(in a much lighter tone)

Nan, would you at least try to  
understand my position here? I  
want to live so much more of life.  
I am not ready to stand behind a  
king and be silent. I am far too  
outspoken.

Nanette cups her hands around Farein's face.

NANETTE

(sympathetically)

My poor baby. I can understand your  
position in all this. But I must  
agree with your parents as well.

Farein snatches her face away from Nanette's hands and walks away from her like a spoiled child.

Nanette walks after her.

FAREIN

Nan how could you side with them?

She tosses the wild flowers aside in disgust.

Nanette turns Farein around to face her.

NANETTE

(motherly tone of voice)

Now you listen to me young lady.  
Your parents love you, and they  
are just doing what they feel best.

FAREIN

You know Nan I believe that you are right. But if I am going to go, I am going to go on my own terms.

Farein looks at a nearby mud puddle with mischief in mind.

Nanette follows her, and tries to stop Farein from carrying out her ridiculous scheme.

Farein picks up two hand fulls of mud, and combs them through her hair.

NANETTE

(pleading)

My lady cease and desist from this foolishness I beg of you. For your father will not be merciful.

Farein rolls around in the mud.

FAREIN

If those arrogant peacocks want a look they shall have it. For after this neither one of them shall condescend to marry me.

Nanette just stands by and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

THE ISHMEREAN SHORE

The water is very exotic, beautifully transparent, and unparalleled by any other waters in the world.

The mighty King MAROBE and his lovely wife Queen CANILLE are standing on the shore of Ishmere arm in arm, with the rest of their kingdom preparing to meet the entire kingdom of Sheridan, as well as the Sheridan Royal family the great King GERALD, his exquisite wife Queen CHASTEN, and their sons Princes AARON and TRISTAN.

KING MAROBE, early fifties, he is a dark skinned man with chiseled handsome features. Humble, kind, gentle, but sometimes overbearing and overprotective.

MAROBE

(annoyed)

Wife where is she, this is becoming ridiculous. The Kingdom of Sheridan is docking, and she is not here. Why is she not here yet?

QUEEN CANILLE, mid-forties, stunningly beautiful with light skin, green eyes, and long ebony hair. She is the calm in the storm, she tries her best to keep the peace.

CANILLE

(smiling)

Calm yourself my love, I am quite sure that she is on her way. She would not miss this.

She kisses him softly on his cheek.

MAROBE

I am not so sure about that. She is quite angry with me, and she is not comfortable at all with this whole betrothal decision.

(he looks to Canille)

Do you think me wrong wife?

CANILLE

Where are all these silly notions of yours coming from my love.

(she stares at him;  
trying to read his  
facial expression)

I assure you that they are quite unjustified.

MAROBE

I have been looking to the Holy One for answers. Are my rules too strong handed?

Marobe caresses Canille's hand softly.

CANILLE

I think that your rules and judgments

are honest and true. You could hardly call them mean hearted. I was the same when I found out that my father had betrothed me to you.

She smiles with a look of reminiscences.

MAROBÉ

(chuckles sarcastically)

Well thank-you dear wife. I look toward you for help and encouragement, and you make me feel even more conflicted.

CANILLE

Dear husband, trust me, there is a steady point to my comments.

(she sighs deeply;  
trying to form her  
words properly)

When I was a girl I wanted to experience more of life, before I became anyone's spouse. But all my reservations faded, when I discovered the kind-hearted and valiant man you were.

(with confidence)

She will see the good in her situation. Much like I did.

He hugs her close to him.

MAROBÉ

(gazing passionately)

So I have made you happy then?

CANILLE

(lovingly soft)

Everyday of my life, love.

CUT TO:

The royal ship of Sheridan rolls onto shore to dock.

EXT.-THE ROYAL SHIP OF SHERIDAN-

All the peasants and royals are on deck prepared to debark the ship. Great rejoicing and excitement can be seen on the people's faces, and heard in the cheering of their voices.

The ship is quite grand. The Titanic has nothing on its beauty. The grand vessel holds the Royal Sheridan Seal of a teal Phoenix strong and regal.

INT.-THE ROYAL SHIP OF SHERIDAN-

A young man in a hooded cloak, has his hood over his face so that he will be inconspicuous as he walks through the ship with plans to escape the vessel.

He passes crewman after crewman without being noticed, then he dodges into a peasant's cabin in the lowest part of the ship, as his father KING GERALD comes down the hall asking the crewmen if they have seen him.

The King disappears to return back on the deck, as the crewmen shake their heads in bewilderment.

INT. EMPTY PEASANT'S CABIN-

TRISTAN, 23, a ruggedly handsome young man. He has tanned ivory skin, dark hair and dark eyes. He longs for freedom from all responsibility, a true explorer at heart. Mischievous, rebellious, careless, reckless; but through it all he has a good heart.

He blows out a sigh of relief at his slipping away from Gerald, he takes off his cloak, and leaves it in the cabin. Then he opens the window, and crawls out with his brown explorers' bag thrown across him.

As he hits the water, landing on his feet he closes his eyes with a smile. Then he opens his eyes and surveys the land.

TRISTAN

(with excitement)

Now this is the kingdom of  
adventure and exploration.

He walks away from the ship with a grin.

EXT.-ROYAL SHIP OF SHERIDAN-

The royal family is in frantic search of Prince Tristan.

KING GERALD, in his early fifties, he has tanned ivory skinned, and is quite handsome. His dark hair grays at the temples. He has a habit of exploding, is very quick tempered, but big hearted, cares a little too much about codes of propriety.



GERALD

He has beguiled me again, after  
promising me that he would not.  
But alas I am proven the ultimate  
fool for taking him at his word.

He is pacing back and forth furiously.

QUEEN CHASTEN, is in her early forties, she has beautiful ivory skin, blue eyes and long golden blond hair that shines like the sun. She seems to be truly in tune with her children; she is strong, but calm and caring at the same time.

CHASTEN

(unmoved, calm)

My love you must calm yourself.  
You know what the physician said  
about your blood pressure.

(she grabs his arms to  
stop him from pacing)

I am sure that Tristan will be found,  
and returned to us before King Marobe  
is any the wiser.

Chasten caresses Gerald's cheek softly.

GERALD

(agitated)

That is not the point wife.  
The point is his reckless disregard  
for rules and his constant  
disobedience...need I go on?

AARON

(smiling in a mocking way)

Please do go on father by all means.  
Just let it all go.

GERALD

(with sternness and disdain)

Aaron please hold your tongue. I am  
really not in the mood for your  
snide remarks today.

Aaron grits his teeth in anger.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I am fed up wife. I have had  
it with that boy.

Chasten cups her hands around Gerald's face.

CHASTEN

(laughing)

Though you may not see it love, your  
son is you. You and he butt heads so  
often, because you are just the same.  
He will find his way eventually  
dearest, just like you did.

Gerald's face lightens, as he crumbles under Chasten's charm.

Aaron begins to walk away from his parents in disgust; murmuring  
to himself.

PRINCE AARON, is a twenty-five year old power hungry narcissist.  
He has golden blond hair, and handsome chiseled features. He is  
evil to his very core, deceptive, cunning and condescending. His  
charisma hides this factor from those he encounters.

GERALD

(calming)

Wife I just wish that he would settle  
down, and be more responsible.

CHASTEN

And do you think that your father  
wished any less for you?

(she shakes her head)

He will grow, and he will be as  
successful as his father. Just give  
him some time.

CHRISTOPHE, an older slender servant; bows humbly to the king  
and queen, clearing his throat to get their attention.

CHRISTOPHE

Forgive me majesties.

The King and Chasten look to Christophe.

GERALD

(inquisitively)

Yes Christophe. Have you found my son?

CHRISTOPHE

No sire. The servants and I have looked high and low for the young prince.

GERALD

Do you have any notion of where he might have gone?

CHRISTOPHE

Some of the other servants saw him escape the ship as soon as we docked the Ishmerean shore, my lord.

Christophe bows to the king again.

GERALD

Thank-you Christophe, you may go.

CHASTEN

(warmly)

Well husband all we can do is pray for the successful man that he will surely be, and love the mischievous boy that he is.

Gerald takes Chasten's hands in his.

GERALD

(laughing)

You have spoken true my wife, and as always I am helpless to argue.

CHASTEN

'Tis true my husband.

Chasten nods in mock agreement. Gerald kisses her softly.

Aaron watches his parents from the other side of the ship. His countenance begins to physically darken. A malicious chuckle is heard on the wind; as the Evil One begins to corrupt his spirit.

CUT TO:

EXT.-CALON THICKET

TRISTAN sees some exciting and exotic things as he travels through the emerald green lands of Ishmere exploring, and taking in everything he lays his eyes on. He sees Rana trees, full of Rana Fruit.

Rana Fruit: are similar in likeness to pomegranates, but they are all different colors. He picks a purple one from the tree and looks at it smiling, with an odd look on his face. He puts the fruit into the brown sash bag; that he carries every time he goes on exploring expeditions.

TRISTAN

So this is Rana Fruit? Odd little thing, I have never seen the like.

The young prince continues to walk through Ishmere.

Suddenly as Tristan begins to venture into Calon thicket he hears a noise. The noise sounds like hysterical laughter.

INT.-CALON THICKET-

Farein is still splashing around in the mud. All but her face is completely covered as Prince Tristan approaches a big tree.

He hides behind the tree and just watches her in silent bewilderment.

Farein comes out of the mud puddle, and laughs even louder as she looks down at her hands covered in mud.

NANETTE

Princess you can not embarrass your father in this manner. This will break his heart.

Nanette raises her voice in disappointment.

FAREIN

Well, father broke my heart, the day he decided to betroth me away to one of those arrogant Sheridan princes.

She stubbornly ignores Nanette, and starts to put her hands to her face; to cover it in mud.

Just then TRISTAN, approaches Nanette and Farein with an air of pride about him.

TRISTAN

You assume that I am arrogant lady.  
But I would much rather be arrogant  
then a spoiled little brat.

Charisma oozes from every fiber of his being; as he crosses his arms about his chest.

Farein reaches to unsheathe her sword, just in case this stranger proves violent.

FAREIN

Excuse me. Who do you think you  
are? And how dare you address me  
in this manner?

She looks at him insulted.

Tristan approaches Farein even closer; with a dashing smile.

Farein draws her sword on him.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

Do not come any closer sir. I warn you  
that I am well learned in the art of  
the sword. Please do not make me hurt  
you.

TRISTAN

Hurt me? Lady please do not make  
me fall into hysterics. All you  
think you know, I know better.

(his hand rests on the  
hilt of his sword)

So I beseech you to withdraw.  
I mean you no harm.

Tristan laughs at her haughtily.

Farein reluctantly sheathes her sword, and Tristan approaches her.

FAREIN

Who are you sir?

Farein is put off by Tristan's cockiness.

TRISTAN

You should know me well, for  
you speak ill things of me.

He crosses his arms again.

Farein catches a glimpse of the teal Phoenix on his royal ring,  
which is the royal seal of Sheridan.

FAREIN

(in complete disdain)  
You are a prince of Sheridan?

Tristan bows his head chortling lightly.

TRISTAN

Prince Tristan at your service.

Tristan stares at Farein intrigued.

FAREIN

(Ishmerean; with subtitles)  
Dadon Paraduece.

Insolent Moron.

Tristan laughs at Farein's disdain of him, very aware that he  
has just been insulted in Ishmearean.

TRISTAN

I am a lot of things lady, but I assure  
you that I am not now; nor have I ever been  
an insolent moron.

(he points at her muddy  
appearance)

Besides you are the one dressed in mud.  
In light of this, I would not be so quick  
to classify anyone as being a moron.

Farein tries to shove past Tristan, after a glint of interest  
passes briefly across her face.

But Tristan will not be moved.

FAREIN

If you would excuse me Prince, I wish to take my leave now, and you are blocking my way.

Farein continues to rage against him.

Tristan just counters all of her advances to pass.

TRISTAN

(he cocks an eyebrow)

Princess, why would you present yourself so foolishly in front of company?

FAREIN

(increasingly irritated)

I do not believe that that is any of your concern, and you can stop the chivalry act, because you will find that you are scoring no points with me.

TRISTAN

What makes you think that I would even want to score points with you lady?

Tristan laughs even harder at Farein's comments.

FAREIN

Would you just move and let me pass.

Farein tries to push her way pass Tristan.

Tristan will not be moved. They just stand staring into each others eyes, as if they are at war.

NANETTE

It would be wise that you both just calm yourselves down.

Nanette intrudes on their intense gaze, trying to curb the rising romantic tension.

FAREIN

Nan, please would you kindly leave

me alone with the Sheridan Prince?

Farein does not break her stare with Tristan.

Nanette looks at her in shock.

NANETTE

But mine lady, your father's rules  
this is forbidden.

Nanette adamantly denies Farein's request.

FAREIN

(insistently)

Nan please, I have no romantic  
interest in this pompous jerk.

(looking toward Tristan)

All I am interested in hearing;  
is what exactly the Great Prince  
of Sheridan wants from me, since  
he seems to be so insistent on  
my staying.

Tristan just smiles at Farein's remarks toward him.

Farein's mounting attraction toward the prince begins to mingle  
its way into her contorted facial expression.

NANETTE

(firmly)

I cannot milady.

FAREIN

(to Nanette)

You can Nan, you can and you will.  
This will only take a moment.

She looks back toward Tristan.

NAN, reluctantly begins walking away, while still looking back  
knowing that it is a mistake to leave the two of them alone.

TRISTAN

(smirking)

Why are you so evil toward me  
lady, I have done nothing to  
warrant your disdain.



Farein waits a long time before answering; because Tristan's question has caught her off guard. She shifts her eyes away from his.

FAREIN

All I am is a prize to you, and  
your brother, a target.

Her gaze is like acid.

Tristan just smiles in response.

TRISTAN

(tenderly)

You have me all wrong lady. I desire  
adventure and freedom. Trust me the  
last thing I want is to be weighed  
down by kingly or husbandry responsibilities.

His stare begins to affect her.

FAREIN

(she clears her throat)

Where did you learn the Ishmearean  
tongue?

She tries to pass him; but he blocks her.

TRISTAN

I know many languages.

(he hunches his shoulders  
with a smile)

You see, I challenge myself by mastering  
them all. I probably know your tongue  
better than you do.

He cocks his eyebrow; and crosses his arms.

FAREIN

(smirking)

You wish.

TRISTAN

Must you win every argument lady?

FAREIN

I cannot help that I am always right.

TRISTAN

Now who is the one wishing?

FAREIN

I would love to stay and continue our playfully banter. But I have stayed past my allowance already.

She starts to walk away from him, but he follows her.

TRISTAN

Wait.

FAREIN

What is it now Prince? I must go, my father shall already have my head for neglecting to meet with the Sheridan people. Do you seek to put me in greater danger of his wrath?

TRISTAN

No, I seek to do the gentlemanly thing and walk with you back to the castle.

Farein backs away from him; as his words threaten to drown her in a sea of stirring emotions.

FAREIN

That is impossible.

Tristan closes the space between them.

TRISTAN

(charmingly)

And why is that?

Princess Farein lifts up one of her eye brows, smiling slightly.

FAREIN

Have you forgotten my father's rules,  
or do you joy in being rebellious?

She turns to walk away; chuckling to herself.

He follows her.

TRISTAN  
(lulling)

To forbid me to do something, is forcing  
me to be rebellious.

Farein turns to gaze at him.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
(Ishmerean; with subtitles)

Especially when I am asked to keep my  
distance from one so *moia whisinton*.

Beautifully wild.

Tristan approaches her closely.

Farein backs away from him; as her breathing becomes uneven.

FAREIN

Oh really, well game on Prince  
of Sheridan.

(she smiles, and sighs deeply)  
I must take my leave now, I will  
see you tonight.

FAREIN, walks away from him, with her mounting feelings present  
in the involuntary smile on her face.

Tristan's jaw tenses as he stares after her.

CUT TO:

THE SHORE OF ISHMERE-

King Marobe and Queen Canille await; with quiet excitement as  
King Gerald begins to approach them with his family, and kingdom  
walking close behind.

King Marobe lifts his arms, and greets the Kingdom of Sheridan  
with a loud voice.

MAROBE

Welcome Kingdom of Sheridan, the  
blessed day has finally come; when  
our kingdoms will become one in  
celebration and fellowship.

All of the Kingdom of Sheridan bows down to the great king.

MAROBÉ (CONT'D)

'Tis no need to bow, for your journey  
has been long.

He motions for them to stand to their feet.

King Gerald and his wife Queen Chasten approach the great king,  
and his wife Queen Canille with dignity and humility.

GERALD

We bow great king to pay homage, because  
it is right and just.

(he motions to his  
servants)

We also; bring gifts for the feast.

GERALD'S SERVANTS, bring forward crates full of extravagant  
bottles of wine.

King Marobé motions for two of his servants to take the crates.

BOTH SETS OF SERVANTS, take the bottles of wine into the palace  
for consumption.

MAROBÉ

Your gifts are well appreciated good King.  
I have prayed for many years that this  
day would finally come.

King Marobé extends his arm in friendship and humility.

King Gerald takes his arm in acceptance.

GERALD

It is my honor to meet you my lord.  
I would like to present my wife  
Queen Chasten.

Chasten extends her hand to Marobé, so that he may kiss it.

MAROBÉ

The honor is truly mine, my lady.

Marobe kisses Chasten's hand softly

CHASTEN

No the honor is mine, my lord.

Chasten smiles, and bows, as she gently takes her hand back.

MAROBE

And this beautiful jewel on my arm,  
is the first lady of Ishmere.

(he bows his head toward  
his wife)

Queen Canille.

She extends her hand to King Gerald so that he may kiss it.

GERALD

I am quite honored my lady.

Gerald kisses Canille's hand.

CANILLE

The feeling is quite mutual my lord.

Canille smiles at Marobe, as she takes her hand from his, to rest it back around her husband's bicep.

Marobe looks to Aaron, who has his attention on a group of giggling Ishmerean girls rather than the meet and greet ceremony.

MAROBE

And who is this strapping young lad?

Marobe smiles into Aaron's direction.

Gerald hunches Aaron violently to get his attention.

GERALD

This is my eldest son Aaron, my lord.

Gerald gives Aaron a stern look.

AARON

It is truly a pleasure to meet you  
my lord.

(in the girl's direction)  
You have a lovely kingdom.

Aaron extends his arm to Marobe in friendship, but Aaron is still not giving the king his full attention.

King Marobe takes his arm.

MAROBE  
Thank-you young sire. It is quite  
exquisite is it not?

Marobe chuckles to himself, knowing where Aaron's attention lies.

MAROBE (CONT'D)  
So where is the other young lad?

Marobe looks around for Tristan.

GERALD  
My humblest apologies for my son's rude  
behavior. He has run off to explore your  
kingdom sire.

He bows humbly.

Marobe just smiles.

MAROBE  
Who are we to inhibit the boy's sense of  
adventure? We were after all boys ourselves  
once King Gerald, were we not?

Both of the Kings laugh.

GERALD  
So we were great king; so we were.

MAROBE  
I know all too well the trials of  
raising a willful child. My daughter  
has neglected to join us today. Her  
defiance has become somewhat unbearable  
lately.

He tries to smile away his embarrassment.

TRISTAN, begins to make his way to the shore.

Chasten nudges her husband to get his attention.

GERALD

Ah, my youngest finally decides  
to grace us with his presence sire.

Gerald tries to push off his anger with a laugh.

Tristan reluctantly walks over in the midst of the people.

King Marobe notices the unsettled countenance of his face.

GERALD (CONT'D)

This is Tristan my lord.

King Marobe extends his arm in friendship.

Tristan takes it trying to put on a smile.

MAROBE

Are you fair young prince? You look  
somewhat ill to me?

Marobe surveys Tristan's face closely.

Queen Chasten puts her hand up to Tristan's forehead, as if checking his temperature. Tristan removes his mother's hand in embarrassment.

Tristan looks to King Marobe, and responds in the cleverest of ways.

TRISTAN

(falsely smiling)

I am well sire. The trip has weakened  
me, but I shall recover with rest.

Aaron reads his brother's lovesick face, with an evil smile.

MAROBE

So did you enjoy my kingdom?

TRISTAN

No other can compare to it.

Tristan tries to maintain his proper composure in the presence of King Marobe.

MAROBE

Good! Let us go into the city,  
and explore further. Shall we?

Marobe turns to begin walking toward the city of Ishmere. King Gerald walks beside the King, both of their wives are arm in arm with Marobe and Gerald.

Aaron continues to eyeball the Ishmerean girls, while Tristan remains lost thoughts of Farein.

GERALD

'Tis a shame that the Kingdom of Gailan  
will not be joining us.

MAROBE

But they will be joining us, later this  
evening just in time for the feast.

GERALD

(confused)

So the rumors were not true, then?

MAROBE

(blankly)

What rumors do you speak of?

GERALD

I had heard that the Kingdom of  
Gailan would not be attending the  
celebration.

MAROBE

Those rumors are unfounded my  
lord. I received confirmation  
three days ago, that the Kingdom  
of Gailan would be attending the  
festivities with us.

Marobe smiles with his eyes.

GERALD

(relieved)

That is definitely good news.



INT.-THE CITY OF ISHMERE-

The Kingdoms come walking into the gorgeous city of Ishmere. The city's beauty is so glorious, that it puts the Kingdom of Troy to shame. As the Kingdom of Sheridan walk down the red cobblestone path that leads to Ishmere Castle, the heart of the entire city; they talk of the city's breathtaking sights and beauty.

The city itself is full of shops and booths to sale different merchandise; the city seems abandoned, because of the celebration. Everyone is on holiday, so the streets are like an abandoned ghost town.

Some of the common people own small houses in the heart of the city of Ishmere, some own houses on the outskirts.

EXT. THE ISHMEREAN CASTLE

Is mostly gold, with small hints of royal blue. The castle is higher than any skyscraper. It looks almost as if it could touch the heavens above.

THE TANFANA MOUNTAINS-lie at the back of the castle, like a beautiful mist and fog covered wall. Beyond the mist and fog lie the mysterious MYRIAN CAVES; they hold such dream-like elegance inside of them, so much so that the only place that rivals their beauty is heaven itself.

Tristan should be ecstatic about the exciting exploration that lies ahead of him, but instead all he can think about is Farein.

Just as Tristan begins to get lost in his thoughts, his brother comes to mock him.

AARON

(mockingly)

So brother who is the maid?

TRISTAN

I do not know what you speak of.

Tristan starts to walk away with his annoyance building.

AARON

(callously)

So that is your story?

TRISTAN

(irritated)

We are not even remotely close; so  
why act like you care about anything  
concerning me?

AARON

You stink of love.

Aaron sniffs toward him in mockery.

Tristan pushes Aaron away from him.

TRISTAN

Get out of my face; Aaron. I am  
really not in the mood for this  
right now.

Tristan starts to walk away.

AARON

Well not that you care or anything Mr.  
Explorer, but the lovely Princess Farein  
did not show her face. Probably one of  
the most grotesque creatures in the  
kingdom.

Tristan is growing angry.

AARON (CONT'D)

Or maybe she is really exquisite.  
(his attention is  
on the peasant girls)  
I should not underestimate the  
beauty of the Ishmerean woman. I mean  
look at them Tristan, all that potential.  
If the peasant women look that good..

Tristan looks Aaron straight in the eyes before Aaron can even  
get his words out.

TRISTAN

She is not the type of maiden you would  
be interested in.

Aaron laughs aloud, as if getting an epiphany.

AARON

The girl is Princess Farein. I

can not believe this. You really are pathetic. You talked to her after father told you to stay away? Oh this is too interesting.

TRISTAN

All I am trying to make you understand brother, is that Princess Farein has some class. She is the type of girl that wants to be wooed.

Tristan is starting to loose his temper.

AARON

And what makes you think that I am not planning to romance the lovely Princess.

TRISTAN

(mocking)

Because you would not know romance; if it hit you in the face.

Tristan looks at his brother sternly with a hint of mockery in his voice.

AARON

Well Prolaya did not have any complaints.

Aaron's words hit Tristan; as if Aaron has just punched him in the stomach.

Aaron walks after him.

AARON (CONT'D)

Hey where are you going?  
Does the truth hurt so much?

Tristan turns around to face him.

TRISTAN

Why do you get so much pleasure out of my pain?

AARON

(mockery, sarcasm)

I am just stating a fact.

TRISTAN

(scoffs)

The fact is; that you betrayed  
our brotherly trust.

Tristan gives Aaron a cold stare.

AARON

Prolaya could not stand the sight of  
you any longer. She just did not have  
the guts to tell you little brother.  
I merely relieved her pain.

Aaron slaps Tristan in the face in a very placating way.

Tristan tries to hold himself from bursting.

TRISTAN

Yeah you relieved her pain alright, by  
drowning her in wine and bedding her.

(he laughs without  
humor)

And on the night of our engagement party;  
of all nights. You are such a venomous snake.

AARON

Do you think I care how you perceive me?  
Father has always loved you better. But  
that is all about to change, because  
I shall get everything I want. And do  
you know why?

Aaron stands in a very uncaring and pompous stance.

TRISTAN

No brother, tell me why such honors  
will be bestowed upon you?

AARON

Because you lack ambition, that is  
why. You ask for power little brother;  
I simply take it.

Aaron shakes his head pathetically at Tristan.

TRISTAN

You win. You shall have all the power that you desire, because I do not want it. But you have no need to compete with me for father's love. Father loves us both the same.

AARON

(coldly)

Spare me the sentimental drivel. I know that you have always been father's favorite, but no more. It is my turn now.

TRISTAN

I pity you.

TRISTAN, walks away from him.

Aaron is left alone with his thoughts.

AARON

You will step aside Tristan, even if I have to push you aside.

As Aaron speaks these words an indescribable darkness can be seen in his eyes.

EXT.- THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN- DAY

This Kingdom's very existence is light, and darkness can not pierce it. There are things in this Kingdom that can not be imagined, and creatures that are beyond belief.

Every street is paved with gold, and the mansions are unlike any earthly castle that has ever been built. This Kingdom is ruled by the Holy One himself, and the praise and adoration of him from the creatures and angels never stops.

INT.- THE GARDEN OF ALASHIUS-

The Holy One takes in the sweet smell of the wildflowers in the breathtakingly beautiful garden.

The many different colored birds enjoy the solitude and solace of the garden too, as they sing the Holy One a beautiful symphony.

The butterflies even fly around him just to be in his illuminating presence.

As he releases himself into the serenity of the beautiful garden; he is interrupted by the sound of hooves galloping toward him.

LANAYUS, the white unicorn. His piercing blue eyes are dead set on the Holy One, and his golden mane flies in the wind as he gallops as fast as he can. He's humble and sensitive to the Holy One's mandates.

Lanayus is breathless as he approaches the Holy One.

LANAYUS

Sire?!

HOLY ONE, as old as time, pure love, pure light, pure joy and pure peace. His hair is white like wool, as white as snow. His eyes are as a flame of fire, his feet are like fine brass, as if burned in a furnace. His voice is like many waters.

HOLY ONE

What is it Lanayus?

The Holy One smells the sweet fragrance of the wildflowers carelessly.

LANAYUS

(frantically)

I hate to intrude, but I bring news.

Lanayus raises himself out of a bow.

HOLY ONE

You have no need to say anymore  
Lanayus, for I know why you are  
here. He has come, has he not?

Lanayus looks at the Holy One with worry in his eyes.

LANAYUS

Yes master he has come, and he demands  
to speak with you. He says that he will  
speak with no one else.

Lanayus tries to keep calm, but he is losing the battle.

HOLY ONE

It has been long centuries past,  
since he has come from roaming to  
to and fro in the earth to petition  
my kingdom.

The Holy One, and Lanayus begin to make their way toward the throne room, leaving the beautiful garden behind.

INT.- THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

The two walk and talk their way through the beautiful kingdom.

LANAYUS

(inquisitively)

Forgive me highness, but why has  
he decided to come here, and  
pollute our fresh air with his  
vile presence?

HOLY ONE

He has come to inquire about the  
sword, and who I have chosen to  
mark as the keeper of the sword.

The Holy One is steadfastly secure in himself, and in his power.

LANAYUS

But the sword is a gift of peace,  
what possible use could he have  
for something that breeds peace?

Confusion clouds Lanayus' eyes.

HOLY ONE

He wishes to use that gift of peace,  
to create war Lanayus.

LANAYUS

(still confused)

Forgive me again highness, but why  
do you seem so unmoved by this?

HOLY ONE

Because I always win Lanayus; and he  
always loses. He has no power, and  
what little power he thinks he has

is only what I allow. So no, I  
am not moved by his devices or tricks,  
for I know them all.

Lanayus' spirit seems to lighten as he and the Holy One continue to walk through the Kingdom.

When the Holy One is on the move through out the Kingdom, every one stops work on their specific jobs to give praise and honor to him.

Every angel and creature alike displays joy and adoration toward the presence of the Holy One.

As the Holy One and Lanayus approach a field where four beasts are hard at work; the beasts stop their work at the same time and bow themselves to the ground.

The beasts-IRANBARD, RUMUSSIN, FRANLYSTN, and SLYNMARIN.  
Iranbard-looks like a lion, he has eyes all over him, and he has six wings.  
Rumussin-looks like a calf, he has eyes all over him, and he has six wings.  
Franlystn-has the face of a man, he has eyes all over him, and he has six wings.  
Slynmarin-looks like a flying eagle, he has eyes all over him, and he has six wings.

#### BEASTS

All hail to the King  
of Kings!

#### HOLY ONE

I thank-you Franlysten, Iranbard,  
Slynmarin, and Rumussin. You may  
continue your work.

The beasts rise; and continue working.

The Holy One and Lanayus continue to walk toward the throne room to meet the Evil One.

They walk right through a RAINBOW SHOWER; that is like unto an emerald. There are jasper and sardine stones that line the pathway to the throne room. Right before the Holy One and Lanayus approach the throne room doors there is a sea of glass like unto a crystal.



The Evil One stands with a sarcastic and malicious smile on his face. He eats grapes from a great golden bowl that sits upon one of two golden stands that sit parallel to the throne room doors.

THE EVIL ONE, seductively handsome, ultimate evil, his very countenance is darkness, fallen angel.

EVIL ONE

(mocking laughter)

Well, well, well if it isn't  
the son of man, and his royal  
stooge.

HOLY ONE

(sternly)

Careful what you say dark prince, you  
are no longer in your kingdom; you  
are in mine.

The Evil One rolls his eyes.

EVIL ONE

Whatever you say. Is there a place  
that we may talk, alone?

The Evil One looks at Lanayus disdainfully, with a dark tone in his voice.

Lanayus just ignores him.

HOLY ONE

We will talk when I am ready.

The Holy One waves his hand in front of the throne room doors, so that they may open.

The Evil One gives a look of sarcastic astonishment.

EVIL ONE

(laughing)

You have got to teach me how to  
do that.

INT.- THE THRONE ROOM-

Inside the throne room are twenty-four elders that sit at a round table near the throne. They are all clothed in pure white raiment; and they have crowns of gold on their heads.

Out of the throne proceeds lightnings and thunderings and voices: and there are seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, which are the seven Spirits of God.

As they enter the elders are discussing the Century celebration of the three kingdoms, and the marking of the sword keeper.

ELDER 1

(booming voice)

The Holy One will make the decision of who shall receive the sword.

The other elders begin to agree; some begin to oppose.

ELDER 2

We understand this fact; but how soon will he do this? The ceremony comes to us like a shooting star; it will be here before we realize.

ELDER 3

(assured)

He has done his job from the beginning. We have no need not to trust him to do his job. He will not fail.

The elders begin to clap in agreement, some still oppose. The chattering begins again.

The HOLY ONE, steps in the middle of them, with the Evil One and Lanayus close behind.

The elders silence themselves, they bow their heads to the Holy One in reverence, and then they raise their heads looking at the Evil One in shock.

HOLY ONE

Brothers! We shall discuss this issue in greater detail later, but for now I have some important business to discuss in private with my guest.

The Elders get up from the table reluctantly, and Lanayus follows behind them.

The Elders discuss the Evil One's presence in whispers; as they are leaving The EVIL ONE looks at all of them with his dark soul surfacing through his eyes.

As all the traffic leaves the throne room, the Holy One waves his hand and the doors close.

The Holy One walks up to his throne to sit down.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

So why do you come to me, and choose  
to invade all of my solace and serenity;  
after so many centuries of staying away.

The Holy One sits upon his throne with an all knowing air.

The Evil One tries to approach the Holy One's throne, but the minute he begins to approach a huge wall of fire begins to kindle from the great lamps; blocking the Evil One's path. Only when he steps back is the fire extinguished.

EVIL ONE

(sarcastically)

There was a time when we were  
brothers, now we cannot even  
share a seat beside one another?

HOLY ONE

(he smirks)

Did you honestly think that  
I would let you approach my  
throne? You come to me now,  
and try to speak of the good  
times. Well let me remind you,  
Great Deceiver: there was a time  
when you were loyal. Do not toy  
with me.

The Evil One just laughs aloud.

EVIL ONE

'Tis true. Yes I chose my path, I  
wanted to rule. And you were too  
selfish to let me. But I am willing  
to bury the hatchet in the interest  
of making our little meeting a lot

more bearable.

The Evil One smiles deceitfully as he pulls a black bottle out of thin air.

EVIL ONE

Let us have a drink between friends.

The Holy One folds his arms turned off by the Evil One's request.

HOLY ONE

And drink the drink of bitterness and strife; never.

The Evil One gets upset, and makes the bottle disappear.

EVIL ONE

(growling voice)

Suit yourself.

HOLY ONE

Now why have you come lord of shadows? My time is precious. I have not the time to entertain you all day.

The Evil One is burning up with anger.

EVIL ONE

Fine; if you want to get straight to the point we shall get to the point.

Evil flares up in his eyes.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

You claim that I am the destroyer of your weak humans, but you help me destroy them. You are making my job so much easier with this whole sword of peace, sword keeper business. That sword will breed blood, greed, and war. Why would you give your precious people such a gift?

HOLY ONE

You have come to pick and probe my

plans, but I will never disclose all of my plans to you. Just know that what you think you can destroy, I can save. So do not make me out to be a fool.

The Holy One is unmoved by the Evil One's jests.

EVIL ONE

(chuckle in his voice)

You think yourself so smart, well it looks like I have the upper hand.

HOLY ONE

You have forgotten who you are dealing with beast. I see I have no other choice, but to remind you.

The Holy One crosses the line over his throne with his finger in the Evil One's face; he puts his arms up in the air and brings them down toward the Evil One.

A great wind blows the Evil One to the ground, and rolls him over to his stomach.

When the Evil One tries to move he finds he cannot. The Holy One goes over to him, and puts his foot on his face.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

I AM! and you, Black Dragon are nothing more than a shadow. I own all kingdoms, And you own none. All powers are my powers. If you want to war against me, lord of brimstone. I say bring on the war.

The Holy One takes his foot off of the Evil One's face, and releases the force that holds him down.

The Evil One gathers himself up in pain.

EVIL ONE

(menacing)

We have drawn our battle lines once again. I will be ready for you this time. You will hang yourself with peace; and I can't wait to stand back and watch you choke.

HOLY ONE

That will be all, leave me I grow tired  
of you. Your jesting is no longer funny.

the EVIL ONE, turns into a huge black Lion, and growls loudly in the Holy One's face; as he laughs hysterically, and disappears.

CUT TO

INT.- FAREIN'S SUITE- EVENING

The room is magnificently beautiful. The bed is big enough to fit two people, and it is canopied in the purest of white. The carpet is a deep royal blue, and the rest of the room is lined in the shiniest of gold. The Princess stands in front of a tall golden mirror; that almost touches the floor.

Farein looks into the mirror as Nanette dresses her for the grand feast. Farein seems extremely confused by her feelings for Tristan.

Nanette finally gains the courage to attempt to soothe her lady's confusion.

NANETTE

Mine lady please sit.

(a long beat)

You have not spoken a word  
since you came from Calon  
Thicket this afternoon. What  
exactly did you and the young  
prince discuss?

She takes Farein's hands and sits her on the golden stool that is in front of the mirror.

Farein cannot stop smiling at the mention of the young prince.

FAREIN

Nothing, nothing at all.

She tries not to make eye contact with Nan.

NANETTE

(softly)

Do not attempt to fool, the oldest  
fool of them all. I know all of your  
games, all of your intrigues because

I have played them all.

Nanette looks deeply into her lady's eyes.

FAREIN

I do not know what is happening Nan.  
I mean he is so...so

Farein can't find words.

NANETTE

Beautiful.

Nanette speaks softly with a motherly air.

Farein lets out a deep breath.

FAREIN

Yes. But his beauty is not what  
captures me most. He is witty,  
valiant and he has no interest  
whatsoever in my throne.

Farein's look changes from confusion to pain.

Nanette walks over to her, and tries to comfort her.

NANETTE

What is it sweet lady?

FAREIN

My insufferable heart Nan; that is  
my problem. I was reserved to my  
father's choice for me, but now, now  
things have suddenly become so complicated.  
And it is all because of my stupid heart.

NANETTE

I knew you were both in trouble; when  
I watched you trade words in the thicket  
this noon.

(she laughs)

He wore his feelings in his eyes; you  
wore them in your words.

Nanette caresses Farein's cheek softly.

FAREIN

But do you not see Nan? We have both  
doomed ourselves to a life of misery,  
if father chooses his older brother  
for me.

NANETTE

(playfully)

I have faith that love will win out. It  
always does.

FAREIN

Not in reality; that only happens in  
The faerie stories of my youth.

NANETTE

(reserved)

Love will win out.

Nan says cupping Farein's face in her hands.

FAREIN

Since when did my father ever take  
my heart into consideration? When he  
betrothed me so many years ago; I was  
not sought on the matter. Why should  
he care for me now Nan?

NANETTE

Your father is a very wise man. But the  
Holy One is much wiser, and he will pass  
down the final decision. Ask Him, seek  
Him, He will not let you down.

Farein's confused and anguished face melts away to peace.

FAREIN

You have such a way of turning a dark  
situation to light Nan.

NANETTE

Anything to help my lady. Now do  
you desire Jinawa or Piniya flowers  
for your hair?



Nan is holding up two different flower baskets for Farein to choose from.

FAREIN

The Jinawa flowers will be fine.

NANETTE

Jinawa flowers it is then.

Farein and Nanette continue giggling.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROYAL DINING ROOM-NIGHT

The Royal Dining Room is one of the most extravagant rooms in the entire palace. With its miles long dark mahogany table, its grand golden chandlers, and many beautiful antiques. There has never been a dining room more grand or exquisite in beauty.

The dining area is decorated in the grandest fashion, with exotic flowers and beautiful multi colored flags to indicate that the kingdom is in glorious celebration of their hundred years.

All of the kingdoms are assembled for the feast; at the miles long mahogany table. All the people stand relatively close to their seats; so that they can be ready to sit when the feast begins.

Everyone is fellowshiping with one another. The Kingdom of Gailan has finally arrived.

Suddenly everyone's talking is quieted, as their attentions are drawn to the top of the winding golden staircase as the herald blasts his trumpet; and begins to announce the tardy Marobe and Farein.

HERALD

May you join me in welcoming the mighty  
King Marobe and the intoxicatingly  
beautiful Princess Farein.

KING MAROBE & PRINCESS FAREIN, enter the exquisite dining room.

All the young men's eyes in the room are glued to Princess Farein; the women just ooo and ah at the glamour of her dress robes.

The SHERIDAN PRINCES can hardly breathe at the sight of her; especially Prince Tristan who has known of her beauty from the very start.

AARON

Princess Farein is exquisite.  
 (he licks his lips  
 like a ravenous wolf)  
 Is she not? Game on brother.

Aaron mocks Tristan mercilessly.

TRISTAN

You are such an animal. Must you  
 always cheapen the essence of a  
 woman?

AARON

Then *animal* I shall be.  
 (he hunches with a  
 grin)  
 For; that is what it takes  
 to be a great hunter. But  
 keep letting your heart lead;  
 that approach worked out  
 excellent for you the first  
 time around.

Tristan grits his teeth in anger.

TRISTAN

I do not have to fight you;  
 for what is already mine.

AARON

Ha, we shall see little  
 brother.

Tristan doesn't say anything else. He just stands watching Farein confidently.

Farein and her father make their way down the winding stair case. As Farein begins to approach her seat; which is right across from the Sheridan Princes: Aaron tries to go over and pull out her chair for her. But only because he knows that doing so will get under Tristan's skin.

AARON

Watch the master work brother.

He begins to walk over to Princess Farein's chair debonairly, just as she begins to approach.

Aaron is so busy trying to be suave, that he is not paying attention to his surroundings, just as he passes Tristan, Tristan lifts out his foot and trips him.

As he hits the ground the whole room bursts out into laughter; including Princess Farein. Tristan is the loudest. Just as a servant goes over to help Aaron up from the ground; Tristan goes over to help Princess Farein with her chair.

a SERVANT, comes to help Aaron up off of the floor.

SERVANT

Sire, are you alright?

The servant offers Aaron a hand up.

Aaron slaps his hand away.

AARON

I am fine; there is no need to fuss over me.

Aaron picks himself up off the ground; while giving Tristan an evil look.

Tristan just looks over at him and smiles; as Princess Farein comes near her chair.

King Marobe unlocks her from his arm.

TRISTAN

Sire, may I help the Princess to her seat?

Tristan looks up into King Marobe's eyes.

King Marobe bows giving him permission.

MAROBE

Yes young man, you may.

Marobe releases his daughter to Prince Tristan.

Prince Tristan pulls her chair out for her.

TRISTAN

Princess may I have the pleasure  
of helping you to your seat.

Tristan extends his hand to Farein as he looks deeply into her eyes.

Farein cannot open her lips to form words, she is just lost in his stare.

Farein's father laughs, hunching her.

MAROBÉ

(smiles)

Will you not answer the young man  
dear?

Farein looks at her father; then she looks to everyone in the room who is watching her with expecting eyes.

Farein takes Tristan's hand.

FAREIN

Yes you may young man.

Farein smiles for the pleasure of the crowd.

As Farein sits down; the entire crowd follows her, and with this the multitude begins to fellowship again. Prince Tristan whispers something into her ear.

Aaron watches in complete envy, Gerald just watches to make sure that Tristan does not cross the line.

TRISTAN

(Ishmerean; with subtitles)

Nonan brinsetta manroya prishionous.

No man has ever been more blessed than  
I; because I am standing in the presence  
of a most precious jewel.

Tristan looks at her with intense passion as he takes in the sweet fragrance of her.

Farein tries not to succumb to his charms.

FAREIN

Your compliments are far too great  
my lord. But favor is deceitful and  
beauty is vain: if you wish to  
compliment me on anything, compliment  
me on my fear of the Holy One. For that  
is all that really matters.

Tristan smiles down at Farein, and whispers to her again.

TRISTAN

I am intrigued by the beauty that  
is deep within you my lady; a beauty  
that radiates outward.

Tristan takes Farein's hand again, and kisses it softly.

Farein's eyes close succumbing to him.

Tristan leaves her, and returns back to his seat.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You see, the power to woo is an  
art form; big brother. One that  
the hunter can never quite master.

Tristan smilingly addresses his brother, in a mocking way. His  
eyes stay glued to Farein.

AARON

(fuming)

Make no mistake Tristan, I will get  
you for humiliating me in front of  
all these people. The Princess will  
be mine, and you shall never have her.

TRISTAN

(gritting his teeth)

Over my dead body.

AARON

Do not tempt me brother; for I am  
on the edge.

A deep growl of evil surfaces in his voice.

Farein looks directly into Tristan's eyes. She knows that her father and mother are sitting right beside her, but she cannot help letting her feelings surface through her eyes.

When Tristan smiles at her, she turns away quickly.

MAROBÉ

May I have the attention of all the  
three kingdoms?

Marobe stands up regally.

Everyone grows silent.

MAROBÉ (CONT'D)

The time has come for me to say the  
blessing for the feast. If we would  
all bow our heads; the feast will  
begin. Oh mighty father, we thank-you  
this time of fellowship and feasting.  
May we always remember to lift up your  
Celestial name. Amen.

Everyone lifts their heads.

ALL

Amen!

King Marobe sits back down in his seat.

MAROBÉ

Let the feasting begin!

SERVANTS, begin to rush from everywhere bringing food and drink.

CUT TO:

THE ROYAL BALL ROOM-MIDNIGHT

Everyone is dancing and having a good time; Farein sits on her throne, turning down every guy who asks her for a dance. She is just not in the mood for festivity.

Tristan watches her with his heart aching, he is getting quite a few offers for dances himself, but he turns all of them down. He sits in an area by himself dying to dance with Princess Farein. Tristan rises from where he sits when he sees Princess Farein get up from her throne.

Just as Farein starts to sneak away Prince Aaron cuts her off to talk to her: this makes Tristan angry, because he knows that all his brother wants to do is make a prize out of her.

Aaron grabs Princess Farein's arm; Farein is caught off guard by this.

AARON

My lady would you care to dance?

Aaron kisses her hand softly.

Farein takes her hand away from him disgusted.

FAREIN

No thank-you my lord, you do realize  
that your speaking with me is forbidden  
do you not?

Farein looks into Aaron's eyes unmoved by his charms.

AARON

(frustrated)

That did not stop you from talking to my  
brother, did it lady?

FAREIN

(irritated)

Highness I have a headache, I grow tired of  
feasting I must go lie down.

AARON

I will have you for my wife lady, and  
you will enjoy it. No woman can resist  
me.

Aaron displays a conceited and prideful air.

Farein rolls her eyes, angrily.

FAREIN

Your cockiness repulses me. I can never  
love you.

AARON

Do you think that matters to me? I  
know that you want my brother, but  
you will have me.

(he looks toward  
Tristan)

You see that is the icing on the cake,  
knowing that you want him, when you  
are bound to me.

Aaron caresses Farein's cheek softly.  
Suddenly prophetic flashes come before Farein's eyes. Aaron's  
face turns into a skull, and she sees evil sitting upon his  
shoulders. She can see how black his soul is, and how hard his  
heart is. She tries to get away from him quickly.

FAREIN

You hide your evil well from the people  
all around you prince of Sheridan. But  
your evil is not hidden from me. You  
shall betray the Holy One, and bring  
certain doom upon yourself.

Aaron just laughs at her.

AARON

What you look at as doom lady of Ishmere, I  
look at as absolute power.

FAREIN

(shaking her head)

You are sick. I want no part of  
you stay away from me.

Aaron grabs her close to him. The whole room is unaware, because  
they are far too busy lost in their merriment. Except Tristan  
who is watching everything. Tristan starts to run over to his  
brother.

AARON

I have chosen you. It will be me,  
and no other.

Aaron grips her tightly; trying to kiss her.

Princess Farein shakes her arms free, and gains enough strength  
to push him away from her.

FAREIN

Get your hands off of me.

Farein backs away from him.



Aaron laughs at her.

AARON  
(smiling lustfully)  
Wow you are a fiesty little minx. It suits you well lady.

FAREIN  
Do not ever put your hands on me again. I may be a princess, but I am not one bit weak.

Farein walks away from him fuming.

Aaron yells after her.

AARON  
You are far too bold lady, but when we are married I shall break your free spirit.

FAREIN, ignores him, and continues to walk on.

Just as FAREIN leaves,

TRISTAN gets up in Aaron's face and jacks him up.

TRISTAN  
(beyond angry)  
You better not ever touch her again brother, or I will kill you.

Aaron pushes Tristan away from him.

AARON  
(huffs)  
You are no warrior Tristan, you are nothing more than a love sick poet.

Tristan looks into Aaron's eyes with a war stare.

TRISTAN  
Would you care to test that theory against steel brother?

Tristan stands ready to unsheathe his sword at a moment's notice.

LYLA, an Ishmerean peasant woman, whom seems to be quite taken with Aaron. Wiggles over to capture his attention.

Aaron's attention is taken away from Tristan by her almost immediately.

LYLA  
(seductively)

Aaron where have you been? I was getting lonely.

She is so close to Aaron as if she is stuck to him with glue.

She looks over at Tristan flirtatiously, but Tristan just rolls his eyes in disdain of her.

AARON

Brother keep your sword sheathed this is a celebration, and as you can see I have not the time to argue with you just now. But go, and keep my future wife occupied for the time being, because your days are few with her.

AARON & LYLA, leave Tristan to go across the ballroom, they begin kissing wildly.

Tristan just shakes his head, and runs after Farein.

CUT TO:

THE ISHMEREAN BEACH

FAREIN takes off her shoes, and begins walking through the white sands of the beach so that she can get to the cool waters of the sea.

As she reaches the waters a soft breeze blows, and the waters are just right. The moon shines down on her, and the wind blows against her body.

She closes her eyes, with a smile on her face. She opens her eyes again, and looks to the many stars to seek counsel from the Holy One.

FAREIN

Oh Holy One I need to be led, to be shown what to do about these dreams. But you tell me nothing, the silence of your response deafens me.

(She smiles involuntarily)  
And then there is Tristan my Lord; as  
valiant, bold and brave as any knight.  
(she closes her eyes)  
Prince Tristan of Sheridan. I would have  
him win my heart, and treasure it for all  
the days of my life.

TRISTAN, Tristan begins to approach Farein as she is deep into  
her private conversation, unbeknownst to her.

TRISTAN  
(lulls)  
I will meet the challenge lady.

Princess Farein turns around to face Tristan, wiping the smile  
from her face in embarrassment.

FAREIN  
How much of that did you hear?

Farein steps out of the water, and begins to walk away from  
Tristan trying to avoid his stare.

Tristan walks after her.

TRISTAN  
I heard you reveal your heart to the  
Holy One himself, yet you would deny  
me my right to meet the challenge  
that you have set forth.

Tristan grabs Farein's hand, and turns her to face him.

She stares at him trying not to show her true feelings.

FAREIN  
What you heard was a very private spilling  
of my feelings of confusion. I do not know  
fully what I want.

Farein starts to walk away, but Tristan won't let her.

TRISTAN  
I think that you know exactly what you  
want. But you are afraid to admit it to  
your own heart.

Tristan tries to get closer to her, but Farein backs away.

FAREIN

And I *think* that you have had a bit  
too much honey wine.

Farein tries to make light of the subject.

TRISTAN

I have not had a drop all night, and  
you know this well; because our eyes  
have been dancing the entire evening.

Tristan renders her speechless.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

(Ishmerean; with subtitles)

Adonalotas carimani.

You are my heart's adoration.

FAREIN

Did you weave these same fragrant words  
in the ears of the woman you knew before  
me. The woman that leaves you wounded in  
the depths of your heart?

TRISTAN

(hurt, offended)

I am no longer wounded by her, or the  
wrong she has done me. I am free from  
all that pain, because of you.

Farein smirks unconvinced by his affections.

FAREIN

Poetry and sonnets are so vain; when  
outer beauty casts deception on a fickle  
heart. Tell me, when my beauty is gone;  
will your poetry and sonnets remain the  
same?

Farein walks away smiling.

Tristan walks behind her, whispering to her.

TRISTAN

My words, my devotion, my heart; shall indeed remain the same. If I live for a thousand years, and we were to find ourselves in this same place my declarations would remain unchanged.

Farein turns around to face him.

Tristan walks close to her, and pulls her to him by her waist.

Farein finds it difficult to catch her breath. She looks into his eyes deeply.

FAREIN

You speak like a poet. A girl can not possibly keep her guard up, when you speak such silk spun words.

(she lowers her eyes from  
his)

Tell me that you are true prince of Sheridan, and I shall give you my very heart.

Tristan takes his hand; and raises her eyes to meet his.

TRISTAN

Lady I vow to you that I am true. I have only ever desired two things with this much passion: you and my honor in the Holy One.

(he lulls)

I would face anything; if it meant that I would win you.

Tristan smiles into her eyes.

Farein takes his hand, and puts it to her heart softly. With tears in her eyes she parts her lips to speak.

FAREIN

My heart is yours Tristan. I am yours; no matter what anyone says, no matter what happens. I want you to know that I am yours.

He stops one of her loose raven curls from dancing in the wind; by tucking it behind her ear.

Then he wipes the tears softly away from her face, as he looks at her passionately.

His eyes rest on her pinned up hair with a smile.

TRISTAN

May I?

FAREIN

Yes, if you wish.

He then, unpins her long ebony tresses; letting the beautiful flowers holding her hair in place, fall to the ground.

Farein's licorice locks are captured by the blowing breeze. He weaves his fingers through her hair with a sigh.

TRISTAN

(he whispers)

You know, your hair is exquisite;  
when it is not drowned in mud.

No, it really is.

(he strums her  
tresses softly)

Like ebony satin.

Farein lowers her eyes from his.

FAREIN

I wager you say that to all the  
maidens.

He brings her eyes to his; as he pulls her closer, and drapes her arms around his neck.

TRISTAN

There are no others for me Farein.

(he caresses her lips with  
his fingertips)

There never has been; and never shall  
be again. I belong to you, far past  
eternity.

Tristan looks into her eyes with more adoration than he can fathom. Then he softly kisses her, a kiss of pure love.

Farein pulls herself close to him; never wanting to let him go.

As she begins to create space between them; Tristan is not quite ready to let her go.

FAREIN

Tristan?

(she tries to speak through  
his kiss)

I must tell you something.

Tristan just smiles, pulling her closer to him.

TRISTAN

Some moments are better without  
words.

Tristan, caught up in his passion can think of nothing else, and won't stop kissing her.

FAREIN

Please Tristan. This is very urgent.

She pushes his chest away; creating some space.

Tristan rolls his eyes, but extinguishes his passion for the moment because he can see the seriousness in her face.

TRISTAN

Okay.

FAREIN

Tristan it is about your brother.

She looks at him deeper.

Tristan smiles into her eyes.

TRISTAN

(with heating passion)

That is the last person I want to  
talk about right now.

He says bringing her close to him again.

FAREIN

(with warning)

Tristan he is dangerous. He has

a darkness inside of him, that is unbeknownst to anyone else. He craves power and would sell his very soul to the Evil One for it.

Tristan smirks reluctant to believe her.

TRISTAN

Your worries over my brother; are nonsensical love. He is who he is; and he more than likely will never change.

He caresses her cheek softly.

FAREIN

The Holy One has given me the gift of prophecy, in my dreams Tristan. Please trust me when I say; that my worries over your brother are far from nonsensical.

TRISTAN

I trust you Farein.

Tristan sighs; as Farein rests her head on his chest.

FAREIN

I must take my leave; now.

Farein looks into his eyes with a smile.

Tristan tightens his grasp around her.

TRISTAN

(whispers)

Wait. Not yet, could you stay awhile?

Farein shakes her head.

FAREIN

I should not have stayed; as long as this.

(she smirks)

I should have departed long ago.



TRISTAN

But no one will feel your absence;  
they are far too consumed with  
merriment.

FAREIN

That matters little; I cannot  
stay. My father's rules forbid  
it.

TRISTAN

Well, to ask a young man to  
keep such rules is the worst  
kind of torture.

His lips hover inches above hers.

Farein laughs heartily.

FAREIN

Your vulnerability is far  
more comely than your  
arrogance; prince.

TRISTAN

I cannot help what you do  
to me.

He lowers his eyes from her.

FAREIN

Are you blushing?

She brings his face back to meet hers; and runs her fingertips  
against his cheek.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

Oh you are.

She snickers; he smiles as he tightens his grip around her  
waist.

TRISTAN

It is unfair to mock a man;  
that you have enchanted into  
a stupor.

FAREIN

I am sorry.

(composing herself)

But I still must go; even if  
your words are honey to my ears.

She runs her fingers through his raven hair; as she gazes into his eyes.

He pulls her close; and whispers into her ear.

TRISTAN

Is there nothing I can do;  
to make you stay for a few  
minutes more?

FAREIN

Nothing.

She purrs as she shuts her eyes involuntarily; at Tristan's closeness to her.

TRISTAN

(chortles)

Are you sure love?

FAREIN

Yes, and you are a terrible  
influence.

She shakes her head feigning disappointment.

TRISTAN

Not I?

He feigns astonishment.

FAREIN

Yes, you.

She pushes him away playfully.

TRISTAN

Well, if you must go, then  
you must.

FAREIN

Thank-you.

She walks down the beach to retrieve her shoes.

Tristan follows her closely.

When she has her shoes in hand; he pulls her to him again.

TRISTAN

When can I see you again?

FAREIN

If we are caught...

TRISTAN

(cuts her off)

When?

He whispers; ignoring her worries.

FAREIN

I will try to get away tomorrow.

(she smiles)

But no promises.

TRISTAN

Fine.

(he nods triumphantly)

Where?

FAREIN

Right here. And we will go  
from there.

TRISTAN

Excellent.

FAREIN

Now, I must go.

TRISTAN

Wait.

He tucks one of her curls behind her ear.

FAREIN

What is it?

She whispers exasperated.

Then he kisses her again; and when he is finished he rests his forehead against hers.

TRISTAN

Until tomorrow.

FAREIN

Tomorrow.

(she smirks)

You are going to get me into  
so much trouble; Prince of  
Sheridan.

TRISTAN

Not as much trouble; as you will  
get me into Lady of Ishmere.

FAREIN

You are so insufferable.

She pushes him with a smile; and begins to walk away.

TRISTAN

I love you too Princess.

He smiles; as he stands alone on the beach looking after her,  
completely taken.

CUT TO:

INT.-BRIMDON WOOD- EARLY MORNING

Brimdon Wood lies far beyond the outskirts of Ishmere; but most  
Ishmereans avoid this dark wood.

There are great black oak trees and red fire bubbling swamps;  
that serve to make this place a horrific sight to behold. This  
place holds none of the beauty of the rest of Ishmere.

KING ASHNORE, is in his late fifties, but he looks much older.  
He is tall, slender, and has long gray hair, and dusty brown  
skin that is wrinkled and aging. Most of his life has been spent

living in regret for bad decisions. He is somewhat spineless and fear driven. His rule as king is weak and lax.

ASHNORE  
(confused)

How do you propose we bring down the kingdoms my lord? If the sword is as strong and powerful as you say; how could we acquire it for our very own.

The Evil One gets into his face, with his sly nature to answer any question with false hope and half truth.

EVIL ONE  
(suppressed) anger)  
Ashnore do you doubt me so?

ASHNORE  
No my lord I would never doubt your plan. I was just wondering if it is realistic.

Ashnore tries to laugh off his doubt.

The Evil One walks away with his hand on his chin, as if thinking about Ashnore's comments.

EVIL ONE  
I have told you over and over again Ashnore; my plan is not only realistic, but full proof. You must take power, not ask for it. Loyalty is a small price to pay for what I have given you.

The Evil One holds his head, as if it hurts. Then he walks over to Windawn.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)  
You should take lessons in loyalty from your wife Ashnore. She never doubts me.

The Evil One caresses Windawn's cheek seductively.

Windawn smiles enticingly back at him.

WINDAWN, mid-forties, unlike her husband she has let evil make her seductively beautiful. She has long silky black hair, and

exotic features. Evil to her core, cunning, deceptive and impassioned by evil.

WINDAWN  
(cackles)

I doubt you not my lord, I feel the power!  
I have sacrificed far too much, not to believe that I can have what is rightfully mine. If blood and flesh is the ransom for for absolute power, than I will gladly pay it.

The Evil One laughs with her gleefully.

EVIL ONE  
(mockingly)

That is the loyalty I want. She craves blood and war. She is willing to crush anyone who stands in her way. You really disappoint me Ashnore. How could you let your wife be more man than you?

ASHNORE  
(solemnly)

I will disappoint you no more my lord.

The Evil One's smile subsides.

EVIL ONE  
Promises, promises Ashnore. Do not promise me, show me.

AARON, begins to sneak up on the secret meeting.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)  
Prepare yourselves, because you two will not be the only servants I have by the time this is done. Once people see the power of the sword, they will trip all over themselves trying to get to that power. We must first destroy the sword keeper, and all shall be ours.

All three of them laugh.

Suddenly Prince Aaron steps on a branch; all three of them stop laughing.

The Evil One just smiles, because he has been expecting Aaron.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

Ah Prince of Sheridan right on time.

The Evil One motions Aaron to come forward.

Aaron comes forward in the midst of them.

AARON

(confused)

You have been expecting me?

EVIL ONE

Come now Prince of Sheridan, do not be coy with me. I have been expecting you for quite sometime. You have wanted absolute power since you were old enough to speak the words. Tell me all your desires Prince of Sheridan.

Aaron looks at the Evil One, not sure he wants to answer.

The Evil One laughs.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

It is okay young prince. What are the desires of your heart?

The Evil One smiles wickedly.

Aaron smiles.

AARON

I want to rule Ishmere. I want my father and brother's heads on platters. I want to hold the sword of peace in my hand, so that I may cut out the heart of anyone who will not follow me. I want absolute power!

Aaron laughs wickedly, as if another spirit has entered his body.

EVIL ONE

Then absolute power you shall have young prince. I can give you all that you desire

if you submit your soul to me.

The Evil One looks at the prince's face, as it drops.

AARON

I do not know. I should not even  
be here.

Aaron tries to walk away, but the Evil One pulls him back.

EVIL ONE

Prince don't tell me that you, of all people,  
are denying me. I offer you godhood; and you  
would just walk away?

Aaron looks in the Evil One's eyes, as if wrestling with good  
and evil. In this moment of weakness the Evil One begins to show  
him all that he could have.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

All shall be yours prince. Just  
deny him.

(he whispers)

You shall rule kingdoms, you shall  
rule empires, you shall be wanted by  
every woman that you desire, and you  
shall have absolute power!

Suddenly a lightning bolt strikes.

Aaron starts to smile, and he extends his hand to shake on an  
agreement with the Evil One.

AARON

(evilly)

You have a deal?

The Evil One shakes his hand, and the winds begin to blow,  
lightning bolts strike, and Aaron falls to his knees in pain.

EVIL ONE

(smiling)

So you deny the son of man, and  
all of his works?

AARON

Yes.



Aaron has his hand still in the Evil One's; seduced by the feeling of power.

EVIL ONE

You pledge your life to me, and  
no other?

The Evil One smiles, as Aaron wiggles around in pain.

AARON

Yes.

The Evil One laughs hysterically, as Aaron screams out in extreme pain.

EVIL ONE

You didn't really think that this was  
going to be painless, did you young  
prince? All of you belongs to  
me.

Just then Aaron cries out a cry that has never been heard before, as a great light leaves his body, giving way to pitch evil blackness.

The Evil One smilingly takes the light in the palm of his hand, and laughs as he crushes the pure light with his fist. Suddenly he shakes it up to the kingdom of heaven.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

You see what free will gets them son  
of man. Now he is mine by his own  
choice. Prepare yourself Prince of  
Light, for I shall blast your kingdom  
into absolute darkness.

Ashnore shivers in fear, as Windawn stands seduced by all of the evil around her.

Aaron gains the strength to stand.

AARON

I am yours prince of darkness.  
What shall my first task be?

Aaron bows with a smile on his face.

The Evil One smiles, as he stares at the presence of darkness in Aaron.

EVIL ONE

To prove that you are really with me prince of Sheridan... I demand that you kill Ashnore King of Gailan.

The Evil One points over to Ashnore.

Aaron unsheathes his sword with glee, his eyes begin to glow a demonic vacant smoky gray.

AARON

It shall be done my lord.

Aaron begins walking over to Ashnore, who is frightened. Ashnore tries to plead with the Evil One to keep him alive.

ASHNORE

(hurtfully)

My lord I have slaved for you for many years, and yet you will betray me like this.

The Evil One just laughs.

EVIL ONE

What can I say Ashnore, you're weak. This is the dawning of a new era; a changing of the guard if you will. It's nothing personal, it's just business.

The Evil One folds his arms uncaring; then he looks to Windawn, who seems to be unmoved by the notion of her husband's death.

The Evil One holds his hand up to stop Aaron momentarily. The Evil One slithers his way over to Windawn.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

Hold prince of Sheridan. There could be a chance for you after all great king. What I do with you rests in the hands of your wife. Do you want him alive my Queen, because if his insignificant life is of some importance to you I will spare him.

The Evil One whispers in her ear.

Queen Windawn just cackles.

## WINDAWN

What use have I for a weak man? I am only interested in results and progress, and he has displayed none. This is war and there shall be casualties, let my husband be the first sacrifice for power.

The Evil One laughs, and bows his head to Aaron to continue. Aaron continues, and Ashnore does not move, his heart is broken at the words of his wife. He does not even try to put up any kind of defense.

## EVIL ONE

Continue on prince of Sheridan. Why do you not move great King of Gailan; I would love to see some kind of sport from you. At least beg me a little more, run, do something to make this interesting.

The Evil One laughs, as Aaron approaches the heartbroken king.

Ashnore drops to his knees as Aaron has his sword raised approaching him.

## ASHNORE

My cunning days are done, the cancerous darkness has eaten away at my bones; until I am weakened beyond repair. I now beseech The Great King above all kings to receive me back into his paradise as I die. I was a fool for ever leaving it.

Ashnore raises his head to the heavens.

The Evil One grows angry, as light begins to return to King Ashnore.

## EVIL ONE

Shut-up! You have wronged him beyond redemption. He would never take you back now, you belong to me.

He screams and shakes his fist to heaven.

Ashnore continues ignoring the Evil One.

## ASHNORE

Prince of Light I return my soul back to..

The Evil One screams to Aaron to strike the King with his sword.

EVIL ONE

Kill him, kill him before he can  
finish his dreadful sniveling.

Aaron strikes the King's neck with his sword.

ASHNORE

You.

Ashnore speaks this last word with his dying breath.

His spirit leaves his body, and is bathed in light. Just before he leaves to enter the Kingdom of heaven, he looks into the dark eyes of the prince who holds the bloody sword; that has just killed him.

EVIL ONE

I always knew that you were a  
weakling Ashnore. Go! It makes  
no difference to me. Return to  
the losing side. You make me  
ill.

The Evil One laughs, but King Ashnore ignores him, and continues to look at the young prince.

ASHNORE

What a waste of your free will young  
one. You had eternal life in your  
grasp. How could you trade that for  
death?

The Evil One interrupts him with great laughter.

EVIL ONE

But he shall have power, power that  
you were too weak to obtain.

Ashnore just shakes his head at the Evil One, as he turns to Aaron with sadness in his eyes.

Prince Aaron just laughs.

AARON

Preach to me no more shade, for at the  
light of morning your head will be  
found stuck on the end of a pole, and

while everyone else looks upon it in mourning; I shall smile.

Then suddenly King Ashnore disappears into the kingdom of heaven, with all of them laughing at him.

EVIL ONE

Now dominion shall truly be ours!  
Nothing can stop us now.

Queen Windawn kisses Aaron, because she is seduced by the evil powers running through him.

The Evil One laughs with glee.

Then the Evil One turns back into the form of a great black lion.

EVIL ONE

(growling voice)  
I shall come again soon.

He roars a great roar and leaves quickly to roam the earth again.

CUT TO:

INT.- FAREIN'S SUITE

Farein sits up quickly in a cold sweat, seeing all the events at Brimdon Wood in the visions of her dreams.

Her body is paralyzed with fear. Farein tries to take deep breaths to slow the rapid beat of her heart. Just then a great light floods the room. Farein closes her eyes, being blinded by the light.

THE HOLY ONE, he descends down from his throne. He dims his light, so that Farein can look upon him as he sits on her bed to speak intimately with her.

The room is darkened again, but the glow from the Holy One's face brings adequate light for her to see him clearly.

HOLY ONE

You have no need to fear child.  
I bring you rivers of life.

He caresses Farein's cheek.

Farein is in total awe of the Holy One.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

I have heard your many doubts,  
fears and grievances; and I come  
to you now, because it is time.

The Holy One takes Farein's hands in his.

Farein just looks into his eyes overwhelmed and confused.

FAREIN

I do not understand my Lord.

HOLY ONE

It is time to clarify my  
prophesies to you.

FAREIN

You speak of my uncertain dreams?

HOLY ONE

The only thing that is uncertain about  
your dreams is your belief in them. Why  
are you so afraid to trust Farein?

He smiles at her much like a loving father.

FAREIN

I asked for understanding of them, and  
none came. I called upon you many times,  
and you did not answer. I was waiting  
for you to move.

Farein softly scolds him.

The Holy One still smiles at her.

HOLY ONE

(softly, calmly)

Did you ever think that I may have  
been waiting on you to move?

Farein removes her hands from the Holy One thinking about the  
words that he has just said to her.

FAREIN

But without confirmation my Lord; I  
would have made myself out to be a fool.

She looks to him for understanding.

HOLY ONE

(lovingly smiling)

I gave you confirmation many times  
through your visions. I planted  
truth in your very heart since a  
year, yet you were too fearful to  
follow my soft confirmations.

FAREIN

(desperate)

My father would have never listened to  
me about the fall of the three kingdoms,  
nor will he listen to me about Aaron  
slaying King Ashnore. I need proof  
my Lord, solid evidence to prove my  
accusations as truth.

HOLY ONE

It is irrelevant that the people believe  
you. Sometimes that shall happen. You want  
it both ways Farein. Do you trust me with  
your whole heart or not? You desire to  
remain safe when being with me is an  
ultimate risk.

The Holy One caresses her cheek softly.

FAREIN

Why is that so wrong my Lord? I  
want my people to remain safe.

Farein puts her head down sadly.

The Holy One takes his hand, and puts it under her chin raising  
Farein's face so that he may look into her eyes.

HOLY ONE

(urgency)

I have not come to ridicule you Farein.  
I have come to tell you that it is now

time to decide whether or not you will speak with the great king about your dreams. For the war has begun, and the age of destruction is at hand.

Farein looks at the Holy One worried.

FAREIN

So the kingdoms shall fall then?  
This is all my fault, because I ran from my visions. I could have stopped this.

The Holy One looks at her trying to comfort her.

HOLY ONE

I do not want you to carry guilt.  
I desire for you to walk in purpose, but you cannot walk in purpose if you carry fear and disbelief.

The Holy One smiles at her.

FAREIN

(desperately)

Is there any chance for the kingdoms survival?

HOLY ONE

Princess I am planning a new home for all those whom remain loyal to me. I have placed the sword of peace in that sacred place, and I have chosen the young man that is to protect the sword and rule the new kingdom.

FAREIN

The sword keeper has been called?

She has intrigue in her eyes.

HOLY ONE

Yes, you must tell young Tristan to prepare himself to receive my calling. He is the chosen.

FAREIN



(fearfully)  
What must he do to prepare himself?

HOLY ONE  
You must take him to the sacred Myrian Caves, and there he must wash himself with the spiritual waters of the Lynzarean waterfall; the waters shall give him the strength of a true warrior. Those waters will also purify him making him ready for my sacred calling.

Farein is extremely overwhelmed by the news.

FAREIN  
What if he does not believe?

The Holy One looks into her eyes deeply.

HOLY ONE  
You may take the path of fear or the path of risk. The choice is up to you. I must go princess.

The extremely bright light begins to shine from the Holy One.

Farein closes her eyes so that the light will not blind her.

THE HOLY ONE, as he ascends back to his kingdom his voice can still be heard.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)  
Do not let fear hold you back from your purpose Farein. Take the leap.

Just then Farein opens her eyes to a dark room, and complete quiet.

FAREIN  
I will do as you command.

Princess Farein gets up from her bed quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. EAST WING SUITE

The young Sheridan prince can hardly sleep for the joy he feels over the love that consumes his heart. He cannot stop thinking

of Princess Farein, and he cannot wait until he can see her again. A big smile sits across his face, as he lies wide awake in his bed.

Suddenly there is a frantic knock at his door. He rises almost quickly.

When Tristan opens the door, he sees a very hysterical Farein.

TRISTAN

Farein, what are you doing here?  
We were not supposed to meet;  
until tomorrow.

Tristan smiles with his passion mounting.

FAREIN

(edgy)

I must speak with you urgently.

Tristan misses the urgent words of Farein, because he is so entangled by her mesmerizing beauty.

TRISTAN

I was unable to sleep, because my  
mind was permeated with you.

Tristan looks at her passionately.

Farein smiles slightly, and caresses his face.

FAREIN

I wish I could stand here all  
night; and listen to your fragrant  
words my love. But we must go now.

Tristan looks at her intrigued.

TRISTAN

Where?

He draws her close to him.

FAREIN

(sadly)

The Myrian Caves; there are many things  
to say.

TRISTAN

Then let us go my love. For I can  
see that what ever news you must tell  
me vexes you terribly.

Farein looks into his eyes, and takes his hand in hers.

FAREIN

Come we must go quickly; before we are  
caught.

CUT TO:

THE MYRIAN CAVES

Beyond the mist and fog; just behind the Tanfana Mountains lies  
the mysterious beauty of the Myrian Caves. No evil can breach  
these caves because they are protected at all times by the  
blinding light of heaven that lives within them.

INT. THE MYRIAN CAVES

The Rana Trees are in full bloom, the Hilanya Gardens permeate  
the caves with the sweet smell of wildflowers, the Lynzarean  
Waterfall spills into a sparkling blue lagoon that has bunches  
of sharims floating in the water. This is the most exquisite  
paradise outside of heaven.

Tristan and Farein sit upon the breathtaking emerald green grass  
overlooking the Lynzarean Waterfall.

TRISTAN

What vexes you lady?

He caresses her cheek softly.

FAREIN

My visions as usual. They speak  
of the destruction of the three  
kingdoms, the murder of King  
Ashnore and the true identity  
of the sword keeper.

She doesn't look in Tristan's eyes.

He brings her gaze to his.

TRISTAN

They are just dreams Farein.

FAREIN

(adamantly)

No Tristan, they are not. I have denied them since a year, but they speak truth.

Tristan shakes his head in disbelief.

TRISTAN

Farein...

FAREIN

No, I know what you are thinking, and I have had many of those thoughts. But I will not disbelieve anymore. The Holy One came to me tonight Tristan, and he spoke truth and life into those dreams.

Farein looks deeply into his eyes.

Tristan weaves his fingers through hers.

TRISTAN

What did he tell you Farein?

FAREIN

Tristan these things that I am to tell you; may hurt or confuse you greatly, but you must trust.

Tristan folds into what she is saying to him.

TRISTAN

Tell me.

FAREIN

The three kingdoms shall be destroyed, and a new kingdom shall rise in their place.

(long beat)

King Ashnore has been slain by your brother Aaron.

(she moves her gaze from his)

He has given his very soul to the Evil  
One to obtain the power of the sword.  
But it shall not be his.

(she looks to him again)

You shall be sword keeper, and you  
shall rule the new kingdom.

TRISTAN

(doubtful, overwhelmed)

Farein the things you speak are  
outrageous fantasies. The Holy  
One would never destroy his kingdoms.

(he turns away from her)

And my brother maybe a lot of things,  
but he is no murderer.

He runs his fingers through his dark mane with exasperation.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

And as for this whole sword keeper  
nonsense; you have the wrong man.

Farein brings his gaze back to hers.

FAREIN

Believe what you must love, but these  
things are true. I must petition my  
father about them, because that is  
what the Holy One commands I do.

Tristan looks into her eyes fearful for her.

TRISTAN

If you repeat this nonsense you shall  
be charged with treason. Your father  
may even have you thrown into the  
asylum.

FAREIN

Then let it be done.

She has a determined air that can't be detoured.

Tristan begins to see the truth in her eyes.

TRISTAN

Tell me what I must do? For if the

Holy One speaks these things, then  
I am willing to take a risk.

They look into each other's eyes smiling.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE HALL OF THE OVAL TABLE- NOON

An oval table sits in the middle of an exquisite room in the Ishmerean castle. All of the royal men have gathered around the grand red stone oval table to discuss the slaying of King Ashnore. The scribes as well as the heralds are also present. A great sadness feels the kingdoms.

Tristan has an all new glow about him from being washed by the Lynzarean Waterfall.

Aaron's evil looks as though it has grown leaps and bounds within him.

MAROBÉ

(solemnly sad)

This is truly a great tragedy that is felt heavily by all of the kingdoms. I cannot believe that such a great sadness could occur before the grand celebration. We must come to the truth of King Ashnore's slaying.

GERALD

Where do we begin my lord? I was not even aware that we had made enemies of other kingdoms.

MAROBÉ

That King Gerald is the greatest mystery of all. Unfortunately our greatest enemy roams freely through the earth. However we must never rule out the possibility of other enemies.

The room becomes moved by confused talking.

FAREIN, enters the hall with extreme fear present in her eyes and air of walking.

The heralds blast their trumpets to announce Princess Farein's entrance. The entire court stands to their feet, as she approaches her father.

FAREIN

Father I must speak with you. In fact I must speak with you all. You may be seated.

The men sit down.

Farein remains standing.

MAROBÉ

(confused)

Farein what is this about? You are intruding on a very important meeting.

Farein looks to her father trying to assure him.

FAREIN

I have good reason for this intrusion my father. I bring news, news that will burden the heart.

Farein looks at Tristan, he has extreme fear in his eyes for her.

MAROBÉ

Speak daughter. We are quite intrigued.

Farein swallows the lump in her throat.

FAREIN

Father I know who has slain King Ashnore. The Holy One has given me visions of this in my dreams, and he has given me visions of other things as well. I have much to say. Please I ask that you listen with open hearts.

MAROBÉ

Daughter please speak.

FAREIN

King Ashnore was not slain by some unknown enemy. He was slain by some one within the walls of this very kingdom.

The royal men begin to look around at one another; talking amongst themselves.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

My visions tell me that Prince Aaron of Sheridan has not only sold his soul to the Evil One for the power to control the sword, but he has slain King Ashnore in the process. He will lead the dark uprising that will destroy all the three kingdoms.

The entire room begins to talk among themselves again, and give Aaron shocked stares.

Aaron shoots up from his chair quickly.

AARON

Great king Marobe you cannot honestly believe this nonsense.

He laughs uncomfortably, trying to think up a cunning plan quickly.

MAROBE

(seriously, stern)

Farein where is your proof?

FAREIN

Father I explained to you that my visions are not my own, but they come from the Holy One. I thought that this was the only proof I needed. You have listened to my visions before.

MAROBE

Yes, well they have never been foolish accusations before.

FAREIN

(hurtfully)

Father?

MAROBE

Farein I do not wish to hear another



word. You owe Prince Aaron of Sheridan an apology.

Farein looks to Aaron's smiling face in disgust.

FAREIN

Never.

MAROBÉ

Farein that was not a request that was an order young lady.

AARON

No that is okay great king. For I have a good explanation of why she is making such hateful accusations.

Aaron looks over to his brother deceptively.

AARON

She wants to ensure that I am not chosen to receive her hand, because she has been having forbidden rendezvous with my brother behind your back sire.

Aaron laughs in Tristan's face.

Tristan tries to climb over the table, and get Aaron.

Tristan's father and some of the other royals pull him back, and hold him from getting to Aaron.

TRISTAN

You have taken your jests way too far brother. You have been pushing me into a duel, and now I am prepared to give you exactly what you want. Come now, let us cross steel.

Tristan struggles away from the royals.

Aaron mocks him.

AARON

See your highness. It must be

true look at his reaction.  
(laughingly to Tristan)  
Really brother; threatening violence.  
We are in the presence of the great  
king. Where are your manners?

Tristan still tries to struggle away from the royals.

TRISTAN  
Keep laughing brother, you better  
pray they do not let me go.

GERALD  
(shouting)  
Stop it Tristan, and listen to me.

Tristan calms down, and stops struggling for the moment.

He snatches himself away from the other royals, and looks into his father's eyes.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
I explained to you the great king's  
rules before we journeyed here, and  
you have defied them. You must pay  
for your insolence.

Gerald turns humbly to Marobe.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Whatever punishment you desire to  
give to him great king. I give you  
full permission. For he deserves it  
all.

MAROBE  
All scribes hear me, and hear me well.  
I want this written on the scrolls, and  
honored as my word. Prince Tristan and  
Princess Farein are hereby banished from  
all celebration activities.

His voice thunders angrily.

The scribes begin writing.

Farein looks at her father destroyed by his words, then she looks to Aaron in disgust.

Aaron puckers his lips at her.

FAREIN

Father please do not do this.  
The only reason Prince Aaron  
speaks the truth is to cover up  
his great lie. Do not be blinded.

Marobe cannot even bare to look into his daughter's eyes; so he looks to the scribes instead.

MAROBE

Daughter quiet yourself. I have heard enough. Scribes please continue with this: the Prince and Princess shall only be allowed to attend the Grand Appearance of the Holy One on Sunday. They shall be heavily guarded so as not to see one another again. Princess Farein shall be wed to Prince Aaron, and she shall never speak of any of this nonsense that she has spoken here or I will ensure that her punishment shall be far worse than this. This is my decree scribes, and I wish it to be carried out throughout the land by all heralds.

FAREIN

Father I ask that you beseech the Holy One. He will tell you that I speak true.

King Marobe ignores Farein, and looks toward the guards.

MAROBE

Guards please escort my daughter to her chambers. I can bear to look at her no longer.

The guards escort Farein out with Tristan looking on in great pain. He tries to speak up on her behalf.

TRISTAN

Your highness I believe that she speaks the truth. Please reconsider

your mandate.

MAROBE

Young Prince I hear you not. For you are no better then a bandit that steals away in the night. Guards take him away.

Gerald looks at Marobe with overwhelming embarrassment.

GERALD

Sire I give you my humblest apologies for my son's behavior.

MAROBE

No humble king only if you would accept my apologies for my daughter's accusations against your eldest son.

Marobe looks to Prince Aaron.

MAROBE (CONT'D)

Young highness I do pray you to forgive my daughter's actions.

AARON

'Tis nothing sire.

Aaron bows his head with an evil smirk on his face and false humility in his voice.

CUT TO:

4 DAYS LATER

INT. -WINDAWN'S SUITE/WEST WING- EARLY MORNING

Aaron sits on the edge of Windawn's bed, putting back on his shirt.

Windawn sits up in her bed beckoning him to come back.

WINDAWN

(seductively)

Come my lord, it is not yet day.

Aaron continues to put on his shirt, ignoring her. Then he looks into her eyes, and caresses her cheek.

AARON

I am far too excited Windawn, you do realize that in just a few short hours everything will be mine. Tristan has buried himself this time, and there is no recovery for him. Life cannot get any better than this.

Windawn kisses him passionately.

WINDAWN

(evilly)

And we shall kill anyone that stands in our way.

AARON

Starting with my father, and that annoyingly perfect King Marobe.

WINDAWN

And what shall we do with the little self-righteous princess?

A darkness coats her voice.

AARON

(laughing)

Nothing. I simply use her to break my brother.

WINDAWN

And how do you plan to do that my lord?

Windawn folds her arms. Aaron kisses her.

AARON

That, my dear, is none of your concern.

Aaron gets up, and starts to walk out of the room.

AARON (CONT'D)

See you at the ceremony.

Aaron walks out of the door with a slam. Windawn just sits in the bed by herself.

CUT TO:

EXT.-THE ISHMEREAN KINGDOM/THE GRAND CEREMONY-NOON

All of the three kingdoms, both commoners as well as royals await the presence of the Holy One himself.

Even the Evil One stands in the shadows awaiting the highly anticipated news of who the Holy One has chosen to be the keeper of the sword.

All of the people are dressed in the purest of white. The peasants are lined up all over the kingdom, with white wildflowers to throw to the Holy One as he comes into the city.

INT.-THE ROYAL THRONE OUTDOORS/GRAND CEREMONY

All the royals have had their crowns shined so that they will look their best for the arrival of the great Master of the Universe.

Prince Tristan cannot keep his eyes off of Princess Farein, and how beautiful she looks in her lavish dress. Although Farein is seated really far away from the Prince, she still manages to sneak him a few smiles here and there.

The heralds stand with their shiny golden trumpets ready to blast away, when the Holy One starts to make his grand entrance.

Aaron looks at Tristan, noticing that he keeps staring at Farein, and that Farein keeps staring back at him. So he decides to whisper something evil to him.

AARON

(smugly smiling)

She may look at you lovingly Tristan, but her father has given her to me. So you shall be in her heart, dreams and memories; while she is in my bed.

Tristan balls up his fist in anger, but he does not strike.

TRISTAN

Your jests wound me no longer Aaron.  
I know what you have done, and you shall pay greatly for it.

Aaron just sits in his seat gritting his teeth in anger.

Suddenly the trumpets begin to blast, and great cheers can be heard throughout the land.

The royals stand to their feet, to see if they can see the Holy One coming. But all they see is a cloud of white wildflowers being flung to and fro.

THE HOLY ONE, comes riding in on Lanayus; wearing a white cloak covered in jewels and stars.

His hood is drawn to protect human eyes from the blinding light of his countenance.

The royals then begin to cheer, as the Holy One approaches the outside throne.

The Holy One has the biggest throne reserved for him, right beside King Marobe.

The Holy One dismounts Lanayus, and begins to make his way up the stairs of the outside throne; all are hushed and very attentive to what he is doing.

All of the royals bow down to the Holy One. The Holy One bows himself in gratitude to them. He pulls back his hood, as he dulls his light so that human eyes may look upon him.

MAROBÉ

Great King you have travelled through  
time and space to honor the three  
kingdoms on our hundred year celebration.  
Would you please sit my Lord, and my  
daughter will sing for you.

Everyone sits down as the Holy One sits down, Farein walks directly in front of the Holy One's throne to prepare to sing.

She looks down to Tristan before she starts, and he smiles at her and winks his eye; as if sending her a bit of encouragement.

Farein smiles back at him in gratitude.

She looks back to the Holy One; overwhelmed once again by his powerful presence. But none the less she begins to sing with all of her heart, from the moment she opens her mouth the whole kingdom is captivated; especially Tristan. He can hardly move, as his eyes stay glued to her.

Aaron and Windawn can no longer stomach the sweet sound of praise and adoration, because they no longer have souls and their hearts are hardened.

As she finishes her song, all of the kingdoms stand, including the Holy One himself: they begin to cheer and clap. The Holy One takes Farein's hand, and whispers something in her ear, something that no one else can hear or is meant to hear. Farein hugs him close, and the Holy One kisses her softly on her hand.

He then turns to the kingdoms to address them.

HOLY ONE

I cannot express my gratitude to the three kingdoms for your hospitality and for your gift of song.

He does not even need to raise his voice, because his voice booms like thunder and lightening naturally.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

Now comes the time, when I shall be true to my word. I will present to you, he who is worthy of such a gift of power and responsibility. The sword of peace is not just any gift, it is a gift that should be handled with care and respect. For if it is not handled with caution it can corrupt.

The Holy One turns in Tristan's direction, and points directly to him.

Of course Aaron's face lightens up into a smile, because he thinks that the Holy One is motioning to him. The Evil One hangs onto every word of the Holy One's announcement. Aaron steps forward.

AARON

Your honor it is such a privilege to be chosen as the sword keeper I will..

HOLY ONE

Young prince it is not you I have chosen for this task. Your hunger for power is far too great to keep the sword chaste. Instead I have chosen your brother to keep the sword, because his intentions and heart are prepared to receive this very special gift.



Aaron's mouth drops, as he looks back at his brother with intense jealousy.

Windawn looks on in shock, the Evil One is steaming mad at the Holy One's decision.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

Step forward young prince of Sheridan,  
so that I may mark you.

Farein looks into his eyes smiling; he smiles back at her.

The Holy One then summons holy fire from heaven, a blue ball of fire forms in the Holy One's hand.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

(nobility)

Are you ready to receive my calling for  
your life young prince?

TRISTAN

(humbly)

Yes my Lord I am prepared to receive your  
calling.

HOLY ONE

And are you ready to take full and complete  
responsibility for the sword?

TRISTAN

(boldly)

Yes 'tis my destiny, and I will meet it.

HOLY ONE

I have faith that you will indeed meet it  
young prince. So with your solemn vow,  
I mark you the sword keeper.

The Holy One places his hand with the heavenly fire inside of it to Tristan's arm. The prince's face indicates total peace, he feels no pain.

After the Holy One is finished marking him, he removes his hand; and the holy fire is extinguished. When he removes his hand, there on Tristan's arm lays the unusual mark of the true and only sword keeper.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

Behold the sword keeper.

All of the kingdoms cheer.

Aaron just stands lifeless with disbelief, Windawn looks evilly and the Evil One gets so upset that he runs up to the royal throne, and demands to be heard by the Holy One.

EVIL ONE

What exactly do you think you are doing?

The Evil One points in the Holy One's face.

HOLY ONE

(coyly)

Beg pardon.

EVIL ONE

Please you know exactly what I am talking about. Do you honestly think that this weakling of a boy can defeat me?

The Evil One looks at Tristan shaking his head.

Tristan just stares him down with boldness and pride in his demeanor.

HOLY ONE

Yes, as a matter of fact I do.

Tristan smiles at the Holy One.

EVIL ONE

(inquisitively)

So you come all this way, to mark the sword keeper without a sword?

HOLY ONE

(laughing)

I do not know what you mean dark lord.

EVIL ONE

(screaming for lack of patience)

Do not play coy with me, where have you hidden the sword of peace?

The Holy One calmly folds his arms.

HOLY ONE

That is up to the sword keeper to figure that out.

The Evil One turns back into a black lion in front of all of the kingdoms; with great gasps from everyone in the crowd.

EVIL ONE

Not if I figure it out first.

THE EVIL ONE disappears.

The Holy One looks at Tristan.

HOLY ONE

You must go on a great quest sword keeper, a quest to find where the sword lies. The map is like no other, and only one exists. But this will be no easy journey. I am quite confident that you will serve your quest well.

Just then The Holy One motions for Lanayus to come forward.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

Lanayus come forward.

Lanayus bows down to the Holy One.

LANAYUS

My lord?

HOLY ONE

You shall stay here, and be a guardian for the young prince. You will also be essential on his quest.

Lanayus bows again in agreement.

LANAYUS

(complete submission)

My lord.

The Holy One, then turns to the crowd.

HOLY ONE

I have done what I have come to do, and now I must go back. But I will remember

this glorious day always. I command every last one of you to be blessed, and to remain loyal in the faith.

The Holy One then disappears into a great cyclone of light.

The people cheer as the Holy One disappears.

Tristan and Farein smile into each other's eyes; with great passion and love.

Aaron grows so angry and jealous of his brother that he will say anything to steal his joy.

AARON

(evilily, mocking)

You may be the keeper of the sword brother, but I am still the keeper of what you really want.

Tristan looks at Farein in great sadness.

Marobe has heard the snide remark that Aaron has just made to his brother.

Just as Tristan begins to walk away King Marobe calls him back with his booming voice.

MAROBÉ

Young Prince I bid you to hold your place, for I have a great announcement to make.

He smiles into his eyes, as Tristan turns back around to face him.

MAROBÉ (CONT'D)

I need the attention of my entire kingdom, as well as visiting guests. For I have a great announcement to make, as you all well know my daughter has been betrothed to one of the Sheridan Princes since her infancy; and now on this day at this very moment I shall reveal whom has been chosen by me for the honor of wedding her.

Aaron puffs his chest out for the announcement.

Tristan's heart sank.

Farein tries to swallow back tears.

MAROBÉ (CONT'D)

Now I want to make it clear that my choice was not set in my heart, until just this moment. And this young man is ruled solely by the strength of his heart, and not by the draw of power and position. With that said I will now present my daughter to Prince Tristan.

He takes Princess Farein's hand in his softly, and pulls her to his side.

Marobé gives her hand to Prince Tristan, and presses both their hands together with a smile on his face.

The whole kingdom cheers, and the royals all clap.

Aaron and Windawn let the darkness of the Evil One's presence over take them.

Tristan and Farein look into each others eyes stunned, but overjoyed.

TRISTAN

Sire, why did you change your mandate?

MAROBÉ

Because, I believe that you truly love my daughter for who she is, not what she can do for you. You are a good man.

Farein kisses her father on his cheek softly, with tears in her eyes.

FAREIN

Father I love you so much.

Marobé caresses her cheek softly.

MAROBÉ

And I you, my daughter.

Suddenly an uncontrollable darkness rises up in Aaron that can't be contained.

Aaron walks over to Marobe, and pushes him to the ground with great strength.

The crowd is hushed and stunned at Aaron's actions.

AARON

(demonic tone)

You promised your daughter to me. Do you call your actions fair, do you consider them to be just O' King?

Marobe picks himself up off of the ground, refusing help from servants and his stunned royal friends.

MAROBE

I am the first king of the Golden Realm, and yes my young sire I do consider my actions more than fair and just. I implement the mandates for all the kingdoms, and I will rule the kingdoms as I see fit.

Marobe jacks the young prince up by his collar.

MAROBE (CONT'D)

I may have years of wisdom on you, but I will most certainly assure you that if you ever raise your hand to me again it will be the last time you raise your hand to anyone. Am I understood boy?

Aaron pushes away from him with a look of sarcasm in his eyes.

AARON

My apologies Great King.

Aaron turns away from the king, to look into his father's shamed eyes.

GERALD

You have shamed my honor on this day my son.

Aaron laughs a demonic laugh.

AARON

I am not your son old man. Move  
out of my way.

Aaron pushes his father out of his way with a laugh.

As he is leaving, he turns to the royals with one last demonic  
driven threat.

AARON (CONT'D)

You all will pay for your  
insolence toward me. You  
won the battle, but the war  
is just beginning.

Aaron pushes his way through the crowd of peasants below.

Windawn follows him with an evil smirk on her face.

CUT TO:

THE MYRIAN CAVES-EVENING

Tristan lays his head upon Farein's lap as they sit upon the  
emerald green grass overlooking the Lynzarean Waterfalls.  
Nothing in the world can contain his joy.

Farein just stares off into space caressing the soft raven locks  
of his hair.

Tristan is just chatting away; he smiles up into her eyes when  
he notices that she is not listening to a word he is saying.

TRISTAN

My love, I must say that I  
will be incredibly insulted  
if that daydream is not about  
me.

Farein just smiles, as he caresses her tawny colored arms.

FAREIN

I am sorry, I was just thinking.

TRISTAN

About?

Farein smiles.

FAREIN  
Your brother actually.

Tristan lifts his head from her lap, and playfully pushes her back on the green grass.

He looks into her blazing green eyes; as he has her playfully pinned to the ground.

TRISTAN  
Oh really.

Farein can't control her laughter.

FAREIN  
It is not what you think, you silly man.

TRISTAN  
Then what is it?

Farein smiles playfully into his eyes.

FAREIN  
If you let me up perhaps I will tell you.

TRISTAN  
(laughs)  
You are incredibly fortunate that I am intrigued.

Tristan unpins her, and they both sit upright on the grass once again.

Farein's laugh subsides into gloom.

Tristan looks at her worried.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
What is it Farein?

FAREIN  
(solemnly)  
Tristan I am frightened. Your brother was so much worse than



himself today. I believe that the evil is beginning to surface in him.

TRISTAN

Farein my brother has been the same from infancy, and now that he has sided with the Evil One his evil has just become more evident. I do not want to discuss him right now, I want to talk about us. If he wants a war, than he shall have one.

Farein bows her head in sadness.

FAREIN

That is just it Tristan, the war has arrived. I fear that we are just moments away from it.

Tristan moves really close to her, and lifts her chin so that he can look into her eyes.

TRISTAN

Well if the war has begun, I do not want to enter it without you by my side as the other half of myself. Marry me Farein, now, today. I do not want to waste another moment.

FAREIN

My heart is screaming yes right now, but I must say no.

Farein smiles a solemn smile.

Tristan looks at her confused.

TRISTAN

Why love?

FAREIN

You have been given a quest from the Holy One Tristan, and your mind must be completely focused

on that quest.

TRISTAN

But my quest will take years. I wish that it were done, so that I could have you now.

Tristan kisses her tenderly.

Farein puts her hand softly to his heart.

FAREIN

Your quest will not take as long as you think my love. For instance, you have no need to search any farther for the map, because I am the map Tristan.

Tristan smiles into her eyes.

TRISTAN

The Holy One was never more true, there is no other on the earth like you.

Tristan tries to kiss her again. Farein puts her hand to his chest to stop him.

FAREIN

We have our entire lives my love.  
(she cocks an eyebrow)  
Besides the wait is what makes the *having* all the more sweet.

Farein kisses him on his cheek.

TRISTAN

Then I shall try my best to contain my passions. But it will not be easy.

He kisses her again.

FAREIN

I have complete faith that you can my love.

She smilingly lays her head back on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT.- MAROBE & CANILLE'S SUITE- MIDNIGHT

Aaron stands in the middle of King Marobe and Queen Canille's suite.

He is laughingly cleaning his sword of their blood. Their bodies lay slain on the floor.

Evil surrounds him, as he is swallowed by a shadow of great darkness.

AARON

All knights from every corner of the Dark Kingdom; come forward, and help me to conquer all the kingdoms for my own.

Great cries and screams can be heard all over the kingdom of Ishmere.

THE SHADOW KNIGHTS, they begin to appear from under ground riding into the city on dark horses, they are armed with black swords and shields. They are as pitch black shadows, shrouded in dark cloaks. Fire and brimstone, and all the suffering of Hades can be seen in their ashen colored eyes.

Aaron just throws back his head, and laughs with glee at the sound of brutal blood shed.

FAREIN'S SUITE

Farien wakes up screaming and crying, seeing the vision of her parents' deaths. The Holy One speaks to her with a loud voice.

HOLY ONE

(urgency)

The kingdoms are falling lady, this is no longer your home. Go and search out Prince Tristan. The quest for the sword of peace begins.

Farein picks up her sword belt, and ties it around herself. She wipes her tears away, and readies herself for anything that comes her way.

INT. HALLWAY-

Farein is running as fast as she can to get to Prince Tristan's room, all the way on the other side of the castle.

She hears the painful screams of agony everywhere she turns, because there are people dying all over the city at the mercy of evil blows from the swords of the Shadow Knights.

Suddenly she stops dead in her tracks, and unsheathes her sword quickly when she hears the evil cackles of Queen Windawn and the black lion, who emerge from the darkness of the shadows just a couple of feet in front of her.

WINDAWN

And where do you think you are going little princess?

Windawn approaches her.

FAREIN

I pray you lady, move out of my way.  
And take your weak master with you.

Farein is fearless.

Queen Windawn just cackles, as the Evil One turns into his fleshly form.

EVIL ONE

I could rip you apart right here, little girl; with no remorse.

FAREIN

(boldly, unmoved)

I do not fear you beast, for your kingdom is built on frailty, and I do not fear frailty. So come for me Prince of Darkness, and feel the sharpness of my blade.

Queen Windawn and the Evil One throw their heads back laughing.

WINDAWN

She does have spirit I will give her that.

As the Evil One approaches Farein closely, her sword begins to glow brightly with blue fire from heaven.

When the Evil One gets too close to her, she stabs the sword through his heart, and pulls it out. The wound bleeds only for a

minute and heals up quickly as if a wound has never been inflicted.

EVIL ONE

(laughing hysterically)

I do love your feistiness young princess, but  
if that is all you got, then this fight is over.

He slaps Farein across her face hard.

She falls to the ground dropping her sword; the sword dulls back to its normal silver appearance when it falls out of her hand.

He slides the sword across the floor away from Farein, without even touching it, so she can not pick it up again; then he chokes her up into the air with his dark power without even laying his evil clutches around her neck.

Princess Farein tries to struggle out of his grasp. Queen Windawn and the Evil One laugh, as they see her struggling for breath.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

Oh sweet little princess. Where is your  
almighty master now? You call me weak,  
but look, your great master cannot  
even save you.

He laughs, as Queen Windawn begins to look at her mockingly.

WINDAWN

I see your tongue is silenced now lady,  
where did all your boldness go?

They both laugh; as Farein stops struggling.

TRISTAN, comes between the Evil One and Farein. His sword is stained with the blood of shadow Knights that he has slain. He wears the look of battle.

Tristan slashes the Evil One's head off. Windawn just stands back fearing that she is next. Tristan picks Farein up from the ground when she falls out of the air from the Evil One's grasp.

TRISTAN

Are you okay?

He looks her over, making sure she is alright.

FAREIN

Yes I am fine.

Farein picks up her sword from the ground.

By this time; the Evil One has found a way to piece his head back on his body.

He just laughs at both Tristan and Farein, who stand their ground with their swords ready to do battle. The Evil One claps mockingly.

EVIL ONE

If it isn't the sword keeper, coming to the rescue of his lady love.

(beat)

How pathetic. You should be trying to find the sword; young prince. For when I get my hands on it you shall be sorry. 'Tis a shame you would waste time trying to defeat me.

TRISTAN

I do not have to try to defeat you lord of darkness. My sword is stained with the blood of many of your shadow knights. Step toward me now, and test the blade of my sword.

The Evil One laughs, than he looks toward Queen Windawn.

The Evil One turns back into the black lion, and laughs in a deep growling cackle, and Queen Windawn pulls out two black swords; that glow with red fire.

EVIL ONE

This shall be fun.

The Evil One charges for Tristan, and Queen Windawn goes toward Farein.

Queen Windawn tries to cut Farein's head off with both of her swords going toward her neck, but Farein bends back, and just as the Queen misses; Farein stabs her in the stomach with her sword blazing with blue heavenly fire.

The light goes through the Queen's body, and blows her to pieces. Her spirit yells for the Evil One's help as she sinks below into the fiery pit.

WINDAWN

Dark lord help me!

Windawn pulls to get out of the burning flames; but the Evil One just laughs.

EVIL ONE

Sorry lady, I have business of my own that I must handle.

He and Tristan steadily battle. Just as the Evil One tramples him, and it looks as if the Evil One shall conquer over Tristan.

The Holy One's mark on Tristan's arm begins to glow, and suddenly the powerful glowing fire much stronger than the regular glow that comes from the sword of a righteous person travels all the way down his arm, and onto the sword; when Tristan stabs the Evil One the sword is blindingly bright.

The great light is electrifying this electric current goes through the Evil One's body and turns him from the black lion back into his human form and leaves him on the ground paralyzed with the electric current still travelling through his body. The current will only hold him for a moment though.

This works to Tristan and Farein's advantage, because they are able to get away. They begin to run down the hallway, toward a place in the shadows where they can stop off and talk just briefly.

FAREIN

The kingdoms are falling into darkness Tristan. We must move quickly. Aaron has killed my parents. He will stop at nothing for the power of the sword.

She tries to hold back tears.

TRISTAN

Yes I know, he would even go as far as to kill his own mother and father.

He wipes the tears from her eyes.

FAREIN

I am so sorry love, I did not know.

We must journey to find the sword of peace, quickly, for where the sword of peace lies is where the new kingdom shall be. We have to end this war Tristan, we must find the sword.

TRISTAN

Where shall the quest begin love?

FAREIN

(in whispers)

Lanayus waits for us at the Myrian Caves. The sooner we get started on the journey the better, because I feel in my spirit that it is only a matter of time before the Evil One discovers that I am the map.

TRISTAN

Then let us go.

He takes her hand, and they begin to run toward the caves.

SHADOW KNIGHT, he comes from the shadowed corner across from where Tristan and Farein have just been talking, he has heard everything they have said. He laughs with a high-pitched squeal; and hobbles off to tell the Evil One.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE THRONE ROOM-ISHMERE CASTLE-

Aaron is sitting on King Marobe's throne, wearing his crown the Shadow Knights hold captive all the citizens who they have not yet killed.

THE EVIL ONE, comes strolling in, wearing the appearance of his battle with Tristan. He sits down beside Aaron, Aaron looks him over with confused looks.

AARON

(laughing)

What has happened to you my lord?

The Evil One gives him a malicious look.

EVIL ONE

I had a run in with your brother, it turns out that the little pain is stronger than we thought. If he



finds that sword; it shall only  
get worse.

AARON

We can only do so much without the map;  
and no one knows where it is.

They smile in their knowledge of this.

The SHADOW KNIGHT, that has heard the conversation between  
Tristan and Farein busts into the Throne Room.

SHADOW KNIGHT

That is no longer true my lords.

He hobbles up to the throne.

AARON

Come again dark servant?

Aaron looks into the eyes of the maimed demon.

SHADOW KNIGHT

Princess Farein is the map.

These words ring in the ears of both Aaron and the Evil One.

AARON

This is interesting is it not my lord?

EVIL ONE

Very. Shadow Knights, I want half of you  
to go after the young Prince and  
Princess. Do not harm them, just  
follow them, make sure they do not get  
to that sword first. I want a report  
everyday. The other half of you  
throw the prisoners in the dungeon.

Nanette yells out; as the Shadow Knights disappear underground  
to begin following Tristan Farein, and Lanayus.

NANETTE

Once the quest is over Dark Beast;  
Price Tristan shall finish you.

The Evil One stands up and waves his hand, as if telling the Shadow Knight that holds her to kill her.

The Shadow Knight slits her throat.

EVIL ONE

Will there be anyone else to challenge me?

All the people are quiet. The Evil One begins to let out a laugh.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

It is time to make a choice good people. Will you join me today? I offer you what I know all of you want: ultimate power. The chance to not only be royalty, but gods.

The people look around for someone to make the first move.

Suddenly a man goes forward on the Evil One's side. Then other people follow, until about half of the people decide to follow the Evil One.

When the people pledge their allegiance to the Evil One their appearances change to be dull and without light; they have lost the glow of the Holy One. The Evil One laughs hysterically.

EVIL ONE

Dispose of the unfortunate righteous ones. I have no need for disobedient servants.

The Shadow Knights begin to kill the righteous people with delight.

Just as the Evil One sits back down, Aaron begins to look around for Windawn.

AARON

Where is Windawn? Was she not with you?

EVIL ONE

(laughing)

Yes she was, but she was slain at the hands of the sweet little princess.

AARON

(smirks)

Good, Princess Farein has taken care  
of my loose ends for me.

Both the Evil One, and Aaron just smile evilly.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE KINGDOM OF QWEARIN- MORNING

The Kingdom of Qwearin also known as the Kingdom of the Black Sands, is the hottest and driest of all deserts. There are no people that inhabit this dark place for miles. The only presence in this desert is evil and dangerous.

MORZAT, the great sand serpent; is one of the Evil One's most powerful allies. His home is under the sands, deep into the bowels of Hades. Whenever someone would walk over this black desert, they would never be seen from or heard from again, mysteriously swallowed up whole by the malicious serpent of the desert.

First he would put an evil sleep trance over who ever stepped foot on the desert, then he would fully obtain his victims by piercing their hearts with sharp black daggers; that formed from fire that shoots from his eyes. After their hearts were pierced, he would take them below to devour their cooked flesh whole.

Tristan and Farein have just started to cross the desert atop Lanayus; it did not take long for Morzat's evil sleep trance to begin to take hold of all of them, because they have already travelled many miles.

But Farein who is the map, and who has been forewarned of this desolate place, fights through the sleep trance with all the strength she has inside of her. She tries to advise Tristan and Lanayus to do the same, but they seem to be losing the battle.

TRISTAN

We must stop Farein, we have travelled so  
many miles already. Just let me sleep a  
few minutes.

Tristan jumps off of Lanayus' back, and lies down on the sand.

Farein jumps off of Lanayus quickly, and tries to pull Tristan up out of the sand.

FAREIN

No my love you must not. We must keep going to the Kingdom of Zlcara, there we may rest and find food and drink.

Lanayus begins to bend under the sleep as well.

LANAYUS

Mistress I grow tired as well, just a little moment to rest, just a little moment please.

He begins to bow down.

FAREIN

I grow tired as well, but we must not stay here the lands of Qwearin are far too dangerous. Morzat entices his victims with sleep, and we shall not be his next meal. The sword of peace is at stake.

She looks over to Tristan, who has his eyes closed.

She runs over to him, and shakes him violently.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

Wake up Tristan, please wake up!

Tristan opens his eyes, and stands to his feet wobbling all over the place with sleep. Farein then goes over to wake Lanayus.

MORZAT, ascends from the black sands laughing hysterically. He stands about ten feet tall. His eyes are as black as his soul, and his body is as scarlet as sin itself.

Farein sees Morzat, and rushes to Tristan's side. He has his back turned to the great serpent.

MORZAT

Well, well, well if it is not the sword keeper questing through my desert to find the sword of peace. You feel the drunkenness of sleep, now feel the burning sting of my daggers.

FAREIN

NO!

Just as he releases the fire from his eyes, Farein runs over to Tristan, and pushes him out of the way before the fire can become black daggers to stab him in the back, in doing this she is mortally wounded by the black daggers.

She falls to the ground with two daggers sticking out of her; one near her heart, and one in her stomach. Tristan turns, around to look at Morzat.

MORZAT, disappears into the black sands laughing.

Tristan kneels to Farein's side, she is struggling to breathe. He removes the daggers from her body, as he shouts in pain, because the daggers are so hot. When he removes them, he tosses them aside.

TRISTAN

Please do not close your eyes Farein.

Tristan looks into her eyes.

Farein touches his cheek softly.

FAREIN

I can feel life stealing away from me.

She struggles to keep her eyes open. Tristan yells to Lanayus; as he holds her in his arms.

TRISTAN

Lanayus! Lanayus, please come.

Lanayus gallops over to Tristan, when he sees him with Farein in his arms, covered in blood.

LANAYUS

This is the work of Morzat.

TRISTAN

Yes. Can we save her?

He tries hard to fight the tears from flowing.

Lanayus examines her.

LANAYUS

All I can do is sear up the wounds, to keep infection out, but we must get her to Zlcara quickly. They can heal her there.

TRISTAN

Do as you must, and I shall do  
the same.

He unsheathes his sword to battle Morzat.

Lanayus sears up her wounds, with blue fire from his eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Morzat! Come for me Morzat, and feel  
the edge of my blade. You fight like a  
coward, come and face me Dark Serpent.

Great rage rises up in Tristan that cannot be contained.

MORZAT, ascends from the sands to show himself to Tristan, he is  
laughing hysterically.

MORZAT

I am here little prince. Do you  
think yourself big and bold enough  
to defeat me?

TRISTAN

You are nothing, but smoke and hot  
air. Send your daggers toward me,  
now that I am aware, and I shall  
throw them back in your heart.

MORZAT

Words, words sword keeper.

Morzat shoots fire out of his eyes, and before it can turn into  
daggers, and hit Tristan.

Tristan blocks them with his sword that is light up with blue  
fire charged by electricity from his mark. He quickly picks up  
one of the daggers into his hand, charging it with the blue  
electricity, and throws it back into Morzat's heart as Morzat  
stands laughing.

The blue fire electrocutes the black serpent, and he turns back  
into the black sands from which he has come.

Tristan sheathes his sword, and rushes back to Farein's side,  
her eyes are closed. She has passed out from loss of blood.

TRISTAN

How does my love, Lanayus?

LANAYUS

(sadly)

Not good my lord. I can move as quickly as I possibly can. But we are over a thousand miles from Zlcara. I fear that we shall not make it in time.

Tristan picks Farein up from the ground, and drapes her across Lanayus' back.

TRISTAN

Lanayus I believe that the Holy One will give you wings if I pray him to.

Just then Lanayus sprouts wings.

LANAYUS

Yes my lord I believe that you are right.

Tristan jumps up onto Lanayus' back, and bids him to take off.

TRISTAN

Let us move Lanayus, we have no time to waste.

LANAYUS

As you command my lord.

With those words, Lanayus takes off for the skies. No sooner then Lanayus leaves; the Shadow Knights begin to ascend above the ground.

SHADOW KNIGHT 1

(deep growling voice)

He has destroyed Morzat. His powers are intensifying.

SHADOW KNIGHT 2

We must inform his highness quickly. For next they will quest to the kingdom of Zlcara.

SHADOW KNIGHT 3

We could not make our way through that kingdom undetected if we tried.

## SHADOW KNIGHT 4

You are true in this. Those old prophets would easily give up our position, and destroy us.

## SHADOW KNIGHT 5

Then we return to Ishmere to await further instructions from his highness.

The Shadow Knights return under ground again; to quest back to Ishmere.

CUT TO:

7 DAYS LATER

EXT.- THE KINGDOM OF ZLCARA- LATE AFTERNOON

The shining Kingdom of Zlcara is also known as The City of the Prophets, because Mogotat and Elistras; the oldest and wisest prophets in the world inhabit this sacred place. Although this city is very fine, there are no castles or mansions, just very illustrious pure white tents, and the healing bubbling waters of the Kala Sea. The brightness of this kingdom never dulls. Everyone dresses in pure white raiment at all times.

INT.- THE TENT-

A tent dressing that is flapping in the wind. Princess Farein is lying on a white pallet covered in a sheer cream-colored canopy.

She has not yet awakened, although her wounds have been healed by the waters from the Kala Sea, and dressed. Prince Tristan's hands are bandaged so that the severe burns from Morzat's hot daggers may heal. He has neither slept nor ate; for fear that he will miss the waking of his love.

He just sits and watches her. The people of Zlcara grow worried about him. Mogotat walks into the tent, to once again try to offer the prince food and drink. He strolls in aided by his staff of truth to try to talk some sense into the prince.

MOGOTAT, A slender man with snow white hair, and a powerful presence. The very glow of heaven rests upon his face. He looks as though he might be as old as time. But in earth time he is in his seventies or eighties.



MOGOTAT

Young prince, you must eat.

TRISTAN

As long as she suffers; I shall suffer.

(he looks to Farein)

Why has she not awakened Mogotat?  
Has she not been healed by your  
bubbling waters?

Mogotat puts his hand on his shoulder gingerly.

MOGOTAT

The waters of the Kala Sea; are  
not magic, my lord. Her body must  
have time to recover.

TRISTAN

She was fallen, because of me. I caused  
this, because I did not protect her when  
she needed me most. I walked right into  
a trap. How could I be so foolish?

Tears feel his eyes.

As he looks at Mogotat, Farein breathes out, and rejects  
Tristan's ridiculous murmurings.

FAREIN

(weakened voice)

You speak insanity my love.

Mogotat just smiles, as Tristan goes into the canopy to see  
Farein.

MOGOTAT

(winks)

All things in due season. I will  
leave you two alone.

Mogotat walks out of the tent. Tristan smiles into her eyes,  
caressing her cheek.

FAREIN

Water please, I need water.

Tristan leaves the canopy, and pours her some water from a great  
white picture, into a white stone goblet.

He returns almost quickly. He takes Farein into his arms, and puts the goblet up to her lips; so that she may drink. When she has had enough, she lays her weakened body back down. Tristan puts the goblet aside.

Farein cascades her fingertips across his cheek, and looks into his eyes as if trying to bring his handsome face back to her remembrance.

TRISTAN

I cannot tell you how good your touch feels.  
I thought you would never wake again.

FAREIN

And miss looking at you my love, never.

She smiles into his eyes.

Tristan lays his head on her chest, and embraces her, tears fall from his eyes.

TRISTAN

I am so sorry love. It should have  
been me.

Tristan looks at her again.

FAREIN

I do not blame you for this. Everyone makes  
mistakes.

TRISTAN

Not me. That mistake could have cost you  
your life. I should know better, I am..

FAREIN

You are just the sword keeper you silly  
man, flesh and bone. You are allowed  
mistakes.

Farein tangles her fingers through his ebony tresses.

Tristan looks at her with more passion then he has felt in his life.

TRISTAN

You should have let me take the fall

Farein, you should not have..

Farein puts her finger to his lips.

FAREIN

It was a risk, but that is love.  
You would protect me with your  
life. Let me do the same for you.

Tristan touches her cheek smiling.

TRISTAN

I could not possibly love you more if  
I tried.

FAREIN

I know.

She stares into his eyes; and pulls his lips down to meet hers.

CUT TO:

2 WEEKS LATER

EXT.- THE KINGDOM OF ZLCARA- EARLY MORNING

Everyone in the kingdom is putting on their armor preparing for  
the great battle.

The Holy One's warriors will battle against the Evil One's  
warriors for the sword of peace and all the power that goes with  
it.

INT. FAREIN'S TENT-

Farein's tent, she has just finished putting her golden armor  
on, and she is now preparing to fasten her sword belt around  
her.

TRISTAN, enters the tent with a smile on his. He wears the look  
and glow of love.

TRISTAN

Are you certain that you are  
prepared for this battle love?  
You have been well just a week.

Farein cocks one eye brow, giving a sly grin, then she unsheathes her sword, and turns to face Tristan with it drawn to his chest laughing.

FAREIN

Draw your sword young prince so that  
I may test your skill.

She taps her sword against his golden armor.

He unsheathes his sword smiling at her. When he tries to strike her, Farein strikes him back harder and better. They have a full fledged sword fight.

At the end of it Farein tackles him, and renders him sword less. She pins him down, and looks into his eyes.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

It looks like you are the one that needs  
preparation sword keeper, not I. You are  
truly slipping sire.

Tristan flips her over, and pulls up a dagger; that he has hidden in his sleeve. He puts it to her throat.

TRISTAN

First rule of combat princess, never be  
over confident.

She just shakes her head, and surrenders. He gets up from the ground, and extends his hand to Farein to help her up. They smile into each others eyes; sheathing their swords.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I believe that you are ready.

FAREIN

Nothing shall keep me from this battle.

TRISTAN

(smiling)

Yes.

ELISTRAS, A round man with a bald head. Every wrinkle on his face displays his endless wisdom. He too possesses the glow of heaven upon his face. He looks to be about seventy or eighty.

ELISTRAS

We are ready to travel to Ophir my  
lord and lady.

He bows his head.

TRISTAN

We are on our way Elistras.

Elistras bows his head again, and leaves the tent.

Tristan looks at Farein; pulling her close to him.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I cannot wait until this war has  
ended; so that I may take all of  
you.

Farein hovers her lips mere inches from his; and then pulls away  
abruptly.

Tristan lets out a passionate groan.

FAREIN

Do not keep me waiting sword keeper.

FAREIN, winks her eye as she leaves the tent.

Tristan's jaw tenses against his mounting desire.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE BATTLE FIELD OF OPHIR- NOON

This shall be the new Kingdom. This is the resting place of the  
sword of peace, and can be the only home of the true sword  
keeper, so that he may keep watch over the sword and make sure  
that it does not fall into the wrong hands.

There are holy warriors already assembled in this magnificent  
place for the great battle for the sword of peace and the  
kingdom of Ophir.

All of the creatures and angels in heaven are armed and ready to  
do battle; the four beasts and twenty-four elders are even  
assembled.

THE WARRIORS OF ZLCARA, ride in looking regal and fearless.

suddenly THE HOLY ONE appears, a great trumpet blast is heard to announce his descending from the clouds. He flies atop a white unicorn that resembles Lanayus, but this unicorn wears a crown with his name ELTYOLI imprinted on it.

The Holy One has dulled down his countenance, so that his face maybe revealed. He wears his noble crown.

All cheer and praise the Holy One, as he lands in the midst of them holding a shiny golden shield and sword to battle for Ophir. All the Holy One's warriors are covered in golden armor.

Across the field coming over a hill, the EVIL ONE and his TROOPS begin to ride in from the distance.

They ride in with a malicious vengeance. He has all his grotesque Shadow Knights, as well as other maimed creatures that follow after him.

The Evil One's warriors are dressed in disgustingly black armor, and they carry dark colored swords.

The Holy One looks to Tristan, who is atop Lanayus.

HOLY ONE

Son your battle is not here, it is where  
the sword lies. Go and do what I have  
called you to do.

Tristan looks toward Farein, who is atop a horse beside him, with great love in his eyes.

TRISTAN

It shall be done my Lord.

TRISTAN, rides for his life on Lanayus.

AARON, Aaron takes off after Tristan.

The two sets of warriors, both light and dark look to each other with war in their stares.

The Holy One lifts his sword to heaven, and brings it down again.

HOLY ONE

CONQUER!

The two sets of warriors collide into each other.

THE FINAL BATTLE BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK BEGINS! (In slow motion)

CUT TO:

INT.- THE RESTING PLACE OF THE SWORD OF PEACE-

The sword is hidden beneath the earth; where manna comes forth, it is engulfed in blue holy fire.

Then out of the fire rises a place of sapphires, and dust of pure gold. Then there is a path which no fowl knows, and the vulture's eye has not seen.

This will be the place where the Holy One has put his hand upon a turquoise stone; this is where he has overturned the mountains by their roots. This is where the sword of peace shall be found.

as TRISTAN, comes into this sacred place atop Lanayus' back, he smiles. He jumps off of Lanayus, and pulls the sword from the great glassy stone. He can feel the power of the sword of peace surge through him. The earth shakes greatly when he takes the sword into his hands.

AARON, is shrouded in an abyss of darkness, laughing hysterically.

INTERCUT:

THE BATTLE FIELD-

Everyone on the battle field stops warring for the moment, because they know that the sword is now in the hands of the rightful sword keeper.

When the quaking of the earth stops the battle continues.

INTERCUT:

RESTING PLACE OF THE SWORD OF PEACE-

The two brothers prepare for battle.

AARON

It must feel so good to have all that power surge through you brother. Now give me that sword, or I will have to take it.

TRISTAN  
(boldly)

Your quest for power has torn you  
apart brother. I will never relinquish  
the sword to you.

AARON  
(shouting)

Release the sword of peace, or feel  
death by the edge of my blade.

Tristan stands firm and determined not to give up the sword.

TRISTAN  
Death first!

AARON  
If that is your wish.

Aaron lunges for him, and Tristan has no choice but to slice off  
his head with the powerful sword.

Many demons escape from Aaron's body; with the slicing off of  
his head.

Tristan looks at the body of his brother when the adrenaline  
wears off; and realizes the horror of what he had to do.

TRISTAN  
Holy One I have fulfilled my purpose.

Tristan bows his head as if in prayer.

The sword purges itself pure from the stain of Aaron's evil  
blood. Tristan puts the sword back into its rightful place, then  
he jumps back on Lanayus' back, and races back to the battle  
field.

THE BATTLE FIELD-

when TRISTAN, arrives at the battle field, he is shocked by what  
he sees.

All of the Evil One's army is bowing down to the Holy One,  
because they have no choice.



Every last one of them is broken, and bruised. The Evil One stares evilly down at the ground, as he bows forceable before the Holy One.

EVIL ONE

I surrender!

The Holy One lifts him up off of the ground by his neck, and looks into his eyes.

HOLY ONE

Now get off of my land, and take  
your dark creatures with you.

The Holy One throws the Evil One, away from him.

The Evil One slithers around in pain, still issuing threats.

EVIL ONE

You have not won. I will return.

The Evil One waves his hand, and makes all of his army disappear into the depths below.

THE EVIL ONE, turns back into the form of the black lion, and disappears.

Tristan jumps from Lanayus quickly, looking for Farein; for nothing can be well in his life, unless she is okay.

TRISTAN

Farein! Farein where are you?

FAREIN, walks up behind Tristan, wearing the look of battle. She has not yet sheathed her sword; she throws it to the ground when she sees Tristan.

He takes her in his arms, and they kiss a kiss of pure love.

The Holy One approaches Tristan.

HOLY ONE

All hail King of Ophir! All hail  
sword keeper!

The Holy One smiles and claps his hands.

Tristan and Farein are unmoved by this, they do not stop sharing their love.

ALL

All hail King of Ophir! All hail  
sword keeper!

CUT TO:

7 DAYS LATER

The seven day's wedding feast has been fulfilled.

EXT.-TRISTAN AND FAREIN'S BALCONY- MIDNIGHT

Farein stands on the balcony of her and Tristan's royal chamber. All is silent; the singing, the dancing and the feasting has been quiet for hours. The only sound she hears is the twinkling of the stars above.

She smiles and jitters with anticipation; as she thinks about tying herself to her husband forever.

The moonlight bathes her caramel skin; with its silver beams. She puts Aphrodite to shame; dressed in her pure white wedding robes, robes that had been spun with the grandest of silk; and covered in the finest of pearls. Her ebony hair runs wild and free through the soft night breeze.

Her radiant beauty is enhanced by the sweet smelling candles that light the room.

She closes her eyes to drink in the moment.

Just as she begins to take a deep breath; she feels Tristan's arms embrace her at the waist from behind.

She shivers.

TRISTAN

(chortles)

I am sorry my Queen. Did  
I startle you?

FAREIN

(uneven voice)

A little.

He gently collects all of her hair; and drapes it across one of her bare tawny shoulders.

TRISTAN  
(lulls)

Come.

He weaves his fingers into hers; and tows her behind him.

He stops just short of their pure white canopied wedding bed.

He smiles brightly at her; passion filling his eyes at the sight of his bride.

Farein's smile answers his; as she glimpses her husband closely, for the first time in seven days.

He is dressed in an alabaster wedding tunic; that is opened to the waist, and reveals his six pack abs. He wears a golden circlet; it makes him look more regal than he has ever looked before.

He pulls her close to him; by her waist, her breath catches in her throat as their bodies meet.

TRISTAN  
There are no words to describe  
how beautiful you look tonight.  
(he whispers in her  
ear)  
You are glowing.

FAREIN  
It is love my king.

He gazes at her; and smirks.

TRISTAN  
No, dear-heart, it is merely  
the essence of who you are.  
(he laughs)  
You had the very same glow;  
even when you detested my  
presence.

FAREIN  
I never detested you.

She touches his cheek gently; and pulls herself closer to him.

TRISTAN

Oh?

FAREIN

No, I *wanted* you; so much more than I would allow myself to admit at first.

TRISTAN

(feigning astonishment)

Really?

FAREIN

Are you mocking me?

(she smiles)

Or did you genuinely not know?

TRISTAN

Oh I knew. I just like hearing you tell me.

FAREIN

So you *wanted* me too; right?

TRISTAN

I could learn every language in the world; and never express how much I wanted you. How much I *want* you.

He kisses her passionately; weaving his fingers through her ebony tresses.

She places her hands on his biceps, and enjoys every kiss from her husband.

FAREIN

We should go into our bed my king.

(she speaks through kisses)

And share our love; before the night melts into day.

He stops kissing her briefly; and smiles.

TRISTAN  
 (he cocks his eyebrow)  
 As you wish; love.

They enter into the canopy; and sit upon the bed, and gaze into each other's eyes.

Tristan smooths his fingertips across her bare shoulder.

She closes her eyes at his gentle touch.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 I should have been up hours  
 ago; you know.

He is shamefaced.

Her eyes pop open; and she moves closer to him, with a smile.

FAREIN  
 What kept you?

TRISTAN  
 My own foolish apprehensions;  
 I am afraid.

FAREIN  
 Why would you be apprehensive?  
 I am the one that should be  
*apprehensive*. I thought you  
 would be eager.

She caresses the pad of her thumb across his lips.

TRISTAN  
 Believe me love, I *am* eager.  
 (he kisses her)  
 More eager than any man has  
 ever been; on his wedding  
 night. But I also have fears.  
 I want this night; to be as  
 special for you, as it shall  
 be for me.

She brings his lips to hers for a kiss; and then takes his hand, bringing it to her heart.

FAREIN

(whispers)

I have no reservations about  
this night being special.

(she smiles)

Entwining my body with yours;  
shall be like music being played  
on the harps of heaven. No love;  
will ever match the love, that  
we share this night.

She lounges back on her arms; with a seductive smile playing  
across her lips.

Tristan lies down on his side beside her, propping himself up on  
one of his arms. He just stares at her with hungry passion  
filled eyes.

TRISTAN

Could you allow me to win;  
at least one challenge?

He pushes her back on the soft bed gently; and drapes the top  
half of his body across hers, as he looks down at her.

FAREIN

I have not the faintest idea;  
of what you speak of my king.

She giggles coyly; as she runs her fingers through his raven  
hair.

TRISTAN

Oh, you know exactly what you  
are doing my dangerously  
seductive wife.

(his lips hover hers)

I try delivering a few well  
placed sonnets; to entice you,  
and of course you must out do  
me. You are so unfair.

He kisses her softly.

FAREIN

(chortles)

I thought that my strength  
is what you loved most about  
me; my lord.

He caresses her cheek with his fingertips; softly.

TRISTAN

Oh it is. I love it when you  
challenge me; in just about  
everything.

He picks up one of her hands; and kisses every single fingertip.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

But I am also a man. You cannot  
possibly begrudge me; my God-given  
competitive nature.

(he kisses the inside  
of her palm)

Do not get me wrong; I can handle  
loosing, especially to one so  
intoxicating. But winning; would  
suit me even better.

She takes her hand away from his lips; and puts it behind his  
neck pulling his face close to hers.

FAREIN

To let you win; would deny my  
own competitive nature.

(she cocks her eyebrow)

You wanted a strong right arm; a  
queen every ounce your equal, and  
that you shall have my lord. Oh,  
you may win from time to time; but  
that will only be because you have  
*earned* your victory.

He pulls her body close to his; with his passions heating by the  
minute. His smile is mischievously wolfish.

TRISTAN

So it begins.

FAREIN  
(challenges)  
So it begins.

The two newly married lovers kiss passionately.

EXT. OPHIR CASTLE

The Evil One stands outside the castle, trying to figure out how he will triumph over Prince Tristan in their next battle.

He lets out a great roar of discontent at his loss of the sword of peace.

EVIL ONE  
I shall return for the sword  
of peace, and the next time I  
return, I shall triumph! Beware  
sword keeper, beware.

FADE OUT