

VALIANT

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INT. OPEN GARAGE - DAY

A BMX is placed against a brick wall. The word 'VALIANT' is written crudely along the silver frame in black marker.

A BOY, 8, kneels beside it as he fits it with a new horn. The garage is full of empty booze bottles and overflowing bin bags.

The boy wears thick glasses taped together at the bridge, an oversized metal sieve strapped to his head, and a table cloth cape on his back. His clothes are hand-me-downs from a larger child.

The bike has mismatched tires and a plastic unicorn head affixed between the handlebars. A cardboard sword wrapped in aluminium foil lies on the floor beside him.

A MAN in a ski mask, clutching a duffle bag, sprints past the empty, oil stained driveway in the background just as the boy tests out his new horn. The sudden noise startles the man as he passes. He trips and falls into some bins.

The boy remains ignorant as he takes up his sword and mounts his steed, patting it on the head. The man scrambles back into view, hurrying toward the garage as he lifts up his ski mask.

MAN

(out of breath)

Oi you! I need your bike! I need  
your bike, hand it over!

The boy simply gawps at the sweaty, panicked man.

MAN

What's the matter, you thick?

The boy points his sword threateningly at the man.

BOY

(haughty voice)

Hold your tongue, clodhopper! Know  
you not to whometh you speaketh.

MAN

(confused)

You what?!

BOY

So, that dastardly son of a cur has  
sent one of his lackeys to finish  
the job eh! And an ugly one at  
that!

(MORE)

BOY (CONT'D)

(laughing)

The fool! I'll paint the earth with  
your blood!

MAN

(more confused)

The fuck you on about?!

BOY

Draw steel or bend knee, knave!

The boy's flimsy sword droops under its own weight as he  
points it at the man.

MAN

Listen here you little --

Sirens approaching. The man quickly dives into a pile of bin  
bags as a police car roars past. The man peeks up from cover  
to make sure the coast is clear.

MAN

Look, I dunno what you're playing  
at, but I need that bike, all right  
- I need it! So what'll it take?  
Money - I've got money!

The boy lowers his sword.

BOY

Mayhap I have you wrong. Seems you  
are but an incompetent rogue, no  
doubt in flight from the dark one  
yourself.

MAN

Yeah - Yeah! That's - bang on! That  
prick's out to get me, a-and I need  
to get away, y'know what I mean? So  
- so how about it, eh? Help me out?

The boy strokes his imaginary beard as he ponders the  
request.

MAN

Er, oh noblest knight of, er...

BOY

The cupboard of airing.

MAN

Right, yeah, I've heard of that  
place!

BOY

(normal voice)

You have?!

(clears throat, puts on  
haughty voice again)

Then brace yourself as I relay the  
dire news, friend. Try though I did  
to defend it, the sacred sanctuary  
was lost to the dark lord this past  
night.

(looking out to the road)

Tis why I make move to flee. To  
search for lands beyond the fiend's  
reach.

The man notices the boy's black eye beneath the overhang of  
the sieve. He notices the abundance of alcohol bottles. The  
pieces start to come together.

MAN

What, uh, what happened to your  
eye?

BOY

The battle...

(solemn)

T-The battle was, um, fierce.

The urgency in the man's eyes dissolves to sympathy. He takes  
a moment to soak in the situation.

Sirens approach again. The man turns, less panicked.

MAN

That's uh...

(looks at duffle bag)

That's the sound of my...

(sighs)

My... allies. Come to uh... aid me  
in my quest to defeat the dark  
lord.

(looks at boy)

What say we go meet them?

BOY

Allies? I...

(normal voice)

I-I've never had one of those...

MAN

Come on, mate.

The man rises and leads the boy outside as the sirens draw  
closer. They leave the bike in the garage.