DragonQuest

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Season 1

Introduce Fern and Dragon. Establish their connection and personalities. Semi-finale escape from the circus. Fern and Dragon pull capers around the kingdom. Dragon leaves. Archer catches up with Fern. The two searches for the dragon together, a team based on circumstance. They discover the king has taken the dragon. The dragon knows where the blood sword is and it is the only weapon that can be used against a god. The king needs this knowledge. Season finale occurs when Fern and Archer find the Dragon, break it out of captivity, and set out to prevent the return of the God and find the sword.

Episode 1

“Introduction of the Dragon/Opportunity to Shine”

Fern leaps from wire to wire daring the inevitable to occur. This circus act ends. Despite her unparalleled athleticism, the drunken fans respond in a vulgar manner shouting for her act to occur. Disgusted by the lack of appreciation, Fern feels incredibly discouraged and leaves the stage. Other performers snicker at the series of events that transpired. Walking down the halls of the circus, Fern overhears insults hurled from her own comrades. Bill, the premiere strongman act, is walking down the hall headed toward the ring. He snorts better luck next time kid. Fern can’t help but mutter your bicep is falling off. Bill, very embarrassed, adjusts the padding in his left bicep. Fern disappears into the darkness of the hall. Fern can hear the chanting for Bill from the main arena. She slips into her shared dressing room. The lizard boy she shares a room with laughs at her. With an unescapable lisp, the lizard boy wheezes tough crowd. Fern challenges the lizard boy to put on a better show. He immediately changes color to blue and says he could put on a better show in his sleep.

Fern dives deeper into her depression. Lizard boy walks up, pats her on the back, and trots away. Fern locks eyes with herself in the mirror. A flashback occurs. She is happy working at a family bed and breakfast. Her father is the hostess and her mother is the cook. Fern is baking. They share a few kind moments with their guests and retire to their portion of the house. A door opens and a hooded dark figure is seen. The rest is left to the imagination. Soft ethereal melancholy plays over a still of her family in a portrait. Lights cut out around the Arena from an aerial view. Cut to Fern walking into the mess hall with an empty facial expression. Bill is seen taking his throne at the head of the mess hall. Everyone realizes this and begins stomping their feet loudly. Fern is the last to begin gathering her food from the banquet. There is barely any food left. Bill has taken three plates. Bills voice begins to roar over the stomping. He is about to make a speech. He promises them fame. He says just a few more shows left to do and all of them are sold out. Thanks to the groups hard work and his superior leadership. They laugh. He’s dead serious. He gazes toward an unknown object in the distance while they chant his name. Bill declares the only thing that can stop us.. is ourselves… then he singles Fern out. Lets be honest, your act has been stinking lately. That’s why we need more out of you Fern. Speak to me privately tomorrow regarding this. The rest of you, I expect the best, and I give the best! Heres the beer, and heres the entertainment! Points to the beer, points to the showgirls walking in. Cut to lizard boy changing color to red in front of the entertainment. Beersteins are raised by everyone except Fern. Fern turns away but is stopped abruptly. The party rages on. The bearded lady stops her. Fern thinks shes better than everyone. Fern brushes her aside but is met with another performer. A young man approaches. Look I know you practice really hard. Your act is really good. I believe in you Fern, never forget that. Fern meekly thanks the young man. Their steins knock momentarily. He drifts back into the crowd.

She walks outside to collect herself. Fern wipes a tear from her eye. In the process of wiping her tears, she notices a large cage being brought into the circus compound. Deliveries are not commonly made at this hour. Confused she approaches the large object. A tent flap is ripped open and Bill emerges. Fern quietly avoids detection hiding and watches Bill as he arrives at the large object. Fern always knew Bill was doing something illegal. This was her chance to gain an opportunity to blackmail him. 100,000 dollars are given to the agent. The delivery agent interrogates Bill. You can properly handle this, correct? Bill assures him he has a tremendous amount of experience with these sorts of animals. Bill is very adamant that the agent is getting a fantastic deal as well. Nobody will know where this came from. It’s untraceable. We have guys here with years of experience. Plus, we travel every week and it’s impossible to know where we will be. You have nothing to worry about. The agent says you have ten hours until it wakes up. Don’t ever forget what you are dealing with. These things are crafty and more intelligent than you can imagine. Bill continues to cheese him. Don’t worry. I can do this easily. No problem.

Fern quietly steals away back to her tent. Lying in bed she wonders about the recent shipment.

Cut to:

A procession of carriages, guards on horseback, and slaves wind through the forest and arrive at a clearing. At the center, an old, dilapidated temple sits in ruins, surrounded by dead trees. The temple is massive, the size of a cathedral. Once the procession nears the cathedral, a shout echoes out to halt. A cloaked figure at the head of the group quickly dismounts the horse and looks around nervously. He begins walking briskly towards temple, without looking back. The guards look at one another, unsure of whether to follow. They’re afraid. One guard asks if they should follow, and the leading guard signals not to follow. The cloaked figure arrives at the front of the cathedral and pushes the door open. After a few moments, he beckons the soldiers to join him. When the soldiers arrive, he points to a wall of the cathedral and indicates a location to move into position. The soldiers call in the slaves and their payload: a battering ram. The group makes their way inside and the cloaked figure follows, like a predator. The soldiers are trying to keep an atmosphere of professionalism, barking curt orders to the slaves carrying the battering ram. The slaves are nervous. They have been instructed not to look at the cloaked figure, but one of them steals a glance and sees a pale, haggard face with dark circles under his eyes following the group. It is as if the man hasn’t slept in days. The group comes to rest at the spot that the cloaked figure pointed to. The cloaked figure walks forward to the wall and runs his hands across the bricks, as if he’s searching for something. He suddenly stops, reaches his hand into a pocket, and pulls out a handful of what appears to be black powder. He throws the powder against the wall, and as it impacts the stone into a cloud of dust, an invisible inscription on the wall glows a bright orange, as if embers are embedded in the stone. The hooded figure, a sorcerer, turns to face the guards. He asks for a volunteer offering a reward for assistance. <The inexperienced guard steps forward and is used as a blood sacrifice to lift a spell protecting the wall>

The slaves are ordered to begin hitting the wall with the battering ram. They’re looking around nervously with each blow, and the bricks begin to budge. After several hits, the stones loosen and the wall collapses into a giant cloud of dust. After the dust settles, the sorcerer presses forward into the uncovered chamber. He lifts a trapdoor on the ground. He signals for a worker to bring him a torch. After taking the torch, he leads the procession down a stone stairway, deep beneath the cathedral. As they press further, they begin to see catacombs carved into the stone; and rotten bodies occupying the carved tombs. The workers are spooked, but the sorcerer leads with confidence. He walks through the crypt as is he is a starving animal and can smell food deep within. He arrives in a large chamber with a collection ornate stone sarcophaguses. He holds the torch up, and walks from one sarcophagus to the next, wiping the dust off, reading inscriptions in a foreign language, and inspecting each tomb carefully. He stops at one with a distinct face carved into it. It’s a strong face. An angry face. The sorcerer pushes the lid off the sarcophagus to reveal a dry corpse that is in immaculate condition. The body is clothed in what clearly used to be a heavy pleated robe, with a thorny crown of gold, clutching a sword. The body rests atop a pile of gold and riches. The sorcerer reaches in and pries the sword from the brittle knuckles of the skeleton and pulls it close to examine it. After a second of examination, he throws carelessly it to the ground with a loud clang. The sorcerer begins clawing through the gold, splashing the coins back and forth, digging a few holes around the body before giving up.

Sorcerer is going to murder another guard, taking the life from his body and using it to reanimate the skeleton. He begins asking questions in a foreign language, and receiving weak answers. He gets increasingly frustrated, and after several questions, suddenly lunges at the skeleton, bashing the skull of the corpse in with his bare hands in a fit of rage. He then orders the workers to begin tearing the tomb apart, telling them to bring everything that isn’t made of bone to him.