

Never Trust The Fae

By

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FADE IN: EXT. FOREST, EDGE OF CLEARING - EVENING

On a quiet evening, NORTH POLARIS (a dark faerie, male, appears to be in his early twenties with completely black eyes) walks throughout the forest. He is hidden by his cloak and hood as he walks over onto the human side of the border.

EXT. FOREST, CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

ARTHUR CASTOR (human, male, early 20s, twin to Aether) is practicing his archery. He fires several arrows, none of them hitting his intended target (a tattered, homemade practice dummy). As he is knocking yet another arrow, he catches a glimpse of a human-like figure walking along the edge of the clearing.

ARTHUR

(muttering)

Aeth, I swear, if this is another one
of your annoying pranks...

Arthur shakes his head, ignoring the figure and aiming at the practice dummy.

EXT. FOREST, NEAR CLEANING - CONTINUOUS

North is none the wiser, walking deeper into human territory. He finally stops, removing his hood and spreading out his wings which light up purple.

EXT. FOREST, EDGE OF CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Arthur notices the wings out of the corner of his eyes. He pauses, lowering his arrow slightly as he squints at the purple glow within the fog.

Curious, he cautiously walks over towards the edge of the clearing, peeking around the trees. He squints through the fog and gasps when he sees the faerie.

He hastily (and clumsily) lifts his bow, aims, and fires at the creature within a matter of seconds.

North jumps in shock, startled, as the arrow sails painlessly past him. He spins around and notices Arthur immediately.

NORTH

.. you're a truly horrible shot.

Arthur prepares another arrow, keeping it aimed at the forest floor.

ARTHUR

And you're a faerie, aren't you?

NORTH

(sarcastically)

Oh, no, what gave it away first? My incredibly timeless fashion sense or the large, glowing purple wings?

ARTHUR

(unimpressed)

Your kind is dangerous and cruel.

Arthur lifts his bow, aiming at North's face.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You've killed countless humans!

North looks at the bow and raises an eyebrow, unimpressed and unthreatened.

NORTH

Well... not me personally. I hate getting human blood on my hands, it always stains my hands for days and it's so annoying...

Arthur can't help glancing down at the Fae's hands, noticing that they were relatively clean and thankfully not stained with blood.

NORTH (CONT'D)

Besides, kind has killed your countless Fae. There are guilty parties on both ends, don't you think? So why don't we just call a truce and part ways as unlikely friends?

ARTHUR

The Fae are to be trusted. never

NORTH

Boy, they're still brainwashing you humans with that same old narrative? It's getting a little old...

ARTHUR

I haven't been brainwashed. Your kind has killed thousands on thousands of humans and you need to pay!

NORTH

... So - just to make sure I have this right - you're going to kill me to get revenge against the fae... with a bow you don't know how to shoot.

ARTHUR

Maybe I'll send your body back to the Fair Folk as a warning to never threaten humankind ever again.

NORTH

Good luck with that. And just put the damn arrow down already, you're an awful shot.

ARTHUR

Like I'd let my guard down around one of the Fae.

NORTH

You know, even if you did somehow manage to aim the arrow at me, I can just use magic to deflect it. I've fought and won against humans who are far better trained than you.

Arthur fires yet another arrow. North raises his hand and a transparent shield appears out of thin air in an instant, glowing a soft purple. The arrow hits the shield and breaks, falling to the ground.

NORTH (CONT'D)

... Are you done making a fool of yourself? Or do you still want to try and kill me?

ARTHUR

... What are you doing this close to the village?

North stiffens slightly at the question.

NORTH

Nothing that concerns you.

ARTHUR

Nothing that concerns me?

Arthur takes a half-step backward. The light of the setting sun makes his previously cast-aside sword shine. He just needed another step to grab it...

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

So long as you are on the human side of the border, it is my concern.

NORTH

I didn't come here to bother humans.

ARTHUR

You think I'm worried about you bothering them? Your kind is known for doing much worse than that.

Arthur takes another step back and manages to grab his sword. He grins triumphantly and points it at the faerie.

North takes a few quick steps back, hissing just at the sight of the sword. His wings flare up defensively.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Iron and steel - your kind is burned by the metal, correct?

NORTH

Leave before I lose my patience, human!

ARTHUR

Your kind keeps stealing from us and I won't let it go on any longer! I will not hesitate to protect my people from the likes of you.

NORTH

I'd choose your next words very, very carefully if I were you.

ARTHUR

Or what? I'm the one holding the sword. I'm not the bad guy here.

North growls and closes his eyes. His wings glow brighter - casting a spell.

Arthur rushes forward quickly, slashing his sword in an attempt to stop the faerie.

North's eyes snap open and they're blinding white. He flaps his large wings twice and the wind knocks Arthur backward. He rolls down to the center of the clearing. The force of wind also rips the heavy sword out of his hand and it slides across the dirt and leaves, now out of reach.

NORTH

You're a fool for taking on a Fae alone - let alone making me mad. Have fun with your bad-luck hex.

ARTHUR

(laughing)

A bad luck hex? Is that the best that you can do?

NORTH

Bad luck hexes are far worse than you think...

Arthur picks up his sword and points it at North yet again.

ARTHUR

Leave, you aren't wanted here. If I find you again, I won't be so forgiving.

North eyes the sword carefully before retreating back deeper into the forest and away from the village.

Arthur exhales in relief once the Fae is gone, finally lowering his sword.

EXT. FOREST, FAE BORDER - EVENING

Arthur is running recklessly through thick bramble and into Fae territory. He's making no effort to be stealthy so it's hardly a surprise when he's spotted in seconds and one of the Fae grabs the front of his shirt, lifting Arthur off of his feet.

However, in an incredible stroke of luck, Arthur finds himself face to face with the exact same Fae from just a week ago that had hexed him.

ARTHUR

(terrified)

I'm unarmed! I'm unarmed!

Arthur quickly holds his hands up in surrender.

North's eyes widen and he sets the human back down on the ground, looking just as surprised.

NORTH

What the hell are you doing here?! How did you even me? find

ARTHUR

(panicked)

Please, please I need your help, I need you to take off the hex!

NORTH

(annoyed)

Bad luck hex showed its true colors, huh? Well, I don't care. You earned that hex fair and square, I'm not removing it. You need to leave. Now.

ARTHUR

Well I'm not leaving this place until you remove the bad luck hex and

NORTH

How many times do I have to say that I don't care? It's your fault and your problem, not mine. You deserved it. Leave.

ARTHUR

I'm not leaving. Take off the hex! My brother is going to die because of this hex and I - stupid

Arthur swallows thickly, lowering his head.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Please, I will do anything. I know that you can save him and - and it was my fault, he can't die because of me.

North freezes at the words. He stops and turns to look at Arthur directly.

NORTH

... Anything?

Arthur hesitates for a second, not meeting the faerie's eyes.

ARTHUR

... Anything - if you remove the bad
luck hex on me and save my brother.

North pauses, thoughtfully considering the proposition.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Look, I have nothing else to offer
you. My brother will die without your
help, please.

North contemplates the offer for nearly a minute before
nodding.

NORTH

... fine. Follow me, I know a safer
way across the border.

EXT. FOREST, FAE BORDER - LATER

North leads the pair across the border through a small, thick
patch of branches within the forest. North holds up a small
glowing ball of light in his left hand.

NORTH (CONT'D)

So - what happened to your brother
anyway?

Arthur fidgets anxiously, far from the confident, cocky
persona from the clearing just a few days ago.

ARTHUR

I... It's all my fault. I mistook
nightshade berries for blueberries and
my brother ate a handful before I
realized... hey, wait, the hex - you
need to take the hex off of me,
please.

North sighs. His right-hand rises up and he draws a purple
symbol in the air, inches in front of Arthur's face. North's
eyes glow white once more and the symbol flashes brightly
for several seconds before fading away.

NORTH

There, it's done. Do you feel lighter?

He stops as they exit the twisted path and into human territory. Arthur sighs slightly, relieved to see his usual clearing in sight, the remains of his training equipment still scattered around.

ARTHUR

I... I guess so? But it doesn't matter, we have to go, I'll lead the way from here.

EXT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

The house is small, wooden, and clearly falling apart. There's a small stone path covered in moss leading to the backdoor of the house and a small farm with three rows of vegetables that have been planted. Arthur leaps over the broken wooden fence with ease, jogging to the backdoor. He doesn't even look to see if the faerie is following back rushing inside.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The house is Arthur's eyes scan the room quickly before settling on his brother.

AETHER CASTOR (human, male, early 20s, twin to Arthur) is lying on the couch, covered in a small mountain of blankets. Regardless, he is nearly deathly pale, feverish, and trembling.

Arthur jogs over and kneels on the floor next to his brother.

ARTHUR

Aeth? Hey, I'm back and I brought someone to help you...

North enters the small house cautiously, taking in his surroundings.

Aether squints at North, trying to get a better look. Aether points at North and Arthur glances over at the faerie uncertainly.

AETHER

(laughing)

... Hell, I think I'm hallucinating. He looks like one of the Fair Folk! Even has the wings and - and the black eyes...

Aether squints harder at him, trying to focus.

AETHER

... oh shit, that's a f-!

Aether attempts to sit up but Arthur pushes his brother back down, shushing him.

ARTHUR

I know, I know, I brought him to help.

He can save you, please, just - just don't say anything stupid.

AETHER

Hell no! I -

Aether breaks into a fit of coughing and it takes him several seconds to recover.

AETHER (CONT'D)

(wheezing)

Ain't no way in hell I'm letting that fucking faerie use its magic on me!

ARTHUR

(hissing)

Do you have a death wish? He's here to save you, he's your only chance.

AETHER

I'd rather die at my own hands, thanks.

ARTHUR

Aeth!

AETHER

(singsong voice)

It might just kill me faster...

NORTH

Alright, that's enough. I'm going to need silence and good intentions. You -

North points at Aether.

NORTH (CONT'D)

Need to trust me. The spell won't work if you don't.

AETHER

... fine, fine, alright. Good intentions, happy thoughts, I got it...

North then points at Arthur.

NORTH

That goes for you too - there's no room for doubt. Imagine him as he's always been - healthy, active, going about his day-to-day normal life. Close your eyes and focus on this intention. Envision what he will be when he gets better.

Arthur nods silently, following North's instructions.

North sighs, closing his eyes. The lanterns around the room start to flicker and North's eyes fly open. Just like before, his eyes are white and his hands point at Aether.

North draws a few symbols in the air with his pointer finger. The symbols glow brightly in response, almost pulsing.

Aether whimpers in pain.

North draws one last symbol and all the symbols burn brightly before vanishing - just as fast as they'd appeared. His eyes fade back to black.

NORTH

... there. Your brother will be fine. He'll need three days to recover fully.

Arthur looks to Aether nervously. Aether looks a bit more relaxed and he's breathing easier than before.

ARTHUR

... thank you, for saving him. I guess that Fae aren't as bad as I -

NORTH

(coldly)

I didn't do it for free.

North crackles his knuckles. Arthur swallows thickly as he realizes just how powerful the faerie really is.

NORTH (CONT'D)

You will honor our agreement.

ARTHUR

(nervously)

... ah yes, I - I remember. What do
you want from me in return?

North smirks knowingly.

CUT TO BLACK:

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