

"Golden Coin"

Screenplay

By

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## Episode 1 (Introduction)

EXT. ROYAL GARDEN - DAWN

The first rays of sunlight paint the lush ROYAL GARDEN in hues of gold and rose. Exotic flowers bloom in abundance. In the distance, the dense TREELINE of the surrounding forest is visible.

A low, guttural ROAR echoes through the garden, followed by the THRUM of massive wings.

From the edge of the forest, a colossal PEACOCK - its plumage a breathtaking tapestry of iridescent colors - emerges. This is no ordinary bird; it's the size of a small dinosaur, with a majestic, ancient quality. MADHRI (60s, regal, with an air of quiet strength), sits comfortably on its back, her posture queenly despite her age.

The Peacock descends gracefully, its enormous tail feathers fanning out like a living rainbow as it lands softly in the garden. Several WOMEN (various ages) working amongst the flowers stop and bow their heads in respect. The Peacock lets out a resonant, melodic CALL, a sound that vibrates through the air.

From far off, beyond the trees, another PEACOCK answers with an identical call.

SERVANTS rush forward to assist Madhri. Two strong SERVANTS carefully help her dismount the magnificent creature. Another servant places a cushioned CHAIR nearby. Madhri smiles faintly as she settles into it.

A LADY SERVANT stands a short distance away, holding the hand of a YOUNG GIRL (approx. 8, innocent and curious).

Madhri gestures to the Lady Servant. The Servant gently pushes the Girl forward. The Girl approaches Madhri with wide, awestruck eyes.

Madhri reaches into a pouch at her side and pulls out a single, exquisite PEACOCK FEATHER. It shimmers with an otherworldly glow.

MADHRI

(Softly)

Here, child. A gift.

The Girl takes the feather with both hands, her face lighting up. The Lady Servant helps her carefully tuck it into her hair.

Madhri watches them for a moment, a hint of melancholy in her eyes.

Peacock fly away towards his partner.

CUT.

INT. ROYAL STUDY - DAY

DHARAM (90s, imposing, regal attire) sits at a large wooden desk, reviewing scrolls. KARAN (28s, eager but frustrated) stands before him, holding a practice sword.

KARAN

(Breathlessly)

Father, did you see? I disarmed three guards in under a minute!  
My technique is improving, isn't it?

Dharam glances up briefly, then returns to his scrolls.

DHARAM

Adequate.

Karan's face falls.

KARAN

Adequate? Father, they are your best guards! Surely that  
deserves more than "adequate."

DHARAM

(Without looking up)

Your focus should be on mastery, not accolades. There will  
always be someone stronger.

KARAN

But I want to show you what I can do! I want you to be proud.

DHARAM

My pride is earned through true strength, Karan, not parlor  
tricks. Now, if you'll excuse me...

Karan clenches his jaw, frustration evident on his face. He  
throws his sword onto a nearby weapons rack with a CLANG. Dharam  
doesn't even flinch.

KARAN

(Muttering under his breath)

He never sees anything I do.

Karan storms out of the study. Dharam sighs softly, finally looking up from his scrolls, a flicker of something unreadable in his eyes.

CUT

INT. KARAN'S TRAINING CHAMBERS - DAY

Sunlight streams into a spacious training hall. KARAN is practicing swordplay with his friend, ROHAN (28s, skilled, loyal). Their movements are fluid and well-matched.

Suddenly, a GUARD (35s, slightly out of breath) rushes into the chamber.

GUARD

Prince Karan! Forgive my interruption.

Karan and Rohan stop their practice, turning to the guard.

KARAN

Breathing heavily, walk to drink water. Guard starts following him.

What is it?

GUARD

My Lord, I have just received word from the border. The neighboring kingdom... Lanka, they are planning to hold their annual arena games this year.

Karan's eyes light up with interest. Rohan exchanges a knowing glance with him.

KARAN

The Bali's war games? They haven't held them in years.

GUARD

That's right, Your Highness. And they intend to send invitations to all neighboring kingdoms, including ours.

Karan's excitement is palpable.

KARAN

This is it! This is my chance.

GUARD

There's more, my Lord. Our sources suggest the invitation will arrive within the week. But... if your father, the King, hears of this before the official invitation, he might decline it outright. He's been wary of their intentions lately.

Karan's expression shifts to thoughtful determination.

KARAN

I see. Thank you, guard. You've done well.

The guard bows and exits the training chamber. Karan turns to Rohan, a determined glint in his eyes.

KARAN (CONT'D)

We need a plan. And we need it fast.

ROHAN

(Smiling)

I knew this was coming. The whispers have been growing louder.  
This is the opportunity you've been waiting for, Karan.

Just then, their TRAINING GURU, VIKRAM (50s, wise, experienced), enters the chamber. He carries a practice staff and observes them with a knowing look.

VIKRAM

What opportunity is this that has you both so animated?

Karan quickly explains the guard's news. Vikram listens intently, stroking his beard.

VIKRAM

The arena games in Lanka. A dangerous endeavor.

KARAN

But a necessary one, Guru Vikram. Father will never truly acknowledge my strength unless I prove it on a grand stage. This is that stage.

ROHAN

Karan is more than ready, Guru Vikram. His skill with the blade is unmatched. He's learned everything you've taught him, and more.

Vikram studies Karan, his gaze piercing.

VIKRAM

Knowledge and skill are vital, young prince. But the arena tests more than just those. It tests your resilience, your cunning, your very spirit.

KARAN

I understand that, Guru Vikram. And I'm prepared for it. One day I need to do this. For myself... and for the kingdom ... for my father.

Vikram nods slowly, a hint of approval in his eyes.

VIKRAM

Then we must prepare. And we must ensure your father doesn't hear of this until your plan is in motion. What do you have in mind, Karan?

Karan looks at both Rohan and Vikram, a spark of resolve in his eyes.

KARAN

We need to make it look like I'm going somewhere else entirely. Somewhere... less controversial.

FADE OUT.

INT. MADHRI'S CHAMBERS - DAY

KARAN (slightly rebellious) stands before his mother, MADHRI (regal, with a knowing and slightly weary air). Sunlight streams through a window, illuminating the rich tapestries adorning the walls.

KARAN



Mom, I've decided. I need to prove myself to Father. Show him what I'm capable of.

MADHRI

(Calmly, but with concern)

Prove yourself? How so, Karan?

KARAN

I'm going to join the games in Lanka.

Madhri's eyes widen slightly.

MADHRI

Lanka? Karan, they are not our friends at the moment. There's... tension. You must discuss this with your father first.

KARAN

He won't allow it, Mom. You know he won't. He doesn't trust my abilities. He thinks I'm still a child. This is my chance to show him, to everyone, what I can do.

MADHRI

Still, he is your father. He raised you. He loves you a lot. You must take his permission. It's a matter of respect, of protocol... and of your safety.

KARAN

(Frustrated)

Protocol? Safety? Mom, I need to do this. He'll never see my worth if I keep waiting for his approval. He's too busy ruling the continent to notice my small victories.

Madhri sighs softly, her gaze softening as she looks at her son's earnest face.

MADHRI

I understand your desire, Karan. But going to Lanka without your father's knowledge... it could have serious consequences. Not just for you, but for our kingdom.

KARAN

I'll be careful, Mom. I promise. I just need your blessing.  
Please.

Karan looks at her pleadingly. Madhri hesitates, a conflict evident in her eyes.

MADHRI

(Quietly)

Your father... he can be... formidable when crossed.

KARAN

(Eagerly)

Then don't tell him until I've won! Once I return victorious,  
he'll have no choice but to be proud.

Madhri looks at her son, seeing his youthful ambition and perhaps a hint of the same stubbornness she knows his father possesses. She takes a deep breath.

MADHRI

(With a sigh)

Be careful, Karan. Terribly careful. And may the gods watch over you. Wear your fathers armor and take Bheema with you, he is experienced man, he will help you.

Karan's face breaks into a relieved smile.

KARAN

Thank you, Mom. You won't regret this.

He turns to leave, a newfound determination in his stride. Madhri watches him go, her expression a mixture of hope and apprehension.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARENA - NIGHT

Bali (NEIGHBOR KING 60s, shrewd, ambitious) walking in arena with his SON Inderjit (34s, eager to please) and two trusted ADVISORS (65-70s). They huddle together, their voices low.

Bali

So, the young prince is heading to Lanka. Alone, and without his father's knowledge.

Inderjit

It seems so, Father. Our sources are reliable. The mother gave her... unofficial blessing.

ADVISOR 1

Foolish boy. Thinks he can prove himself in foreign games.

Bali

Foolish indeed. But his impulsiveness is our opportunity. With the prince away, and the King none the wiser... our plans can proceed.

ADVISOR 2

Lanka will be the perfect stage. An... unfortunate accident during the games. It will look like a tragedy, nothing more.

Bali smiles, a cold and calculating expression.

Bali

Indeed. And with the heir gone, Dharam's kingdom will be vulnerable. The continent will finally be ours.

He gestures towards the fire, his eyes gleaming in the flickering light.

Bali (CONT'D)

Make sure our contact in Lanka is ready. The games are about to become much more interesting.

FADE OUT.

[SCENE END]

EXT. LANKA - CITY GATES - DAY

KARAN, ROHAN, and VIKRAM arrive at the imposing gates of Lanka. The city is bustling with activity, a vibrant mix of merchants, soldiers, and locals. Banners bearing the insignia of King Bali flutter in the gentle breeze.

As Karan approaches, INDRAJIT (20s, handsome, charismatic, with a disarming smile) steps forward, his arms outstretched in welcome. He is flanked by several GUARDS.

INDRAJIT

Prince Karan! Welcome, my friend! We have been eagerly awaiting your arrival.

Karan looks surprised but pleased by the warm reception.

KARAN

Prince Indrajit. It's an honor to be here.

INDRAJIT

Honor is all ours! To have such a renowned warrior grace our games is a privilege. Come, let me escort you myself.

Indrajit claps Karan on the shoulder, his demeanor genuinely friendly. He gestures for Karan and his companions to follow.

INT. LANKA - ROYAL GUEST CHAMBERS - DAY

Karan is shown into a lavishly decorated room. Large windows offer a breathtaking view of a serene lake nestled amidst rolling mountains. The room is furnished with rich fabrics, intricate carvings, and fragrant flowers.

Beautiful WOMEN, adorned in elegant attire, are already inside, arranging platters of exotic fruits, decanters of wine, and an array of delicious-looking food on a low table.

Karan looks around, genuinely impressed.

KARAN

This is... extraordinary. Your hospitality is truly remarkable,  
Prince Indrajit.

INDRAJIT

(Chuckles)

Nothing but the best for a guest of your stature, my friend.  
Please, make yourself comfortable. Refresh yourself after your  
journey.

Indrajit gestures to the waiting attendants.

INDRAJIT (CONT'D)

They will attend to your every need. If there is anything at all  
you require, do not hesitate to ask.

KARAN

Thank you. This is more than generous.

INDRAJIT

Nonsense! Consider Lanka your home for as long as you are here.  
Now, as for your companions...

Indrajit turns to a SERVANT.

INDRAJIT (CONT'D)

See that Master Vikram and young Rohan are provided with equally  
comfortable accommodations. Separate chambers, as befits their  
roles. Ensure they have everything they need as well.

SERVANT

Yes, Your Highness.

Indrajit turns back to Karan, his smile unwavering.

INDRAJIT

I trust everything is to your liking?

Karan smiles, feeling a sense of relief and gratitude.

KARAN

It is perfect, Prince Indrajit. Thank you.

INDRAJIT

Excellent! I shall leave you to settle in. We can speak more about the games later. Rest well, Prince Karan.

Indrajit bows slightly and exits the room, leaving Karan alone with the attendants and the stunning view. He takes a deep breath, a feeling of contentment washing over him.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST CHAMBERS - ROHAN & VIKRAM - CONTINUOUS

Rohan and Vikram are shown into their own comfortable, though slightly less opulent, chambers. They exchange a cautious look, the warmth of the welcome perhaps feeling a little too convenient.

ROHAN

They certainly know how to make a guest feel welcome.

VIKRAM

Indeed. Perhaps a little too welcome. Stay vigilant, Rohan.  
Appearances can be deceiving.

Rohan nods, his hand instinctively resting on the hilt of his hidden dagger.

FADE OUT.

INT. LANKA - ROYAL COURTYARD - DAY

Sunlight bathes a beautifully manicured courtyard within the palace walls. Fountains gurggle softly, and exotic birds flit amongst the flowering trees. INDRAJIT leads KARAN through the courtyard, gesturing to the intricate architecture.

INDRAJIT

Father enjoys spending time here during the day. It reminds him of... simpler times.

They approach a raised platform where KING BALI (regal, with a weary but still powerful presence) sits on an ornate throne, observing the courtyard. He looks up as they approach, a polite smile forming on his lips.

INDRAJIT (CONT'D)

Father, may I present Prince Karan, son of King Dharam of Beldoria.

Bali rises to greet Karan, extending a hand.



BALI

Prince Karan of Beldoria, welcome to Lanka. It is a pleasure to finally meet you.

KARAN

Your Majesty, the pleasure is all mine. Your kingdom is truly magnificent.

BALI

(Chuckles softly)

Kind of you to say. Though it pales in comparison to the vastness of Beldoria, wouldn't you agree?

Bali's smile doesn't quite reach his eyes.

KARAN

(Slightly surprised)

Indeed, my father's lands in Beldoria are extensive.

BALI

Extensive is an understatement, young prince. You see, your grandfather, bless his soul, and my own father... we were the closest of friends. Fought side-by-side, we did. For this very kingdom, Lanka. We spilled blood together, faced down countless enemies.

Bali gestures around the courtyard, a nostalgic look on his face.

BALI (CONT'D)

We dreamt of building a strong and prosperous land together. And we did, for a time. But then... your father, Dharam of Beldoria... he possessed a... singular ambition. A strength unmatched.

Bali pauses, a faint shadow crossing his features. He looks directly at Karan, his smile returning, but with a hint of something else - a flicker of pain, perhaps resentment.

BALI (CONT'D)

And he built... well, you know what he built. An empire that spans the entire continent, perhaps even beyond Beldoria. Sometimes... sometimes I look at it all, and I can't help but feel a pang of... jealousy. (He lets out a small, almost rueful laugh) Jealousy and... a little bit of sadness, perhaps. For what could have been.

Karan listens intently, his brow slightly furrowed. This is information he seems to be hearing for the first time. His mother had never spoken of such a connection between their families.

KARAN

(Thoughtfully)

I... I wasn't aware of such a history between our grandfathers, just heard a little that they were friends. Your Majesty of Lanka.

Bali nods slowly, his gaze distant for a moment.

BALI

Ah, well. Time has a way of blurring those old ties, doesn't it? But the bond between our fathers was strong. Very strong. I hope that... perhaps... we can rekindle some of that spirit in these games. A friendly competition, between old allies, or at least... the descendants of old allies from Beldoria and Lanka.

Bali smiles warmly again, this time seeming more genuine.

BALI (CONT'D)

Now, come. Let us sit and talk more. Tell me about your journey from Beldoria. Indrajit has been singing your praises since your arrival.

Bali gestures towards the thrones, inviting Karan to sit beside him. Karan, still processing the information he just received, nods and follows.

FADE OUT.

INT. DHARAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is spacious and elegantly furnished. Soft lamplight casts long shadows across the walls. DHARAM (50s, imposing even in relaxed attire) sits in a comfortable armchair, sipping from a goblet of warm soda. MADHRI (60s, regal and composed), stands by the window, looking out at the night sky.

DHARAM

(Sighing contentedly)

Ah, this warm soda always settles the nerves after a long day.  
Come, Madhri. Sit with me.

Madhri turns from the window and walks towards the bed. Dharam watches her, a fond expression on his face.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

You know, I didn't see Karan today. He told me yesterday morning he was going hunting. Said he wanted to track some mountain stag. Do you know when he plans to return?

Madhri sits down gently on the edge of the bed, facing Dharam. Her expression is calm and reassuring.

MADHRI

Yes, he mentioned it. He's likely gone for three or four days, perhaps. He said he'd stay at the guesthouse near the Silverpeak Mountains. Went with a few of our trusted guards. Don't worry yourself, my dear. He's a capable young man.

Dharam nods, taking another sip of his soda. He sets the goblet down on a nearby table and begins to remove his heavy royal robes.

DHARAM

That's fine. Just... I'm getting older now, Madhri. I feel it in my bones. I want to start giving Karan more responsibility, have him take charge of a few things. But he... he seems to want to leap straight to being king.

He removes his ornate belt and places it on the table. Madhri watches him, her eyes thoughtful.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

It's not an easy position, being the ruler of Beldoria. There's so much more to it than just wielding power. He needs to understand the intricacies of politics, the delicate balance of alliances... the weight of the decisions.

He sits down on the bed, leaning back against the pillows.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

He must learn more about politics and power. Hunting stags, while good for building strength, won't teach him that. Perhaps I should have insisted he join the council meetings more often.

Madhri reaches out and gently takes his hand.

MADHRI

He will learn, Dharam. In his own time. He has your strength and your intelligence. He just needs to find his own way to use them. Sometimes, you have to let the young birds fly a little before they truly understand the vastness of the sky.

Dharam looks at her, a hint of a smile touching his lips.

DHARAM

You always know how to put things into perspective, my love. Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am being impatient.

He squeezes her hand.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Still... I hope he returns soon. I miss having him around. Even with his youthful impatience.

Madhri smiles softly, a secret knowing in her eyes.

MADHRI

He will be back before you know it. Rest now, my king. You've earned it.

Dharam closes his eyes, a sense of peace settling over him. Madhri continues to hold his hand, her gaze lingering on his face, a hint of worry mixed with her affection.

FADE OUT.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LANKA - FORT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The moon hangs high in the inky sky, casting long, distorted shadows across the rooftops of Lanka. KARAN and ROHAN are crouched low on the flat roof of the fort, their figures barely visible against the darkness. A cool night breeze whispers around them.

ROHAN

(Whispering)

Did you see that?

Karan nods silently, his eyes fixed on the shadowy ground below. In the dim light filtering from scattered torches within the fort walls, they observe a series of indistinct figures moving with an unusual gait.

The creatures are large and bulky, their forms hunched and their movements strangely fluid, almost slithering. They are entering the fort from the rear, through a less guarded section, disappearing into the darkness beyond.

KARAN

(Whispering)

I think Bali is planning something big these are the creatures who work in night and sleep in day and they stay underground. Their eyes are too weak to work in day time. But they are great hunters and fighters. They don't like human's never heard of them having friendship with humans.

KARAN

(Whispering)

I don't think so they will plan something terrible to us. As they are aware of my father's powers. Still, we need to be careful, Rohan. Very careful.

They remain on the rooftop, silent witnesses to the unsettling arrival of Bali's mysterious allies, the weight of their discovery heavy in the night air.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LANKA - GRAND ARENA - DAY

The arena is packed with a boisterous CROWD. KING BALI sits on a raised platform with his WIFE, his son INDRAJIT, and several NOBLES. Banners of Lanka flutter around the stadium. Representatives from various countries, drawn by the promise of a large prize, are seated in designated sections.

The GAMES ANNOUNCER, a booming voice amplified across the arena, stands in the center.

GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Welcome, esteemed guests, to the grand arena games of Lanka! Let the spectacle begin!

Karan stands in the arena, his hand resting on the hilt of a wooden sword. He glances at ROHAN, who is seated in the spectators' area, his eyes scanning the crowd with a wary expression.

KARAN

(Muttering, barely audible)

Something feels wrong here, Rohan. Stay alert. If anything happens, we fight together. Find a way down here.

Rohan nods subtly, his gaze unwavering.

The first few rounds commence. Karan, wielding his wooden sword with skill and precision, easily defeats his opponents - representatives from other nations. The crowd cheers politely.

GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And Prince Karan of Beldoria takes his third victory! Let us have a brief intermission.

A ten-minute break is announced. Attendants offer refreshments to the dignitaries. Karan wipes sweat from his brow, his unease growing.

GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(After the break)

Esteemed spectators, it seems our initial contests have lacked a certain... thrill. For your entertainment, we shall now move to the original format of our games! Prince Karan, you may now choose your preferred weapons!



Karan looks around, a sense of dread washing over him. He signals to a nearby WEAPON MASTER, selecting his own sword and a set of knives from the provided arsenal.

GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And now, Prince Karan will face... our champions!

The arena gates open, and FIVE GIANT MEN, heavily muscled and wielding crude but massive weapons, stride into the arena. The crowd roars with excitement.

Karan grits his teeth and prepares to fight. The next few minutes are a brutal display of skill and endurance. Karan, though smaller, is agile and uses his superior swordsmanship to overcome the sheer brute force of his opponents. One by one, the giants fall. Karan stands panting, his sword stained.

He catches Rohan's eye in the crowd, a brief moment of relief passing between them.

GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A valiant effort by Prince Karan! But the games are far from over!

Before Karan can fully catch his breath, the far gates of the arena clang open. This time, several FIGHTERS astride enormous, reptilian DINOSAURS - beasts with thick hides and sharp claws - thunder into the arena. The crowd goes wild.

Panic flickers in Karan's eyes. This is far beyond a fair contest.

Suddenly, Rohan is seen scrambling down from the stands, fighting his way through the crowd. GUARDS try to stop him, but he fights with a desperate ferocity.

INT. ARENA TUNNELS - DAY

The air beneath the grand arena is thick with the smell of dust, sweat, and animal musk. VIKRAM and ROHAN stand near a heavy wooden gate that leads directly onto the arena floor. The roar of the crowd above is deafening, punctuated by the sounds of battle. Karan's fight is clearly intense.

ROHAN

(Anxious, listening to the sounds above)

He's holding his own... for now. But there are so many of them.

Vikram watches the GUARDS stationed around the gate. They seem unusually eager, their eyes glinting with a strange anticipation. Vikram feels a prickle of unease.

VIKRAM

Stay close, Rohan. Something doesn't feel right.

Suddenly, the voice of the GAMES ANNOUNCER booms through the tunnels from the arena above.

GAMES ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Karan is a great fighter and he will prove it today. Lets see.

Vikram's eyes widen in alarm. He looks at Rohan, his face grim.

VIKRAM

That's it. They're changing the rules. This was never meant to be a fair fight. Rohan, you need to get to Karan. Now!

ROHAN

But what about you, Father?

VIKRAM

I'll handle things here. Just go! Find a way into the arena and help him!

Without hesitation, Vikram turns and charges towards the guards who are beginning to open the heavy gate wider, revealing glimpses of monstrous creatures being herded into the arena.

VIKRAM (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

You won't get through!

Vikram moves with surprising speed and ferocity. He draws a hidden dagger and strikes down the nearest guard before he can react. Chaos erupts. The other guards, startled by the sudden attack, draw their swords. Vikram fights with desperate strength, his movements fueled by the need to protect his son and help Karan. He is outnumbered, but his experience and determination allow him to cut down several guards in quick succession.

More guards, alerted by the commotion, rush towards the gate from the tunnel. A group of ten or more converge on Vikram, their blades flashing in the dim light. He fights valiantly, parrying and striking, taking down guard after guard.

Just as it seems Vikram might break through, a SENIOR GUARD, clad in heavier armor, appears from behind him. Before Vikram can turn, the senior guard thrusts his sword into Vikram's back. Vikram gasps, his eyes widening in pain and shock. He stumbles forward, his dagger falling from his grasp. The senior guard pulls his sword free, and Vikram collapses to the ground, lifeless.

In the confusion, Rohan, witnessing his father's sacrifice, seizes the opportunity. He slips past the struggling guards and disappears through a smaller, less guarded passage leading towards the arena floor.

FADE OUT.

INT. ARENA TUNNEL - DAY (EARLIER)

ROHAN'S FATHER Vikram

Go! Get to Karan! I'll hold them off!

A GUARD's sword flashes. Rohan hesitates, but his father pushes him forward.

\*\*END FLASHBACK\*\*

Back in the arena, Rohan, armed with a dagger he managed to conceal, reaches Karan's side, panting. He has blood on his clothes.

ROHAN

They killed him... my father... to let me through.

KARAN

Rohan...

ROHAN

No time. We fight together!

Karan and Rohan stand back-to-back, facing the onslaught of dinosaur-mounted fighters. They fight with desperate courage, their swords flashing, dodging the snapping jaws and powerful tails of the beasts. Rohan is quick and agile, taking down the soldiers on the dinosaurs while Karan focuses on the larger threats.

Despite their skill, the sheer number of opponents and the size of the dinosaurs are overwhelming. Karan takes a deep gash on his arm, and Rohan stumbles, clutching his side.

They glance towards the exits, hoping for a way out, but they see that BALI has signaled to his GUARDS, who have now formed a tight, impenetrable ring around the arena. The crowd is roaring, thoroughly enjoying the spectacle.

Bali and Indrajit watch from their platform, their initial smiles now tinged with a hint of impatience.

BALI

(To Indrajit)

Why is this taking so long? I expected him to fall quickly.

INDRAJIT

He's stronger than they anticipated, Father. And his friend... he fights like a cornered animal.

Karan and Rohan continue to fight, their movements becoming more desperate as their energy wanes and their wounds deepen.

One soldier came to tell something into Bali's ear and just after this Bali's looks a bit nervous. But still keep the fight going on.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LANKA - GRAND ARENA - DAY

The fight is a chaotic whirlwind of dust and roars. The CROWD is on their feet, a frenzy of excitement witnessing Karan and Rohan's desperate struggle. Karan's movements are powerful, each strike carrying more force than Rohan's, but Rohan's agility and constant flanking maneuvers are keeping the overwhelming number of attackers at bay. Bali, from his platform, continues to send

more fighters into the arena, each mounted on a different, bizarre creature - armored rhinos, giant lizards, and more.

Karan catches Rohan's eye for a fleeting second, a look of grim regret passing between them.

KARAN

(Strained)

Rohan... I never should have brought you into this.

ROHAN

(Panting)

We're in this together, Karan. Always. But... you're right. This won't end. We need to find a way out.

KARAN

Can you see a path? Any way through? I'll hold them here.

ROHAN

(Scanning frantically)

No... the ground is swarming with them. Giants, creatures... we need to clear a way together.

Another wave of fighters enters the arena, this time atop a colossal, elephant-shaped DINOSAUR, its tusks like swords and its hide like iron.

The cheering in the arena momentarily dies down as the massive creature lumbers in, casting a long shadow over the fighting duo. Then, the roar of the crowd intensifies.

Karan and Rohan exchange a look of grim determination. This feels like their final stand.

Suddenly, a flurry of ARROWS rains down from above, striking the fighters on the elephant dinosaur. One by one, they slump and fall from the beast's back. The dinosaur itself roars in pain and collapses.

A shadow falls over the arena. A colossal BIRD, its wings spanning the width of the fighting pit, descends. On its back sits DHARAM, regal and imposing, a quiver of arrows at his side. He moves with swift precision, unleashing more arrows that strike down many of the remaining fighters around Karan and Rohan.

For a minute Rohan fell down while Karan continues the fight but when he see Dharam on the Bird he stood up and kill one more person and fell down again.

The remaining enemy fighters, stunned and disoriented, are quickly dispatched by Karan, his movements now fueled by a surge of adrenaline. He stands for a moment, catching the breath, before his eyes lock on the figure descending on the giant bird.

It's Dharam.

As Dharam's magnificent bird touches down in the arena, near the main entry gate, a contingent of BELDORIA SOLDIERS, their armor gleaming, pour into the arena, forming a secure path towards their king.

Dharam dismounts with a powerful stride. He swiftly draws two large arrows from his quiver and, with incredible speed and accuracy, launches them. The first arrow whistles past Bali's right cheek, the second past his left, embedding themselves in the back of his throne, mere inches from his head.

Bali and Indrajit recoil in shock and fear, their eyes wide with disbelief. They hadn't seen the attack coming.

Dharam stands tall in the arena, his voice booming across the stunned silence.

DHARAM

(Shouting)

BALI! You want war? Then face me in open battle! Don't hide behind these pathetic games and your cowardly schemes!

His voice resonates with power and fury.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

I am ready! Now, or whenever you dare!  
Alone, or with your entire army! Don't think I've grown weak with age!

Dharam's soldiers rush to Karan and Rohan, helping the injured prince to his feet. Rohan is limping badly. They support them as they begin to move towards the open path created by Dharam's army.

The entire arena is silent, the earlier cheers replaced by stunned awe. Dharam signals to his COMMANDER.

DHARAM

With anger

Take them out of here. See to their injuries.

Soldiers carefully lift the still form of VIKRAM, carrying his body with respect. Karan, despite his own pain and inability to



walk, keeps his eyes on his father, a mixture of surprise and dawning respect on his face. He nods weakly to the guards helping him. Rohan is also heavily injured and leans heavily on the soldiers.

Dharam watches them leave, then mounts his giant bird, which takes flight with a powerful beat of its wings.

On the platform, Indrajit, his face pale, reaches for one of the arrows that nearly struck his father, his hand trembling.

INDRAJIT

Father...

BALI

(His voice low and shaken)

No. Stop. They have five times our army.  
This... this was a warning. We will have our revenge, but not now.  
Not like this.

Bali stares at the departing figure of Dharam, a look of fear and simmering rage in his eyes.

FADE OUT.

INT. LANKA - ROYAL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

KING BALI paces furiously across the opulent chamber, his face contorted with rage. His WIFE (50s, elegant but with a worried expression) sits on a divan, watching him with concern. INDRAJIT stands near his father, his expression a mix of anger and apprehension.

BALI

(Roaring)

Can you believe the audacity! Dharam! To march into my arena, on his ridiculous bird, and humiliate me like this! In front of everyone!

He slams his fist sword into ground and breaks the stone.

BALI (CONT'D)

What do you think our people are saying now? They saw their king nearly struck down by a man they thought was old and weak! They think I am a weak king! They don't know our army is small. If it wasn't, I would have cut off his head and that arrogant boy's head today!

INDRAJIT

Father, his arrival... it was so sudden. He clearly has immense power.

BALI

Power? He interfered! He almost cost me you, Indrajit! If Dharam had been just a few minutes later, his son would be dead! He was lucky... But mark my words, I will take revenge. Soon. Dharam will know that Bali is coming for him... with a force he won't expect. He will think I have a huge army at my command!

His Wife rises and gently takes his hand.

WIFE

Bali, please. Calm yourself. This anger will not serve us. We need to think clearly. Dharam has shown his hand. Now we must make a plan. Indrajit is grown now. He can help you strategize.

Bali roughly pulls his hand away from hers.

BALI

Plan? Yes, we will plan. Indrajit, we have much to discuss. As for you... (He turns to his wife, his tone dismissive) ...focus on the preparations for the upcoming festivals. See that the decorations are fitting for a king who will soon have his vengeance.

He turns his back on his wife and gestures for Indrajit to join him at a large table covered with maps and scrolls. His Wife watches them for a moment, a look of sadness and frustration on her face, before slowly turning away.

FADE OUT.

INT. ROYAL GUEST CHAMBER - ROHAN'S ROOM - DAY

MADHRI enters a dimly lit room. ROHAN lies still on a comfortable bed, bandages covering several wounds. A SERVANT stands quietly by his bedside.

MADHRI

(Softly)

How is he?

SERVANT

He is resting, Your Majesty. The healers say it will be some time before he recovers fully. He sustained significant injuries.

MADHRI

(Nods sadly)

I see. Ensure he receives the best care. Plenty of rest, nourishing food, and keep his wounds clean. Do not hesitate to call for anything he needs.

SERVANT

Yes, Your Majesty.

Madhri looks at Rohan for a moment, a hint of sorrow in her eyes, before turning and leaving the room.

INT. ROYAL GUEST CHAMBER - KARAN'S ROOM - DAY

Madhri enters Karan's room. Two ROYAL GUARDS are carefully helping Karan stand, supporting him on either side. He winces slightly with the effort. As he sees his mother enter, he looks at her, a mix of emotions in his eyes.

KARAN

Mother... I was just about to try and come to your chambers. I thought... you might be worried.

He gestures weakly towards a chair.

KARAN (CONT'D)

I saw you last night when you were sleeping... it's alright, you can rest. You don't need to walk around until you are fully recovered.

Madhri walks towards him, her expression a blend of relief and concern.

MADHRI

I am relieved to see you awake, Karan. But you should not be trying to stand so soon. Rest.

KARAN

But I want to see Father. I... I want to apologize for not listening, for doubting him. For everything.

Madhri looks at him, a knowing look in her eyes.

MADHRI

So, you didn't quite believe our words about your father, did you? Not until you saw him in the arena.

Karan looks down, a flicker of shame crossing his face.

MADHRI (CONT'D)

He is the only warrior in this world who has never lost a war, Karan. And I have a feeling he never will. His strength is not just in his arm, but in his will.

Karan, still being supported by the two soldiers, slowly bends his neck down, a gesture of guilt and deep respect.

KARAN

You were right, Mother. You were both right. I understand now.

Madhri steps forward and gently touches his arm.

MADHRI

Rest now, my son. Your father will want to see you when you are stronger. Focus on healing.

Karan

I just want to meet my father after that I will rest

Madhari gave him yes with head moving up and down and then walked out of the room while Karan is standing and looking at her going out.

CUT:

INT. DHARAM'S PRIVATE CHAMBERS - DAY

Karan, pale and leaning heavily on two ROYAL GUARDS, stands before his father, DHARAM. Dharam sits on a comfortable chair, a calm and thoughtful expression on his face. Karan is clearly in pain and can barely put weight on his legs. He keeps his gaze fixed on the floor.

DHARAM

(Smiling gently)

Karan. Come closer, son. How are you feeling? The healers said you took quite a few blows.

Karan slowly shuffles forward with the guards' help, his head still bowed.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

You fought bravely in the arena. More fiercely than I expected. You will recover. Give it time.

Karan finally looks up, meeting his father's kind gaze with a mixture of shame and sincerity.

KARAN

Father... I made a grave mistake. I was foolish and arrogant. I understand that now. I am ready to learn. Ready to take on any responsibility you deem fit for me. Even the smallest task... I will appreciate the opportunity to serve.

Dharam studies his son for a long moment, his smile fading slightly, replaced by a thoughtful expression.

DHARAM

Karan... you are injured. Perhaps you should focus on your recovery first. We can discuss these matters when you are stronger.

KARAN

(Pleadingly)

Father, please... I need to do this. I need to earn back your trust.

Dharam sighs softly, then a new light enters his eyes.

DHARAM

Very well, my son. I have been thinking. You wish to learn and take responsibility? Then you shall. Tomorrow morning, I want you to embark on a journey. A quest, of sorts. You will collect magical coins.

Karan looks up, surprised.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

You will leave without any soldiers, without any royal escort. This you must do on your own. I will give you directions for the first coin. The location of the others... you will have to discover yourself.

KARAN

Alone? But...

DHARAM

You will take one horse, whatever weapons you deem necessary, and food enough for one day. This journey will test you, Karan. It will teach you more than any council meeting ever could. Be ready to leave at dawn. Coins will give you special powers to run a vast kingdom.

Karan stares at his father, a mix of apprehension and determination on his face.

FADE OUT.



## Episode 2 (Forest)

INT. DHARAM'S STUDY - MORNING

Sunlight streams through the arched windows of Dharam's study, illuminating dust motes dancing in the air. DHARAM and KARAN stand beside a large, 3D intricately drawn map laid out on a heavy wooden table. The map is detailed, etched onto thick, aged parchment mounted on a wooden board.

DHARAM

(Tracing a path on the map with his finger)

This map... your grandfather acquired it during a war many years ago. When he was leading a small group of armies. It is said to be a true depiction of the world beyond Beldoria. You must follow this route.

Dharam points to a winding path marked on the map.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Your first destination is this village, nestled in the foothills of the Dragon's Teeth mountains. The first coin lies there.

Dharam points to a small marking on the map, depicting a cluster of buildings. He then picks up a worn leather-bound DIARY from the table and hands it to Karan.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Take this. It may prove helpful in critical situations. Your grandmother kept this. She had a knack for understanding the unusual. At some point this is also related to these coins.

Karan takes the diary, its leather soft and aged under his touch.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

This journey will take you through many lands, Karan. You will encounter all manner of people - some kind, some treacherous. Be cautious. Trust your instincts, but be open to help when it is offered genuinely.

Dharam looks directly into Karan's eyes, his expression serious.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Remember why you are doing this. Prove to yourself what you are capable of. And return safely, my son.

Karan nods, clutching the diary tightly. He looks at the map, a sense of anticipation and trepidation washing over him.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PALACE GATES - MORNING

The first rays of the rising sun paint the sky with hues of gold and orange. DHARAM, MADHRI, and a small group of ROYAL ATTENDANTS stand near the grand palace gates. KARAN, visibly limping and in pain, is helped towards a magnificent horse by a stable hand. He moves with difficulty, his face etched with discomfort.

DHARAM

(To the attendants, his voice firm but low)

Remember, no word of where Prince Karan is going is to leave these grounds. This journey is to remain our secret.

Madhri watches her son with deep concern, her hand instinctively reaching out towards him.

MADHRI

Karan, are you sure you are well enough for this? Perhaps a few more days of rest would be wise. You are still in considerable pain.

Dharam turns his head sharply, giving Madhri a stern look that conveys his disapproval of her softness. He then turns back to Karan, his expression resolute.

DHARAM

(His voice carrying a sharp edge)

A man must face hardship, Karan. There is no room for softness in this world if one wishes to become strong. You must face this now.

Karan meets his father's gaze, a flicker of determination in his eyes despite the pain. He slowly mounts the horse, wincing as he settles into the saddle. He chooses a strong, chestnut mare that seems familiar to him.

Dharam steps forward and embraces Karan in a firm hug.

DHARAM

(His voice lower, almost a whisper)

Be strong, my son.

As they hug, Dharam subtly slips a sturdy leather belt around Karan's waist, fastening it quickly beneath his tunic. Karan feels the weight of it.

He pulls back from the hug and looks at his father, a question in his eyes. Dharam gives him a small, almost imperceptible nod. Karan understands. He reaches down discreetly and opens a small pouch on the belt, revealing a concealed, sharp KNIFE. He secures it within the belt.

Madhri steps forward, her eyes filled with emotion. She reaches up and gently touches Karan's cheek.

MADHRI

Be careful, my son. May the gods watch over you.

Karan manages a weak smile and nods. He takes a deep breath, adjusts his grip on the reins, and with a final look at his parents, urges his horse forward. The horse walks slowly at

first, then picks up pace as they leave the palace grounds, heading towards the rising sun. Dharam and Madhri watch him go, their expressions a mixture of hope and worry.

FADE OUT.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

KARAN sits by a small fire in a secluded part of the forest. The flames crackle softly, casting flickering shadows on the surrounding trees. He eats some dried meal and fruit, his horse grazing peacefully nearby. The forest is quiet, with only the sounds of nocturnal creatures breaking the silence. He seems to be the only person in this area.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY 2

Karan rides westward across open plains. The sun is high in the sky, and the landscape is dotted with patches of dry grass.

EXT. FARMING TOWN - DAY 2

Karan arrives at a small, rustic town nestled amidst fields of crops. The houses are simple, built from wood and thatch. Farmers, their faces weathered by the sun, stop their work to stare at the unexpected visitor. Children peek out from behind their parents' legs.

Karan dismounts and approaches a group of ELDERS sitting on a bench in the centre of the town.

KARAN

Greetings. I am a traveler passing through.

The farmers look at him with a mixture of curiosity and apprehension.

ELDER 1

A traveller? We rarely see travellers here, young man. Only lost hunters sometimes stumble upon our village. Where are you headed?

KARAN

Westward, towards the Dragon's Teeth mountains.

The farmers exchange worried glances.

ELDER 2

Dragon's Teeth? You mustn't go that way, stranger. Beyond this forest, the land rises sharply into the Grey Peaks. There dwells a fierce kingdom of... creatures.

KARAN

Creatures? What kind of creatures?

ELDER 3

They are like wolves, but standing on two legs. Hairy bodies, sharp claws, and faces like nightmares. They hunt humans, any animals they can find. No one who has ventured into those mountains has ever returned.

ELDER 1

Turn back, young man. Change your direction. There is nothing but death that way. Are you certain your path leads you there? Perhaps you have misread your directions.

Karan considers their words, a thoughtful expression on his face. He reaches into his satchel and pulls out the map he draws on a cloth from original map of Dharam gave him, studying it briefly.

KARAN

(To himself)

The Dragon's Teeth... that's right that is my destination.

He looks back at the farmers.

KARAN (CONT'D)

Thank you for your warning. I will be cautious.  
The farmers shake their heads, their faces etched with concern.

ELDER 2

May the gods protect you, stranger. You are walking towards your doom.

Karan nods his thanks, mounts his horse, and with a determined look towards the distant mountains, rides out of the small farming town, continuing his journey west. The farmers watch him go, their expressions filled with foreboding.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY 2 (CONTINUED)

Karan continues his journey westward. As the sun begins to dip towards the horizon, he spots a group of four travelers approaching in the distance. As they get closer, he sees four men and one WOMAN among them. The woman is riding a single, tired-looking horse, while the three men walk alongside. Seeing a woman in their company, Karan feels a sense of reassurance and approaches them more openly.

TRAVELER 1 (MAN)

Greetings, friend! Traveling far?

KARAN

Westward, towards the mountains.

TRAVELER 2 (MAN)

Ah, a long journey indeed! We are returning from half way from the West ourselves. We were supposed to head East, but we got a bit lost. We think we're finally back on the right track though. Why don't you join us for the night? We have some food and drink, and it's always better to have company on the road.

Karan, feeling the loneliness of the road and trusting them because of the woman's presence, agrees. They set up camp as night falls, sharing stories, some dried rations, and a skin of weak wine. Laughter and simple songs fill the air as they sit around the crackling fire under the starlit sky. Karan feels a sense of ease in their company. Eventually, tired from the day's travel and the evening's simple pleasures, they all fall asleep.

EXT. PLAINS - MORNING 3

Karan wakes up with a start. The fire has died down to embers. He looks around, but the other travelers are gone. Panic sets in as he realizes his horse is missing. He looks down - he is only wearing his undergarments. His pack, his food, his main weapons - all gone. The woman and the other travelers have vanished with everything.

KARAN

(With fire anger)

they stole everything. Assholes

He reaches down and touches the leather belt around his waist.

KARAN (CONT'D)

(A small sigh of relief)

At least they thought this was part of my undergarments.

He feels the hidden knife within the belt, a small comfort in this dire situation. He reaches for his satchel, but it's gone. His hand instinctively goes to his side - the diary his father gave him is also missing.

KARAN (CONT'D)

The diary... I am going to kill you all!

A wave of anger and worry washes over him. He is alone, with no food, no horse, and only a small knife for protection. He looks around at the sparse trees nearby.

KARAN (CONT'D)

I need a weapon.

Using his small knife, he sets to work, finding a sturdy branch and carefully shaping one end into a crude, elongated jaw-like point. It's not much, but it's better than nothing. He starts walking, hoping to find a village.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY 3 (LATER)

Karan walks along the dusty plains, the sun beating down on him. He scans the ground as he walks, a sliver of hope remaining. Suddenly, he spots something familiar lying near a discarded piece of cloth. He rushes towards it - it's his diary! Relief

washes over him. He picks it up, clutching it tightly, and continues his journey.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY 3 (AFTERNOON)

After walking for several hours, Karan enters a patch of thin woodland. He stops, hearing a series of guttural snarls and the sound of bones crunching. He drops into a crouch, drawing his makeshift wooden weapon and the hidden knife, his senses on high alert.

He peers through the trees, moving silently towards the noise. The sight that greets him makes his blood run cold. Several humanoid figures with wolf-like heads and hairy bodies are tearing apart what remains of the travelers who had befriended him the night before. Scattered amongst the gruesome scene is his dead horse, its saddle and bridle ripped off. His sword and his armor lie discarded nearby.

Karan stares, trying to understand this horrifying scene. Were these the creatures the farmers had warned him about? As he is trying to process the information, a large, shadowy figure leaps down from a thick tree branch directly above him. Everything goes black.

FADE OUT.

EXT. WOODLAND - DAY 3 (CONTINUED)

Karan lies unconscious on the forest floor. One of the WOLF-MEN, his snout stained with blood, nudges Karan with a clawed foot. He then notices the sturdy leather belt around Karan's waist. He crouches down, sniffing at it curiously, and his sharp eyes catch the glint of metal from the hidden knife within one of the pouches.

He grunts and points at the belt, communicating with the other wolf-men in a series of guttural growls and snarls. They all turn their attention to Karan's waist, their yellow eyes narrowing as they examine the belt. They exchange more quick, sharp sounds in their strange language, their expressions unreadable.

After a moment, one of the larger wolf-men lets out a decisive snarl, and the others return to tearing at the remains of the travelers. They finish their gruesome meal quickly, their movements efficient and savage.



Once they are done, the wolf-man who first noticed the belt grabs Karan by one leg and begins to drag him roughly across the forest floor, his body bumping against roots and stones. They pull him for several meters.

Suddenly, a deep, resonant ROARING echoes through the trees, closer this time. The wolf-men dragging Karan freeze, their ears twitching, their heads snapping towards the source of the sound. Fear flickers in their eyes.

Without hesitation, the largest wolf-man scoops Karan up, throwing him roughly over his shoulder. The other wolf-men follow suit, scrambling away through the trees at a rapid pace, the sound of the roaring growing louder behind them, indicating a second group is in hot pursuit. They disappear into the dense undergrowth, carrying the unconscious Karan with them.

INT. DHARAM'S WAR ROOM - DAY

KING DHARAM sits at a large, intricately carved table in his war room. Around him stand his loyal STAFF and COURT MEMBERS, their faces serious. Maps and strategic documents are spread across the table.

All of the staff is laughing at a joke made by Dana.

Dharam

Let's start the meeting now.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Your Majesty, we have concerning reports from the border region near Lanka.

DHARAM

(Calmly)

Speak plainly. What troubles you?

STAFF MEMBER 2

Our scouts have observed unusual activity within King Bali's territory. Deep within the forest, near the eastern border, they are constructing a structure. Also, on the road going to eastern side through our territory. They are using it for free as per our agreement.

COURT MEMBER 1

A house, Sir, but unlike any we've seen. It has no windows, and the only entrance appears to be a single, small opening. No large gates for easy access.

STAFF MEMBER 1

Furthermore, they are going to start gathering a significant number of animals - pigs, chickens, even cattle. It has the hallmarks of a large celebration or... something else. Their purposed date is after 4 month construction is big and it will take time.

COURT MEMBER 2

Our informants within Lanka's court have also relayed unsettling news. Behind the facade of these arena games, Bali is allegedly planning something significant. They've been diverting considerable funds to this construction.

STAFF MEMBER 2

And most concerningly, they have been clearing a direct path from this structure towards our eastern border. It's a wide, unobstructed route.

STAFF MEMBER 1

They reached our border a few days ago, Sire, at the narrow pass through the Serpent's Tooth Mountains. Our border patrols have halted their progress there. The terrain is naturally restrictive in that area.

Dharam listens intently, his gaze steady. He looks across the table at DANA (85s, wise, with a weathered face and a keen intellect), his closest friend and confidante, who stands amongst the court members. Their eyes meet, and a silent understanding passes between them - a shared worry about Bali's intentions.

DHARAM

(After a moment of contemplation)

I see. It seems our suspicions were not unfounded.

He turns back to his staff.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Commander, deploy two full legions to the eastern pass immediately. Ensure they are positioned to completely block any further construction or movement from Bali's men in that area. Only allow three or four individuals at a time to approach the border for any legitimate reason.

COMMANDER

At once, Your Majesty.

DHARAM

Dana, my friend. I have a task for you. We need to prepare our own... contingency. Find a secluded location within our forest, near that narrow pass. Build a small, inconspicuous structure. And within it, I want a substantial cache of burning materials - dry wood, tinder, anything that will ignite quickly and fiercely.

Dana nods, his expression grim.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Also, gather a supply of burning oils and any necessary weaponry and store it discreetly in the same area. Keep it hidden, well-guarded, but accessible. You will lead this operation, Dana. Your knowledge of the forest is unmatched.

DANA

It will be done, Dharam. You have my word.

Dharam meets Dana's gaze, a look of grim determination in his eyes.

DHARAM

We will hope for peace, but we must be prepared for war. Bali's smile may be a mask for something far more sinister.

He looks back at his staff.

DHARAM (CONT'D)

Continue to monitor the situation closely. I want constant updates on any further activity from Lanka. This... celebration of theirs has the scent of treachery.

FADE OUT.

INT. MOUNTAIN CAVE - DAY

Karan's eyes flutter open. His head throbs, and his body aches all over. He finds himself lying on a rough bed of furs in a dimly lit cave. The walls around him are crudely carved with images of various animals - wolves, deer, and creatures he doesn't recognize.

At the mouth of the cave, which is situated high up on a mountainside, a WOLF-MAN sits on a large, flat stone, his gaze fixed on the vast expanse of forest stretching out below. From this vantage point, he has a clear view of the surrounding terrain.

Several other WOLF-MEN, the ones who had carried Karan, are huddled near the back of the cave. They are diligently sharpening their crude knives on rough stones, the scraping sounds echoing in the confined space. They glance occasionally at Karan, their yellow eyes watchful, waiting for him to regain consciousness.

As Karan's vision clears, he notices an OLD WOLF-WOMAN sitting cross-legged near him. Her fur is matted and grey, and her face is a network of wrinkles. Her eyes, however, are sharp and intense, and they are fixed directly on Karan. In her gnarled hand, she holds his small knife from the leather belt. She had noticed him stirring immediately.

Karan stares back at her, a sense of fear mixed with confusion washing over him. The old wolf-woman doesn't speak, but her gaze is piercing, as if she is trying to see into his very soul. The silence in the cave is heavy, broken only by the rhythmic scraping of the knives and the distant rustling of leaves in the wind outside.

FADE OUT.

Continue...

*Bali – King of small country surrounded by Belderia*

*Dharam – King of Belderia*

*Karan – Prince / Son of Belderia*

*Madhari- Queen of Belderia*

*Rohan- Friend/ Exercise partner of Karan*

*Vikram- Trainer, Rohan is Son of Vikram*

*Bali- Younger son Inderjit*

*Sisi Moa – Kingdom of dead army*

*Dana: Same age as Dharam, his best friend and worrier and advisor, unmarried person.*

realized he is from the kingdom and so they took him in front of queen.