

The Legend of Dragonfield

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FADE IN:

INT. WYRMFELD CASTLE SOLAR - MORNING [PRESENT DAY]

Baron ATLAS, curiously hale for a man of 92, is outfitted in his old military uniform by the butler Marsden (70s). A long scar traces along Atlas' cheek, a patch covers his left eye.

PENDRAGON XXVIII (V.O.)
Our legacy has passed unbroken
through nine centuries to you.

YOUNG ATLAS (V.O.)
What's a legacy?

PENDRAGON XXVIII (V.O.)
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.

YOUNG ATLAS (V.O.)
So, it's like a gift?

PENDRAGON XXVIII (V.O.)
Sometimes a gift. Sometimes a burden.

On a dresser: The Elizabeth Cross drapes over a photo of Pendragon(30s) with his late soldier sons, Pendragon(40s) with pregnant wife, Pendragon in black armband holding baby Atlas alone. A leather bound tome: The Wyrmfeld Chronicles.

INT. ENGLISH MANOR BEDROOM - EVENING [FLASHBACK]

The Wyrmfeld Chronicles snaps shut. PENDRAGON XXVIII (late 50s) in a bespoke 1940s suit stands in Atlas' (10) room.

Pendragon's ICE-BLUE eyes gaze through leaded glass. In the soft gloaming lie the distant ruins of Castle Wyrmfeld.

PENDRAGON XXVIII
One day you will be Baron of
Wyrmfeld. On that day you will learn
that your legacy is also a harness
and a chain.

Pendragon gestures Atlas to look out the window with him. He gently kisses his son with the same ice-blue eyes.

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

YOUNG ATLAS
 The dragon is still there, father?

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

INT./EXT. ENGLISH MANOR BEDROOM - EVENING

Atlas' cherub face looks out the window. Seasons pass.
 Time-lapse of the ruins of Castle Wyrmfeld being restored.

EXT. WYRMMERE LAKE - MORNING [PRESENT DAY]

GEOFFREY (25) rises nude from the lake beside the castle.
 Bustling work commences on the hill between the castle and
 the Wyrmfeld Manor House at the ruins of an archer tower.

The ruins are cordoned off by wooden stakes and rope. A
 banner proclaims the dig is by the British Archaeological
 Association. Archaeologists bustle about.

A horse and rider jump the barrier. ATLAS, curiously hale
 for a man of 92 could be mistaken for a quixotic figure but
 for his ICE-BLUE eye glaring.

PHRYXUS KALASHOV (40s), an impeccably dressed, handsome man
 with a goatee and intense AMBER EYES steps from a tent.

ATLAS
 What the devil is going on here?

PHRYXUS
 So nice of you to drop by, Baron
 Wyrmfeld. I have been wondering how
 you are getting on after the funeral.

ATLAS
 You wonder when you can pick my
 bones, vulture. It is not this day!
 Remove yourselves from MY LANDS.

PHRYXUS

Baron, I am afraid you are confused.
This land, and fifty meters further
to your holdfast is now part of my
estate. I could bring my surveyor to
again explain the boundaries to you.

Atlas draws his officer's sword. The archeologists flee.
Phryxus stands unflinching, a sardonic smile upon his lips.

ATLAS

Remove this immoral enterprise!

The baron spurs his horse, hacks at the tents, charges off.
He stops, lifts the spear secured to his saddle.

ATLAS (cont'd)

Phryxus!

Atlas hurls the spear. It slices the banner, unfurls the
Wyrmfeld coat of arms: a dragon sleeping in an ouroboros.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE HUDSON RIVER SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

A BMW parks at a brick mailbox "WESTFIELD". GRIFFIN (80s), a
sharply dressed Brit, taps the steering wheel impatiently.

A car arrives. Maria ISABELLA Salazar Westfield (40s) steps
out. Griffin intercepts her on the walkway.

GRIFFIN

Good day, Dr. Westfield. Pardon the
intrusion. Is your husband at home?

ISABELLA

He is not. Can I help you?

GRIFFIN

I need to speak to him urgently.

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.

From his ostrich portfolio, he produces a C4-sized 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.

INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - DAY

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

INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Isabella puts on the kettle. Peruses take-out menus.

INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - DAY

A flick of a sword letter opener. Her eyes widen as she
reads. Her hand strays over her mouth. The kettle shrieks.
On the desk, an envelope addressed to **Alexander Wyrmfeld**.

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

ALAN (50s) *ice-blue* eyes, fumbles for his ringing phone.

 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 slides the phone to his pocket. It clatters on the floor.
Alan steps out of the examination room, into a reverie.

INT./EXT. ENGLAND - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Montage:

-- HOSPITAL: His son ARTHUR is in traction. Atlas (60s) whips his sniveling ALEXANDER (Alan, 16) with a riding crop.

-- LIVERPOOL DOCKS: Alexander boards a ship, a sad sack of belongings slung over his shoulder.

EXT. WESTFIELD HOME - DAY

Alan sits in his car in the driveway, gathering courage.

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.

She stops thwacking the counter. She 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!

ALAN

You didn't have to go through all-

Isabella waves her cleaver around, seething.

ISABELLA

I didn't do this for you. I don't even know WHO YOU ARE! I know who I am. When I get upset, I must do something useful before I do something I'll regret.

Isabella splits a chicken with one stroke of the cleaver. She takes a moment to collect herself. Exhales, trembling.

ISABELLA (cont'd)

The letter is on your desk.

INT. WESTFIELD HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He pours a scotch. Picking up the letter is moving a corpse.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)

As the world's oldest law firm in operation, we have the privilege of serving many of the great houses of England and count your family's barony among our earliest clients. With our deepest regrets, we must inform you that your father has become agitated and unstable in his advancing years. He has requested our firm locate you and deliver to you the enclosed letter. Please contact me at your earliest convenience.

He slips a finger under the wax seal: a sigil of a dragon.

INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Alan extends the letter to Isabella. She snatches it.

 ALAN

"Death is near. Come home."

Fear flashes across her stern countenance for a microsecond.

 ISABELLA

You can start talking now.

Alan arranges the flowers, attempting to shield himself.

 ISABELLA (cont'd)

You don't know where to start? Let's start with why the man I met in college told me he was an orphan, then we can move on to where I bore your children but everything you told me about your childhood IS A LIE?

Alan shrinks under her glare, glances to the door.

 ALAN

My father... was a fanatical military man. We weren't sons... We were a platoon learning the 'old ways'.

 ISABELLA

What do you mean, 'the old ways'?

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Montage:

Arthur and Alexander duel with wooden swords. Arthur gives no quarter, pummels and taunts Alexander. Atlas approves.

Atlas punishes his sons, whips them with a riding crop.

ALAN (V.O.)

I wore his stripes until I fled.

Alexander is knocked off his horse. Arthur jeers. Alexander remounts enraged. The brothers charge. Alexander's lance pole knocks Arthur off his horse - he lands on his head.

INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Jazz Music plays. Isabella pours him a glass of wine.

ISABELLA

So that is why you left?

ALAN

Even that wasn't enough to end my father's obsession. I did everything I could to forget what he stood for.

ISABELLA

The past will not stay buried forever. You should have told me.

ALAN

I should have told you? I couldn't even tell myself. I just blocked it out. That life - doesn't exist.

ISABELLA

What will we do about this letter?

ALAN

Do? We're doing nothing. Ignore it. He has been dead to me for decades.

ISABELLA

That is not an option. Right or wrong, that is your father. He's dying and you need to make peace.

ALAN

I don't care what he needs!

ISABELLA

You're not doing it for *him*. You're doing it so you can find peace and share that peace with ***your family***.

ALAN

Completely out of the question.

ISABELLA

Now that your dying father is reaching out, you can finally turn your back and have your revenge.

ALAN

Isn't the best revenge a life well lived? I'm taking the dog out. Frodo!

ISABELLA

You can walk away from a discussion, but you can't run away from the past.

ALAN

I have so far. When's dinner?

ISABELLA

This is a chance for closure. A *final chance* to find peace. This won't be easy, but that's the point. You have to face the demons of the past.

ALAN

You don't face demons. You run... Or, you die.

INT. WESTFIELD HALLWAY - DAY

Isabella makes a call - no answer. She stomps down the hall to the garage entry - locked. Isabella curses in Spanish.

ISABELLA

That girl was born singing.

ALI (O.S.)

This girl's got a dream And I hope it doesn't harm her. A whispering stream, A knight in shining armor! I'd trade this city stress, For a low-cut silken dress. Romance does me right. Kiss me by candlelight.

INT. WESTFIELD GARAGE SOUND BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

ALI (22) *ice-blue* eyes sings. PACO (23) is on mixing board. Isabella bangs on the glass. The music abruptly stops.

ALI
¡Hijo de puta! I'm live streaming!

ISABELLA
(Spanish)
I told you never to lock doors when
you are alone with a man.

Ali mugs for the camera.

ALI
You ruined a perfect take! The woman
who gave me life isn't happy unless
she's choking me to death. *¡No puedo
respirar en esta casa!*

ISABELLA
¿Dónde está tu hermano? He doesn't
answer his phone. I need him home.

ALI
(Spanish)
Grandfather's house. Riding.

EXT. CASA DE SANTIAGO RIDING ARENA - DAY

JASON (19) face-plants at a jump. *Ice-blue* eyes glance up as
he pulls dung from his hair. SANTIAGO (70s) laughs.

SANTIAGO
(Spanish)
Acquiring skills requires dedication.

JASON
Obvio. Ali makes it look so easy.

SANTIAGO
It comes naturally to her. Her soul
remembers the lessons of a past life.
Suficiente por hoy. Your mother
called. She wants you home and that
means now. *¡En marcha!*

Jason leans to kiss his cheek. Santiago leans back laughing.

SANTIAGO (cont'd)
Maybe just shake hands this time?

EXT. WESTFIELD HOME - EVENING

Jason powers his Ducati motorcycle into the driveway.

INT. WESTFIELD KITCHEN - EVENING

Isabella lights up, kisses him. Her nose protests the aroma.

ISABELLA
Whew! Go take a shower.

JASON
What? I smell like a cowboy.

ISABELLA
You smell more cow than boy.

INT. WESTFIELD ALI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room awash in trophies. Ali's reading. Jason barges in.

JASON
¿Qué tal?

ALI
Privacy, Mocosó?

JASON
Here, princess?

ALI
I could have been undressed.

JASON
If I want to hurl I'll stick a finger
down my throat. Company coming?

ALI
No. Dad's in the doghouse.

JASON
How'd ya figure?

ALI
He brought home roses. It doesn't
take a genius, which I am.

JASON
OK, Einstein. What's daddy's little
overachiever reading now?
Quantum mechanics for dummies?