

ONE KNIGHT STAND

by

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INT. BAR - NIGHT

Not too rough, not too fancy, not too populated.

HOLLY and SHERYL (both 30's) sit at the bar in casual business attire, though work ended hours ago. Sheryl is tipsy; Holly is blitzed and slurring.

SHERYL

So, you gonna end it with Brian?

HOLLY

I dunno, Sheryl. He can be so sweet and attentive sometimes. But then he's distant, and bull-headed, and...you know what I'm sayin'? I love him, but...I don't know.

SHERYL

Well, I wouldn't be making any big decisions right now, you know? I think you've officially pickled your brain.

HOLLY

But I gotta big decision to make. Right now. I think...I gotta pee.

SHERYL

Good Lord girl! Go!

They laugh. Holly slides off the stool, and wobbles to the bathroom. A BEAT -- before GODFFREY enters the bar, in full knight armor. He clanks to the bar.

GODFFREY

(to Bartender)

Innkeeper! An ale here.

Sheryl watches him, amused. Bartender slides a stein of beer. Godfrey takes a huge swig.

GODFFREY

Ahhh. An aid to my thirst.

I thank ye, good Sir.

(notices Sheryl)

And a gentle eve to you, fair maiden. Doth art well?

SHERYL

(playing along)

Doth art doing pretty damn good. I'm Sheryl.

GODFFREY

I am Godfrey Reginald Bartholomew Sinclair of Abberforth. Duke of Hadmashire. At your service.

SHERYL

And what brings you to Akron?

GODFFREY

I seek what many men have tried and failed to obtain: The cup of Kings -- the divine vessel that held the blood of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The thing to grant mortal men ever-lasting life.

A BEAT.

SHERYL

Did you try Target?

GODFFREY

Nay, I have searched every countenance of this land, but my quest continues on.

HOLLY (O.S.)

Oh my God...

Sheryl and Godffrey turn. Holly stares at Godffrey, entranced. She beelines right up to him, invading his personal space.

HOLLY

Hi...

GODFFREY

And a good evening to you. Pray, what is your name, lovely creature?

HOLLY

Holly...

GODFFREY

Holly. A name as fair as summer's warming embrace.

Holly is totally buying it. But Sheryl runs interference.

SHERYL

(to Holly)

Okay fair lady. Time to go.

HOLLY

(to Sheryl; failing to be discreet)

OhmyGod! He's gorgeous!

SHERYL

Yeah. He's definitely your type.

(to Godffrey)

You'll have to excuse us. We're on a quest for Tylenol and sleep. I hope you find...whatever it is your looking for.

GODFFREY

I keep hope aflame in my heart, M'lady.

Holly fumbles with her wallet, trying to take cash out. She spills a few cards on the bar.

SHERYL
No. I got this. Let's go.

HOLLY
(to Godffrey; dreamy)
Bye...

GODFFREY
I bid you both a pleasant eve and
a good 'morrow.

Sheryl helps Holly out. They leave. A BEAT. Godffrey looks on the bar, seeing a business card that fell out of Holly's wallet. He picks it up.

GODFFREY
M'lady. Your parchment?

But they're gone. He reads it. CLOSE ON CARD with the name Holly Grail.

GODFFREY
(reads)
Holly...Grail...

His eyes widen. He runs...

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

He frantically looks but they're not around. He sees -- down the street -- red tail lights from a car driving away. He whistles loudly--

GODFFREY
Come Albert! We make haste!

A HORSE trots up from O.S. Godffrey mounts the horse with a "YAAHHH" and they make after the car.

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheryl is dropping off Holly, who stumbles from the car.

SHERYL
You sure you're okay?

HOLLY
Yup. Great. See you tomorrow.

Sheryl drives away.

Holly starts up the walkway when Godfrey rides up. He dismounts, runs to her, and falls on one knee. Pure devotion.

GODFFREY
 M'lady! Forgive me. You were as clear
 as the mid-day sun yet I was blinded.
 It is you that I have searched for
 all these long seasons. You are more
 beautiful than my heart has
 allowed me to imagine.
 (bows head)
 I am yours.

Her reaction is one of stunned astonishment.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Pieces of armor and other garments strewn on the floor.

Holly stirs awake, her hand immediately pushing on the
 throbbing hangover protruding from her skull. She looks
 over -- and sees Godffrey, awake, staring at her with deep
 admiration. She then realizes what occurred hours earlier.

HOLLY
 Oh God...

GODFFREY
 It's Godffrey. And you shouldn't
 blaspheme.

HOLLY
 What have I done?

GODFFREY
 You have weaved a spell of such
 enchantment that I want nothing more
 in this life than to remain your
 prisoner. Is now a fair time for
 another seduction?

HOLLY
 (panicking)
 Um, you have to leave. Like now.

A DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES O.S. Holly reacts.

GODFFREY
 Leave? Surely you jest.

HOLLY
 Seriously. I'm not kidding. You have
 get out here before--
 (looks up; aghast)
 Oh God! Brian--

REVERSE ANGLE to hulking BRIAN standing in the doorway. He
 is also dressed in full knight armor. Smoldering and livid.

A BEAT.

BRIAN
What treachery is this?

HOLLY
Brian. I can explain--

BRIAN
Silence wench!

GODFFREY
How dare you! (to Holly)
Who is this knave?

BRIAN
Knave?! I am Brian Penwright Tunstall
of Yarmouth. Earl of Hadleigh. And
who dares defile my bedchamber?

HOLLY
Your bedchamber? Brian, you don't
pay rent.

BRIAN
Utter one more syllable, whore--

GODFFREY
Speak to her in that manner again and
I shall remove your tongue!

Brian unsheathes his sword.

BRIAN
Right! I'll have you both!

Godfrey jumps up, grabs his sword -- And thrilling duel
starts in the bedroom. As this happens--

Holly leaps from the bed and flings open the closet doors.
It is full of Princess costumes. As she dresses--

HOLLY
O' you brave and gallant men! But
I am surely no prize to quarrel?

She is loving this.

GODFFREY
Fadoodle, my love! Our love is written
in the heavens.

BRIAN
You bastard! She is mine.

The SOUND OF SEVERAL BLARING TRUMPETS O.S. stops the action.
Holly, Godfrey, and Brian look confused to one another
before going to the window--

BRIAN
What the devil?!

EXT. HOLLY'S HOUSE - MORNING

A DOZEN OR SO KNIGHTS in full armor (and one MONK) stand on the lawn. THOMAS steps forward--

THOMAS
 (announcing)
 Hear ye this! By the King's decree
 and in service of our Lord-God we
demand you relinquish the Holy
 Grail to us at once! Surrender
 now and we may spare your lives,
 but henceforth this property will
 be claimed as booty.

Brian opens the window and yells down.

BRIAN
 Declare yourself, good knight!

THOMAS
 I am Thomas Percival Pentecost Oakley
 of Dorset. Fifth Earl of Bedfordshire.
 Lord of Leers. Archduke of--

BRIAN
 (cuts him off)
 Yeah-yeah-yeah. Look: You have
 made a grave error, Sir Thomas.
 The Grail that occupies this house
 is not an it but a her...

THOMAS
 What?!

Holly opens another window and peaks out.

HOLLY
 My Lord.

THOMAS
 (disbelieving)
 The Holy Grail is a woman?!

MARKUS THE MONK
 (hands raised; his dreams
 came true)
 God be praised!

SIMON, a knight next to Thomas, waves his hand.

SIMON
 'ello Holly.

HOLLY
 (embarrassed)
 Hello Simon.

THOMAS
 Wait! You know her?!

SIMON

Aye, my Lord. We doth spent many
a' eve walking in the countryside,
holding hands...
(discreet; boasting)
And holding a few other appendages,
if you catch my meaning, Sir.

KNIGHT #1 (O.S.)

We spent many a night as well--

KNIGHT #2 (O.S.)

Some of us at the same time...

Thomas is flabbergasted.

THOMAS

(to everyone)

My ears must be waxed. Are you
saying that you all doth rolled with
this woman?!

EVERYONE shouts "Yes", save Markus the Monk, who looks
disappointed. Thomas is bummed.

THOMAS

Huh. Then our quest has ended
unfavorably. Most unfortunate.
Come men!

HOLLY

(yelling from upstairs)

Wait! Is there no honor among
any of you? Am I not fair and
beautiful and worthy of a victor's
hand from battle?

(angry)

Aren't those the fucking rules?!

THOMAS

No offense, M'lady, but it sounds
like an army hath already plowed
your fields. More honor can be
found amongst sheep.

(announcing)

Come men! We march to Arby's!

They begin to leave. Meanwhile--

INT. HOLLY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Holly is stunned, as are Brian and Godffrey. A BEAT.

BRIAN

What were we doing...?

(raises his sword)

Right! Prepare to be smote!

Godffrey parries. The duel begins again.

A thoroughly disappointed Holly, now bored of this shit, exits the bedroom and a moment later enters--

THE KITCHEN

where she opens the fridge, and pulls out a corked bottle of Chardonnay. A bottle of aspirin is popped open--

but from the cabinet she takes an ancient and humble-looking goblet. Not something to be found at Target. Could it really be?

No matter. She pours the Chardonnay right in. She nods, disgusted.

HOLLY
Fucking men.

And washes down the aspirin.

FADE OUT.

THE END