



Dawn of Dragons - Season 4

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S4E1 - THE PLAN

NAR - KELDOR

The ancient mead hall that stood during the time of Benedict's father echoed with voices of merriment once again. The heroes had returned to the halls of Garnet Keep. Over the following week we rebuilt what we could to make the keep livable, and tonight was a time to celebrate. While everyone joyfully carried on throughout the night we, the party of adventurers, met in the war room. When I entered the room I noticed my armor dancing gold in the candlelight. Elloveve entered behind me dressed in leather armor emblazoned with the Sword and Crown befitting a decorated Scout Archer. She was with a young woman from the ranks of our forces. A mage, if I remember right... and also a fellow elf from the Silver Maple Woods in the north of Trull... Where Vix was from, if memory serves.

KELDOR

It has come to our attention, my friends, that we must infiltrate Enruk, the City of Doom. Isenatha is here to assist in planning this dire mission.

NAR - KELDOR

Isenatha looked at us all carefully as she took in a deep breath and closed her eyes.

ISENATHA

(slowly, carefully, worried about saying too much. She carries a secret.) In the... in the south of Trull is a...

ERALIN

(coughs, clears throat. a bit condescending) Ahem... Excuse me.

ISENATHA

(angrily) Do I bore you?

ERALIN

(defensively) Woah, you haven't even started yet.
(snidely) Buuuut I'm laying money on it.

ISENATHA

Figures. Of course you would. Money is everything, am I right? You and the rest of your kind only care about yourselves and staying out of the way of progress. Tell me, Eralin. (beat) Where... HAVE you been?

CORDELIA

(trying to diffuse) Wait a moment Isenatha, is that really necessary to...

ISENATHA

(defensively) It... *sigh* (beat then deep breath)
You are right... Cordelia. My apologies.

NAR - KELDOR

Looking around the room she saw the faces of her new friends. These weren't her enemies, she reminded herself, as she continued to slowly let her blood cool, pointing at a small dot on the map at the southern tip of the Garnet Mountains where they met the sea. She smiled slightly, realizing she must tell them everything. At least as much as she knew, which may free her of the burden... then finally closed her eyes, resolute and calm.

ISENATHA

This happened many years ago in the city known as Enruk. Enruk is surrounded by 2 volcanoes and is known for its...

DABRIA

(interrupting) Pits. (beat as everyone shuffles nervously) Gladiator pits.

ISENATHA

(cold and sharp) Yes. Their beloved blood pits. But more importantly, I know of some allies currently imprisoned there who can help us...

DABRIA

(slight chuckle then snidely) And WHO exactly would help us? I know for a fact all the prisoners there are doomed to meet the same fate. Death in the pits... you see, they would be dead by now. (beat) *sigh* This is pointless.

NAR - KELDOR

Isenatha's fists clenched into balls, seeing the former Officer of the Dark Army. She still wasn't at ease with her presence. Then, drawing a breath, she continued.

ISENATHA

(deep breath) You may have known much... as a commander of Dekkion's Dead Army... but I fear you did not know everything. Dabria... we MUST assume nothing and investigate.

NAR - KELDOR

If I didn't know better, something in those words confused Dabria - I saw her stone cold visage quake slightly - but not as much as what took place next.

UNA

She's right. (beat) There were many things kept from us, my sister. My guide tells me much of his... love for secrets. (chuckle, then gasp like an ice cube struck the skin)

NAR - KELDOR

Una stood leaning on her spear as if it were now a staff. The dark hood of her robes cloaked her scarred face in shadow, frozen save for the tremble of a single corner of her mouth. Her eyes opened wide, staring into the fireplace. The smell of the ash and pine burning seemed to dull in that moment.

UNA

(in a painful trance) I'm...I'm being told we must return to the doomed city. It is key to his unraveling.

DABRIA

(seriously) Dekkion's?

UNA

(hushed from pain) Y..yes... th..the Dead Lord himself and Zorin's father.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin didn't look up. But I felt his body tense at the mention of his hated father. The one who had selfishly destroyed so many lives.

UNA

(continuing) We must seek the truth... The truth beneath the temple.

DABRIA

(cold) Well... That's ALL I needed to know. (beat and breath) When do we leave?

SOPHIE

(shifting the conversation) Isenatha, do you have a plan for this?

ISENATHA

(Regaining control of the room) Yes, Thank you Sophie. We must divide into two groups. One group
(MORE)

ISENATHA (CONT'D)

will travel south along the Garnet Mountains toward the sea, and through the North Pass. The other will first sail out of Whitford around Trull itself and into the bay. I will lead the group coming into the North Pass and we will proceed to the Temple. For we believe it is somewhere beneath that the prisoners are being held. The other party, a much smaller party, will dress like human mercenaries and infiltrate to find out if there is any chance for driving a rebellion.

UNA

I know the Temple. I served much time within its walls when we were training.

ISENATHA

This is good. You and I will be together in this then.

NAR - KELDOR

She looked at Eralin.

ISENATHA

I can only hope... you won't be as selfish as I think you are, but I need to trust you to help them. (seriously) Again, this is to give you a chance for redemption... I want you to help lead the smaller party coming in by ship since yourself and Zorin know the sea so well.

ERALIN

(cocky) Of course we do, consider it...

ISENATHA

(interrupting) Not to mention your skill at 'Deception' (sigh before continuing) Zorin, no one knows your father like you do. You should go with Eralin but you will need a guide. Dabria, one of his most trusted commanders, will do nicely. You will also need a light in the darkness to go with you. I recommend Benedict. And with us, Skotmir and Sophie will be our defenders.

NAR - KELDOR

At that moment I looked around for Benedict and remembered he was in his prayers.

KELDOR

Um, maybe it's best I tell him about the change in... his armor. He may not take it so well.

SFX - DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Later that evening, the party went to the Armory to outfit and get more equipment.

As Zorin was browsing I saw Benedict enter the Armory to see where he could help or assist with the various gathered equipment and weapons. An interesting approach as I think he was having issues actually accepting his role here. (chuckle) I suppose all the more reason he needed to go on this mission. His heart wasn't ready to just lead. He needed to affect it directly.

ARMORER

Milord! What are you in here for?

BENEDICT

I wish to simply help, not purchase.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict was eyeing some of the damaged and bent longswords in a pile in the corner.

It was then that I went to him.

KELDOR

Benedict, there's something I wish to tell you about your upcoming Adventure.. (shrugging cautiously) You will need to wear a disguise.

BENEDICT

What?

KELDOR

Son, you must change out of your your treasured and accepted armor into a set of... well its only a disguise... of sorts... You must dress like an evil officer of the Dark Army.

NAR - KELDOR

He stared at me, thinking. I knew he wouldn't like it.

BENEDICT

I hate this idea, Keldor. But... it makes sense if we are infiltrating. Knightlord forgive me.

KELDOR

The Knightlord will forgive your fashion choices, I'm
(MORE)

KELDOR (CONT'D)

sure Benedict. Despite what you may have heard, clothes rarely make the person. It is weighed only on your actions.

BENEDICT

Yes... (smiling) I will accept this as just another challenge, Keldor. No problem from me. (beat) Now I would like to ask you... good sir... if you wouldn't mind me throwing some hot steel around? I do miss the craft.

ARMORER

Of course... er... (grunt) umm.. step right up milord!

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Lorvana was in the garden looking up at the stars and humming an old traveler's tune. She loved the moon and the stars... and it was nice to have something this peaceful to look at... Elloveve approached gracefully, like a soft wind in the night air.

LORVANA

(humming a traveler's tune)

NAR - KELDOR

Lorvana walked through the poorly maintained garden beds toward the old tree. She smiled as the moonlight danced on her old trusted lute. As she walked, she absentmindedly twisted it slightly to catch the blue-white glow of the moon and stars across the bronze and sinew strings. The deep cherrywood created a violet tone in gentle waves across the fretboard. Elloveve sat on the exposed roots of the ancient tree, smiling at her little song. She toyed with the silver Horse head cuff adorning one pointed ear.

LORVANA

(gasp) Oh!

ELLOVEVE

Oh don't stop because of me! (smiles) I truly enjoy that tune.

LORVANA

Really?! Oh... (pause) Excuse me... Jade. (smiles) I really wanted to tell you...

NAR - KELDOR

She paused. Truth be told she was enamored with the Strong elf woman. She was a living legend and was one she could actually talk to.

LORVANA

You... (pause) (exhaling) ...are just amazing.
(giggles)

ELLOVEVE

(laughing) Hahaha! Oh you are amazing too Lorvana! Thank you for all you've done. If it wasn't for you, I may have never found my way back. (pause) Sit here with me a moment please?

LORVANA

Oh yes! Of course... (grunt as she climbs up to sit on the root)

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve smiled as Lorvana climbed up the short root. Although a decent seat for those of Elloveve's height, it was a bit out of the way for Lorvana's three and a half foot stature. She offered a hand and then placed it on her shoulder gently.

ELLOVEVE

(hushed and loving) Little one, I have a present for you. First is this gem. If you hold it up at the light just right it can show the edge of most secrets. (pause) There see over there? The wall...

LORVANA

Umm.. (pause gasp) Oh! I see letters... or... or something. Blue ones!

ELLOVEVE

That's it! It's the words of magic. Old magic, but still serves its purpose. And then there's this.
(pause)

This arrow has been part of my quiver for many years, and it now reminds me of you.

LORVANA

(in awe) Woooowwww.

NAR - KELDOR

She produced an arrow made from a rose's thorny stem, straight and true. The arrow's head was more like a
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

blade. One, Lorvana remarked, that hooked back almost like a glaive on one side but perfectly balanced on the other with a swooping point. The Fletching was black with purple tips from some magical and unknown bird.

(Zorin grunting far off)

ZORIN

(distant and faded) Oh come on... Just... latch....
New leather.. always such a pain. Where's some water?

ELLOVEVE

(chuckling) Well I better give him a hand.

LORVANA

Thank you Jade. I love it.

ELLOVEVE

I'm glad you do. It will hold your quarry in place with thorny vines.. at least for a moment (smiles)
Good luck tomorrow.

NAR - KELDOR

Jade walked to Zorin who was looking over some of his new weapons. She could tell by the look on his face he was picturing how they would look buried in his hated father, Lord Pallus.

ELLOVEVE

I hope you find closure Zorin. (pause) That's different...

NAR - KELDOR

She paused, looking at the new rapier in his hand.

ZORIN

Me too. (questioning) Er...oh, you mean this? (pause)
Its not as balanced as I'd like and the blade has way too much flex for my liking... (pause) It's not like her.

ELLOVEVE

(Questioning) Her?

ZORIN

(hiding) Oh!... ah... there was a sword I thought I held once that was... (pause) nevermind. This will do... (imagining his target) ...just fine.

NAR - KELDOR

He remained focused on the outstretched sharpened tip
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

of the steel blade, imagining a look of surprise or, better yet, fear... at the other end. She gently turned his chin. He remembered her doing this when Zane and he would need 'instruction'. He could smell the flowers and honey that always seemed to follow her, and the embroidered vines on the glove pressed gently to his face.

ELLOVEVE

(sweetly hushed) Be calm though, (pause) don't let impatience and hatred take the best of you away. (Pause) I always viewed you... as my son. And I always will.

ZORIN

(Sigh) You've always been there for me,

NAR - KELDOR

He wrapped her in a big hug, his pulse slowing in her arms. His vision became more clear as the feelings of anger slowly melted away and he regained control.

ZORIN

Thanks for being you.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict walked the stone wall circling the keep. He noted how he was reversing the steps he took when he first came to the stairs. Peering down, he remembered telling Una and the others to go to the front. That's now where he was heading, to the front overlooking the great canyon below. Though the rubble and filth had been cleaned up over the last week, he looked back at the broken walls and its jagged scars. Windows that were broken were now being replaced by the glassworkers and blacksmiths. Masons cut new bricks and stone to replace the old. The Mistgaurd barricades made of skulls and furs had been either burned, melted down for re-purpose or thrown over the side of the long stone bridge, falling 1000 feet to splash in the river below. Benedict helped by overseeing the design and rebuild of the keep. He oversaw the development of the rooms' design in the main keep itself and the barracks. He rebuilt the smithy and began rebuilding the chapel to the Knightlord. The stables were patched up first and our horses were grateful. As he walked he noted there was still so much to do. Standing by the left forward

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

ballista stood a single figure. She was staring at a point into the distance northward, looking past the bridge to the large meadow on the other side known as Bear Trap. From here she could see where the path disappeared down the far side of the mountain. In the far distance the rolling foothills gave way to the vast Glen valley.

BENEDICT

(greeting) Hello Mother. (smiles) Good morning...How are you?

NAR - KELDOR

She turned towards him, the cool wind catching her gold and silver hair gently in the breeze. It was now cropped at the shoulder, the way she always wore it... at least how Zane would describe her to him. Her armor was polished now and a white Tunic of a Knight Major adorned her chest. 3 red stripes. She was the one in charge and given what she had been through no one questioned it. Her trusted advisors were Keldor and Elloveve and the collected input of the keep itself. In her hand, the familiar tall magical glaive stood polished. He could make out the name Tempest across the oiled hardwood pole. Her blue eyes smiled in the red gold of the dawn's sunlight. She lingered there for a moment longer than what would normally be comfortable, taking in that moment of thankfulness for what it was.

ELONA

(happily) Good morning... my son. (back to the watch) You've done much in this week.

BENEDICT

Has it only been a week. It feels like...

ELONA

A lifetime for me. (smiles) A life that YOU returned to me. I can never thank you enough. (pause) Your memory kept me alive until you returned to me. (sigh) Thank you.

NAR - KELDOR

Elona steeled herself for her next statement.

BENEDICT

I... I wanted to tell you that I can't stay right now that...

ELONA

Shhhh... (pause) You are a knight now. The son of two warriors. (chuckles) Two warriors I might add that made their own path. Two warriors who never said goodbye (pause) not even...

NAR - KELDOR

She stopped herself for a moment, thinking of seeing her beloved's body on those steps... lifeless. She winced slightly.

BENEDICT

I didn't mean to..

ELONA

No, (sniff) this is good... Benedict. (chuckle) ha... Now... I can truly grieve... but where I thought I lost everything... I found you.

NAR - KELDOR

She turned back to him and placed a hand gently on her son's cheek.

ELONA

My angel... I was so sure I lost...(sigh) you too.

(ease into and embrace and slowly sob into a muffled arm for 15 sec before ending with:) sob... (sigh) I miss you.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict brought her close in a warm embrace. She gently pulled her face into his shoulder. (close with "I miss you" line)

TRANSITION

DABRIA

We will ride together southeast about a fortnight until we reach the fork to Whitford. And there we will part ways. (simple questioning) Zorin, are you familiar with the Black Skiffs?

ZORIN

Fastest ships in the world, from what I've heard. They were the ones that would take our supplies out of Whitford to Enruk in a matter of days. (pause) The shallow reefs south of the old country wouldn't allow the larger frigates and merchantmen I sailed on to travel.

SOPHIE

Why not just use them instead to begin with?

DABRIA

You can... But they become a leaf drifting on the ocean, violently tossed and re-tossed until they were nothing but toothpicks and drowned dead...

SOPHIE

Well make it your goal, Dabria, to bring my brothers back safe.

DABRIA

Fine. (pause) You do the same for my sister.

(chuckle)

UNA

(chuckle)

NAR - KELDOR

We watched them all mount. Elloveve, Elona and I. Little Lorvana handed Elona a small purple flower and giggled as she mounted a small pony alongside Skotmir. Elona smiled and nodded at the bard as I address these brave adventurers.

KELDOR

Godspeed my friends. We will expect to see you return with the next moon!

CORDELIA

Goodbye!

NAR - KELDOR

Something struck Benedict as he looked at everyone in that moment... and suddenly he understood.

BENEDICT

Actually Cordelia... We don't say goodbye.

NAR - KELDOR

Elloveve, Elona and Myself looked at each other... 3 remaining members of the 6 winds... and we smiled.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

On the 3rd day, Una and Dabria parted ways. The harsh heat on the road in that noon hour helped kick up dust in the muggy road. They didn't seem to notice

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 though. They solemnly nodded at each other before
 Dabria snapped in

DABRIA
 Eralin, Zorin and Benedict. (pause) Let's go.

NAR - KELDOR
 They all parted ways. Sophie knew something was about
 to change, and some of them were not meant to come
 back the same.

(travelling montage sounds)

NAR - KELDOR
 Another week's journey passed as Una and Isenatha led
 Cordelia, Sophie, Skotmir and Lorvana deep into the
 violent hills of southwest Trull. The grasses were
 dry and smelled of dust and sour springs. Skotmir
 made mention of the Garnet Mountains as they headed
 beyond their hidden passes. His voice was soft and
 reverent.

SKOTMIR
 These are the halls of my ancestors. They always seem
 so solemn... and lonely.

ISENATHA
 (climbing breath) Una... those dark clouds...

UNA
 (climbing breath) Yes... that's where we will go...
 Climb up, up ,up... into the mountains...(pause) Into
 the storm.

SOPHIE
 (climbing breath) (concerned) Is it... Rain?

UNA
 (climbing breath)(correcting) No... Fire.

TRANSITION

(Wind and Sea. Should feel fast.)

NAR - KELDOR
 Dabria stood on the deck of the black-sailed ship
 with her companions. Sleek and streamlined, the
 Minotaur captain grinned menacingly as he held the
 helm steady with a stone solid and gray muscular arm.
 (MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

She saw the dark clouds thickening on the horizon...

DABRIA

(to herself) Hmmm...

MINOTAUR CAPTAIN

(yelling) Mistress Dabria! In 3 Hours and a turn we will be making port. Best make your preparations! (to another crew member) Fasten lines and check the wake!

SAILOR1

Aye aye Captain! She's running shallow and smooth.

MINOTAUR CAPTAIN

Good! Let's bring her home then!

NAR - KELDOR

He pointed to the forming roots of the great volcanoes at the foot of the Garnet Mountains. Gradually they grew as they approached on the speedy craft. She turned to Benedict. He was dressed as a human officer of Squib's army. The uniform was collected from the Celestine Tower's dead, she assumed. Zorin and Eralin, on the other hand, looked like low ranking mercenaries. She had seen hundreds of their kind, and they should also go unnoticed here. Even the tall Eralin was enough of a cold blooded individual to pass his elven blood through. Elves were less common than even Halflings as mercenaries for whatever reason.

DABRIA

Enruk is a cesspool of the world's forgotten and forlorn. Those that walk that twilight between life and death thrive here... (chuckle then serious) Before Pallus came it was ruled by Kobolds who traded with the local Orc tribes to the east, some Dwarves to the north and the mysterious Chikarans to the west. When Pallus came he taught them to no longer be simple kobolds by showing them how to thrive in commerce.

NAR - KELDOR

She hesitated for a moment, thinking of Sharptooth.

DABRIA

They began to view him as a savior, one who promised to lead them into a new and wealthy future. Maldros the Dark brought fighters from Bloodwood to train here and they opened up their own arena.

ZORIN

Zane spoke of the pits in Bloodwood. Were these...

DABRIA

Worse. (pause) Much worse. In Bloodwood... even occupied Bloodwood... there is bureaucracy from the fighters and the trainers that even Maldros himself couldn't completely overcome. Here he had thousands of bloodthirsty volunteers (pause) or those willing to do the unspeakable to turn a profit. Sacrificing them to the sport answered his dreams. Soon, the bloodpit came to rival any other, standing as the most impressive arena in the world... (Tensely with venom) Built on the shoulders of the dead gladiators he committed to the bloodstained banner of entertainment.

NAR - KELDOR

She turned her gaze out over the ocean where, in the distance, a deep gray haze lie on the horizon. Unclenching her fist slowly, she took a breath and continued.

DABRIA

During the day a small amount of sunlight, filtered reddish-brown by the heavy clouds, illuminates the city with a... certain twilight... which doesn't change much once night falls. The city itself is a sprawling slum featuring 2 major buildings. The Arena and the Temple. There are now a few rough taverns and Inns that treat the officers of his great lordship... quite well. It is recommended that you all... watch your backs. This town is more than rough. It is evil (pause) and...

BENEDICT

(coughing fit)

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict coughed slightly as the smell of sulfur assaulted his nose, sending burning sensations back into his throat. She smiled crookedly, her gold eyes cutting through the thickening haze.

DABRIA

(chuckle) It is also what I called home.

S4E2 - THE CITY OF FIRE

Assault on Enruk 2. Group 2 (Dabria, Eralin, Benedict and Zorin) make way from docks to tavern Group 1 (Una, Sophie, Skotmir, Lorvana, get caught Sophie, Skotmir captured by spell.

NAR - KELDOR

The sails of faded midnight were pulled back as the ship docked easily in the harbor of Enruk. A warm thick haze hung heavy and low, smelling deeply of the burning brimstone nearby. Minotaurs, ogres and humans moved about the dockside, carrying very large crates or barrels from the docks to carts leading to the marketplace. Benedict looked up.

BENEDICT

Dusk is setting in. (pause then hushed to himself)
Ugh. This armor chafes.

ZORIN

(under his breath) How can you tell that? It just looks slightly dimmer to me.

ERALIN

The sun is fading to the east past the mountains meeting the sea. (break) I feel its fading.

MINOTAUR CAPTAIN

There you be. (yelling) Make ready lads, we leave in an hour! (to himself) Don't want to stay here longer than I have to.

DABRIA

(gruff) Come on. Follow me, there's a place we can get a room just outside the docks a bit... (beat)
...Quieter.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria led the 3 other darkly dressed companions up the docks. The smell of copper, salt brine and vinegar struck Zorin's nose as familiar.

ZORIN

Well someone's pickling fish today.

ERALIN

Disgusting.

ZORIN

You haven't had the good stuff then. Can be pretty
(MORE)

ZORIN (CONT'D)
welcome on...

NAR - KELDOR
Zorin paused for a minute at what he was going to say, deeply curious about Eralin's offhand remark and dismissal of a welcome food.

ZORIN
Long journeys...

OGRE 1
Well what do we have here? Dirty Mercs? (laugh)

OGRE 2
Let's go make some friends shall we? (laugh)

OGRE 3
Oh sweet sweet little friends they be too! All the huggin' (laugh)

NAR - KELDOR
Dabria held her hand up, freezing them in their tracks. Her golden eyes set on 4 ogres stepping out of the crowd, glowering past them as they passed by. Their bodies stood 10 ft high and dark black leather scales hung from pale muscular shoulders. Rudely they forced themselves through the packed crowd, who clamored to get out of their way for fear of being trampled.

COMMONER
Hey watch it!

NAR - KELDOR
The smell of sweat and ammonia followed them, making Benedict's eyes water. They walked past the party to a group of 6 smaller humanoid mercenaries. Likely a mix of human and elf based on their height, Benedict imagined.

OGRE 1
You carry what's mine!

MERCENARY 1
(laughing)Yours? Hear that boys?! We have a donation!

OGRE 2
What? (beat) What donation?

NAR - KELDOR

The dark clad mercenary pulled a scarf over her nose and mouth, only revealing a pair of almond shaped purple eyes. Elven eyes. She stood up on the crate she was perched on like a raven, her dark cloak emblazoned with a half skull and hourglass in faint silvery thread. Another one of her companions stepped forward, the cruel curved dagger of dark damascus tossing lazily in the palm of his hand.

MERCENARY 2

Yeah. See you hand over your stuff and we... liberate you from the tedious.. mundane task of... ever having to carry it again! Real simple.

MERCENARY 1

Yeah. Real simple.

OGRE 3

I not simple!

OGRE 2

We no donate! We take! (battle cry)

NAR - KELDOR

The ogres careened into the crowd like the crashing waves of a tsunami, crude clubs raking the shorter bodies below. As innocent individuals in the crowd were mowed over, the blackened steel of one the mercenary's helmets helplessly caved in, its wearer thrown to the side lifelessly. The remaining mercenaries bolted as a single force, darting between the thick trunk-like legs of the ogres to strike at hamstrings and open flanks. Screams erupted as the ogres frantically searched the crowd for the quick assailants. One ogre fell with a groan off the dock side into the water with a large splash. The other 2 stopped and looked at each other, fire in their eyes dwindling.

OGRE 1

Filthy pests! Keep your gold! Lets go!

OGRE 2

Bah! It's no good anyways!

NAR - KELDOR

As they left, Benedict noted the bodies were roughly tossed to one side to clear the path as the crowd began bustling again. He looked 20 yards past this encounter and noticed the rotting remains of another
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

encounter in a heap by some old shipping crates.

BENEDICT

(hushed) Does... does no one care about the law here?

DABRIA

(cruel) Hmm... What law?

BENEDICT

They were murdered!

DABRIA

(hissing)You!... (calmed)are wearing THAT law right now. And THAT law is hate... Lies... and murder.

(pause) Do you understand?

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict nodded hesitantly. Dabria looked at Zorin and Eralin, who also nodded in understanding. She turned her golden eyes back to Benedict. He noted they seemed like golden rings found in a forgotten glacier... Cold.

DABRIA

Just... walk the walk Benedict. (Beat) Come on.

NAR - KELDOR

There was a faint sweet smell that mingled with the tang of blood and sulphurous brimstone in the thick air as they continued into the heart of the quarter. The deep red sky reflected the pools and rivers of fire that surrounded this ancient holy city of the kobolds.

SFX Isenatha Conversation memory

Eralin repeated the harsh conversation with Isenatha in his mind, her words of selfishness and greed stinging with the same impact he felt when they parted ways. What did she mean "your kind"? He thought back to the ruby cage he was trapped in. Forgotten for how many years in that twilight world beneath the hills, beneath the kingdom of the dark dwarves. Did she know more about his lost memories? Was she some sort of key to unlocking them? He had many questions for her once they returned. If they returned. Emotionless and resolute the ranger stuck to the rear of the group and continued, one foot in front of the other, clutching the pendant at his chest.

DABRIA

There.

NAR - KELDOR

Turning a corner they walked towards a boxlike plain brick building. As they approached, they noticed there was nothing remarkable about the rough red and black brick other than a lack of markings on the two-story building.

ZORIN

Yeah... so... this looks like a warehouse

BENEDICT

I agree. Are we sure this is...

DABRIA

Sigh... Watch if you don't believe me.

NAR - KELDOR

Almost in response to their commentary, confirmation was given as the door to the dingy, unnamed tavern burst open and six minotaur staggered out into the street, cursing and shouting.

MINO1

Hahaha look at these weak bloods.

MINO2

Yeh a pox on human scum.

SNAKE-EYE

Hey girlie! I'm talking to your friend. Maybe you can tell him to show some respect

MINO1

Yeah respect! Weak bloods need to show some respect. It's Something they don't know cuz they ain't got it.

MINO2

(Laughing)

DABRIA

Ah. Snake-eye. (Chuckle) I've heard of you... Shouldn't you be back at the dock bringing us more ale? Or is it cleaning the waste pits again?

SNAKE-EYE

What did you say?

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria pulled the loose hooded cloak back from her face and crossed her scarred arms. Scars that found home somewhere in this dark city's past, no doubt. The Minotaurs' eyes fell on her like moths to a flame. Recognition and horror swept across their faces as the golden eyes of Dabria narrowed.

MINO3

Gasp, I... meant no disrespect mistress. Please..

MINO2

(Sudden realization) Mistress? Wait... on no...
Forgive us dark mistress!

DABRIA

Run. I have no time for you...I said RUN.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria gestured at the cruel whip on her belt. This was her namesake and weapon of choice. The 8 ft tall Minotaurs scrambled down the street drunkenly, tumbling through an old cart filled with foul-smelling refuse. She pulled the thin velvet of her cloak back over herself, gently covering the raised jagged scars of her arms. A memory shot through her mind as she winced slightly. Training had made her immune to pain, and a loveless world cemented it to her like a second skin. She was the mistress of pain to those that served her. And to others she was the angel of death.

DABRIA

Come. Let's go inside.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Somewhere on the northwest area of town the other group made its way through the city closest to the temples and the barracks. Cordelia and Isenatha worked together to weave an illusion, making them seem like mercenaries. One of which looked pretty awkward as it plodded down the road. Short legs and two heads behind the dark armor revealed a halfling perched on the shoulders of a surly dwarf.

UNA

We still must be careful here. This is the Ogre perimeter and they don't care for mercenaries, let alone the rest of us small folk. Even Dabria and I
(MORE)

UNA (CONT'D)

didn't walk here alone.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie nodded in understanding as she walked next to the dark-robed oracle.

LORVANA

Bah! What's with all the dark armor? Not fitting of me to hide behind this... rather behind a good boulder or maybe a keg of ale!

SKOTMIR

Easy for you to say. I'm trying to blend in with you on my shoulders.

LORVANA

Oh you're fine! Look. (smacks him on the the back laughing) You're tough!

SKOTMIR

Hahaha! (grunt) And you're heavy! Maybe you need to lay off the pastries.

LORVANA

Oh stop it! No need to hurt my feelings.

SKOTMIR

Hahaha! Oh I'm sorry. I was just playing. You're making this more fun honestly, and now we are twice as high!

LORVANA

Well... I am at least!

CORDELIA

Wow, look at that!

NAR - KELDOR

The row of structures to their right ended, revealing a pristine white building. The red orange glow seemed to diffuse when it hit the white marble walls. It shone like a proud beacon.

ISENATHA

The Temple of the Sun... The kobold's ancient temple.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie looked up to the cloudy dark sky, red orange networking in slow drifting veins between them. To imagine a sun was impossible.

SOPHIE

How can they worship the sun in a place like this?

ISENATHA

Laughing It's... symbolic. They don't. *sigh* All things have good and bad. Light and... (beat)... dark.

UNA

Evil and good can be learned from the same teacher.

ISENATHA

Yes... and culture too... is a powerful teacher.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie saw Isenatha bow her head in thought.

STRANGER

Excuse me. Would you have time for an old man?

NAR - KELDOR

Lorvana looked back to see a man in a dark robe leaning on a tall staff. The hood coiled over his head, leaving two eyes the color of deep oceans over a soft smile.

LORVANA

Oh of course! How can I help you?

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir looked around for evidence of who Lorvana was talking to. He stopped puzzled at finding the dirty alley empty save for themselves and the smell of old trash and mold.

SKOTMIR

Wha... who are you talking to...

OGRE 2

(Laughing) What the...

NAR - KELDOR

Suddenly two ogres came from the open walkway between the rough stone buildings

OGRE 1

Smelly smelly! Loot these troll dungs bodah!

OGRE 2

(Sneering) Yesssss... out of your place little bugs!
(Growling) Get em!

SOPHIE

Come on Skotmir, lets go!

NAR - KELDOR

As the ogres charged at the party, Sophie ran beside Skotmir. Lorvana's mind slowed down. As a bard, details rarely escaped her keen mind and this would prove to be one moment she would never forget. She saw the old man turn to look at Sophie and smile, nodding. He stepped forward and held 2 hands out in front of Skotmir and Sophie. She noted they didn't react to him being directly in the way as they drew blades. She became concerned as she realized she still sat squarely on the charging dwarf's shoulders. He must have forgotten everything.

LORVANA

Oh no! Hey! W... Wait, he's right in front of you!

STRANGER

It's time, little one. Be brave.

NAR - KELDOR

A ball of fire engulfed the entire group in a flash. Lorvana felt no heat, yet when their eyes adjusted the ogres were gone.

ISENATHA

(Shouting) What happened?!

NAR - KELDOR

Lorvana looked around, trembling, trying to parse what happened. She saw Una and Isenatha but the old man and Sophie we're gone, as were the ogres.

LORVANA

Oh... (worried) Um... Skotmir?

NAR - KELDOR

She stood on the hard ground trembling where the powerful shoulders of Skotmir once were.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

The air seemed slightly cleaner, having some thick stone and an oaken door between them. There was a welcome smell of old beer and herbed cheese that pushed back the heavy smoldering scents outside. The room was sparsely populated, as Dabria had expected and hoped. This Inn was a favorite for sailors, not
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
soldiers. Though she herself would be recognized without the cloak, it wouldn't necessarily be a bad thing. Just not her intention. There were a few older human merchants at one table, and the surly barkeep sitting behind the cracked and worn dark bar top smoking a rich chocolate-smelling pipe. Benedict turned to her, his eyes kinder than his armor looked. She hoped he wouldn't let his morality get in the way of their success sneaking into the town.

BENEDICT
Those Minotaur really were frightened by you.

DABRIA
Many are.

ZORIN
(gulp of drink)Ah! Hmm.. Well... She was in charge of the Undead Legion (beat) right?

DABRIA
Yes

ZORIN
Well Minotaur are terrified of the undead. Something about it being an affront to the glory of a proud warrior's death and all that.

NAR - KELDOR
Dabria now looked through Zorin, daggers passing from her eyes.

ZORIN
I mean... I uh

DABRIA
(Annoyed/ashamed) Yes... (beat. She is angry for his words.) Something like that.

ZORIN
(beat) Um... well this place seems to be pretty normal patronage. Maybe they might be able to give us a local scoop.

DABRIA
I figured this is a place we can start at least. But not with I... as... (beat) I'm too well known as NOT being one of the people.

NAR - KELDOR

She looked away and back to her blood red wine.

BENEDICT

I'll go.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict took in a deep breath and strode over to a table with 4 older merchants dressed in rich colored silks trimmed in fine furs. One of them was regaling everyone with a tale, his white mustaches wagging as he spoke, well below his chin. Benedict noted how they waved similar to a banner in the breeze on the battlefield.

MERCHANT 1

(hushed) ...yes indeed they are... and so I'm sure everyone will get their sick enjoyment out of the "parade" tomorrow. Pallus can't be..

BENEDICT

(interrupting them in a deep commanding tone) Excuse me.

MERCHANT 1

(Gasp) Oh! I ah..

BENEDICT

What do you know of this parade?

NAR - KELDOR

A look of fear washed over him as he saw the tall Dark Army officer before him.

MERCHANT 1

My lord I...I

MERCHANT 2

He meant no disrespect my lord. Supporters we are! R... right?

MERCHANT 3

Uh... Yes! Hail Lord Pallus!

BENEDICT

Silence! Imbecille!

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria raised an eyebrow at the outburst.

ZORIN

(hushed) Hey... He may be able to do this yet!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict placed two heavy hands on the table and leaned into the man's coarsely shaven face. He could see him tremble. The faded green eyes darted side to side, unable to lock with Benedict's icy stare.

BENEDICT

(beat) You. (beat) Answer me.

MERCHANT 1

The parade tomorrow will welcome a new special batch of prisoners. Um... everyone's excited milord.

BENEDICT

Why? What makes this so special to you cretins? My lord Pallus can easily take prisoners with our might.

MERCHANT 2

But it's the usurpers, milord!

BENEDICT

Usurpers?

MERCHANT 2

The... the prisoners are from some ragtag army to the north.

BENEDICT

Hahaha! Yes! And then to the dungeons, correct? Just to be paraded around and shown off like the pigs they are!

MERCHANT 1

Milord, they will be taken to the arena for the Lord Pallus's enjoyment... (somber becomes unnaturally joyous) as well as the entertainment of the rest of Enruk.

BENEDICT

Of course! That will be all.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict turned to walk back to the table, barely overhearing them continue. Dabria saw his eyes open slightly wider, meeting hers.

MERCHANT 3

(hushed) That's no ragtag army, Donovan! ...word is
(MORE)

MERCHANT 3 (CONT'D)
 they took back Garnet Keep!

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR
 Skotmir felt thousands of claws in the darkness,
 pulling him apart. Then a sensation of being carried
 away. And then, finally, nothing.

SKOTMIR
 (Groan) Woah... wh... where am I? (cough)

NAR - KELDOR
 He woke to find himself in a dingy cell. The smell of
 dust and ammonia lingered in the air like a neglected
 circus cage. Small mounds of hay and straw used for
 bedding, or who knew what else, were piled in the
 four corners of the cell. To the back from the gate,
 one rough cut stone wall existed accompanied by three
 sets of crude ancient iron bars. He could see this
 was one of many cells in this row.

Lying on the ground in the cell to his right was
 Sophie. Her chest heaved with laborious breaths but
 at least she appeared to be alive; passed out, maybe,
 but alive. He was relieved. Looking at the wall, he
 noticed scratch marks, like tick marks for counting
 off calendar days. He squinted his eyes for a moment,
 as it appeared that they spelled out a phrase.

SKOTMIR
 (weak)Huh, "Everything happens for a reason." What
 the...

NAR - KELDOR
 He rubbed his eyes and the message was gone. Skotmir
 noticed a small crumpled form in the cell opposite of
 Sophie's to his left. He heard a slight moan as a
 bloodied hand reached out to crawl to a seated
 position, or at least to lean on an elbow. A
 distantly familiar face rose as it looked at Skotmir
 from one closed and bruised eye. He could see a
 familiar glint of Dwarven pride.

THOTMIR
 (trembling, weak)...Skotmir? Is that you?

NAR - KELDOR
 The voice trembled as Skotmir crawled towards the
 bars. His legs were weak and his arms barely obeyed
 (MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 him. Skotmir looked puzzled, but couldn't help but crack a smile when recognition snapped in his mind.

SKOTMIR
 (chuckle) It is I... Thotmir.

THOTMIR
 (weak Chuckle) I... I found you... My Brother...

NAR - KELDOR
 Skotmir was stunned a moment. Their last words were in anger, not love, and he left his family believing them all to be uncaring and ignorant to who he was. He saw the genuine, though weakened, smile on his brother's face now, though. The past had died somewhere behind Thotmir's welling eyes.

THOTMIR
 Father will be so happy. (Weak chuckle)

NAR - KELDOR
 Ignoring the pain of the past and his present weakness, Skotmir thrust his hand through the iron bars to clasp his long lost brother's.
 (SKOTMIR and THOTMIR laughter)
 Their Union was cut short as a booming voice echoed down the hall along with storming footsteps.
 (MALDROS rambling to the soldiers dark orders etc)
 Soon a tall dark man stepped forward in black fabric clutched tight around a muscular body. What appeared to be a horned helmet poked out from beneath the hood of his cloak, his face wrapped in dark black gauze. He leaned on a crude great club, the wood dark with years of use and blood.

MALDROS
 I look forward to meeting all of you in the pits tomorrow... MY Pits! (laughs) Hmm... I wouldn't bother sleeping now, boys... tomorrow you'll either sleep forever or sleep for days! (Laugh)

NAR - KELDOR
 He laughed as he walked off, followed by the cruel kobolds accompanying him.

Thotmir croaked an explanation.

THOTMIR
 That... is Maldros the Dark. He runs this place and has
 (MORE)

THOTMIR (CONT'D)

been champion for as long as anyone can guess.

SOPHIE

(hushed and angry. Remember Zane HATES this guy as an abuser and pure evil.)Yes... I know.

NAR - KELDOR

The voice startled the two dwarves, who turned to see a very awake Sophie. Her eyes stared down the long hall, following Maldros.

S4E3 - THE ARENA

G2 Wake up parade, G1 make way to temple G2 Go to the arena end Scene as the first match begins

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin walked out onto the street, stroking his chin in anticipation. He hadn't seen his father for 12 years, and just the realization made him feel anxious. The small breakfast of pasty gruel and salted eggs from the inn was trying to make its return. It felt like a hot ember under his quickly beating heart, deep within his chest. His jaw was drawn tight from the quaking anger, much like his short bow.

He was followed by Eralin and Dabria who passed him making their way to where they found a place for them in the growing crowd. Not too close to draw attention and not too far... well for the same reasons.

He felt Benedict place a hand on his shoulder, giving him a quick look of reassurance. This was going to be a horrible reunion.

A murmur rolled down the crowd, helping to announce the procession well ahead of the parade. Soon, a plume of fire erupted from 5 multicolored dancers leading a column of dark armored soldiers marching down the center of the street. The dancers breathed plumes of fire as they juggled both fire and blades, weaving their way to clear a path. Zorin noticed they were dressed in colored scales mimicking 5 different colored dragons. As the dancers passed, the marching military soon followed, some shambling and undisciplined as opposed to the more senior troops who drove the crowd back from sheer terror. Orcs and men mainly. Immediately following the soldiers rolled an ornate chariot.

BENEDICT

Oh my god...

DABRIA

Not in this city.

NAR - KELDOR

12 men clad in dirty rags groaned as they carried the black and gold platform on lacquered poles across their shoulders, 6 to a side. Weeping wounds from fresh lash marks graced their backs and bruises

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 marked their once proud cheeks. 2 figures stood defiant on the platform. Lord Pallus stood at the front with his arms crossed, a cruel smirk crossing his face. To his left, a gaunt man stood icy cold and unmoving.

DABRIA
 That's Dekkion.

NAR - KELDOR
 Zorin recognized the dark cleric. The same man who struck down Zane when they were children.

ORC CENTURIAN
 Hail Lord Pal-lus! Hail Lord Pal-lus! Move and bow before his excellency you worms! Hail Lord Pal-lus!

NAR - KELDOR
 Raped the lead orc, and the crowd repeated back in awe and fear.

ZORIN
 Where are they going?

DABRIA
 (sadly) The Arena.

NAR - KELDOR
 Zorin noticed a tinge of contempt rolling off her tongue.

DABRIA
 Wait here.

NAR - KELDOR
 Who knows what possessed Dabria's next action. Was it guilt of being one of those executioners of pain for so long?

Not fully understanding, but feeling it to be right, Dabria hung her head and quietly worked powerful magic, gripping the goat's horn at her neck. Her diety answered. Whether mocking her or not he answered her.

(DABRIA gasp)

She drew from her life force and slowly passed her own essence to the poor men carrying the chariot.

(Groans from the men)

They felt the pain leave slowly, but were careful to

not show the relief. Dabria's viens grew black from the fingertips like a runaway infection. Her eyes became jaundiced and her cheeks sunken. The pain was unbearable, but she welcomed it.

Time itself seemed to slow to a crawl. She raised her eyes weakly to see that child from a dream so long ago, her blonde matted tresses softly moving in the wind. Her blue eyes, that once poured tears cutting paths through her soot stained cheeks when they last met, were now clear. In fact, as she looked, she saw the girl stronger, beautiful and caring. She held her hands out and smiled.

GHOST GIRL

You are on the right path. Keep going.

NAR - KELDOR

And she disappeared. Time returned to normal and Dabria gently wheezed as to not gain too much attention.

DABRIA

(gasping as she drops a bit, almost collapsing)

BENEDICT

I got you. Can I... help you?

DABRIA

Yes.

NAR - KELDOR

No-one noticed the Paladin hiding in dark armor calling upon his own god to help heal his comrade.

DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Rising in the morning, Lorvana and Isenatha watched the armies clear the camps for the parade. The view from the window of the second floor room they had rented was actually perfect for viewing the arm, as well as the horrible Temple that was their destination. Cordelia disguised them once again as Dragon Army soldiers.

CORDELIA

Una, what is this temple for?

UNA

The Thorn... or... The Prince of Righteous Vengeance.
(MORE)

UNA (CONT'D)

(beat) Stay close and don't raise any suspicion.
Cordelia's spell can only do so much to disguise you.
(beat) There. See there. We must pass between those
two observation towers.

(environment transition desert wind)

NAR - KELDOR

The sun was climbing in the morning sky now behind
the clouds. High above the parched landscape leading
to the temple, an elven guard leaned over a giant war
horn in the tower. Spotting something, his eyes
narrowed before a cruel smile twisted from a corner
of his mouth. He motioned for the other guard to see
something.

GUARD 1

Hey. Check this out. Is that?

KEHLVAN

Yeah... Mistress Una. Looks like the seer has some
friends with her today too. Whatever.

GUARD 1

Heh, look at that one Kehlvan... A kid.

KEHLVAN

What? Oh... hahaha! Good for them. Make them work for
their gruel says I.

NAR - KELDOR

They laughed to themselves, thinking the tiny form of
Lorvana was simply a servant child. They returned to
scanning the horizon. The other guards usually posted
would be absent at this time. Una was certain of
this. Pallus was arrogant and believed in secrets
guarding themselves.

(door creak transition to internal echoing
temple footsteps)

They entered the great hall of worship. A dark wooden
throne now perched on the dais where once sat an
ancient altar.

A deep echo as they walked seemed to amplify their
footsteps not matter how they tried to muffle them.

UNA

I know its back here... Ah!

NAR - KELDOR

Once behind the throne itself Una felt the wall
behind the crimson velvet draped there. Just as she
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
remembered the door, which matched the wall so perfectly, swung open. Inside was a large hall. No visible doorway marked the 4 walls. Una pointed directly across from the doorway.

UNA
That's a secret door leading outside into the mountains. Somewhere in here is a way down into the dungeons.

NAR - KELDOR
Isenatha quietly broke in nervously.

ISENATHA
Una, I... I'll wait here to guard the escape if needed. From here you will need to delve deeper and I may prove to be... a distraction.

NAR - KELDOR
Una considered her offer but was curious as to her true intention.

UNA
Interesting proposal...(beat) Yes. Yes you should wait here. The 3 of us can move more swiftly then.

CORDELIA
Wait. (Spell Casting) Ok, there is a spell on the door back out to the throne room if someone approaches this door... You will know.

NAR - KELDOR
They nodded at each other. Lorvana pulled out the gem from Elloveve and peered through it at the secret door outside. Magic letters sprung to life.

LORVANA
Yay! (pause) Hey... wait a minute, look at that.

At an other end of the room she clearly saw the glow of magic letters outlining another secret door...

DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR
A 300 foot stone brick wall stood in front of the approaching crowd. Lines of people weaved the multiple switchbacks leading up to the top. It made
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
Zorin's head reel.

ZORIN
Woah... This must be the arena.

DABRIA
Hmm.. Benedict and I can pass as Officers but you two will draw too much attention and possibly too much risk.

NAR - KELDOR
She looked at Zorin. He nodded in acknowledgement.

ZORIN
Eralin, lets find our own way in.

NAR - KELDOR
The tall Eralin nodded from beneath the dark hood framing his pale face and platinum hair. It took but a moment for them to disappear into the surrounding crowd, like waves on the sea.

OGRE 2
Show your support, drop your coins here!

OGRE 1
Encouraged! Hey! Do it tiny!

OGRE 2
Hahaha! Ah... um... Go ahead mistress...

NAR - KELDOR
The large ogres at the gates nodded to Dabria and knew better than to question the presence of the unrecognized officer at her side. Dabria was a unique cleric they were well aware of. A Centurian of Dekkion, Master of the Undead is terrifying enough but her disturbing focus around manipulating the pain of others could strike fear in most of the Dark Army. Hence her nickname of the "Mistress of Pain" They made their way up the huge ancient stadium rows. The stadium was able to seat hundreds of thousands of people and towered 300 feet in the air. This was definitely a marvel to behold. Row after row was lined up all the way to the top, where the lower classes were forced to sit far away and so high that the unaided eye would likely see nothing. Those final rows were not even given a wall at their back to brace them from a tumble backwards to a gruesome
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 death below.

The officers were granted seating lower, alongside a booth in the center jutting out 25 feet from their row for Pallus himself. The arena floor was made of sand, with the wall towering 30 feet around the perimeter, slightly angled outward and topped with long bladed spikes to prevent any unwanted climbing.

BENEDICT
 This could... (beat) Dabria, do they bring dragons into this arena?

NAR - KELDOR
 Before she could answer, the crowd erupted as Lord Pallus stepped forward on the balcony with Dekkion to his right. His arms outstretched, he welcomed his bloodthirsty and beloved crowd to his games.

DOOR TRANSITION

ZORIN
 (Panting from a light jog but hushed) He.. hey here we are

NAR - KELDOR
 Zorin and Eralin made their way down the dark and damp alley between the barracks and the arena. Looking closely at the stone wall, Zorin found a small opening in the cut stone they could squeeze through.

ZORIN
 Ok this looks like some sort of... storage? What is... wait... Is that a palm tree?
 (voices approaching)
 Oh jeez Eralin hide!

NAR - KELDOR
 They quickly tried to hide themselves. Zorin ducked back in the shadows easily. Eralin's head darted back and forth frantically, trying to find something to hide behind.

ZORIN
 Hey! That barrel! No, not in it you idiot! Get behind the crates around it. Yeah! Now don't... move...
 (Voices blabbing about something in the)
 (MORE)

ZORIN (CONT'D)
(background)

As the Kobolds milled around the room gathering supplies for the arena, Zorin was able to move freely in the shadows, making his way to the mouth of the arena itself. Taking a moment to look around, he now saw that the room was filled with facades of scenes on wheels painted like trees, or stones. Some small buildings with ropes to move windows from behind the slats were lined up, pointing out the huge door itself. As he drew closer he could hear the deafening roar of the crowd above.

ZORIN
(hushed) This... is going to be a huge production.

TRANSITION

CORDELIA
An hend I see palan awau i o nin! (spell casting)

NAR - KELDOR
An orb the size of a small orange appeared, floating in the air before Cordelia. It glowed dimly with a ghostly blue light, but not enough to draw too much attention.

LORVANA
Wow! What's that?

CORDELIA
(proudly) A magic eye. I can see what it sees. For now it will scout ahead for us... what did you find?

LORVANA
Oh found some glass bottles. Nothing in them but I got a few just in case.

UNA
Mmmm-hmmm. (beat) Wise. Let's continue on.

CORDELIA
(Gasping) Wait.. is that what I think oh wow!
(excitedly) Yes lets press on.

NAR - KELDOR
They walked swiftly to keep up with Cordelia's excited pace. The musty smell of the lower level echoed stale water despite the surface's dry cracked earth. Entering the next room, it opened to a doubled
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

and vaulted ceiling, a faint mural depicting dragons and kobolds feasting together. At the end of the room they found a crouched figure and Cordelia's magic eye hovered slightly. The hulking body shivered in the dark recess of the room from under what appeared to be a red orange sheet of thin metal. As a slow breath entered its great lungs, a deep voice boomed forth.

CHALKOS

(tired)...whoever you are... (beat) come no closer.

CORDELIA

We... mean no harm or intrusion oh great one.

CHALKOS

Great one? (chuckles) You... you certainly have nice manners. (chuckle and grunts as he sits up to walk slowly)

NAR - KELDOR

The form raised from the ground, a shimmer of light now dancing over what was suddenly known to be shining copper scales. He stepped into the light, revealing a 30 foot long dragon. His scales gleamed like a copper penny, though age and wear may have dulled them slightly. A huge chain clattered across the stone floor from a single leg. The faint outline of a great doorway could be seen on the other side of his body. He lowered his powerful head down to the group, and though they were awestruck they noticed they didn't feel overcome with fear like with the other dragons. Lorvana stepped forward, smiling.

LORVANA

Wow... you are so pretty!

CHALKOS

(chuckle) Well... so are you my little friend.

LORVANA

Oh! Call me Lorvana. Please. What is your name?

CHALKOS

Chalkos. (chuckle) It's not often I get many visitors as kind as you, Lorvana. Its quite refreshing.

LORVANA

Thats so nice. Sorry my friends are so quiet. We never met a nice dragon before.

NAR - KELDOR

Chalkos's eyes seemed to dull slightly with sadness for a moment at this.

CHALKOS

I'm. I'm sorry that has been your experience.

LORVANA

May I. (beat) Um... if its ok with you I mean.

NAR - KELDOR

Lorvana held up her tiny hand, palm outstretched in front of her kind and harmless eyes. Chalkos was taken aback for a moment. He could not remember the last time he was greeted with such reverence. He drew his head closer and felt her hand on the side of his muzzle. He smiled warmly.

CHALKOS

Thank you. (beat) That was nice.

CORDELIA

Chalkos, we wish to pass. Would that be ok?

CHALKOS

My new friends, I... I have been bound here to protect the way though I know not from who. I only know I must. Beyond here are held the betrayers of the kobolds.

LORVANA

Can we not free you? That chain looks so heavy and mean.

NAR - KELDOR

Chalkos looked at the heavy iron, 5 inches in width bent into 2 foot reinforced links. He brought his head back to look at the littlest member of the group. She could see years of pain, with a strong resolution behind his eyes. Even not remembering fully the reason for his fate, he would stay here. He would die here. He would guard this with his life forever.

CHALKOS

(sadly) No. No, little one, I must stay here. If nothing else, I know I cannot let them leave. They... hurt my family and killed my friends. (beat) They took my memory. (sigh) You may pass, but promise me you will not release them.

LORVANA

Oh, I promise you Chalkos. As your new friend, I promise.

CHALKOS

(happy) Hmm! Yes. Yes, I believe your promise is stronger than this iron chain my little friend. You may pass.

NAR - KELDOR

They made their way down the hall past ancient sculptures and monoliths erected in the worship of what appeared to be dragons. Horns either curved to the front or flared behind thier heads. Some were singular from the snout, several formed a crown and beard.

CORDELIA

I see every dragon here. The Good dragons like Chalkos too.

UNA

Isenatha. She said good and evil are taught.

CORDELIA

Hmm. (beat) Yes, she did. But I don't know if she really knew what was...

UNA

Hush! (beat) Wait. Hear that?

MORTAS

(soft dark chanting repeat 3x) Ash kulkodar ob uluk kulkodar. Ash mabrotnosh azat burz gaddur. Mir kulkodar lump ishi ghash shakamub. Bumbullaum agh balt. Zau dot agh vuras shara. Broshan pallus! Broshan dekkion!

STOCUK

(soft dark chanting repeat 3x) Ash kulkodar ob uluk kulkodar. Ash mabrotnosh azat burz gaddur. Mir kulkodar lump ishi ghash shakamub. Bumbullaum agh balt. Zau dot agh vuras shara. Broshan Pallus! Broshan Dekkion!

NAR - KELDOR

They began to hear a dark forgotten language. As they proceeded towards the source it grew louder and louder.

CORDELIA

(hushed) Let's wait here. Go.

NAR - KELDOR

The magical eye darted up the hall.

CORDELIA

(Relaying what she sees. Slightly strained from concentration but not too much.) I... I see two hidden, um. Dark... yes dark figures around a small, slime covered altar...

They stare at a person on the altar in concentration, um. Chanting. (GASP) Looming over them, also staring at the object upon the altar, is... is a red dragon. Wait... It's changing... into a man.

FURY

(laughing) HAHHAHA! Well, Mortas and Stockuk, I can FEEEEEEL it working. Hahaha. Yes. He is ready. The Dark Queen has opened his life force to us. Now. Take it!

CORDELIA

A red haired man.

UNA

With a red beard? (beat) Is he thin and wiry?

CORDELIA

Yes.

UNA

Fury.

CORDELIA

Wait... Lord Pallus's mount?!

UNA

Ha! Don't let him hear you say that. He will never believe he is Pallus's servant. (beat) Though we all know he is.

CORDELIA

On the altar is a man. His beard is braided in a different way than I've ever seen... with bronze beads. The men have paused chanting and one is holding some twisted brass scepter up to a dragon's mouth. Wait, it's not a scepter, it's a tall vial or vase, dripping... liquid. (MAN SCREAMS) The man is in agony as blue white energy pours from his mouth and eyes, charging the large gemstones in the room with
(MORE)

CORDELIA (CONT'D)
his own life.

They are pulling the spirit from these prisoners!

TRANSITION

ORC 1
Move! Death awaits all of ya!

ORC 2
Yeah! Don't want to keep the crowd waiting. Hehehe!

ORC 1
Or Maldros! Hahaha! (laugh)

ORC 2
Hahaha! (laugh)

NAR - KELDOR
Skotmir, Thotmir and Sophie are ushered roughly out of their cells by the Guards, finding themselves walking up a long ramp with a dozen other men. Covered in a network of bruises, Sophie notes the battered shoulders almost like a yoke or heavy weight was placed upon them.

THOTMIR
Hey! (stumble grunt)

SKOTMIR
Woah! (grunt) I... I got you brother.

NAR - KELDOR
As they were shoved up the hall, a shudder ran through the brothers at the sound of a bloodthirsty crowd. The music grew louder and louder, announcing the procession for the arena.

Thotmir turns to Skotmir and Sophie.

THOTMIR
The forge watches over us today, my friends. Fight well.

NAR - KELDOR
Entering the red glow of the day, they saw hundreds of thousands of spectators roaring at their arrival. The stone brick and sandstone towered in every direction from the high wall, as far as the eye could see. Pillars and stands alternated in a dizzying
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
pattern swirling hundreds of feet into the air.

ORC 2
Move!

NAR - KELDOR
Sophie felt the kick into her back knocking her forward. She was in shock at the scene around her. The sounds of the blood thirsty crowd numbed her senses. These people wanted to watch them die. The more horrible the better.

ZANE
Hey.

SOPHIE
I...

ZANE
Your heart hurts...

SOPHIE
They are all so horrible. All of them.

ZANE
Listen to me. Don't focus on those outside the ring. Just... just survive. Do what you do best Sophie. Fight.

NAR - KELDOR
Pallus and Dekkion stepped forward on the tall balcony reserved for them. Dekkion nodded at him before his voice magically boomed into the arena and hushed the crowd.

DEKKION
Who are these wretches brought before his magnificence, Lord Pallus?! I shall tell you! They are those that shall face your judgement in the ring of fire and blood! Die well! For your lives are now... not your own.

NAR - KELDOR
Looking around, Skotmir saw the newest captives, some terrified, some resolute. He spat on the ground in disgust, his proud dwarven blood boiling. These were innocent people committed to a dark unfair fate.

DEKKION
Maldros! We commit them to you, King of Gladiators!

NAR - KELDOR

From the opening came Maldros the Dark, cloak flapping behind his hulking form, red eyes glowing. Sophie froze as a wave of memory hit her.

TRANSITION

She is in an arena not unlike this one, twin daggers in her hands. She feels acrobatic, confident and a bit cynical. Across the arena is Maldros, clutching a wound at his side and kneeling. A wound delivered by the crude orcish daggers in her hands. Or were they her hands? Was this even her memory? She turns her head in the arena to see Zane standing next to her. With the same daggers in his hands. Blood cutting through dirt and dust on his cheek. Despite this he turned and smiled.

ZANE

(Laugh) I never finished that story on our way to First Port did I? I like being able to share them like this now. Share my memories with you.(serious and calming) Hey, I got this. (beat) I'm with you, Sophie... Always.

NAR - KELDOR

The vision faded. She saw Skotmir's puzzled face.

SKOTMIR

You alright?

SOPHIE

I.. I know him. Well not me, but Zane does.

NAR - KELDOR

The first event was announced to be 6 people, all from the chariot death match. When the booming war horn was sounded, one member immediately cut the throat of the man next to him. Someone only yesterday saved his life on the battlefield. Panic entered the eyes of a young man who ran in terror from them all. Another dropped to his knees, dropping the weapon on the ground, arms outstretched refusing to fight. An anguished cry erupted from his cracked chapped lips. Another man drove an axe into his back, ending his nightmare.

BENEDICT

This is horrible, these were our men.

DABRIA

Yes.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria turned to Benedict.

DABRIA

Benedict, our goal was to find out what he plans to do next. Don't you see?

BENEDICT

See what... wait. Oh no!

NAR - KELDOR

A wave of realization poured over his soul like the quench of a fresh blade. They had found what they came for. Lord Pallus was going to strike Garnet Keep.

BENEDICT

we need to get out of here and get back to warn...

ANNOUNCER

Behold the slain before you all! They die for all your enjoyment. Next we bring you 2 brothers, dwarven sons of the Garnet Mountains!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict's eyes grew wide as the 2 brothers walked into the dust together.

BENEDICT

Skotmir!

DABRIA

I have a feeling your mind has changed about leaving, then?

BENEDICT

Not without him. I swear it.

DABRIA

Good. Lets see if we can get to where they leave the arena. I have an idea. Once the match starts we will... (AZURE DRAGON ROAR) oh no!

NAR - KELDOR

The cheers became deafening as their challenger entered the arena. It was a 35-foot blue dragon, his scales battered, wings torn and bent to odd angles in places, but more notably his face destroyed and one
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
eyed. She knew this dragon. Too well.

ANNOUNCER
Witness the mighty Azure! A lifetime of battle served, he wishes to continue to kill for your enjoyment!

AZURE
This is my honor and fate to die for you in this glorious arena! And I will do so happily! BUT!

NAR - KELDOR
He dropped his head low to stare at his enemies with one massive black-rimmed yellow orange eye. Azure was now being honored. He knew he would no longer fly and this would be a glorious death this day. Lightning crackled between the teeth of his sneering maw.

AZURE
(sneering slow cold chuckle) Not today... (chuckle)
and NOT to you maggots. (beat) HAHAHA!! (roar)

SKOTMIR
(battlecry)

THOTMIR
(battlecry)

Thunderclap and steel SFX with an erupting crowd!

S4E4 - BLOOD AND DRAGONS

G2 Arena Battle with Azure - G1 Find Dragons held in the temple in human form Kobolds help them begin to escape before the clerics of Dekkion find out. G2 Arena Eralin shows his true form. Sharptooth and the Kobolds help Dabria and Benedict escape.

NAR - KELDOR

The battle began and the two dwarves attacked ferociously, shaking off the dragonfear and replacing it with deep dwarven rage, hacking into the dragon with their axes. Thotmir was bitten by the gaping maw, teeth biting into his chest and sending shock waves of electricity through his body. Skotmir ran to the rear leg to strike like felling a tree. Thotmir was hit full on by the lightning breath, sparks radiating across his blue armor as he fell unconscious. Benedict and Dabria made their way down the ramps, echoes of battle resonating as other voices filled the halls with vendors purchasing provisions like lizards barbecued on sticks or large insects. Ale and mead were poured from huge barrels taller than the kobolds tending them and the soft jingle of coins rattling filled their greedy ears.

DABRIA

Come this way... I... bought us some time. (soft chuckle)

BENEDICT

Sure... wh.. what did you do?

NAR - KELDOR

She smiled deviously.

DABRIA

I... sent an old friend a message... a suggestion really. A small message to Dekkion suggesting the match was boring. As we were leaving I saw him complain to Pallus who agreed... (chuckle) tossing his goblet.

BENEDICT

Good thinking that should draw out the match a bit while we get down there.

ANNOUNCER

Bring out the human warrior!

NAR - KELDOR

Far from Benedict's sight on the arena floor Sophie didn't hesitate to assist her chosen brother Skotmir. Running to the dragon, she gripped a low shoulder and swung upward landing on his jagged spine. Producing the two daggers of Zane she plunged them into the dragon's back. Howling in pain the dragon swatted the annoyance with his tail, sending Sophie tumbling to the ground.

Pallus became enthralled, tossing his arms around like a stage director as he shouted at the announcer under the roar of the crowd. The match paused, Sophie and Azure stepping back out of range of each other for a moment while the crowd grew silent save confused murmurs of anticipation. All except Skotmir. Seeing his brother's crumpled and unmoving form on the ground, he remained stuck in his fury... and continued to charge the dragon. Azure swatted a paw down on him, pinning him to the ground.

AZURE

Time to wait, you impatient insect!

SKOTMIR

(groans and struggles while pinned)

SOPHIE

Skotmir! Save your energy!

NAR - KELDOR

Meanwhile to the right of the same gate the gladiators had entered from, Benedict and Dabria had slipped into the shadows as they saw Lord Pallus, flanked by 4 guards and a very excited Dekkion, enter. Waiting for the gate to open, they stood mere feet away from their would be assassins in the shadows.

DEKKION

(Laugh)Yes my lord. This will prove to be most exciting!

LORD PALLUS

(Laughter)

NAR - KELDOR

From the other side of the Arena Zorin saw the gate
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
clank open and his father's entourage step out to the arena floor.

ZORIN
What are you doing, old man? Wait...

NAR - KELDOR
Pallus motioned a hand in Zorin's direction.

ANNOUNCER
He calls for props folks! (beat) Their deaths shall be framed in a glorious and bloodsoaked setting designed by our great leader!

NAR - KELDOR
Suddenly, trees shot out onto the arena floor from the prop entrance, Zorin diving into the shadows to remain unseen as a few dozen mercenaries and servants moved in to move everything into place at the call of Lord Pallus himself.

Soon, building facades came out, and much to Zorin's horror.

ZORIN
Oh no... stay down you idiot!

NAR - KELDOR
Also, the crates hiding Eralin.

TRANSITION

UNA
You better answer me.

NAR - KELDOR
Una approached one of the glowing torches. It spat a green flame in the shape of a rose, a skull and finally ashes.

UNA'S PATRON
WHY HAVEN'T YOU FREED ME?!

NAR - KELDOR
...the voice in her head shrieked out.

UNA'S PATRON
GROW STRONGER AND FIND ME IN STRATH!

UNA

I will... my master... but first I need to know how to rescue these prisoners and get them out of here.

UNA'S PATRON

Maybe there's more power in them than you know. Just like you refuse to recognize the power within yourself. Chalkos is being lied to... These aren't the betrayers in his tragedy, but I assure you they were in the play! (Softer) Maybe... my little Una, THEY actually need to rescue you.

NAR - KELDOR

The torch flared and sputtered to a normal orange glow. She turned back to the group.

CORDELIA

Well?

UNA

They are the friends... of Chalkos.

CORDELIA

(gasp) They could be... (realization these are the good dragons) we... we need to tell Chalkos.

LORVANA

I'll do it. He. (smiles) He's my friend.

NAR - KELDOR

Lorvana saw a mouse and whispered a song under her breath. The mouse ran to her.

LORVANA

Tell Chalkos we see a terrible thing about the prisoners. All of them are being destroyed slowly and they are really friends of the Kobolds. And they are his friends. Tell him we need his help. (standing up and turning to the group) Ok. Lets get his friends.

NAR - KELDOR

They approached a hall to the side of that chamber with several cells, rusty bars caked with centuries of neglect. Inside the cells were the forms of 5 people.

KOgyrus

Who are you?

CORDELIA

Una, spring the lever at the far end of the wall.
(MORE)

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

That should let them out. I'm still watching the chamber with the dark altar.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia was struggling to keep her overwhelming feelings at bay. She was overcome with hope but knew she first had to get them out of there. The gates swung open.

UNA

Let's go.

NAR - KELDOR

They were human and elf, if they were to guess. But something was different. Eyes were brighter. Powerful muscles rippled under robes. Despite their weakened state they held an unquestionable power behind their eyes.

CHALKOS

(roaring) Liars! Thieves! Deceivers! BETRAYERS!

NAR - KELDOR

The sound of Chalko's anger shook the foundation of the temple as he ripped the chain from the wall. Cordelia saw the 3 figures in the altar run to investigate, leaving the weakened man alone.

CORDELIA

We are trapped!

UNA

No. We can try to flee deeper into the volcano this way. Follow me!

CORDELIA

Take them, I will join you. I'm going back for the last one.

LORVANA

I'll help you!

NAR - KELDOR

Una and the prisoners ran one way down the wide hall while Cordelia and Lorvana ran back to the altar room. Soon after, a roar erupted down the hall.

LORVANA

Go! Take him back! I... need to save Chalkos.

ARYAT

(weakly) Chalkos? He... still lives?

LORVANA

Yes. (beat) Please Cordelia.

CORDELIA

But you...

LORVANA

Go!

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia nodded as she scooped an arm around the weakened man and then began to stumble down the hall. Lorvana ran as fast as her little legs could carry her, back towards the roaring Chalkos, wondering if she made the right decision but knowing in her heart she did. Turning the corner, she saw Chalkos hunched but still able to run towards her in the wide hall, his form barely clearing the opening.

CHALKOS

(roar) Run! Run Little one! Climb on!

NAR - KELDOR

Bending a wing low, Lorvana darted up to sit astride his neck as they barreled down the hall. Looking behind her, the glow of fire erupted as she realized there was another dragon... close behind.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Pallus paced, admiring the scene before him. 4 fabricated palm trees stood in the center along with the facade of an ancient temple. He was particularly nodding at the cutouts of some terrified villagers.

LORD PALLUS

This is fine work! Isn't it?

DEKKION

Yes, my lord!

NAR - KELDOR

Eralin felt Lord Pallus draw closer, but as he did something familiar pulled at his neck. Suddenly it felt like he was being pulled slowly towards him, like a magnet. Peeking from behind the barrel, he saw Pallus mindlessly caressing the dragon turtle pommel

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
of the sword at his hip.

ERALIN
Wha...? What is is this?

NAR - KELDOR
Looking at his necklace, he saw the blue eyes begin to radiate. Looking out he saw the red eyes of the sword answer, softly glowing.

ERALIN
I...

NAR - KELDOR
A wave of memory washed over him as he saw himself restrained on an altar, his being poured from a screaming mouth as the red stones filled with all he was, all he remembered. He saw 3 cloaked men draining him into the ruby. And all went black until Zorin found him, or at least part of him, in the underworld. Imprisoned in a ruby cage. Suddenly one word sat at the front of his mind. Forgotten. Until now.

DEKKION
Watch out, my lord!

NAR - KELDOR
Eralin stood up from the crates, surprising Pallus.

PALLUS
(laugh)

NAR - KELDOR
Pallus laughed as he regarded the new combatant, before his eyes grew wide in recognition. His eyes fell to the necklace in horror.

PALLUS
You!

DEKKION
What? No... NO!!!

NAR - KELDOR
A great pull happened that pulled from his sword and the necklace itself. A flash of light, and Eralin's necklace was gone as were the eyes on Pallus's Sword. Dekkion was enraged as he scrambled away howling.

DEKKION

NO! Not you! Impossible, we watched you die on that altar!

NAR - KELDOR

Eralin stepped forward smiling, as he felt whole again. Looking up, he repeated the word in his mind.

ERALIN

Rood -o nen.

NAR - KELDOR

Eralin felt a familiar change as his body grew, expanding outward. The skin on his back hardened and his hands became scaled flippers. The front rows of the crowd shrank back in terror, for before them was a hulking 20 ft high Dragon Turtle.

AZURE

YEEES!! Come at me my cousin! This is a glorious day!

NAR - KELDOR

Azure charged at Eralin, driving him into the wall of the arena as everyone scattered to get out of the way.

Eralin faced the dragon as his throat erupted a cone of superheated steam in a shrieking deep roar. It hit full on, peeling the flesh from one side of Azure's face from the skull beneath. This was the battle Azure longed for. He tried to summon back his breath, but had to resort to claws and bites. The blows glanced off the hard spiked Dragon Turtle's shell, protecting most of its body. Eralin breathed in again for a final attack... and Azure crumpled to the ground. The great wyrm was slain.

ERALIN

(groan) Ugh... Can't breathe... whew... ugh...
(recovered) Skotmir!

NAR - KELDOR

Returning to his humanoid form after finding himself out of breath, Eralin rushed to Skotmir's side only to be greeted by several dozen guards.

DEKKION

Hard to take your form out of water isn't it? What was your name again... Ah yes. Eralin. How you came to escape the realm of the dead is curious. VERY curious... Hmm well no matter, I caught you again
(MORE)

DEKKION (CONT'D)

didn't I, little fish? (beat) Take them away.

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir carried the limp form of his brother over his shoulder as they were all escorted back into the gate leading down the ramp to their cells. A voice was barely heard in the shadows as they walked by, but not over the roar of the crowd outside.

BENEDICT

Knightlord, please give him strength.

SHARPTOOTH

Mistress Dabria, please follow me.

NAR - KELDOR

The familiar voice from the deeper shadows behind them startled her.

DABRIA

What? (beat) Sharptooth?

SHARPTOOTH

Yes. Please my friend follow me. We need to go now.

BENEDICT

But Zorin and...

SHARPTOOTH

No time! Come and live to fight another day. It's the only way. They will soon know you are here.

DABRIA

Its true. Dekkion can sense me, I'm sure of it. And if Azure is here that means Cobalt has likely exposed our lie now. At least to some.

SHARPTOOTH

This way.

NAR - KELDOR

As they disappeared deeper into a tunnel hidden in the shadows, Benedict turned back.

BENEDICT

I'm sorry. May the the Maiden guide you, my friend.

NAR - KELDOR
And he was gone.

DOOR TRANSITION

CORDELIA
(running) Uh... um...(pant) not now! Woah!

NAR - KELDOR
Cordelia ran frantically, trying to remember a spell as they burst into a glowing cavern. Magma fell all around the chamber 300 feet away on all sides as they ran along the thin rock bridge spanning the heart of the volcano.

CORDELIA
Ugh!

NAR - KELDOR
The alarm spell went off in her head as Isenatha's voice called out to her.

ISENATHA
Run my friends, they are coming! Go! I will meet you back at the keep!

NAR - KELDOR
Several Kobolds swooped in out of nowhere on the bridge.

KOBOLD 1
Come with us!

UNA
Who are...

KOBOLD 2
No time, look!

CHALKOS
(Roar) They are behind us! Run!

NAR - KELDOR
The bridge shook as the Copper dragon slammed one foot in front of the other on all fours. The giant form of the Red Dragon Fury burst onto the bridge before taking flight in the wide chamber to allow the smaller guards to pass beneath him.

FURY
Stop them, you fools! (roar) Chalkos!

CHALKOS

Hold on, little one!

NAR - KELDOR

Sensing Fury draw breath into his mighty lungs, Chalkos threw one broad fanlike wing up as a shield over himself, Lorvana and effectively the rest of the group, who had now reached the far exit.

FURY

(Roar)

NAR - KELDOR

The blast of Fire slammed into his wing, driving him closer to the exit. They were only mere steps away but the guards of the Dark Army were closing in fast.

LORVANA

Look up there!

NAR - KELDOR

Looking up, he sees how fragile the rocks above are... and smiles. Keeping the wing up to the blast he dashed to the exit.

CHALKOS

Goodbye, Fury! (laughs then a quick heavy groan as if lifting something heavy.)

NAR - KELDOR

Chalkos suddenly angled his wing to reflect breath into the loose rocks above as he blew acid across the bridge. They dove into the exit as everything crashed down, sealing them in the hall.

CORDELIA

Nice work!

CHALKOS

Thank you! I like to think of...

KOBOLD 1

Please come! Your friends await you ahead, there is no time!

NAR - KELDOR

They continued running down the hall for what seemed like several minutes before coming to a large cavern with hundreds of Kobolds milling about.

CORDELIA

A village?

UNA

I... Never knew of this place.

NAR - KELDOR

They are approached by several of these rebel kobolds. But 2 more familiar faces step forward.

BENEDICT

Cordelia!

CORDELIA

Benedict!

UNA

Ah! Hello dark sister. (beat) And Sharptooth correct?

SHARPTOOTH

We are the shadowclaws. We wish to return Enruk to what it was before the dark army came. Before the arena and the greed we are slaves to. Come now, you must flee.

NAR - KELDOR

They slid a large rock, that blended with the cave entrance, behind them. Benedict noted they effectively were hiding from any pursuers that could come their way. Sharptooth took them to one of many exits on the opposite side of the cavern networked there. Each had rocks poised to keep this place a secret for however long was needed...or even forever, they imagined.

SHARPTOOTH

Here. This will take you through the mountains to the east. Into Chikara. Take them home from there. Please take these healing salves and food for the journey. And...

NAR - KELDOR

She looked at Dabria and smiled.

SHARPTOOTH

My friendship and prayers... forever.

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Deep under the arena lie the cells of both combatants and champions alike. The halls grew quiet now at the end of the day, and only the occasional footsteps of a guard were not heard in sparse but regular sequence. But amongst the rats there was another shadow lurking the halls, free outside the cages. Free... but now alone.

ZORIN

Well, here we are again Zorin... (sigh) Where are we going to go now?

S4E5 - LOST SECRETS

Zorin wanders the halls trying to figure out how Sophie, Skotmir and Thotmir are escaping. Finds the journals stating the poison/spells to keep the good dragons in human form and realizes who Dabria is. He remembers and cries.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin was alone. Wandering the dark old smelling halls under the arena was lonely but in the inky darkness he felt a familiar home. He heard voices periodically, causing him to instinctively duck into recesses in the cracked stonebrick walls or behind the occasional supply crate lining the halls, shrouded in the shadows.

ZORIN

(sigh) Can't get to them now.

NAR - KELDOR

He had seen where Sophie, Skotmir and the other Dwarf had been roughly caged.

ZORIN

At least not tonight. (beat) Let's see what we can find about what dear old dad is planning shall we? (chuckle then mock voice) Why yes Zorin! What a smart man you are! (normal voice) Yes yes I know. Stick with me, and you'll... (sigh) whatever. (getting bearings) Ok... if the crew is being held down those stairs, that should be the dungeon. (beat) Which... means up those stairs would be the barracks. So then down that hall would be any kind of office... if I were to guess.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin made his way down the hall, dimly lit by a single oil-burning lantern. He looked at the well on the lantern briefly and saw it was three quarters full. A ring of sediment on the bottom was mirrored by one barely a finger above it. This was a common line for it to sit at.

ZORIN

They won't be back this way to fill it tonight. Looks like it's snuffed out in the morning at the same time every day. (beat) Good.

NAR - KELDOR

He turned the corner and found several darkly stained
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

oak doors, closed, each with matching wooden signs burned with a single name. The hall appeared smooth and a dusty crimson and charcoal rug ran the length of the floor. He smiled slightly, thinking Zane would have been proud. He remembered them sneaking into the Village storehouse in Olan-ak-khan. Zane pointed out the most important items were next to the office. And the office wasn't too far from the rest of the finished goods.

ZANE

Some people love to be next to their work. And since the most important things are usually... right next to each other, (chuckle) don't look too far to start with.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin smiled at the fond memory.

ZORIN

(sigh) I'll get you out buddy... I promise. Ok this is.. Stocuk. (beat) And you are Mortas. (beat) Hmmm... really?

NAR - KELDOR

He stared at the name for a moment, part of him knowing he shouldn't be surprised. Soon, curiosity getting the better of him, he gently set the latch with his thumb and slipped into the door.

ZORIN

Lets see what you have here Dabria. (beat) Hmmm.

NAR - KELDOR

Part of him questioned if it was truly their companion as he began to investigate. The room was very clean and tidy. Various implements of torture lay organized in an open box. He shuddered slightly.

ZORIN

Ugh... what are you? (sigh) This is awful but... but I saw you yesterday.

NAR - KELDOR

He remembered her face at the edge of the parade. More importantly... Benedict saw something in her, a goodness.

ZORIN

(chuckle) Well Dabria, you and Benedict are off
(MORE)

ZORIN (CONT'D)

somewhere probably having a meal, and hopefully NOT trapped sneaking around with half the Dark Army above your head. (sigh) Oh. Hello. What's this?

NAR - KELDOR

His hand found a leather Journal. Opening it, his hand landed on an entry from 2 years ago. This was her handwriting, he was sure of it. Calculated, precise sweeps of red sangria colored cursive ink danced across the yellowed parchment of the page.

DABRIA

(Narrated) 23rd day of Harvest fifteen twenty.

My partner is leading our dead legions to the Emerald Atoll, a little island with nothing of importance as far as I can see but Pallus and Dekkion are convinced it is of future strategic importance. It's only a primitive human settlement of fishermen, led by a single shaman. One that holds some heathen spiritual significance. An old magic I assume, but... nothing that can stand before us. We... must strike following the closure of the trade routes for the winter... to not raise any suspicion from the neighboring Elves or the merchants of Port L'For. I have requested I accompany her as well and it has been granted. I... must admit I look forward to our journey... alone together... more than the battle that I so crave. Away from all... this. Away from him... I despise the way Dekkion looks at her... I will ensure Kartilaan watches her back...

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin froze.

ZORIN

Wha... Kartilaan? Sophie's sister?

NAR - KELDOR

A flood of memory as he remembered the last time Sophie spoke of her

SOPHIE

My sister travelled a lot as a sellsword... It would be weeks if not months before we would see each other again. She mainly protected caravans crossing the desert back in Kur. She... just never came back. If she did well there's nothing left of home anymore.

ZORIN

I... have no idea how I'm going to tell her this.
Well Dabria may want this back.

NAR - KELDOR

He closed the journal and tucked it in his knapsack. Seeing nothing else in the room but dark memories, he nodded in respect one last time at where Dabria had come from before leaving the room, returning to the dim hall of doors.

ZORIN

Hmm. What's this?

NAR - KELDOR

Further down the hall he spied a room slightly ajar but that appeared to be unoccupied. There was no sign on the outside, possibly a shared room of some sort.

ZORIN

Ugh... looks like his office back... (beat) hmmm

NAR - KELDOR

Peering in he could see the foul and obscene marking of the dark army draped on the wall with an 8 foot map laid out on a large conference table. 13 chairs were tucked around the giant rectangle, an echoing of unseen attendees in this Warroom.

ZORIN

Let's see here. Enruk... Kur and Port L'For... southern Bloodwood... Wargrave. Really? I knew the Mines of the Bloodwood dwarves... but the arenas... actually... (chuckles looking around) that's making complete sense looking at this place. Hmm.. he never did get Viridian according to this. (chuckle) Good for them ha! Lets look over the pond here at the new country. Yes... of course here in Enruk... And Wolfling? Really? The... Obsidian Fortress. Oh no.

NAR - KELDOR

As they had all feared, at least according to this map the Obsidian Fortress was under his dread father's control.

ZORIN

Gods... wait. What's this.. marker?

NAR - KELDOR

The northern half of the new world continent was split amongst 3 areas only known as The Shattered
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

Lands. No one went there save the darkest of legends. A land cut off from the rest of the world and draped in shadow, it was best to leave it in books and stories to scare children into behaving, or to entertain in the dark of the night around a campfire. It was at the southernmost central border north of the glen it was marked with.

ZORIN

The Netherspring. Ok Dad, what else... well.. I could have guessed that one. Garnet Keep. Well, better get the hell out of here soon so I can tell Benedict how my dad is gonna take over his dad's place. (sigh) That will go over well... hmm (beat) Ok, time for the shelves.

NAR - KELDOR

The smell of worn salt-tanned leather and molding pages greeted him. These were records, likely containing historical significance if nothing else. Thumbing past a few dusty scrolls and folded up leaves of yellowing musty parchment he found a midnight suede journal. The familiar Skull with 5 dragon heads within a red triangle burned and painted into the flesh. This had to be from an insane cleric of the dark queen herself.

ZORIN

I totally want to wash my hands after this. I don't want to know what kind of leather this... yuck. I don't even know how to read half of this, must be magic or something. Wait. No... it's a journal. Late winter... fifteen twenty two... that would be...

NAR - KELDOR

Realization powered his hands as a finger trembled, framing this date. His pulse quickened as his heart pounded in his chest. Recognizing this was so close to:

ZORIN

Ollan-Ak-Khan, where were you that night?... 10th Spring Blossom. Let's see... there... there you are.

NAR - KELDOR

As if willed from his mind ... that was the day OallEnakkhan was sacked. By his father. When it all began.

MORTAS

10th day of Spring Blossom, fifteen twenty two

Just the MENTION of this month makes me want to vomit. Oh so pretty they say, as they dance! They dance so pretty for me on fire they did! HA! Yes you foul pixies, I so love to pluck off your wings like a child with a locust. (cruel laugh) Today as we searched south for the refugee children Pallus spoke of, we found a windmill by the coast. Only an old man and a young girl were found by Ash Delarosa and I. Dekkion refused to approach the windmill, sending Ash and I to retrieve the girl. Even after flaying the old man he never told us of those children. (beat while thinking) hmmm... well... Then Ash presented the girl to lord Dekkion as the dark lord had requested.

That girl has a power I don't understand. She is connected to death in a way I wish to know more about! The way she just stared at the old man and how calm he became in his last moments baffles me. His skin fell from his sides in bloody rags and as I laughed she didn't move... HE DIDN'T MOVE!

SHE STOLE THIS FROM ME! I NEED TO FEEL THEIR PAIN! MY DARK QUEEN NEEDS THIS!

...She will travel with us now. My little angel of death. In fact I will name her 'Dabria'...

NAR - KELDOR

Horrified, Zorin almost didn't hear the voices up the hall approaching. After closing the book in its original position, he darted out the door and hid in the alcove across the hall from the unmarked door. A round pockmarked man rounded the corner. Dark robes falling at his side, he spoke to someone behind him.

MORTAS

Such arrogance! (beat) Lord Dekkion is most displeased and I blame him not! Those guards will find themselves serving in the undead legion for sure. Bah!

STOCUK

No matter anyway, Mortas. They had to have died in the volcano's heart with those Kobolds when it caved in. To hell with all of them and their horrible little hearts. I only wish I could have tasted their blood... at the end of my knife.

MORTAS

(cruel laugh) Yes... indeed dark brother. Come.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin noted the sores and boils around the bald man's neck and head as the door came shut, and with it came silence. He hurried back down the hall, his curiosity satisfied and filled with a dull and forgotten ache in his chest.

ZORIN

(panicked, hushed half sob) N... Not now... Not yet... Oh god... No... (grunt as he slides under a dark stair well.) Here... just. Here...

NAR - KELDOR

He curled up under a cold stone stairwell far away from the regular path of the patrols. Trembling, he tucked his hood and cloak around and lost himself in its warmth. His breathing slowed, and then he allowed himself to remember. He remembered the shock at seeing Zane, his best friend, struck down by Dekkion himself. His father killing Erebus and Lorahana Shieldheart. His father... who was Pallus... He remembered their hearts low and leaving their home in Ollan-ak-khan so many years ago with Elloveve. 5 lost children on horseback.

He remembered passing the windmill with the old man and the young girl. He remembered their eyes, her golden eyes and how they silently pitied those refugees which he was part of.

He remembered the sound of the waves on the coast, the firey glow of their homes burning behind them in the rain.

He remembered the haunting song Elloveve sang as they rode towards port'lfor to start a new life. How he hated that girl for her pity. For her happy life with the old man far from their struggles.

ZORIN

(sobbing) I'm... so sorry...

NAR - KELDOR

Six children, not 5 were changed forever. And Dabria was their missing sibling sired also from that long night.

And on this night, alone in the darkness for the
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

first time in over a decade, Zorin finally wept.

DOOR TRANSITION

SOPHIE

(panting under breath) Ugh... y... you promised me a dance... or at least a nice dinner... not... ew... ettercaps.

ZANE

No I didn't, you know I can't afford that. But... I hoped for something better than this. At least one of those stale cakes back home they would put outside for the beggars. Only the best!

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie laughed to herself slightly. She was trying to find joy in the situation as she pulled her sword out of the dead body of the bloated humanoid creature. Its wicked spiderlike mandibles twitched slightly even in death. (CHANTING) The crowd chanted above Sophie in the arena. Hers was the 1st battle of the day. Ettercaps were wicked things, she remarked, always looking to ensnare their opponent with webs. Like a spider. Like those giant spiders in the underworld. She shuddered.

SOPHIE

Ugh.

NAR - KELDOR

She thought back to how she was was rudely awakened on the second day of the games. (sophie grunt and a kobold laugh) A swift kick to the ribs, she had noted. While every fiber of her being told her to fight back against her captors, Zane's calm voice kept her in check.

ZANE

Wait, Sophie. Please. Just wait. Our time will come.

NAR - KELDOR

She was fed a soupy bowl of flavorless pasty gruel alongside many fellow gladiators now including a silent Eralin who sat across from her, mindlessly stirring the gruel with an iron bound hand. She noted everyone's head was down too. Quiet. Skotmir and his brother weren't in their cell when she woke, or at the table. She was called to the Arena first, making her ascent up the stone ramp alone save a guard

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

opening the iron gate. And she was met with a cascade of boos from the many members of the audience. Her audience now. Though she didn't want them.

ZANE

You have to play them. The show has to win for you to win. We have to win to survive. You got this.

SOPHIE

Ok fine. (SHOUTING) Who's next?!

ANNOUNCER

She wants more, my good people of Enruk! Here to finish her off is a favorite of yours and mine the legendary... Ibn Dragonheart!

ZANE

Wait... who?!

NAR - KELDOR

The gate to the ramp opened and out strode a warrior in sparse Green and Black armor over a dark riveted chainmail Hauberk. It covered the thighs, the right shin and a single left shoulder. His helm was a simple blackened steel sallet sitting over a chainmail coif, the single slit allowing his eyes to see but leaving his sneering smile exposed.

ZANE

Well hello, Ibn.

SOPHIE

Friend of yours?

ZANE

Oh we go way back. Watch his sword. The guy likes to poison the blade and paralyse his playmates... Wait... is Maldros watching?

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie saw the shadow-like form of the horned gladiator standing, gauze covered arms crossed and two blood red eyes staring out from behind the blackened helmet. Unnerving and intentionally staring at her. Analyzing every move.

SOPHIE

(sarcastic chuckle) Oh yes.

ZANE

Strike Ibn with a Spear toss first, then don't use your sword. Use my daggers.

SOPHIE

Ok, but... wait. (beat) Yes.

ZANE

Lets send a message.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie thought of how Maldros had tortured and twisted Zane. Years they spent alone, and away from each other. But now they were together and whole. No force on this world or the next could pull them apart now. His vengeance on the man who kept them apart was also hers.

SOPHIE

Yes. (smiling) Let's. (BATTLE CRY)

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie picked up a spear from the arena floor and threw it at the charging warrior. He swatted it aside with his armored arm, missing the mark. He continued charging forward with his sword, swinging wildly at her as she stepped out of the way in a swift graceful motion, swatting upward to the sword's crossguard and the fingers beneath. Startled, he missed with such momentum that the weapon flew out of his hands. Sophie began to attack him with Zane's daggers, 6 quick slices causing him to lose blood at a rapid pace.

IBN DRAGONHEART

(surprised) Gah! Those daggers... ugh... Impossible!
(battlecry)

NAR - KELDOR

He drew a handaxe, striking at her midsection. He missed as he stumbled, blood soaking the chainmail across his chest where the links had separated from the blows.

SOPHIE

Yield or die!

NAR - KELDOR

But Sophie lost her footing and failed to land a hit. Her moment of weakness opened up the opportunity for her opponent to grab his sword and hit Sophie with
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
two strong swings, cutting deep. She felt a numbing
creep along her arm from the blows.

SOPHIE
Gyah, Poison! (Panting) Sorry Zane, it's my turn now.

NAR - KELDOR
Knowing she had moments to fight against the poison
before she would be helpless, she entered a panicked
rage, dropping the daggers and pulling out her
longsword. She swung weakly once and Ibn dodged.
Using the force of the swing she brought the sword
back around and over quickly, landing her hit with a
sickening 'thunk' into the top of the fighter's
helmet, splitting it to the visor. The crowd went
wild and the body of the great Ibn Dragonheart
slumped to the ground.

(cheers and chants and crowd goes wild)

SOPHIE
This victory feels hollow and makes me want to puke.
How can they cheer such needless death?

ZANE
I know... I feel the same as you. Come on, let's just
go.

NAR - KELDOR
Maldros watched on. After regaining Zane's blades,
Sophie turned to the edge of the darkened sand of the
bloodpit in which she stood. And saw him staring at
her intently. She looked down at the daggers in her
hands, and then smiled at Maldros. She stood straight
and held them aloft in the air in victory, spinning
them across her palms before bowing. A move she
felt... she had done before. In a different life, at
least.

ANNOUNCER
Your victor! Sophie!

CROWD
(chanting) So-phie So-phie So-phie

NAR - KELDOR
Sophie walked off the field with the crowd chanting
behind her. The sand looked blood red from the thick
dark crimson and black colored clouds of Enruk. She
passed the now open Iron Gate and walked a few paces
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
down the stone ramp towards her cold dark cell. Away from all this.

MALDROS
You! Sophie!

NAR - KELDOR
She could not pretend that this man didn't scare her to her core. As he grabbed her and began to verbally assault her face, Zane's voice filled her head, blocking out the sharp words and reassuring her.

ZANE
I'm here. Don't let him intimidate you. He scares everyone, but he's nothing. Nothing but an angry slaver, Sophie. He's scum.

MALDROS
Tell me one thing... Maggot. Where did you get those blades?

SOPHIE
They're mine.

MALDROS
(chuckles) I knew their owner once. And it's not you. At least... (chuckles) It matters not. Sleep well, and...

NAR - KELDOR
Maldros leered from behind the dark helmet before storming away.

MALDROS
You will die well, maggot. You will die well...

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR
Zorin remarked on the second night that it seemed easier to move around with less guards, and he smiled to himself. There was a network of tunnels that seemed to be largely ignored throughout the facility, ancient pathways built by the original kobolds for some purpose, but not used by the larger humanoids who would need to stoop in many cases to use them. One was actually right at the entrance to the Arena.

ZORIN

If we time it just right and if we can get rid of the 2 guards, we could slip into the shadows and escape this hellhole.

NAR - KELDOR

He was hiding behind a crate and able to see Sophie, Skotmir and Thotmir's cells behind 2 Orc guards in dark rough forged Iron armor. There was only one way in and there was nothing to hide behind. Besides, he didn't even know where they had the key.

ZORIN

(sigh) Can't do anything tonight. I'm sorry, my friends... (beat) but tomorrow... I promise tomorrow we will escape.

NAR - KELDOR

He whispered an apology under his breath as he dipped into the officers' area once again. After all, they had a mission: find out what Pallus had planned, or was planning.

He returned to the unmarked war room. Digging in the tomes he found a collection of loose pages, notes of some sort. These appeared to be an index for the wall of tomes. One caught his eye.

ZORIN

Research - Una.

NAR - KELDOR

He thumbed through the old dusty pages. They described various experiments testing clairvoyance, page after page filled with dry data points and tables. Frustrated, he went to close it but saw something sticking out just inside the back cover.

ZORIN

Huh... some old note. (SFX - UNFOLDING PAPER SOUNDS)
She's a seer, supposedly able to predict events of the future in strange visions. The rest of Amberreach are like dogs. That seems appropriate for what Ash has done. She and Dekkion are both amazing and horrifying to see work with each other... Huh.

NAR - KELDOR

He folded the paper back up and placed the tome back on the shelf. He returned to the map filled with markers at various locations. Looking at the marker on the Netherspring he saw a number 6. Looking on the
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
edge of the map he found reference.

ZORIN
"Operation Blue Fire." Wait. That was in that in...
index yes... lets see here... Here it is.

"... there's an artifact deep in the Netherspring's
ruins, from before the destruction of the stone.
Legend claims it can destroy an entire army but be
wielded in a single hand. There is supposedly an
ancient portal there that can only be opened by
someone of the original bloodline, whatever that
means... The prophecy states that this person will
travel with 2 pairs. 2 lost souls from the sea who
are actually two halves of the same coin. Also 2
brothers by marriage joined from a common tragedy...

Sounds ridiculous... but Lord Pallus and Dekkion are
convinced we can just force it open with the right
tools. Or ritual. He's one of the few that has ever
been there so he could be right..."

(to himself) We... We need to get there first...
but... but Garnet Keep is likely his first target.

NAR - KELDOR
Feeling confident this is the plan that they came for
he quickly took note of it and slipped into the
shadows, preparing for the next day.

TRANSITION

SKOTMIR
(out of breath) The sun must be high. It's already a
long day, my brother.

NAR - KELDOR
The brothers stood side by side in the red arena,
looking up past the far bleachers to the sky itself.
The dark clouds, seperated by cracks of deep red and
orange, were menacing. But, now that they became
accustomed to the gloomy sky, they saw it for
something else entirely. Ebbing and flowing like the
bellows of a great forge, it was creation itself. It
was freedom.

THOTMIR
Did you see your friend this morning?

SKOTMIR

Yes. She was right behind us on the ramp.

THOTMIR

Oh? (chuckle) That banshee scrambled my memory as well, I think.

ANNOUNCER

The dwarven sons of the Garnet Mountains are back folks, and today they will be facing one of Dekkion's finest apperations. Formless and angry.

NAR - KELDOR

Back at the gate Sophie watched the brothers prepare for battle. She glanced at the chalkboard.

SOPHIE

We aren't on for 3 more matches. Good. (sigh)

GUARD 1

Those not fighting should return to the mess hall for rest.

SOPHIE

No. I want to watch this match.

KEHLVAN

Oh! Hahaha! That's your little friends aren't they?

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie glared daggers of warning at the guard from behind her dirty matted blonde locks. The other 8 gladiators made their way down to the mess hall. Thinking better of taking any action against the two Orcs guarding the gate, she turned back to the arena while leaning on the iron gate with both hands. They didn't notice her position her hands around her face, to hide the welling tears.

SOPHIE

Yes.

GUARD 1

Leave her, Kehlvan. Let's go get some food too, eh? Not like she can go anywhere. Hahaha!

KEHLVAN

Hahaha! Yeah! See ya later... girlie. Ha haha!

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie was alone. She drew in a deep sigh as she
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

pressed her head against the cold iron bars, losing herself in their touch. Time slowed for a moment as a tear rolled down her cheek. She couldn't help her chosen brother on the arena floor. She couldn't help Skotmir. She looked at her dirty hands.

SOPHIE

Some good you are right now... (sigh and a sniff)

NAR - KELDOR

She felt the faded threads of the friendship bracelet on her wrist, absently fidgeting with it. She lost herself in a fond memory of Cordelia giving it to her when they were children, promising to always be with her. Sophie had never removed it.

SOPHIE

(deep breath sigh) Hope you are better off than us right now. (beat) Miss you.

ZORIN

Hey.

SOPHIE

Wha... Zorin?

ZORIN

Yeah, over here. But don't draw attention to me. Look, there's a tunnel back here in the shadows. It's not very high, probably for the Kobolds but I haven't seen anyone use it. When they come off the Field we are going to duck out through it.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie's heart soared. Freedom was here at last and again, just as it did in the Drow Prison, Zorin was here to help. She heard footsteps coming up the ramp. Turning, she saw the form of Eralin walking alone up the ramp. He approached the gate next to her, and stood silent.

SOPHIE

Hey.

ERALIN

Hello.

SOPHIE

Got a suprise for you.

ERALIN

Oh? What's that?

ZORIN

Me, tall and ugly. Ha! Who saw you come up?

ERALIN

Zorin? Ah... No one.

ZORIN

You sure?

ERALIN

Yes, now that I've returned to being a dragon again, I... I can tell. They will be down there for a while. They have no interest in me as a gladiator. I believe... They will try to capture my soul in that sword again.

ANNOUNCER

Ouch! a colossal hit! His axe was shattered by the force of the lightning strike, folks! He's not moving.

SOPHIE

(Gasp)

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie snapped back to the arena. She saw the ghostly form of some Armored wraith circling the two brothers, but now Skotmir stood over the crumpled form of Thotmir, his axe held high in his hands.

SKOTMIR

No! You will be destroyed, demon!

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir swiped 3 times, connecting with the shrieking blue and white wisps that made up the form of the creature. Its face curled back in a scream as it disappeared. Sophie turned to Eralin... But he was already gone.

ZORIN

Come on, let's get ready. Eralin is probably halfway home by now! (chuckle).

NAR - KELDOR

The gate ascended as Skotmir walked in carrying the unconscious form of his brother over one shoulder.

SKOTMIR
Hold on Thotmir.

ZORIN
Skotmir! Over here, quickly!

SKOTMIR
Wha... Zorin?

SOPHIE
Yes, there's no time. We are escaping!

NAR - KELDOR
Skotmir started towards the dark recess next to the gate when he heard voices coming from down the ramp.

SKOTMIR
No. Im sorry.

SOPHIE
What? Why? Come on!

SKOTMIR
Thotmir won't make it. We... We will have to find our own way out.

SOPHIE
No... Please?

SKOTMIR
We will slow you down. Go. We will... meet again someday, but I have to do this. He... He came back for me.

NAR - KELDOR
Sophie knew this was goodbye. She stepped from the shadows briefly to embrace her brother.

SOPHIE
He... He did. (sniff) He did. I love you... my brother.

SKOTMIR
Forever and always the stone... you and I Sophie.
Forever and Always... I will be your brother.

SOPHIE
Here.

NAR - KELDOR
Sophie slipped a small coin into Skotmir's pocket.

SOPHIE

Still owe you that drink. (sniff chuckle)

ZORIN

Goodbye, pal.

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir nodded and continued down the ramp as his friends plunged into the darkness below Enruk, knowing in his heart they probably would not meet again in this life, but hoping he was wrong.

DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

It took only an hour for them to stumble across a few of the Shadowclaws, who happily showed them the way out to the north, setting them on the path back to Garnet Keep which was a week or so away. After 2 days travel, they had set up camp at the foot of the Garnet Mountains and seemed to be very close to the Waterfall that shrouded Smuggler's Path. Zorin was cooking some Venison that Eralin had hunted on the way.

ZORIN

This is going to be the FINEST dining.

SOPHIE

Oh really?

ZORIN

I always paid attention to Elloveve's cooking.

SOPHIE

Through your stomach, you mean.

ZORIN

Best way to learn!

ERALIN

Well, it smells good.

ZORIN

Really?

ERALIN

Yes.

ZORIN

Well thanks!

ISENATHA

Hello?

NAR - KELDOR

Stepping out of the shadows into the campfire light was a familiar face, dirty and mud soaked from the road. But, so were they.

SOPHIE

Isenatha?

ISENATHA

Sophie!

NAR - KELDOR

Isenatha ran to embrace Sophie tightly.

ISENATHA

We thought you all died in the fireball, but I knew. Just Knew you were ok. I'm so happy I found you. I... do you mind?

ZORIN

What? Oh! Of course, sit down and prepare for a taste sensation! Thats what Una would say.

SOPHIE

(Laughing) No she wouldn't.

ZORIN

Really? Huh. ...wait... Where is Una and everyone, Isenatha?

SOPHIE

Yes. Are they... behind you? Or?

NAR - KELDOR

Fear gripped Sophie's heart as she saw Isenetha's worried face.

ISENATHA

They were escaping the Temple underground through the heart of the Volcano when it collapsed. I...

SOPHIE

No... are they gone?

ISENATHA

No! At least... I don't think so. I believe they escaped. What about Skotmir?

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie sadly shook her head.

SOPHIE

He's still trapped in the prison below the arena...
Zorin got separated from Benedict and Dabria too.

ZORIN

Yeah. They disappeared after the first day when I got trapped. Never saw them again in the stands either. Hope they didn't get caught elsewhere, not like goody two shoes to disappear if he knows his friends need him.

ISENATHA

Well, let's not give up hope.

SOPHIE

Yes... (sigh) Let's not.

NAR - KELDOR

The next day, their return to Garnet Keep was a syrupy dream. They came to the same crossroads where they had all parted ways once before. When they were all together. They stood there for a moment when Eralin spoke up.

ERALIN

The sea calls to me...

SOPHIE

Oh? Are you leaving us... I...

ZORIN

I'm not suprised. (chuckles) Well say hi to her for me. And take care of yourself, Eralin.

ERALIN

I will see you again, Zorin. I know this. Our paths will cross again.

NAR - KELDOR

Eralin stared at him awkwardly for a moment before nodding as he turned away. Holding onto the memory of the young mariner silently was his way of bidding them all goodbye... as he turned his path towards Whitford.

(sounds of Garnet Keep fade in.)

Sophie didn't believe it felt real. Here was home in
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

front of her. Her friends Keldor and Elloveve gave her hugs in greeting and Zane's mother kissed both her cheeks. Her heart was locked in place though, unable to free itself to soar and fly as she expected. Slipping into the shadows of the celebration, she made her way quickly to her room... and sitting on the edge of her soft bed she allowed the boiling emotion to surface. Thinking of brave little Skotmir, she cradled her face in her hands and cried.

DOOR TRANSITION

S4E6 - THE EXPEDITION

RL - Characters remembering backstories in Garnet Keep Tavern. End scene with Zorin giving them the mission. Travel to Netherspring made from a huge giant's Skull. Enter a new world.

MIERAK

(thinking) Hmm... So that's how Zorin came to be in charge now? Wow, that was a long-winded story...

KELDOR

I agree, it was... maybe a bit more elaborate than needed, Mierak but... I'd rather you all be prepared for what may lay in store. The Netherspring is a mysterious place, not much is known about it.

MIERAK

(chuckles) It's fine, Keldor. Just giving you some grief is all. After all, we all know Zorin's not actually in charge.

ZORIN

Thank god I'm not.

ZEV

Sounded to me like it was Sophie.

MIERAK

Hear that.

ISENATHA

Well Keldor, Elloveve and Elona are the ones that keep this place running.

ZORIN

Yes they do, and they do it well and we are grateful. But if the question is about our little group though, Za... (clears throat) Sorry, I mean Sophie has always stepped into that role in my eyes, if there ever is one needed. (beat and whimsical chuckle) Heh... Family. What of you? Do you have a family?

NAR - KELDOR

The dining room filled with an uncomfortable silence as the 7 of them looked at each other. The past few hours we had told our own stories, as requested by Zorin, from after Darkovnia and leading up to this moment. This moment being just yesterday when Sophie, Isenatha and Zorin had returned... alone. Now, it was only out of courtesy that Zorin was looking for their
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

stories as well. After all, I knew them only as Volunteers, both for our reclaiming of Garnet Keep months ago but also for this quite harrowing and daunting task. Time had passed our supper time now, the once filled bowls stacked on the table still smelling of the sage and pepper that dressed the really good ham. (chuckle) but Zorins question lingered in the uncomfortable silence now. They all looked at each other in a way that made him wish he hadn't said that.

VIRION

(sarcastic chuckle) Heh, what good is a family when it just leaves... a hole in your heart.

NAR - KELDOR

One of two brothers sat next to each other. One was an elf but the one speaking was a human. There was something familiar about the blonde elf but I couldn't place it as he gently put a hand on his brother's shoulder. Across from them sat Meirak and Edde. He was 6 foot, deeply tanned, dark eyed with long dark hair and she was easily half a decade younger than him. Long curly blonde hair and deep blue eyes... I remember thinking they were sad eyes. Eyes that kept some dark secret. They were rarely seen outside of each other's company. She was unsettled by Virion's outburst, no matter his intention. Her eyes trembled slightly.

MIERAK

(soothingly) It's ok, Edde.

ZEV

Really? But... Your family is right next to you, Virion.

NAR - KELDOR

A tall young half-orc in gold armor named Zev spoke up. His olive green skin was more unique now that the Orc Tribe that was here before had been run off, and it must be noted that his help was instrumental in both taking the keep and helping to heal and tend to the wounded. A talented Cleric of the Hag, though different, wasn't something that was considered evil to me. She represented the elements themselves, those neutral building blocks of everything.

REINOLD

He... doesn't mean it really. He's just been...

VIRION

Oh shut up Reinold! This is... (beat) I'm going for a walk.

NAR - KELDOR

Reinold was stunned as his brother stormed out the door and down the hall.

REINOLD

He's been really struggling since my sister's death. His wife. He blames everything and... later feels bad about it. (beat) To answer your question, yes. I hail from my people in the Silver Maple woods. There, I have family but... now I am taking care of him... at least for the time being. We came here to try and see if we could start again with so many others trying to do the same.

ZEV

I'm... I'm sorry to hear that.

REINOLD

Oh don't be. We are happy to be here, trust me. And now that my true brother has returned home it's his turn to take care of our immediate family's needs.

ZEV

That's nice of him.

REINOLD

Oh, you don't know my brother. He isn't... nice. I spent most of my time travelling around playing this old lute for coin where I could, met everyone in the Silver Maple Woods for sure and most of Bellz. Partially so I didn't have to spend time with him when he came around. My sister, on the other hand. Her grace was unparalleled in all of the forest. What about you, Zev?

ZEV

I love my family. Though I haven't seen them in a long time. (sigh) My tale is longer than my relatively short life would reveal though. (chuckles)

MIERAK

We met when you were a sailor. How... did that become your work?

DOOR TRANSITION

ZEV

(Narration Whimsical) My story begins just south of the town of Whitford in a small Apothecary shop. My mother's shop. She sold tinctures and balms to help heal and strengthen those who purchased them as well as collecting their components from the nearby woods. She told me it wasn't easy since she was born without sight, but my mother was far from being hindered by it. She could see more by listening than you and I can see with our eyes. She could sense past the words to someone's true intention. She could tell the difference between a scared and angry threatening creature. One day, many years ago, 2 visitors came and one was very sick. The other asked her in a rough but pleading voice if she could heal his brother's fever, as he was on death's door. She agreed and set him up in her small guest bed. She could tell he was larger than the bed, but he didn't complain. She cared for him night and day, spooning a thin broth made from salty chicken with local mushrooms and savory green herbs. Which was her specialty. (chuckle) I remember it fondly myself as a young lad. Eventually one day he became better. He also grew to love my mother and she him. He was a kind man and had an elegant way of speaking. She told me he had short tusks that came up from his jaw. Like mine. He was embarrassed, claiming it meant he was weaker in the eyes of his tribe, but my mother loved him regardless. And so he stayed and helped my mother gather her herbs, and even taught her the orc names for them. And months later my mother was with child. They were... very happy. But his brother was not. The orcs called my coming an... abomination... and they threatened to kill all 3 of us, even with me not yet born to this world. My father devised a plan, and left. My mother and I moved north, just to the south of the Silver Maple Woods along the eastern coast. It was here I grew up... never knowing my father... but... I honored him. I knew I'd never find happiness with the Orcs or Man but... the sea always called me. The way she ebbed and flowed was like the gentle wave of a close friend in greeting. I would spend hours early in the morning watching the surf on the sandy beach as the sun rose in the eastern sky.

ZEV'S MOTHER

(calling out musically in the distance) Zev! Come home, son! I wish to speak with you! There's someone here to meet you.

ZEV

(Narration cont') This was the day... The day I was given a chance by Captain Bugle of the Southern Star to come aboard as a deckhand. I said goodbye to my mother the next day and I sailed off with him out of Whitford. I served with him over 3 summers, coming home periodically to see my mother, whom I love dearly. I took to the duties aboard ship naturally, grew to be welcome and trusted for many positions about the merchant ship. In the storms I found a strange sanctuary and, talking with some of the older crew, they taught me about The Hag. The 4 elements themselves and her 4 bastard children: lightning, magma, mud and steam. I learned that the chaos of the elements still followed the great laws of the universe like the reeling of a ship on the waves of an angry sea. I learned that, in some ways, we ALL are her bastard children. Sometimes Angry or Sad but it's in those... peaceful times we find our true selves... Well, now I had a new love of faith. I had found myself a purpose. I didn't have to run from my anger, I now could accept it, use it and move past it. This was even more freeing than my journey aboard the Southern Star. I had made up my mind that it was time to set out in a new adventure when next we returned to the new country, but we had just landed in First Port. It was here I met Meirak and Edde who... were... starting again I believe. So they came aboard and we sailed back to Bellz. Here we heard about the mustering of an army to take back Garnet Keep from a a tribe of orcs and bandits. This... This seemed like a worthy cause to fight in. Mierak and Edde came with me.

MIERAK

(Softly) Edde... Go up to the Tavern and treat yourself to some of that sweet cake you liked...
 (beat) Use this. Got it today splitting wood with Deacon. I'll... I'll be there after this.

NAR - KELDOR

She nodded and smiled at him and left the room in a happy jog. Her long cream colored dress waved in a trail behind her down the long hall. Once she was out of earshot...

ISENATHA

Mierak... about Edde... She doesn't say much, does she?

MIERAK

She... She can't.

VIRION

She... can't speak?

MIERAK

No. (Beat) Hasn't in the past few years. (beat) Zev did pick us up but (sigh) ...not in First Port.

TRANSITION

MIERAK

(Narration slow and melencholy)

Edde and I come from the Emerald Atoll. A small island off the coast of Viridian. Up... until now it was more than an Island, at least to us it was everything we knew. We rarely saw outsiders in our village and when we did they were usually elves trading from the mainland for our fish, dyes and oils that came from the rich shallow ocean there.

PIKE

(laughing) Come Mierak! Race you to the wharf! Hahaha! Don't let me beat you haha!

MIERAK

(narration con't) Pike. He was Edde's brother. We... we were being raised together by the tribe after our parents were lost at sea many years ago. Yes... we were 3 orphans but, we were happy. Our community was tight knit and provided for each other happily. Pike and I were helping to repair the nets and occasionally diving for clams in the harbor, as we could hold our breath almost a full 5 minutes. Edde was only 12 when... when the dark ships came... clouds seemed to follow them in, but that could just be my memory. Huge galleons with dark sails... a crimson skull and dragons heads painted on the largest. A dark man approached our elder. She looked at him, leaning on her shaman's staff, the feathers of seabirds gently swaying in the wind... unlike her proud stance. I... I don't know what was said but the man raised a single white claw-like hand and green bolts of energy ripped into her frail body under her hooded robes of coarse wool. Thus began our waking nightmare.

PIKE

Run!

MIERAK

(narration con't) Pike and I were hiding behind some crates when they struck. Our village fought bravely against what we believed were men... until I saw they were ONCE men. Rows of shambling dead were killing our friends and family with rusted weapons and empty eyes. We darted between our palm frond-topped houses and buildings, the rough water-worn wood tearing into our arms as we brushed against them. When we... found Edde... She was kneeling in the center of a shallow pool of mud, eyes wide in terror. Circling around her trembling body were 6 wispy blue and white translucent forms. Ghosts or banshees, I knew not then, but their mouths peeled back revealing shark broken teeth and inky tendrils of smoke came from their eyes. Edde saw us.

PIKE

(hushed whisper) Edde! Don't... Move...

MIERAK

Edde's chest heaved, her lips trembling behind her muddy face. Her chapped lips cracked and tore as her mouth ripped open in a scream... A scream I will never forget. The spirits circled more earnestly as if they were living off this terrified child. Suddenly Edde threw her arms out and... a shockwave erupted from her... and all went silent. They were gone, Edde had collapsed in the mud. I... ran to her and scooping her up the 3 of us ran to the boat house at the edge of town and, hiding behind the barrels of fish, we continued to hear the massacre of our people. They... killed all of them over the next few days. They asked for our allegiance and when it wasn't met they killed us. We watched them tie our people to boulders 6 at a time, wrapped around them... then a dragon would drop it in our shallow harbor... Shallow or not it proved to be enough... Once they thought all were gone they left us... We were alone. When the food supplies we could find finally dried up we worked together to salvage what we could from the sea. Our... haunted sea. I thought I could hear the voices of our people in that harbor, and many times I'd find Edde just looking out across it. Silent now. Her voice completely lost to that horrible memory. A year passed slowly when I met up with Pike to look at a project he was working on. He had begun lashing 3 small boats together in a triangle.

PIKE

In this boat we can leave! (laugh) We can travel away and start again, Mierak. It will be strong enough to get us North to First Port in the heavy waves. You... I and Edde! Hahaha! Oh my friend we will soon be free of all this... and (softly) Edde... Edde can find her voice again! (laughing in happiness) Hahaha!

MIERAK

(narration con't) We worked on the boat night and day for weeks... then... Pike became ill. Taking a fever, he died. We wrapped him in the blue blankets reserved for the heroes of our people and loaded his body onto the boat... He would escape with us, just like he planned. We sailed out past the harbor and Edde curled up next to me. For the first time ever I saw her relax and allow herself to dream... We were picked up by the Southern Star while we were drifting. Zev brought us aboard... and you know the rest.

ZORIN

What about Pike's body?

MIERAK

We are children of the sea... I watched his body and his boat that brought us our freedom, carry him off to the next life.

NAR - KELDOR

We sat there with nothing more than the soft fire crackling in the fireplace for what felt like an eternity. The story sharing had been a lot for us to take in and the silence was welcome. For a moment.

REINOLD

What about you Isenatha?

ISENATHA

Oh... I've... travelled a lot. Odd jobs, that sort of thing. (changing subject) So just the five of us? Is that all that will be leaving in the morning?

ZORIN

Yes. The rest must stay here to prepare for the Assault on Garnet Keep. With Benedict gone... I... I mean absent, currently, we will need all hands available to make ready.

KELDOR

You five volunteers will set off to ride north across
(MORE)

KELDOR (CONT'D)

the Great Glen Valley, past the Celestine Tower to the edge of the Shattered Lands. There a grim monument stands. Legend has it that it was one of the last of the great giants from 2000 years ago before they were lost to time.

NAR - KELDOR

As they all left, Zorin grabbed Reinold for a moment.

REINOLD

Yes Zorin?

ZORIN

Isenetha. You ever met her before?

REINOLD

N... No. This is the first time we have met.

ZORIN

Oh... no reason, just curious. Well, sleep well. Long day tomorrow.

REINOLD

Yes, you too.

NAR - KELDOR

As he left, I too became curious.

KELDOR

Zorin. What was that about?

ZORIN

Something is bothering me about how Isenetha knew so much about Enruk, and was magically the only one to return from her party. No Cordelia, Una, Lorvana. Sophie and Skotmir somehow ended up in the arena and they can't explain it either... (beat) but one thing is coming to light though.

KELDOR

What's that?

ZORIN

Keldor... she's not from the Silver Maple Woods.

DOOR TRANSITION

ZEV

(Narration) This is the journal and recording of Zevitar Fallowsfire. Cleric of the elements and
(MORE)

ZEV (CONT'D)

member of this Expedition to the Netherspring. Though the travel across the Great Glen Valley by horseback these last 17 days was largely uneventful, it was breathtakingly beautiful. Rolling hills as far as the eye could see covered in a blanket of kelly green grasses and sprinkled with delicate meadowflowers the colors of sunrises... the sunrises back home. 4 days ago we passed through the Whispering Mountains and if any stories are true it is that these mountains possess a strong old magic. At night we could feel ourselves being watched. Not... menacing, though. Just being observed from the inky shadows. Mierak was unnerved and couldn't wait to get out. The final night we were sitting around the campfire.

MIERAK

These woods have ears we cannot see... That is certain. I'll help again with the first 2 watches... I won't be able to sleep anyways until we are out of it.

VIRION

Are we there yet?

REINOLD

Really? Well right now we are camping.

VIRION

Yes I know... but... (sigh) I'd appreciate you just answering the question.

ISENATHA

We should be there soon.

MIERAK

It will be impossible to miss, given this pass in the mountains is the only way north... We will press on in the morning... right Zev?

ZEV

Yes. We should be there by midday if we get a good start in the morning, looking at the map.

ZEV

(Narration) The morning came without any further events of note, just the dim Sunrise from the flat eastern horizon. I assumed this was the vast and distant Thunder Lake 16 or so leagues away on the map. The largest lake in the world, almost its own small sea, was tucked away here in the lost and

(MORE)

ZEV (CONT'D)

forgotton north of the new country. We continued our travel north and, as expected, midday rose but the sun was hidden behind some dark storm clouds forming in the sky. An afternoon thunderstorm no doubt was common at this cooler latitude... But I must be honest, I only note the weather from my memory as the next events will perplex and haunt me till the end of my days. Coming out of the forest into a large basin, we saw it. Rising out of the ground was a skull, mouth agape as if shouting at the sky above that its empty sockets stared at. Time had made the skull part of the landscape to be sure, the foliage and greenery blending it into the landscape. If it weren't a small mountain at 70 feet high from the base to the grass and moss covered brow I would have thought it to be... Human.

ISENATHA

Behold... the Netherspring.

MIERAK

Is this...? Were they...?

ISENATHA

Giants? Yes. This is what remains of one of the ancient race before the fall of the stone. I know the giants still exist... though now driven under the waves.

ZEV

...or further north. In the old country giants rule and trade there... Though I've never seen one this big.

(SFX-HAUNTING WHISPERING ROAR FROM BEHIND THEM)

REINOLD

Wh... What was that?

VIRION

I'm not waiting to find out.

MIERAK

Run to the stairs!

ZEV

(narrating earnestly and energetic) We ran to the worn and old wooden stairs that wound up the throat and jaw of the hill. They creaked and cracked under the newfound weight of all of us. Looking behind, the
(MORE)

ZEV (CONT'D)

storm clouds were descending and a Grey green mist was pouring out of the woods towards us. Virion grabbed the latch of the door, expecting it to be locked and had a lockpick already poised in hand... when it swung open. He looked back at us shocked.

VIRION

This... this can't be good...

ISENATHA

Quickly! Inside the door!

MIERAK

Move!

ZEV

(narrating earnestly and energetic. almost panicked)
Mierak and I shoved the door shut behind us. We expected the wave of mist and cloud to slam into it... but it never came.

REINOLD

What the...

VIRION

Um... is this... where are we?

ZEV

(narrating - should be very dark, confused and slightly terrified) Slowly Mierak and I looked at each other, eyes wide in disbelief. We had our hands on the door. I... I swear to you we had our hands on the door! I felt it as we turned to stare down a barren and empty... dirt road. The sky was overcast and the woods surrounding us seemed dark and menacing. In the far distance we could see the towers of some citadel or castle perched on an outcropping like a large black bird... We turned back and there was no Mist... no howling wind of the storm... and there was... no door...

S4E7 - UNEXPECTED ALLIES

Dragons and team escape to the west into the mountains. It's revealed they actually are the good dragons. They explain there may be more lost or imprisoned in the world. They fly back to Garnet Keep, flying battle commences and Benedict falls.

UNA'S PATRON

He found her once before, my little Una, if only in the twilight of a dream. There and yet NOT there, he must find her again. Help him find her and put the pieces together. Pieces like hidden memories and forgotten dreams, not just steel and brass. Tucked away along with the truth... Your truth Una... OUR truth. Help him and it will help me... then... you can find me. ...Now... wake... and remember the first thing you sense... as your first clue...

NAR - KELDOR

Una smelled the sweet lilies at the edge of the water as she opened her sleepy morning eyes. They fell on the beautiful lagoon outside the straw hut she had called home for the past few days. The sky was clear here and the soft air was filled with the song of small peaceful birds. The dark sky above the southern tip of the Garnet Mountains and the volcanoes of Enruk were now but a small shadow in the eastern sky behind them. The voices of several pleasant conversations came from the waterfront where she saw her companions smiling and talking with a few of the prisoners and the local tribe whom they were a part of. Sitting proudly at the waterfront's outskirts was Chalkos, the huge copper dragon who helped them all escape, his scales shining like a blanket of polished coins in the light. She reached for her spear at the bedside and used it to gently prop herself up on the side of the bed. The dream still echoed in her mind, gently reverberating as she gathered her legs under her dark robes to stand. She caught her reflection in the small hand mirror left by some other occupant on the small table, the only other furniture found in the small room. Una's emerald green eyes and straight blue black hair framed her soft face. Her eyes softened for a moment as she brought a single hand to her cheek. She closed her eyes, thinking of this moment in this beautiful place. Secretly wishing it wouldn't end. As if sensing her need for respite, in this moment the voice in her head ceased its demands, and allowed her... peace.

KOgyrus

(softly) Good morning, Una.

NAR - KELDOR

Una's eyes opened and saw the man she first met in the prison beneath the temple. He smiled gently behind twin sandy blonde braids that hung from the corners of his mouth above the short cropped beard gracing his jaw. His shoulder length hair was pulled back into 2 braids that swept back on either side of his head. He now wore a simple leather tunic that was black with dark green trim, topped with what appeared to be traveling boots. Different than the tattered muslin the freed prisoners were all dressed in when they first arrived. He looked not only stronger but something was powerful about him now.

KOgyrus

I hope you slept well?

UNA

I... Um.. Yes. Yes Kopyrus.

KOgyrus

(chuckles) Kogyrus. Kopyrus sounds pretty nice too... but my name is Kogyrus.

UNA

I'm... sorry Kogyrus.

KOgyrus

It's alright! (beat) So back to my original question. (smiling) Did you sleep alright?

UNA

Yes. (smiles) Yes I did.

KOgyrus

Good. Come. Get some breakfast. I believe we owe you and your friends some answers.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia and Dabria sat with 3 other people at the stone meeting table by the water's edge, enjoying various fruits and cheeses from a large central silver platter for breakfast. Lorvana was energetically talking to Chalkos, no doubt telling him some wonderous tale of adventures she had heard, which he very much enjoyed. Considering his smile and focused nodding, this tale was no exception to that. Benedict stood with a shining purple apple in his

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

hand, enjoying the tart fruit one bite at a time as he noticed the unlikely pair approaching the group. He smiled. He noted how Una's dark shadow seemed to have melted away over the past few days. She still acted slightly awkward but everyone was very forgiving and kind to her new steps. Like a family with a newborn learning to walk. The elder of the community, Arianell, smiled at them as they approached.

ARIANELL

Welcome Una. Come my dear, join us. Sit. We have... as you can see... Apples and grapes and some wonderful soft cheeses. Enjoy... (beat) Now that we are all here, healed and well rested, I believe now is the time for us to deliver our promise of the truth to you... of whom we owe so much.

NAR - KELDOR

She placed a hand gently on Cordelia's and patted it assumingly as she smiled. She was a caring and loving matron of this village.

ARIANELL

You rescued our people from enslavement of this... Lord Pallus. But... I'm afraid the threat is deeper than you know... or realize. You see, I knew... Dekkion.

NAR - KELDOR

The sheer mention of the name in this beautiful place, and coming from someone as pure as Arianell, felt profane to the companions at the table. The shock seemed to dull the senses slightly, as they didn't hear the footsteps approaching the table in the soft grasses.

ARYAT

As did I.

ARIANELL

(happily) Aryat. Please, will you join us?

ARYAT

Of course, Arianell... Excuse me Cordelia... is this seat taken or can an old man sit by your side?

CORDELIA

(Happily) Please sit, Aryat! Always good to see you.
(hushed) After this I want to talk to you about that
(MORE)

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

dancing fire spell you showed me.

ARYAT

(chuckling) Oh great! Yes please, after this. (groans sitting down) Ah! That's better. What's this? An apple with my name on it, how delightful.

KOgyrus

(chuckling) Time for eating may need to wait wise one!

Ymir

(impatient and annoyed) Really? (beat) Are you ACTUALLY doing this now?

ARYAT

(chuckling) Calm down Ymir! (takes a bite) Heh, delicious. You see, Cordelia, how the apple crunches perfectly to the bite? Wonderful...

DABRIA

(impatiently) Are you quite done? We have questions that owe answers...

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria stared at the old man with twin white and gold moustaches that trailed from the corners of his mouth. They weaved and swayed gently as he chewed the bite of apple, considering what she just said. Ymir sat with his arms crossed, his deep brown chinstrap of a beard fell into a single braid clasped by a Bronze bead; under a bald head, angry impatient eyes and tight lips. Across the table sat his twin sister Cemri whose platinum and charcoal locks were braided in 8 warrior's braids. That they ended in bronze beads as well was probably the only thing that showed any similarity to her twin. She was quiet, reserved and smiling at Aryat's carefree attitude with a hand on a graceful chin. As was Arianell.

ARYAT

(sigh) Fine. You see my friends, some of us are old and old people tend to know each other because the longer you last in this mortal coil the more chances you have to run into each other... With PATIENCE...

NAR - KELDOR

He glared mockingly at Ymir and Dabria before chuckling and shaking his head.

ARYAT

(sighs and takes another bite, talking through it)
...There's a good chance you'll meet everyone
someday.

CORDELIA

When did you meet him?

ARYAT

Well we, Arianell and I at least, both met him...
(takes a bite) Let's see that would be... over
fifteen hundred years ago I suppose.

DABRIA

Impossible.

CORDELIA

What? ..H.. how?

ARIANELL

(laughing) It's ok, Child... it can be shocking.

ARYAT

But... I look good for my age though don't I?

CORDELIA

I ... (laughing at his absurd comment) sure. Sure you
do Aryat.

ARYAT

Ah! See? I told you Ymir, stress will make you age
much faster.

YMIR

(grunt) Whatever.

BENEDICT

(shocked) Amazing... but... (realizing) wait, that
would mean you were both were alive during... the war
of the stone?

ARIANELL

Yes Benedict. The others are a bit too young for that
event but Aryat and I knew it well.

DABRIA

What part did Dekkion play in that war?

ARIANELL

Dekkion helped lead the western army of the Eagle to
capture the stone. He believed it would help make him
(MORE)

ARIANELL (CONT'D)

immortal. Rising to challenge the gods themselves. This was what pitted them against nearly the entire world. We... We helped defend our friends the Kobolds believing this was a war only for the Humans. Soon the Dwarves and Elves of both continents took up arms to battle against the banners of the Eagle. The banners led by the Dark Lord Dekkion's insanity.

ARYAT

To be honest we should have joined sooner, as by the time we did we bore little help from here to the center of the valley where the stone stood. (sigh) By the time we got there the stone was destroyed.

UNA

You said you knew him though?

NAR - KELDOR

Aryat smiled.

ARYAT

I said we met him before. You see, this land of Chikara stretches to the sea... to the south and west, separated by the Garnet Mountains to what is known as Trull and its northern border consisting of Wolfling and the dark... Obsidian Fortress. But most importantly, this is where he was born.

CORDELIA

Here? In this lagoon?

YMIR

(laugh) Ha! I should hope not!

CEMRI

I... was told it was a village to the north in the great desert. Now.. lost to time though. No, Cordelia, this Lagoon is our home and rarely do we host the various people of the world here.

NAR - KELDOR

Cemri sat forward, looking gently at Cordelia. Her Green and gold eyes behind her deeply tanned skin reflected strength and wisdom beyond what appeared to be the middle aged woman's frame. Arianell smiled and nodded.

ARIANELL

We have discussed the current dread that has fallen over the land and realize it is time for some of us
(MORE)

ARIANELL (CONT'D)

to join you on your journey. We do not wish to repeat the mistakes of the past.

NAR - KELDOR

Ymir and Cemri stood up from the table. Kogyrus patted the dark shoulder of Una gently and with a smile stood up. She saw the shimmer of glitter in his amber eyes briefly as he walked with those two to the clearing.

ARYAT

(grunt) Ah... Cordelia, can you give me a hand up?

CORDELIA

Of course.

ARYAT

Thank you. (groaning) Ah! (chuckle) Such a lovely girl you are. Such a wonderful heart.

NAR - KELDOR

He smiled and, leaning on his staff, made his way with the others to stand in the large clearing by Chalkos. Chalkos took a few steps back with his giant head bowed in respect.

ARIANELL

My friends, you have delayed yourselves to ensure the safety of my people, and for that we are ever in your debt. The dark magics in Enruk being worked in the shadows took us dangerously close to death... and for some took something precious.

NAR - KELDOR

Chalkos looked away. The once proud Dragon felt humbled at this statement as it reverberated through him.

ARIANELL

Garnet Keep is in danger and you will not make it back in time to save it. Unless... we... help you. One of us has pledged to assist in taking each of you there.

ARYAT

Age before beauty, I suppose...

NAR - KELDOR

Aryat stepped forward and dropped the staff on the ground. He raised his arms to the sky quickly and
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

they seemed to continue upward and outward until a dragon much larger than Chalkos stood. Cordelia's eyes shimmered as they brimmed with tears.

CORDELIA

I... knew it. I .. Just knew it!

NAR - KELDOR

Towering above in blinding Gold, the tendrils of his twin moustaches visibly wavered as he spoke. His voice came to Cordelia's mind as if he was sitting next to her again.

ARYAT

Cordelia... I am Aryat, the Fierce. And I have chosen you.

NAR - KELDOR

The twins looked at each other before their serpentine forms of sleek Bronze, similar in size to Chalkos. Their heads came to the shoulder of the towering Aryat, who had now carefully stepped to the back of the group behind Chalkos.

YMIR

Dabria... I am Ymir, the Swift. Together, you and I can do... great things.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria smiled and nodded, stepping forward to the Bronze Dragon.

CEMRI

Benedict... I am Cemri, Protector of the Sky. You and I shall defend your home.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict saluted her, overcome with shock as he made his way to the Bronze dragon, now almost a mirror image of her twin.

KOgyrus

Well... (chuckle) we saved the best for last...

NAR - KELDOR

Una saw him change into the reddish gold of Brass, thin and appearing almost smaller than the others, but simply just thinner with shorter limbs and more
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
powerful claws. Two rams horns adorned either side of his head. Una was in shock at seeing her new friend.

UNA
Kogyrus?

KOgyRUS
Yes, Una.. I am known as Kogyrus, the Protector of the Weak. You and I will scout ahead of the group.

CHALKOS
Arianell... Will you allow me to take Lorvana back to Garnet Keep? ... As discussed? Hope you don't mind the little one... if you prefer someone else's company I...

NAR - KELDOR
Lorvana looked at Chalkos, a smile stretching across her happy face.

LORVANA
Oh yes please! That would be wonderful, Chalkos!

NAR - KELDOR
Arianell took a moment before answering. They looked magnificent in the light dancing across their metallic scales. Chalkos was eager to do this task and she noted how close he and the Halfling had become. Perhaps she could help him find himself again.

ARIANELL
Loyal Chalkos... Yes... Yes I believe this could do you some good and possibly can regain what you have lost in this journey. (beat before turning to the group) Go now, my friends. We wish you all well and may the winds be at your back!

DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR
5 shapes burst through golden clouds in a champagne sky. The glitter of a million metal scales reflected the soft orange and pink hues of the sunset surrounding them as they flew on high above the hidden earth below. Benedict, Cordelia, Lorvana, Una and Dabria sat astride their dragon mounts as they flew northeast, finally crossing the Garnet Mountains after 4 days of travelling north along the western slope and its rocky foothills. Rythmically the huge
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

wings beat against the cool evening air, a sliver of pale crescent moon now becoming more visible in the clearer skies. The smell of mountain pine in the thin air was a welcome change from the humid mineral and sulphur of the hot springs previously in the valley. Benedict saw the faint outline of somewhat familiar angular pillars on the mountain slope as the faded ancient road snaked its way down the cliffside to the valley in the distance.

BENEDICT

Is that a dwarven ruin... or maybe a mine?

CEMRI

Not "a" mine, my dear Benedict, but THE mine. This is the great mine of the Garnet Mountains. Known in your tongue as the Southstone Caverns, the dwarves know it as KadreUnrol.

BENEDICT

(introspectively) ...Skotmir.

NAR - KELDOR

He thought of his friend Skotmir and hoped he and the others had made it out alive. As if sensing this concern in the air, Cordelia felt a thin braid of faded colors now pastel from the sun around her left wrist. Peach and periwinkle, once a strong red and blue over a decade ago, were braided in the child's friendship bracelet. Given to her in trade by her best friend Sophie. She felt a calm come over her, not directly but just a feeling that... she was alright.

KOgyrus

Hmm that can't be good...

NAR - KELDOR

Looking behind them briefly, Kogyrus saw something else on the southeast horizon. Several dark shapes came up through the distant twilight clouds, suddenly bursting into familiar and unwelcome blue and red colors.

KOgyrus

(to himself)Hmm. Thus it begins... (to the group) My friends, we have some visitors coming at us due east, it appears. A large Red and five escorting Blues, it seems.

CEMRI

Not the odds I would have hoped for at this time.

YMIR

As much as they make my blood boil... it would be suicide to engage with them now.

CHALKOS

Lorvana and I will try to draw them higher.

ARYAT

Agreed... we cannot afford to waste time fighting them! We must get to the keep and confront them there. Fly, my friends!

NAR - KELDOR

Through the evening, they found themselves followed by 5 Blue dragons and the hulking bodies of 2 additional Red ones in the cold clear moonlight. The riders tried to sleep on the backs of the tireless dragons but found it impossible. Hour after hour went by through the night and they could see them slowly gaining their position. A slow, calculated advance. The sun began to rise 30 degrees to their Starboard or right side, Cordelia noted in her head, as they had reached the valley on the other eastern side of the mountains below. They began changing course north. She looked behind, noting they were now within a hundred yards of them. She could see a rider on one of them in dark armor, carrying a crooked magical staff that glowed green in the dim dawn.

CORDELIA

Aryat, don't... don't stop, they're very close but... I only see 3 Blue Dragons now.

ARYAT

What?... But where did...

KOgyrus

They are flanking!

YMIR

Dabria, do you see them?

NAR - KELDOR

A blue shape in the Dawn's light drew above Dabria, masking with the sky save for its mustard yellow underbelly.

DABRIA

Above!

MIDNIGHT

Die! (roar)

NAR - KELDOR

Dragons of Blue and Bronze collided for the first time in centuries high above the plains of Trull. Ymir and Dabria spun around moments before the Blue Dragon met them with all 4 claws in a powerful strike downward into the clouds. Ymir could see beyond the blood red eyes of his adversary, peeled back bloodthirsty and cruel... he knew this dragon.

YMIR

(groaning from force) Not this time... Midnight!
Gyahh! (Roar)

NAR - KELDOR

Ymir ripped free of Midnight's grip and quickly ascended back to the group, climbing higher to gain vantage as they sailed through the sky. Swooping quickly to take his place was the swift Kogyrus and Una. Passing by the slower moving dragons he opened his mouth, expelling a pinkish purple cloud into the face of the Blue and a large Red who was close behind. They reared back, roaring in protest once before their bodies went limp and fell out of the dawn sky.

KOgyrus

(laughing) Night night, friends! Hope the hills below don't wake you up suddenly! (surprised) WOAHH! HOLD ON! (3 second long strained groan)

NAR - KELDOR

Suddenly, the hulking form of the other Red Dragon moved into his path. Kogyrus strained as the force of the turn threatened to shatter his mighty bones from the quick maneuver. Recovering quickly, he noticed they weren't their intended target.

BLAZE

(roar then laughing) HAHAHA! Been a long time Aryat! I see your soft heart is still a problem? Still hugging your precious trees?

ARYAT

Blaze. (chuckles) I should have guessed you would still be a slave to your abomination of a Dark Queen.

NAR - KELDOR

Aryat's golden body reared back as they both answered each other's insults with a cascade of fire streaming from their mouths. The Red drove him and Cordelia backwards but the fire reflected harmlessly from his golden scales. Ymir turned to the brave Dabria.

DABRIA

Take us below them.

YMIR

Gladly, hold on. (grunt)

NAR - KELDOR

Ymir drew in his great bronze wings and transformed back into his human form. They dropped like a meteor from the sky. The wind rushed past Dabria's ears in a welcome, anticipated rush as she clung to his back. Her blood lifted and she felt alive and free as they fell between and unnoticed by the huge battling forms. Smiling gently she drew herself closer to Ymir feeling his muscles suddenly tense as they threw his wings out 30 feet below the pair of greater ancient dragons. She clutched the Goat's horn at her neck.

DABRIA

Bless his strike in this moment, dark one.

YMIR

(grunt) GYAH!

NAR - KELDOR

A shockwave erupted from Ymir as it rippled across the sky, slamming into the much larger Red Dragon.

BLAZE

(roar) Gyah! Why you little ... hahaha HAHAHAHA
(anger rolls into laughter) You fools choose to side with these ignorant humans instead of EMBRACING your own magnificence! HAHAHA! Until next time Aryat! Hahaha!

NAR - KELDOR

Blaze turned and dove out of the clouds and out of sight. Aryat watched his old adversary depart, surprisingly finding part of himself smirking inside.

ARYAT

(sigh and chuckle) She always was so... hot headed. Impetuous. If she would just relax, take in this wonderful dawn before us like... wait... (surprised)

(MORE)

ARYAT (CONT'D)

Watch out! Cemri!

CEMRI

(roar)

BLUE DRAGON 1

(roar)

NAR - KELDOR

Another Blue dragon slammed into Cemri, pushing her and Benedict downward to the thick blanket of clouds. The moist air ripped across their bodies as vision became shrouded in mist like a waking nightmare. The Blue raked her wing with a mighty claw, leaving it tattered and torn as she twisted to face him. She drew breath but paused as another form came into view.

CHALKOS

(Shouting) Cemri!

CEMRI

(shouting) Chalkos! (panting and groaning) Go back!

CHALKOS

No!... I can't lose you! (panting and groaning) Not again!

BLUE DRAGON 1

Your friend can't save you!

NAR - KELDOR

Time slowed for a moment as Cemri saw the look in Chalkos's eyes through the fog. Panic of being unable to help save their plummeting bodies. Of being able to do nothing. A forgotten memory erupted in her mind.

(Sounds of the battle fade with another long lost one echoing in her mind)

She remembered him in his human form, long bright red orange hair tied back in a series of 5 braids, one larger one on either side with 3 small ones down the middle. He was standing in front of a door in the lost temple of Enruk. The thunder of an imminent collapse of rock and stone was growing.

KOgyrus

Back this way! Hurry, Cemri!

CHALKOS

Go now! I'll protect the passage until the Kobolds come... Run.

CEMRI

No Chalkos! Come with us, don't just wait here for death!

CHALKOS

I...I won't lose you my friend. (beat) Now... run!

NAR - KELDOR

Cemri opened her eyes from the memory, the path now clear before her.

(Current battle swells with the rush of the wind.)

CHALKOS

(yelling) Please!! (Pleading) Cemri!!!

CEMRI

(calmly smiling) You won't... (Serious but still calm) Now Please... Save them. (beat) (shout throwing the dragon off her then a roar)

NAR - KELDOR

Cemri shoved the Blue dragon off her with one mighty shove of her hind legs and blasted a shockwave similar to her brother's, knocking the Blue back into a waiting blast of corrosive acid from Chalkos' open maw. (Shrieking dragons) Chalkos swung a powerful claw across its jaw as it shrieked from the burning liquid sprayed across its rippling neck and shoulders. Chalkos gripped it in his claw and grappled, raking a few powerful hind claw attacks across its exposed belly, before it broke free, blasting a crackle of hot blue powerful lightning over his shoulder, barely missing his wing. Before Chalkos could recover the Blue disappeared into the fog, flying away from them all.

CHALKOS

(panting then softly whispered) Cemri.

(silent wings flapping in the wind)

NAR - KELDOR

She was gone. He paused for a moment, thinking of her last words. Her last wish (beat) before explosively pursuing his friends above. A few moments later, he joined the rest of his friends in the clouds above the golden dawn now turning to familiar and clear blue skies.

ARYAT

Where is Cemri?

NAR - KELDOR

Ymir knew his twin's fate before Chalkos could answer.

YMIR

She fell... but I do not feel my twin's...

NAR - KELDOR

He paused. The twins were born of a single egg. A rare and magical thing for Dragons. They could share bits and parts of feelings and senses. He felt a wash of reassurance and then a call to action.

YMIR

She wants us to go.

KOgyrus

This sortie was a sure sign that the Keep will soon be attacked, if it wasn't already, and it is still a few hours flight to the north. (beat) Come, Chalkos my friend... Fly with me, please.

CHALKOS

(sad but resolute) Of course.

ARYAT

Let us fly! We must make haste to Garnet Keep.

NAR - KELDOR

As the conversation of the dragons echoed telepathically in Cordelia's mind, she thought of Benedict lost in the fog below. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she gripped the harness on Aryat's back, drawing herself to him in comfort and hope.

S4E8 - WINGS OF FIREPrepare for Battle of Garnet Keep.

(sounds of a farm.)

NAR - KELDOR

An old shepherd stood on a quiet hillside in the northeast of Trull. He had been watching the shadow of the Dark Army approach the ruins of Garnet Keep for the past 3 days. Though seeming slow in their preparations, there was a method behind their madness. He had warned some friends joining the rebellion a few days ago that he had seen them building up for an attack. Hopefully the Heir of Garnet Keep was prepared. He thought of those old days when Lucilius Kettlebane and the 6 winds watched over the land, before those they protected turned on them. He scratched the dusty tan and gray head of his guest's trusty pet jackal.

FARMER

(Soft chuckle to himself) Hmm, them were the best times... Weren't they boy... yes I know. (sigh) Go boy... Go fetch your master Shimi, I want to talk with them about... (dog bark) what? What is it... (slowly drawn and surprised) oh... my!

NAR - KELDOR

A brilliant glint caught his eye from the sun behind him.

(sonic boom)

Bursting from the lower cloud bank he saw what appeared to be a brilliant Bronze ball that glittered as it plummeted towards the earth a few miles between himself and the Dark Army. Thin wisps of trailing clouds followed closely like a falling star.

TRANSITION

sounds of falling and rushing air rumbling about.

BENEDICT

(groaning from the strain of the force to stay conscious)

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict remembered falling. Her great wings, tattered and torn, flapped aimlessly behind them. She lifted him from the harness on her back and pulled him into her arms like a mother would a small child. Cemri's voice echoed in his mind as they plummeted down through the endless skies.

CEMRI

(strained, whisper. strong but she's been hurt bad)
We.. we will be ok. Trust me Benedict. I swear...
I... will not fail you.

impact sound with reverberated long trail, fade into the sounds of a peaceful field. Dusk setting in.

NAR - KELDOR

The smell of the crushed grasses beneath him was sweet-smelling, mixing with the settled dust on the breeze. The sky was now darkening as he opened his eyes and slowly turned his head to see the soft meadow they lay in. Crickets were beginning their song in the tall grasses surrounded by scattered birch and aspen trees. Looking past the edge of the trees' natural line, he could see the warfires of the camp now a mile or so out, he guessed. Beyond that was the setting sun over the mountains. More importantly Garnet Keep was now mere miles away and up the pass on the other side. He stopped to listen. (beat) No movement, no scouts... well, he hoped.

CEMRI

(raspy painful breathing as she lies unconscious)

NAR - KELDOR

A labored breath came from behind him. Lying there in her human form was Cemri. Her wise and kind face was marred by the scars of battle. Her breath was labored and raspy.

BENEDICT

(groaning as he rolled over then hushed) Ugh... oh.
Oh Cemri.

NAR - KELDOR

Her chest heaved slightly and shook with each breath. Realization set in heavily. Her life was leaving her. He gently placed his hands on her dirt and bloodied cheeks.

BENEDICT

(praying) Knightlord. Please heal this servant of justice. Protect her as she protected me.

magic sounds

CEMRI

(waking groaning sounds) Oh... oh I... (smiling)
Hello. Benedict. (groaning to stand up)

NAR - KELDOR

Cemri smiled at Benedict as he helped her to stand up and survey the land.

CEMRI

Well, I suppose there could have been worse places to land in. (sigh) And they (points at the camp) didn't take notice of our little sky dive. (soft chuckle) We will need to get to Garnet Keep soon. They will be there by tomorrow, I imagine. (short breath and groaning in pain from failure. Huffs a bit as she storms off. Tries again briefly huffs a little before delivering her next line.)

NAR - KELDOR

She took a deep breath and tensed. Frustrated, she stormed away a few steps and tried again. Sighing, she turned to Benedict.

CEMRI

(sigh)I cannot return to my natural form, Benedict, with these injuries. We will have to get to Garnet Keep by foot. Hopefully Aryat will be there. He... he can help me, he knows the way.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict nodded, then felt a wave of deep fear enter him.

BENEDICT

We are going have to sneak past the entire Dark Army.(sighing) Time to make Zorin and Zane laugh, I guess.

TRANSITION

sounds of children laughing.

ARYAT

(laughing) Hello!

CORDELIA

(laughing) It's ok, little one, go ahead!

NAR - KELDOR

The wide eyed girl stood with her mouth agape as Aryat lowered his great golden head to her. Despite the draconic visage his characteristic moustaches wavered from the corners of a gently smiling maw. His golden eyes were still kind, despite the head being much larger than the young girl.

CORDELIA

(Laughing gently) It's ok.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia looked around, remembering the last few minutes since they landed in the courtyard mounted on 4 large dragons. Elona and Elloveve, mouths agape as they moved the awestruck crowd out of the way, (chuckles) including myself. But. (pause) The looks on the faces of the children are what Cordelia will remember the most I believe. All eyes fell on brilliant Gold, Brass and Copper dragons and made everyone gasp and stare wide-eyed. All of us but the children.

DANIEL

(laughing) Come on!

PARENT1

(panicked and hushed) Daniel! No! Come back here.

NAR - KELDOR

They just laughed and fearlessly danced up to them, giggling and smiling. Ignoring the quiet protests of their parents. Enchanted by magnificence and grace. One, in particular, had a tribal design of brown henna across the bridge of her nose below her deep blue eyes and blonde tresses. She had approached Aryat with wonder. Holding up a single hand, Aryat dropped his huge head to look at her with his characteristic smile on one side of his face. Cordelia smiled as she bowed slightly while standing next to the teenager.

CORDELIA

I felt the same way too. He's here to help us.

NAR - KELDOR

The girl just beamed, wordlessly smiling at Cordelia before turning her gaze back to Aryat.

CORDELIA

What's your name?

ZORIN

(walking up and smiling) Her name is Edde, she..
doesn't speak. (beat) Go ahead Edde, he's a friend.
(to Cordelia) Welcome home, Cordelia!

CORDELIA

Oh Zorin! I missed you.

ZORIN

And I you.

NAR - KELDOR

Edde placed her hand gently on the muzzle of the gold dragon. His eyes closed slightly before he politely pulled back and transformed into his familiar human form. Edde gasped slightly in shock. As did the other children.

DANIEL

Wow! Cool!

ARYAT

Hello, Edde. Wonderful to meet you. If you'll excuse me. (beat) Zorin? We bring ill tidings, unfortunately. I...

NAR - KELDOR

Aryat looked at Cordelia's face as the happiness melted away, leaving the cold reality in its place.

CORDELIA

Aryat, don't. (beat) I (beat) should tell him (beat) myself.

ZORIN

Tell me what? It...

NAR - KELDOR

He looked around. Two other dragons slowly took on human forms and walked by their riders, Dabria and Una. The Copper dragon remained in his form, chuckling as children climbed on his back and neck while he lay prone next to a laughing Lorvana.

ZORIN

Um... Where's Benedict?

TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

The voices carried through the night air from the nearby camp. Two shadows were working their way around the perimeter of the encampment, trying not to draw any attention to themselves but far enough of a distance to where they felt as comfortable as possible in such grim company. Man, ogre and orc were feasting around the many campfires, the heavy and familiar smell of a thick stew carried alongside it. Benedict's stomach growled. Cemri smiled gently.

CEMRI

(quietly) Benedict, what is that wonderful smell?

BENEDICT

(trying to not think about it) Just beans and ham if I were to guess.

CEMRI

(chuckling) Ah. That makes sense. It has been a long time since I have tasted ham... I did enjoy it so... so very much. (beat) Before they all came.

BENEDICT

Cemri, how long were you imprisoned in Enruk?

CEMRI

It was a long time... to be sure. A decade in that dark dungeon according to what we've been able to piece together. Though they took their time. They set that trap slowly and carefully.

BENEDICT

How do you mean?

CEMRI

Well, it started well before that fateful day, possibly 13 or 14 years I believe prior? (chuckles) That would be... a few years before you were even born, dear Benedict. We were guests and protectors of our friends the Kobolds. Not rulers, mind you, but... guardians. It was our service to travel to Enruk periodically, and assist them with what we could. Guidance or the occasional building, we were treated as the experts and they all looked up to us. (beat) But...

NAR - KELDOR

Her voice trailed off as she heard cackling from the camp. Memory washed over her mind briefly, unpleasant memory of that cell they lived in for so long. The

(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

greasy walls and hot humid air they shared clouded her emotions, leaving a hot pit in her heart.

BENEDICT

(softly encouraging) But what, Cemri? Please go on.

CEMRI

(deep sigh) There's no denying, my friend, that we.. We were treated like royalty... and we grew accustomed to it. When Maldros came, he showed them another way. A way of money and commerce. They opened up trade routes with the barons, and the minotaurs of the north found a way with their shallow drafted ships to navigate to the once isolated city. We saw the signs... Benedict. (sigh) But we ignored them. It was their actions and only affected them after all, not us. We just went about our way. We left and returned the following year. The arena was being built where one of the many temples once stood. No matter. We had many... temples erected to us. To the good dragons. Soon they began to hold games there. Feats of strength and dexterity. And one day, an accident on the field as two Kobolds locked in sparring led to ones death. The crowd cheered... Yet still we ignored it... we were reminded it was not our way. (sigh) A way that only cost a few lives, it seemed... No big matter... over the years our visits were met with less and less enthusiasm from our friends. We slowly faded out of their favor to this new arena. But there were a few dedicated who ensured we enjoyed all our previous luxuries, unfortunately keeping us blind to what was happening around us over those years. Then Pallus and Dekkion returned. With that crown... and... our cousins.

NAR - KELDOR

She paused for a moment as they carefully stepped through the soft meadows well outside the campfire light, shrouded in darkness. They could see the outline of huge hulking bodies now, on the far side of the camp thankfully. The unmistakable red and blue scales moved as they too enjoyed their feast before what they saw to be the eve of another great victory.

CEMRI

There is no love between us as dragons Benedict. The metallic dragons took oaths long ago to uphold justice and balance throughout the land where we saw fit. (chuckles) You see how comfortable we are in our other forms? Honestly, I rather enjoy it, getting to
(MORE)

CEMRI (CONT'D)

walk with someone such as you and discuss things in the world or share stories without it being awkward. (pause) Hmm, I have to say. If this wasn't the dire situation it is, with the current disagreeable company we have close by and despite this searing pain in my back (chuckles) I'd say this is a great evening... walking with a great friend.

BENEDICT

I agree. (smiling) Thank you. So what of the other dragons, do they have human forms as well?

NAR - KELDOR

Cemri looked in the distance at the dragons of the Dark Army. Remembering.

CEMRI

Oh yes, Benedict. We all have another form. Though not all are human specifically. It just depends on the dragon and the people they interact with. (pause) You see, my home and elders believe the form is a gift. So we are actually weened of our dragon form at the time we enter this world.

BENEDICT

How?

NAR - KELDOR

She closed her eye,s remembering a not too pleasant memory.

CEMRI

Well, actually, you saw something similar in the defiler's chamber beneath the temple. Through magic, the dragon essence is removed. The dark clerics used a similar method based on what they found out about our way. (beat) But where as we just put to sleep that part our being... waiting for the right moment to be discovered... they tapped it and tried to remove it altogether for their own purposes. (beat then sigh.) Our cousins believe, to my understanding, that the form is a weakness and they prefer to use it only for stealth and deception. We believe we should walk the land with the various peoples for a time before being granted our true form. To teach us...

BENEDICT

Humility.

CEMRI

Yes.

BENEDICT

That explains why each of you is so unique. Ymir is so different looking...

CEMRI

(chuckles) Ha, yes. My brother spent much of his time in the north of Kur, embracing the culture of the desert nomads. I actually stayed on this continent, enjoying my time travelling throughout the Glen Valley and Darkovnia. But this was all hundreds of years ago.

NAR - KELDOR

The weight of that statement listed on the night breeze gently as the two companions continued their journey. Then something shot through Benedict's mind briefly, something familiar but long forgotten until now.

BENEDICT

You said a crown. That Pallus had a crown. What did it look like?

CEMRI

It has 5 gems, each representing one of our cousins: ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond and jet. They are all twisted together in snakelike tendrils of metal. The followers of the dragon queen believe it is the mark of her champion, and those dragons that follow her would gladly serve the bearer. There is no mistaking... It is the cursed Crown of Dragons. (beat) Have you seen it?

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict paused, remembering Zane and the children in the old mine outside OlanAkKhan. When Zane placed it on his head, froze up, panicked, and finally threw it off his head. (snippet from Prologue 2: Benedict: "Are you alright Zane? ZANE: "No one, I mean no one should put that on. Come on, let's go.) Zane pocketed the crown, he remembered, and carried it up until...(snippet of prologue 3 "Come child and let me show you the darkness of my queen!") he fell at the feet of Dekkion and Pallus that fateful night... he could see the crown lying next to him now. In the rain and mud.

BENEDICT

(solemnly) Yes. Yes, I have seen it before.

TRANSITION

YMIR

I suggest these trenches here we ensure are trapped and hidden. It will funnel their ground forces through the canyon.

DABRIA

Agreed. Knowing their tactic, they will lead on the ground first before they bring in the Dragons. Their hope will be to come back... Here. (beat) The Ballista will be the biggest threat to them in the air.

SOPHIE

I will help guard those.

KELDOR

Good. Sounds like we have the best plan possible now.

NAR - KELDOR

It was silent as I looked around the dim warroom. It was great to have so many of us back and the advantage given with these great dragons who came to assist us in this time of need... Though one was missing. My eyes fell on Elona. Her sandy blonde hair framed her blue eyes. A rose colored lip trembled slightly in opposition to her clenched jaw.

ELONA

Excuse me.

NAR - KELDOR

I watched Una, Kogyrus and the rest of the group step away to allow her to leave the room. Who could understand what was going through her head? The siege on her home? Her son missing? All these terrible memories now manifesting themselves again like a terrible dream. My heart went to her. I waved my hand.

KELDOR

We can disperse for the night. May the Knight and Maiden watch over us all on the battlefield tomorrow. And above all else, do not lose hope.

NAR - KELDOR

Everyone began to leave. It was then I noticed Zorin
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
standing by the window looking out upon the courtyard. The giggles of children could be heard faintly as the parents gathered them to rest as well. I stepped next to my friend as I peered down to see Chalkos speak kindly to each one, wishing them a good night.

(Chalkos ad-libbing to the children with good nights)

KELDOR
He's got the right heart to defend them. You made a wise suggestion, Zorin, keeping him here.

ZORIN
Thank you. (beat) Kogyrus, do you have a moment?

NAR - KELDOR
He turned from leaving the room with Una, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. She nodded in understanding as he came to join us.

KOgyrus
Yes? What do you need?

ZORIN
Chalkos. (beat) Is there a reason he refuses to change into his human form?

NAR - KELDOR
I saw the mood of Kogyrus darken slightly as he looked out into the twilight of the evening.

KOgyrus
He doesn't refuse to my friend. (sigh) He would if he could.

ZORIN
What do you mean?

KOgyrus
When we polymorph between our forms, we speak something very special. A word only we know. We learn it as we go on our journey as young ones. We clad ourselves as humans or whatever people we wish to associate with. (beat) My baby sister, for example, last was heard traveling in the forests and woods searching for her word. No doubt dressed as an elf. (beat turning to Zorin) You see we HAVE to learn to coexist with you all. Not a mere suggestion, our
(MORE)

KOgyrus (CONT'D)

culture dictates it. The word comes to us when we least expect it. It just.. is. And it's ours, and only ours... individualized for each dragon.

ZORIN

And what happened to Chalkos?

NAR - KELDOR

His eyes softened slightly as he looked at his ancient friend.

KOgyrus

Chalkos stayed behind when we tried to escape Enruk many years ago, when Maldros and Pallus turned the Kobolds against us. They captured him with some new.. dark magic... leaving him in his Draconic form, wiping his mind of everything. But his will was too powerful and he was able to hold on to... one thing. Not a word, but a concept...

ZORIN

What was that?

KOgyrus

The last thing he promised anyone. That he would defend that hall from any enemies... When he was overrun he was told we had all died. In guilt and grief from failure, he swore allegiance to the Kobolds and their new... Friends. He agreed to stand watch and never let those escape who... killed his friends. Killed us... (sadly) Not knowing... (sigh then quietly and solemnly almost pleading for understanding) Zorin, can you see? W..we thought he died... For 10 years we thought our brother died and we were actually only separated by a few yards and the stone walls of that dungeon. (beat) And as it turned out I guess... (sigh) he thought we had, too.

S4E9 - THORN OF THE ROSE

Final battle. During the celebration that night Dabria tells Sophie about where Kartilaan had gone. Edde overhears and recognizes Dabria.

NAR - KELDOR

Sunlight began to shine through panes of stained glass, casting sky and rose colors on the clasped gauntlets before my eyes.

KELDOR

Protect us, Knightlord, as we protect those who cannot protect themselves. In this we pray...

NAR - KELDOR

I stood and looked at the temple. A stained glass knight holding a shield at his feet, emblazoned with a red Sword and Crown, his helm bowed slightly in reverence. A depiction of the Knightlord, bowing himself to the divine each of us holds in our hearts. I walked to the doorway, stopping by the font of water. I peered inside and saw my face, tired but ready. I drew my long sword and holding the blade down placed it against my chest.

KELDOR

Blessed be this blade on this day. May it strike true if our duty proves to be virtuous.

NAR - KELDOR

Placing 2 fingers into the small fountain, I drew a single bead of fresh spring water that broke the light like a perfect diamond. Placing it at the hilt I bowed in respect as it ran the length of the fuller from hilt to point.

(stand, open door and step outside to the courtyard.)

NAR - KELDOR

The sky was shimmering with gold and violet hues as the sun rose beyond the walls of the Keep. I made my way across the courtyard, passing by the great tree. I smiled at its magnificence and absentmindedly nodded at the old friend as if she could hear me. Part of me wished she could.

DEMITRI

Keldor, we have prepared the trenches and readied the ballista as ordered.

NAR - KELDOR

(distracted) Good

DEMITRI

Anything else sir?

NAR - KELDOR

I paused for a moment as I stood there in the center of the courtyard, the tree, temple and the keep itself now behind me. Beyond the young officer I saw the smithy, quartermaster, supply and... the stable. The same stable I lost my faith, friends and a former life in so long ago... How far we have come.

DEMITRI

Sir?

KELDOR

Oh... I'm sorry, Demitri. No... um. No, there's nothing more, thank you.

DEMITRI

Yes sir.

NAR - KELDOR

He turned to walk away.

KELDOR

(beat) Wait. Demitri...

DEMITRI

Sir?

KELDOR

May the Knight and Maiden guide you and your charge today.

DEMITRI

(smiling) Thank you, sir.

NAR - KELDOR

I saw him smile slightly as he straightened the black and red tunic he wore over heavy chain and splint armor. Plate was heavy, but even the chain and splint the infantry wore was quite the burden to move in.

(Horse SFX)

KELDOR

Well hello, Feather Breeze. Yes... Yes good to see you too. What's that? A carrot? Of course...

NAR - KELDOR

I held a carrot to her muzzle, which she gently took from the palm of my hand happily. I placed my cheek against the white star marking on her chestnut forehead and smiled. I ran my hand down the side of her powerful neck.

KELDOR

Are we ready young one? Shall we ride off into storybooks and legends together? You and I?

horse whinny

Heh, well lets not keep destiny waiting. Squire Tully?

TULLY

Yessir? A... Are you ready for us to suit her up?

KELDOR

Please. (beat) And thank you.

NAR - KELDOR

I waited a moment as I saw two other squires wheel in the heavy tack she would be wearing, both to protect her and keep me in proper position. Plate and chain formed protection for her head and an ornate chest plate depicting a single eagle's Feather in the center. Not anything menacing, but I smiled as it reminded me of her spirit. I saw my saddle, one of the only things showing the leather it was made from; and the muslin skirt and matching chain and plate to keep us mobile but protect her flanks. I nodded slightly as I left them to their duty.

sfx-walking courtyard again then steps

I made my way up the stairs to the outer wall and stone battlements. Then to a small familiar group huddled at the Ballista perched in its corner like a large bird of prey.

KOgyrus

(laughing)

Chalkos

MMM! Truly delicious!

ARYAT

Seriously! (laughing) Taste it! Ask the children Kogyrus. (sigh and chuckle) Little Daniel, is this not the most delicious apple you have ever tasted?

DANIEL

Yeah! It's great!

KOgyrus

Fine! Fine! Wise one. (chuckling) I'm sure its amazing! (laughing)

NAR - KELDOR

The dragons had said they were ready and stood in the courtyard in their humanlike forms with Cordelia, Una and Dabria, who would accompany them into battle. The hulking shining form of Chalkos joined them, though he and Lorvana would be guarding the Keep behind these high walls and those within who were unable to defend themselves.

SOPHIE

Yes, the skies. We will save the first wave for them. (beat) Keldor.

KELDOR

Hello Sophie. All is well?

SOPHIE

Yes, we are ready as we ever will be.

KELDOR

Excellent. May the Knight and Maiden guide you today.

NAR - KELDOR

She smiled at me slightly and looked back to the ballista. I could tell she was not dealing with this well.

SOPHIE

And... you too.

KELDOR

(beat) Hey... You know what, I remember standing right here long ago. Nervous as you are, before we rode out to join in the battle of the cheerless swamp. Erebus... met me here and placed his hand on my shoulder.

NAR - KELDOR

Mirroring what I remembered, I placed a hand on her
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
shoulder.

EREBUS
(Echo memory) Old Friend.

NAR - KELDOR
I paused. I could hear his deep voice in my memory as if he were right here again... standing next to me. Ready to meet the challenge together as we had so many times before. (beat) I looked into Sophie's eyes. It was as if she could hear him too... and we smiled.

transition to battlefield scene

DEMITRI
Steady now!

KELDOR
The Knightlord rides with us!... Push them back!
(battle sounds)

NAR - KELDOR
20 of us rode out on horseback to assist the hundred or so souls on foot in our first attack on what remained of their mercenary vanguard. Before our galloping charge we could see the battle line approaching the 30 foot twin lion statues at the edge of the bridge leading back to the Keep behind us. They stood Rampant, facing each other, their front paws locked in some eternal wrestle that created a unique archway, greeting those who would be friends and also narrowing any ground assault to the Keep, funneling them to the only choice. The 100 foot long, 20 foot wide stone bridge across the deep chasm that we rode out on.

SOPHIE
(distant shout) Now Fire!

NAR - KELDOR
Sophie's call and the sound of the Ballista rocketing overhead snapped my attention to the skies from the dark shadow of ground troops we soon would engage with at the front line.

(dragon roars)
Dragons. I saw the Blue and Red dragons swooping onto the former meadow turned battlefield from the
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 mountains' jagged peaks. Men fell out of the way as the Ballista fire drove the would-be assailants from landing their first attack.

NAR - KELDOR
 (battlecry and battle clash)

NAR - KELDOR
 Our troops parted, allowing us the ability to splash into the first several ranks of the their troops, carving a path with our swords and the heavily armored bodies of our brave horses.

(Battlefield Sounds then Arrow Volley)
 As I swept my blade into the surge of attacking warriors, I saw their left flank fall in a flurry of arrows.

(cheer)
 Elloveve stood to our left on the high cliffside 100 yards away with her group of longbowmen. They began launching volley after volley, driving the group further to our right and Eastward.

(dragoncry)

KOgyrus
 Hey! (Dragonroar)

NAR - KELDOR
 High above Kogyrus slammed into a Blue dragon, blasting its face with a fountain of fire as he clutched it in his powerful front mittlike claws. The fire washed over its face and back, engulfing the armorclad rider in the red orange flames.

RIDER
 Noooo! Gyaaaaah!!(scream as they fall)

NAR - KELDOR
 Terrified, the surprised rider fell from his mount. Arms flailed helplessly as flames trailed behind his plummeting body.

(dragonroar)
 Ymire flew rushing past, raking the ranks behind pouring out of the canyon in a blast of lightning.

YMIR

HA!

MIDNIGHT

You! (Dragonroar)

NAR - KELDOR

Lightning streaked across the sky. Ymir, who was struck in the left wing, shook it off.

YMIR

(angry) Hello again, cousin!

NAR - KELDOR

The two dragons collided briefly in the air with teeth and claw before a 9 foot Balistae bolt ripped into the Blue dragon mere feet from Dabria. She looked wideeyed back 100 yards at the shrugging Sophie, who was faintly standing proud by the war machine. She smirked.

DABRIA

(Laughing under breath) Ha, good shot.

NAR - KELDOR

Midnight fell from his home in the sky into the vast ravine, his powerful wings unable to obey him as his life escaped from the wound in his throat. The once great veteran of many battles found himself tumbling hundreds of feet to the icy rapids below. We cheered as their remaining vanguard ran back to regroup.

(warhorn)

Our small victory was cut short by the chilling sound of the marching horde of shambling forms now appearing out of the Canyon. Lines and lines of the animated dead, mindlessly marching into Beartrap meadow from the path cut in the faraway canyon.

DEMITRI

Milord! The dead have set upon us!

KELDOR

Steel yourself Demitri!

NAR - KELDOR

The sky was darkening now. The clouds in the sky were driven by some dark powerful magic, shielding the dead from the life-giving rays of the Sun.

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

I looked at my blade, past the dark blood now staining it. I concentrated on the blessing I had placed upon it this morning.

KELDOR

(praying) Knightlord, please guide my hand. Help me to send these restless souls to the ferryman's realm where they may find peace... (beat) what the...

Something caught my eye in the distant right flank, cliffside. Two forms held each other up as they navigated the rocky slope down to the valley alongside the dead army, who marched without noticing the pair. Something was different about them besides their being alive.

ELLOVEVE

Archers! Ready!

NAR - KELDOR

I wasn't the only one who noticed them. Elloveve stood on the cliffside opposite them all, archers waiting patiently and disciplined for her command.

ELLOVEVE

(under her breath) Who are you?... not Orcs... a mercenary?... no that's the armor of a dark army officer but... helping to carry an... unarmed woman? (beat) Wait...

NAR - KELDOR

A memory ripped through her mind. She also stood elevated but surrounded by flames, her children running to safety as she protected their escape on the streets of Port L'for. She saw Benedict running beside Zane. Running just like... this officer was.

ELLOVEVE

WAIT!.. ARCHERS, HOLD YOUR FIRE!

NAR - KELDOR

She pointed at the shambling infantry and those closest to the fleeing pair on the meadow.

ELLOVEVE

There! Protect them! Gyahh!!

NAR - KELDOR

Answering her own command she drew a pair of arrows and shot them into the horde, dropping two rotting
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 corpses to the grassy dirt. Arrows followed suit, dropping them one by one and making a path for the fleeing pair as they touched the meadow grasses and ran holding onto each other. Each one was holding the other up in a fatigued run. I saw them now. I saw who it was. And I wasn't the only one.

(*dragonroar*)

CORDELIA
 Benedict! (Calling as she flies)
 Beneeeeediiaaaiict!!!!

NAR - KELDOR
 The huge gold form of Aryat raced overhead as Benedict and Cemri tried to outrun the thousands of undead pouring slowly into the grassy meadow. I felt a drop of rain strike a cheek. Then another, in those seconds.

ARYAT
 Hold on Cordelia! Trust me.

NAR - KELDOR
 With one huge golden claw he reached back and plucked her gently from his back, bringing her underneath his broad chest as he swooped quickly downward over Benedict and Cemri. Drawing his great metallic wings over his body and the 3 friends he created a dome protecting them. Mindless zombies and skeletons attempted to drive their dull and rusty weapons into the form, swarming over it like ants would a careless grasshopper. The remainder of the dead army continued its assault towards us.

KELDOR
 To battle my friends! Charge!

NAR - KELDOR
 Again we charged into their legion.

KELDOR
 Gyahh!

NAR - KELDOR
 A rusty spear drove through my left calf, knocking my foot out of the stirrup and tossing me from Feather Breeze to the hard ground.

KELDOR

Oof! Gyahh! GYAH!

NAR - KELDOR

Though the ground had taken my wind I rose quickly, leading with my trusted shield to push them back and clear a way for my next sword attack.

(battlesounds)

I chopped hard across the shoulder of one skeletal warrior who shrieked, disintegrating into ancient dust and ash and leaving nothing but the remnants of the rusty chainmail upon the ground. Pressing forward my blade bit hard into the next skull, eyes empty save a faint blue green glow deep within. It drove its jawless head downward before they too evaporated. I stepped to the new clearing I had created with new, stronger footing. How long I could keep this up against this tide of the undead would only be a matter of moments, I knew. I willingly pressed on into the fray. I could see Demetri still mounted and mobile 20 or so yards away. Then time seemed to slow.

(chilling SFX)

I saw a dark rider appear a few ranks back, slowly marching upon a dead black mare. The rusted and broken armor of the steed fell and waved slowly around exposed ribs like cloth on a wind. Her mane matched her rider's blueblack hair, moving in the same dread breeze. A graceful hand held an unholy longsword clad in blue fire, eyes burning like blue white embers shining behind her face. A face like you and I, one that was once possibly very beautiful... and somewhat familiar.

NIGHTBLADE

(dark evil voice) In the name of Lord Pallus... Die!
Gyah! (sword strike)

NAR - KELDOR

Horror set in as I saw her wading through her soldiers to strike downward into Demetri's shoulder. The burning blade found its mark, driving him and his steed to be lost in the dark surge below. Her eyes fell on me.

NIGHTBLADE

You... Paladin... Your time has come to pay the ferryman.

NAR - KELDOR

I was frozen in fear. A darkness shrouded my heart and eyes, a darkness without the light of the maiden's grace. The Skeletal warriors stepped around me, obviously ignoring their Dark Commander's new quarry. All hope left my heart as I pulled my shield closer to my chest. I was absolutely doomed.

YMIR

Dabria! Now!

DABRIA

(Leaping battlecry!)

(SFX - impact horse whinny ride off)

NAR - KELDOR

As if answering my prayers, a shape had descended above me. Ymir swooped low to where Dabria leaped fearlessly towards the dark rider. Her armor shone brighter in the light, her arms outstretched. My darkened eyes cleared in that moment to witness her like a dove's approach to land. I saw her twist in the air to mount behind her target, grasping the reins and her hand.

NIGHTBLADE

(shouting) What? Who?!

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria smiled at me as she pulled those reins, plunging them them back to be swallowed by the tide of the undead.

(SFX - Unearthly sounds crossfade to waves seashore, echo of memory)

As the shroud of the undead washed around them, separating them from the battlefield physically, Dabria willed their minds and spirits to a single shared space... A familiar space. A black sand beach under a rose-gold dawn. She felt the sand and water around her feet as she sat at the edge cradling her lover in her arms while they looked out across the glistening tide.

DABRIA

Hello, my sunbeam.

NIGHTBLADE

(shocked normal human voice) I... I remember.

DABRIA

Shh... please. One more moment. (sigh) Let's just... wait.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria breathed in deeply, smelling the lavender oil in her black hair mix with the salt sea. She placed a cheek upon a soft shoulder, committing the embrace to her treasured memories. Then, as if remembering her duty, she pulled back and smiled.

DABRIA

I've missed you.

NIGHTBLADE

And I you... (confused sigh) but... Dabria... why? Why did you leave? Leave us? Leave... (sigh) this?

DABRIA

I've realized he's not the savior we thought he was.

NIGHTBLADE

What? (disbelieving sigh/chuckle) Ha!.. No... you are mistaken.

NAR - KELDOR

She looked into her lover's deep blue eyes. Eyes that matched the ocean behind her. Her devotion to Dabria was only matched by her devotion to Lord Pallus. The man who supposedly saved her from sharing the fate of her destroyed village and lost family.

DABRIA

I know you feel differently but, hear me out. I have found some that have seen him spread... a darkness across the land. Helping those that took everything away from us. And Dekkion...

NAR - KELDOR

She paused, knowing she had to choose her words wisely. Nightblade would likely not understand or share her feelings about him. Dekkion the Dark Cleric was able to control and twist the truth... it would likely set them against each other.

NIGHTBLADE

What of him? He's... a wise old man only determined to give the world a better place. A place without death.

DABRIA

Do you believe he ended death for you?

NAR - KELDOR

Nightblade looked at Dabria with a sadness behind those eyes, as the scene around them slowly began to fade. Her eyes were now replaced with those glowing blue white embers, her skin became taut and papery as the sky grew dark.

DABRIA

(pleading) No... I didn't mean... (weakly) Not yet... Please?..

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria drew back a tear as the last wave hit the shore... only to become the outlined shattered helmet of a passing undead soldier... (SOUNDS FADE BACK IN) The battlefield was an unwelcome change for both of the lovers now standing upon the ground. Nightblade looked around and sheathed her sword.

NIGHTBLADE

(dark voice but caring) Dabria. I... (breath/sigh) I'll give you this day. I...

NAR - KELDOR

She stared at her before closing her eyes, the light twinkling for a moment.

NIGHTBLADE

Thank you for sharing one more moment... with me.

NAR - KELDOR

Nightblade turned to the shambling mare and mounted. Thrusting her hand upward the horde began fading into a teal colored glow. We witnessed thousands of skeletal warriors and wraiths change into this... singular mist... Dabria also held a single hand outstretched to Nightblade. To her sunbeam. Nightblade took it gently without hesitation, smiling while interlocking their fingers.

DABRIA

Goodbye.

NAR - KELDOR

I saw them as the last thing on that now empty battlefield. Two lovers locked in a struggle to free their entwined souls from their burden. Each trying to save the other. The Dark Commander then was the
(MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)
 last to leave the battlefield. (beat) Dabria stood there in sudden silence.

(sfx-wind, silent meadow then a distant warhorn)

DEMITRI
 K... Keldor? Is that more of them?

KELDOR
 (panting running) Demitri! Oh thank god you live.
 I... Don't know. MAKE READY!

NAR - KELDOR
 Our surviving force flowed together, regrouping and anticipating this next wave. Weak and breathless, they bravely came to each other's side. Even Sophie and Zorin rode out to join me on the battlefield... All save one.

SOPHIE
 What is she doing? DABRIA! Don't be a fool!

NAR - KELDOR
 Dabria hadn't moved from her position in the last 10 minutes. She just drew her whip in solitary defiance, as if preparing to meet this army herself.

(sfx-army approaching , Warhorn. And dwarven singing.)

The army appeared in the canyon, but it was not what was expected. Instead of dark and sinister colors, the standards of Twin Axes were seen on Red, Blue and Green banners. Huge carts rolled behind Rhinoceros and the at the front they were led by a unit of Dwarves riding armored warpigs.

(SFX- Cheering)

We all began cheering, recognizing them as the Dwarves of the Garnet Mountains come to help us. Sophie's deep blue eyes washed in hope.

SOPHIE
 Oh my god! (beat) Can it... can it be? (grunts as mounting the horse and rides off) Yah! (happily crying, laughing sounds as she rides to the group)

NAR - KELDOR
 Tears streamed down her cheeks as Sophie galloped
 (MORE)

NAR - KELDOR (CONT'D)

across the meadow, now bathing in bright sunlight. The army was a welcome sight but she rode towards one figure. His unwashed face and bulbous nose peeled back in a wide grin.

SKOTMIR

(Laughing) HAHAHA!!! MY SISTER!!! OOF!!!

SOPHIE

(happy shout as she tackles him)

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie dove off the horse, tackling Skotmir off the large boar he rode. Laughing, the two reunited friends rolled on the ground as we all cheered.

DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

The tavern was alive with much joy that night. Cordelia sat with Arayat and they discussed their love for magic. She laughed as he displayed small cantrips across the table. Elona laughed with Benedict, as he told a story about Zane's antics. A mother and a wife who had, until recently, thought she was no longer either was with the boy who survived the fire in her memory and the journey across the battlefield. Cemri and Ymir listened to Kogyrus and Una talk about philosophy and theory. Neither quite understood but Ymir smiled at his twin and gingerly placed an arm around her, avoiding the mint-smelling bandages on her back and neck. Keldor and Elloveve had been pulled apart by faith and duty, but even after her supposed death finally they were together, loving each other as only those that shared their years of pain could. Lorvana snuck off to bury herself in her room of blankets, finding some trinkets as gifts she would show Chalkos in the morning.

(sfx- pans to outside.)

Behind the keep, on the parapet overlooking the moonlit lake, two figures stood. The sounds of the tavern behind them were drowned a little by the raging waterfall.

DABRIA

Sophie. I haven't been completely truthful to you. I just didn't know how to say...

SOPHIE

(calmly and smiling) No. (beat) I saw. I... wondered if, and I hoped...but I saw her. Didn't I?

DABRIA

Yes.

SOPHIE

So Nightblade... (soft chuckle) That's what happened to my sister. (beat) Oh, Kartilaan. (sobbing)

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria placed a single arm across Sophie's shoulder as they both felt the release of knowing and realization wash over them. As the the moon spilled her light across the gentle water of the lake, Dabria and Sophie thought on their love for the same woman. The woman that raised both of them, one as a sister and mother where else there was none; the other as a mentor and lover in a dark life within the army. In the pale light they looked out on the water together, washed in the memory of the one that, despite everything they knew, they still loved. The one who today ended the bloodshed because of her love. Dabria and Sophie held each other on that cold stone wall. (Beat) Love's power truly has no boundaries.

DOOR TRANSITION

NAR - KELDOR

Epilogue. (SFX- Storm sounds) She stands on the edge of a Stone Balcony, a single blue gray hand clutching the red velvet lined cloak around her chest. A bright red gem gilded in gold is suspended from a single golden chain around her neck and her hair is blacker than the night around her. Flanked by 2 stone gargoyles menacingly perched on the railing, she sees 5 bodies, warm bodies, traveling miles down the road below her ancient castle. Strangers to her land, each carrying their own secrets. Secrets... she smiles to herself... she will look forward to tasting, along with... their blood.

DARK ONE

(Laugh)