

FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

BLACK SCREEN CONTINUES:...THE SOUND OF A RUSHING WATERFALL...FAREIN'S VOICE IS HEARD, COLORED with PURE LOVE:

FAREIN (V.O.)

Eighteen years, eighteen glorious years had come and gone. And these wonderful years had passed with nothing less than tranquility and bliss. My beautiful king had conquered many a battle; no evil attack seemed to break his valiant army. The armor was unstoppable, and the bonds of love between us could not be broken—not with a million swords. My visions or dreams had not been of doom or gloom for many years, now I could only see a future of storm less seas and sunlit skies. My thoughts were quiet, and unmoved by disaster—the Holy One's voice was a gentle hum of birdsong—feeling my being with ethereal tones.

SUPER: THE SWORD KEEPER'S ARMOR

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP

INT.-MIRRADORM WOOD/OUTER OPHIRIAN PROVINCE-SUNRISE

QUEEN FAREIN, lays upon an open coffin made entirely of crystal—on a pallet of some of the most beautiful Ophirian flowers (Whispering Winds; Shudder Blossoms; Moonlight Dews; Crescent Frosts; Fuchsia Dreams; Woodland Keepers; Shimmering Golds and Faerie Silks).

She is still very much breathtakingly beautiful; now at the mature age of 41—her looks have held on with a grace and youth that can only be attributed to her righteousness.

Her pure white gown makes all the greenery around her a vibrant emerald color; the gown cascades perfectly against her caramel colored skin, the blush in her cheeks is rosier than the reddest rose and the natural velvet of her pillowy lips is made even more crimson.

The new sun spills through the wood illuminating Farein from head to toe.

The perfect dream; the perfect faerie tale scene.

FAREIN (V.O.)

These were my dreams lately,  
my night wanderings. I knew  
that he was here—my much  
beloved king of ten realms—  
because I could feel him  
lurking in the shadows of the  
wood. My heart was beating  
with anticipation of his  
coming to me; of his kissing  
me awake and holding me in  
his strong and sure embrace.

KING TRISTAN, as handsome and youthful looking as ever; at 43 years old he looks no older than when he was 23 years old. He has lost none of his boyish charm or athleticism.

He jumps down from LANAYUS, the heavenly unicorn—the brave and valiant king is dressed from head to toe in his holy golden armor. He sheathes his sword, takes off his helmet and spins his shield to sit on his back.

He smiles with complete love in his eyes, at the sight of his beloved queen inside the coffin.

He walks from the shadow of the wood, into the clearing where his beloved queen lays—leaving Lanayus behind—he is mesmerized by her.

His golden armor gleams and shimmers in the brightness of the sun.

When he reaches her he is breathless at the sight of her beauty; he kneels down before her to get a better look. A pleased smile crosses his lips—he can resist touching her no longer—so he takes his hands out of his golden gloves—and satiates his thirst to touch her.

He dares to caress the blush of her cheek with his fingertips.

TRISTAN

(Ishmerean; with subtitles)

Es florales crimsansis

As red as the blushing rose  
 (he lulls as he moves his  
 fingertips across her  
 pillowy lips)  
 Listas Errial

You are all perfection  
 (he leans in a little closer)  
 Niashras

No spot  
 (he surveys her lovely  
 face)  
 Nielias

No blemish  
 (his lips hover inches  
 above hers)  
 Gilinra vahre, helinas

If I kissed you, will  
 you wake?

He ponders his question, as he takes in the sweet fragrance of her—he hesitates—then he puts his lips softly to hers.

Sending a shockwave of color and life through the entire wood—the grass is greener, the flowers seem more colorful and the birds seem to sing with more life and fervor—as the sunlight shines brighter on both the King and Queen.

The beautiful Queen opens her eyes, with a smile at her perfect King but he is aghast and stands up and backs away from her

quickly his eyes don't touch hers as he tries to explain his actions like an awkward school boy.

The Queen sits up, relishing his vulnerable expression.

TRISTAN

I apologize for my effrontery.

(he stutters)

I am usually not like this,  
I mean I do not go around  
kissing beautiful maidens  
in the woods every day.

(he still does not meet  
her eyes)

I never expected my kiss  
to wake you, I mean it  
is so ridiculous. I thought  
this sort of situation  
only took place in children's  
tales; the tales of my  
boyhood. Please do not  
think me a cad, I am every  
bit a gentleman but I just  
could not help it.

FAREIN

Could not help what?

The Queen says raising her eyebrow, with a faux haughty air.

Tristan looks at her full on, and cannot seem to move his eyes from hers as he spills his words from his mouth as if she is willing him to do so.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Kissing you, I am sorry  
once again but your heart  
seemed to beckon to mine.

(he stumbles over his  
words, as the Queen's  
bright smile hypnotizes him)

I know that it sounds like  
a load of rubbish, but it  
is very true. We are one.

I do not know how, or  
why but I feel as if we

belong to each other. I  
can never be parted from  
you again.

(his eyes drop from hers)  
Because if I cannot be  
with you, I could not  
bear the pain of a world  
without you in it. It  
would be my end.

She giggles with pure delight.

Tristan looks at her raising his eyebrow bewildered at her  
laughter.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
You do not believe me.

He sounds cast down, Farein wipes her expression clean of all  
laughter; not being able to bear the fact that she may have hurt  
her most treasured husband.

FAREIN  
No, I do believe you my  
king because every word  
you speak is the truth.  
(she smiles when he looks  
at her and smiles)  
Would you help me, my  
lord?

She extends her hand for his.

TRISTAN  
Of course.

He says stepping close to her, and taking her hand in his.

She steps out of the casket with his help, tripping over her  
dress and into his arms.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
(lulls)  
Careful.

He cautions enveloping her in his arms; their eyes don't leave each others.

FAREIN  
Thank-you.

She rests her hands on his biceps.

TRISTAN  
You are very welcome,  
my lady.  
(his bass voice soothing)  
How did you know that I  
am king?

She smiles, and dares to caress his tensed jaw line.

FAREIN  
Everyone knows King Tristan.  
The Sword Keeper, Conqueror  
of the evil armies, High King  
of the ten realms, protector of  
the innocent, ruler among rulers.  
(she whispers)  
You are a true king of the people,  
my lord; you do not shun the poor,  
you value every member of your  
kingdom as if they were royal.

Farein takes her eyes from his.

Tristan gingerly raises her eyes to his again, with a dashing smile.

TRISTAN  
Some king of the people.  
(he laughs)  
I do not even know the name  
of the most beautiful  
woman in my kingdom.

FAREIN  
My name is Farein, and I am  
your Queen.

She chuckles at his expression, and saunters away from him; he gingerly grabs her hand in his and pulls her back to him.

TRISTAN

I only wish that were true.  
(he raises his eyebrow with  
a smile)

I would definitely remember  
waking up to a beautiful  
treasure such as yourself.  
Only a man out of his wits  
could forget you my lady.

She smiles, as she hovers her lips inches from his.

He pulls her closer.

FAREIN

You would forget for a moment,  
my king if I willed it to  
be so. This is my dream, and  
in my dream that I wander  
through every single night;  
you free me from the prison  
of my own thoughts. Your  
kiss and your kiss alone  
is the only one that wakes  
me.

TRISTAN

You must not wake up,  
stay with me here forever.

She drapes her arms around his neck.

FAREIN

(Ishmerean; w/ subtitles)  
Encropla Embrasia

I am already yours forever.  
(she whispers)  
You felt as if we are one,  
because we are. Our lives  
have been so much better than  
this dream; for twenty years  
I have been married to the

most intoxicatingly handsome  
king. And every single day  
has been bliss.

TRISTAN

If our reality is more  
blissful than this, than  
I must be in some lower region  
of heaven all the time.

FAREIN

Yes.

She caresses his lips softly with her own, and he pulls her  
closer enjoying every bit of their kiss.

Suddenly darkness settles in the wood, and only the deep  
throated laughter of the Evil One can be heard.

Both the King and the Queen stop kissing immediately.

TRISTAN

Step behind me.

The King pushes the Queen behind his body; unsheathing his sword  
as the darkness swallows them—the king's sword begins to glow  
that righteous blue.

The EVIL ONE steps into the clearing, bringing pitch black with  
his evil presence.

EVIL ONE

I have missed the two  
of you.

(he laughs with wicked  
glee)

You thought that I was  
defeated? That I would  
stay down forever, but I  
have a new plan; a plan  
that will bring your precious  
little kingdom to its knees.

(he growls a deep demonic  
growl)

You have both let down your  
guard, and now both of you

shall pay the ultimate price.

TRISTAN

We do not fear you beast,  
nothing you can do will  
ever make us fear you.

Tristan is all business, with his eyebrows furrowed menacingly.

The EVIL ONE steps forward, and Tristan is on his guard immediately.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Step one inch closer beast,  
and I swear by the Holy One  
that it will be your end.

The EVIL ONE throws his head back and laughs hysterically; relishing Tristan's threats.

EVIL ONE

You know, you are so defiant  
little king; I am almost  
tempted not to show you  
the key to my whole grand  
plan.

TRISTAN

I am not the least bit  
interested beast, you can  
take yourself and your plan  
back to hell where both of  
you belong.

EVIL ONE

(he shakes his head)  
Tisk, tisk, tisk little  
king.  
(he chortles darkly)  
You are not interested in  
seeing the key to my plan,  
at all?

TRISTAN

(darkly)  
No.

The Evil One waves his hand, and the King and Queen gasp as their eldest son ANTOCK appears.

ANTOCK, is 18 years old; his name means *strong one* in Ishmerean. And he definitely is a strong warrior, just like his father—he is tall in stature has green eyes and olive colored skin and his curly hair is a manicured bush on top of his head. But his independent, free spirit makes him and his father butt heads very often.

EVIL ONE

Even if my key is blood  
of your blood; bone of your  
bone; and flesh of your flesh.

The EVIL ONE nudges PRINCE ANTOCK forward with a shove and a chuckle.

The young prince's handsome features are clouded under a pile of ash and smoke; his green eyes are blazing red with the fires of hell and shadow lags behind him from his pitch black cloak.

Queen Farein loses control of her emotions, and tries to go to her son.

FAREIN

(distraught)

Antock, my little Annie  
please speak to me.

The possessed prince smiles a dark smirk.

King Tristan pulls Queen Farein back behind his back protectively with his free arm.

TRISTAN

Stay.

(he looks into her  
eyes sternly)  
I will handle this,  
I cannot protect you  
unless you stay behind  
me.

FAREIN

But he is my son, our  
son—Tristan.

(she shouts hysterically)  
You must do something, he  
is our flesh.

TRISTAN

Yes, and we have six  
others. What use would  
we be to them; dead, my  
love?

FAREIN

(bewildered)

How can you possibly  
know that we have six  
boys?

He caresses the bottom of her chin with his fingertips, with a  
smile.

TRISTAN

We share this vision, now.  
For the first time since  
I have known you, the Holy  
One is allowing me to share  
your gift.

FAREIN

Tristan, please you must  
do something about Annie.  
You must.

She is in tears.

TRISTAN

You must trust me, I will  
save our son.  
(he looks deeply into her  
eyes)  
No, beast in hell will destroy  
what the Holy One has given  
us. I will not allow it.  
(he turns to the beast, and  
the shadow of his son)  
Release my son beast.

EVIL ONE

And what will you give me  
for my generosity?

He asks sarcastically.

TRISTAN

I will allow you to keep  
your miserable life beast.

EVIL ONE

Not enough.

He smirks, as he waves his hand making Antock disappear.

TRISTAN

Do not play games with me  
beast. I will have my son  
back, even if I have to walk  
through hell to get him.

He narrows his eyes menacingly.

EVIL ONE

Valiant words, but we both  
know that you could not  
possibly withstand my kingdom.

TRISTAN

Try me.

EVIL ONE

Why would you even want him  
back your highness, he chose  
to follow me?

(off of the king's shocked  
expression)

Yes, it was his choice, and  
only he and he alone can  
release himself.

Farein comes from behind Tristan, and she is directly in front  
of the beast before Tristan can grab her.

FAREIN

Release my son you vile  
creature, or as the Holy  
One is my witness I will  
make you suffer.

EVIL ONE

(laughs hysterically)  
Tell your husband to stop  
being so annoyingly righteous.  
I have only ever wanted one  
thing and one thing only.  
Relinquish the sword, and  
I will give you your son  
right this instant your  
lovely highness.

He says with a voice a smooth as honey.

Tristan jumps in front of Farein with his sword blazing bright.

TRISTAN

Never.

EVIL ONE

Have it your way little king,  
your son's soul is as good  
as mine. I am working on  
him as we speak; by the date  
of his coronation his soul  
will be so black until he  
will do all of my work  
for me.

(he shakes his head smiling)

Your kingdom will be mine  
sire, one way or another.

Tristan lets out a cry of intense pain.

TRISTAN

No!

And just as Tristan tries to slice off the beast's head with his  
sword; the beast disappears with a deep growl of a laugh in  
smoke and shadow.

EVIL ONE (V.O.)

Until the coronation, your  
majesty.

Farein crumples to her knees crying, Tristan joins her and lifts her eyes to his so that he may comfort her.

TRISTAN  
Listen to me, we will  
triumph. All we have known  
is victory; we will not  
settle for defeat.

Farein buries her head in his chest sobbing.

FAREIN  
We must save him my king.  
(she looks into his eyes)  
We cannot lose him.

TRISTAN  
We will not, with every  
fiber of my being; I swear  
that we will not lose him.

INT.- THE KING'S CHAMBERS- PRE-DAWN

The dream seems to blur into reality, as King Tristan and Queen Farein are sitting up in bed cradled in each other's arms—with the moon decorating them in its otherworldly glow—the Queen is still sobbing into the King's chest.

She pushes herself away from him abruptly, and begins to get out of bed, but she doesn't move as quickly as she intends to because she seems to be incredibly drained however she persists in her task while trying to steel herself against her raging and uncontrolled emotions.

She stands up while shaking her momentary weakness off.

TRISTAN  
Where are you going my queen?

He stays sitting on the bed looking at his queen with worried, yet gentle eyes.

FAREIN

To warn him.

(her voice betrays her  
as she begins wiping  
her eyes)

To warn my son of his  
impending doom.

She grits her teeth, as if this will stop her flow of tears.

Tristan gets up from his bed, with a comforting smile formed on his lips.

Her back is turned to him, and she folds her arms around herself; Tristan takes the sea of her ebony tresses and places it on one side of her shoulder as he gently envelopes her in his strong embrace.

TRISTAN

He is thousands of miles  
away at school my heart.

He says lulling into her ear.

She sniffs obstinately and juts her chin up refusing to be detoured from her plan.

FAREIN

And it is there I shall go,  
I will not have my son  
destroyed by that creature.

Tristan turns Farein to face him, while still holding a firm grip on her although his face carries frustration; his eyes are still full of kindness and understanding.

TRISTAN

So, now he is your son alone?

Farein's eyes leave his.

FAREIN

You know what I mean.

Tristan gingerly brings her eyes back to his, and lets the pad of his thumb linger on her smooth cheek.

A hint of mockery is in his eyes.

TRISTAN

He is my flesh, my bone and  
my blood as well but it is  
testing time for him my love.

(he smiles)

He is a man now, and as a  
man; he must choose his own  
path.

(his eyes pierce hers)

We have taught him well,  
there is nothing else we  
can do. It is his time.

Farein wraps her arms around Tristan's strong shoulders; pulling herself closer to him.

FAREIN

I know this in my head my  
king, but my heart burns.

(she rests her head on his  
shoulder)

All I want to do is protect  
him.

His eyes crinkle at the corners with his smile.

TRISTAN

Ah, the trials of parenting.  
(he caresses her lips softly  
with his own)

Sometimes bliss, sometimes  
agony.

Farein nods her assent, as Tristan wipes away her lingering tears.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Now will you come back to  
bed, my intoxicating wife?

He takes one of her hands in his, entwining his fingers with hers.

FAREIN

I could not close my eyes  
for all the world, my love.  
(she shakes her head, taking  
her eyes from his)  
Sleep is definitely out of  
the question.

Tristan brings her eyes back to his passion filled ones, his chest rises and falls with his desire.

TRISTAN

(Ishmearean; with subtitles)  
Ainya si lyron

I do not speak of sleep.

Tristan brings Farein's hand to his chest.

FAREIN

Are you jesting right now? It  
is nearly morning, my lord.

Tristan smiles wolfishly.

TRISTAN

Yes, that does not mean  
that my desire for you  
diminishes.

He kisses her softly, passionate.

She pushes him away with a coy smile.

FAREIN

I have duties sire.

He pulls her to him again, and kisses her with a smile.

TRISTAN

Is not one of these duties  
to please your husband?

He brings her wrist to his lips, and kisses it softly before throwing her arm over his shoulder.

FAREIN

Our son is in peril, and  
all you can think of is  
enjoying me?

She tries to sound shocked, but the smile on her lips betrays her.

TRISTAN

Yes.

(he kisses her again, letting  
his hands linger at her hips)

You are all perfection, and  
a lady so flawless should  
be enjoyed every single  
second of her life.

His eyes sear passionately into hers.

She giggles as Tristan caresses her shoulder with his lips.

FAREIN

Flawless?

(she shakes her head)

Perfect?

(she scoffs)

You obviously have not taken  
notice of my hips lately.

(she pushes him away with  
a smile)

After seven sons, I think  
that they can be considered  
far more than ample.

He approaches her with one of his eyebrows raised, with his fervor not being dissuaded.

Farein backs away from him with a smile.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

Now, Tristan we must discuss  
some things solemnly.

(she laughs as he continues  
to approach her)

Tristan please do try to

think of your son.

He pulls her toward him quickly, by her hips before she has a chance to back away from him again.

They both laugh as their bodies collide.

TRISTAN

He is in the Holy One's hands now, there is nothing more that we can do with that situation.

(he kisses her, and she gladly accepts)

And I have noticed your hips.

(he lulls in her ear with a smirk)

But with nothing less than admiration and yearning.

(he drapes her arms around his shoulders, and pulls her closer)

I wish you could see yourself through my eyes, and feel my love for you through my heart.

Farein traces the tension in his perfect jaw line, with a smile.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I see you walk into a room, and all of my attention is yours.

(he brushes his lips against hers)

When you speak, I am in awe of your wit. The way you walk captivates me, and no matter where I am if my mind wanders to you;

I cannot breathe nor concentrate. I say I love you, because those are the only words I know that can describe my emotions. But I feel as if it is not

adequate enough.

Tears fill her eyes, as she buries her head in his chest.

He brings her eyes to his.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

What is it love, are you  
still thinking of Annie?  
(he wipes her tears away)  
If you want to talk, we can  
talk. I just...

She places her fingers over his lips to quiet him, and she smiles.

FAREIN

I have reserved myself on  
that score, my lord.

TRISTAN

Then why are you crying?

FAREIN

Forgive me, but the sonnets  
from my husband's lips  
just make me a bit  
emotional.  
(she drapes her arm back  
over his shoulder, and  
kisses him)  
We can talk later.

He nods, and kisses her again a little more insistent.

TRISTAN

Are you sure?

He smooths his fingertips across her cheek.

She kisses him again with a smile, in answer to his question and he does not object anymore as he pulls her closer.

CUT TO

INT.- THE THORNE ROOM OF HELL-

The throne room of hell is pitch black, the only light comes from the fires burning around the Evil One's throne.

The EVIL ONE sits upon his throne in his handsome human form, hellfire and brimstone blaze in his eyes. The DEMONS, IMPS, SHADOW KNIGHTS and all other vile creatures of the dark kingdom seem to be celebrating the recent developments concerning King Tristan and Queen Farein's son Antock.

Although the EVIL ONE is in pleasant enough spirits; he still does not seem to be completely satisfied with his current situation; he knows what a mistake it would be to underestimate the King and Queen—so while the others engage in revelry he sits upon his throne in silence—pondering his next moves carefully.

EVIL ONE  
Shut-up, shut-up all of  
you!

He shouts growing tired of the rowdiness.

The whole throne room is dead silent.

RYN, the Head Shadow Knight approaches the EVIL ONE'S throne with a bow.

RYN  
Sire, you would think that  
you would be happy we have  
the young king and queen  
right where we want them. If  
that is not a reason  
for celebration, my dark  
lord, I do not know what is.

EVIL ONE  
What, do I hear an imbecile  
speaking?

He asks as if he does not see Ryn right in front of him, he stands up from his throne with a twisted smile upon his face and sarcasm in his eyes.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)  
I must be mistaken, because

I gave no one permission to  
address me with mindless  
prattle.

(he walks around his throne  
room with a haughty air)  
If this invisible voice  
of stupidity was wise it  
would be well for it, to remain  
stifled. I am the brains of  
this outfit, and I need no  
suggestions when it comes  
to strategy. Is that understood?

ALL

Yes sire.

EVIL ONE

Any other suggestions, Ryn?

He says walking back over to his throne, meeting Ryn eye to eye.

RYN

No, sire.

Ryn says not meeting his eyes.

EVIL ONE

Look me in the face you maggot.

Ryn slowly brings his eyes up to look at the Evil One, and the  
Evil One slaps him across his face so hard that Ryn hits the  
ground.

The Evil One brings himself down to Ryn's level, and stage  
whispers to him so that everyone can hear the Evil One's  
warning.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

If you ever undermine my  
authority again, so help  
me I will throw you into  
the depths of the abyss—  
just like your forgotten  
buddy, Vander.

(he smiles brightly)

Do I make myself clear?

RYN

Yes, your lordship.

EVIL ONE

Good, now rise. I will have  
no weakling in charge of  
my dark army.

Ryn gets up slowly as if his body is aching from the hard fall on the ground, and the Evil One slithers back up to his throne and sits down with a smile.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)

Now, the reason why I  
was not joining in your  
mindless revelry, was  
because someone has to  
do the thinking for you  
fools.

(he steeples his fingertips  
together)

Yes, we have won the upper  
hand for now but we must  
never underestimate the  
young king and queen. We  
have done this many times  
before, and it always gets  
us back to square one.

(he narrows his eyes at Ryn)

In order to beat them, we  
need to keep our wits about  
us. We do not celebrate  
every little victory; we  
celebrate when I say it is  
time to celebrate.

(his twisted smile returns)

And the perfect time will  
be when I am sitting on  
King Tristan's throne,  
drinking wine from his  
skull.

The throne is uproarious with laughter.

DEMON 1

What of the lovely queen  
your darkness?

The demons squeal with excitement.

EVIL ONE

Ah, yes the lovely queen  
Farein. We rip her apart;  
piece by annoying piece.  
(he closes his eyes imagining  
this)

How about this, before we  
kill the noble king; we  
make him watch as we kill  
his blushing bride.

The dark army begins to chant.

ALL

Kill! Kill! Kill!

The Evil One waves his hand to silence them.

EVIL ONE

And the best part, is their  
own flesh and blood will side  
with us. He will crush his  
parents and their righteous  
kingdom into oblivion.

DEMON 2

What of the future king's  
younger brothers?

EVIL ONE

There will be enough blood  
for all, everyone shall  
have their pound of flesh.  
(he smirks)

After we use Antock to win us  
the kingdom, we shall take  
his head and stick it on  
a post as a warning for  
all those that dare to  
question our unimpeachable

authority.  
 (he narrows his eyes)  
 No one shall stand in  
 our way, and if they  
 try; we kill them, kill  
 them all.

The dark army cheers, as the Evil One laughs.

CUT TO

INT.- THE KING'S CHAMBERS- MID MORNING

The queen is still asleep in the King's grand bed, she is peaceful nothing seems to be troubling her in her dream world. The king sits in an extravagant chair at his bed side—ready to begin his day—there is a smile of ecstasy upon his face as he watches the queen sleep.

Just then his concentration is broken; when the king and queen's six year old son bounds into the room without knocking—he looks as if he is fully prepared to go hunting—the king is dressed in the same garb.

DIMIYAN, is eight years old and his name means *possibility* in the tongue of the Sheridan people. The young prince has olive skin, dark eyes and dark curly hair; he is a beautiful boy on the pudgy side with plump red cheeks. He is inquisitive and adores exploring; while he is not a bad boy he is always into everything.

DIMIYAN  
 (out of breath)  
 Daddy, you promised that  
 we would go hunting.

He says climbing up on his father's lap.

Tristan smiles, but his eyes are firm.

TRISTAN  
 Dimiyan, what did daddy tell  
 you about entering his room  
 without knocking?  
 (he looks at him sternly)  
 I know that I made you a

promise, and I shall keep it  
 but you made me a promise too  
 and you have broken it. That  
 is very bad form son, very  
 bad form. A man must always  
 keep his promises, or his  
 word is worthless.

DIMIYAN

I am sorry daddy, but I waited  
 and waited downstairs. I just  
 could not wait no more.

He says with big pleading eyes.

TRISTAN

You could not wait anymore,  
 no more is not the proper  
 way of speaking.

DIMIYAN

Anymore.

He says a little too loudly, and Farein shifts a bit.

TRISTAN

We must be very quiet Dimi,  
 mommy is asleep.

DIMIYAN

Yes daddy.

(he says in a whisper)  
 Is mommy sick?

TRISTAN

No, she is very well, just  
 tired is all.

Dimiyan's face scrunches up, as if he is trying to figure  
 something out.

DIMIYAN

Why is mommy in your bed?  
 (he looks at Tristan  
 with his eyebrows furrowed)  
 And she was supposed to be

downstairs in the kitchen.  
(he looks back to his mother)  
Mommy makes the best pancakes.

TRISTAN

I told Magna to make your  
pancakes this morning. Did  
you not like them?

Dimiyan shakes his head.

DIMIYAN

No sir, I hate Magna's pancakes!  
She never puts cinnamon in  
like mommy does, and she  
pours way too much honey on  
them. Yuck.

Tristan gives Dimiyan a stern look.

TRISTAN

Son, I hope you did not relay  
your distaste to Magna. That  
would have been impolite and  
ungrateful. Our servants are  
not to be treated unkindly,  
they work really hard for us  
and they deserve our respect.

DIMIYAN

I was good daddy, I smiled  
and said thank-you like  
you told me. But the minute  
her back was turned, I threw  
those nasty ole pancakes  
away.

Tristan chuckles despite himself.

TRISTAN

What did you eat instead?  
You know we are hunting  
all day, and you cannot  
do that on an empty stomach.

DIMIYAN

Oh, my stomach is not empty  
Miss Pratt was making some  
cakes. I had a handful of  
the strawberry one when  
she left the kitchen to talk  
to the coachman. Delicious.

Tristan shakes his head with a smile on his face.

TRISTAN  
Sweets for breakfast. What  
am I going to do with you  
Dimi?

Dimiyan hunches his shoulders, and Tristan laughs.

Tristan smiles when he sees Farein's eyes open.

TRISTAN  
Just do not tell your mother.

He stage whispers so that Farein can hear him, Farein smiles  
into his eyes.

DIMIYAN  
Our secret daddy.

He smiles.

FAREIN  
Dimi, you were in Miss Pratt's  
cakes again?

Dimi turns to face her, shame fills his eyes and he can't look  
at her.

DIMIYAN  
Mommy, you are awake.

FAREIN  
Do not bother changing the  
subject young man.  
(she smiles)  
Come here and give your  
mommy a kiss and all is  
forgiven.

Dimiyan smiles, and hops on the bed. Farein sits up with her night gown on. Dimiyan gives Farein a big kiss, and hugs her neck.

DIMIYAN

Good morning mommy.

FAREIN

Yes, I hear it has been a good one indeed. Are you ready to go hunting?

DIMIYAN

Yes, but daddy told me to wait until you got up. You have been asleep a long time mommy, and in daddy's bed too. Why are you in daddy's bed?

He tilts his head, and looks at Farein curiously.

Farein looks directly into Tristan's eyes, and Tristan is smirking.

FAREIN

Well, daddy was gracious enough to invite me to share his bed.

DIMIYAN

Why?

Tristan chortles, and picks Dimiyan up off of the bed.

TRISTAN

That is enough questions for today, little one.  
(he places him on the floor)  
Go, wait for me downstairs  
Dimi and I will be there in a few minutes.

DIMIYAN

Yes daddy.

Dimiyan starts to run out of the room.

TRISTAN  
Oh and Dimi.

DIMIYAN  
Yes daddy?

He looks at him with a smile.

TRISTAN  
Knock next time, okay.

DIMIYAN  
Yes, daddy.

TRISTAN  
Good man.

He skips out of the door, and slams it behind him.

Tristan laughs, and plops himself down on the bed then puts his head in the queen's lap.

Farein runs her fingers through his thick ebony mane with a giggle.

TRISTAN  
That is your son.

FAREIN  
Whenever he is stealing  
handfuls of cake he is my  
son?

She smiles.

TRISTAN  
Precisely.

He closes his eyes, and enjoys the soothing touch of his wife.

FAREIN  
This is what happens, when

you let me sleep through  
breakfast.  
(she grins)  
You know he will not eat  
anything but my pancakes.

TRISTAN  
I know.

FAREIN  
Yet, you let me sleep in?

TRISTAN  
Yes, you needed to rest.  
(he looks into her eyes)  
It was a mandated rest, by  
order of your king. I know  
how much you love helping  
with the breakfast in the  
morning.  
(he sits up and smooths the  
pad of his thumb against her  
cheek)  
But you had a very bad night,  
and I thought you needed to  
take care of yourself this  
morning.

FAREIN  
Thank-you.  
(she smiles)  
But not all of my night  
was bad, my lord.

Tristan smiles at her.

TRISTAN  
I am glad that you found  
my company pleasurable.

He kisses her lips softly, and Farein wraps her arms around his  
neck with a smile enjoying every bit of his kiss.

FAREIN  
(whispers)

You must go, or you will  
break your promise to  
Dimi.

Tristan lulls in Farein's ear.

TRISTAN  
He is a child, children  
are resilient.

Tristan kisses her again, but this time Farein backs away from  
his kiss with a smile.

FAREIN  
I do not recall if I was  
between dream and awake,  
but I do remember a certain  
father telling a certain  
son that if a man could not  
keep his promises his word  
is worthless.

TRISTAN  
Condemned by my own words.

Farein gives him a small peck on his lips.

FAREIN  
We will talk later.

TRISTAN  
Do you promise?

FAREIN  
Yes, I must go into the  
village today and see to  
the orphanage but I should  
be back by the time you and  
Dimi return from hunting.

He kisses her again, and rises up from the bed.

TRISTAN  
Until then.

He says with his eyes burning into hers.

She nods her assent, and then Tristan walks over to the door and walks out closing it behind him.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE FIERY PIT-

The fiery pit is a deep dark hole that is ablaze with red hot fire, screams of pain and torment can be heard as the people burning in the pit burn continuously without fail.

The EVIL ONE and RYN stand on the edge looking into the deep abyss.

A grotesquely disfigured man manages to lift the front half of his body out of the pit; he cries out for the Evil One to help him. The Evil One mercilessly kicks the man in the face so he falls backward into the pit, and he laughs as the man screams out in intense pain.

He closes his eyes and relishes the suffering of the condemned; he inhales deeply taking in the fragrance of burning flesh as if smelling the sweetest perfume.

EVIL ONE

Ah, yes I love the smell  
of burning flesh; the sweet  
aroma moves me to great plots  
and schemes. My mind is made  
clear down here, amongst the  
sound of sizzling corpses.

(he looks to Ryn with a  
twisted smile)

And what about you Ryn, are  
you not equally as moved?

Ryn looks somewhat tense and uneasy; no doubt remembering the Evil One's threat to throw him into the abyss.

RYN

Yes sire.

He answers with a shaky voice.

EVIL ONE

At ease Ryn, I have no  
intention of throwing you  
in; yet.

(off of Ryn's shocked look)  
I am only teasing my simple  
minded friend. Do lighten  
up. We are here, because  
I have finally settled on  
the second phase of my  
plan.

RYN

And what is it sire?

Ryn has calmed down a bit.

EVIL ONE

We awaken the young prince's  
sleeping lusts and desires.  
(he smiles wickedly)  
And what better way to do this  
than through a seductive woman.

RYN

And you plan to take her  
from the fire?

EVIL ONE

No, she shall not be human.  
Humans are far too complicated;  
I tried humans the last time  
and they failed me miserably.  
(he narrows his eyes)  
This time, I shall design my  
own being. This way she shall  
be mine to control completely;  
made entirely from the fires  
of hell. Unable to die, no  
need of sleep, food or drink.  
This way she will be able  
to seduce the prince both  
day and night.

RYN

And you are sure of this

plan?

EVIL ONE

Of course I am sure.

(he shouts and the whole  
chasm shakes)

Surely, you have faith in  
your dark master Ryn.

(he lowers his voice with  
a smile, but it is still  
dangerously menacing)

Have you so easily forgotten  
the effect Deliah had on  
Samson, or the fall of David  
right into Bathsheba's arms.

A man would make himself a  
fool for a seductive woman;  
a man would fall a kingdom  
just to touch her.

(he gathers some fire from  
the pit and rolls it around  
in his hand)

I will create a maid so  
intoxicating, that the prince  
will fall all over himself  
to possess her. Give everything  
up for her love. Betray,  
lie, cheat and steal; all  
for a woman that has no  
heart.

He laughs hysterically.

Ryn still looks uncertain.

EVIL ONE

Come Ryn, surely you see  
the genius in this plan.

(he slaps him on the back  
with a chortle)

It is infallible. None  
of them could possibly  
see this coming.

(he slaps him on the back  
again)

Come, I have much work

to do.

The Evil One exits the chasm carrying his ball of fire, with Ryn following close behind.

CUT TO:

INT.- THE EAST CASTLE GARDENS- LATE AFTERNOON

Queen Farein is tending to her garden, there is no one there but her and the flowers she finds peace and solitude singing to none else but their listening ears.

This is all she can do to keep from going mad with her fears over her eldest son.

As she is kneeled on the ground planting new bulbs, she can't help but release all of her pain and worry through tears.

FAREIN

Why? My Lord please tell me  
why. Have not me and my husband  
been faithful? Not my son,  
please Holy One not my son.

Spare him.

(she looks up to the sky)

Spare him, please I beg you.

Just then, the rose bush right in front of her burst into blue flame but this holy fire is not hot, however this does not stop Farein from backing away from her rose bush immediately.

She stands up and looks at the rose bush in awe.

And that's when the booming voice comes from the bush as sweet as a spring wind.

HOLY ONE

Farein?

Farein bows before the bush directly.

FAREIN

My Lord.

HOLY ONE

Rise and stand before me.

Farein does as she is told.

HOLY ONE (CONT'D)

I have heard your cry and  
felt your agony.

FAREIN

My son my Lord, you must save  
my son. He is just a child.

Tears stream down her face.

HOLY ONE

He is a man young queen. It  
is time.

FAREIN

Take me instead, please. Spare  
him.

HOLY ONE

No Farein, no. I cannot. Your  
son is ready to be tested and  
tried everyone must go through  
this.

(his voice is soothing)

His choice to follow me, to  
accept my sacred calling; must  
truly be his. It cannot be  
forced upon him; he must  
take up his own destiny.

FAREIN

But the Evil One shall surely  
destroy him.

The Holy One's voice elevates with frustration and the holy fire  
becomes greater in size.

HOLY ONE

And is the Evil's One's power  
greater than mine? Is his  
influence more dominant in  
your son? Even after so many

years of yours and your  
husband's leading?

FAREIN  
Of course that is not what  
I am saying Lord.

The Holy One's fire settles.

HOLY ONE  
Do you forget who I am Farein?

FAREIN  
No my Lord.

HOLY ONE  
Than trust me. Your son shall  
prove himself worthy.

FAREIN  
Why this test my Lord?

HOLY ONE  
No two individuals receive the  
same test and trials; not in  
the same way. This is how  
his test shall present itself.

FAREIN  
And if he fails?

HOLY ONE  
Trust me, trust him.

FAREIN  
Yes, my Lord.

She says with reluctance.

HOLY ONE  
Have I ever failed you Farein?

FAREIN  
No my Lord.

HOLY ONE

And I shall not start now,  
 the Evil One has no power  
 only what little I  
 allow him. Your son  
 will stumble and he will  
 fall, but he shall recover.  
 And he shall be a great king.  
 But you have to let him  
 make his own choices.

FAREIN  
 My Lord.

HOLY ONE  
 Trust me.

The bush returns to its regular look, as the fire dies out.

Just as soon as the fire dies, Farein begins wiping her eyes free from tears because she hears her two twin sons arguing as they make their way to her and she does not want them to see that she has been crying.

ZETHAR, is fifteen years old and his name means *justice* in the tongue of the Sheridan people. The young prince has dark olive skin, green eyes and wild curly hair; he is beautiful yet wild and rugged looking—he is in preparation to be a great warrior. He is intelligent in weaponry, hunting, archery, and war strategy; while he is not a heartless boy (he could definitely use some lessons in being more sensitive to his heart).

PENTALON, is fifteen years old and his name means *righteousness* in the tongue of the Sheridan people. The young prince has dark olive skin, green eyes and clean and manicured dark hair; he and his brother's looks are identical because they are twins but this is where the similarities stop. His brother makes fun of him, because he is more sensitive to the arts and poetry; however he is very capable with a sword.

As they come into view, ZETHAR is running with a book in his hand that PENTALON is desperate to get away from him.

PENTALON  
 Give it back Zethar.

Pentalon snatches at thin air, as Zethar laughs keeping the book just out of his reach.

ZETHAR  
 (mocking)  
*Give it back Zethar.*

PENTALON  
 I am warning you.

He says drawing his sword with his eyes narrowed.  
 Zethar opens the book, while faking a yawn.

ZETHAR  
 Put that away Pen, you  
 know I will beat you.  
 (he doesn't look up from  
 the book)  
 I always beat you.

PENTALON  
 Yes, because you cheat.  
 (he responds darkly)  
 If you would only stick  
 to the rules of combat, I  
 would destroy you—effortlessly.

He ignores him, and begins to read from the book.

ZETHAR  
 She looked at me during my  
 history lesson today.  
 (he chortles while faking  
 a sigh)  
 I could not concentrate, or  
 even breathe as she walked  
 by. She smelled like a field  
 of Whispering Winds, and her  
 eyes were two twinkling stars.  
 (he closes the book laughing)  
 Gawking at Helena again?

Pentalon is not amused, he walks toward his brother with a  
 malicious express ready to do battle; Zethar just laughs at him.

Farein jumps between her two warring sons.

FAREIN

Boys, that is enough.  
(she glares at Zethar)  
Zethar, give your brother  
back his property this instant  
and shame on you for taking  
it in the first place.

Farein folds her arms as Zethar does as he is told with a  
mocking smirk, Pentalon snatches it from him and sheathes his  
sword.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
Now, Zethar I want to  
hear you apologize to  
your brother for the  
wrong that you have  
done him.

ZETHAR  
(scoffs)  
You cannot be serious mother?

FAREIN  
As the grave.

She says looking up into her son's face with a chilling motherly  
stare.

Now, Pentalon smiles in mockery as a devilish glint twinkles in  
Zethar's eye.

ZETHAR  
I am sorry for stealing  
your book of girly sonnets.

He laughs out loud.

Pentalon's face turns deadly again as he unsheathes his sword  
once more.

PENTALON  
Draw your sword brother, and  
I will show you just how  
girly I can be.

Zethar draws his sword.

ZETHAR  
It is drawn.

He says meeting his challenge.

FAREIN  
Sheathe your swords, both  
of you or I will tell your  
father so help me.

Both of them sheathe their swords with eye rolls and frustrated sighs.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
Now, you are brothers;  
this senseless feuding must  
end.

PENTALON  
He started it.

Giving him a cross look.

ZETHAR  
No, you started it writing  
all of those girly sonnets.

No one hears TRISTAN sneak into the garden, all washed and tidy from his haunting trip.

TRISTAN  
Zethar, what is that  
you said about girly  
sonnets?

He crosses his arms over his broad chest with a stern look on his face.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Are you teasing your brother  
again about his writing?

ZETHAR  
Father.

He bows his head and avoids his father's stare.

TRISTAN  
Well?

He insists.

ZETHAR  
Father, what warrior would  
be caught dead writing  
sonnets?

Zethar looks into his father's eyes as if bidding his father to see Zethar's side of things.

TRISTAN  
Am I not a warrior?

ZETHAR  
Well yes, but I have never  
seen you write a sonnet in  
my life.

TRISTAN  
I do not have to write them,  
they just flow from me  
naturally. It is in my  
blood; the blood of my people.  
(he smiles)  
The warriors of Sheridan  
used to write sonnets all  
of the time, sonnets to  
remember that they were  
fighting for love.

ZETHAR  
Truly?

TRISTAN  
Truly.

Pentalon gives his brother a snide look.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Pentalon, you are excused.

(he looks at him with  
a nod and a smile)  
I must teach your brother  
a lesson.

Pentalon starts walking back up to the castle from the garden,  
with a mocking smirk on his face.

Tristan winks at his wife, and Farein nods knowledgeable as she  
ventures deeper in the garden to tend to more of her flowers.

When Farein has disappeared, Tristan's stern gaze turns fully on  
his son.

Zethar tries to avoid his father's stare.

TRISTAN  
Tell me, my son, why do  
you draw your sword?

Zethar brings his eyes to meet his father's but he says nothing.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Is it merely for vain glory,  
or is it for something far  
deeper?

ZETHAR  
Is it wrong to want to be  
a great warrior, my father?

He says reluctantly.

TRISTAN  
No, but you must understand  
that the mark of a true  
warrior is not in how  
much blood he sheds.

His eyes are kind, and a smile is in them even though it is not  
present on his lips.

ZETHAR  
I do not understand father.

Tristan rests his hand softly on his son's shoulder.

TRISTAN

A true warrior faces every  
battle with honor, and  
there is no honor in mocking  
your brother.

(he smiles widely)

The mark of a true warrior,  
is here.

(he puts his hand to his  
son's heart)

Not here.

(he says unsheathing his  
sword)

The Holy One did not name  
me the Keeper of the Sword,  
because I fight mightily  
but because I love mightily.

Zethar still gives his father a skeptical look.

ZETHAR

Yes, father you are a  
great warrior and it  
is because of this that I  
cannot visualize you  
spewing sonnets.

Zethar scoffs, and Tristan lifts his eyebrow as a mischievous  
glint strikes Tristan's eyes.

He steps back from his son a little, and sheathes his sword and  
while holding onto the hilt he begins to recite a sonnet that  
would make angels weep.

TRISTAN

Your beauty is the jewel  
upon night's cloak. Lighting  
the sky in your silvery orb.

Farein stands perfectly still—hidden behind a giant rose bush—a  
few feet away. She was unable to resist hearing her husband's  
lesson for their son. Her eyes close with a smile, as she enjoys  
her husband's fragrant words.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Were I close enough to

touch you, were I close  
 enough to bathe in your  
 light, were I close enough  
 to hold you—I would make haste—  
 to drown you in my warm  
 embrace. To look upon your  
 glowing celestial face—Moon  
 Lady. Yet you are too  
 far away; yet you escape  
 me—up in the sky so distant  
 from my caressing hand.

Zethar chortles at his father's sonnet, and Tristan narrows his eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

May I finish?

Zethar straightens up and wipes the smile from his face.

ZETHAR

Of course, father.

TRISTAN

(sarcastically)

Thank-you, you are too  
 kind. Now where was I?

Ah yes...

(he continues)

As I gaze upon you, I know I  
 will forever be a lonely man.  
 Your mocking eyes pierce my  
 heart, but that does not  
 deter my love. I will be  
 standing with my stare toward  
 the heavens above—each and  
 every night—sick and pale  
 with grief, because of the  
 thief that is gravity. Still,  
 I can never deny you my heart—  
 my Moon Lady.

Zethar's face looks as if it is in pain, because he is trying to hold it to keep from laughing.

ZETHAR

Wow, father that was really something.

TRISTAN

Now, you can never again deny that warriors do speak sonnets.

Zethar can't help it, he lets his laugh go.

Tristan just smiles.

TRISTAN

Laugh all you want, but if you do not learn the art and necessity of the sonnet to woo a woman then the sword shall be your only companion.

(he chortles softly)

And I have never known a sword to smell sweet, or to have soft warm flesh.

(he pats him on his shoulder)

Work on your heart son, and you will find something true; something worth fighting for.

Battles are not won by strength alone, and true warriors are not made without love.

ZETHAR

Yes father.

He starts to leave the garden, until Tristan calls after him.

TRISTAN

And son.

ZETHAR

Yes father.

He turns around.

TRISTAN

If I hear of you teasing  
your brother again, you  
shall have me to deal with.

He says with a calm yet chilling voice.

Zethar swallows hard.

ZETHAR  
Yes father.

TRISTAN  
(smiling)  
Good man, now run along and  
prepare for dinner.

Zethar nods, and runs from the garden.

Tristan smiles and shakes his head, as he watches his son run  
from the garden.

His attention is drawn to the rose bush, where he notices  
Farein's movement; he clears his throat and calls her forward.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
You may come out from spying  
now, my queen.

Farein comes out slowly from behind the rose bush, with her  
finger upon her lips.

FAREIN  
I was not spying.

She says making her way to him, swinging her hand in mid air  
trying to stop her little rose thorn wound from bleeding.

TRISTAN  
What did you do?

He takes her hand, noticing the small wound upon her index  
finger with a small bubble of blood rising from it.

FAREIN  
I pricked my finger on

that blasted rose bush.

She chuckles softly, and he smiles into her eyes putting her index finger to his lips to kiss the blood away.

Farein shudders, and he chortles softly as he rests her rose pricked hand against his chest and pulls her closer.

TRISTAN  
All better?

She nods.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Serves you right for spying.

FAREIN  
I was not spying.  
(she smiles)  
I was...being a mother.

She raises her head haughtily.

TRISTAN  
If that is your excuse.

FAREIN  
What happened to hunting?  
(she changes the subject)  
Did Dimi grow tired?

TRISTAN  
Of course, so we came in  
early.  
(he laughs)  
I went to talk to Mantrose  
when we came back.

FAREIN  
Was he still sulking?

TRISTAN  
Yes, but he goes out with  
me all the time. I had to  
make him understand that,  
Dimi needs some time alone

with me as well.

FAREIN  
He will mend.

TRISTAN  
I am most certain of that.  
Now, my lady, if we are  
finished discussing our sons;  
I wish to discuss more...pressing  
matters.

He lifts his eyebrows seductively, and tries to bring his lips toward hers with a smile.

Farein backs away from him with a giggle.

FAREIN  
Oh, no you do not.

He steps towards her gathering her up in his arms again.

TRISTAN  
Do not what, try to woo  
my wife?

FAREIN  
This is completely unfair  
my king.

TRISTAN  
Would you have me to  
ignore this perfect  
opportunity to romance  
the love of my very  
existence?

He whispers in her ear.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
(Ishmerean; with subtitles)  
Ani Lumanus Muyar

My Moon Lady

Farein closes her eyes drinking his words in.

FAREIN

Where did you find that  
beautiful poem, my king?  
(she looks at him)  
You must write it down  
for me.

He places her hand to his heart, and caresses her lips with his  
softly.

TRISTAN

It was just something I  
thought up a few minutes  
ago.  
(he laughs)  
If I can remember it, I  
will write it down for  
you...later.

He pulls her closer, she shakes her head.

FAREIN

Wait, you would have me  
believe that the sonnet  
you just recited came  
from thin air?

TRISTAN

(lulls)  
I did not say that love,  
it came from an  
inspiration so strong  
that my heart sung it  
into my ear.  
(he touches her cheek  
softly)  
It was so very easy  
with my queen being  
in such close proximity.

FAREIN

How, how can you speak  
of me as if I am your  
new bride; as if we have  
not been one for so very

long. How am I so new  
to you.  
(she looks away from  
his eyes)  
Do you ever tire of me?

He brings her eyes to his.

TRISTAN  
How can I? You own me.  
When I spoke of a warrior's  
reason to fight. I was  
speaking of you.  
(he entwines his fingers  
with hers)  
My only heart.

FAREIN  
Is that how you were  
able to invade my  
vision early this morning?  
Because I have been trying  
to wrap my head around it,  
and I am not understanding  
how you could come into my  
vision like that.  
(she stares at him in  
awe)  
You are not a seer, yet  
the Holy One allowed  
you to see. Why?

TRISTAN  
I do not fully understand,  
the Holy One might have  
thought it necessary.  
(he smiles)  
You do not have to  
worry my love, I am not  
a seer; that was not  
given to me as a gifting.  
That is all yours.

She backs away from his arms with a look of anguish upon her face, he approaches her again.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
What is it love?

FAREIN  
I saw him.

TRISTAN  
Who?

FAREIN  
The Holy One.

He pulls her into his embrace again.

TRISTAN  
What did he say?

FAREIN  
He told me that it was  
time for Antock to be  
tried and tested.  
(tears fill her eyes)  
He said that it was the  
only way to make him  
a great king.  
(she buries her head  
in his chest)  
Tristan what if we lose  
him? What if he fails?

He lulls softly to her in comforting voice.

TRISTAN  
We must have faith in  
the Holy One, we both  
endured tests and trials  
and we were not lost.  
(he brings her eyes  
to his)  
We came out victors, and  
so too shall our son. He  
is our flesh and blood;  
he has too much of us  
in him not to succeed.

He smiles, and she smiles with him.

FAREIN  
You are right.

TRISTAN  
Now that we have that  
established, let us be  
done with woeful speech.  
(he puts her arms around  
his neck)  
And move on to woo.

FAREIN  
Are you never fully  
satisfied my king?

She giggles as he tastes her lips softly.

TRISTAN  
(Ishmerean; with subtitles)  
Nolathn

Never

She caresses the nap of his neck as her stare burns into his.

He smiles, and just as he is about to kiss her again. QROW comes running toward them with crazed eyes—although he has aged, it is not that obvious.

QROW  
Pardon my lord and lady.

His breath is labored, but it is a healthy labored; like he has just been exercising.

He says bowing, only after noticing that he has just interrupted a very private moment between the king and queen. The bowing of his head hides the sly smirk on his face.

Tristan notices his smirk and furrows his eyebrows in frustration, as he shifts his body to face Qrow. He takes Farein's hand in his, entwining his fingers with hers.

TRISTAN  
At ease Qrow. What

seems to be the trouble?

QROW  
Demon attacks in Hindlegard,  
my lord.

Farein gasps and Tristan squeezes her hand in response.

TRISTAN  
What of survivors?

Tristan is trying to put on a brave front, so that Farein will not have an emotional breakdown.

QROW  
I think it would be  
best if we speak of  
this alone sire.

Qrow's eyes roam to Farein's shocked expression.

Tristan looks at his wife, and then back to Qrow and nods his head.

TRISTAN  
Farein, would you mind  
leaving Sir Qrow and I  
alone?

Farein shakes her head.

FAREIN  
(stubbornly)  
No, I will stay to hear  
exactly what Sir Qrow  
has to say.

Tristan brings her eyes to his.

TRISTAN  
Farein, I want you to go.  
(he looks at her with  
a gentle obstinacy)  
By order of your king, you  
will leave right this

minute. You are much too emotionally invested in our son to hear this. I will tell you what I believe you need to hear.  
 (off of her hurt look)  
 Please, I will speak with you later on this matter but as of right now I cannot act objectively; if I must see you in so much pain. Please.

Tears leave her eyes, because she cannot hold them back anymore; and when she starts to leave—he pulls her back to him and looks into her eyes—as her pain rips him apart.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 I vow to you that, whatever has been done wrong; will be made right. Do you trust me?

She nods.

FAREIN  
 Yes.

TRISTAN  
 Then let me handle this.  
 (he touches her cheek gently)  
 As the Holy One lives in me, I will not let you down.

She nods once more, and then he lets her go to exit the garden.

Qrow bows his head to her solemnly.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 Spare no detail Qrow, I want to hear all. How does my son? What of our men?

QROW

Our men managed to retreat  
before any one of them  
were lost. They just  
arrived by ship today,  
with the disparaging  
news.

TRISTAN  
Which was the Evil One's  
intention, I am sure.

He responds sarcastically.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
What of my son?

QROW  
They tried to locate him  
sire, but he could not be  
found.

TRISTAN  
What do you mean, their  
job was to protect my  
son—until the very last  
man fell.  
(he raises his voice)  
Why did they leave their  
posts?

QROW  
(rationally)  
Sire, they were so very  
few and the demons were  
of great number; they  
would have been slaughtered  
within seconds.

Tristan paces back and forth, blowing off some of his anger and then he stops and sighs deeply.

He looks back to Qrow.

TRISTAN  
I am sorry Qrow, you  
are right.

(he runs his fingers  
through his hair in  
frustration)  
I was out of line, I  
just...he is my son. I  
was there the first  
moments of his life; I  
watched him take his  
first breaths. I...

Tristan gets emotional and can't talk anymore; he turns away from Qrow and wipes his eyes so that Qrow cannot see the tears.

QROW

We will find him sire,  
we will prepare the ships  
and we and the army will  
go to Hindlegard to bring  
him back home.

Qrow goes over to touch his shoulder in a fatherly manner.

QROW (CONT'D)

I love that boy like  
he was my own grandson.  
(he clears his throat)  
I know that I am not your  
natural father sire, but I  
look on you as a son; and I  
have adopted your family as  
my own. We will find him and  
bring him home.

Tristan turns to face Qrow, and Tristan touches his shoulder with a slight smile.

TRISTAN

You have bled for me,  
protected me and guided  
me. You have been so much  
more than a Guardian of the  
Sword.

(he smiles brighter)  
No, you may not be my  
natural father but you  
have been a father none

the less. Thank-you.

Qrow nods his head, and smiles awkwardly.

QROW

Do we prepare the ships  
my lord?

TRISTAN

Yes, my friend. We sail  
at dawn.

QROW

My lord.

He bows his head, and smirks a little.

TRISTAN

What is it?

He smiles as if Qrow's happiness is contagious.

QROW

Nothing, just remembering  
something you asked me once.

TRISTAN

Oh, and what was  
that?

He asks lifting his eyebrow with a knowledgeable smirk.

QROW

You asked me if the passion  
for my wife subsided with  
age.

(he chortles softly)

Now, I can ask you; young  
king, has your passion for  
your queen subsided with age?

Qrow is hysterical, Tristan gives him a faux stern look with a tinge of a smile at his lips.

TRISTAN

Careful old man; I am

still your king.

QROW  
(smiles)  
My lord.

He bows his head; then both of them laugh as they start to exit the garden.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS- EARLY EVENING

The sun is just beginning to dip low, leaving the Queen's chambers in a blaze of fiery red-as Farein naps in her grand bed peacefully.

A dark chuckle is heard on the wind, as night grows closer and closer.

RYN, the head Shadow Knight appears in Farein's room with a malicious grin upon his face. He floats toward the Queen's bed, and whispers in her ear.

RYN  
If you want visions of  
the future, young highness,  
feast your second sight on this.  
(he chuckles darkly)  
Courtesy of the Dark Master.

Ryn blows his foul breath in Farein's face, and she tries to fight against him with her eyes closed, but when Ryn's green misty breath goes up her nose the Queen stops struggling and falls unconscious.

RYN (CONT'D)  
Yes, that is the way,  
just relax.

He continues to blow his vile breath; taking Farein into a horrific but prophetic nightmare.

INT.- MIRRADORM DELL/THE OUTER PROVINCES OF OPHIR- MIDDAY

The dell is as beautiful as it has always been, except for the vile green mist that hangs in the air.

Farein is disoriented as she sees her husband and sons doing various activities in the wide open space.

Tristan waves Farein over toward them, but she stands where she is paralyzed looking around counting her sons. However, instead of seven there are only six.

ZETHAR and DIMIYAN are rough housing with Tristan.

ENSICAR, is thirteen years old and his name means *beloved* in Ishmerean. The young prince has dark olive skin, green eyes and dark curly hair; he is a beautiful boy with a surprisingly athletic build—which would not attest to his rather reading a book then jousting in a tournament. He longs to learn and know everything, a true scholar.

He has his nose in a book.

MANTROSE, is twelve years old and his name means *glory* in Ishmerean. The young prince has light olive skin, dark eyes and unkempt dark curly hair that hangs past his shoulders. Although he is wild and dangerous looking; he is quite handsome in a rugged way. He lives for the hunt and outdoors.

He is practicing his archery by aiming his bow and arrow at a target that he has drawn on a nearby tree.

HENDRON, is ten years old and his name means *victory* in the tongue of the Sheridan people. The young prince has olive skin, dark eyes and dark curly hair that is a perfect manicured bush atop his head. Although, he is so young he has a look of perfect peace about him. He loves nothing more than mixing plants and flowers together trying to figure out new cures, for diseases and sicknesses.

He is tasting and picking flowers in the dell, trying to ascertain which ones to make into medicine.

PENTALON is looking around writing.

Farein hugs her arms around herself, because ANTOCK is missing from the dell and worry sets in her eyes.

Tristan's smile fades, and he gets up from playing with his sons and walks over to Farein and takes her in his arms. He just envelopes her, and says nothing.

Suddenly a dark chuckle can be heard on the wind again, just then darkness settles on the dell blacking out the light of the sun.

The righteous light of the Sword of Peace glows righteous blue, as Tristan takes his stance in front of the Queen—dressed now—from head to toe in his Golden Armor.

The young princes flank their father, all of them wearing fierce expressions on their faces. They are dressed in silver armor and their swords, also glow a righteous blue.

Farein is protected at all sides by the brave men of her family, but she wears a fierce expression of her own that proves that she is as ferocious a fighter as any of them.

ANTOCK, comes riding up on a dark steed that is usually reserved for the Evil One's shadow knights. His green eyes are blazing red with the fires of hell, and dark shadow lags behind him to form a pitch black cloak.

Farein gasps loudly, at the sight of her eldest son.

ANTOCK dismounts from his horse and comes toward his parents with a sneer on his lips, and the EVIL ONE trails behind him in the Evil One's black lion form with an equally malicious expression.

The Evil One's Dark Army can be heard in the distance, awaiting the signal to come forth and attack the family.

ANTOCK draws his black sword, which now blazes red with all of the fires of hell as he stops directly in front of his father.

TRISTAN narrows his eyes in disgust.

TRISTAN

What are you doing with  
this foul beast boy?  
(he grits his teeth)  
Do you not realize that  
he desires nothing more  
from you, then your death?

ANTOCK scoffs, and looks back at the EVIL ONE as he does the same.

ANTOCK looks back to TRISTAN, and lets his eyes trail his father as if he is sizing him up.

ANTOCK

You would say that father.  
(he spits the words like  
acid)

But the Dark One has given  
me clarity into myself,  
he has made me to realize  
exactly what I deserve.

It is Tristan's turn to scoff now.

TRISTAN

Oh, really and what do  
you deserve exactly?

ANTOCK

Power, father, your power—the  
Sword of Peace should be  
mine.

(he raises his chin haughtily)  
Do you not think so father,  
for I shall be High King—naturally  
the sword should be given to  
the leader of the realms.

TRISTAN'S eyes shift to the EVIL ONE, and Tristan gives a knowledgeable smirk in the Evil One's direction.

TRISTAN

To be High King is indeed  
your birth right, my son  
but to wield the Sword of  
Peace is a calling, a destiny  
that can only be given  
by the Holy One Himself.

(he shakes his head)

And the Dark One knows  
this well, the Sword of Peace  
is not mine to give; unless I  
forfeit it, deny the power

of it or prove myself unworthy.  
 (he looks back at his son)  
 I fear my son, that the power  
 of the Sword is what you  
 seek and it is this lust  
 for power that will forever  
 banish you from wielding the  
 sacred weapon.

The EVIL ONE roars in defiance, knowing that TRISTAN speaks the truth.

Tristan smiles smugly, as ANTOCK'S face falls.

Tristan puts his hand softly on his son's shoulder, as Tristan's eyes begin to soften.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 My son, come back to us;  
 we miss you abandon this  
 fool's errand.  
 (he speaks in comforting  
 tones)  
 Repent and be saved, before  
 your soul is tarnished  
 forever.  
 (he touches his cheek  
 softly)  
 You are the only one  
 that can make this  
 choice.

ANTOCK'S countenance grows darker, none of Tristan's words have penetrated his soul at all.

ANTOCK slaps his father's hand away, and laughs a dark chuckle.

ANTOCK  
 (whispering)  
 You are weak old man,  
 I am younger and faster.  
 (he narrows his eyes)  
 You cannot defeat me, if  
 you will not give up the  
 sword; I must take it by  
 force.

FAREIN cannot take it anymore, she screams out and tries to go to her son but TRISTAN pulls her back to him swiftly.

FAREIN

Annie, enough. Do you not know what you are doing to yourself?  
(she switches her focus to the Evil One)  
How this monster is using you to do his bidding, and once he is finished with you he will kill you Annie. Please, understand that he only means you harm.

ANTOCK sneers at his mother.

ANTOCK

Ah yes, the warrior Queen speaks.

The EVIL ONE laughs at ANTOCK'S sarcasm.

Tristan gives Farein a stern look.

TRISTAN

My queen this is not your battle, this is between me and my son.  
(his jaw tenses)  
He has challenged me as a man; therefore it makes it a man to man battle.  
(he narrows his eyes)  
Do not interfere.

FAREIN

He is my son.  
(she shouts)  
He is our son, your blood Tristan—for the Holy One's sake—both of you have the blood of each other pulsating through your

veins. I will not stand  
back and let the two of  
you destroy one another.

TRISTAN'S voice booms like thunder in response to her.

The young princes stand astonished and helpless as their two  
loving parents argue.

TRISTAN

Do not persist in telling  
me of our familial  
relationship woman. You forget  
that I had to destroy my  
own brother to protect the  
sword, not once but twice.

(his words are acidic)

When the Evil One's  
influence sets in—the  
possessed do not recognize  
any familial ties—in his  
present state he does not  
know how to love because  
he has given his heart to  
the Evil One to darken.

(he narrows his eyes)

Do you think I want to  
destroy my son? Of course,  
I do not but if he insists  
on being in league with the  
Evil One then that gives me  
no choice.

TRISTAN looks back to ANTOCK, as FAREIN'S eyes turn desperate  
and pleading.

FAREIN

Tristan please, please  
show mercy.

Tears stream from her eyes, and for a brief moment Tristan's  
countenance contorts to pain but he rights himself immediately—  
without looking at her—he takes his battle stance and Antock  
does as well.

TRISTAN

He no longer understands  
the definition of the word.

He directs a command to his young sons behind him; while keeping  
an eye on ANTOCK.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Boys restrain your mother,  
so she does not interfere  
in what must be done.

The boys take a hold of their mother, and struggle as she may;  
she is unable to release herself from her strong sons' hold on  
her.

The EVIL ONE laughs an amused chuckle.

FAREIN  
TRISTAN!  
(she screams in agony)  
Wait, please do not do  
this. You cannot do  
this.

EVIL ONE  
Let the battle begin!

And Tristan and Antock begin to fight to the death; light blade  
against dark blade.

With each blow, Farein struggles harder and harder against her  
sons.

When Tristan has Antock on the ground, after rendering him  
weaponless; he starts to run him through with his sword but  
Farein breaks free with her sons running after her.

FAREIN  
No!

And when she goes to shield Antock from the fatal wound, she  
distracts Tristan—giving Antock enough time to get his weapon  
back and both of them stab Farein through blindly.

The light and dark blades clash as they enter her body, and  
Farein rolls over breathing rapidly from the fatal wound.

The EVIL ONE cheers and laughs hysterically as everyone stands overlooking the fallen queen's body speechless.

The EVIL ONE'S laughter dies in his throat when he witnesses both Antock and Tristan kneel down next to the queen.

Her other sons follow suit, all seven of her sons give a great cry—including Antock and with the shedding of his tears his darkness melts away and as their tears hit the ground light blasts the darkness out of the dell.

A light snow begins to fall, and the royal family's garments are changed to the purest of white.

The EVIL ONE roars a loud tantrum filled roar; and he and the dark army disappear—not being able to withstand the light.

Tristan cradles his queen in his arms, and with the shock wearing off finally beings to cry.

The queen's blood spills bright red onto the snow.

ANTOCK

Can you save her father?  
 (he looks to Farein)  
 Mama, I did not mean it.  
 Please, do not die.

Farein smiles weakly and lifts her hand, to smooth it against Antock's cheek.

FAREIN

I know you did not mean  
 it.  
 (she closes her eyes, and  
 then forces them open)  
 It was the darkness.

Antock bows his head and cries, as his mother closes her eyes but she opens them to smile up at Tristan.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

The kingdom is whole  
 again, my love. We are  
 united and when we are

united, no evil force  
can destroy us. Promise  
me that you will stay  
united Tristan, always.

TRISTAN  
Stop talking like that,  
you will make it.  
(he caresses her cheek  
with his fingertips,  
speaking through tears)  
You are the very heart of  
this family, if you leave  
we do not work without  
you. We make no sense.

FAREIN  
You silly man, you all  
make perfect sense.

Tristan gets aggressive.

TRISTAN  
You. Are. Not. Leaving.  
Me. Farein.

She brings his lips to hers.

FAREIN  
(Ishmerean; w/subtitles)  
Frasia Dons Cardia

Paint me on your heart.

Farein closes her eyes, as the snow falls harder; Tristan tries  
to desperately shake her awake.

TRISTAN  
Farein, Farein my  
love please wake up.  
WAKE UP!

He shouts.

The HOLY ONE begins to approach the family riding on the back of Lanayus; when Farein is abruptly jarred awake by Tristan's calling her back to the real world.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS- DUSK

The setting sun has disappeared leaving candle light, as the only source of light in the room.

Farein wakes to find herself cradled in Tristan's arms; he is wiping the sweat from her brow with a cold compress—as he gently calls her name.

TRISTAN  
Finally, you awake my  
warrior queen.

He smiles the most dashing smile into her eyes, as he returns the cold compress to the beautiful porcelain bowl on the night stand table.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
You were doing battle in  
your dreams I take it.  
(he chortles softly)  
This must have been some  
vision.

Farein rises from her husband's arms quickly, wondering around the room ready to do battle.

FAREIN  
Where is he?

Tristan goes to her, and brings her into his arms caressing her cheek softly.

TRISTAN  
Calm down love, who  
are you looking for?

FAREIN  
Ryn.

She spits the name out like a curse.

TRISTAN  
Ryn?  
(his eyes narrow)  
Ryn, was here?

FAREIN  
Yes, with a special message  
from the Evil One.

Tristan gingerly puts his fingertips under her chin to bring her eyes to rest on his.

TRISTAN  
What message?

Farein buries her head in his chest.

FAREIN  
Oh, Tristan it was awful.

TRISTAN  
Yes, I could tell as much.  
(he shakes his head,  
tightening his grasp about  
her)  
I heard you screaming, so I  
came to see what was the  
matter. I could tell that  
you were within a vision,  
so I decided not to wake  
you until you had seen it  
all.

FAREIN  
It was a vision, but it  
was polluted by the Evil  
One.  
(tears fill her eyes)  
He wanted me to see only  
the terrible and hopeless  
Tristan.

TRISTAN  
(lulls)  
Tell me.

FAREIN

If the Holy One gave you  
sight to see my vision,  
this morning; maybe he  
will give you the sight  
to see it now. It is  
too much to merely  
tell you my king; I wish  
you to see and experience  
what I have. I wish you  
to indulge in it all.

She takes his hand firmly in hers, and places it on her heart;  
and just like that he is walking through the vision.

When he has seen all the events, he comes out of the vision  
gasping for air at the horrible sights he has witnessed.

The stress of viewing it all again, leaves Farein wobbly and she  
almost collapses in Tristan's arms—he steadies her.

TRISTAN

Are you alright?

He asks with worry clouding his eyes.

FAREIN

Yes, my lord I am fine.

(she looks into his  
thoughtful eyes)

So, now you have seen  
and know what my destiny  
is.

(she turns away from him)

The only way unity can  
be brought back to our  
family, and Ophir is  
through my death.

He turns her to face him, with his eyes burning with angry.

TRISTAN

I will not believe that.

(his voice is booming  
thunder)

The vision was polluted,

you said it yourself.  
 The Holy One was there  
 at the end, so there is  
 hope. I refuse to believe  
 that you will die. It  
 cannot be the Holy One's  
 plan. These visions have  
 symbolic meanings sometimes,  
 not all of them are literal.  
 If that was the case, I should  
 be dead right now at your  
 hand.

FAREIN  
 Perhaps.

Farein says not convinced at the king's words.

TRISTAN  
 I am sorry for asserting  
 my kingly authority  
 earlier today; I am just  
 not strong enough to  
 endure your pain.  
 (his jaw tenses, as  
 he whispers to her)  
 It was never my intention  
 to hurt you.

Farein smiles, and brings her fingertips to his lips to silence him.

FAREIN  
 You were right, I was  
 in no way stable enough  
 to handle it.  
 (she wraps her arms  
 around his neck)  
 Thank-you.

He pulls her closer, and when he speaks; his speech is intensely labored as he looks into her eyes.

TRISTAN  
 If you died, especially  
 that way; at my hand. I

could no longer survive.  
 (he touches his forehead  
 to hers)  
 I am not being melodramatic  
 when I admit it, it is a  
 fact.  
 (he closes his eyes,  
 as his face contorts  
 in pain)  
 Just thinking about it  
 is painful Farein. I know  
 that there must be some  
 other explanation to your  
 vision—some other hidden  
 meaning.

He looks into her eyes again.

She avoids his stare, by burying her head in his chest but he  
 brings her eyes to meet his again.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 I cannot lose you.

His eyes are wild and desperate.

She brings his lips to hers tasting them softly, he pulls her  
 closer—and looks into her eyes as they part.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
 You have no idea how  
 sufficient your beauty  
 is to me.  
 (he kisses her softly)  
 When compared to you  
 every other woman is  
 sorely lacking, but you  
 my love, lack nothing.  
 (he caresses her cheek softly)  
 How could I possibly find  
 another? Perfection  
 cannot be duplicated.

She takes his hands in hers, and entwines her fingers with his.

FAREIN

(Ishmerean; w/ subtitles)  
Encrop

I am yours

Embrasia  
forever

Tu ellowell  
for always

Tu infinatali  
for eternity

He envelopes her in his arms, and just looks at her in awe.

She smiles in a very come hither type of way, and brings his lips to hers for a soft kiss—then she pulls away and grabs his hand in hers.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
(Ishmerean; w/ subtitles)

Shikana

Come

She tows him behind her to their waiting marriage bed.

INT.- PRINCE ANTOCK'S QUARTERS- NIGHT

A dark vessel, as black as sin; travels at lightening speeds across the sea. The ship belongs to the Evil One; carrying every member of his Dark Army—this includes the young prince and his lover—a beautiful girl named JYNLYRIC.

Antock is in his quarters lying in bed with JYNLYRIC cuddled in his arms.

JYNLYRIC, looks to be about twenty years old but of course she has no age; because she was created from the fires of hell. She has dark skin and is very exotic looking; one would have to really be looking at her to notice any marks of evil on her—for example (the fires of hell burning in her dark eyes). Other than that; she is of tall stature and slight build and her beauty is enough to trap any unsuspecting man.

JYNLYRIC

(purring)

I cannot wait to meet  
your family.

She mindlessly smooths her fingertips against the muscular planes of his chest.

He takes her hand in his, and smiles.

JYNLYRIC (CONT'D)

Do you think that  
they will like me?  
(she sits up and looks  
into his eyes)

You are destined to  
be High King, after all  
and if we should  
marry; I shall be High  
Queen. What if they  
do not approve of me?

He caresses her cheek softly with his fingertips.

ANTOCK

Come now love, are we  
not merely having a  
good time?

(he hunches)

Let us not put the cart  
before the horse here,  
we are not discussing  
marriage.

Her countenance changes from fair weathered to stormy.

JYNLYRIC

What are your intentions  
with me young prince?

(she folds her arms)

Am I just to be used  
for your pleasure, and  
then discarded when you  
tire of me? Is that what  
this is?

She says gesturing between the two of them.

ANTOCK

Of course, not.  
(he smiles a dashing  
smile)

I love you, I do;  
it is just that I am  
far from ready to discuss  
marriage. I mean, I have  
my coronation to think  
about, not to mention proving  
to my parents that I am even  
ready to be High King.  
(he caresses her cheek)  
Surely, you see the amount  
of pressure I am under. I  
certainly do not need anymore  
right now.

Jynlyric smiles seductively, and gets really close to Antock and hovers her lips just inches from his.

JYNLYRIC

Do you not want me Annie?

He closes his eyes and his breathing becomes labored, as if he is in pain.

ANTOCK

You know that I do.

JYNLYRIC

Then why not make me  
your betrothed, you  
are to be High King;  
surely you are able to  
choose your own bride.  
(she kisses him softly)  
Make me your betrothed  
Annie, or you lose me.

Before Antock can make the kiss more fervent, Jynlyric backs away from it with a malicious smile.

Anger blazes in Antock's eyes.

ANTOCK

You are giving me an  
ultimatum?

She nods her head.

JYNLYRIC

You can call it whatever  
you like.  
(she touches his lips  
with her fingertips)  
But until you make a  
decision, I think I  
will sleep in my quarters  
next door.

She attempts to get up, but Antock gingerly grabs her wrist;  
holding her in the bed with him.

ANTOCK

You cannot be serious.

JYNLYRIC

Really, I think that I  
am lover.  
(she purrs)  
Say the word Annie, and  
I am all yours.

He groans as if he is between a rock and a hard place.

ANTOCK

Fine. You shall be  
my betrothed.

He concedes through gritted teeth, and Jynlyric claps her hands  
with girlish glee.

Antock's face breaks into a smile, and he grabs her into his  
arms and kisses her passionately—she wraps her arms around his  
neck enjoying every single kiss of his lips.

ANTOCK (CONT'D)

You are such a witch.

He says through his kisses, she smiles and winks one of her hellfire and brimstone eyes.

JYNLYRIC

I know.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS- DAWN

The larks sing beautifully as the new sun immerses the room in illuminating gold.

The king is asleep in the queen's bed; he smiles at the sound of his wife's beautiful voice as she helps the larks sing in the dawn.

He sits up and watches her lovingly; as she waters the plants on the balcony—smiling to herself in bliss.

He rises from the bed; and puts on his royal robe but he does not go to her directly, he just stands aloof watching her with great adoration and desire.

Although the queen has her back to him; she smiles with awareness of the fact that she is being watched.

FAREIN

Are you just going to  
stand there my king; or  
will you come and bid me  
good morning?

She finishes watering the plants and turns to face him.

He approaches her and envelopes her in his arms with a passionate gaze.

TRISTAN

Eyes in the back of  
your head.

He declares with a smile.

She gives him a soft peck on his lips.

FAREIN

I have seven sons, king  
of my heart. I would say  
that this little gifting  
comes with the territory.

He smoothes his fingertips against her cheek, and lulls softly  
to her.

TRISTAN  
Why did you stop singing?  
The lark's song is  
no match for your angel's  
voice.

FAREIN  
Thank-you my lord.

She bows her head with a smile.

TRISTAN  
Will you please continue?

FAREIN  
If my king wishes me  
to give him a private  
performance; I shall  
do so with pleasure.

TRISTAN  
Please, finish the one  
that you were just  
singing.

He sits on one of the grand chairs on the balcony—and looks to  
his wife with expectancy.

She begins her lovely weaving of notes—and when she is finished  
she receives a grateful applause from her husband.

She curtsies, and takes her seat next to him resting her head on  
his shoulder.

TRISTAN  
Beautiful.

He whispers taking her hand in his, and he gently begins to  
caress her palm with the pad of his thumb.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
I wish I did not have  
to sail today.

Farein sits up and looks into her husband's eyes, and cups her hands around his face.

FAREIN  
Please do not speak of  
it, not now my lord;  
right now I just want  
to pretend that this is  
just another ordinary  
day.

She sees agreement in his eyes, so she smiles and lays her head back down on his shoulder entwining her arm with his.

TRISTAN  
As you wish.

She closes her eyes contented.

A vision flashes in her head.

She sees a dark ship with black sails headed their way.

Antock and Jynlyric are on the deck wrapped in each other's embrace as the demonic crew work hard to man the ship.

Farein opens her eyes immediately, and stands from sitting as if she is in a daze—she looks out toward the water.

Tristan envelopes her in his arms from behind; and whispers in her ear with concern clouding his eyes.

TRISTAN  
What did you see?

She closes her eyes, and reluctantly begins to spill her vision.

FAREIN  
Our son is coming this  
way, so there is no  
need for you and your  
guardians to sail to him.

TRISTAN

How?

FAREIN

On a dark ship with black  
sails.

TRISTAN

He does not come alone,  
I gather.

FAREIN

No my lord, he does not  
come alone; he has the  
Dark Army behind him and  
he is with a young woman  
that the Evil One is using  
to manipulate him.

Farein opens her eyes, and turns to face Tristan.

Tristan wears the look of war in his eyes, planning war  
strategy.

TRISTAN

He comes to take the kingdom  
by force?

Farein nods.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

This woman, who is she?  
And from what dark region  
of the Earth; did the beast  
get her from?

Farein buries her head in Tristan's chest.

FAREIN

She is not really a woman,  
she was made entirely from  
the fires of hell; so that  
the Evil One could control  
our son and take our kingdom  
for his very own.

(she is trying to fight  
back tears)  
Antock is just a means to  
an end, when the monster  
has finished using him to  
destroy Ophir; he will kill  
him and ravage our entire  
kingdom—to make room for  
his own. The Evil One  
thirsts for our blood; he  
always has.

Tristan brings her eyes to meet his.

TRISTAN

You cannot be surprised  
by this; this has always  
been what the Evil One  
has desired. And he thinks  
that we will so easily be  
conquered, because he holds  
our son for leverage.

(he narrows his eyes  
menacingly)

He shall not triumph, not  
here and certainly not over  
me. He forgets just whom  
he is dealing with. I am  
High King Tristan of Ophir—  
Keeper of the Sword, Wearer of  
the Holy One's righteous armor.  
And he will not take what was  
given to me by right and by  
destiny.

FAREIN

What shall we do, my  
king?

She asks this with full confidence in him.

TRISTAN

First, I will call a war  
council with my guardians  
and then I shall put all  
plans for Antock's

coronation on hold.  
 (a wild excited look  
 enters his eyes)  
 If the Evil One wants to  
 try to take this kingdom  
 by force, then let him  
 come and he will be  
 sent crawling back into  
 the bowels of the Earth,  
 once again.

FAREIN  
 Let the battle begin.

She says with fighting spirit.

He pulls her close to him with his own passionate warrior spirit  
 awakening.

INT.- THE GRAND HALL- AFTERNOON

The hall is in an uproar over the news of Farein's latest  
 vision. There are arguments and loud noise of different opinions  
 and views all around.

The Queen sits upon her throne, positioned a little bit away  
 from the Oval table; although she can hear the clamoring  
 arguments she seems to be lost in her own thoughts.

Her sons stand all around her, but unlike her they are greatly  
 engrossed in the excitement taking place before their eyes.

Hendron divides his focus from the ongoing disagreement; to  
 focus on his mother's far off gaze.

He grabs her hand in his with worry in his eyes.

HENDRON  
 Are you well mother?

Farein's gaze comes back to the grand hall, and she looks to her  
 son with a forced smile.

FAREIN  
 I am well my son, just  
 lost in my daydreams is all.

HENDRON

Are you sure you do not  
need to see Master Shiyan,  
mother? You look a little  
pale.

His eyes grow even more worried.

She shakes her head, and touches his cheek.

FAREIN

Nothing escapes you, does  
it my little apothecary?  
(she takes his hands  
in hers)  
Trust me, I am well. I  
am just a bit stressed.

HENDRON

Please, do relax mother.  
(his eyebrows furrow)  
Stress is not good for  
the mind or body, it  
can lead to a host of  
health problems. I  
do not want you to  
get sick.

Farein tries to keep a serious face.

FAREIN

I shall try my dear son.

HENDRON

Do.

He says with is best manly nod.

Hendron returns his focus to his father and the guardians as  
they steadily argue.

Woe seeps into Farein's eyes as her focus returns to the loud  
discussion.

SIR PENATHAR, is in his early thirties, he is tall and copper skinned—although he is strong looking; he is not handsome. He always wears his dark and silky hair in a braid that hangs past his waist.

He stands up from his seat—after being mostly quiet through the whole meeting—his loud and thundering voice silences the rest of the men immediately.

PENATHAR

Permission to speak, my  
lord.

TRISTAN

Permission granted Sir  
Penathar; you have said  
practically nothing. I will  
have your opinion.  
(he takes his seat)  
The Holy One knows, all  
the rest of the guardians  
have had their say.

He mutters with a scowl.

All the rest of the men take their seats, including Penathar.

PENATHAR

Sire, I believe that we  
should send word to our  
allies in the nine  
kingdoms. We cannot pretend  
that the young prince has  
not forced our hand to seek  
more military assistance.  
(his eyebrow furrows)  
We have no idea what he  
brings to our doorstep, the  
Evil One very rarely attacks  
on a small scale and if he  
is with him. There is a  
possibility that we can  
all be wiped out. Is your  
son worth more than the  
whole of Ophir?

The rest of the men agree with Penathar.

Tristan gets up and starts to pace, then he suddenly stops and directs a narrowed stare at his men—they quiet at his deadly look.

TRISTAN

Would any of you like  
to be king? Would any  
of you like to have this  
on your conscious? It is  
easy for you all to  
suggest that I just  
nonchalantly sacrifice my  
son, because he is not  
your son.

(his words are acid)

Speak up, raise your hands!

(he yells)

No volunteers, well I guess  
that I am still king and  
as long as I am king I  
will do what is best for  
the whole of Ophir.

(his jaw tenses with  
anger)

And we will contact the  
nine kingdoms when I deem  
it appropriate.

The men begin to mutter amongst themselves.

SIR BRAZNALD, is in his mid-forties, he is an all around average guy: average height, average build, average looks, etc. he has naturally tanned skin and blond hair.

BRAZNALD

And when will that be  
sire?

He asks with a sneer.

TRISTAN

When. I. Say.

His voice is chilling, and this leads the men to stand up out of their seats and begin arguing again.

Queen Farein has had enough, and when she stands up from her throne she begins to walk right in the midst of the arguing men.

Her sons look at her in awe.

Her presence is not noticed at first, and then she raises her voice.

FAREIN  
Brothers, please!

The men quiet and look shamefaced as if they are just realizing she has been in the room the whole time.

She moves to each man, and looks them straight in the eye.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
Sir Qrow.

She puts her hand gently on his shoulder, and the tension disappears from his stance—she continues this with each man.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
Sir Lazeney, Sir  
Trinbald, Sir Frinlin,  
Sir Maynoon, Sir Zeershin,  
Sir Chamold, Sir Penathar,  
Sir Drismind, Sir Ankargold,  
Sir Shwinsum, Sir Braznald.

When she reaches her husband, she looks deeply into his eyes and he is helpless to argue with her—he is completely mesmerized. She puts her hands on both of his shoulders.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
My king, may I have  
permission to speak with  
you?

He bows his head to her in agreement, the rest of the men settle into their seats.

TRISTAN  
Milady.

Farein smiles, and the king can't help but smile back at her.

FAREIN

I know that your edicts  
are given with a good  
heart.

(she places her hand softly  
to his heart)

But, my lord; you must  
yield and do as your  
guardians have suggested.

(she backs away from  
him a little)

If we do not take  
precautions, we will all  
perish. And you, being  
such a great and honorable  
ruler would not allow your  
people to perish.

He steps toward her with undeniable pain in his eyes.

TRISTAN

No, just my son—our  
son.

FAREIN

He shall not perish, I  
have faith that he will  
make the right decision.

She breaks protocol and touches his cheek softly, and Tristan does not object to her improper behavior.

He almost forgets where he is, and walks closer to her; he must fight taking her in his arms.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

My vision has confirmed this.

TRISTAN

Milady.

He is still captured by her eyes, he turns to focus on his men with much difficulty.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
Guardians, you have  
heard the words of  
your queen. I shall  
do as she has suggested.  
(his face breaks into  
a smile)  
I apologize for my  
previous objections to  
sending for aid from  
our brethren of the nine  
kingdoms.

QROW  
You are forgiven sire.

He yells out with a chuckle.

And the rest of the men concur by pounding their silver gloved fists against the oval table.

Farein smiles, and as the king looks back at her she curtsies.

FAREIN  
My lord if it is alright  
with you I shall take  
my leave now.

TRISTAN  
You are dismissed by  
order of your king.

She bows her head and smiles at him, with a little coquette in her eyes.

He smiles back seductively, and then the queen exits the Grand Hall; with her king's eyes passionately focused on her.

The young princes just stare at the events unfolding around them as if they don't quite understand what has just taken place.

The men—including the king—sing their war song of victory with loud resonate voices.

EXT.- THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN- DAY

This Kingdom's very existence is light, and darkness cannot pierce it. There are things in this Kingdom that cannot 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, as he walks through the garden but he is not enjoying it as he usually would because the Evil One has decided to pay him a visit.

EVIL ONE

What is it with this  
weak king that you have  
chosen Son of Man?  
(he chortles darkly)  
Every time his woman tells  
him to jump, he jumps. Does  
she have so much power over  
him? And why would you  
allow such a woman to  
take your place in his heart?  
It is disgusting the way  
he idolizes her, the  
way he keeps her on a  
pedestal.

The Holy One smiles, with some secret knowledge present in His eyes; He does not let the Evil One's words get the best of Him.

HOLY ONE

I see the depths of his  
heart, and I know that  
his love for his wife is  
in accordance with my will.  
(he looks into his eyes)  
You know what I think Dark  
One?

EVIL ONE

No.

He spits through his teeth.

HOLY ONE

I think that the power  
of their love unnerves you.

EVIL ONE

Mortal love is fickle.

(he scoffs)

It can alter in a matter  
of seconds, besides I  
have their son. That  
should break their  
sickening love, thus  
breaking the kingdom of  
Ophir.

(he rubs his hands  
together with glee)  
And when the kingdom  
falls, the Sword of  
Peace and the Golden  
Armor shall be mine.

The Holy One shakes his head, and laughs softly.

HOLY ONE

Why fight a battle that  
you have already lost  
Dark One? You have tried  
to defeat them over and  
over again, and yet you  
always fall short of your  
goal. Will you never  
give up?

EVIL ONE

Never.

His voice is all darkness and demonic tones.

HOLY ONE

You shall be your own  
undoing.  
(he points at him)

The king and queen are  
 under my protection,  
 I have marked them  
 and their descendants  
 with my own finger.  
 They and their line  
 have been born and  
 bred to turn you and  
 your dark kingdom to  
 desolation. You had  
 your chance to walk  
 away, now you are  
 going to suffer for  
 your defiance.

The Evil One turns into his black lion form, and grins an evil grin.

EVIL ONE

We shall see Son of  
 Man, we shall see.

He roars loudly and disappears.

INT.- MIRRADORM WOOD COTTAGE- MIDNIGHT

The beautiful little fairy tale cottage—which sits about 30 feet away from the waterfall and lagoon in the heart of Mirradorm Wood—was given to the Queen by the King as a 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary gift.

Farein waits in the cottage now, for her husband to come to her. There is a fire blazing in the fire place, and dinner cooking upon the fire (so that her and the king may dine together).

Tristan enters the cottage quietly, and stops dead in his tracks as he looks upon the beauty of his wife—she is sitting upon a windowsill letting the moon bathe her in its light—a smile crosses her face because she knows that he has come, and she knows that he is watching her.

FAREIN

Are you going to stand  
 there all night, or will  
 you come to me?

He is pulled out of his passionate reverie, and begins to walk toward his wife; she stands up to meet him—with an inviting smile.

He drinks her in with his eyes.

FAREIN (CONT'D)

I wore it just for  
you my king, I know  
that it is your  
favorite.

(she throws her arms  
around his neck)

You said it set fire  
to my eyes, remember.

His jaw tenses, as he pulls her closer to him.

TRISTAN

Yes, but Farein you  
should not be here alone  
like this; it is not safe  
especially not now.

She caresses his cheek softly.

FAREIN

But I am not alone.

His face breaks into a smile, even though he is trying to be serious.

TRISTAN

Mock me if you wish,  
but if you think that  
positioning Lanayus at the  
door was going to be  
enough to protect you;  
you are sadly mistaken  
lady.

FAREIN

I am second only to  
you in the art of  
the sword; if I were  
a man I would most

certainly be one of  
your guardians and  
we would not be having  
this conversation.

He raises her chin so that he can look deeper into her eyes, his  
lips almost meet hers.

TRISTAN  
You are definitely  
not a man.  
(he smiles taking  
in her fragrance)  
You smell far better.  
And you are capable of  
enchancing any man into  
submission. I should  
banish you from my  
war counsels from  
now on.

He pulls her closer, and she giggles softly.

FAREIN  
Aye, but you will not.

She whispers in his ear, and he pulls away so that he can meet  
her eyes.

TRISTAN  
You are right I will not,  
because I crave your  
presence far too much;  
my jade eyed beauty.

He caresses her cheek with the pad of his thumb, and kisses her  
tenderly.

Farein pulls away before the kiss can become more fervent.

FAREIN  
You must be starved.  
(she heads over to  
the fire to check on  
dinner)  
I am cooking mutton chops,

I know that they are your  
favorite.

When she is finished turning the meat over, Tristan envelopes her in his arms.

TRISTAN  
You are so beautiful  
Farein, how can I think  
of food when you are  
so close?

He kisses her gently.

FAREIN  
Mashed sweet potatoes.

She smiles.

He laughs kissing her again.

TRISTAN  
I would rather taste  
the sweetness of your  
lips.

He looks deeply into her eyes.

FAREIN  
Blanched kale.  
(she blushes trying  
not to look at him)  
And for dessert...

He brings her eyes back to his, and pulls her ebony tresses to one shoulder and lulls in her ear with a seductive smile.

TRISTAN  
(Ishmerean w/ subtitles)

Glimira Yi Chomare

I will take my dessert  
now.

He kisses her again, as the fire blazes under the mutton chops.

INT.- MIRRADORM WOOD COTTAGE- DAWN

Farein is asleep in bed, as the new sun rises; Tristan stands at the open window with a smile upon his face.

Farein blinks her eyes open and looks at her strong and beautiful husband; she sits up in bed and fetches her robe from close by when she puts her robe on, she goes over to her husband and hugs him from behind.

He pulls her around his body, so that he can envelope her in his embrace.

He looks deeply into her eyes, and kisses her gingerly.

TRISTAN  
Good morning love.

She drapes her arms about his shoulders.

FAREIN  
Good morning.

He avoids her eyes, smiling like a shy school boy.

TRISTAN  
I apologize for dinner.  
(he looks into her  
eyes again)  
I know how hard you must  
have worked on it, but  
it could not be helped.  
First, it was your  
mesmerizing performance  
at the war council; then  
you put on that emerald  
gown that make your  
eyes sing and then you  
bathe yourself in that  
intoxicating scented water.  
(he chortles softly)  
I am afraid the allure  
of you, stole all of  
the mutton chops' glory.

FAREIN

It is alright, the whole  
purpose of the evening  
was to relax you.

(she moves her eyes  
from his and puts some  
space between them)

I know that it was not  
easy to make the decision  
that you made yesterday.  
Annie is our son, I still  
cannot imagine waging war  
against him. It is hard  
for me to wrap my head  
around the fact that he would  
betray us.

Tristan turns to the open window, and is silent for a long  
moment; then he turns to look Farein deeply in her eyes.

TRISTAN

I do not want this war.  
(his voice breaks)  
Why, does he force my  
hand? I would rather  
destroy myself than destroy  
him.

She goes to Tristan and melts against his body, and he embraces  
her; he kisses her lightly on the top of her head.

FAREIN

You shall live, and  
he shall live.

She looks him straight in the eye.

And he flinches at what he reads in her eyes.

TRISTAN

We all shall live.

He amends Farein's statement, and hugs her close but Farein's  
eyes hold doubt because she has seen the prophetic vision of her  
demise.

2 WEEKS LATER

INT.- THE GRAND HALL- MIDDAY

All the kings from the nine kingdoms have answered High King Tristan's written request for help—more chairs have been brought to the Oval Table to accommodate the extra men.

The Guardians and the kings sit quietly; so that they may receive proper war strategy from their king on the oncoming attack from the Evil One and how they will fight against it.

The Queen and the princes are not present at the meeting.

The High King stands to address his fellow kings and Guardians.

TRISTAN

First and foremost I  
would like to express  
my gratitude to you gentleman  
for answering my call so  
urgently; and for availing  
us to your military forces.

(he sighs deeply)

Let us see if we cannot put  
these forces to use against  
the Evil One's advancing  
army. My plan is to post  
a 24 hour a day guard at  
the shores of Ophir, as well  
as a guard at the door of the  
Tower of Peace; I would also  
like to have a guard stationed  
at the palace walls and a guard  
in Mirradorm Wood.

(he looks at the bewildered  
faces of the men)

I know that the Evil One is  
planning to ambush us by  
way of his ship on the sea, but  
with him we can never be too  
careful.

(he looks to the men again)

Are there any questions  
or concerns?

The men are silent.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Well then, we are dismissed.

(he puts on a forced smile)

It has been a long night,  
but I am glad that we have  
finally nailed down all the  
details.

(he sighs)

May the Holy One protect  
and keep us.

ALL

May the Holy One protect  
and keep us.

All the men stand and begin to file out of the room, either bowing their heads to their High King out of respect or giving him an encouraging hand on the shoulder.

Tristan grips either side of the table—while standing—and closes his eyes trying to silence the many thoughts rolling around in his head.

QROW comes up behind him and places a fatherly hand on his shoulder, Tristan stands straight up and meets his eyes—trying to wipe his face clean of all uncertainty.

QROW

We shall triumph, my lord.

Tristan runs his fingers through his hair exasperated.

TRISTAN

I do not doubt our strength  
Qrow. We have defeated the  
monster before, and the  
Holy One shall give us the  
might to do it again.

But...

QROW

But, Annie may be killed  
in the process?

Tristan's face contorts to pain, as he nods his head at Qrow.

TRISTAN

My parents have been lost,  
my brother has been lost and  
now my son shall be lost as  
well.

(rage enters his eyes)

What more can the Holy  
One require of me? I have  
taken up my call; I have  
wielded his Sword of Peace and  
all it has seemed to do for me  
is elicit more war and blood  
shed.

(he grips the table at  
either side again)

I do not know what he wants  
from me Qrow. Who will die  
next? You, the young princes,  
my Queen?

His voice breaks as he mentions Farein's death; tears escape his eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

What more shall I sacrifice  
to the cause?

Qrow goes over to him, and places his hand on his shoulder feeling nothing but empathy for his High King.

QROW

You must stand firm my  
lord, and after you feel  
as if you have done all  
you can you must steadily  
stand. The Holy One never  
promised us sunshine and  
rainbows all the time, some  
of this life shall be an  
open sore. But the Holy  
One is more than able to  
heal what has been wounded.

Tristan stands up and looks Qrow in the eye.

QROW (CONT'D)  
 Will you ask Him to heal  
 you, sire? Will you trust  
 His will even when your  
 eyes are darkened to it?

Tristan touches Qrow's shoulder with his eyes brightening a little.

TRISTAN  
 Thank-you Qrow.

Qrow smiles and bows his head.

QROW  
 My lord.

Then he leaves Tristan to his thoughts.

INT.- THE DARK SHIP- LATE NIGHT

The dark ship with the black sails is speeding toward Ophir, every demon, imp, Shadow Knight and dark force of Hell is celebrating the war soon to come—Antock and Jynlyric have chosen to celebrate in private, they are nowhere to be seen.

The Evil One sits in a pitch black cabin; by himself—in his lion form—deciding not to celebrate until the war is won.

Ryn enters the room, and closes the door behind him.

EVIL ONE  
 Ryn, you are back from  
 the shores of Ophir; I  
 want a full report.

RYN  
 Yes my lord.

He stammers, not wanting to say anything to set the Dark One off.

EVIL ONE  
 Well?

The Evil One prompts impatiently.

RYN

Well, my lord the young king has elicited help from his brethren of the nine provinces and the kings have brought their armies with them.

(he doesn't look at the Evil One)

To be frank, conditions are not favorable for us. How shall we enter in with the kingdom so heavily guarded; we have no element of surprise they expect our coming.

The Evil One circles Ryn like a predator ready to pounce on his prey.

EVIL ONE

Of course they expect our coming you fool; this has been in my plan all along.

(he laughs darkly)

The young king has a pair of beautiful green eyes looking into the future for him. Certainly, you did not believe that we would be afforded the element of surprise with the seer queen around. If we could have gotten away with the element of surprise, we would not have need of our very special shield.

RYN

Shield, majesty?

The Evil One growls a deep growl in the back of his throat.

EVIL ONE

The young prince, you  
moron. The young prince is  
our shield.

RYN

Yes my lord.

He stammers.

The Evil One sighs exasperated with his Head Shadow Knight.

EVIL ONE

Please, leave me to myself  
Ryn; your stupidity is  
beginning to annoy me.

Ryn bows.

RYN

Yes my lord.

And he leaves the Evil One in the dark cabin by himself; once again.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS-

The queen sits on her bed on top of the blankets, she is reading her Book of Mercy and sipping her night tea; when an exhausted Tristan comes into the room and begins to take off all of his outer kingly pomp; so that he is down to his tunic—which he begins to unbutton but he doesn't take the tunic all the way off.

He places his crown on the night table closest to him, and sits on the bed to take off his boots.

Farein closes her Book of Mercy, and places it on the night table; her eyes are filled with worry for her husband.

FAREIN

Bad day?

She asks in a soothing voice.

He doesn't answer he just looks at her, with sad and drained eyes.

She holds out her arms to him; and he goes to her and lays his head on her lap with a sigh.

TRISTAN  
The worst.

She smooths her fingers through his dark locks; and begins humming a tune.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
That is such a beautiful melody. What is it? I have never heard you sing it before.

FAREIN  
It is called *Prayer for the Holy One*, my mother used to sing it to me when I was a little girl.  
(she smiles)  
It chased away all of my nightmares.

His eyes are closed.

TRISTAN  
Would you sing some for me now?

FAREIN  
As my king commands.

She lowers her lips to his ear, and lulls the melody softly to him.

He smiles as he becomes entranced by the melody, he starts to hum as she sings.

When she is finished, he opens his eyes and stares up at her.

FAREIN (CONT'D)  
Better?

TRISTAN  
Miraculously, yes. How  
did you do that?

He sits up and looks at her in amazement, and then he caresses her cheek with his fingertips softly.

FAREIN  
It was nothing that I  
did sire, it is a prayer,  
the Holy One can only  
heal what ails you. I  
am just his vessel; and  
if he has healed your  
wounds through me—I am  
humbled.

She smiles, and he kisses her softly.

TRISTAN  
Well, I believe that he  
has. Thank-you milady  
for being so willing to  
serve Him and me.

She lays her head on his shoulder.

FAREIN  
Is that not what I am  
here for?

He takes her hand in his, and entwines his fingers with hers—  
with his free hand—he brings her eyes to his.

TRISTAN  
How did I do it?

He drinks in every feature of her face with his eyes.

FAREIN  
Do what?

She smiles.

TRISTAN  
Live without this

indescribable love. I  
 know now, after being with  
 you; becoming one with  
 you—I was not really  
 living before you I was  
 merely existing. And  
 if I had never found  
 you Queen Farein; I  
 would still be seeking  
 you out.

She brings their entwined hands to her lips, and kisses his.

FAREIN

Our union is sacred, my  
 love and nothing outside  
 of providence can break  
 it.

(she lays her head  
 back on his shoulder)

We are one soul.

TRISTAN

If you perish, I perish.

She picks her head up from his shoulder, and looks into his  
 eyes.

FAREIN

If I were to die...

TRISTAN

Do not say that.

His eyes are panicked.

FAREIN

But if I were to die,  
 Tristan; you would  
 yet live—your warrior  
 spirit is bent on survival.  
 And even more so because  
 of our sons, you would  
 think of them would you  
 not?

He kisses her passionately, and then rests his forehead against hers.

TRISTAN

I told you, you are my  
heart and I cannot live  
without my heart.

(he smooths the pad of  
his thumb against her  
cheek)

I would only be existing.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBERS- DAWN

The queen sleeps on the king's chest, as he holds her in his embrace. They seem to be blissful and satisfied, until the silence is broken.

All seven of their sons rush into the room with excited chatter, and Dimiyan—the youngest—jumps up into bed with his parents wedging a space between them.

DIMIYAN

Daddy, daddy.

(he laughs and bounces)

Mommy, mommy.

TRISTAN

(yelling)

Boys, what did I tell  
you about barging in  
without knocking?

He sits up giving all of them stern looks.

FAREIN

Tristan, I believe  
they have to tell  
us something.

TRISTAN

That's no excuse.

(he thunders)

They know the rules,  
Dimiyan if you do not  
get down off this bed;

so help me.

Dimiyan jumps down quickly, and looks at his father with sad eyes.

MANTROSE

The dark ship is here  
father.

He says with wide eyed excitement.

Farein looks as if she is going to be sick.

Tristan looks confused.

TRISTAN

That cannot be right, I  
would have heard the  
alarm.

ENSICAR

The ship is not exactly  
here father, in fact  
you could not see the  
ship without binoculars  
at this point. It is  
too far out, which  
would explain why you  
did not hear the alarm  
sound.

He says in his scholarly way.

TRISTAN

Thank-you son.

He says with narrowed eyes, and a hint of sarcasm.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I need to get dressed.

He says talking to himself, more than anyone else and he gets up out of bed with his tunic flung open over his pants.

ZETHAR

Father, I want to

stand with you.

TRISTAN  
No.

He says with finality.

Zethar will not take this answer.

ZETHAR  
Father, you cannot tell  
me that you did not  
fight wars at my age.

He answers defiantly.

Tristan jerks his arm violently, but not too violently.

TRISTAN  
No, I cannot say that I  
did not. But you are  
not ready, and I will  
not have you out on the  
battle field putting everyone  
else at risk.  
(his jaw tenses)  
You are not ready to shed  
blood, or see bloodshed. And  
that is why I am giving  
you the task of taking care  
of your mother.

Zethar looks at his mother with a scoff.

ZETHAR  
Mother can take care of  
herself.

Farein smirks at this.

A smile twitches on Tristan's lips.

TRISTAN  
That may be true, but  
you will stay with your  
brothers and take care

of your mother anyway.  
 (he looks quickly at  
 Mantrose)  
 And none of the rest  
 of you better get  
 any ideas about  
 playing boy heroes; if  
 I see any of you near  
 that beach, I will skin  
 your hides myself. Am I  
 understood?

ALL  
 Yes father.

TRISTAN  
 Good.  
 (he smiles)  
 Now, get out of  
 your mother's room.

ALL  
 Yes father.

All of them begin to file out of the room, Dimiyan does not go as quickly though; he just stands looking up at his father.

TRISTAN  
 What is it Dimiyan?

A question burns in his little eyes.

DIMIYAN  
 Daddy, will you kill  
 Antock?

Tristan winces at Dimiyan's question, but then he recovers and kneels down to his level and looks him right in the eyes.

TRISTAN  
 I will not bring harm  
 to Antock.  
 (he touches his cheek  
 softly)  
 Where did you hear such  
 a thing?

DIMIYAN  
My brothers were talking  
about it.

TRISTAN  
Well, they have been  
misinformed.  
(he forces a smile)  
Now, go get your  
breakfast and stop  
worrying about grown  
people's affairs.

DIMIYAN  
Yes, daddy.

Dimiyan runs out of the room carelessly.

When Dimiyan closes the door, Farein is on her feet immediately and she embraces Tristan burying her face in his chest.

He envelopes her in his arms; lulling to her.

TRISTAN  
I will try to protect him  
with my life.

He brings her eyes to his.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)  
I swear before the Holy  
One, I will not let harm  
come to him.

She cups his face in her hands.

FAREIN  
Come back to me Tristan  
of Ophir.

He kisses her and then he is gone, before he loses his will to go.

THE OPHIRIAN SHORE- MID-MORNING

Every military force present in the Kingdom of Ophir is positioned on the shore of the Ophirian beach, as the Evil One's ship finally hits the shore.

Tristan is sitting astride Lanayus with the Sword of Peace drawn—the Golden Armor on—and his war stare ready.

The rest of the men also stand ready for attack.

Tristan and his men are so close to the vessel that, they can see the Evil One's sneer as his Dark Army jeers at the righteous soldiers awaiting instruction.

The Evil One and Tristan are keeping each other's gaze, while the righteous soldiers respond to the Dark Army's jeers; with silence.

EVIL ONE  
Lower the bridge.

He says with a smirk.

Tristan points his sword toward him.

TRISTAN  
I would not do that if  
I were you beast.

He says with a menacing chill to his voice.

EVIL ONE  
Come now, young king do  
you not wish to see your  
eldest son?

Antock comes into his father's view, with his arm around Jynlyric's waist.

Antock is dressed from head to toe in dark armor, his father winces in pain at how the darkness has altered his son.

The Evil One does not miss Tristan's reaction, and relishes it.

EVIL ONE (CONT'D)  
Say hello to your father  
young prince.

The Evil One keeps his eyes on Tristan, because he wants to see every facial expression he makes.

Antock gives his father an evil smirk, after Jynlyric seductively whispers something into Antock's ear.

ANTOCK  
Father.

He says with a curt dismissive nod toward his father; in his new demonic tone of voice.

TRISTAN  
So, you have decided to trade  
light for darkness, have you,  
my son?

Antock laughs a dark chuckle.

ANTOCK  
Yes I have.  
(he narrows his eyes  
at his father)  
I have never been so  
strong in my life.

TRISTAN  
Do you honestly think that  
strength is what you are  
feeling right now?

His voice thunders angrily.

ANTOCK  
And why not?  
(his demonic voice becomes  
darker and more raspy)  
You and mother lied to  
me.  
(he screams)  
You never told me that  
the dark would make me  
feel more powerful than  
the light ever did.

He scoffs.

The Evil One jumps up and down with glee clapping his hands at this exchange between father and son.

Jynlyric kisses him passionately.

Tristan rolls his eyes.

TRISTAN

Tell him beast, tell  
him about that little  
seductress that you  
have created.

(he says nodding his  
head toward Jynlyric)  
Tell him the truth, he  
deserves to know it.

(he shouts)

He deserves to know how  
you have manipulated him  
into this fool's errand.

The Evil One roars loudly as he turns into his black lion form.

EVIL ONE

I will tell him no such  
thing little king.

He growls deeply in the back of his throat.

Tristan's eyes narrow, and he smiles at the Evil One's reaction.

TRISTAN

If you will not tell, him  
then I will.

Antock looks confused, as Jynlyric clings to him tighter.

ANTOCK

What is he talking about  
Dark Master?

EVIL ONE

Nothing.  
(he says quickly,

circling him and  
 Jynlyric)  
 He is just trying to  
 divide and conquer us,  
 he lies there is no truth  
 in him. He just wants you  
 to come home, and be his  
 weak little son again.  
 (he begins lulling  
 hypnotically to him)  
 I have given you power,  
 freedom and love. What  
 has he given you, but his  
 own mind controlled  
 ideologies? Will you  
 believe him over me  
 young prince? I believe  
 in you, I believe that  
 you can lead.

TRISTAN  
 Do not listen to him  
 son, he lies.

He yells.

Antock pulls away from Jynlyric, and holds his hands to his head as if trying to squeeze out all the conflicting thoughts.

ANTOCK  
 I do not know, I  
 cannot decide what  
 is true. I am confused.

TRISTAN  
 And that is exactly how  
 he wants it son.

Antock looks at Tristan with hell fire blazing from his eyes.

ANTOCK  
 Shut-up, you do not know  
 anything.

He growls demonically.

TRISTAN

Oh no? I know that the  
woman is not a woman at  
all, but a spirit made  
entirely of the fires of  
hell.

(he narrows his eyes at  
the Evil One)

And I can prove it.

(Language of Light w/ subtitles)

Fweshaw Nonan, Fweshaw Nonan

Come Out, Come Out.

The Evil One roars loudly, as Jynlyric's skin begins to melt away.

EVIL ONE

The Language of Light.

(he growls)

Shut-up, stop it.

TRISTAN

(Language of Light w/ subtitles)

FWESHAW NONAN, FWESHAW NONAN!

COME OUT, COME OUT!

All of the Dark Army writhes in pain, the Evil One roars and Jynlyric's human skin melts away to reveal the hell fire that she really is—she wails a shriek of pain as her skin disappears.

The Evil One extends his big lion paw toward the hellfire, and what used to be Jynlyric is sucked into his hand and he closes his fist around it so that it disappears.

Antock screams out, and all of his anger is aimed at his father; he draws his red glowing sword and flies off of the ship without the bridge being draw—the Evil One's demonic control over him gives him flight.

Tristan backs Lanayus up, and Antock falls face first on the sand—his sword lands on the ground dimming back to plain steel.

Tristan hops down from Lanayus with the Sword of Peace glowing a righteous blue, it does not take long for Antock to get up from

the sand and retrieve his sword back to himself—once he has it in hand it begins glowing red again.

Antock begins to engage his father in combat, and that's when the Evil One yells a command to his Dark Army.

EVIL ONE  
ATTACK!

The Dark Army flies from the ship using the same demonic force that gave Antock flight; and they pursue their quest to take the beach.

The Righteous Army fights back valiantly—it is a blood bath.

Arms and limbs flying.

Shadow Knights disappearing into Shadow.

Demons and Imps being severely burned by the touch of the righteous sword against their skin.

Lanayus running people through with his horn.

TRISTAN  
Stop this son, I am your  
father.  
(he says countering  
his smooth and precise  
sword moves)  
Would you shed my blood?

He pleads.

Antock laughs.

ANTOCK  
I have no father, you  
killed my love. I will  
drink your blood like  
wine tonight, when your  
kingdom falls and it  
will fall father—right  
into my capable hands.

Tristan tackles him, rendering Antock without a sword again and he puts the blue sword to Antock's throat; while he struggles to get up from the ground.

TRISTAN

Annie, please stop this.

(he pleads)

Remember who you are, you  
are my son; the future  
ruler of this kingdom  
and nine others. Why do  
you wish to take what  
is already yours?

Light begins to come back into Antock's eyes, and Tristan sees it and relaxes his stance a little.

However, this is a bad move; the Evil One comes behind Tristan and claws him in the back.

Tristan screams out in pain, at the deep wound.

EVIL ONE

Because everything does  
belong to him king of the  
past.

He whispers to him with evil laughter in his voice, and when Tristan turns around to return a blow to the Evil One; the righteous army comes to Tristan's aid and begins to fight the Evil One off.

But while Tristan was distracted for that brief second, Antock has had a chance to get up and get his own sword—he tries to stab his father through with it—as the hellfire returns to his eyes.

Tristan counters the move, and draws some of his son's blood.

TRISTAN

Stop this.

ANTOCK

Never!

He screams at his father, and tries to go after him again; and that is when it happens..

No one has noticed the queen stepping onto the battle field with her own sword drawn, but she wears no armor; she knows her purpose in being here and is determined.

She spots Antock and Tristan engaged in combat, and she fights her way through the battlefield to get to them—slaying members of the dark army as she goes.

Tristan has Antock on the ground, after rendering him weaponless yet again; he starts to run him through with his sword but Farein runs over to the scene in slow motion—to meet her fate.

FAREIN

No!

And when she goes to shield Antock from the fatal wound, she distracts Tristan—giving Antock enough time to get his weapon back and both of them stab Farein through blindly.

The light and dark blades clash as they enter her body, and Farein rolls over breathing rapidly from the fatal wound.

The EVIL ONE cheers and laughs hysterically; the Dark Army follows suit, as the righteous stand overlooking their fallen queen's body—speechless.

The EVIL ONE'S laughter dies in his throat when he witnesses both Antock and Tristan kneel down next to the queen.

All six princes run out onto the battlefield as if trying to warn their father that their mother has eluded them. But they stop short at the sight of their mother; and all of them begin to cry—including Antock and with the shedding of his tears his darkness melts away and as all of their tears hit the ground light blasts the darkness right off of the beach.

A light snow begins to fall, and the royal family's garments are changed to the purest of white—except Tristan, because he is still wearing the Golden Armor.

The EVIL ONE roars a loud tantrum filled roar; and he and the dark army disappear; along with the ship—not being able to withstand the light.

## EVIL ONE

This is not over, I  
 will always come back  
 for you little king.  
 Do you hear me? I will  
 always come back.

The snow stops.

Tristan ignores the Evil One's threats and continues to cradle his queen in his arms, and with the shock wearing off finally beings to cry.

The queen's blood spills bright red—through her pure white raiment—and onto the snow.

## TRISTAN

Why Farein, why did  
 you not stay away from  
 here? I told you that...

She puts her fingers to his lips to silence him.

## FAREIN

My destiny cannot be  
 vetoed my king, not even  
 by you.

Tristan lays his head on her chest, and weeps uncontrollably.

## FAREIN

(lulls)  
 Tristan?  
 (she calls to him  
 through labored breaths)  
 Tristan, please.

Tristan looks at her trying to control his sobs, she smiles smoothing her hand against his cheek and then she takes Tristan's hand and puts it into Antock's hand with contentment in her eyes and then her body falls limp.

The whole righteous army begins to tear their clothes, and cry out for the loss of their queen—Lanayus neighs loudly and kicks up his hooves.

Tristan gently takes his hand from Antock's—with forgiveness in his eyes—and rocks his dead wife back and forth in his arms.

TRISTAN  
(Ishmerean w/subtitles)

Linqasha san bustali bi  
herashia

Wait for me in paradise  
my love.

And he places his lips softly upon hers, one last time.

All at once time seems to shift and move.

In the next moment the Earth begins to quake, and everyone must fight to keep their balance.

Hell screams in displeasure.

And Heaven cracks wide open; the light of heaven spills onto the Earth and the Holy One himself comes riding through the open space—atop ELTYOLI (his heavenly unicorn)—he is smiling as he rides toward the royal family but no one can understand his happiness.

The Holy One jumps down from Eltyoli's back.

Tristan looks up at him confused.

TRISTAN  
Holy Lord, the queen  
has died.

The Holy One's eyes wrinkle with his smile.

HOLY ONE  
You are mistaken young  
lord, she lives.

TRISTAN  
Sire, she was mortally  
wounded.

He fights to keep bitterness and frustration out of his voice.

HOLY ONE  
And miraculously, she lives.

Farein moves, and Tristan looks down at her in shock.

TRISTAN  
My love.  
(he hugs her to him  
tightly)  
Thank-you my Lord,  
thank-you for giving  
her back to me.

HOLY ONE  
You are responsible for  
this miracle lad.

TRISTAN  
I do not understand.

HOLY ONE  
Your armor.

Tristan looks down at the Golden Armor, and he didn't even realize that it has been glowing brightly.

TRISTAN  
What about it?

HOLY ONE  
It is pure love High  
King, that; is what  
gives the armor its  
power. The Golden Armor  
magnifies the love of  
its wearer to the point  
that Earth is unable to  
contain this kind of  
love.  
(his voice is still and calm)

This love has the power to  
 turn death backward, move  
 the kingdom of Heaven and  
 destroy the kingdom of Hell  
 forever.

(he touches his shoulder)  
 The armor has been purified  
 with my own blood.

Tristan stands, and takes his queen's hand in his rising her up  
 and bringing her to his side.

FAREIN

So, love conquers all.

She smiles.

The Holy One chortles softly.

HOLY ONE

All.

The Holy One nods in agreement.

Tristan kisses her again with a smile, and everyone cheers for  
 their king and queen.

But Antock still looks burdened with guilt.

The Holy One places his hand on his shoulder.

HOLY ONE

Let it go High King  
 of the future.

ANTOCK

But Lord, I have failed  
 you and I practically  
 tore my family apart.  
 (he kneels to the Holy One)  
 I do not deserve your  
 forgiveness or your love.  
 How can such an imperfect  
 man be ruler over anything?

Tristan goes over to his son, and places his hand on his shoulder.

TRISTAN  
Well, ask me.

Antock looks up at Tristan in shock.

ANTOCK  
Father, you are the Sword  
Keeper. Wearer of the  
Golden Armor, High King.

TRISTAN  
And I am as imperfect as  
you are.  
(he brings his son to his  
feet)  
I should not be here, but  
I am. I should not have  
such great power, but I  
do. Why, because of grace  
and mercy. I am nothing  
without the hand of the  
Holy One upon me.  
(he hugs his son)  
You shall make a great  
High King, and an  
even greater Sword Keeper;  
if the Holy One sees  
fit to place the call upon  
you.  
(he looks at his son)  
Just remember, it is not  
all about the power; but  
love. Love, pure love  
is the only power.

Antock smiles, and looks back at the Holy One.

ANTOCK  
My Lord, can you forgive  
me?

HOLY ONE  
Yes, High King of the

future; it has already  
left my mind.

Then the Holy One whispers something in Antock's ear that only he can hear.

ANTOCK  
Truly.

He smiles.

The Holy One nods his assent, and then he gets back onto ELTYOLI's back and rides back into the open space in the Heavens and as He does this the space closes as if it never was.

The people cheer again.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER/BALCONY- MIDNIGHT

Farein stands on her balcony; looking out at the night, she smiles as she listens to the singing, the dancing and the feasting of Prince Antock's welcome home party.

The moonlight bathes her caramel skin; with its silver beams. She is more beautiful than any goddess; dressed in her emerald feasting robes. Her ebony hair runs wild and free through the soft night breeze.

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  
I am sorry my queen,  
did I startle you.

She turns to face him, and lays her head on his shoulder with a sigh.

FAREIN  
Only a little.

TRISTAN

Why did you leave the  
party so soon, tired of  
feasting?

Farein looks into his eyes smiling.

FAREIN

No, I just came up to  
help Aerohinde put the  
boys to bed.

TRISTAN

Ah, and how did you  
fair there?

She laughs.

FAREIN

You know not at all  
well. Telling six  
rambunctious boys that  
they are not allowed to  
stay up and feast like  
their older brother; is  
quite a chore my lord.

TRISTAN

I can envision it.

He smiles, while drinking in every inch of her face with his  
eyes.

FAREIN

My king, you make me  
nervous when you stare  
like that. Do say something.

Tristan caresses her cheek with the pad of his thumb.

TRISTAN

I will love you for  
eternity my queen.

FAREIN

And I you, my king.

She lowers her eyes from his, as if something is on her mind; he brings them back to focus on his as if picking up her silent thoughts.

TRISTAN

What is it love? What  
weighs so heavily on  
your mind?

FAREIN

I think I should show  
you something.

TRISTAN

Will it cause me to  
reverse time, or open  
heaven or destroy hell  
again?

He says with lighthearted mirth in his eyes.

FAREIN

You are hilarious,  
my king; really you  
should take the place  
of our current court  
jester. No, it will not  
cause you to do any of  
those things.

She rolls her eyes, and he smiles dashingly.

TRISTAN

Then proceed.

She takes his hand, and places it to her heart so that she can show him what she sees in their future.

THE VISION-

A more mature looking Antock is seated on the throne; with a dark skinned queen at his side—five rambunctious boys run through the palace (obviously Antock's sons).

Zethar, is also older and is head Guardian—a great warrior like he always imagined himself to be.

Pentalon, is older and is seen reading some of his poetry to a multitude of his followers; he also sings while playing a lute.

Ensicar, is older and is seen teaching a class at the village university—he is a great scholar.

Mantrose, is older and becomes a great hunter; a man of the wood—he is an expert at tracking anything—one of the greatest Guardians second only to his brother Zethar.

Hendron, is older and becomes a great healer and apothecary—replacing Master Shiyan after his death.

Dimiyan, is older and becomes a brilliant chef—known throughout the ten kingdoms for his cuisine.

And finally, King Tristan and Queen Farein are standing on top of the Ophirian Mountain; looking across the sea.

Tristan is embracing Farein from behind, and she is laying her head against his chest with love and contentment in her eyes; although both of their hair is completely white now, they do not look wrinkled and old but fresh and young.

As if their love and righteousness has kept them so.

He whispers something silent in her ear, and she giggles softly closing her eyes in ecstasy.

INT.- THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER/ BALCONY- MIDNIGHT

The vision blurs out, and Tristan lowers his hand from Farein's heart with a smile upon his face—but he embraces her quickly at her waist remembering that she swoons from the exhaustion of bringing someone else into the vision.

TRISTAN

Are you alright?

FAREIN

Yes.

(she smiles, draping her arms about his shoulders)

So, you saw; what I saw? You saw, how happy we all will be and...

(she looks deeply  
into his eyes)  
How much my heart still  
burns for you, even when  
we are old and gray. The  
passion that still exists  
between the two of us.

He pulls her closer to him.

TRISTAN

Did you ever doubt that  
I would love you forever,  
that I would still want  
you a hundred years into  
the future; it could be  
a thousand and I would  
still be just as much  
in love with you as I am  
now.

(he laughs softly)  
Enough to turn time  
backwards, crack open  
the heavens and destroy hell.

She kisses him softly, and he returns her kiss most joyously.

FADE OUT.









