

SPACE KNIGHTS

EP. 1 - "It's Always Knight in Space"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. FLAT WOODEN SURFACE - DAY

A pair of green, sucker-lined tentacles unfurl a scroll across a grainy wooden surface, revealing an impressive medieval castle.

The castle and its manicured grounds fill the frame, until the edges of the scroll are no longer seen at all.

EXT. GODDARD CASTLE GROUNDS - DAY

BET TELLERSON (30s human, resident town crier) stands at the outskirts of the castle grounds, ringing a handbell.

BET TELLERSON  
HEAR YE, HEAR YE!

Bet shifts into a smooth, NPR-like tone and talks into a tin cup with a short, disconnected string poking out of the bottom of the cup. The string pulses with magic energy on every word (a magical broadcaster).

BET TELLERSON (CONT'D)  
Good morning and welcome to another  
fine edition of "The Morning Cup"  
with yours truly, Bet Tellerson.

Bet pulls out a small trumpet and plays a jazzy theme tune into the cup.

INT. GODDARD CASTLE, GODDARD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

AELFRIC GODDARD (late 20s human, distinguished, buff, amazing hair) sits shirtless at a desk in front of a small vanity mirror. The Morning Cup's jazzy theme plays through a tin cup sitting on the edge of the desk.

The tin cup similarly features a small, pulsating string poking from the bottom (a magical receiver). The string has a small tag on it that reads "MORNING CUP". There's a sizeable stack of strings next to the cup, each with their own tags.

Bet Tellerson's voice continues through the cup.

BET TELLERSON (V.O.)  
First up, we've all heard reports  
of the roving conflicts across Rex  
Major at the hands of those  
troublemaking outlaws, The Seekers.

(MORE)

BET TELLERSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 But my sources suggest no raids  
 headed this way any time soon.

Aelfric caresses a small scar that lines his cheek.

BET TELLERSON (V.O.)  
 It's not all good news today,  
 though. We are due for some heavy  
 rain this week, maybe even early  
 tomorrow. And if there's rain, I'm  
 predicting lightning too. That's  
 right folks, you can *Bet* on this  
 one.

A laugh track sounds.

QUICK CUT:

EXT. GODDARD CASTLE GROUNDS - DAY

A group of peasants laugh into Bet Teller's cup.

BACK TO:

INT. GODDARD CASTLE, GODDARD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Aelfric's doing inverted push-ups against the wall next to  
 his desk.

BET TELLERSON (V.O.)  
 Now what you've all been waiting  
 for. I'm outside *the* Goddard Castle  
 for what's shaping up to be the  
 knighting of the century here in  
 Geltrevene.

Aelfric shifts into one-armed inverted push-ups.

BET TELLERSON (V.O.)  
 Reports claim Aelfric has been  
 locked in his room for the past  
 day, praying and fasting for the  
 big ceremony. What a guy.

Aelfric lowers himself from the wall and catches his breath.  
 His eyes drop to his heavily calloused hands.

BET TELLERSON (V.O.)  
 Now don't touch that string, we'll  
 be right back after a message from  
 our sponsor, SafeGoyle. Just bought  
 your first cottage?

(MORE)

BET TELLERSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Use MorningCup50 to get 50% off  
 your very own enchanted gargoyle  
 sure to scare away the toughest of  
 invaders...

Someone knocks at his door. Aelfric pulls out the string from the tin cup, shutting it off.

AELFRIC

Yes?

The door opens and a young PAGE steps in.

PAGE

Pardon me, Aelfric.

AELFRIC

No need to apologize. What is it?

PAGE

They say it is time.

Aelfric nods.

INT. GODDARD CASTLE, GREAT HALL - DAY

An impressive gathering of townsfolk (aliens, robots, humans, the universal gamut) fill the wings of a massive great hall.

A string of important-looking people line both sides of a long, ornate floor runner. At the end of the runner waits a PRIEST and SIR TALOS (50s white-haired human, grizzled, donning ornamental plate armor).

Aelfric emerges from the grand double doors, dressed in snow-white garments. From his neck hangs an ordinary-looking longsword. Aelfric begins to walk down the central floor runner.

Aelfric's sword bursts into a halo of white, crackling plasma-like magical energy. The crowd oohs and aaahs. The energy persists, lining the edges of his longsword, humming with power. Its energized edges do not appear to harm Aelfric.

Aelfric stops periodically on his trek across the floor runner, where knights, ladies and other important-looking people hand him pieces of plate armor as he goes. Aelfric locks them into place on his body like magnet puzzle pieces.

Just before the end of the runner, AELFRIC'S MOTHER hands him the last piece of his armor: his helmet. Aelfric's Mother sheds a single tear, touching her son's face. Aelfric closes his eyes, slowly, and puts on the helmet.

Aelfric, now fully geared, continues to the end of the runner and stands before the Priest and Sir Talos. He slips off the sword hanging from his neck and kneels, offering it to them with a bowed head. The priest takes the sword by the hilt.

PRIEST

Aelfric Goddard, in the presence of Sir Talos, distinguished Knight of The Realm and the presiding knight of this ceremony, I do hereby-

Aelfric's stomach rumbles loudly.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Ahem. I do hereby bless your armament with the everlasting fortune of the-

Aelfric's stomach rumbles again. He lets out a suppressed fart.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Of the Great Creator. Amen.

CROWD

Amen.

The Priest hands the sword carefully to Sir Talos.

SIR TALOS

Aelfric Goddard. By the authority bestowed upon me by virtue of the council of the Knights of the Realm-

Aelfric lets out a big one.

SIR TALOS (CONT'D)

(whispering to Aelfric)

Great Creator's mercy! What is going on down there? Do you need a moment?

The crowd murmurs with confusion.

AELFRIC

(whispering to Sir Talos)

Please. Can you stall them?

SIR TALOS

(to the crowd)

Aelfric Goddard has requested one last confession with the friar before continuing.

(MORE)

## SIR TALOS (CONT'D)

I have accepted his request. The ceremony will continue shortly thereafter.

The crowd murmurs again as Aelfric stands up and waddles down the floor runner awkwardly. The Priest gives Sir Talos a curious look before following Aelfric down the runner and out of the Great Hall.

INT. GODDARD CASTLE, GODDARD'S GARDEROBE - DAY

Aelfric locks himself into a small stone-walled privy. He begins to take off each of his armor pieces, laboriously, doing an impatient potty dance. The Priest reaches the privy door, speaking on the other end of it.

PRIEST

You don't need to confess, do you?

AELFRIC

No, father.

Aelfric strips down to his undergarments. The privy is half full with armor pieces now.

PRIEST

The road to knighthood is a long one. But the road after knighthood even longer.

AELFRIC

I know. I'm just nervous--

PRIEST

And that's okay. But sometimes you should just take what's coming and adapt.

Aelfric lets out another fart.

AELFRIC

Are you...are you saying I should have just shit my britches?

PRIEST

I think it would have been wise to just shit your britches.

AELFRIC

But the smell...

PRIEST

I'm told the armor locks it all in  
these days, special sealing  
enchancements, it's amazing.

Aelfric grunts, straining, and lets out a huge sigh of relief.

EXT. GODDARD CASTLE, CASTLE WALLS - DAY

A huge poop plops down the shoot of a garderobe that hangs off the edge of the castle wall. It smacks down into a wide stone basin on the ground below the shoot.

The poop stays centered in frame during a time lapse that takes us from morning to night.

EXT. GODDARD CASTLE, CASTLE WALLS - NIGHT

The poop is eviscerated with a blast of green magical energy. The stone basin is left spotless.

DYN (O.S.)  
(half-hearted)  
Huzzah.

DYNGARTH (early 20s human, scrawny, plain-looking but relatively well-dressed) stands about twenty feet back from the castle wall with a unique-looking crossbow and reloads a green-tipped bolt.

He sighs and circles the castle grounds for a bit before stopping behind another garderobe with a poop-filled basin. He aims his crossbow, and on his chest we see a pin that reads "Geltrevene Waste Master" and "Dyngarth" further below.

DYN (CONT'D)  
Hip.

The bolt ignites with green magical flames. Dyn fires the crossbow, eviscerating the poop in another blast of energy, and once again leaving the basin spotless.

DYN (CONT'D)  
(half-hearted)  
Huzzah.

EXT. GELTREVENE STREETS - NIGHT

Dyn patrols the cobbled streets of Geltrevene, stopping outside houses and other local gathering places to shoot chamber pots that have been left out on the curb. Each time he activates the magic bolt with a "hip" and finishes with a depressing "huzzah."

Dyn walks down a particularly busy street buzzing with nightlife. Dyn lines up a shot on a chamber pot while PENDER SUDDS (young adult alien, one-eyed, blue skin with purple-spotted tentacles) stumbles out of a nearby tavern behind him. Dyn shoots with a hip and a huzzah.

SUDDS

It's just me around, Dyn. I don't think you have to say "huzzah".

DYN

Municipal policy.

Dyn points to his nametag. The finer print reads: "Encouraging Hygiene with a Huzzah!"

DYN (CONT'D)

How's it going, Sudds?

SUDDS

Not bad, not bad at all.

The two of them continue down the street.

DYN

Easy day with the council?

SUDDS

Actually, council was closed for Aelfric's knighting. It's been a non-stop party since. Where've you been?

DYN

Sleeping. I'm on shift tonight.

SUDDS

You're always on shift, man.

DYN

Everyone complains when I take a day off. People don't just hold it in.

SUDDS

It's unfair.



DYN  
Did anything cool happen?

SUDDS  
Well, rumor is he almost shit himself.

DYN  
Wait, what?

BRENN (O.S.)  
Hey, look, it's *Dungarth*!

A slightly inebriated BRENN TALOS (late teens human, skinny, well-dressed) exits a bumping house party with a posse of teens.

BRENN (CONT'D)  
How's it going, *Dungman*?

Brenn and the posse laugh.

SUDDS  
His name's *Dyngarth*. Leave him alone.

DYN  
It's alright *Sudds*, just let 'em be.

BRENN  
You heard him, you one-eyed freak. Listen to the resident *Shite Squire*. He's a town official, you know.

The posse laughs, meanly. A few of them mock bow and curtsy in *Dyn's* direction.

SUDDS  
You're the biggest *shite-head* of them all. He should be blasting you off the streets. If it wasn't for your dad-

Brenn steps forward, fronting *Sudds*.

BRENN  
If it wasn't for my dad, what, *suckface*?

The posse "oohs", egging *Sudds* on. *Dyn* pulls *Sudds* away, down the street.

DYN

Come on Sudds, it's no big deal.

Sudds sulks away, Brenn and the posse laugh as they leave. Brenn kicks a nearby chamber pot down the street with a mock "Huzzah", spreading its contents across the road.

SUDDS

That little rat.

EXT. DYNGARTH'S COTTAGE - DAY

Morning light cuts across the front lawn of a mid-sized, stonefront cottage. The cottage is a step below splendid, but prim and spacious for one.

A shooting range adorns the left side of the lawn. A scattering of bolts form a rough circle in front of the untouched targets. The bolts are embedded vertically in the ground (instead of at an angle towards the targets).

Dyn drifts across the street toward his house with his crossbow leaned against his shoulder. He raises the crossbow preemptively to shield his eyes from the morning sun waiting for him there.

Dyn approaches a flat-top mailbox, where a pigeon is perched. He opens the mailbox and takes out a metal rod from inside, sticking it into the top of the mailbox, where it casts a thin shadow from the rising sun (a crude sundial).

Dyn takes out a thin rock slab from his pocket and places it in the mailbox. The pigeon flutters off the box, hovering nearby. Dyn slaps the side of the mailbox and the inside flashes with magical energy.

He takes out the thin slab, which now glows with an imprint of the rod's shadow (a medieval time card). He ties the slab to the pigeon's leg, weighing it down awkwardly.

DYN

To Master Burkhearth, please.

The pigeon coos and takes off.

INT. DYNGARTH'S COTTAGE - DAY

Dyn walks into his room and pulls the shades closed. He approaches a wooden box near the bed and stores his crossbow inside.

The closed box begins to glow from its edges with a soft white energy, humming slightly. The front of the box has a small etched progress bar, displaying the crossbow's magic level at around half-full.

Dyn slumps into his bed and pulls the covers over his head.

EXT. DYNGARTH'S COTTAGE - NIGHT

Dyn walks out of the front door, crossbow in hand, greeted by the setting sun. He walks over to the shooting range and stands in the center of the rough circle of embedded bolts.

He raises his crossbow, aiming straight up into the air. He closes his eyes and fires (without activating the magic bolt). A few seconds go by before the bolt lands with a \*thud\* a foot to his left. Dyn opens his eyes and shrugs.

DYN

Okay, then. Work it is.

Dyn walks over to the mailbox for his clock-in routine. He sets the rod on top and shoves in his rock slab. He ties the magically clocked-in rock onto his pigeon.

DYN (CONT'D)

Master Burkhearth, please.

Dyn watches the pigeon flutter off. The pigeon's immediately skewered by a raining arrow among a cascade of flaming arrows descending upon the town of Geltrevene. A huge flying tavern-turned-freighter floats by with archers firing from open windows.

DYN (CONT'D)

That's new.

CUT TO:

EXT. GODDARD CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT

Aelfric gallops heroically at full speed in shining armor atop a mighty steed, heading for the center of town with magic sword drawn.

EXT. GELTREVENE CENTER SQUARE - NIGHT

A growing fire wreaks havoc on the town's center square market. Townspeople run around frantically, screaming. Aelfric vaults over a fallen support beam, skidding to a stop in front of the large flying tavern that quickly approaches.

## AELFRIC

In the name of the almighty  
 Creator, and in the faithful  
 service of our righteous King, I  
 herald your demise by this hand,  
 cruel Seekers!

Aelfric dismounts, powers his sword and sends a blast of magic at the flying tavern, sundering it in half. The tavern crashlands in the square. The townspeople cheer, including Dyn and Sudds watching from a small hilltop not too far away.

RHODIN "RHOB" BROOK (human nearing half-giant in size, bearded, dressed in simple greens and browns, robotic right arm) emerges from the wreckage, unscathed, walking leisurely towards Aelfric with a large walking stick.

Aelfric charges Rhobo, sending another blast of magic at him. The white energy envelopes Rhobo before he emerges, again unscathed, his robotic arm shielded across his body. His arm glows with the absorbed white energy of Aelfric's sword.

Rhobo shakes his arm down, and the absorbed energy discharges, blasting a hole in the cobblestone road to his right. He disarms Aelfric with his walking stick and knocks him to the ground with a right haymaker.

The crowd gasps in horror as Rhobo continuously pummels Aelfric in the middle of the street. Aelfric's armor is hopelessly caved in, his body motionless.

## RHOB

Woah, guys.

Rhobo leans down a little, closer to Aelfric's body. He looks up toward the rooftops.

## RHOB (CONT'D)

Guys, I think he shit himself.

An ARCHER pops up from a nearby rooftop. He slides down the roof and lands in the square, next to Rhobo. He lifts up Aelfric a bit.

## ARCHER

Damn, you beat the literal shit out of him.

## RHOB

Just really unfortunate. We don't always control that stuff, you know?

Rhobo walks over and grabs Aelfric's sword off the ground, holstering it on his back. He turns, addressing the terrified crowd.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
 Please don't be alarmed,  
 Geltrevenites. Geltrevenians?  
 Shoot, I'm not sure, that's on me.

The nervous crowd murmurs in confusion.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
 Either way, our quarrel isn't with  
 you fine folk. We know your plight.  
 We know it well. So I ask that you  
 please clear the streets, get you  
 and your loved ones to safety.

The crowd scatters off. Rhobo waits until the square is clear of any bystanders.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
 Alright! Light it up!

A string of archers pop up from the rooftops lining the square. They fire flaming arrows at the wreckage. The wreckage catches fire, burning shortly, before violently exploding.

CUT TO:

EXT. GELTREVENE HILLTOP - NIGHT

Dyn and Sudds watch the explosion from a hilltop, townsfolk scattering like crazed ants in all directions.

DYN  
 Yeah, I don't think Aelfric's  
 getting up.

SUDDS  
 Figure he's dead?

DYN  
 Well he's on fire now.

SUDDS  
 We should run then?

The wreckage explodes again, doubling this time, like a nuclear bomb, eviscerating the square. Dyn and Sudds share a look.

EXT. GELTREVENE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Dyn and Sudds sprint away from town, soot falling around them. Townsfolk scatter left and right. A SafeGoyle gargoyle plummets from the sky.

DYN

This way!

Dyn veers to his left, Sudds following suit.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Dyn and Sudds close the sliding door of a large barn. They both collapse, catching their breath.

SUDDS

Quick thinking, is this Old Man Rowe's?

DYN

No, it's too far off Rowe's land. I don't even know whose it is, to be honest.

SUDDS

I didn't know it existed.

DYN

Me neither. I've been using it for naps on slower shifts the last couple weeks.

SUDDS

So, what's the play after your town gets catastrophically raided? Like, do we just wait it out?

Voices sound from just outside the barn, growing louder.

DYN

Hide!

Dyn and Sudds scramble for cover. The sliding door opens.

A dozen Seekers file in from outside. They appear in good spirits.

SEEKER 1

Easiest one yet.

SEEKER 2

It went exactly like Rhobo said it would.

SEEKER 3

I thought that Aelfric guy was gonna put up more a fight.

Another group of Seekers join in from the open door, carrying a wooden crate glowing from every seam. The Seekers cheer.

Rhobo walks in with even more Seekers. The group cheers even louder. He closes the door and pats the side of the barn. The barn takes off and soars into space, similar to the tavern-turned-freighter.

RHOBO

Alright, alright. Quiet down.

The Seekers quiet.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding, let's hear it for us!

The Seekers rile up again.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

Really good work guys. Flawless execution. Everyone was on point. Distraction team didn't miss a beat. That square was brighter than a supernova. Extraction team was efficient as ever.

SEEKER 3

And Rhobo made a guy shit his pants!

The Seekers cheer.

RHOBO

Okay, yeah, that did happen but let's not fixate on that!

Rhobo walks over to the glowing crate and slides open the top.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

We've recovered Geltrevne's full stockpile of municipal sourcers.

Rhobo pulls out a "sourcer", a reinforced container with a plasma-like substance caged within, like a bottled aurora.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

We're one step closer to ensuring magic is accessible to all, from prince to pauper. No more hoarding for fancy swords.

Rhobo throws down Aelfric's sword. The Seekers roar in approval.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

No more trickle-feeding for the masses through mindless entertainment, while the masses starve. Together, we can make a brighter future. We can and will make a difference.

The Seekers give a huzzah.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

Today, the Seekers sought-

The Seekers give a practiced call-and-response.

SEEKERS

AND WON!

Rhobo closes the lid.

RHOBO

Great work. Biggie, can you get a headcount before we get too far off? Don't want to leave anyone behind.

BIGGIE (extremely short alien, red skin, deep voice, Rhobo's second-in-command) steps up and gives a salute.

BIGGIE

You got it boss.

(quieter, to Rhobo)

Hey, uh, sorry I didn't prep you better on the Geltreviners. I know you fumbled a bit on what they're called-

RHOBO

(to Biggie)

Next time. We've got a lot planning for the next sourcer stockpile.

(to Seekers)

To Sherfield!



The Seekers grumble a little bit, looking disappointed. Rhobo looks around. Biggie's taking count.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
What, what's wrong? Am I missing something?

The Seekers look at each other, real non-committal like.

SEEKER 2  
Nothing Rhobo.

RHOBO  
No, come on, spit it out.

A beat.

SEEKER 3  
I think some of us were... You know, you said we might catch the Recruitment Faire...

The Seekers look around nervously. Rhobo walks face-to-face with Seeker 3, towering over him.

RHOBO  
Oh, you want to go to the Recruitment Faire?

SEEKER 3  
(nervously)  
Yeah, I mean, yes. I think we all were hoping-

Rhobo puts a heavy hand on Seeker 3's shoulder. Everyone's tense. He moves his hand to wrapping him in by the shoulder.

RHOBO  
Of course we can go! I just forgot about it, good call.

Everyone cheers.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
Seriously, guys. Just speak up, I make mistakes too. Biggie - how's the count?

BIGGIE  
Looking great, Rhobo. Everyone's accounted for. But there's also two extra guys in the corner. They've been hiding there this whole time.

Everyone turns to Dyn and Sudds.

DYN

Uh oh.

Dyn and Sudds are dragged out of the corner and brought before Rhobo.

RHOBO

Well, hello there! My name's Rhodin Brook, but my friends call me Rhobo. Who might you be?

DYN

Hi, uh, Rhobo. My name's Dyn, and this is my friend, Sudds.

SUDDS

We saw you beat the shit outta Aelfric.

The Seekers laugh.

RHOBO

Guys, come on, can we move on from that? Dyn and Sudds, got it. Now-

All the Seekers draw their weapons in unison.

RHOBO (CONT'D)

Why are you hiding in our getaway barn?

SUDDS

Well, we didn't know it was a getaway barn-

DYN

We heard about the Recruitment Faire. We were hoping to catch a ride, maybe...join?

Rhobo pauses, sizing up Dyn's crossbow. Dyn and Sudds look terrified.

RHOBO

Is that so? Sudds?

SUDDS

Uh, yes, Mr. Rhobo.

RHOBO

Interesting.

Rhobo stares into Sudds, eyes narrowing.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
Well, great timing!

Rhobo pulls GREENS (human archer, green cloak, green Robin Hood hat) from the crowd.

RHOBO (CONT'D)  
Greens here usually takes care of prospective recruits. She'll get you situated at the Faire. Let's get moving!

CUT TO:

[END OF FIRST HALF PREVIEW]