

# "Maximo the dark knight"

ROUGH DRAFT SCRIPT

by Joe Pearson

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## PROLOGUE

FADE IN on a tortured landscape of jutting rocks and twisted trees. Flames burn from crevices torn in the barren earth. Smoke and fumes fill the screen. Distant, giant shapes can be dimly seen dwarfing the stunted trees. As the narrator speaks we slowly PUSH IN. The shapes emerge from the smoke—a deformed, one eyed cyclops with huge, misshapen hands and a second, tusked face embedded in its chest, a dead white giant worm, with the multiple legs and clawed tail of an earwig and the face of a baby, a jet black female Centaur with red burning eyes and hair, a sickly green, multi-limbed octopus with the face of a beatific, painted geisha (each tentacle ends in a lamprey toothed mouth), and a hairy, spider-like creature with the head of a ravening wolf, etc. (go wild, use your imagination)

We move past the monsters to reveal Lilith on her titanic obsidian throne. She is supremely beautiful and terrifying. A giant, red skinned demoness, with black bat shaped wings and huge bull like horns (I'm picturing a beautiful female version of the Tim Curry character from "Legend". Her lower legs and feet are goat-like. She caresses the head of a massive catlike creature with the spiked tail and armor of a stegasaurus. Piles of thousands of human skulls form pyramids on either side of her throne.

PUSH IN CLOSE on Lilith's face and eyes. The fires of Hell burn in them. She slowly smiles.

## NARRATOR

"The First Age of the World was the Age of Chaos. Volcanoes and demon fire spewed from the primordial earth. Monsters and Demons roamed the twisted landscape, the children of Lilith, Queen of Monsters.

ON a family of Humans (a father, mother with a baby, a teenage son and ten year old daughter) as they make their way across the blasted landscape using the rocks and trees as cover. They are dressed like primitives, clad in furs and animal skins and carrying clubs and stone tipped spears. They react in fear as a giant shadow falls over them. The father stands his ground as the others run for it. He throws his spear up and O.S.

UPSHOT of a gigantic, leering reptilian head— KHANARCH KHAN, the Dragon Lord. Evil intelligence burns malevolently in his eyes. The spear flies in to bounce harmlessly off the dragon's armored snout. His mouth opens revealing rows of razor sharp teeth. The face lunges at camera, the fanged mouth filling the screen.

NARRATOR

"Mankind lived in terror, at the utter mercy of the gigantic demon spawn.

On the Father. He shrieks in fear as Khan's head drops down on him, the dragon's teeth snapping him up.

INTERCUT The family running and the dragon pursuing. Khan's massive foot comes down crushing the ten year old Girl.

NARRATOR

"The most malevolent of Lilith's children was the great dragon lord, Khanarch Khan".

On a cave. The Mother rushes in carrying her Baby. She turns and watches helplessly as the teenage Boy takes a stand outside the caves' entrance. Khan reaches down for the Boy with a huge taloned hand. The Boy swings his wooden club futilely against the thick armor as the dragon grabs him.

Khan lifts the teenaged Boy high into the air, holding him kicking and squirming in front of him. The dragon's hand slowly closes, crushing the struggling youth.

Downshot on the Mother, holding her crying baby close to her chest. Push into a close-up as tears run down her grimy, wide-eyed face. We see the dragon's grinning face reflected in her blue eyes.

NARRATOR

Man's life was short and brutal, until—

Close on the face of the dragon lord. It's great jaws slowly open to reveal a burning mass of hellfire gathering deep inside.

NARRATOR

"A champion arose to challenge the power of the Chaos Beasts, the Warrior Mage—Talos"!

TALOS

(OS)

"Khanarch Kan! Face me monster!"

Rotate from Khan 180 degrees to reveal Talos standing on a craggy peak a hundred yards from the dragon. He is a powerfully built warrior with long blond hair and a fierce, grim face. In his both hand he holds a massive bronze battle ax, inscribed with glowing runes of power on its twin blades. He raises his ax high with both hands.

TALOS

"I'm going to kill you, snake and burn your bones!"

On Khan. The dragon roars his fury and spews out a mass of molten flame at his enemy.

Talos braces himself and thrusts the enchanted ax forward. Its runes glow with power. The wave of volcanic flame breaks apart around the outthrust ax and Talos, like it struck and invisible force field.

Talos races towards his gigantic foe, his massive ax trailing behind him, scouring the ground. He leaps high off the ground, swinging his weapon towards his enemy.

Misc. Shots of Talos locked in battle with Khan. Both sustain terrible wounds.

NARRATOR

"For long hours, Talos battled with the dragon as day stretched into night"!

ON Talos as he swing his axe deep into the monster's chest. Khan roars in pain.

NARRATOR

"As dawn rose, Man's champion slew the beast, though he himself was mortaly wounded".

On Talos as he forges a blade. He is clearly wounded badly with deep cuts, bruises and and bandages covering his body.

NARRATOR

"For three days and nights Talos worked, forging three mystic swords from the body and blood of the dead dragon"

Three Swords appear in sequence, fires burn behind and around them—the Red Sword, the White Sword and the Black Sword.

NARRATOR

"The Red Sword, the Cinnabar, forged from the mystic blood of Khanarch Khan. The White Sword, Immacula, forged from the bones of the dragon. And lastly, The Black Sword, the Parrila, created from the ashes of the monster."

On Talos lying in his death bed. His eyes close for the last time. We pan over to his three tall Sons. Each stands with his eyes downcast. Each holds one of the swords of power.

NARRATOR

“On his deathbed, Talos gifted his three tall sons with the Swords of Power.”

Angle on Lilith standing in front of her throne. Face contorted in anger and hate she raises her arms high. Mystic energies and light streams from her filling the screen.

NARRATOR

"Enraged at the murder of her children, Lilith cursed the swords, giving them a malevolent intelligence and a lust for blood, that would ultimately corrupt and dam their wielders."

Various shots of the Monsters being slain by the Sword Wielders ending on the remaining creatures lumbering back into icy mists.

NARRATOR

"Armed with the new weapons of power, the three Sons of Talos reclaimed their world, driving the remaining Chaos creatures into the void that spawned them."

ON a beautiful, gleaming castle/city.

NARRATOR

"Thus began the 2nd Age, the Golden Age of Man."

The city begins to burn, dissolving into an image of the three Sons, their faces twisted masks of evil. They dissolve into the three burning swords. The swords DISSOLVE into an image of the city, now laying in twisted ruins.

NARRATOR

"However, the Lilith's Curse took its toil, turning brother against brother and drowning the Second Age in a sea of blood. The swords were lost and believed to have been destroyed."

NARRATOR

"Years pass, then a new champion arose—"Loden the Just", wielder of the White Sword. With his beautiful Queen Morgaunt at his side, the Kingdom of Gloriandra was established. The greatest of Loden's Knights was Maximo the Black Knight. Maximo gained a reputation as a skilled warrior, both on the battlefield and in the bedroom, for many of the Realm's loveliest ladies opened their arms and hearts to the handsome knight. It was even rumored that the King was going to offer one of his six beautiful daughters in marriage to Maximo".

On the noble browed Loden sitting on a high throne with his beautiful Queen at his side. The White Sword, Immacula, rests across the King's knees. Around him is a hall ceiling hall, like a warrior's cathedral, festooned with banners and tapestries, lit in luminous light by tall, arched stain glass windows.

In front of Loden's throne is the edge of a carved wooden table. PULL BACK down the center of the table past warrior after warrior sitting proudly at their seats. END ON Maximo sitting at the table's head. Maximo stands and bows to the King and Queen. As he straightens we Pan up to a high balcony where we see the King's six gorgeous Daughters looking down seductively at Maximo.

NARRATOR

"But Lilith's curse was strong..."

ON LODEN on his throne looking wise and heroic. His features slowly morph becoming darker, more suspicious and malevolent. We PAN DOWN to see Loden's hand gripping the hilt of the cursed sword.

End of Prologue

SCENE ONE

Int. Queen Morgaunt's chambers—day

A high ceilinged, stone walled chamber with a tall, gothic arched window with stain glass images. Tapestries hang from the other walls. Fur rugs and woven carpets cover much of the sunken floor. Wooden oden chests and carved chairs flank a "vanity" table surmounted by a huge mirror. A huge bed with a heavily carved headrest and four wooden columns fills half the chamber. Large candelabras and multiple burning candles and incense burners give the room an exotic and sensuous overtone.

The Queen is standing in the center of the room. In a clinging satin gown, with a low cut bodice she is beautiful and seductive. There is a knock on the carved wooden door.

QUEEN MORGAUNT

"Enter"

Maximo opens the door and strides into the room. He stops four feet from Morgaunt and bows deeply.

MAXIMO

"You sent for me my Queen?"

QUEEN MORGAUNT

"Aye Maximo. I fear for our land and its people. A terrible curse  
has befallen us."

Maximo draws his blade.

MAXIMO

"My sword is sworn to the realm's defense!"

Morgaunt is distressed

QUEEN MORGAUNT

"Oh Maximo, it is my husband and your liege lord—King Loden. He has become a stranger to me—brooding, suspicious, and cruel!"

She reaches out her arms to Maximo in a pleading gesture. He strides to her side.

QUEEN MORGAUNT

"You are our only hope. You must speak to the King!"

Maximo gently grips her shoulders.

MAXIMO

(softly and firmly)

"I will speak to your husband. The King is a just man. Surely there is an explana..."

Maximo is savagely interrupted as the chamber's door is flung open by Loden. The enraged King strides into the room his white sword gripped in his hand.

LODEN

"What treason is this Black Knight?! You dare to put your hands upon my lady?!"

Maximo drops his own blade to the ground and reaches out to the King as Loden advances on him his blade held high. Pale flames dance around Loden's sword's edge.

MAXIMO

"My Lord, please, this is a misunderstanding..."

Loden swings his blade at Maximo.

LODEN

"Die like the treacherous dog you are!"

The enraged sovereign swings his sword down in a killing stroke. Maximo dodges the blade as Morgaunt watches helplessly. It strikes the stone floor hard, sparks bursting from the blow. Maximo backs away, his arms spread wide.

MAXIMO

"I cannot fight you my King. We are..."

Enraged, Loden advances on Maximo, his burning blade held at the ready.

LODEN

"Coward! Fight or die!"

Loden swings his blade repeatedly at the Black Knight. Maximo dodges each swipe of the deadly sword. He slowly backs around the chamber to the window. Loden swings a mighty two handed blow at him.

LODEN

(screaming in rage)

'DIE! DIE! DIE!'

Maximo turns and leaps through the window shattering the elegant stained glass into a thousand pieces.

EXT. THE ROYAL CASTLE—DAY

Maximo hurtles through the window landing gracefully on the courtyard twenty feet below. He rises to his feet and runs for the parapet edge, leaping off into space. TRACK with him as he falls and flips for thirty feet, finally landing heavily on the ground outside the castle walls. He gets to his feet and turns to face the tower window fifty feet above him.

CLOSE on the tower window. LODEN stands in the high arch. He points out through the shattered window.

LODEN

"Aye! Flee traitor!"

Loden raises his blade into the air with both hands. Flame burns from the blade. A beam of cold, white, energy blasts out of the sword's tip and into the air above the castle creating a black vortex of evil energy. The sky changes from day to permanent night. Black energy licks out from the vortex onto the castle below. From the top tower down the castle morphs into a twisted Fortress of Darkness.

LODEN

"By the power of the bone sword I curse this land! Root,  
branch, tree! Serf, Knight and Lord! Let the Darkness fall upon you!  
Let the Darkness fill you! Become the Darkness!"

We pull back to see Maximo running toward camera away from the castle. The ground at the castle's base turns dark. The darkness spreads across the ground rushing toward camera gaining on the fleeing Black Knight.

LODEN

"Flee! Flee to your village dog, but there will be no sanctuary there for you! (Evil laughter)

EXT. Maximo's village—NIGHT.

ON the village main road. A once charming, medieval village, has been transformed into a place of evil. The two and three story wooden buildings are warped and twisted. Some burn sullenly. Thorny vines wrap around chimneys and wooden posts. A bloated corpse swings from the hanging sign over the Inn's crooked door.

A giant, pumpkin orange moon hangs low in the sky. Maximo cautiously moves down the muddy center of the road, looking warily about him. He approaches a small house surrounded by a thorn encrusted wooden fence. In the small, muddy yard a large, two headed ax is imbedded in a rotting corpse. Maximo enters the yard, stopping just outside black hole of the open doorway.

MAXIMO

(calling out softly)

"Father...? Mother...?"

There is a long silence te is a long silence then we hear the sounds of raspy breathing and shuffling footsteps. They grow louder. Two grotesque figures emerge slowly from the darkness within the house. An older man and a women, clearly Maximo's parents, but twisted and bent with corpse white, diseased skin, chunks of exposed bone and glowing red eyes—the living dead.

THE WOMAN

(raspy voice)

"My son! You have returned to us!"

She shuffles hungrily toward Maximo, her arms opening wide in a parody of a hug, fingers ending in razor sharp talons.

Maximo slowly away, his eyes wide in horror. He backs into a corner of the warped yard. His Mother and Father slowly shuffle towards him. He father speaks with a voice like fingernails scrapping on a chalkboard in hell.

FATHER

"Maximo, my boy!"

His Mother smiles revealing long, fanglike teeth.

MOTHER

(raspy voice)



"Give us a kiss!"

Maximo grasps a long, stake-like fence post and pulls it from the earth. He thrusts it forward, impaling the thing that was once his mother through the heart. She drops like rotten fruit. Maximo's father is almost on him, his talons spread wide. Moving like lightning Maximo turns and drives the improvised stake through his father's stomach. The creature slumps to the ground. Maximo looks down sadly at his dead parents.

MAXIMO  
(softly)

"Oh Mother...Father..."

An OS voice draws his attention. It is the pure, sweet voice of a young women.

SISTER  
(OS)

"Brother..."

Maximo spins around to face the darkened doorway once again. A SQUISHING sound can be heard. It gets louder. His sister's face appears from out of the darkness. It is the face of a beautiful teenage girl.

MAXIMO  
"Oh sister! Thank the Gods that you're..."

Maximo's words catch in his throat as his sister moves out into the open. Her head swings from a long, tentacle-like neck that protrudes from a squat, bloated body with stunted flipper hands and feet (like a deformed seal). She slowly pushes herself up to her brother who stands frozen in horror.

SISTER  
(pleadingly)

" Kill me brother...please..."

With an inarticulate cry, Maximo grabs the haft of the ax and in one fluid motion brings it up and across, severing his sister's head from its stalk. On her head as it hits the ground and rolls to a stop at Maximo's feet. She smiles up at her brother, speaks, then her eyes slowly close.

SISTER  
(softly)

"Thank you..."

Maximo stare aghast at his sister's corpse. He raises his head toward the dark heavens. and lifts the bloody ax high in the air.

MAXIMO

"Loden! I cry vengeance! I will seek a Sword of Power! I will return and destroy you and your black spell! I will free this land and people! I, Maximo, swear this on the bodies and blood of my family!"

END

GRAVEYARD TOWER E. GRAVEYARD TOWER—PRINCESS' ROOM

A high ceilingND SEQUENCE

INT. GRAVEYARD TOWER—PRINCESS' ROOM

A high ceilinged stone chamber dominated by the large circular window at the tower's top. In keeping with the graveyard theme