

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 aahs. 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  
 enchantments, 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.