

CONTEXT: I wrote this script for a class, this scene is the climactic final battle, about 2/3 through the whole script.

CEMETERY

The arguing continues, drowning out as a shape looms over the graves. Ardor exhales a massive blast across the field.

CUT TO:

FAUST

despair across his face.

FAUST

Ma...no...

Faust grabs a horse from a nearby townsfolk, spurring it towards the forest.

FAUST (cont'd)

Fine then, you bastard. Let's have a real fight.

EXT. SONNENFELD CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

Ardor stands in the center of the burning graves, eyes alight.

CUT TO:

Faust dismounts the horse, sending it back the way he came. His face is set with anger and determination.

He draws an arrow.

Beat. Faust takes a deep breath.

He looses the arrow. It WHISTLES through the air.

CUT TO:

ARDOR

The arrow PIERCES Ardor's neck. They turn, searching for the cause. Rage curls into a devilish grin as they spot Faust.

ARDOR
Soooo the hero shows himself, I
thought for sure you would run again.

FAUST
What do you want?! You won, I lost!
Is this all some kind of sick game to
you?

Ardor steps closer. Faust draws another arrow.

ARDOR
No gamessss, jussst following the
firsst rule of survival.

They raise a massive claw, prepared to tie up their loose
end. Faust is a speck beneath them.

CUT TO:

FAUST

ducking under it, the blow CRUSHING graves and sending dirt
FLYING. Faust shoots again, the arrow lodges into Ardor's
arm.

ARDOR
Alwaysss take care of looosse
endsss.

FAUST
So what, I'm just something to deal
with now?

CUT TO:

ARDOR

Taking in a massive breath, their chest aglow, then exhales
fire all around.

CUT TO:

FAUST

rushing to the right, barely ducking between flames. He
frantically pulls out another arrow.

FAUST
Just leave me alone!

Ardor cranes their neck down putting their face in front of Faust.

ARDOR
Howww naive musst you be, even after
everything?

Flames FLARE between their teeth.

ARDOR (cont'd)
If you truly wisshh to be left
alooone, prove it.

They open their mouth, alight with flame and pointed directly at Faust. Faust looses the arrow into their jaws. Ardor reels and SHRIEKS.

Faust rushes forward and draws his blade. He drives it down through the top of Ardor's skull.

CUT TO:

CEMETERY

Ardor writhes and shakes, trying to right themself. They crash to the ground, eyes clouded and flames extinguished.

CLOSE ON FAUST

Faust approaches, laying a hand on Ardor's jaw.

FAUST
Why? After all this why?

Tears fall slowly from his face.

Beat.

He turns back towards town.