

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

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KINGS AND KINGDOMS

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BASED ON CHESS

Narrator

Once upon a time, in the vast and prosperous kingdom of Elarion, there ruled a wise and just king named Elandor. King Elandor possessed a magical throne that granted him supernatural powers, and he, in turn appointed a council of advisors to help govern the realm. Among them were Lord Bishop, responsible for offering sagacious advice, and Lord Knight, tasked with training the kingdom's knights and soldiers.

King Elandor was blessed with twin sons, prince Alaric and prince William. As the years passed, the kingdom flourished under their father's rule, but time came for King Elandor to choose a successor. The magical throne could only have one true heir, and the decision was not an easy one.

The brothers were identical in every way, from their blue eyes their wavy, golden hair. However, their hearts harbored conflicting desires. Alaric, the younger twin, believed in diplomacy, harmony, and the well-being of the kingdom as a whole. William, the older twin, craved power, conquest, and dominance and this worried king Elandor.

When king Elandor fell gravely ill and the inevitable approached, he faced a dilemma. The magical throne could only be claimed by one, and neither brother was willing to yield. The air in the castle grew thick with tension, and whispers of unrest echoed through the stone corridors.

Unable to resolve the dispute, king Elandor took a drastic step. For the well being of the kingdom and to continue the peaceful leadership he thought it right to choose Alaric the

young twin because of his gentle soul, but prince William being the older twin and rightful successor to the magical throne could not accept to be ruled by his young brother and chaos broke loose in the kingdom.

This had left king Elandor with no other choice but to take a drastic step. He invoked an ancient spell that split the kingdom into two, casting a boundary that separated Elarion into the White kingdom ruled by Alaric, and the Black kingdom governed by William. The magical throne remained in the white kingdom with the chosen king as William was too dangerous to have so much power that comes with the magical throne.

The division was swift, and the once united kingdom became two entities on the brink of conflict. Each kingdom mirrored the other, with identical landscapes, castles and subjects. The people, who once united under a single banner, now found themselves torn between the White and Black kingdom

The brothers, now kings, were like chess players on the grand board, plotting their moves and calculating their strategies. The magical throne continued to bestow its powers upon Alaric, while William sought to unlock his own latent abilities through other means. William dyed his hair black demanded his people to do the same and they wore black since then.

The tension escalated, and soon the White and Black kingdoms clashed in a battle that echoed the moves of a grand chess match, knights charged, pawns advanced and the power of the magical throne resonated through the land

The new discovered gold area, the land between the two kingdom even made the two kingdoms to go to war and try to bring the other down so that only one kingdom can benefit from the gold. In a conquest to fight for the gold territory, the two kingdoms future lie in the bravest of the soldiers and the King.

CHAPTER 1

THE GOLD-RICH V C

Present day:

INT. THRONE ROOM. WHITE KING'S CASTLE. DAY

Alaric, 43 years of age now, is seated on a gold throne wearing gold armour making him the brightest in the throne room, his white hair is hard to miss. The air was heavy with anticipation as two pawns, clad in armor bearing the kingdom's emblem, escorted a disheveled miner towards the throne and making him kneel before the king. The miner, accused of illegal mining was young maybe in his late 30s but looked older than his age due to the harsh and unforgiving sun and hardship, you could tell from his tattered clothes stained with dirt and sweat that he wore. King Alaric sat upon the throne, his expression stern yet

thoughtful. Lord Bishop stood by his side, offering counsel, while Lord Knight observed the proceeding with a vigilant eye. The throne room, adorned with banners of the white kingdom, echoed the grandeur of the past.

As the accused was kneeling at the mercy of the pawns, King Alaric raised his hand, signaling for the miner to stand before him. The room was silent, save for the echoing footsteps that resonated off the stone walls.

(intens music play)

The throne room goes quiet. (intens music slowly fades)

PAWN 1

Your grace.

KING ALARIC

(gestures the pawn to carry on)

PAWN 1

We found this man during our night patrol....

KING ALARIC

What is he guilty of?

PAWN 2

Illegal mining yo..your grace.

PAWN 1

Here is the gold we found him with.

Shows the gold to the king and the crowd. Alaric's gaze met that of the accused miner.

KING ALARIC

State your name and the charges against you.

He commanded, his voice carrying authority.

DIDEON

(nervously stammered)

Yo-your grace, I am Dideon, and am accused of illegal mining in the outskirts of the kingdom

King Alaric leaned forward, his eyes probing.

KING ALARIC

And what say you in your defence?

Just as the tension peaked, a flourish of trumpets announces the royal entrance of Queen Isabella. Dressed in a regal gown adorned with symbols of the white kingdom, she walks magestically to her reserved seat with two giant knights guarding her and a maiden holding her long dress behind her. Her presence commanding the attention of all in the room. The crowd, comprised of lords, ladies, and commoners alike (farmers and miners), rose as one in a show of respect for their queen as she holds the most supernatural power after the king. With a subtle nod, Alaric motioned for the assembly to be seated. The room descended into a hushed murmur as the crowd settled into their chairs, eyes fixed on the unfolding scene

LORD BISHOP
(a gentle voice)

Speak.

DIDEON
(nervously)
Your grace, I plead guilty of the
accusations upon me.

Dideon weeps sadly before the king and the crowd. But Queen Isabella observed with a critical eye, not impressed with what is going on as Dideon tries to gain some sympathy by crying like a baby and the queen frowns to the unfolding scene.

DIDEON
(weeping some more)
It was desperation to provide for
my family your grace, that is what
led me to break the kingdom's law.
If am shown mercy on my wrong
doing, my wife and two kids will
thank you for it.

KING ALARIC
(leans back on his throne
considering the words
said by Dideon)
By the laws of the kingdom I king
Alaric the first king of the white
and giver of power, hereby declare
that Dideon the accused to be shown
mercy. We do all agree that
desperate times may drive a man to
desperate measures, but rest be
assured the next illegal miner they
present to me I shall show no mercy
and will be punished accordingly.

A murmur of approval spread through the crowd, but the queen's expression remained stoic. She exchanged a glance with Lord Bishop, who wore a similar expression of concern.

Queen Isabella, however, could not contain her dissatisfaction. She walks up to the throne holding her long

dress this time.

QUEEN ISABELLA

(whispers)

Your grace, mercy is a noble virtue, but it must not be wielded recklessly. Show strength, and they will respect you. Show weakness, and they will doubt your ability to lead.

Alaric sighed, torn between his compassionate nature and the need to assert authority. The queen's words lingered in his thoughts.

KING ALARIC

Woman... Peace is what I stand for and mercy is a simple of peace and a chance for a change.

QUEEN ELARA

Your grace....

BLACK KINGDOM'S CASTLE;DAWN.

King William, adorned in dark regal attire, strode through the the dimly lit corridors of the Black Kingdom castle. The air was heavy with an aura of authority and mystique. He ascended a spiraling staircase that led to a secluded balcony overlooking the expansive courtyard below.

Awaiting him on the balcony was the Black Bishop, a figure shrouded in dark robes with arcane symbols woven into the fabric. The sorcerer, known for his mastery of dark magic, turned to face the approaching king, a sense of intrigue in his piercing gaze.

LORD BISHOP OF BLACK

Your majesty.

The Bishop intoned with a respectful nod, his voice echoing a blend of wisdom and an underlying sense of malevolence. King William acknowledged him with a nod and spoke, his voice carrying the weight of command.

KING WILLIAM

Our eyes and ears have penetrated the heart of the White Kingdom. A spy roams within their midst.

LORD BISHOP OF BLACK
 (his eyes gleamed with
 curiosity)
 Your majesty, the art of espionage
 is a delicate dance. Does this
 shadow move undetected, or has it
 been unveiled?

King William learned against the balcony railing, gazing
 out at the sprawling expanse of the Blak Kingdom. The night
 sky hung above, adorned with a myriad of stars that reflected
 the darkness within the king's ambitious soul.

KING WILLIAM
 She moves like a wraith, concealed
 in the fabric of their world.

King William explained, a hint of satisfaction in his voice

KING WILLIAM
 But shadows are fickle, and the
 balance is fragile. I seek your
 counsel, sorcerer. Shall we let her
 dance in the moonlight halls of the
 White Kingdom, or shall we expose
 her to the light of our secrets?

The Bishop's fingers traced the edge of his dark staff, a
 conduit for his formidable magic.

LORD BISHOP OF BLACK
 Your majesty, knowledge is power.
 Let her dance, but weave threads of
 illusion around her. Allow her to
 gather what she believes to be
 truth, yet let the tapestry she
 creates be one of the deception.
 The White Kingdom shall be ensnared
 in its own illusions.

King William considered the sorcerer's words, a cruel smile
 playing on his lips.

KING WILLIAM
 Very well, let the spy believe she
 walks unhindered, but ensure she
 serves as a puppet in our intricate
 play. The dance shadows shall
 entwine the fates of the White and
 the Black Kingdoms.

The sorcerer bowed slightly, his dark eyes reflecting an
 understanding of the unspoken machinations at play.
 Together, they stood on the balcony, overseeing the kingdom
 below, as the intricate threads of deception and
 manipulation wove a dark tapestry that bound the destinies
 of the divided realms.

SEQUENTIAL SCENE

As the crowd in the White kingdom's throne room dispersed, a figure clad in a dark cloak slipped out unnoticed. This was no ordinary courtier; this was Aelin, a skilled spy serving the Black Kingdom. Disguised as a member of the White Kingdom's entourage, she had successfully infiltrated the castle

Aelin moved stealthily through the corridors, blending with the shadows, her steps echoing the tension that lingered in the air. Her keen eyes scanned the surroundings, ensuring she remained undetected. The intricate network of passageways concealed her movements as she made her way towards the castle's exit.

Exiting through a concealed door, Aelin found herself in the outer courtyard. Moonlight bathed the landscape, casting an ethereal glow upon the kingdom. The boundary between the White and Black Kingdoms was marked by the sprawling mining area, a desolate expanse that mirrored the divide between the two realms.

Taking a deep breath, Aelin's form shifted. Dark energy enveloped her, and she transformed into a sleek, shadowy creature known as the black reven. Her cloak billowed as she unfurled her wings, the eerie transformation completing as she took flight.

Soaring above the kingdom, the black reven surveyed the vast expanse below. The landscape changed dramatically as she crossed the boundary. On one side lay the White Kingdom, marked by pristine castles, flourishing fields, and a sense of order. On the other side, the Black Kingdom revealed itself, a stark contrast with ominous fortress towers, and a landscape tainted by the residue of dark magic.

The black reven glided through the night sky, navigating the currents of magic that swirled around the boundary. The air crackled with tension as she approached the looming silhouette of the Black castle. Dark spires pierced the night, and the fortress exuded an air of foreboding.

Aelin descended gracefully, her wings folding as she touched down within the courtyard of the Black. The transformation reversed, and she assumed her humanoid form once more. Her cloak billowed as she made her way through the castle's labyrinthine corridors, her mission to gather intelligence for her Black kingdom superiors weighing heavily on her shoulders. As Aelin moved through the shadows, she carried the secrets of one realm to another, perpetuating the clandestine dance of espionage that fueled the rivalry between the divided twins.

EXT;BLACK CASTLE

Aelin, the elusive spy, emerged from the shadows to join King William and the Sorcerer on the balcony. Her dark attire blended seamlessly with the night, and her eyes held a glint of cunning knowledge.

AELIN

Your majesty.

Aelin spoke, her voice soft but laced with confidence.

AELIN

I bring tidings from the heart of the White Kingdom. Their secrets unravel before our eyes.

King William turned towards her, his expression a silent demand for information.

KING WILLIAM

Speak

He commanded. Aelin hesitated for a moment before divulging the carefully acquired details.

AELIN

In the area that bounds our two kingdoms, there lies a hidden treasure.

LORD BISHOP OF BLACK

(curious)

Treasure? What treasure lies there?

AELIN

Gold veins run beneath the earth, guarded zealously by the White Knights and pawns. The white Kingdom benefits greatly from this wealth, yet they have not fully tapped into its potential. It was just discovered that the area has gold beneath the land your majesty.

King Williams eyes narrowed with intrigue, his mind contemplating the possibilities.

KING WILLIAM

Gold, you say? Guarded by the White Kingdom. Why have they not exploited this resource to its fullest extent?

AELIN

Your majesty, they recently just discovered this area and they are still working on strategies on how to exploit it,

The sorcerer, sensing an opportunity, interjected.

LORD BISHOP OF BLACK
 Your majesty, the land upon which
 the gold rests may not rightfully
 belong to the White Kingdom. The
 true ownership may be in questio.
 We could assert our claim, take
 control of the gold area. And reap
 the rewards of the hidden
 treasures.

King william's eyes gleamed with a newfound ambition.

KING WILLIAM
 Gold is power

He mused

KING WILLIAM
 We shall make the gold area ours.
 Prepare the forces, and let the
 White Kingdom taste the bitter
 reality of losing what they never
 truly possessed.

The sorcerer bowed, his dark robes flowing.

LORD BISHOP OF BLACK
 As you command, your majesty. The
 gold beneath the surface will be
 the key to our dominance.

As Aelin observed the unfolding plans, a subtle smile played on her lips. The information she had gathered had become a catalyst for a strategic move that would reshape the balance of power between the divided kingdoms. The balcony overlooking the kingdom bore witness to the whispers of ambition, secrets, and the impending clash that would be fueled by the allure of hidden treasures.

WHITE KINGDOM

As the night cast its final shadows over the white kingdom, a gentle transition to morning unfolded. The first light of dawn painted the sky with hues of pink and gold, signaling the awakening of the realm. The kingdom stirred with life, revealing a tapestry of diverse activities that defined the lifestyle of its people.

In the countryside, farmers toiled in the fields, tending to rows of vibrant crops that swayed in the morning breeze. The rhythmic sounds of plowing and planting harmonised with the songs of birds, creating a symphony of rural life. Villagers gathered their harvest exchanging smiles and greetings as the promise of a new day unfolded.

Near the riverbanks, fishermen cast their nets into the sparkling waters, seeking the bounty that the river provided.