

DEATH TO THE KING

by

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INT. WOMAN'S HOUSE - TINY ROOM - NIGHT

A dark, dingy room lit only by candlelight. PHILIP, 25, sits at a table with ELIZA, 22. They face each other on opposite sides.

STUART, 60, watches them from a corner of the room. His hat pulled down, covers his face.

Eliza hands Philip a scroll.

ELIZA

You have to get this to our people inside the city.

He takes it from her.

PHILIP

I won't let you down.

ELIZA

The king has doubled the number of guards, you cannot get caught.

PHILIP

I know.

ELIZA

You truly believe in the cause?

He stares deeply into her eyes, enamoured with her.

PHILIP

I believe in you and I want to do everything I can to help you.

She slams a fist down against the table.

ELIZA

It's about so much more than me, the king must be stopped.

Philip stands up. He salutes her with the scroll.

PHILIP

I accept.

Quickly turns and exits the room.

Eliza lets out a long deep breath, she looks across at Stuart still in the corner.

ELIZA

So?

STUART

It will be a tough test for any man and he seems to me to still be a boy.

ELIZA

I need to know.

STUART

Well, you chose him.

ELIZA

Let us hope he is strong enough.

INT. JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

Two masked men have a hold of Philip. His arms behind his back, hands in chains. He's taken into a small windowless room where more men lie on the floor, they're all in chains too.

Philip is thrown to the floor, battered and bruised.

JOHN, 40, stands over him. With a limp gesture he gets those two masked guards to leave.

In his other hand John has a hold of that same scroll that was entrusted to Philip to deliver.

He waves it over Philip's face.

JOHN

Who were you meant to deliver this to?

Philip closes his eyes shut tight, tries to be brave.

PHILIP

I can't tell you.

JOHN

You have been found guilty of a plot to kill our King. You could never be successful. It was a fools errand. Whoever gave you this, sent you off to die. Don't protect them.

PHILIP

I cannot say.

JOHN

This is a crime punishable by death.

Philip shakes with fear, utterly terrified. Grits his teeth.

PHILIP  
The king is a tyrant.

JOHN  
Tell me who this scroll was meant  
for and you shall live.

PHILIP  
No.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

Philip sits alone, chained to the wall. Dirty and greasy.  
He's unwashed, cold and hungry.

Eliza hands over a handful of gold coins to a GUARD on  
duty. He takes the money, steps to the side and allows her  
to come over to Philip.

Philip's shocked at seeing her, hisses at her.

PHILIP  
You shouldn't be here.

Kneels down on the dirty floor.

Reaches out and gently touches his cut face.

ELIZA  
I'm the one who sent you out on  
this mission.

PHILIP  
And I'm the one who accepted.

ELIZA  
What went wrong?

PHILIP  
I don't know as I approached the  
city walls they grabbed me. I'm  
sorry

ELIZA  
No.

PHILIP  
You need to leave

ELIZA  
You can still save your own life

PHILIP  
But it would be at the price of  
yours.

ELIZA  
Willing to die for me?

PHILIP  
Yes.

He gives her an intense unblinking stare, he's serious.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - CELL - NIGHT

John stands over him again. Slaps the scroll across Philip's head.

JOHN  
My patience with you has run out.  
This is your last chance, save  
yourself. Who were you given this  
scroll by?

Clears his throat.

PHILIP  
No.

JOHN  
And your last words?

PHILIP  
Death to the King.

An executioner dressed all in black. Hood up and their face hidden steps forwards. A huge axe in hand, takes aim at Philip's neck with it.

John turns his back on him, as though unable to watch what is about to happen next.

JOHN  
Save yourself, give me a name.

Philip closes his eyes accepting his fate. He screams out as loudly as he can.

PHILIP  
Death to the King.

The execution stops mid swing, drops their axe to the floor.

Takes off his hood. It is Eliza, she was in disguise. She drops down to her knees and kisses Philip.

ELIZA  
You've passed.

Philip is so confused.

John turns back to face him, applauds him wildly, smiling.

JOHN

Well done.

Philip keeps his eyes on Eliza.

PHILIP

What's going on?

ELIZA

We had to make sure.

PHILIP

Sure of what?

ELIZA

That you could be trusted.

PHILIP

None Of this is real?

She shakes her head, frees him from his chains.

ELIZA

You're one of us now.

He's exhausted but smiles back at her excited.

She helps him up onto his feet and they hug.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

Now the real work starts. Death  
to the king.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.