

QUESTING ADVENTURING: THE DUNDGEON SCENE

Written by

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**FADE IN:**

INT. ROYAL DUNGEONS - EVENING

The quiet ambiance of the dark dungeons is interrupted by the sound of oncoming footsteps. Dim lantern light illuminates the stairs Ellis walks down. After passing by a few empty cells, he finally sees the reason for his visit.

The newly caught thief, Drake, is seen laying in his bed comfortably. He opens an eye as his visitor approaches.

DRAKE

Hm? I wasn't expecting more visitors. Listen, you guys already took back everything I stole so we can just go ahead and skip to the part where you beat me up. No need for the all theatrics.

Confused, Ellis cocks his head to the side. He looks down and notices his own armor with the royal crest on his chest. He then covers himself with his cloak.

ELLIS

Oh! Don't worry, I'm off duty! I'm actually here for a different reason. You're...Drake the bandit, right?

DRAKE

HUH?

Drake hops out his bed and walks up to the bars dividing the two of them. He rears his leg back and gives them a hardy kick. The loud metal clang echoes through the hall causing Ellis to wince.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

What's it to ya?! DO I know you or something? I steal something from you?

ELLIS

Uhh...I don't so...Well, regardless, you don't know me! But I need something from you! You're help, more specifically.

DRAKE

Oh yeah? And why should I help you with anything?

(MORE)

DRAKE (CONT'D)  
If you haven't noticed, we don't  
exactly share the same views  
on...the law.

ELLIS  
That's easy! If you agree to help  
me...

Ellis reaches for his hip and holds up a bronze key.

ELLIS (CONT'D)  
I'll let you out.

Drake raises an eyebrow, then a grin forms.

DRAKE  
Alright, Mr. Knight. You've  
officially grabbed my attention. Go  
on.

There's a moment of silence as Ellis takes a deep breath.  
Several things run through his head. Many different things he  
could say.

ELLIS  
(inner thoughts)  
This is it. My moment! This'll be  
the first time I've told my dream  
to anyone aside from James! I can  
do this! All I have to do is say  
it! I....I.....I.....

Drake's impressed look shifts into a confused one, but before  
he could make a comment, Ellis blurts-

ELLIS (CONT'D)  
I want to defeat the Demon Lord!

Another pause flows in with a deafening silence in hand.

DRAKE  
Well...You **had** my attention.

Drake deflates and walks back over to his bed.

ELLIS  
Wait, what?! Why?!

DRAKE  
Oh ho! You did **not** just ask me why!  
You did hear the words you just  
said to me, right? Defeat the Demon  
Lord?

(MORE)

DRAKE (CONT'D)

You could just jump off a bridge if you were that desperate to kill yourself! I don't even know you and you're asking me to go on some glorified suicide mission!

Drake jumps back into his bed and resumes his earlier position.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I mean, honestly! You can't honestly expect me to go along with something like that!

A brief wave of shock surges through Ellis. His eyes scan the floor for a response.

ELLIS

The king...doesn't have a lot of time left...I worry that when he dies, this war with the demons will get...way worse...

DRAKE

Sorry, is that supposed to move me? Am I going to have a sudden change of heart because of that? Whether the world goes to hell or not makes no difference to me. In fact, it'll be pretty much the same for me.

ELLIS

So you don't care about all the people that would lose their lives?! Taking out the demon lord would save millions of lives-

DRAKE

You're asking me to go out there with you face off against the \*literal\* incarnation of evil! Just incase you didn't notice, I'm just a street rat! You can't expect me to go along with something like that.

The room is filled with a silent tension. A few moments go by while Ellis' head hangs low. Drake watches from the corner of his eye with an eyebrow raised as he awaits for Ellis' next move.

ELLIS

I'm an orphan...My parents were killed in battle by demons...Life was really hard for me because of that. And I know many other people who's lives were forever changed because of demons. That's why I went into training to become a knight.

Ellis moves the cloak to show off the royal crest on his armor.

ELLIS (CONT'D)

In my eyes, beating the Demon Lord will help keep families together. No one would have to fight in this long and bloody war! I feel like...this is something I have to do. My way of doing my part in all of this. (Sighs) But I won't take up anymore of your time...

Ellis then turns and walks away. Drake waits until he hears the entrance door before letting out a loud sigh of relief.

DRAKE

Ugh! What was all \*that\* about? He was telling me his life story or whatever!

Drake then gets up and paces around in his cell.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I mean what did he expect? Asking a street rat like me to care about a world that tossed'em aside! What a joke!

Drake begins rolling his shoulder.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

First things first, I need to make my daring escape!

Drake then raises his leg and stamps his foot hard against the door of his cell. To his surprise, however, the door swings open. The metal crashing on metal sound rings throughout the jail.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

What the?

Drake hurries out and examines the door. He sees the keys Ellis had in the lock. He takes them to examine. A Sly grin grows on his face.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Well, well. Looks like there really  
is more than meets the eye.