

DARRYN THE BOLD AND THE SWORD OF BOLDNESS

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INT. FANTASY FORGE - NIGHT

Flames burn in the darkness. A female voice speaks.

KALA (V.O.)

The Sword of Boldness was the
greatest sword ever created.

Molten steel pours into a sword mold.

KALA (V.O.)

Forged thousands of years ago by a
powerful wizard.

A hooded figure beats and cools the hot metal, then lifts the sword high. This is THE SWORD OF BOLDNESS. A rather plain looking blade, save for the GLOW that surrounds it.

INT. CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Vaulted ceilings. A golden throne. An old KING stands in the center of a mass of knights and royalty. The hooded figure walks through it all, toward the king.

KALA (V.O.)

Anyone could hold it, but The Sword
would only reveal its ultimate
power to one with a truly
courageous heart. A hero brave
enough to face his worst fear.

The hooded figure bows and presents The Sword from under his cloak. The king raises The Sword high and his subjects cheer, as The Sword GLOWS with power. Our king smiles. This is good.

KALA (V.O.)

Throughout time, kings and heroes
fought for The Sword, though few
experienced its full potential.

A MASS OF SWIRLING IMAGES: Time marches on, wars are fought, and the king changes from an old king to all forms of king: Young, Old, Black, White, Asian, Elven. You name it. Each one holds The Sword. Sometimes it glows. Usually it doesn't.

INT. CASTLE - BEDROOM - DAY

On the walls of the bedroom: Swords. Knives. Pointy sticks. Many sharp objects, with the exception of one EMPTY SPACE.

Around the room - Clothes. Armor. Many empty (and full) beer steins. In bed, post-coitus, lie DARRYN (40s) and KALA (20s).

DARRYN is fit, handsome, sparkling teeth, rugged jawline. Perfect in every heroic way. And he knows it.

Next to him - KALA. Physically, she's exactly the kinda girl who'd end up in bed with a guy like Darryn. But not nearly as dumb as a guy like Darryn thinks she is.

DARRYN

But throughout time, The Sword was lost. If it ever fell into the wrong hands, blahblahblah. Boring!

KALA

Boring? It's the greatest sword in legend.

Darryn reaches over, grabs a glass full of beer and slams the whole thing. Grabs another.

DARRYN

You wanna hear a sword story? Did I ever tell you how I killed the Bridge Troll of Cralix?

KALA

Yes. Several times, actually. I'm--

DARRYN

There I was...

FLASHBACK - EXT. FANTASY BRIDGE - DAY

Darryn stands at one end of a long bridge, miles across and a long way down. Two eyes suddenly open beneath the bridge.

The eyes lumber forward from the shadows, giving shape to a MASSIVE BRIDGE TROLL! Hundreds of feet tall with a scarred, knotted face that not even a troll mother could love.

DARRYN (V.O.)

...with the Righteous Knife of Righteousness. I charged at the troll and...

Darryn, shiny, magical knife in hand, runs at the troll, releases a loud war cry! And we shift to...

FLASHBACK - EXT. FOREST - DAY

Trees burn all around. Darryn LEAPS through the fire and races toward a sword stuck in a tree.

DARRYN (V.O.)
 Or how about the time I used the
 Talking Sword of Vik to kill the
 Demon Bears?

He pulls THE TALKING SWORD OF VIK from the tree.

TALKING SWORD OF VIK
 Finally! You do not know how long
 I've been stuck in there! Gods,
 it's hot. Oh, look out behind you.

Darryn turns to see CAR-SIZED BEARS WITH FLAMES FOR EYES
 surrounding him! He holds the sword, ready for battle.

TALKING SWORD OF VIK (CONT'D)
 Please don't use me for slashing
 things! I'm not that kind of - Agh!

Darryn charges! Demon Bear-blood splatters!

BACK TO THE BEDROOM.

Kala, bored. Darryn drinking. A sword from the wall speaks.

TALKING SWORD OF VIK (CONT'D)
 Cool story, D.

DARRYN
 Thanks, Vik!

Kala rolls her eyes.

KALA
 Wow. So amazing. Again. Why don't--

DARRYN
 That's nothing. Check this out!

Darryn leaps out of the bed, sends Kala rolling to the floor,
 and we're off to...

FLASHBACK - EXT. SKY - DAY

Darryn swings a magnificent blade as he soars through the air
 on a Griffin, an eagle/lion/horse creature, right toward...

DARRYN (V.O.)
 What about when I used the magical
 Elven Blade of My'llw'ftyz--

Right toward...

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 --My'lly'ftazy--

Right toward...

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 ---Myllr'frëzy-- When I slayed the
 Great Red Dragon of Pondor!

Right toward A MONSTROUS RED DRAGON! Darryn FLIES UPSIDE DOWN over the dragon, drops on its head, and buries the beautiful elven sword deep in the monster's skull. He ROARS in victory!

BACK TO THE BEDROOM

Darryn holds the Elven blade, continues his victory cry!

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 Yeah!

Kala, slightly dazed, picks herself off the floor. Darryn grabs another drink. He can really throw 'em back.

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 There's a million swords better
 than the Sword of Boldness, Kala.

Darryn puts the sword on the wall. Kala pauses, surprised.

KALA
 Wait. You know my name?

DARRYN
 I know the name of every girl who
 sees my mightiest sword.

KALA
 Your what?

DARRYN
 My "mightiest sword". I'm talking
 about my p--

KALA
 Yeah, I got it.

DARRYN
 I mean, there's you. Princess
 Hersent. Baronetess Wenthelen...

KALA
 Yeah, sure. Give me the whole list.

DARRYN

...Uzimeth the Unadventurous -
which, believe me, was not just a
clever name. The Duchess Yundra.
The Viscountess Mazameel. I don't
even know what a viscountess is...

As Darryn rambles, Kala produces the classic VIAL OF POISON
from under the sheets, pours the poison in a nearby drink.

DARRYN (CONT'D)

One time, there was Nami, the
Thonyzian. That was wild.

KALA

A Thonyzian cat lady? You are bold.

DARRYN

But no one compares to Jynny.

KALA

You mean your fiancé?

DARRYN

Don't get me wrong. You were great,
but Jynny - she's special. With
her, I can just be regular Darryn,
and not "The Bold" Darryn, you
know? And isn't that what we all
really want? Just to be ourselves?

Darryn reflects on this, almost as if there's more to life
than just him. Kala pauses, as if she too is pondering her
own life choices.

KALA

Wow. I mean, yeah, I guess so.

But then...

DARRYN

Plus, she does this thing with her
mouth where she puts it right--

KALA

Yep. Ok. Drink this.

Kala hands Darryn the poisoned drink; he throws it back
without thinking.

DARRYN

Don't worry; she's cool with it.

Kala sits back on the bed, watching Darryn intently.

KALA

She's "cool" with it?

DARRYN

I mean, I'm Darryn the Bold. The greatest hero of all time. I can't not bang hot princesses and warrior queens and random girls I meet on the street.

KALA

All that, and you're humble too.

DARRYN

I know, right?

Freeze on Darryn. Power stance!

SUPER: DARRYN THE BOLD. GREATEST HERO OF ALL TIME (AND HUMBLE).

Kala produces a knife from somewhere under the sheets.

KALA

I don't know if I'd say greatest...

DARRYN

What? Who's greater than me? And don't you dare say--

KALA

Garryn the Great was the last person to supposedly find The Sword of Boldness.

DARRYN

Supposedly. It was never confirmed because no one's seen Garryn the Great in years. Which is a little convenient, don't you think?

KALA

I just think that the greatest hero of all time should have the Sword of Boldness. Or at least know where it is. Do you know where it is?

DARRYN

Look, honey, we can talk about who might have found what. Or you can take a look at this.

Darryn grabs another sword from the wall, right next to the empty space. Even Kala has to admit that it's a truly magnificent blade. She temporarily hides the knife.

KALA

The Sword of Awesomeness. The second greatest sword ever.

DARRYN

That's right. The second greatest sw-- what?!

KALA

It's not The Sword of Boldness.

DARRYN

I have killed more monsters, found more swords, and kicked more ass than anyone. Including Garryn. Who cares about the SOB?

KALA

If you don't care about it, why is there a space for it on your wall?

She points to the empty space.

DARRYN

That? That's not for the SOB. That's for another sword that I'm having worked on at the - how do you know so much about swords?

Kala approaches Darryn, knife hidden behind her back.

KALA

I've studied swords my whole life.

DARRYN

That's a weird hobby for a girl.

KALA

Oh, I have lots of weird hobbies, Darryn. Swords. Poison.

Darryn holds his tummy. He's looking a little sick.

DARRYN

I'm not feeling so good.

KALA

Death.

She holds the knife to Darryn's throat, super evil smile now.

DARRYN

I didn't know you were into this
type of stuff. Not my fave,
personally, but I'll go with it.

Kala pulls the knife back and - BOOM! A young SERVANT bursts
through the door. Kala hides the knife.

SERVANT

Darryn the Bold, sir, the kingdom
is under attack and the king--

He notices Kala and Darryn in their state of undress.

SERVANT (CONT'D)

The, uh, king requests, uhm...

Darryn smiles at Kala, shrugs, oblivious to her true motives.

DARRYN

Gotta go. Hero stuff.

Following the servant is JYNNY (30s), just your usual
princess/damsel-in-distress/nice girl who puts up with way
too much of Darryn's shit.

JYNNY

Darryn! The kingdom is under
attack! Father needs your help--

But maybe not as nice as she lets on. She sees the situation.

DARRYN

Hi, Jynny.

JYNNY

Darryn! You son of a--

Freeze on Jynny. Angry.

SUPER: JYNNY. DARRYN'S ~~FIANCE~~ - IT'S COMPLICATED.

Kala flashes another evil smile and escapes out a window.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A strong castle, protected by cliffs on either side. In
front, Darryn rides proudly on a mighty warhorse through the
ranks of SOLDIERS. The soldiers turn and look at him in awe.

YOUNG SOLDIER

I heard Darryn stopped a whole pack
of Wolf Rats single-handed.

DIRTY OLD SOLDIER

I heard he saved a convent of Spice Nuns from their vows of chastity.

FEMALE SOLDIER

I heard he's kind of a dick. Anyone else hear that? Just me?

But she's quickly drowned out...

SOLDIERS

Darryn! Darryn! Darryn!

Darryn continues to ride, as the soldiers cheer.

DARRYN

Oh, no. Please. Stop.

His words say stop, but Darryn, huge smile on his face, motions for the soldiers to keep cheering.

Darryn rides to the front of the line where KING RAWLIN (60s), a strong, proud king, surveys the battlefield.

KING RAWLIN

Darryn the Bold, you're one of the greatest heroes who's ever served this kingdom.

DARRYN

And you're one of the greatest kings who's ever paid me to say that. Plus your daughter is one of the hottest daughters I've ever--

KING RAWLIN

Yes, we all look forward to the wedding. But today, I fear, is our greatest threat yet. Evil Incarnate. The Destroyer of Worlds. The Hammer has come to Azmoor.

The two men stare out across the battlefield where...

THE HAMMER (20s), eight-feet of black, bloody, spiky armor stands, surrounded by his army. A helmet, shaped to look like a human skull with horns (for extra scariness) hides his face. In his hands, he carries a HUGE WARHAMMER.

Darryn is unimpressed.

DARRYN

Really? The Hammer? That's the best he could come up with?

(MORE)

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 It's not like I'm called "The
 Sword" or "The Princess Fu--".

KING RAWLIN
 I don't care what he's called,
 Darryn. Just save Azmoor.

DARRYN
 Don't worry, Rawl, there's two
 things I'm good at: Finding swords,
 killing bad guys, and kicking ass.

King Rawlin, very confused.

On the other side of the battlefield, The Hammer swings his
 warhammer down HARD on the ground and his SOLDIERS -all black
 armor and similar skull-shaped helmets- charge forward.

Darryn cracks his knuckles and smiles.

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 Time to get serious.

Darryn charges, the king's men right behind him!

On the battlefield, an epic battle rages. Darryn slices
 through The Hammer's soldiers. The Hammer smashes the king's
 men, until the two finally come face-to-face.

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 So you're The Hammer, huh? I guess
 creativity's not your strong suit.

Steam emanates from The Hammer's helmet, as his cold eyes
 stare Darryn down. Then, he slowly removes the helmet,
 revealing that he is a SHE. THE HAMMER IS A WOMAN.

Not only is she a woman, but she is a massive, bald woman
 with piercings, spikes, nails all through her face and head.

THE HAMMER
 Darryn the Bold. We meet at last.

DARRYN
 You're a girl! A really ugly girl,
 but still... a girl.

THE HAMMER
 I'm the woman who's going to
 destroy you.

Freeze on The Hammer, looking super evil.

SUPER: THE HAMMER - DESTROYER OF WORLDS (AND A WOMAN).

Back-and-forth. Forth-and-back. The Hammer with her hammer; Darryn with his sword. Darryn misses each time. Is The Hammer that fast? Or is Darryn just half-a-tick slower than usual?

The Hammer KICKS Darryn, and he slides through the mud to the CLIFF'S EDGE. She stands over him, raises her hammer high, and SMASHES it down. Darryn dodges at the last second.

He stumbles to his feet, grabs his stomach.

DARRYN

What is this? It couldn't have been all that alcohol I drank, could it?

He shakes it off, keeps moving.

He may be slower, but for all of his arrogance and stupidity and womanizing, Darryn is really friggin' good at fighting.

He kicks it up a notch and finally breaks through The Hammer's defenses, knocks her to her knees.

DARRYN (CONT'D)

You thought you had me, huh?

He smiles smugly, points to his sword.

DARRYN (CONT'D)

Sword of Awesomeness. Greatest sword ever created.

The Hammer stares directly at Darryn. He swings his sword. The Hammer's face piercings burn an evil red and CLANK! The sword MELTS over her head.

Metal drips down, burning itself into her face. She laughs. Darryn's seen a lot of things, but...

DARRYN (CONT'D)

What the - that was the greatest sword ever created. The greatest...

THE HAMMER

You men and your swords. There is no sword that can save you from me.

The Hammer climbs to her feet. Darryn charges, but she easily knocks him to the ground.

From behind The Hammer, a horse rides up fast. A lean figure, leather armor, the lower half of her face hidden by half a skull-shaped mask. Is that? It is! Kala (if that even is her real name!).

DARRYN

Kala! If that's even your real name!

She contemptuously stares at him from her horse.

KALA

How did you even make it this far?
I put enough poison in that drink
to kill a man twice your size.

Darryn slowly makes it to one knee, then his feet.

DARRYN

You tried to poison me? Do you know
how much drugs and alcohol I've put
into my system over the years? I
mean, one time I took so much--

KALA

Can you just shut him up?

THE HAMMER

Gladly.

The Hammer swings. BOOM! Darryn goes FLYING OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE and down into...

DARRYN'S POV

Blackness. Trees and sand and dirt as he rolls by. Blackness. Rolling trees again. Blackness. A bird looks at him strangely, followed by more blackness.

END DARRYN'S POV

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - BEACH

The peaceful crashing of waves. A sandy beach. CRASH! Darryn lands on his back, beat to shit, every bone broken. But alive.

Barely.

DARRYN

Ow.

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER.

EXT. MUDDY ROAD - NIGHT

Rain pours down. A small, hooded figure slips and slides through the mud. Lightning crashes, and we get our first glimpse of AMARISA (14). Bookish. Young. But determined.

She bumps into one of the Hammer's black-armored soldiers. He sneers and pushes her away.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Amarisa makes her way through the tavern where she finds a large warrior-type. From the back, looks kinda like Darryn. The warrior turns around and - it's not Darryn. This is TURK THE DESTROYER (who will return later).

Amarisa throws a few coins on the table. Turk laughs and shakes his head no. She gathers up her money.

EXT. MUDDY ROAD - NIGHT

Back in the rain, The Hammer's soldiers stalk the streets, harassing townsfolk. Amarisa pulls up her hood and walks on.

INT. THE NEXT TAVERN - NIGHT

Another tough, scarred warrior. Even crazier than Turk. This is POLSTAN THE MANIACAL (who will not return later). She throws her money down. Same result - No.

MONTAGE - AMARISA LOOKS FOR HELP

Amarisa goes from tavern to tavern, looking for someone - anyone! - to help her. Each "warrior" is worse than the last.

-- William the Able-Bodied -- He's ok. Not as tough looking as the other two. He shakes his head no.

-- John the Try-Hard -- Fat. Pimple-faced. Armor barely fits. Shakes his head no.

-- Steve the Average -- Skinny. Coke-bottle glasses. No.

END MONTAGE

INT. ANOTHER TAVERN - DAY

The kind of place where you'll catch something for sure, either a disease or a knife. Only the drunkest of the drunks.

Amarisa enters. Drenched, tired, but resilient. She steels herself and cuts through the tavern to a lone corner table.

At the table - so many bottles and glasses that we can barely see the two men passed out there.

CRASH! She pushes a few bottles off the table. No response. PLINK! PLINK! She throws her coins down. One of the men raises his head just enough to use his half-open eyes.

Dirty. Fat. Rusted, broken armor. Is that stink from the fact that he hasn't showered since that fateful day? Or is it from that same old arrogance? Either way, this is DARRYN now.

AMARISA

Are you Darryn the Bold?

DARRYN

Sure. Autograph. Here you go.

He reaches out blindly, as if trying to sign her face. She smacks his hand away and pulls back her hood. She's young, inexperienced, but she doesn't know that. Amarisa's fourteen going on forty, and she has a mission.

AMARISA

I don't want your autograph. I want your help. The Hammer killed my family, and you're all I have left.

Darryn doesn't look up.

DARRYN

Go away, girl.

AMARISA

I said, The Hammer killed my family, and you're all I have--

DARRYN

And I said, go away, girl.

AMARISA

My name isn't girl; It's Amarisa Albright. My mother is Suzemuh Albright. I--

DARRYN

Suzemuh Albright? I used to know a Suzemuh Albright. I haven't thought of her in, like, fourteen years.

Darryn sits up, pour another shot. Amarisa stares at him.

AMARISA
Suzemuh Albright was my mother. And
you are my--

DARRYN
Hero. I get it. But I'm retired.

Darryn downs his drink.

AMARISA
You're not my hero. You're my
father.

Darryn spits out his drink all over the man passed out at the
table. That man doesn't move.

DARRYN
What?

AMARISA
I said, you're my father.

He looks at her. Resemblance? Could be. He takes a shot. And
another. And...

DARRYN
All right. Who put you up to this?
Ryn, was this you? Such a joker!

Darryn smacks the passed out man. He doesn't move.

AMARISA
No one put me up to this. In fact,
my uncle said I should never speak
to you for any reason. He said you
were nothing but an arrogant
asshole who looked for swords
because you felt empty inside.

DARRYN
Language! And your uncle sounds
like an arrogant asshole.

AMARISA
My uncle is dead.

Amarisa sits down and pulls book after book from her bag.

AMARISA (CONT'D)
I know that you used to be great...

DARRYN
What?

AMARISA

I've read all of your adventures.
*Darryn the Bold and the Blade of
Greatness. Darryn the Bold and the
Dagger of Strength. Darryn the Bold
and the Sharp Stick of Excellence.*

DARRYN

Oh, that was a good one.

She reaches inside a book, pulls out a hand drawn MAP.

AMARISA

But I also know there was one sword
you never found. Look at this.

She holds the map to Darryn's face. He eyes it, suspiciously.
There's a piece missing.

DARRYN

Laughing Mountains. Sea of Sand. Al-
Pardi. Sure, I know these places.

AMARISA

This is a map to The Sword of
Boldness.

Darryn spits his drink out again. He grabs the map and looks
more closely.

AMARISA (CONT'D)

My mother became obsessed with The
Sword. She worked for years to put
together the clues.

Darryn traces the path with his finger. The path goes toward
the missing piece.

DARRYN

What's this?

AMARISA

That piece is missing, but, the
last place The Sword was seen was
Al-Pardi. We go there. We find the
final piece, and we find the Sword
of Boldness!

DARRYN

So... you don't have a map. You
have a map to a map.

Amarisa leans in.

AMARISA

I know The Hammer kicked your ass..

DARRYN

That's not exactly how I tell it.

AMARISA

...and I know that you were healed by the Celibate Order of the Salubrious Monks.

DARRYN

Oh gods, don't remind me. Two-and-a-half years of no women. But a lot of beer. For the pain.

AMARISA

Think about it: We find The Sword, we stop The Hammer, and you prove to the world that you're the greatest hero who ever lived.

DARRYN

I don't have to prove anything, girl. Everyone knows who I am.

RYN THE DRUNK, a thin, sleepy (and now soaked with alcohol) man, finally lifts his head from the table.

RYN THE DRUNK

Hey Derek, hand me that drink.

DARRYN

Sure, here you go. And it's Darryn.

RYN THE DRUNK

Right. Thanks, Darryl.

Ryn takes the drink and passes back out. Amarisa can't even.

AMARISA

The Hammer is looking for this. If she gets The Sword, she'll--

DARRYN

Take over the world. New era of darkness... Yadayada. Look, I get it. You're a fan. You read a few books and made up a story and drew a map because you want to go on a quest with DTB. But I'm retired.

AMARISA

You think you were my first choice?
You think I said, "Look at that
old, fat guy passed out in the
corner. That's the hero for me."

Darryn pours another shot, downs it.

AMARISA (CONT'D)

I've gone to everyone. I went to
the best: Polstan the Maniacal.
Turk the Destroyer.

DARRYN

Turk's really not that great.

AMARISA

I went to all the others: William
the Able-Bodied. John the Try-Hard.
Steve the Average.

DARRYN

I don't know who those people are.

AMARISA

Exactly. You're my last hope.

Darryn takes another drink.

AMARISA (CONT'D)

Please. If I don't find this sword,
my family's death will be for
nothing. I can't let them down. We
have to do this.

DARRYN

Let me get this straight: You want
me to take your map, travel halfway
across the world for another map,
which might lead us to a sword, so
I can fight the woman who nearly
killed me and avenge your family?

AMARISA

Yes!

DARRYN

For free?

AMARISA

Yes!

Darryn crumples the map, tosses it back to her.

DARRYN

I'm sorry about your mother. And your jerk uncle. But, your mother and I, we just had fun. You were a mistake. We never meant to--

AMARISA

What?

DARRYN

Uh, I mean, you're not a mistake. Just you being born was a mistake. That doesn't sound better.

Amarisa stands up, grabs a bottle, beans Darryn in the head.

DARRYN (CONT'D)

Ow!

AMARISA

No. You know what the mistake was? Coming here. I should have listened to my uncle. You're nothing but a fat, drunk loser.

Darryn rubs his head.

DARRYN

I'm a lot of things - bold. Handsome. Fun at parties.

AMARISA

Delusional.

DARRYN

But I'm not a loser. I'm retired.

AMARISA

You're right. You're worse than a loser. You're a coward.

Darryn grips his shot glass tight.

DARRYN

Watch it, girl.

AMARISA

Or what? You'll drink more?

Darryn throws his shot back. Extra hard.

AMARISA (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're not coming. I wouldn't want to be seen with you.

The other bar patrons are starting to stare.

AMARISA (CONT'D)

I hope no one ever finds out I'm your daughter. I don't want anyone to know I have a coward's blood in my veins!

DARRYN

If you're so brave, then why don't you just find The Sword and fight The Hammer yourself!

AMARISA

Fine! I will!

She runs away, up the stairs. Darryn leaps to his feet.

DARRYN

Fine! Good! I'm staying here and - oh. Stood up too fast.

Darryn, drunk and stupid, falls to the ground, blacks out.

EXT. DREAM WORLD - DARRYN'S DRUNKEN DREAM

Darryn floats through blackness, as talking heads rotate by, playing pieces of previous conversations.

AMARISA

Are you Darryn the Bold?

KING RAWLIN

...Darryn the Bold...

KALA

...Wow... So amazing...

SOLDIERS

...Darryn! Darryn! Darryn!

DARRYN

I'm Darryn the Bold. The greatest hero who ever lived.

KING RAWLIN

...one of the greatest heroes...

KALA

...the greatest hero ever should have The Sword...

AMARISA
 ...you used to be great...

DARRYN
 Wait a minute...

AMARISA
 ...I went to the best: Polstan...
 Turk...

RYN THE DRUNK
 ...Thanks, Darryl...

AMARISA	KALA
Are you Darryn the Bold? Are you... Are you... Are you?	...Should have The Sword... Should have The Sword...

Everything blurs together, faster and faster, into a swirling vortex of white light and noise and we're back into the...

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

Much livelier than earlier. Two floors full of music, drinking, and the most fantastic group of creatures ever.

Darryn's body is still a heap on the floor, passed out from that morning. Dwarves step on him. Humans step around him, but no one helps him. Suddenly - his eyes shoot open!

DARRYN
 Yes! Ok! I'll do it.

He lumbers to his feet and pushes his way through the crowd and up the stairs. He stops at the top, breathing hard.

DARRYN (CONT'D)
 A few more stairs than I remember.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR NOW, there's a few doors. He heads to the first, raises his hand to knock, stops. Girlish giggles. A man's laugh. Sounds like they're having a good time.

Darryn walks on, stops, comes back for another quick listen. Yep, still having fun. On to THE NEXT DOOR. He knocks.

Amarisa opens the door, holds a few BOOKS in her hands.

AMARISA
 Ok, I'm ready. Let me just- You!

She tries to slam the door. Darryn stops it.

DARRYN
Ok, girl, stop asking. I'll do it.

AMARISA
What? Get out of here! How did you even know where I was?

DARRYN
I had a vision.

AMARISA
A vision? You're drunk.

DARRYN
Uh, yeah. Your point?

Darryn walks past her and into

AMARISA'S ROOM

Small. Sparse. A bed with a backpack and some THICK books. Darryn casually grabs a book.

DARRYN (CONT'D)
This your plan? To bore The Hammer to death?

AMARISA
You can't just walk in here.

Amarisa grabs her book, stuffs it into a backpack that's already full to bursting.

DARRYN
And you can't fight with books, girl. Gimme that.

AMARISA
What are you-- Hey!

He grabs the backpack, dumps all the books out on the bed.

DARRYN
You don't need all that. Just grab your sword, and let's go.

AMARISA
I don't have a sword, and I don't need you. I got someone else.

DARRYN
What?

AMARISA

A real hero. He overheard over conversation, said he'd do it. He's on his way now.

DARRYN

What happened to "Oh Darryn. You're my dad. Help me, Darryn."

She shrugs, jams her books back into her backpack. Darryn flips through a book, as he talks to her.

DARRYN (CONT'D)

Your hero - was he the one who killed ten orcs with one swing of The OrcSlicer? Or was that me? Was he the one who survived for three span in the Ice Lands wearing nothing but the skin of a Snow Tiger? Oh, that was me too. Did he--

AMARISA

No, but you know who he is? He's the guy who's not afraid of The Hammer. And he's young and he's handsome and he can swing a sword. I bet you couldn't even make it up the stairs without stopping to catch your breath.

Darryn stops flipping through the book. Shows it to Amarisa.

DARRYN

Is he in any of your books?

INSERT - THE BOOK, which shows a smug Darryn holding a sword.

BACK TO AMARISA'S ROOM

Amarisa sighs.

AMARISA

Why are you even here? I've got no money, and you said yourself you've got nothing left to prove.

DARRYN

That's true, but, if you are who you say you are, well, I might feel bad if anything happened to you.

AMARISA

You might feel bad?

DARRYN

Plus, it's like you said: I'm the greatest hero ever and...

AMARISA

That's not at all what I said.

DARRYN

...it dawned on me that, these days, all I hear about is Turk and Polstan and Steve! I think my reputation might be dying a bit.

AMARISA

Not dying. Dead. Absolutely dead.

DARRYN

But, if I do this quest and I get the Sword of Boldness, I'll prove once and for all that I am the greatest hero ever. Plus, you'll get to brag to your friends about how you went on a quest with DTB. You do have friends, right?

AMARISA

I have friends.

DARRYN

Good! Then it's a win-win.

AMARISA

That sounds more like a singular win - for your ego. This is really just all about you.

DARRYN

Also a win! Great! This was a real teaching moment. I think I'm getting the hang of this dad thing.

A loud knock at the door.

AMARISA

Finally.

She opens the door and it's - two of the Hammer's soldiers. MUSTACHE has a nefarious 'stache that would make any hipster jealous. BALDY has been hit in the head one too many times.

BALDY

This her?

MUSTACHE

How many little girls you think are
in this place? Grab her!

Baldy shrugs, wraps his meaty paw around Amarisa's wrist.

AMARISA

Ugh! Lemme go!

DARRYN

Hey! Get your damn hands off her!

Mustache notices Darryn and enters the room.

MUSTACHE

You look familiar. Do I know you?

DARRYN

Of course you know me. I'm Darryn
the Bold. Slayer of the Red Dragon
of Pondor. Destroyer of the--

MUSTACHE

No. That ain't it.

What is it? Ah! Mustache snaps his fingers!

MUSTACHE (CONT'D)

You're the guy that I find face
down in the gutter every morning!

DARRYN

That's not me.

MUSTACHE

Sure it is. Baldy, look! It's the
guy I've been telling you about.

BALDY

Huh-uh. He's fat like you said.

Darryn draws his sword. Mustache is unimpressed.

MUSTACHE

You drunks. Always wanna fight.

CLANK! They cross swords, step, parry, and clash again, until
Darryn DISARMS Mustache and knocks him to the ground.

Darryn holds his sword high. Mustache's eyes go wide as the
sword comes down. WHIFF! Darryn completely MISSES with the
killing blow, his sword STUCK in the floor's wooden planks.

AMARISA

What the hell? How did you miss?

DARRYN

Language! I'm a little rusty. And I'm drunk.

Mustache is angry. And when he gets angry - he retreats and hides behind Baldy.

MUSTACHE

Get him!

Baldy throws Amarisa down, draws his own sword, and charges forward. Darryn tries to wrench his sword free from the floor, but no luck! What can he do?

He looks to the bed. Books! He tosses volume after volume at Baldy's bald head.

AMARISA

Hey! Those are my books!

Baldy swings his sword. Darryn blocks with a book! The two parry and move in a classic book vs sword fight.

Baldy pushes Darryn back. He reaches for another tome, quickly reads the title: "ANCIENT HISTORIES OF THE AZMOORIAN WARS AS RECALLED BY THE POET EURYLOCHUS, VOL. 1."

DARRYN

"Ancient Histories of..." Who reads these things?

AMARISA

No! Not "Ancient Histories!" That's my favorite!

But Darryn doesn't hear. He grabs "Ancient Histories" and blocks Baldy's sword. The book is so thick the sword gets stuck in it.

Baldy tries to shake the book away, but he can't. So, he just drops the sword and charges at Darryn, knocking him

THROUGH THE WALL AND INTO THE NEXT ROOM

Where a small dwarf and a large woman lie in bed together. They both scream.

Baldy grabs Darryn. Darryn looks over Baldy's shoulder to see Amarisa in HER ROOM. Mustache has her.

AMARISA (CONT'D)

Let me go, you mustached weirdo!

POW! POW! Baldy repeatedly punches Darryn in the face until Darryn grabs him and takes the fight out of the room and

INTO THE HALLWAY

Where they CRASH through the railing and fall

ONTO THE FIRST FLOOR

Right through a table of MINOTAUR DWARVES playing cards. They're bull-headed dwarves (in every sense).

Darryn lands on top of Baldy, who's out cold. He lumbers to his feet, sees more of the Hammer's soldiers, swords drawn.

A tough, cigar-chomping Minotaur Dwarf looks to the broken table, to the Hammer's soldiers, and finally to Darryn.

Now, as everyone knows, out of all dwarfs, Minotaur Dwarfs are the quickest to anger. Darryn smiles, nervously.

DARRYN

Hey, c'mon. It wasn't my--

Cigar Dwarf CHARGES and Darryn barely misses becoming a Darryn-kebab. Instead, Cigar Dwarf gores one of the Hammer's soldier. Another Minotaur Dwarf charges and soon we have a

FULL ON BAR BRAWL!

Soldiers match swords with mercenaries. Elves swing from chandeliers. A muscle-bound troll tosses a man onto a pile of orcs. It's fantasy insanity! Cigar Dwarf tosses his cigar, which lands in a pile of highly flammable alcohol, which starts a fire burning throughout the bar.

And through all of this, Darryn, dodges and weaves, fighting as little as possible.

A woman holds a mug of ale over some poor sap's head when...

DARRYN (CONT'D)

Whoa ho ho! I'll take that.

Darryn grabs the mug, drinks the ale, and hands it back. SMASH! The woman drops it on the guy's noggin.

IN THE CORNER OF THE TAVERN, Ryn raises his head.

RYN THE DRUNK

What's all this, huh? Do you know who I am? I'm friends with Dylan the Bloated. He'll cut your--

Ryn looks around and STAB! A Hammer soldier guts him.

RYN THE DRUNK (CONT'D)

Oh, that's not good.

Ryn falls dead.

Back to the brawl and - where's Mustache? There he is, dragging Amarisa through the bar.

Darryn navigates his way through the ruckus until he's face-to-face with Mustache.

DARRYN

Let the girl go.

Mustache points his sword at Amarisa's neck.

MUSTACHE

Back off drunk! Or I'll--

PLUNK! Mustache collapses as a sword hilt hits him from behind. Amarisa turns to see TOLAND (20s). Young, dashing, probably a vegan. The opposite of everything Darryn is now.

TOLAND

Let's get you out of here.

Toland leads Amarisa through the bar, cutting down soldiers with ease. Darryn follows them outside.

EXT. MUDDY ROAD - NIGHT

Two horses wait nearby. Toland helps Amarisa up.

TOLAND

Quick! On the horses!

(To Amarisa)

Follow our plan. Head for the meeting place. I'll find you there.

(To Darryn)

Sorry, I only brought two horses, but I did grab this.

Toland oh-so-gracefully tosses Darryn his sword, who whiffs it completely. The sword plops into the mud.

DARRYN
What? How did you...

TOLAND
I swung in through the upstairs window, hoping to get to Miss Albright before the soldiers did. Unfortunately, I was too late.

DARRYN
And who are you?

AMARISA
This is Toland. He's a real hero.

Toland smiles and sticks out his hand. Very excited.

TOLAND
I'm Toland Longstream, sir. I'm helping Miss Albright find the Sword of Boldness!

Darryn picks up his sword, catches his breath. He doesn't shake Toland's hand.

DARRYN
Oh, right. The handsome knight who can make it up all the stairs.

TOLAND
Me? A knight? Oh, no, sir. I'm just a simple farm boy who practices swordplay for eight hours a day because I know I'm meant to be much more than-- Aaggh!!

SPLAT! A sword appears through Toland's gut. Who's holding the sword? MUSTACHE! Poor Toland. We barely knew you.

Darryn shoves Toland's dead body back on to Mustache, who collapses under the weight and falls into the mud. Darryn jumps up on Toland's horse.

AMARISA
Oh my gods!

DARRYN
C'mon on girl! Let's go!

AMARISA
But Toland! He's--

DARRYN

Dead. And we will be too if we
don't move. C'mon!

Mustache digs himself out from under Toland's body, just as
Darryn and Amarisa ride away. The tavern burns behind him.

EXT. HAMMER'S CASTLE - NIGHT

High on a bare, desolate cliff - a castle with spires so tall
they nearly pierce the half-lit moon.

THE HAMMER (V.O.)

I do not see the girl.

INT. HAMMER'S CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

A huge stone room, intimidating in its emptiness.

Torches illuminate The Hammer, who sits in a massive stone
throne, carved out of the wall. Her hand taps the handle of
her hammer. Kala stands nearby, watching. Waiting.

Shadows dance across the nervous face of Mustache.

MUSTACHE

You see, m'lord, there was a man.

THE HAMMER

Just one man?

MUSTACHE

Yes. He was quite good with a
sword, but I did kill him.

The tapping grows faster, louder. Mustache notices.

MUSTACHE (CONT'D)

But then, uh, there was another
man. Local drunk. Calls himself
Darryn the Bold, like the old--

The tapping stops.

THE HAMMER

Darryn the Bold?

MUSTACHE

Yes, m'lord. Crazy drunk who--

THE HAMMER

Why did I not know of this before?