

Wormfeld Chronicles IV:  
*The Legend of Dragonfield*

*James Robert Fleming*

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410.207.6353

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1 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - MORNING

WYRTGEORN (50s) kneels to study the tale written in fresh hoof-prints. He rises to an imposing 6'4" then vanishes like mist in the morning sun. He stalks a rangale of deer.

2 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - DAY

The yew of his long-bow strains, impatient to deliver death. Eyes focus with deadly intent on a ten-point stag. Something approaches. Wized trees yield. Boughs crack and splinter.

A GREAT WHITE STAG looms above the herd, towering an unfathomable twenty feet at the shoulder. Chestnut eyes penetrate him. Wyrtegeorn lowers his bow. The stag stomps.

The herd scatters. The Stag ambles off, glances back to him.

3 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - AFTERNOON

Wyrtegeorn pursues the Stag through fen, forest and field.

4 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - NIGHT

Wyrtegeorn collapses at a moonlit riverbank below a waterfall. The Great Stag eyes the determined straggler from the top of the waterfall's edge. He stands.

5 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST GLEN - MORNING

Grey rains harry the dawn. In the distance stand two sarsen pillars. The gate to Avalon. The Stag crosses the glen.

Wyrtegeorn breathlessly plods in pursuit. He stops. Cold wind carries the rending cries of a woman and howling beasts.

6 EXT. PRIMORDIAL FOREST - MORNING

A barefoot WOMAN (22) in a blue tunic runs in terror. A Direwolf crashes through the underbrush in pursuit. Claws thresh the forest floor, closing distance on an easy meal.

Three Direwolves join the hunt on her right. She veers left. Five Direwolves press on her left, moving in for the kill.

She sprints into the open. Across the glade a basalt cliff rises. Nine Direwolves smash through the trees. The cliff wall so tantalizingly close, mocks her efforts.

She quick-steps up a tree trunk, lunges for a branch. She dangles tauntingly close to the razor fangs below. The ravenous pack lays siege around the tree.

She pulls herself up. A chattering squirrel scampers to intermingled branches of a near oak. She traces its escape.

Bare feet run along the bough. She bursts from her perch. Outstretched hands grasp a scaffolding branch on the ancient oak. Flailing arms hook the bough below. It bends earthward.

Direwolves lunge at their elusive prey. She moves hand-over-bloodied-hand higher. She climbs to the branch pointing to the next tree. Direwolves circle below. They settle.

She flies along the bough. It snaps, sending her tumbling. She lands face-to-face with a Direwolf. Shit. She flees. She vaults up the stone. A Direwolf lunges. Hungry teeth snap.

Claws tear her tunic, rake deep down her hamstring muscle. She screams agony. Ascends through pain. Laboring to the clifftop, she stares defiantly at her would be killers.

The pack races for the switchback. She hobbles off and confronts a sheer rock face. Fingers probe to find purchase. She grabs a branch. Eighteen amber eyes narrow, draw closer.

Alpha pounces. An iron tipped shaft impales the beast. The beasts scatter. Wyrtegeorn rushes in, dagger in hand. He whispers a prayer as he plunges it into the dying beast.

WYRTGEORN

I am Wyrtegeorn, at your service.  
Might I have the name of one so brave  
as to hunt direwolves bare-handed?

She crouches warily, ICE-BLUE EYES glaring. He sees his dagger. Oh, that. He sheathes his blade. She says nothing. He repeats himself in Norwegian. Nothing.

He kneels by her bloody leg, tears the back panel off her shredded tunic. She quietly suffers the indignity of her exposed flesh as he fashions the cloth into a bandage.

Their eyes meet. She captivates him in a prison of blue.

WOMAN

Rowena..

## 7 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD VILLAGE - EVENING

Two riders astride a horse mosey along through a village to Caput Ælfweard. Peasants wave at the passing of their liege lord. Yellow-toothed smiles widen, awed by the enchantress.

## 8 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD BAILEY - EVENING

GRIEG, the old steward of the holdfast, greets the riders.

GRIEG

We were sick with worry when eventide  
twice passed and you had not returned

WYRTGEORN

But not so worried as to go looking..

GRIEG

Go looking in the Deathwood Forest? I  
said we were sick with worry. We had  
not been taken mad with fever!

WYRTGEORN

Aye, Deathwood grows there in  
abundance. Yet it only is a forest.

GRIEG

'Only a forest' says the man who went  
hunting for deer and returns with a  
lamb in wolf's clothing!

## 9 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Wyrtegeorn carries Rowena inside. He gestures for her to stay

## 10 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

EMMA enters with hot water, linen strips and clothes.

EMMA

Lord's said you've a nasty gash. Now,  
let's have a look.. It's alright.  
Naught here I hadn't seen aplenty.

Emma yanks the shredded tunic. Rowena's gash now a scab.  
Emma blesses herself. She collects her wits and leaves.

## 11 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Wyrtegeorn sees Rowena laying by the fire. He laughs, leads her to bed. She straddles him and sings like a running brook whispering its melody to the night. The warrior surrenders.

Emotions wash over him like an ocean. A tear escapes him. He falls asleep in her gentle embrace.

## 12 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD - DAY

The lovers laugh.. Time passes.. Wyrtegeorn knows peace..

## 13 EXT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD VILLAGE - DAY

Wyrtegeorn and Rowena approach on horseback, Rowena with a small baby bump. Men avert their gaze. Women rush indoors.

## 14 INT. CAPUT ÆLFWEARD GREAT HALL - DAY

Wyrtegeorn strides to his throne, Rowena stands beside him. King WILLIAM II (40) and his RETINUE marvel at her beauty.

WILLIAM II

So, it *is* true.

BENEDICTINE MONK

It is customary to bow to your king.

WYRTGEORN

No man compels me to bow in my own hall. King or no.

WILLIAM II

Lord Wyrtegeorn, forgive the father. He is a man that troubles over the trappings of etiquette and protocol. You are a man of a different sort. A man England could use more of.

WYRTGEORN

We are not in England.

BENEDICTINE MONK

That is treason!

WILLIAM II

That - is a point that some might contest.. Now that King Malcolm has been dealt with, your barony rests within the *English* border.

WYRTGEORN

I care not what is beyond my borders.

William cannot take his eyes off Rowena.

WILLIAM II

You are a fascinating man.. I am prepared to increase your lands ten thousand fold, making the whole of The Cumberland your fief. I require only that you pledge fealty to me as your rightful king, and give unto me the Nephilim to take unto my protection, thus securing our peace.

WYRTGEORN

Nephilim? I do not know that word.

BENEDICTINE MONK

For your baptism was a sham, Dane! A Nephilim has the appearance of a human, even a soul, but have angelic powers that differentiate them from ordinary humans.. She is beyond you.

WILLIAM II

I will remove your impudent tongue!

WYRTGEORN

What said you last priest, is true. She *is* beyond me. As for your offer, Rowena is not mine to give. Do you wish to go with this man?

ROWENA

I see only one man here-I choose him.

WYRTGEORN

She has given you *her* decision.

WILLIAM II

You would refuse your king?

WYRTGEORN

You are king of the Englanders. I have not recognized you as my king..

WILLIAM II

I understand that you wisely refused to join King Malcolm's lost cause. If you had, your land would have been forfeited. You may have even been killed. That can yet still happen. I have an army a day's march from here.

WYRTGEORN

A day's march is not here.. If you seek death, why wait?

WILLIAM II

You think to kill me? Look around you! I have fifteen men guarding me.

WYRTGEORN

They look to be fine soldiers. It would be a pity to kill them. And more's the pity for you not to live to see the price of your hubris, fair king. You seem a decent fellow. I'll hate to kill you.

WILLIAM II

And I would hate to die! The balls on you! Pity the horse that bears them! We shall see if it is hubris to bet on my fifteen swords to your one.

Swordsmen draw blades ready to follow their captain.

A guttural growl echoes. A Direwolf stalks in. MYRDDIN EMRYS (50s) swaggers into the hall. He is tall, with ebony skin, MOLTEN GOLD EYES. In his hand, a twisted staff.

The growling familiar orbits him like a bloodmoon ascendant.

MYRDDIN EMRYS

You harbor that which is not yours to possess, mortal. She is a thing beyond your comprehension.

WYRTGEORN

So I have been told..

MYRDDIN EMRYS

Release her unto me. I shall grant you a mighty boon: life eternal.

Myrddin extends a hand. Yellow flame springs from his palm.

WYRTGEORN

Tell me, wizard, what poetry might be writ of a thousand, thousand sunsets by a blind man? What profit in life unending if I carve out my heart? What felicity is found if you lengthen my days but rob them of ardor? You offer me nothing but ashes. *Love is stronger than death.*

MYRDDIN EMRYS

Such comely words from the warrior  
poet. Love.. Love is as fleeting as  
the morning dew on a spider's silken  
snare.. When you know the frailty of  
your life, you shall beg for my gift.

The Direwolf lunges. Wyrtegeorn plunges his ready knife into  
its ribs. He holds the dead beast up to Myrddin's face.

WYRTGEORN

Shall I put your claims of life  
eternal to the test, wizard? Go. All  
of you. Or you shall suffer my wrath!

Wyrtegeorn drops the carcass. Myrddin withdraws, gestures  
with his staff. The Direwolf revives, retreats, ears down.

BOY (PRELAP)

Does the story end there?

15 INT. ENGLISH MANOR BEDROOM - EVENING

The leather "Wyrmfeld Chronicles" snaps shut. PENDRAGON XX  
(50s) dressed in a bespoke *1940s* suit in ATLAS (10) room.  
Pendragon's ice-blue eyes gaze through leaded glass. In the  
soft gloaming lay the distant ruins of Castle Wyrmfeld.

PENDRAGON

No.. No, Atlas. The Chronicle doesn't  
end there. It continues with you..  
Our legacy has passed unbroken  
through nine centuries to you.

ATLAS

What's a legacy?

PENDRAGON

A legacy.. is an echo of the past we  
can hear today, if we listen. Things  
that get passed down like.. the color  
of your eyes is the same as mine, and  
mine are the same as my father's.

ATLAS

So, it's like a gift..?

PENDRAGON

Sometimes a gift. Sometimes a burden.  
I am Baron of Wyrmfeld, as my father  
was before me. And one day you will  
be baron.

(MORE)

PENDRAGON (cont'd)  
 On that day you will learn that your legacy is also a harness.. and a chain.. These lands are your *responsibility*. You must never sell. Not for any reason. To do that is to break a covenant with all your ancestors, and all your descendants.

Pendragon gestures Atlas to look out the window with him.

PENDRAGON (cont'd)  
 The ruins by the lake were once the home of Wyrtegeorn and Rowena, and in that lake still sleeps the dragon.

ATLAS  
 The dragon is still there, father?

PENDRAGON  
 Yes. The dragon slumbers so long as we preserve and protect the land..

He kisses the drowsy Atlas with the same ice-blue eyes.

16 EXT. ENGLISH MANOR BEDROOM - EVENING

Atlas' cherub face looks out the window. Seasons pass. He ages as we pull away across the manor, across the fields.

Time-lapse of the ruins of Castle Wyrmfeld being restored.

17 EXT. WYRMFELD CASTLE LIBRARY - PRESENT DAY

Atlas (80s) looks out of a window. A faded scar traces along his cheek, disappears under the patch covering his left eye.

Heavy equipment arrives at the ruins of an archer tower.

18 EXT. EXCLUSIVE HUDSON RIVER SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A BMW stops at a brick mailbox "WESTFIELD". GRIFFIN (70s), a sharply dressed Brit taps the steering wheel impatiently.

Maria ISABELLA Salazar Westfield (40s) rolls into the driveway. Griffin intercepts her on the cobblestone walkway.

GRIFFIN  
 Good day, Dr. Westfield. Might I have a word? Is your husband at home?

ISABELLA  
He is not.. Can I help you?

GRIFFIN  
I need to speak to him on an urgent matter.

ISABELLA  
I'm sorry. Who are you?

GRIFFIN  
He who is tasked with locating him.  
When might he be expected?

His business card appears with the panache of a magician.  
She sees his title as senior partner at an English law firm.

ISABELLA  
Not for hours.. What is this about?

Griffin snaps his wrist, glances to his Bulgari watch.

GRIFFIN  
I'm afraid that won't do.

He opens a portfolio, handing her a manila envelope.

ISABELLA  
I never knew lawyers deliver mail..

GRIFFIN  
When the circumstances demand, madam.  
Please convey my regrets for not  
delivering this in person. Have your  
husband contact me at his earliest.

19 INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Isabella casually tosses the envelope on her husband's desk.

20 INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Isabella puts on the kettle. Peruses take out menus.

21 INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Isabella stands conflicted. A flick of a sword letter opener. Her hand strays over her mouth. The kettle shrieks. On the desk, a letter addressed to *Alexander Wyrmfeld*.

22 INT. OFFICE OF DR. ALAN WESTFIELD, NEUROSURGEON - DAY

ALAN WESTFIELD (50s) ice-blue eyes scrutinizes a spinal injury. He fumbles for the ringing phone in his pocket.

ALAN

Hi honey.. Not for a few more hours.

ISABELLA (V.O.)

Alan? Who is Alexander Wyrmfeld?

A four word gut punch. His face goes pale.

ALAN

I'm.. I'm on my way home..

He drops his phone putting it back in his pocket.

Alan steps out of the examination room, into a reverie.

23 INT. ENGLISH HOSPITAL - 33 YEARS AGO DAY

A PATIENT (19) lies in traction. A one-eyed ATLAS(50) fumes and whips a sniveling ADOLESCENT(16) with a riding crop.

24 EXT. LIVERPOOL DOCKS - DAY

Adolescent boards a ship with a sad sack of belongings.

25 EXT. WESTFIELD HOME - PRESENT DAY

Alan sits parked in the driveway, gathering his courage.

26 INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Alan enters the kitchen with dozens of roses. Isabella furiously chops, preps a Mexican feast in stony silence.

ALAN

I was thinking maybe we'd go out..

Isabella unleashes a tornado.

ISABELLA (SPANGLISH)

Is that what you were thinking? Maybe we'd go to a nice quiet restaurant where I won't raise my voice? No! We will eat at home where I can speak in whatever kind of voice I want!