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 here 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 as 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 is 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.