



Dice Tower Theatre - Dawn of Dragons

Season 3

Mike Atchley

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Theatre

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Cast of Characters

<u>KELDOR:</u>	Mike Atchley
<u>AYLA FORSYTHE:</u>	Elizabeth Rigg
<u>ELONA:</u>	Lesley Beckmann
<u>DABRIA:</u>	JD Rose
<u>ZORIN:</u>	Cody Miller
<u>ELLOVEVE:</u>	Jessica Atchley
<u>SOPHIE:</u>	Sarah Jenkins
<u>BENEDICT:</u>	Brian Dowling
<u>CORDELIA:</u>	Joleen Fresquez
<u>SKOTMIR:</u>	Colten Janssen
<u>VIX:</u>	Daniel Nichols
<u>ERALIN:</u>	Jordan Thompson
<u>UNA:</u>	Rebecca Atchley
<u>ZANE:</u>	Storm S Cone
<u>VASH:</u>	Barett Giant
<u>LORVANA:</u>	Kara Danvers
<u>ZEV:</u>	Robert Lighthall (Alvar take)
<u>MIERAK:</u>	Heath Martin
<u>LORD ALVAR:</u>	Mike Kienker
<u>LAMPREY:</u>	Matthew Bianchi
<u>DUKE OF ELLINGTON:</u>	Michael J. Rigg
<u>ELIAS SILVERTONGUE:</u>	Scott C. Brown
<u>RUE:</u>	David S Dear
<u>BELINIAL:</u>	Cheyenne Bramwell
<u>MILOSLAVA MUGWORT:</u>	Kaitlyn Athoff
<u>SHOPKEEP:</u>	Alex Gilmour

<u>CROWD1</u> :	Tal Minear
<u>CROWD2</u> :	Glenn Hibburt
<u>CROWD3</u> :	Jeff Ogden
<u>SILVIE</u> :	Melinda Barkhouse
<u>VIKTOR</u> :	Ben Corley
<u>GUSTAV</u> :	David Tilstra
<u>ROGMESH</u> :	HBMike
<u>RASSLER</u> :	Nikki Richardson
<u>MORREN</u> :	Shannon Roby
<u>BRYCE</u> :	Harlan Guthrie
<u>DARIA</u> :	Larisa Bishop
<u>CALEB</u> :	Ned Donovan
<u>ARSINIA</u> :	Summer Alyssa Wolf
<u>RIDLEY</u> :	Briar Zachary
<u>MALLIUS</u> :	Patrick Mendelsohn
<u>CLERIC</u> :	Chris Hart
<u>LOUKAS</u> :	Scott Blankfield
<u>COBALT</u> :	Ellie Gossage
<u>AZURE</u> :	Heath Martin
<u>SQUIB</u> :	Piper Cleaveland
<u>DEKKION</u> :	Matthew Bianchi
<u>NIGHTBLADE</u> :	Daphne Bichler
<u>SHARPTOOTH</u> :	Hayley Munoz
<u>SENTRY 1</u> :	Hannah Gallaher
<u>ORC1</u> :	Chris Herrerra
<u>BULA</u> :	Patrick Cramer
<u>DAIRMID</u> :	Jordache Richardson

<u>BROADFLARE:</u>	Brad Colbroock
<u>GUARD 1:</u>	Sam Wiegel
<u>TRAINER:</u>	Elric Timothy Atchison
<u>SPILGE:</u>	Robert Lighthall
<u>KARAG:</u>	Matthew Bianchi
<u>BORIC:</u>	Tyler Cauldron
<u>RED GUARDIAN:</u>	Ryan Van de Kamp
<u>COMMONER 1:</u>	Valeri Gray
<u>COMMONER 2:</u>	Melissa Kersh
<u>COMMONER 3:</u>	Joseph Duncan
<u>COMMONER 4:</u>	Lec Zorn
<u>GIRL:</u>	Saoirse Brown
<u>CROWD4:</u>	Abigail Richardson
<u>CROWD5:</u>	Eleiece Krawiec
<u>CROWD6:</u>	Hannah Gallaher
<u>MOIRA ROSEWIND:</u>	Layne McCaleb
<u>Mercenary:</u>	Elric Timothy Atchison

INSTRUCTIONS

Please follow these instructions. These are ways you can help speed up post production and your efforts are much appreciated! Be sure to have a quiet room and a great time!

Recording

1) Record 3 takes of each line trying a slightly different delivery each time to give us something to work with.

NOTE: Many lines have a (beat) or (pause) in them or another (direction note) these are simply to assist in directing your delivery. They are not meant to be spoken directly.

2) After completing the 3 takes please clap your hands, snap fingers or use a dog clicker before moving to the next line.

3) Record all lines per episode as one file.

4) Record one file with the requested foley sounds on the next page. The number of requested takes is on each line. Act out the sounds as your character would. Though you may not have a scene with them specifically it will be likely used with others.

Delivery

1) Save your files as a 192 kbs or high quality MP3. (Its better to go higher than lower.)

2) Name the file:

Season#Episode# - CharacterName - ActorName

EX: S3E1 - TheBaron - JimDwyer.mp3

The Foley track should be named:

FOLEY - CharacterName - ActorName.mp3

3) Finally the files should then be sent by email (with a link to a google drive or dropbox if neccessary) to DiceTowerTheatre@Gmail.com.

FOLEY REQUIRED - ALL PARTS

1x Your Credit is delivered as <Character name> is played by <Your Name> Ex: "Greyson is played by Pam Bowles"

3x Gasp of surprise

3x Attack grunt while swinging a sword or other weapon

3x Battle Cries

3x Scream of terror

3x Responding to a Belly hit

3x Responding to an Arm wound

3x Responding to a Head strike

3x short Laugh

3x short set of Sobbing

3x short Cheer

1x long Cheering (*only one take 10 seconds*)

1x Panting out of breath (*only one take 10 seconds*)

2x Yelling or calling out the following "Get the arm ready!" "Stop!" "Back up!" "Ready!" "Aim!" "Fire!" "Loose!"

S3E1 - SHIELD OF FAITH

SFX ENV - a large chamber stone floor foot steps, some carpet.

ZORIN

Ah. Here it is. (beat) You there, Zev wasn't it? Do you mind handing me that tin lantern? Yes the one with that small dent in the side. (SFX) Thank you. Heh, it has the flint and steel I left. Lets warm this room up a bit can you bring me some of those logs while I set up the Tinder?

(SFX - starting a fire in Fireplace)

Well (sits down) lets kick our legs up in this den and talk... er a moment. Keldor, do you mind starting us off?

NAR - KELDOR

Not at all my friend.

(turning to the audience) Thank you for lending your sword arm to the cause and now with this very important expedition. It will be a few hours before dinner is served in the hall, and Zorin has asked me to give a bit of background here.

(Under the breath) Heh, but my guess he may just want me to tell you a story of how we got here. In this most important of moments. and, well we have a bit of time now. Let's see here where to begin...

ZORIN

Darkovnia. Actually heh, how about AFTER Darkovnia... And of course after we woke up.

NAR - KELDOR

ah yes... the road back to Bemil

TRANSITION

SFX ENV - The cart wheels down a dirt road and a gentle plodding of the horses hooves along with the walk of the party.

NAR - KELDOR

My legs burned slightly from days on the road. My eyes had dust skin had cracks and the smell of the horses and frankly our unbathed bodies followed close behind.

ELLOVEVE

Hmm there's Bemil. (beat) I remember it now.

NAR - KELDOR

But all that meant nothing to me at that moment. We were together again. The warmth of that realization mixed with the warm fall sun on my face. Greedily my eyes opened and looked for Benedict. The son and heir to my lord and long time battle brother Lucilius. And his mother Elona the fair, as dear to me as a sister would be. Oh how I wished they could see us now.

My heart truly soared alongside the path that day.

ELLOVEVE

Keldor?

KELDOR

Yes my love?

ELLOVEVE

After Garnet Keep fell we fled to the old country. What became of the order?

NAR - KELDOR

I looked at her questioning eyes. Beautiful pools reflecting deep oceans, I remarked. Again nothing would take me from this cloud today.

KELDOR

Well the knighthood was already clinging to hope like the sails of a sinking ship when we served it. But you knew that... I headed into Trull serving justice and... Well actually the coin more often honestly.

SOPHIE

(coldly)hmm so Trull...

KELDOR

Sophie jumped into the conversation. Didn't blame her being inquisitive. Smart too. *chuckle* just not the best of decision makers... So impulsive.

SOPHIE

(chuckle) You mean the bloodpits?

KELDOR

HA!

(strong) What? Me?

NAR - KELDOR

I startled her a bit with my response I could tell. Her eyes though strong couldn't hide the hint of the chastised puppy in them. Even saw a faint tremble of the lower lip. We had been slowly making amends after I was frankly called out by her for keeping my past a secret. A secret I was still having issues letting go of. But again. (beat) Together. We were all together and this conversation was... actually welcome. And surprisingly needed.

KELDOR

No, no. And...

(chuckle) no offense taken dear Sophie. (laugh)

NAR - KELDOR

My laughter set her jaw back from the locked tension I had seen on the face of so many other soldiers... Other warriors... Other friends.

KELDOR

(continuing) Actually... Sophie, I was helping in small deeds over the last 20 or so years. Living town to town. living by the sword.

NAR - KELDOR

I saw Elloveves eyes soften with my words. I feared what she might say so I continued more earnestly.

NAR - KELDOR

I had Turned my back on my... vows to the knighthood. After all Garnet Keep was lost as were all of you. (pause apologetically) or so I thought...

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict's eyes tore into my heart.

BENEDICT

Did... Did you not want to know if we were still alive?
Did you not

(beat) want to seek us out? Did you...

SOPHIE

Not care?

NAR - KELDOR

That voice wasn't Sophie. The words may have come from her lips but it was clear it was definitely Zane. I could hear him in her voice, they truly had
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 become one person. I braced for yet another hit to my heart. Another statement designed to take me off my happy mountain today.

SOPHIE
 (laugh) No Benedict, I remember Keldor loved us all. He was like an uncle to us.

KELDOR
 Well...

NAR - KELDOR
 I felt the blood begin in my veins again, throbbing slowly. My face flushed almost betraying my fear and distrust moments earlier.

KELDOR
 Thank you Zane, er... I mean Sophie.

SOPHIE
 Sophie Laugh

KELDOR
 Whatever, hahaha

NAR - KELDOR
 I winked with a big smile across my bearded face.

KELDOR
 Both of you

NAR - KELDOR
 Benedicts eyes relaxed and he smiled. This rekindled that pleasant fire in my chest. I would protect and serve this young man,

(beat) pledging the same oath I gave his father.

ELLOVEVE
 gentle chuckle Hey.

NAR - KELDOR
 I felt Elloveve's gentle touch on my pauldroned shoulder. She smiled and though she seemed to be enjoying the conversation it urged me to continue almost as much as her words.

ELLOVEVE
 "So you went to Trull."

KELDOR

Yes, yes. I'm sorry.

NAR - KELDOR

A bit embarrassed at the distraction.

KELDOR

I heard rumblings. Rumors had it that the Celestine Tower was still as central to operations as before.

NAR - KELDOR

I could picture the graceful spire reaching to the heavens itself.

BENEDICT

The Celestine Tower? I always hoped to see it.

KELDOR

It's truly magnificent, son. The pride and joy of the knighthood. The steward was, last I heard of course... Lord Alvar.

ELLOVEVE

Alvar? (pause then chuckle) Our mentor is now Knight Commander of the Tower?

KELDOR

Yes! Ha. the same. Remember how Erebus used to hide his Sabatons or mismatch them or

ELLOVEVE

Hahaha! Or when he swapped them a size...

KELDOR

Slightly smaller! hahaha! Yes. hahaha

ELLOVEVE

Laughs with Keldor

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve and I laughed and I noticed the children laughing too.

(SFX - Cordelia, Benedict, Zorin and Sophie Laughing)

Well they weren't really children anymore. I had no right to call them that, though my heart wanted to. Dear Cordelia. The youngest. I remembered her mother had just had her not 3 months prior... that fateful night. I thought for sure she perished with everyone else. Hmm, It was so good to see her laugh. The forge fire eyes of Erebus and the raven hair of Lorahana

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

Shieldheart. It was like they were here with us again too.

KELDOR

"Hahaha... *SNIFF* well the Jade Temple and the Obsidian Fortress of course still stood abandoned as much as they did when we served the Knighthood. Not much changed there.

SKOTMIR

I heard they guard the way north into those accursed Shattered Lands

KELDOR

well Skotmir they still guarded the way north, for what good that did. It's only a wasteland from what I hear though. Uninhabited.

(Grunt as shifting) There's more life in the ghost stories than actually there.

ELLOVEVE

The Jade Temple was always just a ruin to me. But the Obsidian Fortress.

(beat) That was always menacing, empty or not.

KELDOR

Elloveve then nodded slowly in thought as she processed what I had just said. She unlike dear Sophie was not impulsive.

ZORIN

hmm.. Thats 4 but I always heard reference to 5.

BENEDICT

5?

ZORIN

Yeah! You know, 5 bastions of the knights will protect forever more the... wait.

BENEDICT

What.

ZORIN

I... just want to... savor this moment.

BENEDICT

sigh and what pray tell is...

ZORIN

I know something you don't... about the knights?

VIX

Feels good doesn't it?

ZORIN

Actually it really does.

**ALL LAUGH - Benedict joins in after 10 seconds
or so**

NAR - KELDOR

We all had a good laugh even Benedict once his hurt pride relaxed. Honestly it was good to let Zorin have that victory. After all the poor boy had Lord Pallus as a father... however much of a Father the man dooming the civilized world to enslavement under a dark goddess could be. Hmm..

(beat) Well, when the laughter died I remember Cordelia broke in.

CORDELIA

actually The 5th bastion is guarded by my order.
(beat) The Ivory Library.

NAR - KELDOR

Everyone nodded in understanding as we continued to put our feet in front of the other down the dusty northern road.

As we moved south into Bemil... I floated in happiness alongside my restored family.

DOOR TRANSITION

The sounds of a tavern.

NAR - KELDOR

That evening we found our first real beds what felt like an eternity at the Slow Match Inn. Not the best place in town but far from the worse. I knew it attracted a younger crowd. And frankly that always helped me to relax a bit.

ZORIN

Why is that? (teasing)

NAR - KELDOR

Heh. Fine. Because they were unlikely to know me.

(pause before continuing) Everyone had gone to bed pretty early after a dinner of roasted potatoes and flaky baked Fish. the lemon and rosemary lingered on our lips. The minstrel that night was intent on playing old ballads... slow ballads. Not bad mind you but nothing energetic enough to really hold the tired attention of most of our group. One by one they politely retired to their chambers. Well all except Skotmir. hmm.

(beat) He simply belched and just walked away in a drunken stupor I think. Finally just Benedict, Elloveve and I were sitting at the large table all to ourselves.

BENEDICT

so tomorrow we head back to Ellington. What then?

KELDOR

well we will meet with the Duke and explain what we found, and I suppose see what's next.

(drinks) hmm.

ELLOVEVE

What of the rest of the order or the trade barons? heh, We can't seriously expect to be the only ones who are in this fight?

KELDOR

I... I know of no other supporters yet.

ELLOVEVE

sigh hmm.

BENEDICT

Can we reach them? The order, the knights I mean. Its small but its not empty right?

KELDOR

Benedict, we have been hiding far away from the order for so long that..

ELLOVEVE

(frustrated and tired) Oh come on...

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve's voice pierced through the calm evening
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
like one of her arrows.

KELDOR
I mean we...

ELLOVEVE
You know well enough we can find others in the order.
You've just been hiding behind that beard for so
long. Hiding who you really are!

NAR - KELDOR
Her words found their mark as they ripped into my
chest. I felt a wave of anger rise but every retort
died on my tongue before escaping my mouth as I
realized none of them would bear any fruit.

(beat) she was right. I looked at my blackened armor
and faded tunic. My hand went to the beard. A hand
bearing the scars of many battles. Proud battles.

ELLOVEVE
If you can find him, That man I knew. that Keldor
could find an army that believes in this cause.

(drink) ah, I'm sure of that.
(SFX Gets up and walks out)

ELLOVEVE
On that note... good night.

NAR - KELDOR
As she left my mind beat itself against those brick
walls of guilt and my heart on years of embarrassment
and dishonor. The seemingly endless wellspring of
anger didn't protect me that night. I looked at
Benedict before bowing my head in shame.

SFX - Market sounds

NAR - KELDOR
That morning we resupplied basic food provisions and
a few luxuries like cured meats and a waxed cheese.
Then loading into our cart, continued south towards
Ellington. The journey was only 3 days but felt like
forever in my mind. I kept thinking about what
Elloveve told me and for the majority of that time
was silent.

(Camping sounds)

*(Campfire voices in the background with a
stream.)*

On the last night we camped out off the road in a grove surrounded by a leagues worth of golden Maple trees and rosehip bushes. A small creek ran by not too far away before joining up with the river that

flowed back through Bemil on its way to the sea. Once we finished the bit of hard tack and jerky we were snacking on for a last meal I went to the creek and pondered.

(footsteps growing louder in the fall leaves)

BENEDICT

Keldor? are you all right?

KELDOR

hmm..

(beat) Oh... hello Benedict. Sit with me a moment. my friend.

(SFX Sitting in the leaves BENEDICT groaning).

The knightlord protects us as the maiden holds us... Is... that still true? T... to you I mean?

BENEDICT

Yes that's what is written in...

KELDOR

no. not what is written, milord. I mean do you believe it?

BENEDICT

Yes.

KELDOR

hmmm... that's my problem...see If you, my young lord... whom I've pledged to... believes it so... why do I not?

NAR - KELDOR

I remember Benedict paused for a moment thinking. The moonlight reflected off the top of his head reflecting a ring of light like a dim blue crown in his raven black hair.

BENEDICT

But what do you believe you should be doing?

KELDOR

to that...Often I wonder... What THEY should be
(MORE)

KELDOR (CONT'D)
doing.

NAR - KELDOR
This I saw made Benedict raise an eyebrow. A smile
crossed his lips.

BENEDICT
Our faith shouldn't be because we believe they will
do anything we want Keldor.

NAR - KELDOR
He stood up and looked at me his blue eyes resolute
and proud.

BENEDICT
It is our belief that they will guide US to do what
is right.

(yawn) What do they tell you my friend?

KELDOR
(sigh) I... I mean WE need an army. (chuckle)

BENEDICT
(chuckle) Then lets find one. Goodnight.

NAR - KELDOR
As he went to bed a wave of realization washed over
me. A clear path lay before me now.

TRANSITION

morning birds chirp, the stream babbles

ZORIN
well that breakfast was pretty good Elloveve! Ahhhh!
I missed those eggs.

ELLOVEVE
Ha! there's not much Magic to them Zorin you just
have to move them quickly and plate them while they
still look creamy.

SKOTMIR
Creamy or not they were better than those beans a few
days ago.

VIX
that wasn't my fault. They were not soaked like you
said they were... and I anticipated you didn't salt
(MORE)

VIX (CONT'D)

them. How was I supposed to know you were taking it upon yourself to become a world renown Chef with nothing but salted, DRY beans.

SKOTMIR

you always salt the beans while they are dry! Everyone knows that.

CORDELIA

no they don't.

SKOTMIR

no?

CORDELIA

nope.

SKOTMIR

oh.

ELLOVEVE

Well I think it was...

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve's eyes fell on me. I had just taken a deep breath while bracing myself against the unknown. I was missing from the breakfast that morning having been up early with my new preparations. I now saw everyone else look back at me with their eyes wide in disbelief.

SOPHIE

(surprised)...your beard?

KELDOR

yes. Its gone.

ELLOVEVE

I... You. You look like you did 25 years ago. and Your armor...

NAR - KELDOR

I had shaved the beard off but also polished my armor free of the dull tarnish that I had allowed... to make it appear dark and almost black. As a holy knight of the order I wore a suit of brass to denote the station. It gleamed golden in the morning sun. My cream tunic scrubbed and bleached. I even had brightened up the faded threads of the embroidery to show the crimson sword and crown of our order

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

prominently over my chest. I looked at my friends in the camp and felt a forgotten fire rekindle in my belly. I saw Benedict smile in silent understanding as we both nodded, excited to see what lay in store for us in Ellington.

(MORE)

S3E2 - PHOENIX RISING

(SFX - street sounds and merchants in a busy marketplace.)

NAR - KELDOR

The late morning sun baked the into the back of my plated shoulders as we walked through the busy marketplace. A familiar smell hit my nose bringing back memories from a little over a month ago.

(beat) Was it really only a month? hmm..Time had seemed to truly move lately as if suspended in a sweet baker's syrup.

KELDOR

Ho, Skotmir! Do you smell that my friend?

SKOTMIR

sniff hahahaha! those pies!

KELDOR

Yes! Come friends lets treat ourselves. Skotmir and I had these during the games and they are delicious.

SKOTMIR

Not as delicious as my victory that day.

KELDOR

haha! that's...

(beat) not how I remember it.

VIX

(grumbling) Humph. ...Its not how any of us remember it for that matter.

SKOTMIR

You weren't even there! Where's your Owl by the way.

VIX

(grumbling) Happily soaring the skies... far from you.

BENEDICT

Wow...

(beat) Well lunch sounds great to me as well.

SOPHIE

Ha! yes. ...and a tall glass of milk I'm sure!

BENEDICT

very tall. hahaha!

NAR - KELDOR

Everyone was in great spirits that day. The journey into town was only a couple hours from our camp by the side of the northern merchant road we followed from Bemil to Ellington. The jewel of the new world known as Ellington is a bustling metropolis of trade and the arts.

CORDELIA

(looking up in wonder)Who is that?

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia pointed to a statue of a man dressed regally with a quill in one hand and a scroll in the other. The hand holding the quill was resting on his chin in thought. The faint outline of a close cropped beard outlined his jaw. His eyes looking back towards the market as if willing it to spring up before him. Suprisingly no name was found. Just a quote.

VIX

(reading) "Trade is meant to serve the people, not the other way around." Ah yes. Angelos Vasilakos. The first Duke of Ellington... or of the New World for all we know... It is a VERY rare title.

BENEDICT

He led the rebellion.

VIX

Rebellion is a pretty strong word I think. More like they just... left really. ...Different ideologies

NAR - KELDOR

Vix stared up at the statue towering 20 feet high from its 10 foot pedestal. A slight smile cracked the corner of his mouth.

VIX

Hmm. The ...predecessor to Vlassis Andreas. The current Duke of Ellington.

NAR - KELDOR

The Duke of Ellington being known as a fair and just man had built a community in the last 20 years that had healed the wounds from the civil war 50 years ago that separated the land of Belz from the Trade Baronies of Darkovnia and made a city that was a

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 legend in its own time.

Angelos led the people of Bellz and was elected to a rank of Duke. Dukes were unheard of in the land of the Trade Barons. The people offered this title collectively with Angelos to help impose responsibility rather than establish power. A responsibility to care for the people in their care. A responsibility both Angelos and Vlassis took very serious.

Sounds of the carts and hawkers yelling "meat pies! get yer meat pies!"

MILOSLAVA MUGWORT
 Meat pies! get yer meat pies! Steeeeak! Onion! even chicken!

NAR - KELDOR
 We made our way to the familiar red and cream striped cart, the same sign of Miloslava's Meat Pies weathered from the elements stood as tall as the halfling behind it, slightly leaning to the right corner facing the crowd bustling by.

MILOSLAVA MUGWORT
 Greetings! My don't you look happy today! Please step right up

NAR - KELDOR
 The vendor smiled genuinely as she slowly turned some of the flaky wares over on the hot iron table used for browning them. The smell of sweet onions saute'd in sherry blending with beef was prominent. This danced as it mixed with the scent of that buttery pastry gently frying on its side. I could sense Skotmir vibrating with happy excitement next to me.

CORDELIA
 Thank you! May I have a...

SKOTMIR
 Beef and Onion!

CORDELIA
 Wha... but...

SKOTMIR
 Nothing but the best for my good friend here! The Beef and Onion you won't regret.

CORDELIA

oh... ok I guess I'll have the...

ZORIN

(interrupting) waaaaaaait a minute. Look Cordelia there's a chicken and parsnip one.

CORDELIA

ooh I do love parsnips. Hmm.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia put her hand on her chin in thought for a moment. Both honestly sounding equally delicious.

CORDELIA

hmm, ok I'll take that, urp...

VIX

(interrupting) There's dessert pastries too? At this time of day?

BENEDICT

I'm more leaning toward the venison there. Cordelia, you would probably like that too...

MILOSLAVA MUGWORT

uhh.. Oh boy...

NAR - KELDOR

The vendor seemed utterly confused trying to keep up with the deluge of inquiries pouring at them all at once. I'll be honest, part of me pitied her. Cordelia was trying to wrest control of the conversation and I could see her emerald eyes darken slightly as they narrowed.

CORDELIA

so I'll...

SOPHIE

(interrupting) Hold up all of you! She can make her own decision and doesn't need you..

CORDELIA

(yelling) would you all SHUT UP!

NAR - KELDOR

Everyone was frozen, wide-eyed and awestruck looking at what was a young woman now clenching her hands in balled fists. Her chest slightly heaving in frustration.

SKOTMIR

Hey.

(beat) I get pretty hangry too.

NAR - KELDOR

She shot him a look that would have burned a hole through any other warrior. Skotmir simply shrugged and turned back to Miloslava.

SKOTMIR

I'll grab a beef and onion and whatever my friend wants here. My treat.

SFX - DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

We all made our purchases for a light lunch and continued across the street market towards the grassy park that held the Games we had participated in. The grandstands were actually permanent structures as were many of the platforms and stages.

SOPHIE

Look at that!

(beat) What an arena! The games are quite the production.

ZORIN

Heh, yup!

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin took a moment to look around beaming with a bit of pride. He was here before. And marked a rogue champion by Elias Silvertongue the king of bards himself.

We could see the Duke's Keep on the other side of the stadium area about 100 yards from the last stages. Formerly a fortress with a high wall to protect the citizens in the case of invasion... now the keep was simply the central tower overlooking the city from over 300 feet up. After being in the Keep I knew the baron rarely ascended past halfway.

The grey and rose colored stones from the former wall were repurposed to build the stages and stadium seating. Heh, it was a bold move but part of his plan to fight back on discourse and the actual need for defenses with simply entertainment. Keep them busy

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
and keep it accessible to all and there would be no need for further defenses he had thought.

SHOPKEEP
(Yelling) Stop! Someone stop that thief!

NAR - KELDOR
A young girl was running from a baker with a loaf of bread in his hand. Right into...

GIRL
(running sounds 5 sec before running into someone)...oof!

LAMPREY
Ho there Lassie! You shouldn't be just stealing. Now lets just...

SHOPKEEP
I demand she be punished!

(beat) ...this is an outrage! Why what am I supposed to do with riff raff like her running around?!

CROWD1
yeah! he's just scum. look at her!

CROWD4
Obviously crawled from some trash heap or possibly... the sewer

GIRL
But I...I'm so hungry... Please?

CROWD5
What is that smell? Is it her hair or clothing?

CROWD2
He's probably got a diseases and...

CROWD3
Diseases?! oh no send him away! Away I tell you!

CROWD6
Before we all catch a death or... whatever that was she's rolled in lately.

LAMPREY
Now everyone calm down no need to...

CROWD2

Lice. At least she would have lice. Look at the dirt and ABSOLUTE uncleanliness!

CROWD6

Shameful. How is one supposed to eat in the market when she's around

CROWD1

(sinisterly) I say we just take her to the pond and give her a bath.

CROWD5

of course a bath would be a gift for the poor creature

CROWD2

yes! Bathe her! Yes!

CROWD3

Bah! Such scum should be drowned!

CROWD4

The only way to be sure!

LAMPREY

(shouting) Ho there!

(pause before softer cooler) Noone is gonna touch this boy.

(shouting) Hear me?!

CROWD1

Move or you'll get the same!

CROWD2

Yeah drown him!

CROWD3

Drown them both! He's probably infected too!

CROWD4

Out of the way you fool!

CROWD5

Yeah! Filthy all of them!

CROWD6

Drown them! Drown them all!

SFX SWORD DRAW

KELDOR

Hold up!

NAR - KELDOR

Everyone paused for a moment as I walked into the growing mob.

KELDOR

I'll pay for the bread.

CROWD1

who's the fancy one with the gold armor?

CROWD2

PSSH! Looks horribly gaudy. And heavy too.

SHOPKEEP

Humph! We don't need charity for the likes of him! In fact... NOW it's not for sale.

(beat) Begone!

CROWD1

(cruel) Yeah! Begone with you!

CROWD2

(cruel) Yeah! HAHAHA

CROWD3

(cruel laugh)

CROWD4

(cruel) What?! leave!

CROWD5

(cruel) Yeah! HAHAHA

CROWD6

(cruel laugh)

NAR - KELDOR

I stood my ground. Not only because I had no intention of letting this shopkeep or the mob of wild dogs potentially take this child's life. I had seen vigilante justice in other situations and honestly the outcome rarely was righteous.

I also saw the face on the other man. His head was bald save a ring with two thick salt and pepper

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 muttonchops to either side. His blue eyes were wide
 in recognition.

KELDOR
 no.

CROWD1
 (yell) get him!

CROWD3
 (yell) Yeah! Get him!

CROWD2
 (yell) We don't need you outsiders!

CROWD4
 (yell) Go we said!

CROWD5
 (yell) We warned you!

CROWD6
 (yell) Yeah! Gt that trash!

SHOPKEEP
 I said BE. GONE! AHHH!

(swings a cane at him. This is caught by Keldor.
 Sounds of grunting as he's caught and trying to free
 himself.)

NAR - KELDOR
 I easily caught the mans hand. My eyebrows raised as
 I shook my head looking at the cane clutched in his
 trembling hand. An arrow split the canes shaft inches
 above my wrist. His eyes that were once wild were now
 wide. Elloveve stepped into the now frozen crowd
 notching another arrow in her bow. Behind her i saw
 the rest of my friends fanning out to support if
 needed. The crowd murmured.

*SFX - Murmurs "is it them? who is that? can it
 be ? have they returned? is that a knight? look
 at that! woah! woow!"*

CROWD1
 (murmuring) Wait is that really them? The 6 winds?
 Wow! look at that!

CROWD3

(murmuring) What? Can it be? Not in all these years...

CROWD2

(murmuring) have they returned? is that really a knight?

CROWD4

(murmuring) Oh no... What have we done? Wow! Are they going to hurt us? I'm so sorry...

CROWD5

(murmuring) Can it be? What? this is shocking... it can't be

CROWD6

(murmuring) Knights?... Here? Why?... this is impossible.

SHOPKEEP

Wait you are...

LAMPREY

Keldor Ironfist.

NAR - KELDOR

I looked at the other man with the sideburns who stood up for the child. He sheathed his sword and stood with one balled fist across his chest. I suddenly remembered him in, an archers dark leather armor... Similar to Elloveve. With the Sword and Crown we both wore.

KELDOR

You. I know you...

(walking) don't I?

LAMPREY

Lamprey... sir. 6th Archers. I served with you in the battle of the Cheerless Swamp.

KELDOR

Yes...

(smiles) Yes! Well met old friend.

SHOPKEEP

Uh...

SHOPKEEP (CONT'D)

(nursing a hurt wrist and a bit shamed) You are Keldor Ironfist? Th..Then you must be Elloveve Ha...Hawklight?

CROWD2

From the 6 winds?

(taken aback in realization) From Legend?! Oh... Oh my...

CROWD4

please... forgive us we only...

ELLOVEVE

You ONLY meant to take an opportunity to direct your own anger on this... hungry child? ...Who else would steal a loaf of bread if they were not simply hungry?

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve nodded in the direction of the girl. She was shaking slightly. Her eyes blazed with anger and determination. A familiar sight for me but from a long time ago.

ELLOVEVE

It shouldn't take me... a stranger to your city... and your culture... to protect... your own people.

NAR - KELDOR

the shopkeep nodded and brought his hands up... his face laden with guilt and surrendering to his obvious wrongdoing.

SHOPKEEP

I... I concur. This is an embarrassment. I... Sincerely apologize. Please. Please forgive me.

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve and the baker looked at each other directly. With a tense exhale she lowered her bow, and seeing the look of guilt spread across the crowd, nodded before walking to Lamprey. Clasping his forearm in a soldier's handshake. The crows feet in the corners of his eyes cracked with a wide smile. They glistened slightly.

LAMPREY

(on the verge of tears) Good to see you again Captain.

KELDOR

A blessing to see you as well old friend!

NAR - KELDOR

I noticed the angry mob had largely dissipated into the bustling streets leaving me with a very embarrassed shopkeep.

(beat) hmmm.. Here is 2 silver for the bread.

SHOPKEEP

Thank you... my apologies...

KELDOR

and 2 silver for you lassie. Get yourself another later.

GIRL

Oh thank you! Thank you so much... Keldor.

LAMPREY

Elloveve are you heading to the Duke?

ELLOVEVE

yes old friend, we are.

LAMPREY

I have news for him as well... mind if I join you?

ELLOVEVE

Not at all. Come tell me what's become of the company since I last saw you.

(Door Transition)

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

That truly is unfortunate. Most unfortunate.

NAR - KELDOR

The duke was from what I could tell taking the news about the destruction of the artifact as well as could be expected. The familiar dark wood walls of his meeting room were pleasant and rather cozy. The Maiden and knight carvings in the fireplace caught the light from the fire within. As night was falling a chill was becoming more prevalent in these stone halls. I could smell the sweet birch log burning slowly in the hearth. His hands cupped the bowl of the copper goblet in his hand gently as he searched his mind for options.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

hmm. Well no use grieving over that which we don't understand. What was it called again?

SOPHIE

The green heartstone.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

Yes... a green heartstone.

(beat) ...and does this mean anything to you, Elias?

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE

None. I can only hope our friends in the Ivory Library could tell us more but...

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

Eh, its no matter.

(beat) The more I think on it... it seems just better off being destroyed than in the hands of Lord Pallus. I know I wouldn't know how to use such a thing.

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE

You... You make an excellent point your grace. Not to mention the return of both Keldor Ironfist and Elloveve Hawklight of legend is an edge not foreseen as well.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

Undoubtedly so. Keldor and Elloveve, what do you know of the current state of your order?

NAR - KELDOR

We looked at each other briefly. Truth be told we had disappeared after Garnet Keep fell to the marauders and hadn't looked back.

KELDOR

We... believe...

ELLOVEVE

We have word from the Celestine Tower your grace.

KELDOR

(whispering) we do?

ELLOVEVE

(whispering) yes. Trust me
(Normal Volume) May we permit Lamprey Kandler to
(MORE)

ELLOVEVE (CONT'D)
enter this meeting.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON
Oh? The gentleman with the rest of your group in the parlor.

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE
Lamprey? The owner of the Toasted Frog?

DUKE OF ELLINGTON
Oh! I thought he looked familiar. Wonderful establishment.

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE
Absolutely, THE best mead your grace.

ELLOVEVE
Yes. The same.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON
Yes. If you so desire. Viktor, can you fetch Mr. Kandler?

VIKTOR
Right away your grace.

(footsteps)

NAR - KELDOR
The tall and strongly built guard walked heavily to the door to exit the room. I'll be honest. I hadn't paid much attention to the conversation between Lamprey and Elloveve on the way to the keep, but apparently they were catching up on more current events than I had thought. Ha, she was always a step ahead of me.

(footsteps)
Soon he returned with Lamprey marching alongside him with a stride indicating purpose.

VIKTOR
Your grace, may I introduce Lamprey Kandler sole-proprietor of the Toasted Frog.

LAMPREY
(quietly at Viktor) Thank you sir.

(normal volume) I am at your service truly noble one.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

(chuckle) Well met Mr Kandler. Elloveve told us you may have word of the order currently within the Celestine Tower? Is this an accurate assumption?

LAMPREY

Yes sir. I received word from an old compatriot and friend of mine that in recent weeks there was rumors of alot of Activity North-West of the Tower. Well when scouts were sent out they found the activity coming from the Obsidian Fortress.

KELDOR

What?! That's.. That's not possible, Its been abandoned for centuries... Guarded by...

ELLOVEVE

By the curse...

NAR - KELDOR

My heart sank as she looked at me. The Obsidian Fortress was a bastion supposedly cursed by the Knights of the Glen centuries ago to never allow anyone in until the order was restored or required. Powerful magic would be required to negate that curse. Not to mention my understanding was the people of Wolfling were not hospitable nor receptive to anyone living in that tower. Ever. If Pallus was setting up his base there and not in Enruk as we originally thought it would be very concerning.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

Yes... the curse...

(beat) Forgive me my memory not recalling specifics.

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE

Allow me your grace. The legend has it that when the order was losing members following the mutual separation of the forces from Bloodwood and Veridian; the order decided to put in place magical wards to protect the 5 bastions. Well the Obsidian Fortress being so close to the Wolfling barbarians and the Shattered Lands it was decided to use an old dark magic to seal it. And seal it as close to permanently as possible.

(pause realizing) Wait... Oh no...

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

What?

DUKE OF ELLINGTON (CONT'D)

(beat - fearing the answer) Elias... What did they use to seal it?

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE

Blood. The blood of the original 6 Armies from the war of the stone. Those that formed the alliance that made their order in the first place.

ELLOVEVE

He could have collected blood from Viridian and Bloodwood. He had conquered them at least partially by the time he attacked Port L'for.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

And If he's been setup in Trull for as long as I've heard tell, then he's had access to the blood of the Dwarves, elves and man of that region... as well... I would assume that could help complete this grim portfolio.

NAR - KELDOR

My hands were cold despite the fire now. my head throbbed with a deep worry as my brow furrowed. The people within the original armies were lost to time. But the legend stated it consisted of the Hammer and Axe armies of the dwarves, the Tree and Stream armies of the Elves and the Stag and Wolf armies of man.

KELDOR

The only organized army in these times that could oppose him is The Knights of the Glen... But the Celestine Tower is the last remaining outpost of my order last I heard.

LAMPREY

Thats true Sir. The knights slowly faded into antiquity, they did. Heh, Only us old salts that remain.

ELLOVEVE

Lamprey if the word you received is true, then the Celestine Tower would be his strategic next step.

ELIAS SILVERTONGUE

If it should fall then the free people of the world can expect no assistance from a inevitable doom.

KELDOR

hmmm..

KELDOR (CONT'D)

(beat) Your grace I will set out with my party in the morning. We will march to the Celestine Tower.

DUKE OF ELLINGTON

Sir Keldor, Yes. Please do go with haste. I can only hope this is a false alarm but we should plan for a storm... Godspeed my friend.

S3E3 - THE CELESTINE TOWER

(horses hooves and carts in mud people voices working to get things moved and blockades stood up.)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narration. Slow, flowing and poetic) 1523 First Snowfall. Squire Ayla Forsythe pikeman of the 4th infantry. This journal I hope to pass on to my father so he may see the deeds of his daughter and feel he sired something other than another plowman whose hands were raw from the lines of the ox under a yoke. This is far from that life, and rarely does something here remind me of it. But I do miss it. I miss our rolling fields of corn and the groves of tomatoes.

(laughing gently) Ha! The knight as my witness I even miss mucking out the stalls in the morning before the sun gets too warm. I miss the sun.

These days have been over cast in a milky white and grey haze both from the clouds far above and the large bonfires ablaze to rally around behind these cold high walls. They keep us warmth and keep light at night. A light that gives us a false sense of security, like the candle in my baby brother's room. Something to chase back nightmares and shadows so they may rest.

But the tower behind me does far more to scare away any shadow I could imagine. For anyone who has never seen it... it is truly a sight to behold.

When I first came within a days journey from it I could see it in the distance silhouetted against the setting sun. Almost menacing. After that evenings camp in the soft grasses by the side the central road I rose and began the morning ritual of preparing the coffee. The breeze was gentle as I prepared the coals from the evening with the small kettle. I was startled by the chirping cry of some small birds fluttering a bit close to our camp.

(Surprised sound followed by gasping in Awe)
I looked up and saw that tower in the dawn's golden light behind me. My breath was lost in the morning dew cast about on the tall grasses. The distant ivory color I imagined was glowing in amber and gold as if warmly in greeting, or welcoming us. As we traveled

closer the details became more clear.

The Central tower ascends 1200 feet into the sky, easily providing the assisted eye with the ability to see the whole valley I imagined from its flat top. The mere thought of standing upon that high, simple 20 ft wide platform... the feeling of soft wind at my back... made my head reel. Six relatively smaller towers stood alongside it about half that height surrounded by a 60 foot high wall encircling them for almost a half mile in any direction. Made of Creamy Limestone with Parapets, walkways and accents of a deep blue travertine.

As we ascended our cart up the hill to the large central gate I noticed the ground it rests on is majestic as well. Standing in the center of the flat glen valley is 20 miles square of hills with the Staghorn river that runs from them north to Tova, then into the south of Darkovnia where it enters the sea north of Bemil Bay.

The hills are covered in the soft velvet of thick grass common to the whole glen, covering them like a carpet. Though this time of year they were laid flat and browned from the time of the first frost a few weeks ago. When I first arrived here 6 months ago the soft emerald grass and sweet-tart smelling violet and white meadow-flowers were calming and delicate despite the sense of overwhelming power they lived by. Now they were laid below a shallow layer of snow.

A snow that in our camp churned up the cart ruts to a cold mud that clung to our clothes and smelled of dust and rot.

SILVIE

(grunting) Ugh... hmm.. Hey... Ayla?

AYLA FORSYTHE

(zoned out suprised) huh.. wha...

SILVIE

(exasperated) Put your book down and help me with this platform will you? (grunt)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(apologetic)Oh! yes. Yes of course Silvie.

(BOTH grunting to lift something very heavy over a stone in the way.)

SILVIE

(under strain of lifting heavy) That's it... Just a little more to me here...

(relief as it falls into place) Yes!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(relieved and panting) Whew! Is that the last of it?

SILVIE

(proud) Yes. This now will be the base of the war machine.

(smiling) they build it tomorrow.

(laughs) Not us this time! You just get to run it.

AYLA FORSYTHE

(laughs)

SILVIE

You will do great.

(sighs) Not the same as being up front like we trained for but... you just show them what we can do!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) I nodded at her as she turned to walk away. Silvie was my company's Captain and a great leader. The whole company respected her as if she were our mother, but she was more the older sister.

SILVIE

(off screen) Gustav! How are you?

(in jest) Too heavy? (laughs)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(Narration) I saw her greeting another brother in the company who was drinking from a waterskin, resting after setting up his barricade as well. Her powerful jaw was pulled back in her genuine smile we had come to expect and look forward to.

I looked back at my barricade. The 5 ft Wooden stakes were sharpened to points and arranged in a menacing spiral down the 8 ft length of it.

GUSTAV

(calling out) Ayla, looks good!

GUSTAV (CONT'D)
 (laughing while walking over) Hahaha! Ah... I think these positions are about as good as these are going to get.

AYLA FORSYTHE
 Gustav... Do you think this will stop them?

GUSTAV
 (thinking) hmmm.. In theory it should at least slow them down from reaching the gate I suppose.

AYLA FORSYTHE
 (narrating) I looked back at the main gate behind me. The massive twin doors were 40 ft high and 40 ft wide each. Made of Oak bound with heavy Iron Beams they swung outward though that was rare.

GUSTAV
 (pointing) Especially the pet doors. (laugh)

AYLA FORSYTHE
 (narrating) We all nick named the 12 foot square portcullis on the right door "the pet door" This was the gate we actually used to enter and exit the tower courtyard normally. The main gate to my knowledge was rarely used... in fact once I thought more on it... I had NEVER seen it open.

SFX DOOR TRANSITION

(sounds of the dinner hall inside the gates.)

SKOTMIR
 Mmm... now THAT smells pretty good to me. Lets hurry up.

VIX
 (to keldor) Do you honestly think we will be welcomed as some... "great help?"

(looks around as they walk) ...seems to me they have everything under control.

SOPHIE
 Anyone can need help, Vix. (introspectively as she walks) ...Many times those that appear to not need it... are those that actually need it the most.

ELLOVEVE
 (smiling) well said Sophie.

CORDELIA

wow... this place is beautiful.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia ran her hand along the smooth limestone in the hallway as she walked. Pulling her hand away briefly to not disturb the thread bare old banner. The crown and sword were embroidered with a thin gold thread against the deep blue heart of the emblem. A blue that though had faded slightly in places was obviously cared for by the resident Knights.

VIX

The flow of magic here is strong... (grinning) raw. Almost primal isn't it?

CORDELIA

Is that the...

VIX

...dragon magic? (sniff) Absolutely. Ancient and powerful... but untamed.

NAR - KELDOR

Vix took a moment to let it course through him. In almost 100 years he hadn't felt this intensity of the ancient flow of magic hidden within the walls. He was well accustomed to the chaos of wild magic, in fact its what gave him his nickname. Vix the Chaotic.

VIX

Its perfect in its power. To be sure... it echoes with the power of creation itself. (snapping back from a trance) er... ahem..Cordelia.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia raised a single thin black eye brow.

CORDELIA

Indeed.

NAR - KELDOR

we entered the central dining hall for the west section of the tower... located on the second floor. The first floor was divided into quadrants, consisting of 4 Armories and supply storage. The vast dining hall was originally built to cater to 4000 individuals in 3 rolling shifts. Upon entry we could see this was a poor expectation to have...

ZORIN

Um... is this all that remains of the Knights posted here? Skotmir would your people answer the call if we were to reach them?

SKOTMIR

If we had a month to reach the Garnet Mountains and another to come back... Maybe.

NAR - KELDOR

I saw the look on Skotmir's face. This troubled him... but I knew it wasn't the journey. He held his ghosts of war in the past as well.

SKOTMIR

I... I could try but doubt I'd be able to...

KELDOR

(interrupting) Unfortunately...

(beat) We don't have time.

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir looked at me with a thankful smile on his face. Thankful for my interruption I hoped. His ghosts would have to continue to wait to find peace I supposed.

LORD ALVAR

Hail Keldor! (laughs as he clasps hands in greeting)

KELDOR

(chuckles) Hail Lord Alvar!

NAR - KELDOR

Lord Alvar formerly was our instructor within these very walls almost 3 decades ago. Many memories of that time flooded over me. I could see the 6 of us sitting in this very dining hall by the door. I bet if I looked hard enough at that table's grain it would tell our stories better than any book. Or possibly the wooden swords in the squire's training area. I couldn't help but smile at belonging somewhere again.

ELLOVEVE

(Pleasant) Hail Lord Alvar!

LORD ALVAR

Elloveve! You look the same as when I last saw you. (Chuckles as they shake hands) Pity.

LORD ALVAR (CONT'D)
(beat) I seem to have misplaced my supposed elven heritage many years ago.

ELLOVEVE
Well you still look as strong as ever.

LORD ALVAR
Ha! You speak such wonderful lies my dear.

(suddenly serious) Elloveve if you would... please, bring your friends and follow me. We need to talk.

NAR - KELDOR
We walked through the seating area past the familiar long wooden tables, the reddish tones of the wood oiled and polished though they shared their own darkened battle scars as well from years of use. They faithfully served those stationed here as a place to rest for a moment, converse and take in a meal. The smells from the hall resonated citrus, steamed rice and smoked trout. arriving at the far end of the room we came to the second entrance to the great warroom of the Celestine Tower.

LORD ALVAR
(motioning into the room) Now I realize you're probably wanting a bit of refreshment following your journey let me ask one of our folks coming in to assist.

(calling out the doorway)
You there! Private!

AYLA FORSYTHE
Hail Lord Alvar.

(beat) How may I assist you?

LORD ALVAR
Can you request a spread for 10 from the galley?
(pause thinking) Hmm...

NAR - KELDOR
He saw skotmir's face.

LORD ALVAR
Better make it 11.

AYLA FORSYTHE
Absolutely, consider it done.

LORD ALVAR
thank you...

(pause questioning) A...

AYLA FORSYTHE
(slight polite chuckle) Ayla sir. Ayla Forsythe.

LORD ALVAR
(chuckles) Of course. Forgive my memory. Thank you
Ayla.
(door shut)

KELDOR
Well (chuckle) you are still sharp as ever

LORD ALVAR
(chuckle) Ha! usually I got that treatment from
Erebus.

(beat) How is he?

NAR - KELDOR
The mention of our old friend stung more than I
thought it would. Especially the genuine smile on
Alvar's face. He didn't know.

ELLOVEVE
he's gone... Alvar.

(sigh) as are Lorahana, Elona and...

LORD ALVAR
(sigh) Ah... Yes I... heard about Lucilius... I
assumed and hoped... though.

ELLOVEVE
They... Are their children.

LORD ALVAR
(slightly happier) By the Knightlord's hand.
(beat) I can spot the look of Lorahana with you
child. Am I correct?

CORDELIA
She was my mother sir.

LORD ALVAR
And you seem to carry a similar... sacred fire about
you as well! (chuckles)

NAR - KELDOR

Lord Alvar was the keenest at spotting people's strengths. His grey eyes were never the best at seeing the physical world and now I could see the pupils hazy with the fog of age. His proud beard looked coarser and wiry. The former blonde casting a slight gold at the corners of his mouth and his head was now greatly thinning on top. The long hair pulled back from the temples and sides in proud warriors braids still. He was once tall now the weight of the world had pressed our old mentor down slightly. Though... I could tell none of this... had dampened his valor and spirit. He met the rest of the group in turn and only at the end did he take pause.

LORD ALVAR

(analyzing) Hmmm... You are...(slight gasp) Heh! Well. You obviously carry the blood of Lucilius... but your eyes. Those eyes are none other than Elona the Fair... To be sure!

BENEDICT

(bows) My lord I wish to serve you and this order as my parents before me.

LORD ALVAR

(turns to Keldor) Your take on this potential squire Keldor? Or of course you Elloveve?

ELLOVEVE

He is a valiant warrior. Young... but righteous.

KELDOR

I echo Elloveves... Assessment. Benedict's service I believe can benefit the order and his goals are noble. I.. I wish to assist him in reclaiming his name and rightful place at Garnet Keep.

LORD ALVAR

Yes. (beat in introspect) So it shall be.

(snapping back to purpose) Lamprey... I see you received our message. And thank you for bringing everyone here. As you can see our situation is grave and all of you are needed... I fear.

NAR - KELDOR

Alvar looked worn down. More so than years could state. Suddenly the familiar smell of salty chicken steamed with local spices and root vegetables entered the room before the soldiers accompanying them did.

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

We turned to find 3 young knights and their Captain bringing in 4 large serving bowls of the steaming stewed chicken with 4 large loaves of fresh bread. Memory flooded over me. I... Remembered Erebus laughing at the table with Lucilius over some joke. Elona easily laughing alongside them. Lora was a bit quieter... like myself but we still needed and enjoyed their company. This was the day Elloveve first joined our unit as scout archer. I looked at her now and she smiled knowingly.

LORD ALVAR

Ah! here it is. Familiar to some of you I'm sure.

(proudly teasing) hasn't changed.

LAMPREY

and just as welcome sir.

GUSTAV

welcome back friends.

NAR - KELDOR

The powerful young man bowed as did the other 3 of his group. Early 20's I gathered. Even the Captain wasn't much older than Benedict.

VIX

Thank you. For your hospitality.

NAR - KELDOR

I recognized the embroidered ball crowned in flames that graced their tunic's left breast. I turned to the Captain

KELDOR

Trebuchet. Correct?

SILVIE

Yessir. Newly formed.

ELLOVEVE

What unit were you with before?

SILVIE

We were part of the 8th Infantry.

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve nodded in acknowledgement.

KELDOR

Well my brothers and sisters... May the Knight and Maiden guide your hand on the battlefield.

SILVIE

Thank you sir.

NAR - KELDOR

They turned and left the room. When I heard the door shut I turned to Alvar, this time with more urgency to help my old friend expedite to the point.

KELDOR

Trebuchet Alvar?...

(sigh) then tell me... when do you expect their siege?

DOOR TRANSITION

carts in mud at a camp. Orc grunts and human laughter. Cruel. A orc is jogging out of the crowd into a tent.

ROGMESH

(panting) M... Move!

(3 heavy breaths stop jogging and catch breath through next line)

RASSLER

(hissing unnaturally) Hooooold... Staaate your Naaame and Puurrpossse...

ROGMESH

(panting) Rog.. Rogmesh Tuskborn with...

(pant) a message for Mistress Dabria...

NAR - KELDOR

The camp was ankle deep in thick mud churned up from the invaders activity. Heavy carts laden with crude swords, lances and shields passed between the various tents and campfires. The air was cold and the breath froze for a moment in slow fog when leaving their mouths. The scents were faint of the dirt and wet ground with occasional foul and rancid overtones. The units all had setup their own base of operations. The Infantry were primarily orc and human units. There were also several Blue dragons at the far end of the camp leading with their riders and an undead legion.

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

It was here that Rogmesh found themselves standing. A deep silence became apparent. Rogmesh for once could feel a chill race up their back as reality set in. The soldiers here didn't move. They had no need to. They were already dead, including the guard as Rassler before him.

RASSLER

(hissing) enter...

NAR - KELDOR

Rassler pulled the curtain back revealing a room with 2 figures standing around a table discussing quietly. One was cloaked the shadows of dark hooded robes, A vibrant spear in one hand. The faint jawline was all that was visible. They were talking to a young woman who was leaning over the map on the coarse wooden table. A finger place marking the discussion from an anticipated interruption. Her canary blonde hair was cut short to the scalp framing her taugt skin around the high cheekbones. Thin lips were emotionless as her gold eyes looked up at her new... Guest.

DABRIA

Yes? What brings you here... swordsman?

ROGMESH

(gulping in fear) Umm... a letter. a letter from our spies on the front lines... Mistress Dabria.

DABRIA

Excellent. Put it here.

NAR - KELDOR

She motioned with her other dark gloved hand to the table. As he placed the envelope on the table with the black wax seal facing up, he paused. Rogmesh noticed her dark black armor was fitted with a skull at the center. This was just below a single goats horn that swung from a length of cord around her neck. The armor hugged closely to her torso with short blue-black pauldrons at the shoulders, accented with small wisps of smoke that seeped from it disappearing in the air only an inch or 2 above... She bored her eyes into him without. Saying. A word...

UNA

(condescendingly) Are you still here? Or is there something else my little carrier pigeon?

ROGMESH

(hastily)N..No mistress Una I meant no disrespect
I...

DABRIA

(hissing) but yet you give it... Leave us... NOW!

ROGMESH

(panicing flight out of the tent) Oh! Y..Yes! Forgive
me!

(SFX dashing out of the tent and fade to
room quiet.)

DABRIA

Well what DO they have to say in this letter my Dark
Sister?

UNA

Let us find out, shall we?

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria ran a sharp fingernail along the wax seal
shaped with a stylized D. A common symbol used by
some merchants to mark their documents when they were
too cheap to have their own seal made. The corner of
her lips pulled back, cruelly.

DABRIA

Well it seems his heir is now in the Tower itself.

UNA

Excellent news, my Dark Sister. Our assault in the
morning should prove... most interesting.

SFX DOOR TRANSITION

S3E4 - THE DARK ARMY

(SFX Battlefield in the distance, breeze
some raven calls)

MORREN

(Slightly out of breath) ...Aha... The ravens feast
early this day... (grunt as she walks)

BRYCE

(panting slightly out of breath)Yes Captain... quite
so... hmm... (thinking)

MORREN

(panting) Benedict...

NAR - KELDOR

Her gauntlet-ed hand rested on his armored shoulder a
moment. He didn't stir. Or react she noted. He simply
stared at the ground leaning on the battle worn two-
handed greatsword his armored chest heaving for a
moment while he was catching his breath.

BENEDICT

(panting and talking to himself) 3...

(pant, lip smack) 3... oh wait... 4... we've lost 4.

NAR - KELDOR

A slight breeze carried the smell of iron and blood
across the icy cold air of the field. He could see
other units and skirmishes still battling, the
closest 100 yards away. They were in a position far
to the south of the attack's center... primarily
fending off or intercepting small units of Orc and
man that were attempting to flank the order's outward
defense on the battlefield. He noted the sun's
position still low in the eastern sky hidden slightly
behind the tower behind him. It felt like it had been
hours... but it was merely the beginning.

(SFX Horn blast and distant roar of crowd)
He looked back to his Captain as the roar came from
the invaders to the west. Her pale green eyes shone
behind the visor of her steel helm. He saw the ends
of dark ash colored locks from her temples falling
from behind its edges. These were braided and kept
shorter than the shoulder. This was a common length
for Infantry and Cavalry he had noticed. Though many
wore their hair in different styles befitting their
own personalities. They wore the same plate armor
though emblazoned with the Sword and Crown emblem it
was left to personal taste or preference on whether
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
or not they would don a helm.

BRYCE
(shouting) Ridley can you see their vanguard still?

RIDLEY
(shouting) Nay! They seem to be all gone. This is
fresh for us sir! How bout you Mallius? hahaha!

(teasing) What do your pretty elf eyes see.

MALLIUS
Hahaha! Same as you!

NAR - KELDOR
As the Dwarf Knight Ridley confirmed with her
Shieldbrother, Captain Morren didn't take her seafoam
eyes off the newest member of the 5th infantry. She
needed to make sure he was as ready as he could be
for what may come. The battlefield holds no mercy
after all.

MORREN
(Calmly)come... Another wave Benedict.

(smiling) hmm.. Another dance.

NAR - KELDOR
Benedict nodded and as he saw the approaching horde
of wild faced enemies he drew up his sword to meet
them.

MORREN
(smiling) Shall we then?

BENEDICT
(battle cry)

MORREN
(battle cry)

RIDLEY
(battle cry)

BRYCE
(battle cry)

MALLIUS
(battle cry)

DOOR TRANSITION

(SFX inside the tower walking, heavy reverb, silent to the battle raging outside.)

CORDELIA

Vix, is that a library over there?

VIX

(peering) Ah... Yes. Yes it is. I shall see what it may hold. May give us a clue.

CORDELIA

Please do, we need ANY clues at this point.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia looked around the massive central hall they stood in. This was the 10th floor and was a massive mezzanine styled area. It was also unused.

(CORDELIA sigh as she looks around. Then a sound of CORDELIA realizing)

Cordelia found herself remembering seeing the army with Lord Alvar only a few hours ago.

(distant armies shouting, wind)

LORD ALVAR

I never thought I'd see such a sight... An army daring to advance on the Celestine Tower. (heavy sigh)

NAR - KELDOR

They stood on the massive wall overlooking the battlefield. Legions lined up on the vast creamy white plain, Tufts of browning grass poking up out of the snow at intervals casting a dirty hue to ground. The small armies at this distance seeming less real and more like a game for a sinister child. The sun cast the towers shadow in a long hand across this field of battle stretching a few miles, landing finally on the faint encampment in the distance. The invaders encampment.

CORDELIA

Its...

(in terror) aw...

SOPHIE

(interrupting) Horrifying.

LORD ALVAR

Yes.

LORD ALVAR (CONT'D)
(beat) And our forces are... bare as you can see. I fear some not as ready as others...

(sigh) Too young. The local farmers have offered up arms to assist but I've decided only as a last resort. Do...

NAR - KELDOR
Lord Alvar looked at Cordelia. His grey eyes and kind face still proud, but unable to hide a glimmer of hope behind them.

LORD ALVAR
Do you believe the portal still exists?

CORDELIA
It sounds like much of the tower is a mystery even to you My Lord. From what I know the 5 towers are connected with a portal that can be used to pass between them.

VIX
I concur with Cordelia as I have heard the same thing. That in times of old it was used to assist in help... or message as well as moving people and resources.

(heavy sigh) Although, it may be rendered unusable. I cannot guarantee it still works.

LORD ALVAR
We... haven't ascended past the 10th floor for centuries.

(beat) There's been no need to.

(Sigh) then there became superstitions and legends that kept any secrets it held safe. I know not if they are true, but there may be guardians that I don't know about. hmm...

(stating the obvious) Who knows what ghosts roam those halls above?

CORDELIA
If we can find the portal we could bring the Librarians here to assist before all is lost.

LORD ALVAR
Agreed. And that is the hope we must rely on.

LORD ALVAR (CONT'D)
(deep breath) Hurry, my friends, and may the Knight
and Maiden guide you.
(SFX back to central hallway)

ZORIN
You sure they said they came to this floor? It looks
like its been empty for a long time. I mean between
the dust...

(beat) and the...

(grunt as he walks then gasp of wonderment) Wow...
look at that.

CORDELIA
(gasp of wonder)

SOPHIE
(gasp of wonder)

VIX
(gasp of wonder)

NAR - KELDOR
The sun had raised in the sky far enough to cast
itself through the large ancient stained glass panels
in the central hall. 6 panels stood each a different
set of multicolored glass depicting a figure
surrounded by several smaller scenes. The reds blues
and greens danced across the 50 ft walls the image
diffused but no less beautiful. They noticed this
chamber branched into 6 directions, no doubt spanning
into the other 6 smaller towers.

SOPHIE
(sees something of wonder) You go ahead. I'll...
(beat) I'll be right there.

NAR - KELDOR
As they all left the room to inspect the path to
another tower, Sophie stared up at the images. One
figure in particular carried a staff and long black
robe. Behind which the face was the grim visage of an
ivory skull holding a staff in one skeletal hand and
a single coin in the other.

TRANSITION

(SCENE - Team loading the trebuchets and
launching them. Yells and cheers.)

GUSTAV

(yelling from afar) Yeah! Good shot! HAHAHA!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(yelling from camera) you too my friend! (grunt)

SILVIE

Load them up! Lets show them what we knights can throw back at them! For honor!

(SFX - Cheers echo from the other 3 trebuchet teams as they grunt and begin hauling)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narration) I turned back to the rope attached to the long arm of the trebuchet and took a cursory glance to make sure I didn't see any tearing.

(calling) return to loading!

(narration) I joined my team as we turned the multiple wooden spokes of the war machine winding the 30 ft arm down and lifting the several tons of counterweight off the ground simultaneously. Based off our last shot we would keep everything the same as much as possible. I could smell the burning bonfire behind us and it helped ensure we couldn't smell the horrible smells of battle ...though at the time the heat was more welcome.

(roar of battle far off)

GUSTAV

Captain! (beat) Cavalry fifteen degrees west... nine hundred yards and approaching.

SILVIE

(announcing proud to the team) Well hurry up and prepare to welcome them!

(Group laughter and cheers)

I don't mind late comers to my party... do you?!

GUSTAV

No!

AYLA FORSYTHE

No!

ALL

No!

SILVIE

And we still have gifts for our new friends?!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) Silvie knew. She knew as she looked across the battlefield at the charging cavalry a mix of human and orc mercenaries no doubt serving this... Lord... Pallus. Their dark armor was cruelly cut to angles at the shoulders, horns curved wickedly in different directions and their eyes... Their eyes flared with an intense bloodlust as they drove towards the front ranks of our infantry. Those brave souls set out to anticipate and intercept our enemy. Silvie... just knew... from the still and tense air behind her we were ready.

ALL

Yes!

SILVIE

Then may the knight guide your hands... (shouting)
FIRE!

(SFX - Trebuchet launching and whistling through the air. crashing, screaming)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) Cheers erupted from our ranks once again as the 200 pound stones cut through their advancing ranks. Despite having our duties changed at the last minute it felt as if this truly was our calling on this glorious day. Our barrage continued as the sun drew low in the sky... until the last of the advance pulled back at the end of the day to return to their camp on the other side of the distant hill... and we pulled back opposite them to the south west of the tower. It was then that something happened I will never forget.

(SFX shouting and riding up from the front line)

ARSINIA

(Panting) Make way! Medic! Help them please...

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) a rider rode back from the front line after retrieving a body presumed dead. But I saw the blood matted blonde head loll to one side displaying behind the grim look of a very much alive knight. And more so I... I knew him.

GUSTAV

(concerned) Ho there Arsinia! Is that...

AYLA FORSYTHE

(shocked outcry) Mallius!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) Arsinia slid to the side of her bay colored horse to dismount. Gripping the cracked leather reins in her left hand she placed a calm hand across our friends badly hurt head taking care not to touch any of the wounds hidden in the mass of hair and blood. The pointed tips of his graceful elven ears helping to identify him to us even when he were so unrecognizable... The iron and mineral smell of the horses sweat and the blood was the first real smells of warfare we had all day. Gustav and I realized this as we looked at each other shocked... (beat) as if just then it dawned on us this battle was in fact very... real.

MALLIUS

(weak groaning) Uuugh... uh...

(breathing) Ay..Ayla? I can't... see you my friend... Is it you?

AYLA FORSYTHE

(concerned) Yes I'm here... Mallius... Please.. stay with me.

MALLIUS

(weak chuckle) Heh heh heh! ...It would take more than that lot to take me out my friend.

AYLA FORSYTHE

(Narrating) His bloody smile told me this was true and my heart settled a little. His head again rolled as if owned by a child's rag doll to a side... He was looking up from the back of that horse... as we pulled him to the ground. If Mallius was a human like myself I'd say we were about the same age... around a quarter century. His elven bloodline was ancient in the land of Trull. More specifically his family were nobles within the Silver Maple woods at the northern border. His tanned skin wore a proud badge of those sunlit groves of the sweet purple apples native there that held tart apricot notes within the crunchy fruit itself. His golden hazel eyes, though filled with pain showed much life still to be had.

(chuckle)(narrating) I had no choice but to smile in relief at both my fearless friends condition... and his attitude towards it.

CLERIC

(clears throat politely) Excuse me Sergeant Forsythe.
(MORE)

CLERIC (CONT'D)

I must tend to his wounds now.

AYLA FORSYTHE

(surprised) Yes... Yes of course.

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narration) Hearing my formal title was to be honest a bit jarring as here we didn't refer to them directly. Our positions and roles at the great War Machines that towered before us spoke to them enough. Everyone loaded the machine, but only we Sergeants pulled the release. And only then... after the Captain called for it...

We bandaged up Mallius and made our way back into the great wall that surrounded the Celestine Tower. And this time those great Doors... were open.

(The sounds of walking around the parapet.)

NAR - KELDOR

A few hours had passed since our forces had returned to the keep to refresh themselves from the battle. eight hundred and twenty five... Eight hundred and twenty five young soldiers was what we had. There were a handful of veterans such as myself fighting alongside these brave young people but the... odds were staggering. The more we repelled the more we felt them double in size... Like a great hydra. Benedict had enlisted much to my delight though I wasn't surprised... It was at the end of the day I saw him helping tend to the wounded with hopes and prayers. I felt something in them though, not just the rhetoric of faith... simply recited from the practiced tongue but there was... actual power in his words. A calming power. I noted how the knightlord must be truly guiding him as I saw him kneel next to a Dwarf whose arm was battered and bloodied. I saw the dark raven hair of his father on his bowed head. There was no doubt this was Lucilius's son, the heir of Garnet Keep.

KELDOR

(greeting) Evening, how goes the watch?

DARIA

(jumpy, slight nervousness) ..G.. good... Knight Captain.

NAR - KELDOR

Her nerves were tight from tension of the day. I could feel the coiled spring of readiness tempered

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
with panic...

KELDOR
Excellent... I... hope you don't mind if I join you
here.

(chuckle) I'll have a hard time sleeping this night.

DARIA
(chuckle) Sure. Be my guest...

(chuckle and loosening up) Though I don't have much
to offer in the way of refreshment or...

KELDOR
(joking)well then! I would have to leave this
embarrassment to my station.
(they both laugh)

DARIA
(laughing then a beat as they notice his tunic)
Hahaha!...

(sigh) Excuse me Knight Captain.

KELDOR
(correcting gently) Keldor. Please, call me just
Keldor. And your name is...

NAR - KELDOR
She looked at me with a different look then. The hard
gaze seemed to soften in her deep brown eyes and the
rich mahogany of her cheek shone a tint of scarlet
where it met the gleaming helm of her polished silver
armor. A long plume of midnight blue dyed horsehair
poured out in the gentle breeze gracing her
pauldrons.

DARIA
I am Daria.

(beat as she recognizes the name) Kel... Keldor. Your
tunic's emblem is red...

NAR - KELDOR
I considered the old worn tunic over my armor, now
restored somewhat to its original glory. Originally
white as was hers it was now more cream with the
holes of wear about. The crown and sword at my chest
along with 2 wide bars at the base denoting my rank
were in fact originally red. Now they faded to a
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
paled crimson, the colors lost to time as with what they symbolized to me in those... Lost years. Her emblems, as were the rest of the knights here... were blue.

DARIA
(beat) G..Garnet Keep?

(slightly confused) but I thought the Keep was...

CALEB
(interrupting) Lost?

(chuckle and cocky) heh, as did I Watchmaster... As did I.

KELDOR
(polite) Caleb. How are y...

CALEB
(angrily) Oh stop with the pleasantries, Keldor.
(beat) Heh, we both know there is no time for that... Especially from you... Deserter.

DARIA
(strongly) I... I beg your forgiveness Knight Captain he's... he's no deserter.

CALEB
(mock surprise) Oh? hmm... did you not know the story of the brave Sir Keldor?

KELDOR
(softly) Please, Caleb I...

CALEB
(furious) Please?! You ask me to forgive you for abandoning your post? For abandoning your so called friends?

(draws closer hissing) You... You LET my sister die in that fire... Didn't you?

NAR - KELDOR
His words struck home like a lance draped in a holy flame. I felt the white hot lava of guilt pour over my heart remembering his sister Elona, bravely diving into the flames of the burning building to defend her family. His Auburn hair was still cut close to the head as he always preferred... His Ice Blue eyes
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
peering through the dark rimmed slits he allowed them now like a predator preparing to strike... His hot breath held remnant smells of a hasty meal.

CALEB
(shouting) Answer me!

(beat)(shouting) Didn't you?!

LAMPREY
(shouting) Caleb!

(huffing as he walks swiftly) Caleb!

(beat) You are no judge!

(beat) YOU have no idea... WE have no idea what he's been through.

NAR - KELDOR
Lamprey walked swiftly between us. His blue eyes strong and locked on Caleb. His black tunic whipped against the leather armor he wore underneath. A streak of mud cut across the tunic's 4 fading red bars at the base denoting a Sergeant Major of Garnet Keep. Caleb's white tunic depicted 2 blue bars indicating a Knight Captain, like myself but based out of the Celestine Tower. Lamprey's left eye was bloodshot from the grit of the day in the trenches with the pikemen... repelling infantry and cavalry alike from a centralized attack.

LAMPREY
Now... is not the time to relive... that which we cannot change.

CALEB
(turning still a bit angry) My quarrel isn't with you Lamprey.

LAMPREY
(coldly) It is now...

NAR - KELDOR
Caleb froze for a minute assessing the situation. The wind on the parapet gently blew by as I could feel the tension in the air approach a zenith. My hand unclenched leaving deep indentations in its palm I was unaware of until now. I now smelled birch and pine in the bonfires out at the perimeter 50 feet
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

below blazing, the arms of the several trebuchet lined up just at the edge of the firelight 50 yards from the wall. The moonlight aided in a blue-white glow that reflected from the walls of the magnificent tower behind us... hmm, one thing to note for some such as myself, When tension rises I've found you become more aware of your surroundings... in many ways more alive. I suppose that is why some of my shield brothers and sisters grew to love battle.
(shouting from below)

DARIA

(sigh) There is no time for any of this! Now calm yourselves!

(turning to shout over the wall) Ho there! state your name and business!

NAR - KELDOR

Watchmaster Daria moved quickly to the edge of the wall peering down 60 feet to the muddy ground below. Standing there was a single figure at the edge of the torchlight. Teal warpaint surrounded his eyes and pulled down his alabaster face into twin points like assassin's daggers. His red copper hair was straight and hung to the shoulder. It was pulled back revealing the pointed ears of the elves. He wore the midnight tunic emblazoned with what appeared to be a smeared dark blue teardrop. But inverted as if flowing upwards. I looked at Lamprey whose furrowed brow and eyes confirmed he had never seen it before either. His lips curled cruelly back.

LOUKAS

(shouting mockingly) I... am Loukas! ...and I carry a proposal of great importance to one of your own.

NAR - KELDOR

The creak of the small gate opened as two heavily armoured sentries walked out to hear the visitor's proposal. They looked at each other a bit shocked to find one of the generally goodnatured sons of the forest staring at them with a crazed look on his face. The mysterious teardrop shape now revealed a grim skull looking as if it were melting down the front of the tunic in a deathly blue green.

SENTRY 1

(hissing) Speak your words. Speak them and be gone.

LOUKAS

(condescending and mocking) My only wish is to speak with my brother's son... Is that so much to ask for?

(chuckle) Tell my dear Mallius to meet me in the center of the battlefield at dawn before OUR first sorties. The fate of... the Silver Maple Woods rides on it. He will know what I mean.

(long cruel laughter as he gallops off)

S3E5 - TO ABSENT FRIENDS

(Sounds from the dining hall. The party is eating and catching up from the day.)

NAR - KELDOR

The dining hall was surprisingly quiet that evening. The members of the order sat on their oaken benches largely in silence. The pasty thin broth of their meal a reminder of the siege. This taste would likely never change for as long as they were trapped inside the halls of the great tower. For some they felt it could be their last altogether the wear of battle driving spirits downward. One Squire sits with his company staring at the last bite of the provided food balanced in his spoon... carved from a single golden horn.

BENEDICT

(last bite of food) Oh...

(beat)Well Morren I hope you have a good evening

MORREN

(thinking) Yes. You as well Benedict. Rest well.

BRYCE

Hey... Benedict?

BENEDICT

Yes Sir. I.. I mean Bryce.

BRYCE

(chuckle) You fought well today kid.

NAR - KELDOR

Bryce smiled. the blue crown and sword on his black tunic was darkened in spots as was his attitude prior at the table. But now at least for a moment the brooding Corporal relaxed the tension in his face and eyes. Ridley the dwarf looked up as well at Bryce. Seeing him smile caused a big grin on her face.

BRYCE

Real well.

RIDLEY

(a bit of happyness) You were great! See you in the morning...

(excited) and we'll send more of them back to the shadows from where they came!

BENEDICT

(chuckle) Sounds good Ripley and... thank you Bryce.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict made his way out and into the quiet hall of the tower. The tower was separated into sections much like the cross section of an orange. Each of the 6 smaller towers flanked the central tower while adjacent to each other, and were in their own right impressive. The central tower may be a staggering 1200 feet high but the side towers were still 400 feet if he were to guess at them being a third of the height from a distance. He looked to his right... The curving high walls were covered in faded and worn tapestries. The once vibrant colors over time had faded to their pale pastel counterparts in the stale air that reverberated down the halls.. He imagined the pale periwinkle was once a strong blue as seen on the newer tunics of the soldiers stationed here and the mint green a bold turquoise or even deep jade.

BENEDICT

(to himself)Woah... This is the war of the stone. Wh.. Where it all began.

NAR - KELDOR

He stopped in front of a tapestry depicting a battle around a huge towering monolith shaped eerily like an anvil. Though black there were numerous colored threads woven inside to show multiple colors shimmering on the surface. It was impossible to tell how large it was but in the embroidery it certainly felt like a small mountain. The foreground was filled with banners he didn't recognize. Axes, wolves, trees, elk, hammers all were in battle against the standards of a raven or an eagle. He wasn't sure. Erebus hadn't shared much of this time in history, just the legends. Which honestly were probably more fun and entertaining to a 10 year old.

He was aware this ancient order had existed since the war of the stone, and this Tower was built in the years following it. But that was over 1500 years ago. These banners came from the time before that.

An opening in the long wall became visible as the hall curved gently towards it revealing the central sanctuary. He smiled thinking back on the events a few hours ago.

(Sounds of the chamber and reverence.)

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR

The sanctuary was filled with white tunics of the Knights and the Black tunics of the soldiers. The blue crown and sword rippling across every chest like gentle waves as they sat watching the procession. Benedict knelt head bowed at the front of the room with 5 others dressed in only a simple white robe. They didn't waver. Steadily balanced and calm before the large crowd. a crowd that had seen this ceremony and been a part of it themselves at some point in their career.

CALEB

(Announcing proudly) Members of the Order. You... You have witnessed their actions this day and wish to welcome these... Initiates to our ranks as Squires.

(beat) Lord Alvar, Knight Commander of the Celestine Tower it is my honor to bring them to you.

(beat) May the Stone... now guide your judgement, milord.

NAR - KELDOR

Lord Alvar stepped forward. His wiry beard seemed more full and strength seemed to return to his grey eyes. He wore no ceremonial outfit but the same white tunic he was accustomed to wearing. Complete with 4 blue bars at the bottom.

LORD ALVAR

(a presenting and rehearsed speech) Initiates, you proved valor this day on the field. When in battle... only YOUR heart will know if your... intentions were honorable. In our tenets there are guiding words... Words we use to guide our tongues as well as our sword... Our actions are still our own... but now they will also carry with them... the collective will of the knighthood.

(beat) In all your days, give not into anger or seek revenge... Always show kindness and generosity... Forgive... Forgive the unforgivable... Keep your word in all things... And always... Always defend those who can't defend themselves.

NAR - KELDOR

He stepped forward and drew his longsword. The brass pommel and cross guard polished to a high sheen. The well used blade had been carefully ground to remove the deeper nicks and blemishes but many remained to

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

tell their story. A story many watching knew from their own sparring with the old veteran.

BENEDICT

(sigh)

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict took a last look in the wide room. He could still smell the rich incense and sage from the braziers and feel the cheers as they welcomed him to their ranks. Keldor and Elloveve had proudly embraced him following the ceremony and his units Commander Morren with Bryce and Ridley led the rest of their group in a rousing Huzzah. This WAS what he always dreamed of.

He came to the stairway that ascended to the next floor above leading to the barracks. The Barracks were placed in each tower though only 2 of them were being used at this time. The stone steps were kept clean as the cavalry could wear their smooth sabatons that could act more like skis on these stairs with one wrong step. He climbed the 20 feet to the next level. the hall branched to several rooms each containing 20 cots covered in tufts of straw bedding and topped with a tanned large animal fur. It was suprisingly comfortable and a step up from the hard ground of the road or the turn in the wagon. He sat on the edge of the bed for a moment before pulling his boots off. There was only one thing missing from today.

BENEDICT

(sigh and quiet prayer) Knightlord, please watch over my friends tonight. Though we are separated I feel we are all still together. May the maiden guide those in the Tower seeking its secrets that may help us. And please help brave Skotmir in organizing the volunteer militia tomorrow. I know I shouldn't doubt him (beat) Help him to see that too.

NAR - KELDOR

He couldn't help but smile thinking of his awkward but caring friend. He was rough but if he just believes in himself, he knew he could do great things. Then laying down on the bed his eyes drifted off to sleep.

SFX DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Dawn came too soon for most especially those in the 5th Infantry. Captain Morren looked at her company once they reached their point at the front of the line behind a long row of entrenched pikeman. The long black tunics donned the majority of her soldiers. Elves, humans, dwarves and an orc or two had served by her side. Northern Darkovnia, Bellz and parts of southern Trull represented in the ranks. Blue crown and sword emblems across the chest of all including the 4 veteran knights who wore white tunics. Like herself. But she was Captain. or how she liked to think of it, they allowed her to be captain. They let her wear the twin blue stripes on a white field. It was her honor to head them.

(Morren sighs and sniffs looking out across the distance.)

They were down a few soldiers from the prior day one was the corporal Mallius she knew was recovering from a serious headwound. The elf was struck next to her by a greatclub, the wicked knot digging deep before sending him reeling by the leering man in dark armor.

(Mallius grunt and cry as he's hit followed by terrible laughter. Morren yells as she strikes him down Dark Man death cry.)

Though she had dispatched him the wound was grievous. standing over his body to guard it she looked around as the skirmish cooled.

MORREN

(panting from fatigue) hold on Mallius... (concerned)
You hear me? ...There is NO dying in the 5th!

MALLIUS

(groan) uuuugh...

MORREN

(firmly) come on Mallius stick with me! say it.

MALLIUS

nn..no d..dying...

MORREN

Close enough!

(pause to cry out) Benedict! ..flag that cavalry returning for us! ...We need to get Mallius back to the camp.

BENEDICT

(cry out)HEY! over here!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict stood with his arms outstretched waving enthusiastically to get their attention. They were returning from the front line back to the tower as the battlefield cleared for the day.

ARSINIA

(calling out)What do you need Squire!

BENEDICT

We need help with the wounded!

NAR - KELDOR

Arsinia looked at her major who nodded in agreement before quickly galloping over.

BENEDICT

He's over here hurry!

ARSINIA

(rides up on horseback)Captain Morren I'm here to...

(pause suprised then grunts as she dismounts quickly)
oh... oh no Mallius?!

MORREN

He's hurt bad Arsinia. Bring him back to the clerics at the gate...Immediately... I'm afraid we may lose him if we wait for them to come to us.

ARSINIA

Yes of course...

BENEDICT

I'll help you get him on your mount.

NAR - KELDOR

Arsinia mounted her horse as Benedict and Morren lifted his limp body to drape over her lap. Holding him and the reigns she drove her heels into the ribs of Flyte, her grey mare, setting them off in a gallop back to the tower looming in the distance.

(back to current timeline)

TRANSITION

That was yesterday she thought. Morren hoped he was still fairing alright. The Infantry felt an impact yesterday but their Cavalry and Archers had kept the

majority of Pallus's dark invasion back on that first day. Those that had made it past their lines, only fell to the heavy stones flung by the trebuchet and more archers. They had been covering the left flank but today was different. Lord Alvar moved them closer to the center this time as he anticipated they were just testing the defenses before. The long shadow of the tower stretched across the battlefield as the dawn waned on.

(war drums and horns in the distance)

MORREN

(sigh and to herself) well... here we go again...

(shouting) Archers! (beat) Nock!

BRYCE

(shouting in echo) Nock!

BENEDICT

(shouting in echo) Nock!

NAR - KELDOR

the tops of the distant hills moved slightly as masses of darkly clothed figures crept like a slow dark tide across the earth. As if the night itself was wishing to return from an early banishment. As they drew within 200 yards something unexpected happened... they paused.

BENEDICT

(to himself) Why? (shouting) Captain? why are they holding?

NAR - KELDOR

But Captain Morren was silent. The smell of the wet mud and snow carried across the battlefield as did the oiled leather and steel. The wind was dulled to a gentle breeze in the early morning. And looking up the over cast sky held nothing to fear from what she could see. She remembered what she was briefed on this morning. About the dark uncle of Mallius.
(galloping to the middle)

LOUKAS

(shouting and laughing) Mallius!... Where are you boy?... Do you not remember me?... Do you not remember your beloved uncle? Come now! Don't hide!

NAR - KELDOR

The black leather armor was emblazoned with a blue-green skull smeared like an inverted teardrop. A symbol that hadn't been seen yet on the battlefield.
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

Benedict was looking at him intensely.

BENEDICT

(under breath) I don't like this guy...

LOUKAS

(still shouting but loosing patience) Mallius!
(patronizing) don't keep your uncle waiting! I know you are scared. Well!... WE... all know that don't we Mallius?

BENEDICT

(under breath) I REALLY don't like this guy...

LOUKAS

(angry screaming and ranting) Mallius! You coward! Face me now and you can keep your precious silver maples! Prove to this world you deserve them! not just because you were born to them... but that you earned them! Earn them by defeating me? Hahaha! Yes! earn them with MY blood! hahahhaa!

(maniacal laughter. Echoes by ranks behind him.)
(Orc and man laughter and cheers)

BENEDICT

(calling) Corporal Bryce Permission to...

BRYCE

(angrily) No! Stand your ground Companion!

BENEDICT

Corporal I can...

BRYCE

I said no!

NAR - KELDOR

But Bryce wasn't entirely sure. He didn't want to be held responsible for the privates death but this seemed a straight up match and frankly Benedict had proven to be a formidable warrior one on one. Morren's jaw trembled with rage. A pause listed across the ground like a tumbleweed momentarily.

MORREN

(sigh and to herself)I really... hate that guy...

(shout) Corporal Bryce!

BRYCE

(calling) Yes Captain!

MORREN

(calling) Is there someone you recommend to answer this... gentleman's demands?

NAR - KELDOR

He looked at Benedict. The young man appeared to be for the most part successful in holding back his anger. Bryce couldn't help but smile a bit. He knew what that meant.

BRYCE

(calling) Benedict Shieldheart!

BENEDICT

Thank you.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict strode from the line drawing his great sword as he passed the line of bewildered pikemen. He looked at Morren as he passed. Her lip curled in a proud smile.

MORREN

(under breath) Bless you Benedict.

(calling) Loukas! Your demand on this battlefield to meet with Mallius cannot be met... But this man will gladly stand in for him.

LOUKAS

(angry) Where is my rat chicken of a nephew?

MORREN

All that matters is he is not here. And as is our custom, a demand on a member is a demand on the order itself...

(smiles as she drives the point) and must be fulfilled... We must honor it to be met.

NAR - KELDOR

This infuriated Loukas who swung off the horse. The green daggers of face paint around his eyes curled at the points from his wicked sneering. Drawing a ebony longsword in his hand the dark oiled Damascus rippled in the dawnlight.

LOUKAS

(laughing) It is no matter! This whelp shall lie slain in the mud regardless. To become a feast of worms for my dark lord...

(stops and continues cruelly and venomously) You... Benedict... You only prolong the inevitable... and Mallius will still...

(battlecry) DIE! GYAH! (shout and lunge)

BENEDICT

(battle cries, strikes, defends and blows)

LOUKAS

(battle cries, strikes, defends and blows)

NAR - KELDOR

Loukas dove at Benedict lashing out with a quick arc to the midsection that he dodged by jumping back slightly on his heels. He answered with a high strike downward to be met by Loukas's parry.

LOUKAS

(annoyed) Weak! (spit) ...I could fight you all day!

NAR - KELDOR

As they circled each other Benedict calmly drifted his focus to the the crowd behind them. He felt confident this wouldn't place him at a disadvantage. This was a learned behavior from his days pulling Zorin or another friend off the sticky beer soaked floors during a tavern brawl. Always someone waiting to drive a tankard into your skull if you weren't looking. He took note of two individuals who stood out against the dark horde. They wore no helm and their polished leather scale armor was a midnight Blue rimmed in Gold. Not gold paint but real gold leafing. The male stood behind the woman their dark rimmed eyes showed Irises the same color as his pupils. Black as a starless night. They both had cruel one sided grins as they stood at the front of the army with their arms crossed watching intently.

BENEDICT

(pant) as could I... but I have better things to do.
(yell and swing)

NAR - KELDOR

They locked blades staring at each other. Benedict could tell he could drive his blade through the

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

others guard easily but it would open himself up to a possibly deadly counter. Loukas kicked free and swung in a series of wild blows that drove Benedict backward several steps finally stumbling to a knee. Bringing his sword up into a high guard Loukas drove a single chop to the shoulder.

(Benedict groaning in pain and strength.
Loukas laughing as he grunts driving the blade)

Benedict grabbed the blade in one hand holding it in place at the top of the shoulder where it passed through the black muslin tunic he now wore, and entered his armour between the pauldrons and the breastplate itself. Standing up he swiftly kicked the side of his knee and grabbing the crossguard drove the blade with 2 hands back into his opponents face. (crack... crack...) Twice.

(LOUKAS Groans) Loukas loosened his grip enough allowing Benedict to disarm him as he stumbled backwards from the blows. He thought briefly about dispatching him... He saw the looks on the knights faces. Largely smiles. They knew he had won this battle honorably. Morren nodded smiling. He remembered the guidance of his Knight Commander.

(LORD ALVAR "Forgive the unforgivable") Looking over his shoulder back at the horde behind him the Dark haired woman stared at him with her cruel smile. Her blue scarf around her head gently tossing on the breeze. She leaned back to the man behind her whispering something. They both expected the death of Loukas. Their own soldier. This disgusted Benedict.

BENEDICT

Bah!

(beat) Get out of here, and slither back to the rock from which you came! (sword toss)

NAR - KELDOR

Tossing the black sword to the side Benedict began to walk back to the ranks.

LOUKAS

(panting) Don...Don't you turn away from me! GYAHHH!

NAR - KELDOR

Drawing a curved blackened dagger from the cracked leather scabbard at his waist, Loukas dove at the
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 exposed back of Benedict. He drew it back to strike,
 the tip of which dripping with the dark ichor of an
 unknown poison, his eyes wide in maddening anger.

(sound of lightning ripping through LOUKAS)

LOUKAS
 GYAHHHAAA!!! (death scream)

BENEDICT
 (Suprised) What?!

NAR - KELDOR
 He saw the dark eyed man's hand extended towards
 where the now blackened body of Loukas once stood his
 face twisted in a cruel lopsided smile. The woman was
 nodding though she was no longer smiling.

COBALT
 (announcing) NOONE in my army stabs backs like a
 thief in an alley! Let that be a lesson to you all or
 face the same fate!

AZURE
 (chuckle) Yes... (cruel laughter as he walks away)

NAR - KELDOR
 Leaving the still body of Loukas on the ground they
 turned on their heels walking back into the crowd as
 the warhorns sounded.

TRANSITION

(the sounds of inside the tower)

VIX
 well... This... is worthless.

CORDELIA
 no its not.

VIX
 oh?
 (beat) oh yes it is.

NAR - KELDOR
 A large 15ft oval stood in the center of the 65 ft
 chamber. The steel frame was 2 ft wide and depicted
 relief sculptures of dragons tied in intricate knots.

CORDELIA
Fine

(beat) (sigh) Sophie can you help me?

SOPHIE
Sure... what do you... what do you think we should try?

CORDELIA
just need to dust it off... especially the gems.
There no power in them right now so nothing to worry about... hmmm That's what we have to find out actually... what's wrong.

ZORIN
h.. hey Eralin... you see that up there?

NAR - KELDOR
Zorin spotted an area in the 20 ft high ceiling where a ring of stones was. Framing something.

ERALIN
yes... Is that a...

VIX
(interrupting) Yes of course. A trap door.

NAR - KELDOR
Eralin glared at Vix while Zorin just shook his head.

VIX
Obviously. Now this is important.

ZORIN
(beat) wh.. Really?!

CORDELIA
(sigh) Didn't you just say its worthless?

VIX
Well, not anymore.

ZORIN
Bling bling! That went from worthless to priceless faster than anything I can remember

LORVANA
You really do have all the magics!

SOPHIE

Yeah I was wondering if this little spot I polished held some sort of magical power. Give me a moment and we are gonna see some...

VIX

(exasperated and interrupting) IF you're quite done I can explain to you ignorant FOOLS how it works.

NAR - KELDOR

The group went deadly silent. No one had seen Vix that angry since the Underworld and it was frankly a little unnerving.

VIX

(clears throat and takes a moment to calm himself) Not all magic can be summoned from yourself or the immediate surroundings... You idiots... That's why some spells require a little extra push... like spell components or maybe a focus like a wand or staff to assist.

(beat) This is also true with very powerful magic.

NAR - KELDOR

Vix paced to the steel ring. As he drew closer he saw in addition to the 5 Gemstones were inlays of brass, bronze, copper, silver and gold spread throughout the artwork, gently glinting from behind the dust and tarnish. The smell of the musty air and dust in this room proved it had lain untouched for many years. No windows graced this central chamber that was placed many floors above the stained glass mezzanine from before. All was illuminated in their torchlight. He looked up.

CORDELIA

What is it?

VIX

This aligns perfectly to the opening above. If I were to guess there's a very powerful spell component at the other end of this trap door to activate the possible portal between the towers...

ZORIN

Well then! Eralin... help me find out where this goes.

S3E6 - THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY

(Battlefield sounds)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(Slow poetic narration.) Year 1523 23 days after our First Snowfall. 22 of these days we have been under siege... day in and day out. The first week they seemed to toy with us. Small sorties and some sporadic skirmishes. Making us believe we were winning... but then came the real terror as undead legions started coming in the dusk or in the evening... or even the middle of the night. Breaking us... Slowly. Soon we didn't realize the last time some of us had slept living in a constant state of high alert. Hearts racing when you lay down as if there was too much tea or coffee. The last two weeks have been a blur. We've lived in a rotation commanding the trebuchets in sparse teams with only one leader to control the barrage. Father...

(pause for a brief smile) you'll be pleased to know my mousey hair is luckily not matted as it hangs to my shoulders. This is amazing... Given the fact bathing hasn't been a luxury we have afforded ourselves as regularly as we probably should. My team is very forgiving of the rancid symphony of odors we... we just try to do our best to ignore them... Honestly once it is mentioned it can take hours to forget it so we prefer to not torture ourselves. The day started with their new normal vanguard of skeletal warriors... Shambling bones of the restless dead eagerly cascading into our weapons...

(beat) as if hoping for some sort of respite from the torment of undeath. This was followed by sorties of mercenaries all from bloodthirsty Trull if I were to guess. They are all Orcs and Men mainly though we have heard of more Elves and possibly Dwarves in their ranks.

(sigh) I'm personally not surprised, after all the lust for gold cares not about its victim as it corrupts the soul of the mercenary. I'm one of the few of us from the farms of nearby Tova I believe. Of course Greyson the boy who used to tease me for my tom-boyishness in school is here. We actually rode in together. He's different now a shadow of maturity hangs over him, no doubt from his time at the front line. There may be more of us in the local militia being mustered as a backstop. We fear putting these

(MORE)

AYLA FORSYTHE (CONT'D)

untrained farmers, bakers and laymen into the battle. They claim they are all willing to protect the freeworld against the growing power of Lord Pallus but father...

(beat) I do not have the stomach for sending them to slaughter. I can see the pain in Lord Alvars eyes when he looks at them. There is a dwarf berserker among their ranks, one of the ones who came to join us the night before the first assault. I remember him really enjoying the provisions we brought to their meeting. He's probably the only seasoned warrior among them, and that only means they will be like a mob on the battlefield...

(sighing) I should stop, its sounding like I'm complaining and as you taught me, Father... there's no good in doing that. Its just... Morale is very low. We lose some of our own every day but it seems no matter how many we slay they come back the next day as if nothing happened. We started noticing some of their dead coming back in the unholy vanguard, or it could have been our minds playing tricks on us. Well today started as the other days have, and as the day progressed it seemed today would be more of the same as before... but... well I would be proven wrong yet again.

TRANSITION

(sounds of raging close quarters battle)

BENEDICT

(sword strike) Yah! Captain Morren! The center is pouring towards us!

MORREN

(yelling) pikeman! hold your line!

(clanging swords in battle) yah!

ORC1

(Cruel laughter) HAHAHA!! (grunt) Time to die scum!
(squeal as struck with sword)

MORREN

(sword strike) Not today. (quick pant before calling) Benedict! you take Bryce and push forward with those pikemen!

BRYCE

(shouting) yes Captain!

NAR - KELDOR

The battlefield had churned mud for almost a month in this area till now the mud was in 2 or 3 ft mounds throughout where their feet had pushed them from the originally flat earth. The moist sound of sludge under boots was muffled by the din of steel, leather and flesh clashing violently. Morrens face was caked with mud on one side matting her ash colored hair to her cheek back to her left ear. The battle sounds faded in her head for a moment as she took a breath leaning on her worn longsword.

MORREN

(sigh and speaking to herself out of breath) We will... persevere... Knightlord guide us.

SWITCH TO DARK ARMY

(horses whinny on a hill overlooking the battle)

UNA

(prophecising, hissing.) ah... it is as I have foreseen most honored Cobalt. Their faith... is fading. Breaking... Yesss.

NAR - KELDOR

The 4 of them stood on horseback at the top of the hill over looking the battlefield to the east. At the far end a few miles away was the Celestine tower glinting in the noon sunlight. Una's eyes were closed behind her dark hood but Cobalt knew she didn't need eyes to see. See was a seer and a gifted one considering she served the dread Lord Dekkion... And it was good to note... was still alive. Like the golden eyed Dabria who rode next to her on the far right. His Undead legions were led by only a handful of living Centurians such as Dabria who then commanded hundreds of undead on the battlefield. Una was different. There was something or someone inside the young woman. Her hair fell like ravens feathers framing her face from behind the dark hood. A blackened spear held in her hand

COBALT

(laughing) hahaha!... Hmm... now as they are frozen in fear we must...

(hissing) SNAP them.

DABRIA

(chuckle) Snap them? And how will you do that? Using our undead ogres perhaps? Hmmm... how about the banshees... We can send them out this evening.

COBALT

No Dabria. No banshees. (sigh) hmmm... I believe it may be time to show them the true power this army possesses.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria recoiled slightly from the veiled insult. But looking at Una her eyes opened brief enough, bringing her back into control of her emotions. Cobalt didn't seem to notice, turning to the dark eyed man on her left. She noted the dark beard coiled from his chin moved slightly as he smiled through a sideways glance back at her. Coolly anticipating her plan.

COBALT

(patronizing) Tell me Azure. How are you feeling today.

AZURE

(chuckle) I would... LOVE to stretch out a bit.

COBALT

(sinister) Be My... Guest...

AZURE

Gladly! (grunts as he slides off the horse.)

NAR - KELDOR

Azure slid off the horse... and took a few steps forward through the clearing down hill. Taking in a deep breath he threw his arms out and down to the ground groaning in the short burst of intense but welcomed pain. In mere seconds he was on all fours with a reptilian head towering into the sky 20 feet. stretching out from his body were great mustard yellow and blue wings. His human form was now replaced with that of his natural magnificence. That of a deep sapphire blue dragon.

AZURE

(deep bellowing roar)

SFX DOOR TRANSITION

(sounds of being inside the tower)

CORDELIA

Are you sure?

ZORIN

Yes. Of course I'm sure...

(sigh to himself) ...after weeks of this I better be sure.

ERALIN

He's not sure.

ZORIN

I am! ...You should be too you were with me!

ERALIN

Not that much with you.

NAR - KELDOR

For weeks the party had been exploring the upper section of the central tower while Cordelia was studying the selection of leather bound tomes in the great mezzanine with Lorvana helping by recalling stories and songs of long ago. Though the selection was relatively much smaller than that of the Ivory Library she was used to studying in; it still was very impressive on its own. After the first 10 days Zorin decided that he and Eralin would find a way up into the shaft itself. It was then that he realized it did not run parallel with the stairwell going up but had 2 90 degree bends before continuing straight up into the darkness. They were now following this leg up a long spiral staircase that seemed to climb forever.

VIX

Well. It still doesn't make sense why it would go this way.

ZORIN

(frustrated sound)

VIX

But (beat) ...but I will trust in your expertise.

ZORIN

Well...

(proud) Thank you.

SOPHIE

(suprised) Vix... did you just concede to Zorin?

VIX

I... in fact did.

SOPHIE

wait. Really?

VIX

Absolutely.

ZORIN

(under his breath) at least someone gives me some respect around here.

VIX

Expertise in his field after all... includes hiding lockpicks in uncomfortable places.

ZORIN

Hey! It... it was my boot.

VIX

Sure it was... Whatever you say... Expert.

ZORIN

(under breath) Shut up.

NAR - KELDOR

Soon the party came to the top of the stairs where after a short landing of 10 feet a door lay in front of them. a strong wind pushing against the iron bound oak of the door and the shards of sunlight around the frame was a noticed warning of what lay on the other side. They guarded their eyes from the forgotten daylight as Zorin and Eralin lifted the oaken bar and opened the door.

(SFX wind door opens birds eagle cry battle sounds distant.)

The sun blinded them as they walked out onto the 20 foot platform that was ringed with a 4 foot high battlement. Not for repelling any kind of arrow at this distance but for something to hold onto from this height to avoid tipping over into the expanse below. Clouds rolled close and even some smaller wisps stretched out below their level. Sophie felt a little sick, a familiar voice echoing that feeling.

ZORIN

wow well... this is the top... How high is this again?

ZANE

(sick) oh... oh man. that me feeling that or you Sophie. I'm sorry if its...

SOPHIE

(queezy) Stop Zane its not helping.

CORDELIA

What's that?

SOPHIE

(urrrp) oh this is.. I'll ... I'll wait for you all inside.

ZORIN

She'll be ok.

(beat) Look at that. You can see forever.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin and his friends looked at the battlefield before them a quarter mile below the wind whipping by in gusts that threatened to pull them from their footing but only in their mind. The Fresh air smelled clean from here and though it felt icy it was dry. The roar of battle seemed to be a dull rumble from this height. As everyone looked out Cordelia went to the center of the platform where she found a similar ring of tile that matched the one in the ceiling of the portal room.

CORDELIA

Hey Zorin look at this.

ZORIN

(frozen) Uhhh....mm Cordelia?

CORDELIA

what? (sigh) Come here its only a second.

ZORIN

you... wanna come here actually.

CORDELIA

(sigh impatiently) Fine. What is it? it better be...

(pause in suprise) Oh.. oh no...

NAR - KELDOR

Horror sank in her heart as Zorin was pointing to a swift blue shape that flew close to the ground towards the troops guarding the tower.

SFX DOOR TRANSITION

(SCENE as like before - Team loading the trebuchets and launching them. Yells and cheers.)

GUSTAV

(yelling from afar) Ayla! Look dead ahead!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(to herself) ...oh no... knightlord protect us...
(narration) I looked out across the battle field and saw a blue shape in the distance approaching quickly. Once it reached our front lines fear cut through me to the core as Lightning ripped a swath through our ranks. I was frozen in fear. I looked at Gustav whose eyes were wide with concern. Silvies voice cracked through our paralyzed fear.

SILVIE

Dragon!!! Don't wait for it! Load! Now!
(SFX - Calls echo from the other 3 trebuchet teams as they grunt and begin hauling)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narration) A dragon... and its huge Blue serpentine form was coming our way. By the gods themselves a real dragon... I drew in a ragged breath.

(SFX Breath)

(narration) I turned back to the rope attached to the long arm of the trebuchet and took my usual review to make sure I didn't see any tearing.

(calling) You heard her... Load!

(narration) I joined my team as we rapidly turned the war machine winding that massive arm down and lifting the several tons of counterweight off the ground simultaneously. Based off our last shot I knew where our arc was. Too risky to adjust now. I imagined the arc and the line where the stone would be thrown. I know how long the whipping motion took... I knew the feel of the leash in my hand...

AYLA FORSYTHE (CONT'D)

(beat) I was one with this machine now.
(roar of battle far off)

GUSTAV

Ready Captain! ... and Holding!

SILVIE

(announcing proud to the team) Well this is a big one today!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) then she looked at me and smiled.

SILVIE

But you can't rely on me for this one... You... You know where your shot will go. Get it there!

GUSTAV

Yes Captain!

AYLA FORSYTHE

Yes Captain!

ALL

Yes Captain!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) Captain Silvie knew she would slow it down, that our disciplined formation this time needed to just act quickly.

SILVIE

...may the knightlord guide your hands...

(shouting) FIRE AT WILL!

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating) We held the line of trebuchet like coiled serpents waiting to strike. The dragon let out another blast into supply wagons at the edge of the river... Almost in range... I began to hear our war machines launch.

(SFX - Trebuchet launching and whistling through the air. crashing, screaming)

AYLA FORSYTHE

(to herself slightly panicked) Steady...

AYLA FORSYTHE (CONT'D)
 (Narrating) It came closer...

GUSTAV
 (yelling) Fire!!

AYLA FORSYTHE
 (narrating) I heard Gustav launch.
 (to herself slightly panicked) one... two... three...
 now!

(narrating) and pulled my line as well. I watched the four remaining stones sail through the air towards the dragon... the first the dragon cut hard to the left and barely missed the second stone as well... but in doing so over corrected into Gustavs stone and finally mine found its mark across its head driving it towards a heavy skid into the ground.
 (CHEERS ERUPTING)

TRANSITION

VIX
 Thats...
 (sigh) That's Impossible.

ZORIN
 Yeah!!! Look at that! that was... wait (beat) What do you mean impossible?

VIX
 (condescending) a trebuchet cant take down a dragon.

ZORIN
 (beat) bu...eh...
 (sigh) Vix. It just did.

VIX
 I refuse to accept this... Magic. Absolutely... There must have been magic involved.

SOPHIE
 Tons of it!

VIX
 (proudly) yes.

SOPHIE
 all the magic!

VIX
 (sigh) stop.

CORDELIA
 hey... so Zorin check this out.

NAR - KELDOR
 Cordelia was standing next to the ring of tile again.

ZORIN
 (excited) Well, that's gotta be it! (beat) hmm... I wonder if it opens from the same gear downstairs I used to crawl into it.

SOPHIE
 But it still doesn't explain what the big spell component is.

VIX
 (realizing) wait.

NAR - KELDOR
 Vix looked around the platform and then at the sky itself. Snapping his fingers he turned to the others a proud grin on his face.

VIX
 (chuckle) ha! ...That's it.

ZORIN
 ...that's what?

VIX
 The largest most powerful spell component my salt crusted companion.

 (chuckle) ...One we can't hold Zorin... The sun.

CORDELIA
 How did they get it down there if there was the bend...

 (realizing) in..

SOPHIE
 Mirrors!

ZORIN
 Mirrors!

VIX

yes but the sun changes all day doesn't it so there must be something here to control it from down below.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin flipped a tile on the north side revealing a double gear. He studied it briefly.

ZORIN

This appears to change two mechanisms independently on the same shaft... Now we should look for some mirrors that have a hexagonal shaft to mount in this hole.

SOPHIE

Hey, I may have found where they are in the room next to the portal. It looked like a lab but all kinds of large lenses I thought... Without taking the sheets off... I suppose they could actually be mirrors!

ERALIN

Why didn't you take off the sheets and look?

SOPHIE

(sigh) You don't get this far in life just lifting up sheets in spooky places, Eralin.

(beat) Just seems to be against the rules.

NAR - KELDOR

The group went back down to the room that Sophie described. Cordelia lifted the tan and dusty sheet which fell apart in her hands from centuries of no use. Revealing a polished silver disc. It was concave towards the middle and covered in a clear thick glaze that retained and protected the reflective properties of the silver. Lifting the other moldering threads they found 2 other identical discs. Zorin and Eralin went back into the tunnel above the portal taking the disk with them. Finding Identical points in the floor hidden under a loose tile they placed the mirrors with snap as they aligned to the ancient gear work.

Over the next few hours all were in place. Then they returned to the portal room for a final test.

CORDELIA

Ok... so there is no fancy words or spell work... I believe and Vix correct me...

VIX
(interrupting) oh! oh I will.

CORDELIA
(continuing sharply) IF... I'm wrong. Correct me if I'm wrong.

VIX
Gladly

CORDELIA
(sigh) The sun will be the power source and we can use the gems to talk to the other towers. Provided...

VIX
Provided... they still have their's activated as well.

ZORIN
And its not in parts everywhere like this one.

CORDELIA
Ok here we go.

NAR - KELDOR
Cordelia absently played with the tied ends of a simple yarn bracelet on her left wrist. A twisted red and orange colored cord forming an faded and treasured friendship bracelet. One Sophie had made her when they first became friends.

Meanwhile Zorin and Eralin turned the large gear on the wall that opened the hatch in the ceiling. Now when it opened... small aquamarine gems glowed next to the crank... increasing in intensity. Something they didn't notice before. the 2 smaller cranks would move which gems glowing in an arc. They noticed there was a second arc with a faint glow between two stones on one to the right and another one at the center.

ZORIN
lets line them up. I wonder if its a guide to the suns position.

NAR - KELDOR
Turning the wheels the glowing light moved across the arc of gems until they lined up. As Eralin finished his adjustments the room slowly began to glow until it was bathed in light.

CORDELIA

Yes! that's it!

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia's face glowed with excitement and anticipation.

VIX

Cordelia you...

(beat) (smiling) Were not wrong.

NAR - KELDOR

She almost saw a smile from the elf's face but she brushed it off as wishful thinking.

CORDELIA

(cautiously) ok... Here we go.

NAR - KELDOR

The Blue Sapphire glowed brightly at the top in the sunlight. the various metals glinted and glowed almost bringing the dragons depicted from their frozen state. To the left of the Sapphire was Coal Black Jet and then a deep red Ruby. To the right of the sapphire was an Emerald and finally a Diamond. She reached to the diamond and pressed in on it. The Diamond locked in place glowing brightly and instantly.

(SFX GATE SOUNDS RUMBLE ETC)

Cordelia jumped back as the gate began to hum and streak tendrils of light across the frame like the tuning of a drum. Once the glow subsided she could see another room on the other side. Similar to this one only white marble with rose quartz. Several benches and a table were spread across floor. Looking back at her friends they all stood frozen in place and wide eyed... Zorin shrugged slightly with his eyes wide in disbelief.

ZORIN

can.. can you step in?

CORDELIA

(cautiously) well...

(sigh) One way to find out.

NAR - KELDOR

she reached down and picked up a small fragment of
and old white Candle from the ground. and tossed it
into the room.

MOIRA ROSEWIND

(curious) What is that?...

RUE

Huh? (Throat Clear) ...What is it Moira?

MOIRA ROSEWIND

I thought I heard something over by the portal.

RUE

Let's see...

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia heard footsteps approach the portal and a
familiar Voice. The tall man came into view his bald
head rich Sepia in tone topped the deep blue robes
and was riddled with the familiar tattoos she
remembered.

RUE

(suprised)Well... hello Cordelia.

(smiling) Welcome back to the Ivory Library. How can
your fellow librarians assist you?

S3E7 - TIDE OF WINTER

(SFX enemy camp sounds that evening)

SHARPTOOTH

(questioning) What's wrong Bula?

BROADFLARE

(mocking laughter) Hmm-hahaha The skeletons scared them! HAHAHA! Scared big tough Bula! hahahaha

NAR - KELDOR

Bula ignored the laughter of the crueler of the two Kobolds, known as Broadflare. They both shared similar short 3 ft red-orange reptilian bodies and leather armor common to their kind but these two were the leaders of their units. Sharptooth was the calmer of the 2 and less barbaric in nature. And honestly was the better one to talk to.

BULA

(angry under breath) I believe there are boots to lick back in your camp little Broadflare. Leave.

BROADFLARE

(angry hissing) You fat pompous ugly troll! you don't tell broadflare what to do! I...

BULA

(contained cold anger) Don't I.

NAR - KELDOR

Bula drew a long battered blade from their waist. It was stained dark and had been hammered into a crude shape to serve a hasty purpose. Broadflare suddenly wide eyed hoped that purpose didn't involve his throat. He frantically began stepping backwards in the cold mud.

BROADFLARE

(gulping) I... I...

BULA

(Yelling) Leave!

BROADFLARE

(shrieks and pants heavily as he runs off)

NAR - KELDOR

Bula watched the Kobold scamper through the mud between the wide makeshift alleys of their tents. The
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

orange glow of fires broke the dark midnight air dancing off Broadflares scales as he darted by. The smell of cooking meat of unknown origin was heavy in the low smoke. Likely local venison. He looked at the pot before him. A mash of beans and a single large ham bone floated as the ladle broke the surface. He gently began circulating it in a false hope to make it taste better.

BULA

(over their shoulder) Sharptooth... Do you miss home?

SHARPTOOTH

Enruk?

(thoughtfully) ...Yes. I miss it very much... but we are many miles away now.

BULA

(sigh) Me too. (beat) I have something I need from you and your team.

NAR - KELDOR

They grinned knowingly. Bula wasn't a cruel leader of the Kobolds under their command. A command passed to them from Dabria when she was made a Centurian in Dekkions army and allowed to command a dead legion. They were given the Kobolds. A job noone wanted. They were wild and unpredictable. Hordes of teeth, claw and spear that swarmed the battlefield. A living nightmare. That's what the tall and muscular orc wanted. They were living.

SHARPTOOTH

Of course... What is it?

NAR - KELDOR

She looked at Bula her Dragonlike snout cocked to a side questioningly. her fangs longer than most and hung over her lower jaw slightly giving her name sake.

BULA

Take 3 with you and make your way south towards home... But I need you to go into the mountains to deliver this to Dubok of the Mistguard tribe... Then make your way back to Enruk... Take this coin... (beat) to show you aren't deserting.

SHARPTOOTH

Yes... and thank you...

NAR - KELDOR

At the other end of the camp Cobalt, Dabria and Una were discussing the plan for the next day while standing over a body on a hospital bed. The face was unrecognizable behind layers of bloody bandages. But his twisted black beard suddenly shook.

AZURE

(angry and in pain) I will destroy them! ...Those puny knights have... have insulted me!

COBALT

(calming but still cruel) Shhh my brother. You... must rest.

(beat) (coldly to Dabria) So tell me again... Why are you leaving?

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria and Una stood stoicly before Cobalt. She knew a trusted Centurian of Dekkion's undead Legions had their secrets and for good reason. But it seemed out of place for this to happen in the middle of a long major siege.

DABRIA

We are being called to the north to investigate the netherspring. The dark lord wills it.

UNA

Yes... The great ancient shrine calls us... An artifact of great power... A staff... A staff for my patron.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria regarded Una with a hidden concern. According to what Una had explained to her years ago her patron was a voice inside herself from which she drew power from. Una said the voice had been there since they were children, over the last 10 or so years as far back as she could remember. A voice that provided some vague guidance, and an occasional vision. Dekkion could use these powers of Una's to see further supposedly. Using her in dark magic powerful beyond any other necromancer she had witnessed. But this voice had become more prominent and clear it seemed recently... Like something had awoken once they arrived.

DABRIA

Yes, and we will leave after we launch the first assault of the day.

(beat) The undead horde will then be yours to command. Just remember they are not favorable in the sunlight.

(beat) Obviously.

COBALT

(bored) Obviously...

(snapping) Fine. We both know I cannot keep you if the Dark Lord calls you. Leave control of the horde with Bula when you leave.

DABRIA

(Laughing) Bula?! hahaha!

COBALT

(blunt and serious) Yes... Bula... That is my wish,

(beat) (dismissively) They can control both.

DABRIA

(insulted snicker) You would have them control both?
(chuckle) Its not as easy as...

COBALT

(curt and full of pride) need I remind you... Squib put me in charge... and this is MY plan... The kobolds and undead will be controlled together.

(pause and continue in a condescending tone) Everyone must step up and do their part

(cocky and self assured) and we don't need to waste resources where its not needed... when after all we are this close to victory.

DABRIA

(agreeable) Of course... It is YOUR plan after all.

(sigh) I will leave the talisman with Bula when we leave. I will see you on the battlefield tomorrow.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria turned to leave the oiled canvas tent... icy air biting against a scarred cheek. Her golden eyes narrowing slightly as the corner of her mouth cracked
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
upwards smiling, in the darkness.

SFX DOOR TRANSITION

(Battlefield preparation. Morale is low.)

NAR - KELDOR
He stood on the muddy battlefield and flexed his sinewy strong muscles while squeezing the long handle of the steel great axe. Time and a lack of concern for keeping it shaved had given way to long deep brown shaggy hair that framed his ruddy face and bulbous nose.

SKOTMIR
(grunt) ah.. hmm..

NAR - KELDOR
Skotmir looked at the head of the axe. Dings and divots told the tale of many successful battles. And the survival of many more encounters. He looked up and out across the slushy mud of the battlefield. Taking note of their position he saw they were the reserves, meaning any charge breaking through down the center still had to get through several lines of trained Knights and Soldiers though the numbers seemed fewer day by day.

SKOTMIR
(Thinking) Hmmm.. (grunt while turning from the bright sun)

NAR - KELDOR
Squinting in the morning sun he turned back to face those behind him. Farmers mostly he guessed based on their plain ragged clothes and ill fitting scraps of armor. Many carried a hastily sharpened longsword provided by the quartermaster but many others carried pitchforks spears and other farming tools now as proud weapons.

And proud they were he marvelled.
The warriors of his company may sometimes shake. A tremble in their eye from never seeing battle but they looked forward proudly. They did their best to understand the gruff dwarfs orders and interpret them to efficient actions. He approached a late teens human he guessed. Their long black hair hung in locks fastened with clay beads and tied to hang behind them. Their deep eyes read of many years lived

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
despite their apparent age.

SKOTMIR
(calming) Um... hey... Whats your name soldier?

DAIRMID
(slight shake in the voice but trying to be strong)
D..Dairmid sir.

SKOTMIR
Where are you from Dairmid?

DAIRMID
My family holds a small grain field to the east of here.

NAR - KELDOR
Skotmir perked up. He wasn't sure where he was going to go in this questioning just that he needed to. There was something he always liked about the generals who walked with their soldiers. And now Dairmid setup one of his favorite topics.

SKOTMIR
(smiling) Ooh. And what kind of grain? Wheat, Rye, Barley...

DAIRMID
Wheat sir.

SKOTMIR
(shrugging off the 'sir') Eh.. don't call me that.
(excited) Wheat eh?! well, do you bake?

DAIRMID
(questioningly) Y..Yes. yes of course.

SKOTMIR
(excited) well fight well today Dairmid. I...
(beat) I want some of that bread.

ALL
(laugh)

DAIRMID
(awkward laugh) heh hehe oh... ok. Sir.

SKOTMIR

(mock frustrated) I said don't call me that...
Skotmir. Skotmir Flintgrog.

(proudly) Get ready to make a tab under that name,
buddy cuz I'm coming. Will I need to bring my own ale
Dairmid?

DAIRMID

(shrugging) Well I don't really...

COMMONER 1

(proudly) I'll bring the ale Skotmir! My farm is next
to Dairmid's and my family would be proud to have you
at our table!

COMMONER 2

(excitedly joining in) Well then... we need a stew!
We raise cattle just to the north of here. Best beef
in the land, fed on cornmeal and blackroot they are!

ALL

(cheer)Aye!

SKOTMIR

(laughing)Well my friends!

(beat) I'll see you all there!

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir was awestruck. He did it. He actually did it.
Where was Benedict right now he wondered. Bet he
would have been proud. A big smile ran across his
face as he looked at his brave troops. He turned back
to the Battlefield. Knowing if nothing else one goal
of the day was to live to see a good hot meal, with
new friends.

TRANSITION DOOR

(Enemy overlook the beginning of the vanguard)

NAR - KELDOR

The dead moved in a swarm down to the battlefield,
Limbs ending in crude rusted and ancient weapons...
shook with every shambling step. The bodies barely
balanced on their ancient leg bones, like the jittery
legs of an old spider approaching the end of its
days. They drug themselves to certain death though
they knew not the purpose in their re-existence
again.

SQUIB

(spits) Ugh... Disgusting.

(beat) But... effective... (condescending) Right Lieutenant?

COBALT

(can see the insult of the superior officer and growls) yes... Commander.

SQUIB

(Laughing)

NAR - KELDOR

Squib the crusher. Commander of Lord Pallus's forces here at the Celestine Tower had grown impatient to Cobalt's toying with the knights. She moved herself up to watch over the opening assault herself before leaving. They were in control of the battlefield. Soon the knights would fall. There was no need for Squib to waste her own time anymore.

SQUIB

(stating venomously) LORD... Pallus... was very clear that the Blue Dragons would be the ones to assault the blue tower.

(chuckle) He does excel at matchmaking doesn't he?

NAR - KELDOR

She kept looking forward. Her long black braids hung behind her slightly pointed ears, Her red orange eyes were the color of the fire that burned behind them as she surveyed the battlefield. She smiled slightly revealing more of the tusk over lapping the top left corner of her plum colored lips. She flexed a powerful arm under the Spiked armor that hung at the shoulder and matching bracers. Her crocodile green skin pulled tight around large muscular biceps. Her eyes narrowed as she sneered slightly looking up to those on the horses. She hated the use of horses.

SQUIB

(condescending) Well... We will be very excited to see this "great plan" of yours today. Dabria and Una will be leaving soon... not that it means much but I grow tired of your little games.

(angrily hissing) Crush them! (beat) You have wasted enough time and my people grow weary of your games.

COBALT

(bowing) Y... Yes milady.

NAR - KELDOR

Squib smiled cruelly at the formality and looked at the man at her side. Another Orc like herself, his skin was Jet Black under only a fur war skirt. His massive broad chest was marked in jagged lime colored tattoos and tribal markings. His eyes held deep rubies. He smiled back at her and nodded.

SQUIB

(sighing) Fine then... I'll leave you to it. The day is yours to finish your... "plan." We are done babysitting you... See you back in Enruk... Do not disappoint me.

(beat) lets go Ebon.

NAR - KELDOR

Squib turned on a booted heel her mind elsewhere. As she walked away her fingernails absently played with the dark brown tattoo of a WarHammer emblazoned on her wrist.

TRANSITION TO DABRIA/UNA

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria watched her walk away her golden eyes lingering too long as she felt the fire of anger in her heart.

UNA

She at least respects your will

DABRIA

(sneering) She respects nothing. She's no different then the rest of them. Mindless.

(chuckle under breath) Rassler has more sense than most here... Squib included.

UNA

(a breath) Hmmm... it is time, Dark Sister. She calls us north.

DABRIA

(calling) Bula! It is time.

BULA

(heavy sigh) so how do I use this talisman again?

DABRIA

Simply think of the orders themselves and place your palm on the obsidian eye. (beat) It really is quite simple...

BULA

Yes of course it is! (slightly insulted) Just. Just go.

DABRIA

Very well. (beat) May their death come on swift wings in your favor Bula...

TRANSITION

BENEDICT

(Shouting) Hold them back!

(shouting strike) Gyah!...

MORREN

(shouting) Right flank!

(shouting double strike) Gyah!...Gyah! The right flank is falling!

CALEB

(Shouting) The Knightlord will guide us! (battle cry) Gyahhh!!

(several strikes and parries with a longsword and shield.)

NAR - KELDOR

Caleb's mount rode into the right flank meeting the enemy head on. His shield was emblazoned with the Blue Crown and Sword and the glint of his longsword darted with precision rending the undead horde useless before him.

CALEB

(shouting) I left you some Keldor!

(sneering) Try to keep up... unless duty still doesn't suit you.

KELDOR

(battle sounds) Ha! Duty suits me fine!

(sword strikes) Gyahh! (falls from horse)

NAR - KELDOR

I hit the mud with an impact that shook through my very being. Dazed Rolled over to see the tattered ribbons of ancient armor and the skeletal face of the adversary above me. A rusty one handed ax raised up with a bony claw like hand. I drug my great sword out of the mud and at the same time slicing upward as I stood cleaving them in twain. My mount had cleared from the battle field heading back to the keep as was its instinct I imagined. I spun in the mud realizing I was surrounded.

(Sounds of explosions and terrified yells and screams.)

NAR - KELDOR

Red-Orange fire erupted from the ground in great columns of flame towards the sky.

BELINIAL

(shouting) PEE-TAH!! (Spell sound)

(Shouting) Clear a path!

NAR - KELDOR

A mage in red and gold robes raised her hands sharply as 3 other mages in blue, green and violet peeled a hole on the crowd gathering around me sending them spinning into a hovering 10 foot orb in the air above me. They flew as if they were feathers on the cold wind. My wide eyes looked at myself surprised it wasn't the same for me the treacherous orb spinning ominously made of the darkness itself. I Gathered myself and took the opportunity running towards them in the clearing.

KELDOR

(panting) thank you!

BELINIAL

(Shouting) Clear out!

MOIRA ROSEWIND

(Shouting) Duck!! (shouting a spell casting) FEN-SHAW!

(SFX Lightning)

RUE

(calmly) Sir, get behind us please.

RUE (CONT'D)

(pause then shouting) ZAH-TOK!!

NAR - KELDOR

I dove behind the tall bald man in the blue robes as the ground erupted in a wall of Ice the darted across the battlefield in both directions separating the horde from our army. The knights cheered.

ALL

(cheer as the battle turns)

NAR - KELDOR

The stone monks from the Library had arrived to assist in our cause. Our fatigued Knights fell back relinquishing the ground to the hundreds of fresher forces. We saw blazing spell after spell roll across the battlefield driving the adversary back towards their lines as they fled searing flames rolling in 20 foot high red-orange arcane wheels.

TRANSITION

(sounds of the retreating army and screams)

COBALT

(suprised and angry) No!

(screaming) NO! This is impossible!

(commanding panicked) Bula! You Send them back now!

BULA

(scared) But! I...

NAR - KELDOR

Bula looked at the talisman but hesitated remembering Dabria's words. They struggled to find the order within thier own panic.

COBALT

(shouting) Now! Do it now!!

BULA

(panicked) I... Can't! Uhhh...

(yelling) GYAH!

NAR - KELDOR

Bula was conflicted in their mind but took the plunge any ways. Slamming their palm over the obsidian stone
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

they ordered them back. There was a moment of relief there as it was done. But then screams erupted all around Bula as realization poured over their soul like white hot lava. They found they were envisioning their own internalized terror... Their worst fear after seeing the undead legion charging back in flight from the wheels of fire. Their orders were now sending them like a tidal wave deep into their own army.

TRANSITION

AYLA FORSYTHE

(narrating but happily relieved) We watched them flee father! It was on that 23rd day of siege when we saw them run... The smell of the blood and death seemed to follow them as we rejoiced in the coming of the Librarians from the Ivory Tower.

That evening we celebrated in the dining hall. Granted we had yet another meal of Chicken and Vegetables but this one simply tasted better than any other meal. Even the stale bread trencher seemed to be made from some exotic bread from a far off land. And we even got to enjoy mead together. Mages and knights alike sat and mingled enjoying ourselves in the hall... We were saying goodbye to some of our new friends.

LORD ALVAR

Keldor, Elloveve and...

(beat) now corporal Benedict.

(smiling) ...We wish you a safe journey.

KELDOR

Lord Alvar, it was an honor.

LORD ALVAR

No old friend...

(smiling) The honor was mine.

(clears his throat)Ahem... I believe someone has something they wish to say?

CALEB

(proud but not rude.) Keldor... You... You fought well.

CALEB (CONT'D)

(pause and then suddenly apologetic) I am sorry for my words on the wall the other night I...

KELDOR

(interrupting gently) No Caleb. You had every right to say them. I...

NAR - KELDOR

I paused when I saw the look on his face, as he turned away from me and looked at Benedict. I knew he hadn't told him, and he didn't want to as was his right I suppose. Knowing Caleb, he wasn't sure where to start when greeting the son of his long dead sister. So he chose to greet him with honor as a knight. It was no matter if I agreed with his method or not. It was ultimately his choice and i chose to honor his wish. I needed to remember that we all carry our demons differently.

CALEB

(proudly) Sir Benedict... Shieldheart. I wish you success in your journey to reclaim Garnet Keep.
(beat) I have something for you...

NAR - KELDOR

Caleb produced a folded black cloth. He opened it slowly revealing a soldier's tunic. Identical to Benedict's own but in deep red colors and the single red stripe of a Corporal.

CALEB

You will need your own uniform when you succeed.
(smiles) ...May the Knight and Maiden watch you now.

TRANSITION

(later in the mead hall)

SKOTMIR

Sophie... Tell me again... Why didn't we go with them?

SOPHIE

Benedict said this was something he had to do with just themselves.

ZORIN

Its a smaller group...

(thinking out loud) makes sense if they are scouting it out to be sure.

ZORIN (CONT'D)

(drink) ah.. He said for us to meet them there in a month.

CORDELIA

Yeah... no one believes there is any threat left at garnet keep.

(pause then sigh) I'm not sure I believe them.

DABRIA

I wouldn't.

CORDELIA

what?!

NAR - KELDOR

The friends looked up to see 4 Veteran Knights escorting 2 prisoners.

GUARD 1

Mister Zorin. These two were asking where to find you. We've confiscated their weapons and they didn't give any fight...

(beat) Well that one did punch Joey.

DABRIA

(scolding) He was rude...

UNA

(smiling excited to see Zorin) Yes! That's him my dark sister! His heir!

ZORIN

Woah! Who are you and whose heir... wait.

(sigh) nevermind that... what do you want with me?

DABRIA

We need to talk in private about a mutual...

(beat) interest.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria looked at Una with her gold eyes twinkling sinister in the dim torchlight of the Mead hall. Una smiled in return behind her dark robe, pleased in their shared success.

DABRIA

(smiling) Actually bring your friends. It'll be a party. Hahaha (long drawn out laughing)

S3E8 - CHASING DESTINY

DABRIA

(snidely) I have to admit... I thought you'd be more... um... stronger.

ZORIN

(chuckle) Huh. Haven't heard that one before.

NAR - KELDOR

The meeting room was a 20 foot cold marble room with Blue and green tapestries on the east side of the 2nd floor. Lord Alvar believed this was the best place to discuss the strange arrival of their new guests and the curious nature of their visit. Lord Alvar noted, the long oaken table, for the first time in memory, was actually full. Sitting center of one side, in a ornately carved high back chairs was Zorin... who now he knew now as the estranged son of Lord Pallus... also a Sailor, thief and gambler.

SOPHIE

(To Una) So you are here to meet Zorin because a higher power told you to? (chuckle)

CORDELIA

Yeah... I'm not too sure I believe that.

ZORIN

You kidding? even Benedict would have a hard time believing that.

(beat) If he were here.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin was uncomfortable. It wasn't often if ever he was thrust into the spotlight. On the right of him sat Sophie the beautiful and deadly sword for hire, who carried the soul of his best friend and her lover entwined with her own. Next to her sat white robed Cordelia with 2 other mages Rue in a deep blue robe and Belinial in her red robes.

VIX

I would be curious as to what this voice is as well as what they say. Rue and Belinial have you ever encountered something like this in your studies?

RUE

No.

RUE (CONT'D)

(beat) No Vix I haven't.

BELINIAL

No. Voices are rarely a good thing in my experience.
Have you Vix?

VIX

Once.

(pause then sigh) But as you say it was not a good
thing.

SKOTMIR

ha!

(slurp) voices... (chuckle as he eats)

NAR - KELDOR

Across from the mages sat Vix the chaotic and Skotmir
the dwarven barbarian who was greedily eating the
remains of a stewed chicken with his fingers. The
whole time he never took his eyes off of Una and
Dabria who sat next to him.

CALEB

(seriously) So again. For clarity of your purpose,
you came here seeking out Zorin... Because of his
father?

NAR - KELDOR

At one end of the table between Zorin and Dabria sat
Sir Caleb now decorated as a Knight Major and Lord
Alvar's second in command. Who as the host of this
unlikely meeting, sat at the other end of the table
one hand calmly placed upon his chin regarding the
dark visitors with suspicion but taking care not to
judge them too hastily.

LORD ALVAR

(quiet reflection) They came here of their own
accord.

(pause then to the group) Why would a decorated
Centurion of the Dark Army... and their shadow
oracle... Come here willingly?

DABRIA

(sighing) I have said that...

UNA
 (interrupting) Wait.

(beat) No need to repeat yourself my sister. We must show them our purpose aligns with his.

DABRIA
 (sigh) yes.

ZORIN
 How do you know my purpose?

(pause then to Sophie) I don't even know my purpose.

SOPHIE
 (curtly) Its true. He doesn't.

ZORIN
 Jeez you don't have to be like that.

UNA
 (strongly between clenched teeth) Look at me.

NAR - KELDOR
 Una's eyes were wide and the torches of the room burned blue green as she spoke reflecting off her eyes but also blazing from within.

UNA
 Dabria... Tell them why we walk the same path.

ZORIN
 (shaking his head) What path?!

DABRIA
 Revenge.

TRANSITION

DABRIA
 (narrating) For as long as I've remembered I... well WE lived in the far south of Trull. In the city of volcanoes, Enruk. Enruk is like a living hell of sorts. Fire and sulpherous smoke constantly belching into the red sky. Constant heat. (chuckle) Great place to live if you are a Kobold or an Orc.
 (KOBOLD sounds)

TRAINER
 (Commanding) You! Get back in line! We show no weakness! We drive discipline at the end of a whip!

DABRIA

(narrating) Una and I were trained here for our roles in the army. Una was a seer, could see visions.

UNA

(prophecising) I see your dream... your 4 arms winding, turning slowly in a blue sea...

DABRIA

(narrating) The voice in her head was unnerving, it knew my dreams, or things about me that were true but I didn't know... Or didn't remember.

I was trained as the feared mistress of pain. My tolerance was much higher than my peers and I also had a knack for tactical leadership. Soon they feared me...

DEKKION

(hissing) Yes... Well done Dabria. She does well doesn't she... Nightblade?

NIGHTBLADE

(in admiration) Yes. (beat) She is unquestionably powerful.

DABRIA

(narrating) the dark lord heaped his blessings on me, as I was ruthless. And I soon became... close associates with one of his lieutenants, the dark eyed blade master known as Nightblade. We were inseparable. Working in concert with each other both on the battlefield and... (pause then a sigh)

But Una was the one person I could remember the longest at least. She worked with the dark lord directly. She gave him the visions he seeked and over time those visions... changed.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

The stone slabs of the granite walls dripped slightly from heat and humidity. The yellow green liquid glowed from within a cauldron on the fire. A gaunt man in black armor and a midnight blue cloak lined with fur looked into the reflection on the surface with great anticipation. His own features were aged, wrinkled with papery parchment like skin pulled tight over his high cheekbones in yellow grey sheets. Clear pale grey eyes drew back starkly from a head of long

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
wiry grey hair.

DEKKION
(excitedly) Yes Una... Tell me more! If we take the Emerald Atoll... will it aid in the assault on shrouded Veridian? ...Is this the way to the Ferryman's Gate?

UNA
(prophecising) I... See. I see much death in your favor my lord. But... The spirit tells me...

(pause before wild and angry) NO!! BETRAYER!!

DEKKION
What?! What did you say to me?!

UNA
BETRAYER!! (screaming in attack.)

NAR - KELDOR
Una lunged at him with her hands outstretched clawing frantically for his throat. Screaming.

DEKKION
GYAHH!! (shoving her away)

(Calling) Guards! Get her out of here!

GUARD 1
(grunting) lets go! come on

ORC1
(grunting let's... go... we leave...

DEKKION
(catches breath then laughs) Put the dog back in her kennel..

UNA
(Screaming again while being restrained and carried out) BETRAYER!!! GYAHHH!!! DECIEVER!!! GYAHHH!!!

TRANSITION

DABRIA
(narrating) That event and those following would prove to change both Una and I forever. A few days later I left with Nightblade to the Emerald Atoll south of Viridian. We were accompanied by the Blue
(MORE)

DABRIA (CONT'D)
 Dragons led by Cobalt.

COBALT
 (commanding) My fellow Dragons! Follow me!

NIGHTBLADE
 (soothing) Are you ready for this?

DABRIA
 (calmly to her)I.. I believe so.

(narrating)I was excited to lead my new legion for the first time, I was ready to show once again to the dread lord I was worthy of my station but more so to prove to my... Nightblade. (beat) She was everything to me. (beat) Our assault was as Una had foreseen... Bloody.

(battle rages sounding more like a massacre screams, dragons, and undead. Shouts of the dying and the killers themselves.)

DABRIA
 (Narrating) I will save details of that day for another time perhaps but I assure you it was a massacre. They stood no chance against us. But one of ours fell.

(beat) Nightblade. We took her body back for burial. I stayed with her body onboard that ship for 20 days as we sailed back. I prayed for her rest, I cared for her peace. We as warriors even as lovers had said goodbye daily never knowing if this would be the time or not. It was her time, and part of me hated her for it. I was here... I was still here. Alone.

(beat) When we returned I prepared the warriors pyre for her. She lay in her polished midnight blue armor. The emblazoned skull of our legion prominent on her chest. Her trusted longsword held in both hands... her eyes... finally at peace... Then the dread lord approached me.

DABRIA
 (grunt lifting a log) Gyah.. Wh.. Milord... (beat)
 What brings you here?

DEKKION
 (hissing) Now Dabria... what do you plan to do with Nightblade?

DABRIA

She will be sent to the afterlife as a hero and warrior Milord. As she always wished.

DEKKION

But (beat) she's perfect.

DABRIA

(narrated)He walked past me to her body.

DEKKION

(snickering) Perfect my sweet Nightblade. Now you will be perfect.

(beat)(coldly) Dabria... Leave this place.

DABRIA

(narrated) I was ordered away. And over the next few nights I wondered what was happening. What he had planned.

(pause and through clenched teeth) What he had executed. He... Took her from me. The battle took her once but he took her again... And I hated him for it. I hated his army. I hated his war and looked to where it started. Pallus. Lord Pallus in his obsidian fortress. Una and I began to conspire. We heard about a son of his... One who was looking to seek revenge....

This proved promising enough for us to desert our company... of course with enough of a lead in time to buy us a month or two... before they realize what we had done.

ZORIN

(in thought) huh... Okay...

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin and the table took this all in. The story ringed true. Well as far as he could tell and he was known for spinning some pretty elaborate yarns himself.

ZORIN

What do you propose?

DABRIA

That you come with us to Whitford... From there we could learn more about what lies Dekkion and Pallus have woven.

ZORIN

Trull?

DABRIA

Yes, you have been?

ZORIN

I was a sailor for many years... that was one of our 3 main ports for the southland trade route.

(snickers) makes sense its the only one this group hasn't been to yet.

(beat) I do have an old friend there who might be able to help.

UNA

We will find much more in Whitford... Much more...
(long exhale sigh)

NAR - KELDOR

As Una released the torches resumed their yellow orange glow. Everyone looked at each other nervously. All except Rue who was fascinated with the display of power. As everyone looked around the room the still shadow of Eralin shifted his feet as he leaned against one wall next to the sleeping form of Lorvana Birdsong. Curled up in some random blankets on a soft padded chair.

SKOTMIR

Well you aren't going without me!

SOPHIE

Nor I!

CORDELIA

Rue... Belinial would you accompany us?

VIX

Actually we were talking earlier about the possibility of my telling at the library.

BELINIAL

Yes we were speaking of that.

(beat) And the answer is no to both of you.

VIX

What?!

RUE

We believe Vix you need to take time and look for where you draw your magic from. We all draw it from within ourselves but your source... that wellspring is sour. We recommend you return to the Silver Maple woods.

VIX

(sigh) Outrageous...

(composes himself) Fine... As it is on the way I will ride with this caravan of fools as far as the forest. Then we will part ways...

ZORIN

Well if we are going to stop in the Silver Maple Woods I would like take a well earned rest while we are there. They have some great wine.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

The party enjoyed the journey to the Silver Maple Woods that were at the northern border of Trull and more so the time spent in the hot springs and sweet smelling trees. They got to the Outpost owned by Vash a few days later and continued down the road in his cart delivering supplies.

VASH

Hello back there! We are approaching Whitford! Hopefully you all find what you need and Skotmir didn't drink all my wine. Hahaha(laughing)

NAR - KELDOR

The sun beat into the side of the large covered wagon from the left of the driver as they wound the gentle slope into the town of Whitford. Sitting next to the driver was Lorvana strumming a tune on her lute as they continued down the road. The driver looked down from the dark green hood of his cloak at his bow resting between them, noting the quiver of arrows close by, smiling in approval. One couldn't be too careful these days.

(LORVANA humming, lute strumming, cart sounds rolling down the road.)

The 4 Ox at the front were bred for such a load and the combination of 7 travelers and the load of sweet spiced wine and wheat was no challenge. Though one

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
could say a weight lifted for all but the ox when Vix left the group.

SKOTMIR
(buuuuurp) ah.. Great. I would love to get a better rest than on the side of the road for once. Though Vash has some great wine for sure.

VASH
Thanks.

ZORIN
Ooh. Careful now skotmir... you started to sound like Vix!

CORDELIA
(laughing) Hahaha yeah!

(beat) ...yeah

(pause realizing) you know. its gonna take some time getting used to him not being around.

SOPHIE
Not for me.

SKOTMIR
Hahaha! Yeah I know he wasn't the nicest guy but I guess he's got family there. And i wish him the best. Shouldn't be too bad for him I hope.

SOPHIE
Well sometimes you have to choose your family.

VASH
(calling back) That's true.

(beat) Skotmir, how about you? plan on seeing any family soon?

NAR - KELDOR
Skotmir thought of the parting words with his father and his brother. They probably didn't care about him why should he care about them? He and Sophie smiled at each other.

SKOTMIR
My family is right here.

TRANSITION

(bar sounds and a door swings open DABRIA and CORDELIA are talking together about the effect of fire when wielded. SKOTMIR is laughing about naptime with SOPHIE.)

NAR - KELDOR

The Severed Serpent Inn. Best in Whitford from what Zorin remembered. A smile crept across his face when after walking through the beaded doorway he saw Boric turned and kneeling in front of the counter patching the dark walnut wood with a sticky tar. Boric the bartender was someone he knew well and was a friend away from home many a time.

ZORIN

Boric! You ugly dog! (laughing)

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia was caught a bit offguard expecting an ugly dog as the 7 and half foot tall androgynous individual stood and smiled gracefully. Their blue green skin was smooth around eyes of deepest purple. A soft mane of dark blue hung down the middle of their back loosely bound with a silver seashell. They wore a cream shirt with a dark black apron. But most important was the genuine smile of recognition.

BORIC

(laughing) I thought I smelt a rotten fish enter my bar!

(laughing) hahaha! Zorin! What can I get my friend.

ZORIN

Good to be back! I would like some lodging for the night as well as a round I believe!

BORIC

(smiling) Only the best for you! and might I say its good to see you. So bedding is ...same cost as always just you will need a few more rooms this time it seems. But unless you are ready to turn in this early lets get some drinks! What can I get you?

DABRIA

yes. some wine please

SOPHIE

some wine

SKOTMIR
Ale!

BORIC
And the young lady in the dark robe?

UNA
W..

NAR - KELDOR
Una looked nervously at Dabria almost as if a child asking permission.

UNA
W... Wine.

LORVANA
Oh! I'll just have a spiced wine too please!

NAR - KELDOR
Boric smiled at the Halfling bard who was enthusiastically waving her hand.

BORIC
Of course my new friend! and what is your name?

LORVANA
Lorvana Birdsong! Travelling minstrel.

BORIC
A minstrel! Excellent!

(beat) Would you be willing to indulge this room of scallywags and barbarians with some songs about heroic deeds of days gone by?

LORVANA
Of course!

CORDELIA
I would love to help!

NAR - KELDOR
Thus it began. Boric began serving up drinks to their table located between the bar and the stage itself. Cordelia and Lorvana took the stage performing classic and well known heroic songs. Zorin noted the smell was what he remembered a mix of stewed peppers and beef, sweetened by the spice wine. This overpowered the stale beer that permeated many taverns he had visited. As the afternoon played into
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

the evening he heard voices talking in the dark.
Talking about drinking the gunpowder rum as he
remembered.

COMMONER 3

(hushed) No its true. They are mustering now.

COMMONER 4

(hushed) Bah! impossible, no one wants to go there,
its haunted.

COMMONER 3

Well I'm going Tal. Better to die on my feet then
serve like a dog!

COMMONER 4

Woah there Mancio! I..

ZORIN

Excuse me... But I couldn't help but over hear about
a revolution? ...May I harbor a guess its Lord
Pallus?

NAR - KELDOR

The two men stopped and regarded the sailor with a
wary eye.

COMMONER 3

Y... You don't need to know.

COMMONER 4

(calming) Mancio... come on. He knows Boric.

NAR - KELDOR

Boric looked over and raised their eyebrows and
smiled nodding at the statement.

COMMONER 4

(to Zorin) Pardon Mancio. to the north west of here
supposedly someone is mustering a force. Boric, do
you know anything about this?

BORIC

I can tell you they are righteous. I cant join up but
would if I could.

ZORIN

Boric. Can I talk to you a moment.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin met them at the edge of the bar out of earshot of the other two who were still arguing with each other.

ZORIN

(hushed) Who is leading this revolution?

BORIC

(hushed) Zorin. I need you to swear to me that you would stand up for those that would oppose Lord Pallus and all his dread army.

ZORIN

(hushed) Of course my friend. I...

NAR - KELDOR

He hesitated. And then thought better of burdening his friend with another truth. It was better he didn't know about Pallus being his father.

ZORIN

(hushed) I hate that man.

BORIC

(sigh then pause) then come with me.

NAR - KELDOR

Boric led Zorin behind the twin massive kegs of the bar to a slight hall made of old chipped brick. coming to the door he knocked...

(SFX Knocking)

on the door to the back office.

BORIC

(hushed) Red rides at Dawn

NAR - KELDOR

the door unlocked allowing them entry. Stepping into the 15 foot square room there was a map on the table and a few ledgers to either side listing supplies, arms and the names of militia members. Behind the table were...

ZORIN

(laughing) Benedict?

BENEDICT

(laughing) Hahaha! hello Zorin!

ELLOVEVE

(laughing) Ha! you have good timing!

KELDOR

Hello lad!

ZORIN

(laugh) Raising an army? (sniff) Ha!... Well first you take back this leader thing...

(beat) and where do we sign up?

S3E9 - THE GUARDIAN

(Forest sounds of a hill path. birds and wind... leaves under foot.)

BENEDICT

(to himself) 50 paces north from the grinning skull of stone.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict walked a shallow forest path just past the foothills of the garnet mountains. He was heading roughly north anyways it seemed with the morning sun striking his right shoulder softly between the sparse leaves of the aspen trees. 3 days ago they had parted ways with Keldor And Elloveve. They agreed they would gather up the militia of revolutionaries for an assault at the front along the long stone bridge. Benedict and the others would infiltrate the keep through an old smugglers path. A path once used to sneak illegal or stolen goods into the keep Boric knew about. Benedict was now holding the old smugglers map and feeling they were getting close.

ZORIN

(calling out) hows that old smuggler's map treating you?

BENEDICT

(sigh) fine.

ZORIN

(snicker) Does it feel good?

(beat) Like... Righteous?

BENEDICT

(laughing) there's sometimes I wonder if I really did miss you Zorin.

ZORIN

(laughing) well for what its worth I missed you. (looks up and takes in a deep breath) Ahhh... so those old "maps" are more like scrambled directions. Whats next again?

BENEDICT

(confused) something about a skull of grinning stone.

ZORIN

I'll help you look.

NAR - KELDOR

The two friends walked side by side up the path leading them deeper into the gentle murmur of the forest. After an hour Zorin's eyes widened.

ZORIN

Hey... Look at this. (trots a few steps) in here where the path seems to branch.

BENEDICT

(slight pant from the jog) eh.. oh wow.

NAR - KELDOR

Inside a short grove of trees was an alcove with a small pond rippling gently. The sound of a gentle cascading waterfall pouring into it from above. The forest floor here was covered in a thick carpet of lush lemony smelling moss, and the occasional scarlet berry was seen on rose hips along the bank. The path continued to the left along the wall to the waterfall itself. As Benedict stepped forward along the path he ran a single gauntlet-ed hand along the rock wall. he felt it round slightly.

BENEDICT

Oh hey. Look at that.

NAR - KELDOR

Carved in the rock was the rounded forehead of an ancient grinning skull.

ZORIN

Well north of that is... The waterfall. Lets check it out.

NAR - KELDOR

The group continued along the path and approaching the waterfall from its eastern side now saw a 5 foot gap in the cascading water to a cave hidden behind.

(waterfall fades fumbling with a torch sound)

CORDELIA

(stumbles a bit in the dark) oof!.. wow... watch that rock!

SOPHIE

Man its dark in here. I'll get the torches.

SKOTMIR

Sounds good. I'll scout up ahead while you get ready.

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir came to a huge cavern. The stalactites hung 40 feet in the air and this was easily a hundred yards across. The wet stones of a single stream of water lapped from one side to the other. The musty smell of stagnant water and something slightly rancid came to his nose. Nothing dangerous.

SKOTMIR

(calling back) All clear!

BENEDICT

Sounds good!

(SFX Random PARTY Chatter)

ZORIN

so as I was saying it really comes down to...

RED GUARDIAN

(growling) Is it?... Is it all clear Dwarf?

NAR - KELDOR

Everyone froze as from behind a broken pillar came a man in scarlet armor. His head had sparse patches of wispy white hair that hung framing a rotten maw of a face. The jaw was bare showing the lower teeth and eyes black as coals burned with a hidden fire.

BENEDICT

I am Benedict Shieldheart son of...

RED GUARDIAN

(Angrily) Hold your tongue boy! I care not who you are, only that you trespass.

(beat) Seize him!

NAR - KELDOR

Two 10 foot forms charged into the light. Fetid and bulbous bodies revealed cloudy vacant eyes above rotten teeth.

LORVANA

(shouting) Ogres!

CORDELIA

(readying for battle) Worse! Zombie Ogres!

SFX Needed - CORDELIA - spell attacks, jump.

SOPHIE - Battlecry, 3 Attacks, 1 hit knocking you on the ground. SKOTMIR - Battle cry Bererker rage, 6 attacks. LORVANA - 1 attack, Jump. BENEDICT - battlecry, 6 attacks, 2 combos, hit take a gut punch. ZORIN - 3 attacks with your bow, 2 miss. 1 double dagger strike slaying the ogre. RESTLESS DEAD - Strikes, Groans of pain and death gurgles.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie met one colossal figure head on as Skotmir charged to meet the other. Benedict slung his sword to the right as he ran towards the Red Guardian.

RED GUARDIAN

(yelling) Die child!

(Surprised shout in pain) GYAHHH!!!!

NAR - KELDOR

Raising the mace above its wide eyed head the guardian shouted at its adversary as 3 blue bolts of energy slammed into its side from the outstretched arms of Cordelia.

CORDELIA

(Shouting) Benedict! Now!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict gripped the sword but at the last second dropped his shoulder into the red guardians chest sending him sprawling backwards. Sophie slashed at the belly of the huge ogre as it swung at the side of her head with the remains of an old tree stump. She ducked back swiftly only to catch their flailing foot into the chest knocking her backwards the wind lifting from her lungs swiftly. Skotmir hacked at his quarry relentlessly ducking easily under the frantic swings of its arms. Eralin seeing the opportunity began sending flight after flight of swift arrows into its rancid body.

BENEDICT

(panting) Again I have come to seek passage here.

RED GUARDIAN

(Battlecry) GYAHHH!!! (then cruel laughter)
Ahahahaahaha!!

(strike with the mace in your hand) GYAH!

(And again slowly. Laughing and striking a)

(MORE)

RED GUARDIAN (CONT'D)
 (total of 3 times.)

NAR - KELDOR
 Benedict walked toward his foe but was met with a bright blue green light that flashed from the palm of his hand.

BENEDICT
 (blinded) GYAAH!

 (you are blinded stumbling backwards 3-4 steps getting hit 3 times slowly.) Ugh! ... no.. I ... Ugh!... wh..where?... Ugh!

NAR - KELDOR
 Blinded... Benedict took a step back stumbling. The red guardian took the opportunity to cruelly assault his body with his rusted mace. Crushing his left shoulder, then what felt like the arm itself, and his left leg. He slowed his vision now blurry he swung with his right hand into the red body before him

RED GUARDIAN
 (angry) GYAAH!!

NAR - KELDOR
 Lorvana and Cordelia saw Benedict falling backwards a pit forming in their stomach.

CORDELIA
 Lorvana! You can use healing?

LORVANA
 (hesitant) well I..

CORDELIA
 (shouting) Answer me!

LORVANA
 (sternly) Yes!

CORDELIA
 (sincerely) Then hold my hand.

 (spell casting) Bee-Gah!

NAR - KELDOR
 Cordelia imagined the space next to Benedict, as she grabbed Lorvana's hand and said the words. In an instant Lorvana saw her appear next to Benedict and a Very scary individual

RED GUARDIAN
(suprised) What?! Who are?!

LORVANA
Uh... Hi?

CORDELIA
(shouting) Lorvana!

LORVANA
(hastily) oh yes!

NAR - KELDOR
Lorvana touched Benedict's shoulder. Radiating energy warming the pain out of his system refreshing his spirit and clearing his eyes.

LORVANA
Bye!

NAR - KELDOR
Cordelia imagined the spot they had left about 40 feet away and teleporting them both back to safety. Sophie deftly danced around the slow moving Zombie Ogre now. Anger swelling in her heart after what she regarded as a clumsy mistake in the beginning. She struck deep into his chest as Zorin leaped from the darkness behind the Zombie Ogre driving two daggers into the base of his skull dropping him to the ground. Eralin and Skotmir's foe was now falling in a heap as well. Benedict was driving the red guardian back with blow after blow. His sword driving downward in steady swings less like a sword and more like a blacksmith's hammer.

BENEDICT
(panting) This... Is... My...

(yelling) HOOOOME!

(SFX final blow and silence washes. Peace.)

RED GUARDIAN
(calmly) Of course... Master...

NAR - KELDOR
The red guardian faded into the misty cavern floor... leaving a gleaming two-handed greatsword pointed into the ground, where he once stood.

TRANSITION

ZORIN

(grunting) This is it. Benedict give me a hand.
(final grunt swinging a trap door open)

BENEDICT

(grunt)

NAR - KELDOR

The heavy trap door swung outward revealing an afternoon sky heading towards dusk. The red orange clouds were a welcome sight after the last few hours in the caverns below. The air was rich with pine and fresh mountain water. As they carefully emerged they found thier backs to a high stone wall 30 feet high made of a deep grey hematite that had ribbons of deep red orange Jasper. Before them was a massive mountain lake. The crystal clear waters cut the sunlight to illuminate the numerous fish darting between the stones. And as the water darkened with its depth further out those fish broke the surface feeding on the flies at dusk. At the other side of the lake was a 60 ft cascade of water tumbling from another set of these hanging lakes higher into the mountain range.

SKOTMIR

(quietly remarking) mmm... bet that's a trout right there. A little butter, maybe some wild garlic

ZORIN

(shushing sound)

(SFX ZORIN - Just some sneaking around lines to sprinkle in here. "Come on" "Hey" "Watch it" Mind your step" SFX SOPHIE "OK" "Got it")

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin brought a single finger up to his lips looking back at the group. They all nodded in understanding as he pointed to the faint shadow moving above along the top of the outer wall of Garnet Keep. They made their way along the wall to a stair case lifting 10 feet to an opening in the wall. Zorin slowly ascended... carefully. He peered around the corner and discovered this was the elevated skirt of what was to be the ground floor of the keep's courtyard.

ZORIN

(hushed) Hold up. (beat) A sentry.

NAR - KELDOR

The short guard walked around the corner as it took its path through the corridor leading around the mead hall. The sounds of merriment echoed from the hall as what sounded like the gruff voices of orcs cheered at some game inside. Stale beer and filth permeated the air now. Once gleaming stones had fallen into disrepair and the banners that had hung were replaced by skulls of beasts on spikes bound in leather and crowned in jagged rusty iron to seem more nightmarish. He peered around the corner and motioned for everyone to follow. Quietly, one by one. He darted down the empty corridor to an opening on the left. Peering his head back around the corner he motioned for Benedict. Benedict walked as quietly as the heavy plate mail would allow him though he was thankful he refused to wear the steel sabatons from the knighthood. The heavy armor that covered his boots lended some control in the gritty cobblestone at least. He was safe. Zorin looked again. He motioned for Dabria. She crept out and walked along the wall as the others prior.

SHARPTOOTH

(suprised) M... Mistress?

DABRIA

(slight gasp in suprise)

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria instantly froze as she recognized the voice. Without turning she spoke.

DABRIA

(commanding but not too loud) Sharptooth.

SHARPTOOTH

(questioning) Why. Why are you here?

NAR - KELDOR

Dabrias mind raced this could jeopardize everything.... then a spark crossed her mind. A spark of realization. She turned and drew herself up into her former glory. Sharptooth responded with her eyes that it was working.

DABRIA

I was going to ask you the same. Aren't you supposed to be with the army? Or did you...

SHARPTOOTH

(panicked) No! I... I mean we... (groveling) Oh no mistress Dabria... I am so sorry.

NAR - KELDOR

It worked better than she hoped. Sharptooth had deserted... She was in just as much risk as she was. Dabria thought deeply on this. Sharptooth had always been trustworthy to her. But shouldn't know everything.

DABRIA

(Calmly) Sharptooth. You need to leave here immediately. And go home. Go back to Enruk.

SHARPTOOTH

(a bit happier but still scared) Of... Of course.

DABRIA

But...

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria knew they would torture sharptooth. Deserters were always used as examples to the rest of the troops. She would be no exception regardless of the years of service or the countless skirmishes the Kobold had survived with her shield brothers and sisters. Fire coursed through Dabria's heart at the thought of that cruelty. Death is one thing. Death was no stranger to Dabria and she welcomed it... but she couldn't allow this.

DABRIA

But take those that you trust only... and don't go back to the army... Promise me.

SHARPTOOTH

(hesitant) I... I promise. We won't.

(beat) Th..thank you

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria held up a hand. She disliked being thanked. It felt like there was something owed. Sharptooth scampered off into the dark corridor allowing the rest of the party to all catch up before continuing.

TRANSITION

ORC1

Hmmm. (snort) ugh what a day.

NAR - KELDOR

They kept up the stairs to the landing of the long wall surrounding the keep. To the left was a ballista perched towards the long stone bridge leading to the keep. To the right Zorin saw the Orc Sentry 40 feet away looking mindlessly over the side to the lake below. He turned to Eralin.

ZORIN

(hushed) Ok I'll take him out... but cover me just in case. (panting slightly as he jogs up)

NAR - KELDOR

Eralin shrugged and drew his bow calmly. Zorin drew the 2 daggers from his belt and swiftly closed the distance 30, 20, 10 and...
(SFX - Arrow Shots)

ZORIN

(panting then the shots whiz by still hushed) Woah!.. jeez!.. ow!

NAR - KELDOR

The first arrows sunk into the Orc silencing him before he had a chance to alarm anyone. The last one though sunk through the padded shoulder of Zorin's faded purple tunic. He spun around and felt the arrows pointed end above his shoulder, missing his body by only a hair he imagined as he could easily feel the shaft against his skin... Looking back he saw Eralin simply shrug nonchalantly and shoulder his bow...

BENEDICT

(hushed surprise) What the...?

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict stared at Eralin's remorseless action with a blend of wonder and disgust for a moment before turning to Dabria.

BENEDICT

(hushed) Dabria, Una, Lorvana and... Skotmir... the 4 of you make your way to the Ballista at the northern wall. They are over the gatehouse...

SKOTMIR

(hushed) You got it.

BENEDICT

When you hear any, and I mean Any action from the south keep where the rest of us are going... that is
(MORE)

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

when you set them alight and fire them to the northeast as high as you can elevate them.

UNA

(hushed but wistfully) As high as we can... Birds of flame of death's wings close behind.

BENEDICT

Seriously Una. Please...

(sigh) This will signal the Militia for their assault. Then free the gatehouse to make way for them.

NAR - KELDOR

They nodded in affirmation before turning to dart back down the wall towards the north entrance. Skotmir's heart froze upon reaching the first mounted Ballista. Looking over the side revealed they were thousands of feet above the river below. The waters of the lake spilling from either side of the keep feeding it and narrowing the only entrance into the keep to the 200 yard stone bridge. This bridge connected the keep to the mountain villages and glen valley downhill... the Keep was a one way stop. Designed to protect and harbor the local people in times of need. He stood proud.

SKOTMIR

(proudly hushed) now that. Is the work of dwarves.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

The wall to the south led into a worn and broken stairway within the main keep. Over years walls had been broken down. The smell of animals pens and dirt filled these once great halls. They entered the great meeting hall. One room with a broken door sat to their right as they entered the dim torchlight. Eralin became curious wandering towards it ignoring the 3 figures at the other end of the room.

BENEDICT

(surprised and hushed) What the?..

ZORIN

(sighing and whispering) whatever... Lets see what they are up to.

(fade in voices from heavy hipass as they)

(MORE)

ZORIN (CONT'D)

(emerge from a muffle)

KARAG

Its true. The message comes from my kin in the dark army. Now is the time for us to join. They grow stronger every day it seems. We can join with more orcs and have more than just this castle.

SPILGE

(haughty) Ha! Is it not good here, Karag? Do you not love the wine and celebration? And the raiding? hahaha! Why do we need more than this?

NAR - KELDOR

2 orcs argued standing with their backs to the adventurers blocking the view of a third. Karag on the left wore ceremonial furs and was topped with a crudely forged Iron Crown. His moss colored face was painted in a jagged mask that outlined his eyes and tusk filled mouth. A brutal Ax swung in a single meaty hand. He was the head of the serpent Benedict was sure but the other seemed as much if not more of a threat. For one he seemed even larger dressed in a ragged dark green cloak. He clutched a staff covered with beads, feathers and a few human and dwarf skulls. they both appeared cruel and Benedict could feel the evil emanating from them.

KARAG

(frustrated) We need to leave this place. It is time. Spilge, You know there is nothing here to keep us. She knows that. Look at her.

SPILGE

(pause then chuckle) Ha! she says nothing because she knows we need to stay here. She says we stay. Look.

NAR - KELDOR

Meanwhile Eralin had made his way into the small room and looked around. It reeked of dirt and unnameable smells. The odor of ammonia and hay was powerful to his untrained nose. In the corner of the stone room was a pile of hay that had a single dirty fur lain across it. An elk he imagined. Next to it was a wooden basket with long legs. The paint had peeled from heat in blackened spots and there were several soft grey and white rabbit furs draped at the side of it.

KARAG

(angry shouting) AKTUK SAY!! (beat) NEE-HESHA FO TOE-
(MORE)

KARAG (CONT'D)
KNEE!

SPIERGE
(angry shout) FEE-HUSHA TICK-SOE FAH! (beat) TICK-SOE
FAH GOE-DEWAH VEE-NEE!

BENEDICT
(battle cry) GYAHHH!!!

NAR - KELDOR
Benedict, Sophie and Zorin moved in perfect synchronization with their explosive attack. Zorin let loose Arrow after arrow into the 2 hulking bodies as Benedict drove the great sword downward into his his foes shoulder. His hands illuminated and he felt energy pour through him into the Orc King Karag.

KARAG
(cries for help in pain) GYAHHH!!! Help me Bright Oak!

ELONA
(crazed shrieking battle cry) GYAHHHHAHAHAHA!!!!

NAR - KELDOR
From between the two orcs a crescent shaped blade on a long pole struck out barely missing Benedict's thigh as he squirmed out of the way. As they fell to either side an agile and athletic form leaped in an arc over them flipping and twisting in the air to land behind Benedict.

ELONA
(Long gut wrenching scream like a banshee. Or like Candace Kucsulain from Walls of Jericho.)

(SFX Need a series of 5 strikes by ELONA before getting locked up in a hold. Benedict needs to parry twice get struck twice then lockup grunting under the strain)

NAR - KELDOR
Benedict was stunned. The creature was slightly taller than him and smaller than the orcs. Their muscles were tight and sinewy beneath a patchwork of neglected armor. armor loosely covering green moss and mud. The cream colored warpaint outlining crazed eyes. grey vacant eyes... They lunged with their wicked pole-arm again in a flurry of strikes. moving
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

like being carried on a gale-force wind itself tearing into his armor when it slipped by his guard. Finally he locked them into a hold barring their weapons from attacking.

ERALIN

(curious) hello... what are you.

NAR - KELDOR

Eralin neared the basket and saw there was a small form under the furs no bigger than a cabbage or melon. Drawing back the furs he saw the tattered and stained muslin wrappings lovingly wound around the still form of the doll topped with a crude apple carved into the face of a baby. (SFX shriek) Hearing the shrieks outside he drew his bow and entered the fray.

ELONA

(Screaming) DECIEVER!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict saw her grey vacant crazed eyes lock on the sword. The facade began to melt from her as he saw the moss and mud were just that. Her once blonde hair matted into muddy locks. Her jaw was trembling now not from strain but from the sight of that sword.

ELONA

(strained but calmer. Trembling from fear.) Why do YOU carry that sword? I KNOW that sword...

NAR - KELDOR

Her eyes began to clear. A long forgotten haze cast over them drifted as the one known as Spilge took a blade across the throat from Sophie. The fire illuminating his fingertips fading as he slumped to the floor. Her eyes drew in color from the sky itself. Sky blue... he drew in a breath shocked and couldn't help himself speak aloud...

BENEDICT

(strained and surprised but clear) Zane...?

NAR - KELDOR

Her eyes widened. She screamed throwing her weight against him pushing him dangerously backward. She was in control now.

ELONA

(clear and strong as she strains to hold power) First you carry... my husband's sword. And now you dare speak the name of my dead son? Who are...

BENEDICT

(panicked but commanding as he realized the impossible is possible) I am Benedict Shieldheart son of Lucilius.

NAR - KELDOR

At the sound of his fathers name the blade glowed orange with power illuminating runes up the blade spelling out

BENEDICT

(surprised) Kettlebane.

ELONA

(warcry)

NAR - KELDOR

She spun to stand back to back with the source of 20 years worth of her hopes and dreams. They struck down with swift blows, the glaive in her hand igniting with blue power as Benedict drove his fathers blade into the Fell King. They looked at each other and smiled before falling into each others arms in a firm embrace. Elona pulled away quickly when she heard the noise from outside. Outside the building the distant shouts of the liberating force were drawing closer.

ELONA

(turning to Benedict. Strong but overcome with joy) hahaha...

(beat) My... My son...

(smiling) ah! and are those sounds more friends of yours?

BENEDICT

Keldor and Elloveve

ELONA

(laughing with tears) HAHAHA! ...oh... oh Sweet Maiden's grace! Of course...

(beat) Well let's not keep them waiting!

NAR - KELDOR

Elona and Benedict charged out of the room to meet the retreating Horde by the great tree. The tree she had cared for so many years ago. Eralin and Zorin ran up the stairs where they could use their bows more effectively. And Sophie followed. Until a familiar voice stopped her.

ZANE

(strong curiosity) Sophie! Wait. Look in there please?

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie stepped into the room Eralin had been in and saw the crib. Memory flooded zane's memory... a long ago fire... and as she approached it could feel the heat on his arms all over again. Instinctively she wiped her forearms of the phantoms that invisibly licked them. She saw the doll resting in its swaddled blanket but was driven to look past it at the letters in the blackened headboard. Still faintly making out a single name: (beat)

SOPHIE

(clear realization) Benedict.

S2E10 - APPLEHEAD

NAR - KELDOR

The battle was swift as the Mistgard tribe occupying Garnet Keep had no idea of what was happening. Those who ran were allowed to scatter down the stone bridge as there was little possibility for a counter-strike. the ringing of steel against iron echoes through the halls. until all was done.

(SFX switch from battle sounds to cheering to party1)

The revolutionaries celebrated in the courtyard that evening. Dancing and feasting took place in the open by old garden beds and by the great tree that stood in front of the Forebuilding of the keep itself. The bonfire was lit by the old blacksmith shop the light of which danced in the branches of the strong and Ancient Oak. Beneath that tree stood a powerful woman leaning on a great glaive. Her face now washed revealing her once golden hair ran with more silver these days. Her sky blue eyes held a youthful fire though the years showed in the worn rose beige skin surrounding them. But she smiled. And seeing her face again brought such a warmth to my heart.

ELONA

(questioning slightly tired) Twenty? Twenty years Keldor? It... it seems impossible.

KELDOR

Yes Elona. Twenty... Long years old friend. But she still stands... as do you.

ELONA

(chuckle) hmm.. yes.

(smiles) Yes she does doesn't she. My ancient oak.

(beat) I've often wondered Keldor... Has she always stood here? When this keep was built was she but a sapling?

ELLOVEVE

(smiling) Hmm... I like to think so, Elona.

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve had returned to our reunion under the tree carrying 3 goblets of sweet mead from the celebration.

ELONA

(happy) Ah! To say I missed you Elloveve would... fall so short...

(pause holding back tears) I... don't remember anything...

(trembling) I thought I lost you all...

ELLOVEVE

(consoling) There there... we're here now.

ELONA

(sobbing) Lucilius... my boys...

KELDOR

(consoling) ...your boys are here too. Elona.

(beat) Come. Please, sit... Lets take it back...

ELONA

(trying to gain control) But I...

KELDOR

Let's just see if we can fill in the gaps. Not looking to solve... Just remove some confusion.

(beat) Okay?

NAR - KELDOR

Elonas face was buried in Elloveves arms. Elloveve looked as me, her face tormented with the sympathy of her friends pain.

ELLOVEVE

I... I don't think shes ready Keldor I...

ELONA

(sniffs) No. I...

(and steels herself) I'm ready... (sniff) I can do it...

NAR - KELDOR

The three of us sat down on the large exposed roots of the massive tree. The moss was soft to my hand as I eased myself down offering a hand upward to Elona who smiled taking it politely as she sat down easily. One thing was certain, she didn't share the complaints I did in my lower back. She was as strong of an athlete as when I last saw her.

TRANSITION

(SFX Footsteps in the stone hall.)

CORDELIA

(hushed) Wow this place is amazing... Look at that!

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia had left the celebration to reacquaint herself with the home of her childhood. She was only a few months old when they were chased away but there are flashes. Bits of feeling at least. The largely unused 2nd floor hall slowly showed less and less of the mud and iron decorations the Mistgard had used and more ancient banners became visible. Banners similar to the ones in the Celestine tower. Depicting historic battles such as a king in solid ebony stood on a frozen battlefield. The helmet on his head sprouted 2 elk-like antlers and in his hand was a dark staff topped with a sphere of onyx. Lightning pours from his hands across the soldiers before him behind a banner emblazoned with a Wolf.

CORDELIA

(beat) wow... I wonder who you are... (pause for SFX Calling) ...what the?

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia heard a faint voice in the next room. Peering into the corner chamber she saw 2 great ancient windows that opened up to a view of the lake behind the keep. The moonlight danced off the short ripples on the water casting a blue white glow into the room only disturbed by the torch in her hand. There was a crib here and several old books on a table. All lost to rot and time being exposed here. The room was not to be used in all seasons of course.

CORDELIA

Summertime. (beat) we left during the summertime. Hmm..

NAR - KELDOR

She thumbed the books on the table gently. Nursery rhymes mainly, and a short tale about a clumsy dragon. She smiled at that.

CORDELIA

(chuckle) (beat) (curious) ... Well what are you?

NAR - KELDOR

Below the pile of books was a single white leather
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 tome in pristine condition. As if immune to the
 elements themselves.

TRANSITION

(the tree)

NAR - KELDOR
 Elona could feel the cold stone of the prison still.
 Mold and decay left a rancid smell that stuck to the
 skin ...and the spirit.

ELONA
 (narrating) Following the siege the bandits threw me
 in the keep's dungeon below. The one we never used. I
 wasn't chained just locked up... I counted days in
 the number of naps I took. I never truly slept... My
 mind was nothing but a pool of lost dreams and
 fractured memories.

(pause sigh) I placed tallies on the wall with a
 small stone until there was nothing left and then
 gave up. I would sleep 2 or 3 times before they would
 give me anything to eat... And even then it was
 hardly anything. A cup of rice water or the end of a
 hambone... A moldy piece of fruit...

The damp stones of the wall soon became greasy from
 my hands constantly... Feeling... Trying to stay
 busy... Trying to stay sane... But I just sat there
 in the darkness... Waiting... Until one day...

(muffled battle sounds)

SPIERGE
 (panting) There! There's someone down here too!

(beat) well hello... and who are you?

ELONA
 (croaking) I am...

(narrating) I hadn't heard my own voice in so long all
 I could do was force air past the dry cords of my
 throat and hope. He just laughed at me.

SPIERGE
 (laughing) hahaha! Well... come here my little friend
 and look into my eyes...

SPILGE (CONT'D)

(cruelly) DEEP into my eyes.

ELONA

I... Never should have taken that step. But he was to be my liberator. My new ally. The desperate mind does desperate things. His name was Spilge. A witchmaster of the Mistgard tribe. The Mistgard were led by King Karag. A cruel man who delighted in terrorizing his victims before slaying them. I thought I was to be slain as well but then I was reunited with Tempest, my glaive...

KARAG

(laughing) The girl knows that weapon? Great.
(cruelly) Then use it.

(calling) Pergu! Nargol!

(SFX BATTLE SOUNDS)

ELONA

Well they saw something in me... I made quick work of those 2 warriors right here actually... By this tree. I can still hear Karag laughing as he named me "Bright Oak" after my tree... then made me one of the tribe... Spilge had cast a deep charm on me, which grew even tighter around my reality... my very soul... making me believe I had always been one of them. I fell deeper into this living nightmare. I started decorating myself with moss and mud hiding my humanity and became feral and animalistic. Embracing the tribes values of blood, war and vengeance.

NAR - KELDOR

She looked up at me. Tears had ceased to flow. The sky blue pools in Elona's eyes validated the truth of words even if I wished to refute it. But now a level of clarity came to them.

ELONA

I wandered to the second floor one day. No one had any interest and I just felt a bit of wanderlust. Something called my footsteps to a familiar yet unfamiliar room. In the center was a scorched crib... this meant something to me but I didn't know what. I wandered back to the mead hall and rejoined the feasting. Then I started having dreams. I dreamt of the children. I could see Zane taking cookies from the bakers racks and looking at me innocently when I scolded him. I saw Lucilius smiling behind his dark

(MORE)

ELONA (CONT'D)

beard at the baby in that crib. But the crib had no marks. No burns. I woke that night unable to go back to sleep. It seemed then this false reality Spilge had woven was beginning to crack.

I walked back to the second floor and to the front of the Forebuilding where I found the crib. I carried it downstairs into my room. Over the next few days I found an old babies gown, and began twisting old grey rags into a bodies shape stitching it together loosely.

(beat) I formed a bodies shape that matched the hole in my heart...

(beat) I placed the gown over its soft terrycloth shoulders. I cradled it in my arms, pulling it closely to my chest. This was familiar... it was helping me realize what I was missing in my torn heart... but the palm of my hand felt empty. Incomplete..

Days went by as I tried stones by the lake in my hand and even pinecones. But it was in the feasting hall. I sat next to Spilge who grabbed an apple from the center of the table.

SPILGE

(laughter) HAHAHA!

(suprised) HEY!

(pause then chuckle) hoho... fine then. Take it.

ELONA

I snatched it from his hand. I ignored him as i stared at the apple imagining something. perfect. I took it to my room and began removing the pieces that didn't belong to my vision from the apple with my dagger. after a few hours I happily placed it on the dolls body...

And then held it...

(beat) The hole in my heart began chipping away at that spell. I remembered events or emotions briefly, but most importantly... I thought I heard names. Your names. The tribe became restless. Talking of an incoming invasion. Many members snuck off into the night deserting the tribe. I stayed. I would stay my

(MORE)

ELONA (CONT'D)
ground for this... building and the memories it held
as I was realizing that was the real me. And I would
outlast them all... Then the invasion came.

(smiles happily) And so did my sons!

NAR - KELDOR
We all embraced under the great oak. And the sounds
of dancing and merriment would carry into the
evening. Elona the Fair had returned to Garnet Keep
though physically she had never left.

CORDELIA
Hey!

(beat) I'm not interrupting am I?

ELONA
(sniff and happily) no Cordelia!
(beat) You look... so much like Lora. Doesn't she.

KELDOR
Absolutely!

ELLOVEVE
Yes. I have thought so many times.

CORDELIA
(bruskly) Oh well thanks but...
(beat) I found this in the old south nursery. The one
outside where the fire was.

KELDOR
A book? It looks familiar.. but its blank to me.

ELONA
Wait.
(beat) What do you see Cordelia?

CORDELIA
Only my mother's name on the back.

ELONA
(laughing) hahaha!
(beat) oh come on. Don't tell me you two forgot about
Lora's spellbook.

ELLOVEVE

oh... yeah!

KELDOR

Wow! That's right she had it locked down that makes sense why we can't see anything.

ELONA

(explaining but happy) Cordelia. Your mother used a single word to lock that spellbook.

CORDELIA

(confused) how would I know what word to use?

ELONA

(chuckle) It was the one thing that meant everything to her in the entire world when she made that spellbook.

NAR - KELDOR

Realization washed over her as she held the soft white leather book in her hand. She looked at the smiling faces of the 3 elders in her life. She smiled and placing her left hand on the book spoke...

CORDELIA

(sighing) Cordelia.

NAR - KELDOR

The book flared and in an instant was gone.

CORDELIA

(panicing) but ... I was sure... I oh no..

ELONA

(laughing) You were right child!

(smiling) Where would Lorahana keep... a spellbook?

NAR - KELDOR

Elona held her hands gently as she turned them over revealing the tattoo of a White Book on her left wrist.

TRANSITION - EPILOGUE

COMMONER 1

(shouting) Hey, Food's getting cold!

ZORIN

And true to form... You talk to much.

KELDOR

Well Zorin...

(chuckle) thank you for the thoughtful critique.

ZEV

It helps at least get us started.

ZORIN

Started doesn't cut it kid.

ZEV

Kid? I'm not much younger than you.

ZORIN

Considering I'm in charge... Its kid.

MIERAK

Regardless the worshipper of the Sea Devil is right.

ZEV

Really?

(beat) Wait... Devil worshipper? What?

MIERAK

Hahaha!

(beat) I mean Zorin you still haven't explained...
Why ARE you in charge?