

FORGED IN FLAMES

Written by

Jade C. Lee

jadeycl17@gmail.com
1 (619) 559-8631

EXT. WINMYRE FOREST - NIGHT

The moon shines onto a lavish manor at a forest's edge.

SLADE CAVANOCH, 23, bandit, leans against a tree, arms folded. He scoffs, shaking his head at the gaudy sight.

SOREN CAVANOCH, 28, surly fellow, tosses a coin to a cloaked MAID, who retreats into the darkness.

SOREN

Get in. Get the sword. Get out.
That's all you gotta do, Slade.

The grounds remain empty, not a single guard posted.

SLADE

The fools won't know what hit 'em.

SOREN

Don't fail the Brotherhood.

INT. WINMYRE MANOR - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Through an open window, Slade enters a dark corridor. Dust coats the old furniture. Portraits hang crooked on the wall.

At the end of the hall, a light emits from a cracked door.

LORD WINMYRE, 72, frail, sits at his desk.

LORD WINMYRE

Is this really necessary?

Across stands LORD VARRIC FERRANDIN, 65, a decorated hand stroking his white goatee. A few guards surround him.

VARRIC

Worry not. All swore to secrecy.

Slade slinks away from the study. He unfolds a hand-drawn map from his pocket and holds it to the moonlit window.

VARRIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let's continue, shall we? Lady Isa
will be a fine bride for my eldest.

Slade lurks along the hall and reaches double-doors.

ISA WINMYRE, 22, in a silk night gown, swings it open. Her jaw drops as she stumbles backwards onto the floor.

VARRIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you have other company, my lord?

Slade covers Isa's mouth and shuts the door.

LORD WINMYRE (O.S.)
No, that was a servant. Excuse me.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The grand room envelopes Slade and Isa in candlelight as they fall together. Dust billows from their soft thud.

Isa struggles and bites Slade's hand, freeing herself.

ISA
I know what you're looking for.

Slade looms over her as she rises, their eyes locked.

ISA (CONT'D)
If you get my family's ring back,
I'll pay double the sword's value.

SLADE
Triple's fair, no?

ISA
My father's guest. He has the ring.

Slade nods. One eye peers out into the darkness.

At the end of the hall, the study door hangs ajar. Silence.

Slade grabs Isa and stuffs her mouth with cloth. She struggles as he binds her in rope.

SLADE
I'm not your servant, wench.

VARRIC (O.S.)
Yes, business is business.

GUARD #1 pummels Slade to the floor.

VARRIC (CONT'D)
But that sword changes everything.

Varric gestures, his rings glittering in the light.

GUARD #2 frees Isa, earning a glare from Varric.

GUARD #3 assumes his stance, blocking the entrance.

Slade moves but Guard #1 raises his blade to Slade's neck.

ISA

No! No bloodshed. I'll help, so
please don't hurt him.

Varric nods. Guard #1 binds Slade. Slade meets Isa's eyes.

Isa exits with Varric and his Guards. The door slam blows out
the candles, swathing a tied-up Slade in darkness, alone.

LORD WINMYRE (O.S.)

Varric Ferrandin, we had a deal!

ISA (O.S.)

No! Stop!

A struggle continues outside the room, only to end abruptly.

Slade frays the ropes binding his wrists by the arrow of an
armillary sphere. He knocks it over as he unties his feet.

A Guard enters, blade drawn. A candelabra strikes his helmet.

Slade steps over the unconscious body to exit.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Slade maneuvers the dark hall. The moon illuminates the floor
swept clean. Lord Winmyre lays unconscious at the end.

As Slade reaches a lit candle sconce, he unfurls his map.

A Guard spots Slade and whistles an alarm and charges.

Slade runs away, knocking over statues and vases as he goes.

Another Guard joins in pursuit. Slade rounds a dark corner.

INT. SECRET HALL - NIGHT

Slade stumbles inside a room, its stone walls embedded with
glowing gems. A large tapestry hides him from view.

Slade sneaks in, darting behind knight armor stands.

Isa waits in the center, hands on a display case of a sword.

Slade reveals himself and catches her attention.

They freeze.

Varric steps out of the shadows, polishing the Winmyre ring.

VARRIC

I thought bandits serve themselves.

Slade approaches, hand clenched at his side, knuckles white.

SLADE

You can't win against me, old man.

VARRIC

Your choice. Gold? Land? Power?
I'll even give you this hovel.

SLADE

All I'd have to do is walk away.

Slade pauses. He shields Isa, earning a chuckle from Varric.

VARRIC

Ah, I should've known. All Cavanaugh
bastards could never resist women.

Isa shoots Slade a look of surprise. Slade sneers at Varric.

VARRIC (CONT'D)

A shame. The look on your lordly
father's face when I took his--

SLADE

You talk too much.

Slade punches Varric in the face, knocking him to the floor.

They grapple. Varric reaches for Isa, but Slade bodyslams
him. The Winmyre ring rolls onto the floor.

Isa collects the ring and uses it to unlock the sword's
display casing. Light flows from the sword's engravings.

The Guards rush into the room.

Isa grabs the magical sword. She drags the heavy sword on the
floor towards Slade. Sparks fly off the blade.

Slade meets Isa halfway as she slides it to him. As he grabs
the hilt, the blade bursts into flames.

The Guards capture Isa, all swords drawn.

Slade holds the flaming sword inches from Varric's neck,
pulling them both to their feet.

SLADE (CONT'D)
Drop your weapons.

EXT. WINMYRE MANOR - DAY

Slade and Isa stand at the gates, dawn basking the manor in a warm glow. Lord Winmyre rubs his head and returns inside.

Varric and his Guards shuffle inside a jail wagon. Horses whinny, pulling them away and into the forest road.

ISA
Here. This is from my father.

Isa gently hands Slade a heavy pouch of gold.

ISA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I wish we had more.

SLADE
It'll do.

ISA
You saved my family. This entire region, too, from Lord Varric.

Isa pauses. She takes his hand in hers.

ISA (CONT'D)
I spoke with my father and-- He would like to offer you a position.

Slade attaches the pouch to his belt, brow raised.

ISA (CONT'D)
Knighthood. My knight, to be exact.

Slade averts her gaze, before a smirk creeps onto his face.

SLADE
I ain't cheap, you know.

ISA
Well, I--

SLADE
I'll do it.

Soren glares from the forest edge as Slade and Isa return inside. A gust of wind blows as Soren stalks into the forest.

THE END