

DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

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Inspired by Sir Thomas Malory's Le Morte D'Arthur

It is a cold and creepy night. Owls hoot, crickets creek, and a slight wind rustles the few leaves left on the trees. The moon casts an eerie glow on the ground below.

A lanky knight with ill-fitting armor clanks through the forest. Shivering with each step, he weakly holds a sword close to his chest. He fuddles with his armor and battles with his helmet as he swivels his head to check his surroundings.

He steps on a branch and yelps.

LANKY KNIGHT

Ahh!!!

He backs into a tree and starts to run.

LANKY KNIGHT (CONT'D)

They've gotten me! Oh no they've gotten me!!

He comes to a halt and turns around.

Nothing.

A lone owl looks back at him with a blank stare.

OWL

Hoot. Hoot.

It flaps into the night, leaving the knight by himself.

He lets out a sigh of relief.

LANKY KNIGHT

You're ok, see? It was just an owl.  
There's nothing to worry ab-

Something dashes by in the darkness catching him off guard.

LANKY KNIGHT (CONT'D)

(shaky)

W- Wh- Who goes there??

Silence.

No owls, crickets or wind....

The thing dashes by again. It hits his shoulder, knocking him to the ground with a hard thud.

He scrambles to get up and pulls up his sword and puffs out his chest.

LANKY KNIGHT (CONT'D)  
SH-SHOW YOURSELF! Do you know who you're messing w-with? I am a knight of King Arthur's round table!!

Whispery screams circle through the air and the wind starts to pick up. A silky voice slithers through the air.

VOICE  
Is that sss-o? A knight... of the round table???

LANKY KNIGHT  
That is what I said isn't it? Now show yourself evil beast so that I may slay thee.

The voice lets out a hoarse and screechy laugh.

VOICE  
Hahaha! You... slay me??? Oh poor, silly silly knight. You are mistaken, for I am the one who will slay you.

LANKY KNIGHT  
What?

Before he has time to react a dark shadow emerges from the bushes and the knight screams bloody-murder.

LANKY KNIGHT (CONT'D)  
AHHH-

His scream is cut short. The screen goes black we hear the shink of a sword and the thud of a head hitting the ground.