

MEET ME IN THE MEADOW

Written by

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EXT. THE MEADOW - DAY

The sound of metal on metal clangs, muffled by heavy woods.  
The hum of a raging battle.

Nestled within the war-torn woods is a small meadow, lit by the setting sun. A figure breaks through the tree-line, dragging a body behind it.

A female CLERIC drags a KNIGHT, clad in full armour, through the wildflowers. The knight is fully limp, being dragged by the armpits.

She struggles with the weight, stumbling as she reaches the centre of the meadow.

CLERIC  
Just hold on a little longer.

The woman wears a modified habit and veil, tailored for battle and topped with light armour.

She moves to the Knight's head, kneeling to the ground with a grunt, revealing leather leg braces.

The Cleric fiddles with the chin strap, unbuckling it. With shaking hands she removes the helmet.

Long, dark, braids spill out of the helmet, another woman. Her face is ashen, eyes wild and panicked.

The Cleric places a hand on her cheek, brushes away some stray hairs. The Knight relaxes.

The Cleric wipes away tears with one hand, rummaging frantically in her satchel with the other.

She pulls out a tub of shimmering, gold powder and dips a finger into the mixture.

She begins to apply the gold to the Knight's face. She paints her cheek, her forehead, the bridge of her nose. An intricate pattern of whorls.

The Knight coughs weakly. Blood begins to bubble at the corner of her mouth.

The Cleric grows frantic, grabbing several more pouches from her bag. She empties the pouches out in a circle around the Knight. They contain a mixture of dried plants and berries.

Finally, she takes an amulet, encrusted with coloured gemstones, from around her neck and places it on the centre of the chest-plate.

The Knight begins to gasp for air, hands clawing desperately at the ground.

The Cleric places her hands at the crown of the Knight's head.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
Just a little longer.

The Cleric takes a deep breath, concentrating, and closes her eyes. She begins her incantation, when she speaks dozens of whispering voices speak with her.

The spell is melodic, like a lullaby.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
I have wreathed round the wounds  
the best of healing wreaths,  
That the baneful sore may not find  
its way further,

The tips of the Cleric's fingers, still stained with gold, begin to softly glow. Then the paint on the Knight's face, then the gems of the amulet.

The Knight's body pulses with a warm glow as the Cleric continues to chant.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
Nor dig deeply down;  
But she herself may hold  
In a way to health.

The Knight begins to violently convulse. Blood begins to stream out of her mouth, her nose.

The Cleric frowns.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
Let it ache thee no more.

The pulsing glow begins to weaken, a slowing heartbeat.

The Knight stills, eyes wide and frozen. The glow vanishes.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
May earth bear on thee with her  
might and main.

Still, the Knight does not move. Tears stream down the Cleric's face. She lets her hand drop to the ground, bracing herself over the body.

The Cleric drops her forehead to rest on the Knight's forehead. Her body shakes as she sobs.

Then, her fingertips begin to glow again. Gold dripping into the ground.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
May earth bear on thee with her  
might and main.

The grass and wildflowers underneath her palms have begun to grow upwards, twisting gently around her hands, cocooning them.

CLERIC (CONT'D)  
May earth. Bear on thee. With her  
might and main.

The Cleric's eyes fly open. She pulls her hands away, watching in wonder as the plants to continue to grow around the Knight's body.

The strands of grass tangle together as they grow, creating strong, vine-like, greenery.

The plants continue to grow up and over the body, curving as they reach the top of the body. The ends seek each other out, intertwining to form an arch over the body.

Just before the plants encase the body, the Cleric places a small kiss on the Knight's forehead. They then lean back, surrendering the body to the greenery.

The plant begins to bloom. Small flowers emerging from the vines, covering the coffin in a layer of soft blossoms.

The setting sun bathes the meadow with the last of its light.

Next to the Cleric, a patch of ground begins to shake, forming a small hole in the earth.

The Cleric watches, exhausted, as the curved top of a mushroom pops out of the ground.

The mushroom continues to wriggle around in the dirt, the mushroom grows larger, revealing...

A small creature, with the head of a mushroom cap.

The creature blinks up at the Cleric. Then, waddles towards her, coming to a stop by her knee.

The Cleric startles, the earth beginning to shake around her, creating more mushroom hole.

One by one, more creatures emerge from the ground. Each of them drawn to the Cleric and finding a place by her side.

She watches them crowd around her, forming their own protective circle. One of the creatures nuzzles against her.

The Cleric looks at her hand on the coffin, she allows herself a small teary smile, then bows her head.

The Cleric sits kneeled in prayer, over the body of the Knight.

The sun sets.

FADE TO BLACK.