

PSYCHO KNIGHT

By

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INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

We're in a dreary, quiet, cell block hallway, with rooms on both sides, each numbered. The cells appear to be apartment units that have been redesigned to be locked chambers. Essentially prison cells.

CAMPION (V.O.) (O.S.)

... There were those of us that lived. We lived on, stuck, self-contained in the Arthur Court apartment complex, which was ground zero of the Camus Virus, back in 2021.

INT. CAMPION'S CHAMBER - DAY

CAMPION (29, Slim) is talking into a tape recorder that seems to not be decade appropriate. His room is a white chrome. Empty looking and sterile.

Superimpose: **2026**

CAMPION

Five years, to the day since the other surviving tenants and myself have been quarantined in here as inpatients. I'm incubated though, among the dirty, invasive hoards beyond these walls. The so called government workers responsible for delivering our goods are spies and traitors. Dishing out torment rather than supplies.

A screeching alarm, signifying the designated delivery time is sounded.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

The filthy Rasheed, no doubt. The mongrel has become the bane of my existence. I am Campion and it has become my highest calling, to uphold the valor of Christianity and crusade against these heathen nomads who so threaten these chivalric ideals of ours. These last five years I've implored numerous different methods in an attempt to quell Rasheed's wrath. Though with each passing exchange I fear they have become more and more drastic. A boiling point is upon us. The time for change is now.

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He clicks the stop record button on his tape deck.

INT. CELL BLOCK - DAY

A group of men wearing PLAGUE DOCTOR MASKS go from cell to cell, each wheeling a cart of supplies that they're delivering. One PLAGUE DOCTOR, RASHEED (33, Stocky) takes our attention away.

Rasheed wheels his cart along, inconspicuously, but looking mischievous while he wheels it. He shambles along, dragging his feet, picking his buttocks, coughing, sneezing, wheezing. He is disgusting.

While wheeling the cart, Rasheed comes to a halt in front of a door to a Cell which reads '**CV19-0-714**', he looks at a hatch which slides open for supplies to go through.

RASHEED

How's it going Zero-Seven-One-Four?

Rasheed smashes the handle on the sliding chamber so that it no longer slides open.

RASHEED (CONT'D)

Oh, no! It appears your dispatchment chamber has been damaged. We'll have to withhold your rations for the time being, Zero-Seven-One-Four.

0714

You fucking creep. Do you think you can get away with that?

RASHEED

If there were any systems in place that could prevent me from doing something like that, they would have been implemented by now.

Rasheed saunters off, merrily. He comes to another cell, **CV19-0-715** and opens their dispatchment chamber.

We look inside to see a FEEBLE OLD MAN. He looks terrified, as he is familiar with the way in which Rasheed conducts himself and treats others.

RASHEED (CONT'D)

Hey, don't be scared! I have some wonderful news for you, gramps! You'll be just dying to hear what I have for

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RASHEED (CONT'D)  
you today.

FEEBLE OLD MAN  
Wha-what new-news is that, Rasheed?

RASHEED  
I have those dentures you needed, Zero-  
Seven-One-Five.

The old mans eyes lighten up, before being momentarily dashed. Rasheed fumbles with them and drops the dentures on the floor. The disgusting dirty floor. We see it visibly acquire some grime when Rasheed finally picks it up off the floor, with the old man just looking on with disgust through the hatch, paralyzed in horror. Rasheed drops the old mans dentures haphazardly into the dispatchment chamber.

Rasheed continues to carry his cart up the hall to the next room. He comes to **CV19-0-716**. A DERANGED WOMAN, sitting among dozens of antiques and strange nic-nacs. Rasheed opens her dispatchment chamber and haphazardly throws in some packages of food.

DERANGED WOMAN  
Rasheed!?! You forgot about my bread!

Rasheed opens it back up angrily and smashes the bread into an inedible mess, as he pushes it through.

RASHEED  
Here's your bread!

The mentally ill woman sobs at the sight of her malformed bread.

DERANGED WOMAN  
Get away from me you monster! You  
Godzilla!

Rasheed wanders off. Onto the next victim.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAMPION'S CHAMBER - DAY

Champion whips out his tape recorder yet again and clicks record. He unveils a part of his room we haven't seen before, behind a curtain. We find hanging on the wall an assortment of MEDIEVAL WEAPONS. He focuses in on his collection of POISON TIPPED DARTS.

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CAMPION

Before the quarantine I had amassed a vast assortment of antique weaponry. These tools of the forge are my prize possessions. That which has made me worthy of the Paladins of Charlemagne.

He holds up one his darts and inspects it. Touching the tip to feel its sharpness. The tape recorder stop button is hit. Campion covers up his weapons once more behind the curtain. The Delivery Sirens are continuing to sound through the whole delivery process. Campion hears Rasheed, wheeling his cart up to his door. Campion clicks on the tape recorder.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

The filthy Rasheed is here. For five years I have dealt with his cruelty. I will finally rise against this nonsense he has perpetrated against me and others. However, I have to steel and prepare myself. This interaction must workout. I will use these actics that I've taught myself and Rasheed will not get to me. He wont bring me down to his level. For I am an affable, Christian man.

RASHEED

Zero-Seven-One-Seven? I am here.

CAMPION

How are you today, Rasheed?

RASHEED

Haha, oh just as marvelous as ever. It looks like you have something here.

Rasheed opens the dispatchment chamber to Campion's cell. He puts in a package of food.

CAMPION

Thank you.

RASHEED

You're welcome Zero-Seven-One-Seven.

CAMPION

It's Campi-

RASHEED

Oh, what's this? it looks like you  
(MORE)

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RASHEED (CONT'D)  
have something else.

CAMPION  
Right, yes! My medicine. I nearly  
forgotten. Thank-

RASHEED  
Say's it's for Campion? Is that your  
name? Pfft! What a stupid name.

CAMPION  
Yes, that's me. I don't think it's a  
stupid name, sir, however. -

RASHEED  
What is this? Medicine or something?

CAMPION  
Yes, that's what I told you. I-

RASHEED  
What is this shit?

CAMPION  
It's my medication, Rasheed.

RASHEED  
It's yours?

CAMPION  
Yes, it's mine.

RASHEED  
Nah.

CAMPION  
What?!

RASHEED  
Nah, you don't need this. Hahaha!

Rasheed pushes the bag of medicine back into the pile of  
deliveries.

CAMPION  
Bastard! Return my apothecaries, you  
troglodyte!

Rasheed just laughs and wheels his cart down the hall.

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Campion clicks stop on the top of the tape recorder, having gotten the whole exchange captured on the device.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

This isn't happening. How can he do this to me? Is there no one I can turn to? Have I no other recourse?

Just then a television screen turns on out of nowhere in Campion's cell. The echo seems to imply it's happening in everyone's cell. A DISEMBODIED VOICE is heard projecting from the screen.

DISEMBODIED VOICE (O.S)

Alone is together. Separation is connection. Confinement is escapism. Individuals are bio-hazards. Contact leads to criminality. The few expressions of civil disobedience have been ruled as terrorism. Stay in your homes to be safe.

The mantra is repeated ad nauseam by the disembodied voice.

Campion walks to his curtain, veiling his assortment of weapons, which he opens. We can see on his face him trying to ignore the oppressive credo in the background. Campion picks up one of his LONG SWORDS. He looks to the CROSS hanging on his wall and kneels with the sword, bowing to the cross.

With his other hand he holds the pocket sized tape recorder to his mouth as he speaks.

CAMPION

I must steel myself for tomorrow. No longer will this go on this way. Rasheeds transgressions are an act of warfare. This man is simply a terrorist, who has plotted against my devout Christian holiness. He cannot destroy me while I am holy in the eyes of the lord. Tomorrow will be different with Rasheed.

Campion clicks stop on the tape recorder.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPION'S CHAMBER - THE NEXT DAY

The alarm system is engaged yet again. Campion is reading his

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TAROT CARDS as Rasheed pulls up with his cart of goods.

RASHEED

Let's see, did you get everything you needed yesterday, Zero-Seven-One-Seven?

CAMPION

Well, no. You've withheld my medication.

RASHEED

Have I? Well, in addition to that I have further food to deliver for you.

CAMPION

Oh, do you?

Campion, genuinely curious walks over to the dispatchment chamber.

RASHEED

Go on, just look inside.

The dispatchment chamber opens up. Campion practically sticks his whole head inside the thing. He looks around curiously, thinking he can't see it. Suddenly looking up, Campion see's Rasheed in his plague doctor suit sticking his buttocks in his face as he let's out a fart. Campion recoils in disgust, having just had someone fart in his face. Campion coughs as he backs away before becoming frozen in a traumatized, catatonic state. Rasheed just laughs as he wheels his cart off.

RASHEED (CONT'D)

Hahaha!

Campion sits there in utter horror. He begins to jut out, writhing in pain. He's hyperventilating.

CAMPION

Get back here motherfucker! You fuck your mother! You dirty filthy fuck!

RASHEED

What was that? Come again! I fuck my mother you say? Well, you are the motherfucker only like to fuck my mother. That's why I like to keep you locked up and away from my mother!

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CAMPION

You are too impotent to fuck my  
mother!

RASHEED

Well, you know what they say 0717;  
Pride always cometh before a fall.

Campion goes into an animalistic rage, smashing all sorts of seemingly weightless, little forget-me-not, keep-safes. Among them a photo of what looks like Campion's adopted family, we see no resemblance to the parents. After destroying all his personal heirlooms, he returns to a somber, catatonic state. He seems to remain like this for way too long.

He eventually goes to a cabinet in his room containing a vast assortment of LIQUOR. He stares while looking disturbed at his collection spirits. He reaches hand out and touches one of the glass bottles. A BRANDY. He touches the smooth surface of it and looks at the label. He starts to drink the entire bottle.

Some passage of time is felt while he is self-medicating with his booze, Campion has gone through several fifths of liquor bottles, having gone through VODKA, WHISKEY and TEQUILA, in just a manner of hours. He looks to his spirits, seeming to insist he could go on like this for days.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPION'S CHAMBER - THE NEXT DAY

Next to his door, Campion stands calmly, obsessively staring at the compartment of his dispatchment chamber, awaiting the delivery. The sound is alarmed signifying Rasheeds inevitable arrival. Just then, like clockwork, the cart of Rasheed is heard wheeling up to Campions door.

RASHEED

Zero-Seven-One-Seven? I am here.

Campion waits silent, still staring at the dispatchment chambers opening hatch.

RASHEED (CONT'D)

Are you awake in there?

Campion waits. Still stalking.

RASHEED (CONT'D)

Well, here. I suppose you might need a  
(MORE)

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RASHEED (CONT'D)

few of these basic things after all.  
Like water and uh, such. Here.

The compartment opens up and Rasheed's arms are seen, sympathetically placing in a package. Champion lunges forward, ripping the package away and gripping Rasheed's arms. Champion's bony hands hold the arms in a tight grip. With his other hand Champion peels off one of the Plague Doctor Rasheed's black gloves, revealing the flesh of Rasheed's hand. Champion pulls Rasheed's arm through and then pulls out one of his DARTS, which he uses to puncture the palm of Rasheed's hand with. Rasheed yelps out in pain from being stabbed. Champion then lets Rasheed go and stands there calmly.

RASHEED (CONT'D)

Yow! You little son of a bitch!

The doors to Champion's cell are heard opening. Champion stands ready. Rasheed comes storming through the door, lunging at and trying to grab Champion who calmly and swiftly evades Rasheed. Soon Rasheed starts to show signs of tiring. This tiring shifts to him soon becoming overcome with weakness and passing out on the ground of Champion's cell. Champion looks at the the poison tipped dart in his hand, feeling successful.

Rasheed wakes up tied to a chair, dazed. Slowly coming to realize what's going on. Champion takes the mask off of Rasheed revealing underneath he has been bound and gagged as well. Champion dons the Plague Doctor mask now. Going to his collection of weapons, we can see Rasheed squirming in his seat. Champion keeps digging through some medieval torture devices that he has among the weapons he collects. He picks up a black collar with a fork point on each end. He walks over to Rasheed, who sobs in terror at Champion.

The black collar is placed on Rasheed, and the two forks prevent Rasheed from lowering or raising his head. One fork is piercing into his chin, the other punctures his sternum.

CAMPION

This is a Heretics Fork.

Rasheed is gasping in pain. Every noise he makes seems to cause him further agonizing discomfort.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

The device prevents the wearer from speaking or moving their head, at least not without sending themselves into a fit of sharp, excruciating

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CAMPION (CONT'D)

pain.

Pulling out a dagger, Campion stands over Rasheed. He proceeds to hold him by a lock of his hair. Campion takes the rag out that was gagging Rasheed.

RASHEED

Puh- please, let me out of this thing.  
It hurts.

CAMPION

Look, what does it say, here ingrained  
on the collar?

Campion points out to Rasheed the phrase engraved into the Heretic Collar. **I recant, ital, Abiuro.**

Rasheed looks at it.

RASHEED

"I-" Ow! "Re" Ah! "-cant, ital-" Oh!  
"Abi" Ow, ow. "-uro"

CAMPION

Do you know what it means?

RASHEED

No!

CAMPION

"I renounce."

RASHEED

Oh- okay. Just let me go.

CAMPION

Say it.

RASHEED

Wha- what?

CAMPION

I want you to say, "I renounce."

RASHEED

I renounce!

CAMPION

Good.

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Campion proceeds to cut the lips off the face of Rasheed with the dagger. He starts flailing in agony, but he can barely move. Campion then grabs one of his eyelids and cuts it off Rasheed, before grabbing the other one and doing the same. Rasheed has now had his face totally mutilated. Defeated, he no longer fights, instead hanging his head in agony and sobs as tears fill his lidless eyes.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

I am going to burn you at the stake.

Rasheed is then stripped of his Plague Doctor uniform. Campion puts on the suit over his clothes. Puts down some kindling at the foot of the chair and lights it up. The chair catches fire, symbolically serving as the stake. Rasheed wails in agony.

Campion finishes putting on the rest of the Plague Doctor costume. He then grabs a sword, a shield and as many of his weapons as he can carry. He sprints towards his door, decapitating Rasheed on the way.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

I'm finished. For now. The valiant knight has slain the dragon.

He leaves the room to burn with the headless Rasheed inside. Campion takes out the keys from the pocket of the Plague Doctor uniform and looks at them ponderously.

The room becomes consumed in flames. The fire starts to spread to the other cells. Just then another PLAGUE DOCTOR comes from around the corner of the hallway. He immediately spots the Campion in the other Plague Doctor suit, wielding a sword, looking suspicious, with the door to his cell wide open and a huge, enveloping fire, roaring on inside the room.

PLAGUE DOCTOR 1

Hey, you! You're not Rasheed. This is his section. Who are you?

CAMPION

For the first time in my life I can proudly call myself Don Quixote!

PLAGUE DOCTOR 1

Stop it immediately!  
(talks into mic)  
We have an attempted breakout in progress. Please send all available Plague Doctors to CV19.

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The Plague Doctor pulls out a cattle prod from his cart and storms at Champion with it. Champion slashes at him with the sword, missing the Plague Doctor who backs away, evading it. Champion swings again at the Plague Doctor, this time knocking the cattle prod out of the Plague Doctor's hand. Champion is advancing towards him to stab when the Plague Doctor falls to the ground, backing into his cart to grab something. He pulls back out a taser. The Plague Doctor fires the taser and two projectiles puncture the suit. It sends a jolt of electricity into the suit and it fries up part of the suit while also seeming to burn Champion through the suit. He sighs in pain before finding his resolve, walking up to the Plague Doctor and cutting him down.

Champion looks back at his cell burning up in a blaze of fire. Just then Champion, even with his suit, appears to suddenly realize something.

CAMPION

My tape recorder!

Champion runs back into his burning room for his tape recorder. He does so, grabbing it off his nightstand, does a quick grab and dash of some other last minute valuables.

Some of the adjacent units in the hallway are starting to go up in smoke as well. The fire is spreading. Other prisoners are heard coughing and panicking as people slowly become aware of the growing fire. Champion looks around at all the rooms, not sure of what to do. Just then, the remaining PLAGUE DOCTOR'S all spill out into the hallway to confront Champion.

PLAGUE DOCTOR 2

Stand down! What you've done is an act of terrorism! We order you to drop your weapons or we will be permitted to use the full limits of our force.

CAMPION

You are the ones who are terrorists. How can you treat human beings this way? Lock us up in cages, like animals. These people will be free when I've eliminated the horde of you supposed caretakers and public servants.

PLAGUE DOCTOR 2

They will all have to be let out now with this place on fire. The

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                  PLAGUE DOCTOR 2 (CONT'D)  
experiment has failed. Because of you  
burning the institution of Arthur  
Court down, you've now cost us  
millions in research funds.

                  CAMPION  
Research? Experiment? You mean- ?

                  PLAGUE DOCTOR 2  
How are you able to do do all this  
anyways?

                  CAMPION  
From years of martial training and a  
blind madness that has allowed me  
delight in the bitter waters of life.

                  PLAGUE DOCTOR 2  
Just stand down, sir. The truth will  
all be revealed to you shortly.

                  CAMPION  
I prefer to find out things for  
myself!

Campion unveils a small cross bow. He tries to load an arrow into but is clumsily doing so while holding his sword and shield. While his guard is seemingly down the Plague Doctors unload a round of RUBBER BULLETS on him. The battalion of rubber projectiles flick and fling off of Champion's shield and are ricocheting around the room a bit. The onslaught of rubber bullets ceases. Champion comes out from behind his shield and stands ready for battle.

One by one the PLAGUE DOCTORS advance towards Champion, 10 of them. Champion fights with one as he approaches, cutting him with his sword and fending him off with his shield. TWO OTHERS approach as well, wielding staffs to try to club Champion with. Dueling with the sword wielder, the two Plague Doctors are cut through as well. A fourth Plague Doctor rushes him and is immediately stabbed in the stomach. He falls to the ground bleeding. A FIFTH and SIXTH Plague Doctor try to match with the skilled sword fighter and are defeated as well.

The LAST FOUR try to take Champion down. One of them takes out a taser and fires it at Champion, who blocks it with his shield. Another one runs up on Champion and tries to beat him with a nightstick. The swordsman however, easily cuts him apart, chopping his limbs off decidedly one by one. The one

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who fired the taser at Campion throws out a tear gas. The room is already very smoky because of the fire. The remaining TWO PLAGUE DOCTORS have started trying to put out the fire in Campion's room, that has spread to the other cells as well. Using fire extinguishers available for emergency in the hallway. Campion puts a stop to their fire fighting, stabbing them from behind before they can see him, due to the entire building becoming consumed with fire and smoke.

Campion goes quickly from cell to cell, unlocking the doors to them with Rasheed's keys.

He frees the DERANGED WOMAN. He frees the FEEBLE OLD MAN. They both rush towards the nearest exit to escape. He comes to the cell of 0714 and opens it up. Campion finds him in there with his place smoking up. The tenant rushes out when Campion opens the door for him, coughing his lungs out. The Plague Doctor suits are equipped with some sort of breathing mechanism (gas mask).

CAMPION (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

0714 coughs.

0714

Just been starving, ever since Rasheed destroyed the dispatchment chamber to my door. Now, I'm just suffocating in this burning building. Hey, look out behind you!

The two of them start freeing all of the OTHER INMATES in the hallway. One by one they set they fearful tenants free to run out of the smoke plumed building. Out of the smoke, the FINAL PLAGUE DOCTOR manifests. The one who threw the gas grenade. 0714 points him out just in time for Campion to spot him and pierce him through the shoulder with his blade.

CAMPION

As for you, explain to me what's been going on here these last few years. What have we been subjected to this for?

PLAGUE DOCTOR 3

Rigid control of course. The sick individuals like you who once ran the streets are now stuck in a beautifully paranoid rat race of monotony. What else could it be? You think everything

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PLAGUE DOCTOR 3 (CONT'D)

we've told you has been true? What? Are you that gullible? I mean, jeez I don't know what else you expect me to say. It makes no fucking difference now.

CAMPION

What does?

PLAGUE DOCTOR 3

This charade. Whether to keep it up now, or not.

CAMPION

What do you mean?

PLAGUE DOCTOR 3

The Camus Virus was contained years ago. Just as you suspected, we have had you imprisoned in this facility as a means of performing even more invasive, prolonged, experimentation on the masses. Part of it has been used to experiment exclusively on you, Campion. That's right your mask can not fool me. You and the rest. Trapped here like lab rats. These containment facilities have been sprinkled throughout the entire continent, in lower income areas. To separate the masses from those in the top percent economic bracket. Does that make sense? You are dregs on society. Regardless if there is a viral illness spreading or not, you sir, are the disease.

CAMPION

That makes total sense to me that you would need to lie to have so much control. Obviously we overpower you by degrees. Alone I appear to be just some raving lunatic. But collectively those of us you mistreat are quite a threat to your pathetic attempt at tyranny.

Blood is pouring out of the Plague Doctors mouth from being stabbed. He is gurgling blood. He probably has some internal bleeding.

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PLAGUE DOCTOR 3

You call this tyranny? We have offered total security and allowed you complete agency over your vices and indulgences. Haven't you had all you ever wanted here? We never meant to cause you harm. If you had a bad experience with Rasheed, it doesn't mean all Plague Doctor's are bad.

Campion just stares at the Plague Doctor with contempt for his idiocy.

CAMPION

Literally, every single one of you has tried to kill me.

PLAGUE DOCTOR 3

Fuck you! You've killed me now! We told you to stand down! There will be unavoidable consequences as a result of you burning down the Arthur Court Containment Facility! If you thought they seeked control then just you wait!

CAMPION

I think I will take my risks. Those of us that are individual thinkers have a tendency to do that.

0714

Basically, go fuck yourself is what he's saying.

The Plague Doctor with a sudden second wind, knocks Campion off of him, throwing him back.

CAMPION

I guess confidence can supply you many things, though I am superior in strength!

The bloody plague doctor manages to get up and try to come at Campion with a KNIFE. Campion overpowers him but 0714 still kicks him in the head and knocks the plague doctor out cold.

CAMPION (CONT'D)

Thanks, kid!

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0714

My name is Kol-

CAMPION

- No time to chat! The hordes of the Saracen will be upon us soon, like black spots on a herd of cattle! We must move with the haste! The Knights of Charlemagne surely await news of our victory. Right, my young Sancho?

0714

It's Kole-

(sigh)

Oh, whatever Don Quixote.

They run out of the building, evading their pursuers.

EXT. ARTHUR COURT CONTAINMENT FACILITY - DAY

Outside the dreary prison of a building, we see the outside world remains untouched by this dystopian nightmare we've imagined it's become.

A MEDIA CIRCUS starts arriving, flooding in to cover the story of the escaped patients, the burning building and a conspiracy, now seemingly exposed to the world.

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