

THE ROAD TO ORLEANS

Written by

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Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. INN BAR - FRANCE - OCTOBER - 1428 - DAY

SAGE, 16, a doormat barmaid, collects dirty dishes from a bench table. She picks up the stack and walks.

A MAN crosses her path. They collide. The dishes CRASH to the floor. A half eaten bowl of potato soup splashes on him.

MAN

Hey, look what you did!

Sage pulls out a rag and wipes the man's shirt.

SAGE

Oh, I'm so sorry, Sir. Really I am.
I did mean to--

The INN OWNER, 50s, storms over.

INN OWNER

Girl, I've warned you about this.

SAGE

I know and I'm so sorry. Please
don't--

The Inn Owner stops her and turns to the Man.

INN OWNER

I apologize. This girl is a true
idiot. It won't happen again.

The Inn Owner grabs Sage by the shoulder and pulls her away from the Man.

MAN

I see that. She looks daft.

INN OWNER

She is.

The Man walks away.

INN OWNER (CONT'D)

Clean up this mess and stop
disgracing my Inn.

SAGE

Yes, Sir.

The Inn Owner leaves.

Sage scrambles to clean her mess.

INT. INN BAR - NIGHT

Sage cleans the counter top off with an old wet rag. *

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sage walks home down a dark street, her head hung low. She shuffles her feet. *

INT. INN BAR - DAY

Sage enters. She puts on her apron. *

INN OWNER
Get to work.

MONTAGE - Sage at work.

--- Sage cleans off the bar.

--- Sage takes orders.

--- Sage clears off the empty tables.

END MONTAGE.

Sage carries a tray of plates and bowls of food. She sets them down on a table where a COUPLE sits. *

The GENTLEMAN, 40s, at the table, grazes his hand along her bottom. In shock, Sage spills food in the WOMAN'S lap. *

The Inn Owner grabs Sage by the arm and drags her outside. *

EXT. INN BACK LOT - NIGHT

Sage and the Inn Owner stand in an empty lot behind the Inn. The Inn Owner screams at Sage and she cowers before him.

INN OWNER
You really are worthless.

SAGE
I know.

INT. INN BAR - DAY

Sage stands behind the bar and wipes down glasses. A new group enters the Inn and Sage's boss sends her over.

Sage leads them to their table. There are THREE SOLDIERS and one woman, JOAN, all in mens clothes. Sage takes their orders.

Sage leaves the table, she gets stopped by the Inn Owner, he grabs her shoulder.

INN OWNER

They look like money, don't mess it up.

Sage nods. He shoves her away and Sage stumbles.

INN OWNER (CONT'D)

Stay out of everyone's way and remember service with a smile.

Joan watches.

INT. INN BAR - NIGHT

Sage works at the counter, she's cleaning it off. Joan sits down in front of her.

JOAN

You don't have to put with him.

SAGE

What?

JOAN

You deserve better.

SAGE

Well that hardly matters--

JOAN

Of course it matters.

SAGE

I need the money.

JOAN

There are other ways to make money.

SAGE

I'm not that kind of woman.

Joan laughs.

JOAN
No, that's not what I meant.

SAGE
Then what?

The Inn Owner staggers over.

INN OWNER
What are you doing?

SAGE
Sorry I--

INN OWNER
Clean the store room, it's
disgusting.

He slurs and sways, waving a pint, it's contents slosh over
the lip.

SAGE
Of course.

Sage turns to Joan.

SAGE (CONT'D)
You should go enjoy your meal.

JOAN
As you wish.

Joan raises a glass of water.

The Inn Owner ushers Sage off.

INT. INN BAR - LATER

Herds of customers fade away. Rowdy customer filled tables
become empty and hidden under a mess of dirty plates and
glasses.

INT. STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Sage cleans the disgusting room it's covered in gunk and bags
and jars alike are left open and leaking. There is a
noticeable dent in the mess but it's not finished.

Sage takes a break.

INT. INN BAR - NIGHT

Sage exits the store room to finish serving. She clears off a table and takes the plates behind the counter.

Joan approaches.

JOAN
How was the store room?

SAGE
Gross.

Joan laughs.

JOAN
I figured.

SAGE
Do you want a pint?

Sage lifts a cup as she dries it with a rag.

JOAN
No. I don't drink.

SAGE
Neither do I.

JOAN
I grew up in a village like yours.

Sage sets the cup aside.

SAGE
Really?

JOAN
Yes, I was raised on a farm.

SAGE
Me too, it was my grandfather's.

JOAN
Mine was my great grandfathers.

Sage nods and smiles.

JOAN (CONT'D)
We could sneak you out, no fuss.

SAGE
What do you mean?

JOAN
We're leaving just before dawn.

Joan shrugs.

JOAN (CONT'D)
You could come with us.

SAGE
No I couldn't, not like that.

JOAN
Not like what?

SAGE
I'm not a coward.

JOAN
Okay then.

Joan stands.

JOAN (CONT'D)
Meet us at the stables, if you want

Joan starts to walk away but comes back.

JOAN (CONT'D)
You do know right?

SAGE
Where the stables are? Of course
I've passed by them my whole life-

JOAN
No, not that. What I mean to say is
that you matter. You're a person,
you have rights.

SAGE
Well I--

Sage stops herself, she looks away.

JOAN
You matter okay? And I'll keep
saying it till you believe me.

SAGE
This is silly-

JOAN
Maybe, but that doesn't mean it's
not important.
(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)
Again, at the stables right before
dawn. Meet us, if you want.

Joan leaves.

The Inn Owner storms over and grabs Sage by the arm.

INN OWNER
I told you to clean the store room.

SAGE
Your hand's too tight, it hurts.

The Inn Owner slaps her across the face. Sage gapes at him.

INN OWNER
Take this.

He hands her a mop, and gets in her face.

INN OWNER (CONT'D)
Clean the store room or I'll tell
your father that you've been
disrespectful.

Sage nods. The Inn Owner pushes her into the store room and
shuts the door.

INT. STORE ROOM - NIGHT

Sage looks around the store room, in her absence a jar was
left open. Now Sage watches as it drips an unknown substance
onto the floor forming a puddle.

MONTAGE - Sage cleans the Store Room

-- Sage mops the floor.

-- Sage organizes the shelves.

-- Sage cleans gunk off window pane.

END MONTAGE

Sage is finally done. She tries to open the door. It won't
budge.

INT. OUTSIDE STORE ROOM - MORNING

A chair blocks the handle from turning.

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Joan comes down the stairs. She's in full armor consisting of metal plating and chainmail. She has a bag over her shoulder.

INT. STORE ROOM - MORNING

Sage sits down on the floor. She leans against a wall which caves a little. Sage scrambles away. She sticks a hand out and pushes. It gives under the pressure. Sage smiles.

EXT. STABLES - MORNING

The STABLE BOY hands Joan the reigns of her horse.

SOLDIER
Joan we need to leave.

Joan looks back to the inn. Nothing happens and the sun starts to rise.

JOAN
Okay, let's go.

Sage breaks through the wall, she has a wild look in her eyes. The group turns.

JOAN (CONT'D)
It took you long enough.

Sage walks the distance between her and Soldiers.

The Inn Owner runs through the store room door. He sees the gaping hole and then lays eyes on Sage.

INN OWNER
Don't take another step or else,
your father will here about this.

Sage stops and considers his threat, then turns to him.

SAGE
Okay, tell him I'll write to him.

The Inn Owner appears bewildered but charges at her none the less. But Sage closes the gape. She takes Joan's hand and climbs onto the horse.

INN OWNER
You can't even write!

SAGE
Not yet!

The Soldiers Joan, and Sage ride off leaving the Inn Owner in a cloud of dust.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

The group exits the town, each on horse back. Sage riding on the back of Joan's horse. They pass by a road sign that points the way to Orléans. The sun rises over the mountains.