

THE FIRST WISH

Adapted By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Deep in a forest, in a clearing of high weeds, A VIKING WARRIOR is asleep. He slowly opens his eyes. Suddenly aware of the situation, he sits up, worried. Sitting nearby is a WITCH. Noticing her he leaps to his feet, drawing his sword.

Confused, he looks down at the weapon in his hand. He then quizzically looks at his armor.

The Witch laughs, keeping her distance. The viking pulls his sword and brandishes it at the witch.

THE WITCH

He puzzles us. Is he not grateful for the gifts we have given him?

THE VIKING

Stay back witch, or I'll slay you.

THE WITCH

(mocking & sympathetic)

Poor viking. He thinks he can kill us. If we wanted to die by his hand, we would have already asked for it.

THE VIKING

Speak your *piece* woman, what do you want?

THE WITCH

It is not what we want, it's what he wants. What is his third wish?

THE VIKING

(baffled)

Third wish? How can it be a third wish if I haven't had a first and second wish?

The witch paces around him. The Viking stands his ground, watching her intently with his eyes and head.

THE WITCH

But he has had his two wishes already. His second wish was for us to return everything to the way it was before he made his first wish. That's why he remembers nothing; because everything is the way it was before he made any wishes.

(beat)

So it is that he has but one wish left.

THE VIKING

All right, I don't believe this,

THE WITCH

What does he recall? Tell us what he remembers.

THE VIKING

I know I am formidable. I can feel the power coursing through my veins.

THE WITCH

(gleefully)

And smart! Look how much he learns by using his eyes!

THE VIKING

And my armour... such high quality. this sword... I must be an accomplished warrior. this crown... I must be royalty.

THE WITCH

Ooh...! He thinks he's the legendary king of vikings!

(beat)

Of maybe he is...

THE VIKING

Something's not right. I have no entourage. No raiding party. It doesn't make sense that I'd be alone in the woods.

THE WITCH

And it couldn't be a frail little creature like us, skulking in the dark and poisoning flesh and minds...

THE VIKING

This doesn't make sense. None of
this makes sense.

THE WITCH

Of course he's confused. His memory
is gone.

THE VIKING

Give me time to collect my
thoughts.

THE WITCH

(sitting)

He has all the time in the world.
Think, Warlord, think.

(beat)

What does he remember? Does he
remember the wars? The death and
destruction? The madness and
mayhem?

THE VIKING

I... I can't remember.

THE WITCH

Does he remember the loves? His
first kiss? The first girl to
sacrifice her noble virginity? The
soft touch of desire?

THE VIKING

That I would always remember.

(defeated)

I can't remember.

THE WITCH

And he has forgotten? The
victories? The conquests? The high
holy kingdom laid out before him
with it's riches and gold? Armies
driven in retreat. Banners held
high in victory. The spoils and the
plunder. Has he completely
forgotten who he is?

THE VIKING

Riches? Royalty? Power?

(beat)

Then it's settled, foul creature, I
know what my next wish is.

THE WITCH

Here he goes...

THE VIKING

Silence hag! I have made my decision. My command is you grant me my third and final wish! I want to know who I am.

THE WISH

Is this what he wishes? To know who he is?

THE VIKING

Absolutely. I want to know exactly who I am.

(beat)

I wish to know who I am.

THE WITCH

Funny... That was his first wish.

The Witch casts her spell, and the Viking starts screaming. Going mad with rage and despair, the viking throws himself on his sword, his helm falling to the ground. As he dies screaming, the witch joyfully mocks him.

The witch picks up the helm and walks away.

THE WITCH

Now we teach the rest of these savages some manners...

The witch brushes off the helm and wears it on a jaunty angle on her head. Her eyes have turned white, and the sigil on her forehead glows with power.

THE WITCH

The King is dead, long live the Queen.

FIN.