



Script DOD - Season 5

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S5E1 - HEARTSTONESScene 1

A week has passed at Garnet Keep. Dabria has learned about Zorin's finding of the journal and notices Edde avoiding her, but she starts to blend the little girl of memory with Edde. She confronts Zorin, looking for where Edde came from.

NAR - KELDOR

The noon sun was welcome as it graced the cheeks of those walking the courtyard of Garnet Keep. The smell of the afternoon bread baking in the kitchens drifted on the mountain breeze. Soft, faintly aromatic herbs like lavender and sage mixed with the nearby pines around the lake just behind the walls. The sounds of the day were lively and welcoming. People bustled around and engaged in conversation as they passed by. They did so with smiles, in many cases, greeting each other as old friends. Dabria found herself looking at the temple to the Knightlord.

DABRIA

Hmm. (chuckle) I'd probably get in trouble asking YOU some questions. But... (sigh)

NAR - KELDOR

Her hand went to the single goat's horn that hung around her neck. She felt the ridges that led to its singular point and could remember so many years ago when it first found her hand.

(flashback to a cruel dungeon)

She remembered that day, when she was about 15. She had fought with another young officer in the mess hall.

OFFICER BOY 1

Ha! What's she doing?

YOUNG RASSLER

Yeah! Hey you ain't gonna eat that so give it here. (grunt) Now... (struggling) I SAID NOW!

OFFICER BOY 1

Hey, give it to him!

YOUNG RASSLER

Ow! (grunt) You... (struggling) Ah... AHHH!! NO!!! AHHH!!! (Rassler starts shrieking in pain, panicking)

as the fear of imminent death suddenly takes him.)

GUARD 1

Know your place girl! AHH! (attacking sound)

(Head impact and all goes black.)

(Dripping sounds of a close small dungeon. Short reverb in tunnel.)

YOUNG DABRIA

(Groaning) Ohhhh... uh. Oh.. OH NO! Hey! Help! (panic as she realizes where she is, and is scared.)

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria woke with her head throbbing, but more important was the pain in her knees and the small of her back...a matching pain. She felt the weight of her limp body, which had wedged itself upright in the narrow tube of coarse stone she was surrounded by. Her eyes opened sharply, her hands grasping for any clue as to where she was, only to be enveloped in darkness - a darkness only broken by a grate 10 feet above her head. Realization set in like a hot wave.

YOUNG DABRIA

The oubliette (*PRONOUNCE: OOO-blee-et*)... (sobbing)
... but... (sobbing)

NAR - KELDOR

To forget. That's what this place was for. The singular tubes scattered about the floor of the lowest dungeon would take those who were troublesome and forget about them for a while. Topped with a cold forged grate, they would not allow spell work or the fey to pass, nor allow any physical escape. She was doomed.

(Dripping continues)

Dabria felt around for something, anything, that could give some...comfort...she supposed. Knowing that there wouldn't be, she was suddenly surprised.

DABRIA

(softly) What?.. What are you? (happy sigh)

NAR - KELDOR

She found what appeared to be a single goat's horn, or end of a ram's horn, stuck on a small ledge of stone just behind her head. She wondered if it fell through the grate at some point? Or maybe something worse. She shuddered slightly and focused on the new

object in her hand, clutching to what she was picturing as her remaining sanity.

DABRIA

Thank you. (sigh and breathing slowing)
(flashback ends)

DABRIA

But... yeah who am I kidding. (chuckle) You probably don't want to.

ZORIN

Why's that?

DABRIA

Oh! Hey... hey Zorin.

ZORIN

Hey. (beat) I um... I found this back in Enruk.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin produced a small, neat, and well maintained journal from his cloak. Dabria's heart sank as her eyes grew wide.

DABRIA

My... My journal. (thumbs through a few pages.)
Did... did you read this?

ZORIN

Well I... I had to find out it was yours, right?

DABRIA

(sigh) Yeah... sure... (beat) Let's walk over to the grotto.

ZORIN

Sure... I guess.

NAR - KELDOR

The grotto was a 20 foot area under the southeast walkway that led from the keep to the parapet, level with the 3rd floor. The water was channeled inside to create a small water garden and a nice place to launch boats from. It was also a great place to relax and collect one's thoughts.

ZORIN

So, just to be sure, you aren't gonna kill me right?

DABRIA

It's that little girl. She just stares at me, then

disappears. I can feel the daggers in me before I even notice her.

ZORIN
Who?

DABRIA
The quiet one. The one with the... markings on her face.

ZORIN
Ah... you mean Edde. She's ok. I don't think she'll hurt you. She's only trying to...

DABRIA
(sigh) That's not what I'm saying and you know it...
(chuckle) I thought you said you read this book...
(resolved) I think I need to go. It's clear that I'm not welcome and it just would be best if Una and I..

ZORIN
Woah! Wait a second. You helped us come so far and you are part of the team, right? We can have a talk to Edde and...

DABRIA
No! (beat) I don't want her to know...I... I can tell she wants me dead.

ZORIN
(laugh)Wait a second. So the tough and cruel mistress of pain...the feared and respected centurion of the dark army...is scared? Of a little girl? That she could hurt you? (beat) I know you don't plan to hurt her, so...?

NAR - KELDOR
Zorin looked at Dabria suddenly, remembering her story from the Celestine Tower and, later, in the journal entry talking about her and Kartilaan raiding the small island...the same small island Mierak spoke of, where he and Edde came from as sole survivors. His eyes grew wide in sudden understanding.

DABRIA
No Zorin...I'm scared I already have.

DOOR TRANSITION

Scene 2

Sophie and Skotmir talking in the meadhall. Skotmir's father is dying, but Thotmir has been stood up as king. He feels the need to stay here as he said his goodbye to his father, making amends. "I thought this was your family!" says Vash, reintroducing himself to the group. He's here delivering wine to the meadhall.

SOPHIE

You. Are an Idiot.

SKOTMIR

Not denying that.

SOPHIE

And a jerk.

SKOTMIR

Yeah, that too.

SOPHIE

And you smell.

SKOTMIR

Yep... Thanks.

NAR - KELDOR

The two chosen and unlikely siblings sat in the meadhall together at the bar. Sophie, the human fighter, and Skotmir, the dwarven berserker, sat side by side as they stared forward at the rows of bottles, not looking at each other while they spoke. They took only small breaks to take a needed drink from the amber and black horn mugs. The cold frothy mead was welcome, and though they hadn't said it yet...so was the company.

SOPHIE

(beat) I. I just really wanted the chance to tell you that.

SKOTMIR

Were you rehearsing it long? (gulp) It's pretty good actually.

SOPHIE

Yup. (drawn out) WEEKS... (under breath)...troll.
(gulp)

SKOTMIR

Yup. Deserve that too.

SOPHIE

(gulp)

SKOTMIR

Feel better?

SOPHIE

Yup.

SKOTMIR

Great.

SOPHIE

So your brother Thotmir stayed back at the great mine eh?

SKOTMIR

Yeah. Father isn't doing well and the family needs help.

SOPHIE

Sorry to hear that.

SKOTMIR

Its ok. He's real old and set in his ways. Not to mention, this is where I belong.

VASH

Of course. This is your family, right?

SKOTMIR

What? Vash? Heya, bromigo!

VASH

Hey, Skotmir!

NAR - KELDOR

The tall dark haired man stepped forward to clasp Skotmir's wrist in a warm greeting, and both had smiles on their faces. They hadn't seen each other since they rode through the Silver Maple woods in the back of Vash's wine cart together. Sophie laughed at the fond memory.

SOPHIE

(Laugh) Good to see you, Vash! Wine business still going strong?

VASH

You bet, Sophie! My pals just finished up the last of the current run, so I'll be staying here for a few days helping out in the Kitchen, and more likely around the bar since Lamprey went back to Belz.

SKOTMIR

Well, it's good to have you here. Let's grab you a horn of mead here!

VASH

Now, that's the best idea I've heard all day!

Scene 3

Cordelia researches the Green Heartstone with Aryat. One stone they think they destroyed in the underworld that was green, she believes there are others out there but it was just unknown where the knights of old hid them. Aryat wonders if there are other Silver dragons besides Arianell left.

NAR - KELDOR

On the 5th floor of the keep were the halls where their library and records were kept. Enchantment by ancient magic and a fortunate location to the rear of the keep aided in protection from the fire shortly after Cordelia was born. Furthermore, a hidden singular access from the 3rd floor up a narrow winding stairway of wood planks was the only way to enter this level of the tall keep, locked away as an extension of the Ivory Library.

ARYAT

Hmm... This is a wonderful collection you have Cordelia. Though...surprisingly not as many books on the flame as I expected coming from you.

CORDELIA

Oh, I need more to be sure! Haven't had much time to rebuild these shelves since we got back, honestly...

ARYAT

Oh, I merely jest. I know you inherited these from, well... (pause) the previous stewardship...(pause) I'm (pause) sorry.

CORDELIA

Oh I... I know you didn't mean anything Aryat. I mean, I miss them, sure. Everyday...but...I like to

think they are at rest now.

ARYAT

Yes. Yes, the power of memory can bring them back to life, right? Hold onto those. So how did you find this place again?

CORDELIA

Oh, that! (chuckles) It was in here.

NAR - KELDOR

She motioned to the dark square patch of lines on her wrist. As his eyes focused, he saw the shape of a book with heart and shield emblazoned on it.

ARYAT

Ha! Of course. Your mother's spell book. (pause) Ah! Here we are. (pulls a book from the shelf) The Heartstones...one of which was familiar to you, correct? The Green one? (chuckle) Come, let us explore and discuss.

Scene 4

War room of decisions and ideas of where to start. Cordelia tells them they need to find the remaining Heartstones. Sophie mentions Chikara, where no one has been and which is closed from the world. Benedict mentions the Barons of Darkovnia, somewhere else in the shattered lands. Skotmir mentions the volcano forges of Bloodwood. Ymir mentions the northern reaches of the old country where the White and Silver Dragons were known to war against each other with the giants. Aryat clarifies Northern Angrboda or Veridian could be good places to find the Silver Dragons. Zorin shows up late with Dabria and mentions the Netherspring where the RL party went. Una expresses she must get to the old world to search for Strath but Dabria cautions everyone that they are NOT powerful enough for that yet, and that they should go investigate what has happened to the group in the Netherspring (possibly feeling some remorse). Cemri says they will fly with them where they can but they can't go too far north as their wings do not work as well in the icy air. Keldor and the dragons agree that if Garnet Keep loses their new guardians, the dragons, for too long they could lose the castle. So, they will send a small party to scout it first.

NAR - KELDOR

They were congregating in the familiar war room on the 3rd floor of the keep. The red granite was illuminated with the tin oil sconces that were part of the wall, as well as by the fire in the great fireplace. Lions graced the edges of the mantle, with the profile of a knight's helm in the center turned to look toward the window.

BENEDICT

So, five Heartstones then. One for each of the five chromatic dragons, correct Kogyrus?

KOgyRUS

That's what I have heard, as well. (pause) Aryat, there's no Heartstone for our metallic colors is there?

ARYAT

No. Were one to exist, I would have used it against you when you were but wyrmlings in my classes.

CEMRI

Ymir, you would have loved that.

YMIR

(scoff) That almost sounded like a joke for you, sister. Growing tired of being little miss serious? Or did you hit your head harder in that fall than we remember?

CEMRI

(laugh) I suppose...I'm feeling a touch better. Thank you for asking. (whispers mockingly) I know its hard for you.

NAR - KELDOR

The twins exchange of jabs lightened up the room, which was a welcome change from the discussion of their next move. Cemris' attitude had changed slightly since she and Benedict crossed enemy lines together. She would allow her stone-like stoic demeanor to crack periodically, showing a glimmer of what could be considered humanity - though she and the rest of the dragons were anything but. The pause in conversation allowed the smell of pine from outside to mix with the fireplace and the rich oils in the wood of the central table to reach their nose. Sweet and spicy, like nutmeg and apple cider. Upon the table, they pored over a map. Regions were painted in soft pastel colors that had no natural

meaning other than to help the eye focus amongst the vast regions of the known world.

BENEDICT

Well, I suppose we have to find these first. After all, gotta collect them all.

CORDELIA

Yes. The Heartstones are fragments of the original stone.

ARYAT

The World Forge itself.

CORDELIA

Not much is written about them, only that they exist and the Knights forming had something to do with protecting them. Though how remains a secret. (beat) At this point, I'm open to any ideas.

NAR - KELDOR

Around the central table stood Sophie, Skotmir, the dragons in human form, and their partners; save one. There was the brass Kogyrus, one hand on his jaw in thought, the braids from the corners of his mouth pinned by a single finger, and the quiet secretive Una wrapping herself up in her black robes, leaning on a long spear. Aryat was wrapped in the ivory robes he favored, leaning on a twisted oak staff next to the raven-haired Cordelia. The night and day duality of the bronze twins Cemri and Ymir matched with the light and dark holy forces of Benedict and the currently missing Dabria.

SOPHIE

Chikara. (taps the map) You gotta just think there's more secrets there. Seems like a good place to look.

CEMRI

Agreed. The Chikarans are very secretive. It's what honestly kept us veiled for so long. We don't bother them and they don't bother us.

BENEDICT

Yet. (pause) They are the descendants of the Eagle, after all. The ones who started the war of the stone in the first place. (pause) Maybe that's the thought though. If it was the army that created the knighthood that hid the Heartstones, we could look into Darkovnia with the Barons.

YMIR

The Barons? Why? their little stranglehold on the world is within the shops and taverns.

BENEDICT

True. The problem is, I doubt any of the knights know where they are. Cordelia proved Lord Alvar and the rest are generations from even knowing half of the secrets in the Celestine Tower alone. Merchants, on the other hand, depend on bookkeeping and records. (Pause) It would make sense that retaining the location of powerful objects would be in their best interest.

SOPHIE

Merchants and politicians, eh? I'd rather go for a standup fight any day over that. They make the arena seem tame. What about you, Skotmir?

SKOTMIR

I...I want to visit my cousins in the volcano forges of Bloodwood. Something tells me bringing them into the battle could help us turn this around. But...

BENEDICT

But it's on the other side of the world.

SKOTMIR

Yeah.

YMIR

If we are going to the old country we should look to the north. The lost people up there may be able to assist if they ever stepped outside of their frozen cities.

ARYAT

Ymir brings up a good point. The Silver Dragons of viridian and the White Dragons of the north had made a pact in their war against the giants centuries ago. (pause) I wonder how they are faring now. Arianell's family may still be back in the old country. They could make powerful allies.

CORDELIA

The White Dragons? But aren't they evil?

ARYAT

Sure! But... (chuckles) Haven't seen them join Lord Pallus yet, correct? Yes... could be an opportunity to get them to continue to stay out of the war

altogether. After all, that is an even more powerful win. (smiling) Not even having to fight in the first place.

(door opens, footsteps)

Ah! Hello Zorin... Dabria... Your thoughts would be most welcome on where we go next.

ZORIN

Yes...in what I could find in Enruk, the army is looking for something here. (taps map)

SKOTMIR

The Shattered Lands!?

ZORIN

Almost. It's a place called the Netherspring. I sent an expedition there shortly before the battle to investigate...but haven't heard anything since.

DABRIA

That makes the most sense for a first move. I will go. Who is with me?

UNA

(panicked) Dark sister...but we must go to Strath. She tells me that...

DABRIA

No. (pause) I'm sorry, Una. There is no way we are ready for that yet.

UNA

Yes, Dabria. I...I will be patient.

CEMRI

We can't travel that far north, I'm afraid.

ARYAT

Correct. Our wings will freeze in the air, making it more difficult and possibly dangerous to all of us... We can take you as far as these... Whispering Woods. From there you can travel north.

YMIR

Blaze and the other dragons won't miss the opportunity to attack the keep if we are gone as well. We will need to stay in a group as much as possible. Benedict, you don't all plan to go do you?

BENEDICT

No. We shouldn't all go. We should send a scouting

party to seek them out and investigate. We need three... (Pause) Oh, wow. I appreciate everyone's enthusiasm. Ok then... Cordelia, Skotmir and of course Dabria. (Pause) You will leave in the morning with Aryat and Ymir. Now, you all should get some rest. I need to meet with Keldor about our decision.

S5E2 - AN OLD FRIENDScene 1

They prepare to leave. Aryat teaches Cordelia the messaging spell, gives her something of value that means something to him like a doodle in a spellbook he spent many years working on.

ARYAT

For once, no. No, it isn't about the flame Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Oh. Well, what is it?

ARYAT

A messaging spell... or, rather, a ritual as it's not mere action and words with an almost immediate effect. This is a special rare old magic not in your books.

CORDELIA

No! Is it Dragon magic?

ARYAT

(Chuckles) Yes. Yes, it is dragon magic. I suppose you were told dragon magic was dangerous and powerful. Well...they were right. This is one I feel has less risk and will be critical to this journey.

(pages turning)

Look here. What do you see?

CORDELIA

People... playing? Outside by a stream by...wait...is this the valley?

ARYAT

Yes! This is our valley. I wasn't much of an artist, but I spent many hours doodling on this moment that I fell in love with. It's of when the twins came to our valley centuries ago as young wyrmlings that we rescued from across the sea. Cemri and Ymir were born in Kur, as are most Bronze Dragons. They love the sandy northern coasts. Those two there are playing by the stream you remember. Over here is where we would meet for breakfast, right?

CORDELIA

Yes, I remember. And here is where the cabins were.

ARYAT

Yes! A wonderful time. Oh, that one there with his arms crossed was little Chalkos. Always on guard... (shakes head) Hmm, no matter... My memory of it is enough now though.

CORDELIA

What do you mean?

ARYAT

Dragon Magic of all forms takes a sacrifice. That sacrifice can come in different forms and by different people, but the sacrifice still holds a weight that is the same. In this case, if you follow the ritual and burn this...you will be able to talk to me.

CORDELIA

What? How?

ARYAT

It's a gift! A gift's power isn't in the value of the item to just anyone, correct? It's the power that is impressed in it between the giver and the receiver, molded by its creation in the emotions of the craft itself. I spent many hours capturing this moment of love for my little students. You...you are another one of my students as well. But regardless, we have a bond (tears out page) between us. The base of dragon magic is forged in emotion. Nothing more, nothing less, my dear Cordelia...and it's released by destroying its container and setting it free.

CORDELIA

So anyone could learn to cast Dragon Magic?

ARYAT

Yes. And that is also what makes it so dangerous.

Scene 2

They leave for the Netherspring, the body of a huge titan giant. The Dragons Aryat and Ymir drop Skotmir, Cordelia, and Dabria off just before the Whispering Woods. They hike in themselves and enter the head, seeing no sign of the others. They see a mural with animals and people going to a rainbow ziggurat, come across a few javelin traps, and then they open a huge

coffin that releases a mummy with blue eyes. Casting fireball removes flesh and they see an Erynes. They battle, and find a Staff of Power and a Staff of Healing. their senses collectively tell them that there may be a curse. They risk it.

SKOTMIR

YEAH! Whooo hoooo!

CORDELIA

(Laughing)

ARYAT

Hold on, you two, yeahhh!

SKOTMIR

Woah! Yeah, hahahaha!

YMIR

Whatever.

DABRIA

Hmm. I was thinking the same thing...

NAR - KELDOR

Gold and Bronze made their way through the clouds high above the plains of Trull. Cordelia's throat hurt from laughing at Skotmir's neverending wellspring of excitement from flying on the back of the great Gold Dragon Aryat. The hours had flown by and as they weren't slowed down by traveling in such a large group this time they could see the foothills of the Whispering Woods just on the horizon now. It had only been little over half a day, given the position of the sun growing crimson and low in the western sky over her left shoulder.

YMIR

(Roar)

NAR - KELDOR

The smaller form of Ymir burst into view, silhouetted against the crimson sun. Dabria stood on his back, holding the reigns in one hand while wisps of the clouds they cut through ran along her arm, outstretched above her head. Cordelia saw a different side of Dabria then, and remarked how she looked as if she might be smiling.

ARYAT

Really? Well apparently I'm not nearly as exciting anymore.

SKOTMIR

What? Are you kidding? This is awesome!

NAR - KELDOR

It was early nightfall when they landed and parted ways with their friends the Dragons. Making their way through the Whispering Woods, they found what appeared to be an old camp and settled there to take a short rest. It was in the witching hour that Dabria began preparations to leave.

SKOTMIR

(Snore)

DABRIA

Oh my god...

CORDELIA

(Yawn) Time to go?

DABRIA

Yes. The night can keep us covered from any...unexpected guests. (To Skotmir) Hey.

SKOTMIR

(Snore)

DABRIA

HEY.... (kick but he keeps snoring) What do you do?

CORDELIA

Hahaha, watch...see, if you just...pinch his nose here...

SKOTMIR

(Snort) Wha? Who?! HEY!

CORDELIA

THEN DUCK!

SKOTMIR

Gyhhh! (Axe swing) Wha... ugh.. oh.. hahahaha!

CORDELIA

Good morning! Haahaha!

SKOTMIR

(Yawn) Time to go? Let's roll!

CORDELIA

See? Piece of cake.

DABRIA

Yeah... you can do that next time, too.

NAR - KELDOR

They made their way through an eerily silent woods. Not even an owl, expected at this time, was hunting the local mice. This made Skotmir pause in the misty ancient Footpath.

SKOTMIR

Hmm...

CORDELIA

What is it, Skotmir?

SKOTMIR

Oh...I was just remembering. Vix. Always wondered what happened to his owl.

CORDELIA

Oh.

NAR - KELDOR

As they pressed on, Cordelia was perplexed.

CORDELIA

(To herself) I don't remember him having any owl.

NAR - KELDOR

Hours later, they stood inside the huge skull of the Netherspring itself. Centuries had aided the ancient twisted architects in transforming the skull of the ancient colossus into a temple for some unknown deity. The petrified bones were no different than the hand-cut stone bricks that lined the entryway.

CORDELIA

What is this? It looks...familiar.

NAR - KELDOR

An ancient mural covered the wall on either side of the next room. Cordelia saw a deer-like creature on a small hill surrounded, she guessed, by small forest creatures...a badger, chipmunk, and several different kinds of birds. But they seemed different. Even the

deer looked different. The horns were forked, yet singular. They looked more athletic, but still proud where they stood. A flowing script of elvish runes below caught her eye.

CORDELIA

The Battlecry of Adeline. Dabria, any idea what this is?

DABRIA

Hmm, not sure. (Pause) It either happened a long time ago or...

NAR - KELDOR

She hesitated to continue. Something told her she couldn't, but was it really that important? It felt like a rule to a long lost game that she had forgotten. She shrugged the feeling off.

DABRIA

Or...something to come. This place could have held oracles. I've never seen a creature like this...Adeline before.

SKOTMIR

Argh! Dagnabbit!

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir's cry of pain jarred them back to the present situation. A single javelin had sprung from the floor and speared his leg. Luckily, the full length of it missed the rest of his body as the oaken shaft, topped with a silver tapered point, towered over his head a few feet.

DABRIA

Can you move your other foot?

SKOTMIR

Hmm...gyah!

NAR - KELDOR

The pressure plate under his other foot released the trap to snap back into the floor.

SKOTMIR

Oh! That's rough. I'm good, though. Look over there, but be careful. Probably more of these shish kebab things.

CORDELIA

Looks like a...

DABRIA

Sarcophagus. I'd normally say let the dead rest but...there's nothing else in here. And there's no other door I can see. I believe this is it, or... it's to detour those who might be a bit more...(chuckle)

CORDELIA

Hmm... oh. (chuckle) Like Benedict?

DABRIA

Yup.

CORDELIA

Hahahaha! Well, it would work probably. He wouldn't touch it.

DABRIA

Nope. Hahaha. Ok, let's open it.

NAR - KELDOR

Carefully, they made their way up the tan and rust colored sandstone Dais. The sarcophagus had a heavy lid that matched the base seamlessly so that it looked like a solid box.

SKOTMIR

This is some great work here... (grunt) Should be sealed just around...there!

NAR - KELDOR

A surprisingly warm but foul-smelling vapor escaped the stone as a gap appeared. The musty smell was cloaked in ancient spices, and familiar frankincense.
(Hissing has turned into a voice)

ERYNES

Sssssiiister....

SKOTMIR

What the... woah! Get back! Back, demon!

ERYNES

Gyahhh!!! Hahahaha!!!

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir threw off the stone slab with a shove. It split into 3 jagged pieces as a blue eyed mummy rose from its depths to lunge at the dwarf. He struck its

gauze-wrapped face with a single balled fist as he drew his axe. Dabria cracked a whip across its body, pulling the musty bandages away from blackened chrome.

DABRIA

What?...Armor?

CORDELIA

Tee-flah!

NAR - KELDOR

Blue fire erupted from Cordelia's hands to envelop the standing form.

ERYNES

(scream turned to laughter) Gyahhhhhahahahahahaha!

NAR - KELDOR

The form erupted to hover 10 feet above the trio of adventurers. Bursting from the white gauze were black and red bat-like wings. Its body appeared athletic and chilled under ancient black chrome armor, trimmed in red. Her face was alabaster, with blue eyes glowing behind and below the dark rimmed brow. She was beautiful and cruel in the same breath. Her gaze moved from the dwarf who had unintentionally interrupted an ancient slumber to the shaved head of the death cleric bearing a glowing whip. A sinister grin split her face, revealing multiple razor sharp teeth.

ERYNES

Ah! It IS you! Hahaha! Oh... shall we dance again?

DABRIA

Again? (beat) Who are you...

ERYNES

Hahaha! Oh, dear sister, you MUST remember...There are rules... come! Face me!

Scene 3

Una's patron tells Una that she needs to go to the meadhall and ask for the cook named Shimi. He has someone with him, a young dark elf named Lily. Vash is there as well, delivering wine.

UNA

(Sigh) Well, here we go again.

NAR - KELDOR

Una went to the fireplace, which was her only companion in the cold stone room of Garnet Keep where she was staying. Behind her, the soft bed with warm wool blankets awarded her some comfort...but that wasn't what she needed right now. She needed answers. She bowed her head and the flames changed to blue green as the familiar skull and rose shapes began to form.

UNA'S PATRON

Yes, my little Una?

UNA

Why can't I go to The Netherspring?

UNA'S PATRON

You cannot go because WE cannot go. It will ruin all we have worked for, Una. All YOU have worked for. We don't want to lose your new friends, do we?

UNA

No.

UNA'S PATRON

Kogyrus?

UNA

No.

UNA'S PATRON

What about Dabria? Would she continue to help you? To, I suppose, love you like a sibling knowing the truth? ...no. No, I should suppose not. How could she love a freak like you? Like us.

NAR - KELDOR

Una paused in thought. These words surprisingly didn't sting like one would expect they would. She knew they were true. She nodded in neutral acknowledgement.

UNA'S PATRON

But we CAN help HIM Una. My dear, sweet boy. Yes. Yes, we must help him first. Go to the mead hall and look for Shimi. They are traveling with the clue I told you to find when last we spoke. This time...do not disappoint me.

NAR - KELDOR

The fire sputtered and flared back to natural orange

red.

Scene 4

In the aftermath of the Erynes battle, the group finds two staves. Cordelia performs the messaging ritual, burning the page. They tell Zorin what they have found and there is no sign of the other group. Una says she believes she needs to join them. Zorin says "Why?" and Lily steps forward, producing a familiar handle to the sword from the Underworld...the one he thought he lost.

(Footsteps in forest)

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia placed the kindling in 6 perfect spokes that radiated out from the angular center. She looked at Skotmir and Dabria, who sat away from her on the musty ground in the shadow of the great skull they had been exploring. Skotmir was sharpening his axe, slowly dragging the stone across the long curved edge. Dabria sat with one hand on the goat's horn at her neck, slightly perplexed as she thought about the Demoneess in that sanctuary. The battle was less difficult than her words. Cordelia looked at the staff that was now in Dabria's hands. A bear and woman twisted up the upper part of the staff, radiating healing energy. Lying next to Cordelia was a black staff projecting 6 flattened blades, like the head of a flanged mace. Cordelia could feel the magical energy radiating from them. As if sensing her focus, Dabria turned to her.

DABRIA

She wasn't just guarding these staves. I'm sure of that.

CORDELIA

Agreed. Something else is there but we need someone like Zorin to help. I couldn't find anything magical, but there's got to be more to this place than just that one room. She seemed familiar...I can't remember why though...

SKOTMIR

Hmm... Shar.

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir didn't look up to break the focus he had on his current task.

SKOTMIR

Reminded me of Shar (blows dust off the blade) from the Underworld. The demon who was possessing the grey king. That's who she reminded me of.

CORDELIA

You are right.

NAR - KELDOR

They looked at each other, sharing a quick image between themselves as they remembered the battle with Shar and the Green Dragon, Beryl. An impossible battle that seemed so far away now. Today they actually defeated the winged demon, who disappeared into smoke and angry shrieks. But Skotmir was right. She did seem to be similar to the demon witch of the Underworld that they had faced. Cordelia shook off the eerie feeling and returned her focus to her task. She closed the white spell book with her notes in it, and it disappeared...she looked to see it reappear on her left wrist, as she expected. She pulled the folded drawing from her pouch.

CORDELIA

Hmm...ok, let's light the fire...then enchant the paper...then we think of the memory of their gift...then we place it in the fire. Focusing on... Aryat...

ARYAT

Hello, Cordelia...you did it! What have you found and now, better yet I'm sure, what do you need?

Scene 4

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin stood by the lake's edge behind the keep. The soft waves lapped the dark sandy edge where the mountain grass met the water like a short cliff side. The grey-brown shapes of small fish darted behind rocks as if sensing his gaze. He could hear soft footsteps approaching, footsteps that were expected in this less formal meeting place he had come to, growing tired of postulating in stuffy war rooms. He spoke without looking at the footsteps' source.

ZORIN

Aryat, any word from Cordelia?

ARYAT

They have only uncovered a single room and two

magical staves. Though they are powerful relics from centuries past, they are most likely not the artifacts Lord Pallus is seeking in the Netherspring.

ZORIN

What do they do?

ARYAT

One of them is the Staff of the Maiden and the Bear. A healing staff once borne by an old-world cleric from centuries past, one who was obsessed with giving her deities human-like characteristics. In this case, the bear became the maiden. Which was a newer concept a millennia ago. The lion became the knight, the thorn became the prince and...

ZORIN

(impatiently) Yes I remember...(catches self)
Sorry...I didn't mean to cut you off...but you said there were two?

ARYAT

No offense taken, my boy. The second is a black staff of some hidden arcane power. Cordelia hasn't unlocked all its hidden characteristics but it still seems to be a locally powerful weapon, not something that could control or effect entire armies.

ZORIN

Or slay a deity.

ARYAT

I'm sorry, what was that?

ZORIN

Oh, nothing. I just remembered something...but it wasn't important. Who...oh hello, Una. Who is that with you...

UNA

Zorin, we believe there is more to the Netherspring of interest. Especially to you.

NAR - KELDOR

A young girl stepped forward from behind Una. Also cloaked in dark black and rich purple, she pulled her hood back to reveal the pale bluish grey skin, silver hair and pointed ears of an all too familiar elven race.

ZORIN

What?...A dark elf?

LILY

My name is Lily...princess of the 4th outpost of Fellreach. I believe this is yours.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin was curious as to how she, a maiden from the world beneath the ground, hidden from clouds and sky, had come here and for what purpose. His mind filled with questions but his gaze fell wide eyed to the cluster of bent steel the size of a small pumpkin. Steel twisted in a familiar pattern.

ZORIN

No...how...Can...can it be?

NAR - KELDOR

His hand clasped around the leather grip in the center, naturally, revealing the basket hilt of an ancient blade that was all too familiar to him. An echo of a memory rang through his head, ferrying a voice to his mind. A voice he thought was long lost in the deep underworld. Her voice.

THE FINAL WORD

We meet again, my love.

S5E3 - THE TOMB OF SHADOWScene 1

Cordelia, Benedict, Zorin, and Dabria leave with Vash and Shimi, the human ranger with a jackal sidekick, to the Netherspring. As they travel, they remember Lillian explaining that the other parts are scattered in the Netherspring, according to her people's legend. The sword told her in a dream to take the hilt to Garnet Keep. Una was very fearful on the Netherspring, expressing that she should just wait for them here.

VASH

Should be there shortly. I think... I see the top of the skull just past the tree line. Shimi, what do you think?

SHIMI

Yes. I see it too. Toby... run ahead boy.

NAR - KELDOR

The short form of the jackal grunted in obedience as it ran up the path ahead, looking for any potential threats to the traveling group. Vash's cropped dark beard and the hood of his cloak framed his face below dark eyes that searched the distance. He wore dark green and brown leather that helped him to blend in, in the northern forest of the Whispering Woods. The suede of his tall moccasins creaked as they pressed carefully forward. To his right was the almond-eyed and bronze toned Shimi, a quiet Beastmaster from the foothills of Trull who had come to Garnet Keep following the battle with Nightblade's undead army. Offering to help in the kitchen was his traveling companion, the young and mysterious dark elf Lily. Vash could still hear her words, as could a hooded figure who walked silently behind them.

LILY

She told me to take this to you. Even now she reaches out to you, Zorin. The sword does... (beat) I'm not proud... my people had stolen this... she told me from her resting place. The elves of Viridian forged the rapier, following the war of the stone. It was a God Slayer, they claimed, holding some secret powerful force, and they named it...

ZORIN

The Final Word...

NAR - KELDOR

Several paces behind the two scouts, walking with less cautious steps, were the familiar and heavily armored Benedict, Sophie, and cloaked Zorin, who was passing the bare sword hilt between his hands. He marveled at how familiar it still was, past the ancient rust and tarnish now clinging to it. To an untrained eye it appeared like a broken weapon, useless junk of the past. But Zorin knew better.

BENEDICT

Zorin...look at that, just beyond the bend in that stream ahead.

SOPHIE

That's pretty grim.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin's heart felt heavy suddenly as he made out the mossy stairway winding up to the mouth of a giant skull.

Scene 2

(Now all together) Inside, they discover the slot and place a sword in, revealing and opening in the floor. Leaving Vash and Shimi to watch over things, they Featherfall to the floor 200 feet below, passing a 150 foot pillar. Casting light on the end of the torch they dropped, and on Dabria's whip they walk in the darkness. A Spectral Servant cast by Dabria shows up. A Shadow Dragon whips in the darkness and attacks the party with Breath Weapon. Cordelia is knocked out, skin blackened and gaunt; Zorin crawls, carrying her behind the pillar. Dabria casts Wrack and Benedict calls upon Holy Power to cast Daylight and walk towards it. The light disempowers the dragon. His blade strikes with Holy Might as the dragon flails with a bite and claw that misses, one claw smashing him to the side. He then kills it. The party heals up with some Holy Power.

The party continues and finds the abyssal door with an indentation for Cordelia's cursed staff. It opens, telling them to rekindle the flame at the forge. In the labyrinth, they find the forge

and Benedict fixes the Staff of Power.

They hear Shimi calling to them, "Hey, you better get up here! We got company!"

CORDELIA

This is the room we were in. And over here in the sarcopha... sark... sar..

DABRIA

Sarcophagus.

CORDELIA

Yes... that. That's where we found these staves.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict smelled the dust in the room, which was suprisingly sparse given the time that had passed. It was probably cleaned, but he sensed no evil from it. In fact, he sensed no good from it, either.

BENEDICT

Zorin, it's been two months since you sent the expedition up here, correct?

ZORIN

Yeah. Over, actually. But I see no trace of them.

CORDELIA

Skotmir and I couldn't find anything of them either, but there has to be more than just this room.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin gently felt the sandstone walls with his fingertips as he walked towards the dais in the center of the room.

ZORIN

I agree. Hmm...Benedict, come here real quick.

BENEDICT

Yes? What is it?

ZORIN

Look there...see the slit in the center? It's only a couple inches.

BENEDICT

Yes...and it looks like there's circular markings around it.

ZORIN

Exactly. A perfect circle, in fact. That would be...

BENEDICT

A key hole! But what key would be used?

ZORIN

I'm going to try and...make one.

BENEDICT

(laughs) Oh...of course you would.

ZORIN

But first...can you drive your sword into it and try to turn it?

BENEDICT

Sure. It wouldn't be...that simple, would it? Woah!

NAR - KELDOR

As Zorin half hoped and half expected, the sword turned in the hole 90 degrees to rest horizontally, and the floor of the stone box slid slowly to the right. The surprised Benedict jumped out of the stone sarcophagus, wide eyed as he pulled his sword Kettlebane free, allowing the portal to open completely. Zorin smiled back at him mischievously, reminding him of the looks Zane and Zorin would give him when they were getting ready to do something...questionable.

ZORIN

You KNOW you wanna go first.

BENEDICT

You don't have to...

DABRIA

I'm going. Shimi and Skotmir, help me find some more rope for this.

SHIMI

Yes.

CORDELIA

Wait. Any idea how deep that is? I can't see the bottom.

ZORIN

Yeah...one sec...ah! Here.

NAR - KELDOR

He found a blackened tin plate. He supposed it was for a lantern, originally, but now served to be home for the waxy white remnants of a once-tall candle. He held it over the dark abyss and lit it.

BENEDICT

Wait!

NAR - KELDOR

But he was too late. They all froze silently as Zorin let go. It extinguished itself almost immediately from the fall, but several seconds later it could be heard as it clattered faintly in the the dark distance. Benedict shot a look at the grinning Zorin.

ZORIN

200 feet, I'd guess.

BENEDICT

Zorin, we don't know what...or better yet WHO...is down there!

ZORIN

The giant skylight up here that we made by opening the door was plenty enough, I'm sure, Benedict. Trust me. If something down there wants us, they already know we are here.

SHIMI

We will need to get more rope at the campsite.

CORDELIA

If you and Vash can do that and just guard our exit, I can get us down there.

SKOTMIR

CANNONBALLLL!!! Just kidding. I'm gonna wait up here and watch our backs. Not...a super big fan of going back into the darkness.

SOPHIE

Yeah, and let me know if you find a man offering bad decisions again. Loved that, too.

SKOTMIR

Hahaha!

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia smiled at the lighthearted jest and then nodded at Dabria, who stepped forward to stand on the

edge of the sarcophagus. She motioned to the others to join her as she drew her whip and held it out toward Cordelia in a coil within her palm. Cordelia passed a hand over it as it began to illuminate like a torch. Dabria then offered a hand to Cordelia, helping her up onto the edge as well with Benedict and Zorin.

CORDELIA

Hold on... (breath) Dant- moe

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia spoke softly as she took a step out into the black void below and began floating softly downward. She gently pulled Dabria, Zorin and Benedict to join her in the slow decent. Slowly, they descended into the inky shadows, the only indicator of their descent the shrinking rectangle of light above. Benedict saw Dabria's face illuminated from the whip's makeshift torchlight. A halo danced across her short cropped blonde hair.

CORDELIA

Look at that!

NAR - KELDOR

Below her black buckled boots and ivory pants, a crimson and sapphire dragon head of carved stone spiraled out of the darkness. Cordelia guided them around it, gently circling like a leaf on a calm day. Zorin stared at it in deep thought, feeling a warmth in his chest as his pulse quickened with the slow drift into the unknown. The room was massive and he believed he could make out another identical pillar 20 feet or so away from the globe of light that surrounded them. As they circled and his eyes adjusted, he noticed there were possibly 4 of them at regular intervals, and he suspected they continued on past as well. Reminding him of the old mine of thier childhood, he thought more and began to second guess himself. Was it that memory, actually? Or another? A shape seemed to move in the darkness.

ZORIN

Hey... did anyone else see that?

BENEDICT

See what?

ZORIN

Something just moved down there.

BENEDICT

I didn't see it...but...I don't think you are wrong.

NAR - KELDOR

The ground began to illuminate as they descended the final 10 feet. Benedict watched his black boots slowly make contact with the glossy polished flagstone floor. It seemed glassy, almost like it was wet or varnished, free of any dirt or dust to indicate its age in these depths below the room they just exited. Heavy chain and plate returned its weight to sit upon his shoulders. Zorin stepped back to feel the cold blackness behind them as he pulled his cloak over his dark hair.

(whooshing)

DABRIA

We aren't alone down here...get back!

NAR - KELDOR

The darkness formed just outside the circle of light in the gaping maw of a dragon made of misty black smoke.

CORDELIA

Augh!

ZORIN

Move! Augh!

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia and Zorin found themselves enveloped in a cold mist the color of blue-black ink suspended in water.

CORDELIA

Zorin...ah...it..it burns...

ZORIN

Hold on...Augh...

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia felt the right side of her face and neck grow numb from the slow burn and ache, like exposure to the cold. Zorin's eyes grew wide as he looked at Cordelia's face. He drew her close under her arms, her corset lacing raking his arms as he pulled her behind a pillar.

BENEDICT

No! Gyahh!

DABRIA

Gyah!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict and Dabria struck into the darkness. The glow of Dabria's whip caused the 20 foot high black form to retreat back into its familiar shadows along with the edge of the great sword of Benedict's bloodline. Shrieking, its eyes rolled like black pearlescent fluids in dark bottles, illuminated briefly in the light.

DABRIA

The light! We need more light!

BENEDICT

Knightlord, illuminate this room of perpetual night with the glorius day! Gyahhhh!!!

NAR - KELDOR

Holding the sword up like a holy symbol, the room was bathed in warm sunlight. The full form of the smoky draconic creature writhed in pain as it shrank away from Benedict and Dabria where the light was originating, blinding the room and bathing it in warmth. Screaming, the mists forming the dragon unraveled like thick smoke in a gentle breeze until it was gone.

ZORIN

Benedict!

NAR - KELDOR

He turned to Zorin and, seeing Cordelia's limp form on the ground, ran to her with Dabria. Her face was blackened and looked rotten. One eye now was a yellow grey orb, vacant and useless. Zorin was breathing heavily, his chest heaving as the blackened skin crept over his exposed hands.

BENEDICT

Hold on...

CORDELIA

Augh....it hurts...

BENEDICT

Knightlord grant them the strength to push back this

blight.

ZORIN

Ah...wow...gimme a minute here...

CORDELIA

Ahh... thank you. What...what was...

DABRIA

That was some echo of a dragon, not a real dragon. One constructed of spellwork. The creation of dark mages, I would imagine...here, let me help you up.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria pulled Cordelia up from the floor and pushed her black hair away from her now-unblemished face and green eyes.

DABRIA

There you are, now. No worse for wear.

CORDELIA

Th...thanks. And thank you, Benedict.

NAR - KELDOR

The room was as wide as it was tall, 200 feet in any direction. As they explored the now empty cube, they found 2 doors on either side of the room, dark blue and deep red, heavy and banded in cold forged iron.

DABRIA

These are cold iron bands...

CORDELIA

Dabria...that dragon wasn't just magic, was it...

DABRIA

No, I don't believe so. The Shattered Lands lie on the other side of this Netherspring and if rumors are to be believed...there are more powerful forces of chaos at work.

BENEDICT

Like what?

CORDELIA

Benedict, remember the fairy tales about Viridian being elves and pixies and all that?

BENEDICT

Yes. And locked, to not allow mortals to pass. Of

course I remember that, but what is this all about?

CORDELIA

Mischief is one thing, but what if they were twisted into a living nightmare? The legend that Dabria and I are referring to is that the Shattered Lands are supposedly the dark reflection of Viridian's enchanted forests.

BENEDICT

Wait...oh no...

DABRIA

Ruled by the Shadow Fey.

VASH

(Distant shouting should record in the tunnel) Hey! Zorin? Benedict? Dabria? Hello?! Cordelia? Hey! You all need to get back up here!

ZORIN

Hey! What is it?

SOPHIE

We got company, guys!

S5E4 - UNINVITED GUESTSScene 1

A scene from Squib's point of view. Traveling with Onyx, maybe a mention of Maldros and Sable...that traitor.

SQUIB

The forest is cold here, isn't it, my brother?

EBON

Yes. Cold...and cruel.

SQUIB

(chuckles) Well...you could have worn a shirt.
(chuckles)

EBON

(chuckles) Yeah...right...

NAR - KELDOR

Despite the chill in the northern air, his jet black skin shone like polished obsidian rippling over a powerful chest. He was decorated with grey tribal markings that formed several snakes, tied together. His arms carried no weapon, and his legs wore a fur and leather warskirt that hung to the knee just above his tall black and red leather boots. Boots that squeaked slightly, being still new, she thought. She looked at her arms. Powerful and strong, she smiled as she tensed a bicep and saw the shape form under her deep olive green skin. She also carried no weapon.

SQUIB

(shouting command) You there! Press forward.

FROST GIANT

(growling)

SQUIB

(to Ebon) That better mean "yes ma'am."

EBON

(chuckling) Not likely...but it looks like she's doing it.

NAR - KELDOR

The barbarian woman was 20 feet high, as tall as any of the other warriors that accompanied the group, and

her braided locks of frost-kissed gold hung in long strands, like the cables of a ship. She came from the northlands of the old country, one of those broken giant lands rarely travelled by anyone and only opened to trade at certain times of the year. The giant was an outsider, more so than they were in their large group. Ebon spotted a faint wisp of smoke from the next rise in the hills where the emerald trees parted.

EBON

Perfect...we should make camp soon. we still have another day's journey. (Shouting) Malgulg! Set up camp in that glade there and then join me for a hunt. I sense...(deep smell)...mmm AH! Someone has a fireplace burning...Welcoming us.

MALGULG

(laughing cruelly) Hahaha! Yes, I can see that... Right away!

EBON

For our people, my sister.

SQUIB

For our people, Ebon.

NAR - KELDOR

She looked around at the troops walking beside them. Various green and grey tones behind black and red armor graced these warriors from the jungles of the Deadlands and plains of Trull. Powerful orc warriors. She smiled, revealing more of an upward tusk tucked behind her lip. These were her people.

Scene 2

Squib narrates into her journal and reads some old passages at the camp.

NAR - KELDOR

Hours later, the dying screams of the Glen Valley shepherds they had found were silenced in the foothills and replaced by the smell of their flock stewing and roasting in the 3 fires scattered throughout the orc camp. The meat was delicious, she thought, as she sat alone in her officer's tent. The smell of the pine trees and food was a pleasant one. The burning sap seemed to flavor the meat and give it a spiciness that the mutton needed. The rendered fat peeled back as she bit into the leg she awarded

herself. Juicy, salty, and as she came to expect, perfect. Food was even better when it was taken by force...seemed to sweeten it a bit, she thought fondly. She imagined it raw. Not as appetizing, to be sure, but more familiar. She nodded at the feeling and, setting the leg down on the small folding table, she licked her fingers clean. Wiping the last bits of moisture from her hands on the cloth tunic tucked under her dark armor, she opened the small leather-bound journal and read the random entry upon which her fingers fell.

SQUIB

Third day of Ember Moon, fifteen-oh-nine: Yes, now my people suffer so. Never in my memory has our jungle been so cruel. The tall mossy Bungleroot trees rot in their stumps and the leaves now mold before the sweet fruit can arrive. The birds have left their nests bare of any eggs and haven't been seen in months. Our tribe is small, but still the bounty usually found in its swamps is rotten and can rarely afford to feed us all. Our elders and young grow sick. Ebon and... Sable...(pause, then a deep sigh)

NAR - KELDOR

A wave of icy cold emotion rolled across the fire of her proud heart at the mention of his name. A long forgotten wound ached now, but she continued to fall into the path. A path of recalling memories in her old journal, and recalling another life. She sighed and thumbed a few pages into the future of the journal. The blight wasn't something she wanted to recall, anyway.

SQUIB

First day of Spring Blossom, fifteen-ten: Our champion has returned! Maldros. Powerful Maldros has returned. I was barely a young child when he disappeared over two decades ago. His eyes burn with a fury similar to Ebon or Sable's anger but it NEVER fades. He's constantly enraged and cold at the same time. Intimidating and ferocious. Beautiful. He is all the elders had told us he was. Perfect. His greatclub holds tales of his battles and victories in its twisted knots, and Ebon has told me the most glorious thing. He is actually my brother by blood. I can feel the fire of his might flow in my own veins! We went to the center of the village where the rise in the ground allowed the water to drain away and downward. The sulfuric smell of the brine and swampwater lessened here and one could take the

larger gulps of air to address everyone. When he speaks, my heart soars, knowing he can lead us out of this famine and into better things. He plans to lead us to conquer the Darkroot tribe and take back our land from them! Sable seems distant now, though. Quiet.

EBON

Sable, why don't you rejoice? Let us walk into victory.

SABLE

You promised. We wouldn't battle again. We would be different.

EBON

A promise is just mere words. And that was then, it means nothing here. Come! Can't you see? Maldros is back. MALDROS. And he brought the stone. You and I don't have to hide anymore. We can be our greater selves! (Shouting) MALDROS! We are here to serve you, our brother!

SQUIB

(narrating) Maldros turned to the three of us, standing together behind him as he projected to our gathering village. Wrapped in black gauze like a mummy made of the moonlit clouds at night that seemed to cover all exposed skin and even his horned helmet. (to Maldros) As do I!

MALDROS

Ah...Squib...my dear baby sister. You hold a great fire in your belly for battle, do you?

SQUIB

Yes. And revenge upon those that let our people... let our people starve!

MALDROS

Have you seen the glory that is our brothers' true selves? Or do they still hide them behind an ancient agreement?

SABLE

Our agreement was between us, not you...

MALDROS

Your agreement let me be captured two decades ago, and let me rot in a cage, little brother. Let this be your last chance at redemption.

SABLE

You know as well as I do, Maldros. My redemption doesn't depend on you.

MALDROS

(chuckling) You fool...You can cast aside the promises that made you weak. I stand before you to offer freedom!

SABLE

No...no, my lost and misguided brother. I will not be ruled by my anger again. You offer us enslavement.

SQUIB

(Narrating) Sable stormed away. Maldros held his gauze-wrapped arms outward. His blazing red eyes were wide behind the black mask and helmet. A tall man with long black hair and dark eyes had traveled with him, along with a woman. Pallus and Ash were their names. Supposedly, they had helped Maldros win his freedom from enslavement. The man stepped forward carrying a swirling onyx and jet orb with 2 hands and placed it on the podium of rotten damp swamp wood. The chain and plated pauldrons snapped backward as Maldros roared out.

MALDROS

(chuckling)No matter! Show me, my brother Ebon. Show me your power!

SQUIB

(chuckling)

NAR - KELDOR

She was Squib the Crusher, commander in Lord Pallus's dark army over the Orc battalions, and she shut the book chuckling gently to herself. How far they had come these last 13 years, but though she loved violence, she wished to spare the lives of her people on this expedition. Tomorrow would hold no battle, as they were just fetching a simple artifact in an empty temple. Simple. She stood up and extinguished the candle as she laid upon the heavy bear furs of her bed.

SQUIB

Ah...Tomorrow we just grab and go. Again...simple. Too cold to hang out up here, anyway. (chuckle) There shouldn't be anything else of interest in something like the Netherspring.

Scene 3

Party's view as they leave the mouth of the cave: They leave to find that the camp has been raided by Orcs, Frost Giants and Squib the Crusher with her black dragon who looks winded by these cold conditions. Dabria is hit by a javelin on the stairs, looks at the giant, and unknowingly teleports to her shoulders, delivering Vampiric Touch. Cordelia shakes the ground with a spell, shaking the giant who drops Dabria. Zorin leaps to her shoulders with a blade as Skotmir attacks the shins, toppling her onto himself. One orc attacks Sophie, exploding from disease. Vash sends some exploding arrows at other orcs. Lillian uses her magic to send frost rays at them. Shui I used his bow from a distance. A lightning bolt into the river takes out most orcs but Squib the Crusher. Dabria's Poison Cloud kills the orc shaman after he makes the Table of Roots on Skotmir, and hurts the black dragon. The black dragon is wooped out of the cloud and hits Cordelia and Benedict with Acid Breath before landing next to Squib, allowing her to mount and escape.

BENEDICT

Sophie and Skotmir, follow me! Off the steps!

SOPHIE

Where did they come from? Jump!

SKOTMIR

Gyahh!

NAR - KELDOR

The rotten steps that wound 25 feet from the ancient giant's moss-covered mouth, around his throat and to the ground were currently blocked by Dabria and Cordelia working their spells. Benedict sought an alternate route with a slide down the steep undergrowth on the giant's throat. Several orcs were charging across the cold stream between them, fording the knee high water and fueled by a primal singular drive to kill those who were now in their way.

DABRIA

Gyahh!

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria yelled in pain as the ragged end of an orcish

javelin sailed into her left thigh, just below where the diamond-shaped black plates of her armor ended and opened to her knees, keeping her mobile as she preferred.

FROST GIANT

Ach fel toe ga. Née she'd fal toe! (grunt) Gyahhh!

NAR - KELDOR

Her golden eyes darted from the grinning face of the Orc to a crashing form much larger. She felt her armor warm with arcane energy, the familiar chaos in which it was forged. She smiled, not knowing what would come next from the plate mail's enchanted response to the strike. (Magic teleport)

DABRIA

Woah!

FROST GIANT

Wha...ye dah doe!!

DABRIA

Hahaha (laughing) sap-gah!!!

FROST GIANT

(Pain). Gyahh!

NAR - KELDOR

To Dabria's pleasant surprise and the giant's dismay, she teleported to stand on her shoulder, reaching down to balance herself by gripping the root of one of her braids spilling from under the wicked horn of the cold iron helmet. Placing her other hand on her cheek, she drew out her lifestream in a red mist centralized on where her hand met the giant's skin.

SKOTMIR

Gyahhhh! Wait! No, you...(grunting and swearing as he chops) stupid stinking ugly troll dung butt smelling sea salt!

NAR - KELDOR

As Skotmir ran down the incline that was once the throat of an ancient Giant, he found himself entangled in several thorny vines that erupted around his ankles, dropping him into their twisted embrace. (swearing continues) He frantically chopped at them, attempting to free himself. Sophie looked back behind her to see the dwarf's axe flailing madly from behind the attacking undergrowth.

SOPHIE

Hold on, Skotmir! (chopping)

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie slashed at the outer vines as they began to reach out toward her as well. Her blade lopped several with each stroke, sending them retracting and shrieking into the earth.

SOPHIE

Gyahh!! Yah! (grunting) Come on!! (straining with Skotmir, swearing) Yeah! Let's go!!

SKOTMIR

Whew! I never thought I would be taken out by a salad!

SOPHIE

Ha! (dragon roar close) WOAHH! Watch out!

EBON

Fools!

NAR - KELDOR

The rush of wind following a 30-foot serpentine shadow drove the pair to the safety of the earth around them as it flew overhead.

EBON

Now you die!!

NAR - KELDOR

Steaming chartreuse viscous fluid shot from behind the cruel curved horns and twisted black maw of the dragon's mouth toward the cringing white-robed mage on the steps.

BENEDICT

Cordelia!!!

CORDELIA

Fee-choe!

NAR - KELDOR

A vibrant aura of blue magical energy erupted in front of her, driving the acidic flow away from her body.

CORDELIA

(straining to hold it)

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia was driven to her knees by the force of the dragon's caustic breath. Ebon laughed.

EBON

You cannot escape your doom, child! Accept it and die!

NAR - KELDOR

As Cordelia dug deep within herself to prepare for the next attack from the massive adversary, Squib stormed across the shallow river washing over a few of her family's orcish bodies. Bodies slain by the three fighters before her.

SOPHIE

(pant) There's another one, Skotmir...

SKOTMIR

(panting) Yep...

BENEDICT

You there! Stand down!

SQUIB

(shouting) Heathen! (laughing) You don't know who I am?! I am Squib the Crusher! (beat then shouting) Tremor!!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict saw her drop a crude leather bracer into the water as she walked, exposing a tattoo on her wrist in the shape of a T. She touched it and grinned cruelly.

SQUIB

Tremor! (spell fx) GYAHH!!

NAR - KELDOR

There was a flash of light as rock and stone materialized in the air, creating a huge warhammer. The head was the size of a stone block from some forgotten fortress, and the stout two-and-a-half-foot handle was wrapped in ancient studded leather to form a powerful grip. In the same instant, her pace quickened as her eyes drew wide with the wild swing that smashed into the Paladin's steel armor.

BENEDICT

Gyahhh!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict slid across a flat slimy stone that was barely hidden under the icy, slow-moving water.

SOPHIE

No! Benedict! GYAH!

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie splashed quickly across the water as she swung her sword in a wide arc down into Squib's exposed shoulder.

SQUIB

Gyahn! You will pay for that, rockhead!

SOPHIE

Rockhead?! GYAAH!! Seems to fit you and that hammer better than me.

SQUIB

GYAH! Back off, maggot! I've no time for this.

SOPHIE

That's it...GYAHHHHHH!!!

SQUIB

OOF!! GYAAH!!

NAR - KELDOR

With a single kick to her olive green stomach, Sophie dropped Squib into a ball before driving a mailed fist upward into her tusked face. The locks held with pewter warriors' beads swung outward as she roared in pain and anger. The hammer began to glow with a red aura as she raised it above her head.

SQUIB

Goe-Tah-SAAAAAAHHHH!!!
(SFX SLAM)

NAR - KELDOR

Tremor the Mighty Hammer came down into the stones below the water, sending out a massive shockwave.

DABRIA

Woah!

FROST GIANT

GAHHHH!!

DABRIA
Hup!

NAR - KELDOR
As the giant toppled to the ground, losing its footing, Dabria kipped into the air and landed deftly on her feet like a cat on the run. Darting across the battle field, she drew her whip. Squib locked eyes with her former comrade in the Dark Army, realization setting in. But Sophie didn't wait.

SOPHIE
Gyahh!!

SQUIB
OOF!!
(SFX - Use foley to build an exchange of blows as Sophie beats her down)

NAR - KELDOR
Sophie delivered blow after blow with her sword, hands and knees working in concert with each other. Squib's face leaked blood as she tried to open one swollen and bloody eye.

SQUIB
Back off!!! GYAHH!!!

NAR - KELDOR
Flailing, her hammer met its mark in Sophie's side, driving her backward and stumbling to get her footing.

SQUIB
Not...now... (shouting) Ebon! To me!

NAR - KELDOR
Turning on a heel, she darted back out of the water.
(SFX Dragonroar)
The dark shadow of the black dragon dropped low to pick her up around the waist and carry her off.
Dabria stopped to help Benedict to his feet.

BENEDICT
(Grunt) Who...

ZORIN
(panting) That's the other dragon rider... from Port L'for

DABRIA

(panting) Yeah...Squib...well...I didn't think I'd see her again so soon. (grunt) Well, cat's out of that bag I guess...

Scene 4

A scene with Squib and Onyx flying away. She now knows Dabria has turned from the Dark Army and can't wait to tell Dekkion. She laments on the failure, "Next time gadget. Next time"

SQUIB

panting

EBON

Hold on, my sister. We will regroup and tell Pallus what has happened.

SQUIB

Yes...

EBON

(beat) We are not to blame. This is not our failure. You saw...

SQUIB

Oh...I saw her. That liar. That...

EBON

Traitor.

SQUIB

Yes, my brother. Another traitor to our precious family. (growl) Quickly, let us fly back to the Obsidian Fortress. I want to see the look on Nightblade's face as I tell Dekkion...about what their precious Dabria has been up to.

S5E5 - HALLS OF TIMEScene 1

(sfx - inside the halls of the Netherspring)

BENEDICT

Well, it's not any language I know.

SOPHIE

Dwarvish?

SKOTMIR

Nope. Not even the best handwriting I've ever seen would look like that.

CORDELIA

Not magic either. There's a strong power keeping the door locked but the words aren't arcane.

VASH

(far off grunt and calling out. SFX - will be walking from a good 50 paces away to up close) Hey! Just thought I'd come check up on you all. Those two are driving me insane. Dabria is coming down too...Zorin and Shimi are fighting over the last butter cookie and Shimi thinks his dog needs to get special treatment. I mean, they seem happy as can be just rolling in that dead fish we found...(beat then shudder)...ew yuk... anyways I... woah... (beat) uhhh... hmm.

BENEDICT

What? Do you see something in these letters?

NAR - KELDOR

The torchlight illuminated the carved symbols in the smooth stone archway over the door. A pattern of lines drawn downward through the series of glyphs was familiar to the wine smuggler.

VASH

Uh...mayyyybe...It just says "a gift"... something about a gift.

BENEDICT

Wha...What language is it?

VASH

It's...

DABRIA

(calling out) Hey, What did you all find back there?

VASH

(hiding something) It's an old...thieves' language.
(beat) Rarely seen anymore. We saw it a lot in
tunnels around Redvale back in Darkovnia.

DABRIA

What language? (sigh) Move...let me see this...
(SFX - Stone creaking and magic sounds
unlocking)
What the...

BENEDICT

Um...that's different...

NAR - KELDOR

A hidden mechanism in the door unlocked and the musty
smell of stagnant and ancient air flooded out from
behind the dark crimson door. Soon it came to rest,
revealing a stairway beyond.

DABRIA

Let's see what's down this way, I guess. Sophie,
guard the door. Let's go.

SOPHIE

You got it.

NAR - KELDOR

The stone hallway was illuminated by red-orange
torches, which sprang to life as they stepped forward
into the stairway that led downward into the unknown.

SOPHIE

Um...Cordelia, can I talk to you real quick?

CORDELIA

Hey, I'll catch up with you all, ok? What is it,
Sophie?

SOPHIE

(whispering) I just want it on record that this
time...it's not me deciding to go off on an adventure
into Stupidland.

CORDELIA

(giggling softly) Noted. Just promise me if some
dream guy shows up again...

SOPHIE

Stop. (chuckle) Just...ok...I...I promise.

Scene 2

NAR - KELDOR

The stairway descended floors and floors into the darkness, and just at the edge of their vision another torch was found and ignited. It was mesmerizing. Dabria's eyes peered forward but seemed not to focus on anything in particular. Benedict saw the same look on her face that he saw on the streets of Enruk. Lost in some distant thought or memory.

(SFX door)

CORDELIA

It smells like death in there. Be careful.

NAR - KELDOR

Entering the room at the base of the stairway, they saw a 20-by-10 foot entryway of some sort. On either side of the doorway across the room, a few ancient bookcases still stood, long since decayed with blackened rot and mold. What appeared to be a smooth dark red and black marble stone case stood alone on its end. It was large enough for a person to be buried beneath the stone lid, like a coffin.

VASH

A sarcophagus. Is this a tomb?

BENEDICT

Placing it in the first room sure makes it feel that way...but it's a big room for a single body to be laid to rest...

DABRIA

And there's another door across the way. Most tombs have a single entry and exit. (starts walking to it) Let's check it out..

VASH

Woah! Wait a second. Let me take a look first. (beat)
A little bird told me you might need to check for

maybe...I don't know...some traps?

SKOTMIR

Um...Yeah...

NAR - KELDOR

Skotmir rubbed his bandaged, but now healing, thigh - injured from the traps in the room above.

SKOTMIR

That could be a good idea. Don't want you getting shishkebab'd too.

DABRIA

Smart...go ahead.

VASH

There are no pressure plates on the tile floor here, but there is a latch on the door. Here...hmm...seems alright. Benedict, give me a hand here...

BENEDICT

Ok...now... (groaning)

NAR - KELDOR

The door swung open on its ancient hinge.

BENEDICT

It's empty...except that etching.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria brought the torch closer, peering into the empty stone box. The flames made the carvings seem to dance.

DABRIA

It's a woman handing a man some gift.

BENEDICT

That's not just a woman. See the dress and her crown? That's the Maiden...handing the gift to...the Ferryman.

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria looked at the lines on their faces as a memory long thought to be lost sprung to her mind.

YOUNG DABRIA

Papa?

NAR - KELDOR

A log burned in the cobbled and mossy fireplace. She could see the snow outside, gently falling across their plowed and empty fields, and hear the sound of the waves 100 feet below the cliffside crashing. The occasional gentle creak of the windmill's giant blades was cozy and expected in their humble little home.

(sfx - footsteps, groan and a creaking chair)

YOUNG DABRIA

Papa?

NAR - KELDOR

A man sat in his chair, white muttonchops framing a gentle smile behind icy blue eyes that twinkled in the gentle firelight. She saw her young arms, no older than 10, reach out to him as he held a toy out for her, shaped as a carved wooden bear with a single red bow around its neck.

YOUNG DABRIA

Oh wow, papa! I love it...but, I didn't get you anything um...uh...oh here...Here's a feather for you papa...a beautiful feather.

BENEDICT

Dabria?

(SFX - Snap Back)

BENEDICT

Hello?

VASH

Hey, Dabria? You alright?

DABRIA

(shakes free of the memory) Wha...yes. Yes, I'm fine. Get off me...

VASH

Woah there, cranky pants. We just wanna make...

DABRIA

Shut up, Vash. (sigh) Come on. Let's go...there's nothing. (storms off)

VASH

Jeez...(beat) Waaait...hmm...

NAR - KELDOR

As Dabria and the others made their way out of the room, Vash stooped to pick up a single ancient branch of wood that was in a bowl at the bottom of the case.

Scene 3

CORDELIA

Vash, get in here!

VASH

Coming, one sec...woah...

NAR - KELDOR

Vash found them all standing in a large stone room. The smell of ancient dust was now unexpectedly frigid and cold. The room was empty except for a stone chest watched over by the statues of three 15-foot beings.

VASH

Amazing...

BENEDICT

Angels...three angels. Beautiful.

VASH

their wings are like a dove's, aren't they...but the faces are like ours...Well, maybe not Skotmir.

SKOTMIR

Hey, under the right circumstances I believe I can fly. Are they good creatures?

BENEDICT

Not creatures, my friend. Holy warriors, defending our world from forces of darkness.

SKOTMIR

So...basically you?

SOPHIE

Oh, he wishes! Hahaha!

BENEDICT

(laughs) Ha! No, not me, Skotmir. (beat) Though we all could try to be more like them, I suppose.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict stepped forward and ran a hand along the smooth carved marble of the statues. The three angels were stooped with their hands laid upon the lid of

the stone chest. their eyes were closed in reverence, except for one. Her head was missing. From time, they imagined. It was no surprise that such an ancient work of art was missing pieces over the long stretch of time it had possibly stood.

BENEDICT

It's a shame her head is missing. I bet this was beautiful in its day. Look, there's silver under some of this dust...amazing.

CORDELIA

What about those markings?

VASH

Yes...(beat) or that...book?

CORDELIA

Book? Can I see?

VASH

Absolutely.

NAR - KELDOR

Vash stepped to the stone chest and picked up the small leather book, handing it to Cordelia.

CORDELIA

Hmm...I don't know these markings...is it a language?

VASH

Let me see...yes it's...Um...welll...um.

NAR - KELDOR

Vash was a skilled smuggler. He had many times had to dodge a surprise with the use of his smooth speech, speech that came from the ballrooms and banquet halls of noble House Silverbrand in Darkovnia. He found himself stammering here though, as his eyes widened slightly. He shook his head to gain his composure.

VASH

Ah...well...I kind of recognize it and, see...
(grunt)...it won't open.

CORDELIA

I know its magic...I can tell maybe if I...

VASH

(slightly panicked) Actually...Let me look at it a bit and get it back to you. I'm not sure we want to

do anything until we figure out what this means on the cover...

CORDELIA

That's fair...But I could...

VASH

(pleading a bit) Just...trust me on this one. I... have an idea of someone who can help, but they aren't here.

CORDELIA

(Sigh) Oh...um, alright. Sounds good. Um...well then, what about the symbols on the box? Those look kind of like what we saw upstairs, right?

VASH

(relieved for the change in subject) Yes! Hmm...

NAR - KELDOR

Relieved at the change in subject, Vash tucked the book into the back of his worn, dark brown belt just to the right of his quiver. He quickly knelt down in front of the border of markings just below the lid.

VASH

(reading)If the cycle of death should again be broken; Inside here lies the hero's token; 3 sisters watch and 3 sisters pray; That their shadow can't return one day. (beat) Is this it?

SOPHIE

Whose shadow?

VASH

It mentions something about the lost children of the elements...It doesn't make much sense though.

CORDELIA

Try it.

VASH

Fire, earth, water, air. Birth four children without care. Raised in anger and nurtured spite. They turned themselves away from light. Beware the...blank the... yeah, it just breaks off right here where it's been chipped away...

BENEDICT

With an axe?

SKOTMIR

Naw...no axe did that. Something heavy and wooden, like a maul or a greatclub. It's got stress marks from the impacts here...all around it.

VASH

Ha! You know the stone as well as you know my wine!

SKOTMIR

Probably better, actually, but...your wine is tastier!

BENEDICT

Looks like it continues, though. What does that say?

VASH

This is where it really doesn't make sense. Check this out...six plagues to oppose the six temples. What six temples?

BENEDICT

I don't know of six temples...unless they have been lost to time. (beat) Who knows what the world really looked like before the stone was destroyed. (beat) But it doesn't sound dangerous...well, yet, I suppose. How does this open?

SOPHIE

Can we force it open?

SKOTMIR

Yeah...no...but I see a way, maybe...(beat) Hmmm... yeah...I think we need to put her head back on before it will open. You can see the pivot points here. It needs the weight returned and their hands should lift off the case.

DABRIA

Heh. It would be huge, if it's anything like the other ugly things.

CORDELIA

What?

DABRIA

(chuckle) I doubt it was taken very far...come on. Let's go back this way.

(SFX-walking sounds open a door give some distance)

BENEDICT

Hmm...hey uh...Dabria...how can you say they are ugly?

DABRIA

When you've seen what I've seen...(cold chuckle) When you've...hoped...like I've hoped...you learn real quickly that angels don't exist.

BENEDICT

But Dabria, they do. If they didn't...

DABRIA

They don't!

BENEDICT

They do!

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria's golden eyes widened at the Paladin's outburst.

BENEDICT

You are blinded by your own anger so much that you can't see the truth. We all can be angels if we choose to be!

DABRIA

What? (laugh) Stop trying to save the world, Benedict! It's only going to hurt you in the end... Some of us are beyond redemption...now back off!

CORDELIA

(distant) Hey, you two, get in here!

BENEDICT

No. I'm tired of your self-loathing. It...only makes you weak.

DABRIA

what did you say?

BENEDICT

You heard me. Weak.

VASH

Wow... Skotmir, you think we can lift it?

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria's trembling hand let the coil of her whip drop to the floor as they entered the next room where their friends were waiting.

DABRIA

Choose your next words carefully...your majesty...oh I see you for who you really are...king of your own self-righteousness, sitting on a throne of lies.

CORDELIA

Dabria, Benedict. Stop! (beat) Look!

DABRIA

(very surprised at what she sees) No...what?

NAR - KELDOR

Her eyes widened as three snake-like shadows twisted around a large marble head on the ground that matched the others. Dabria slowly approached it. The light from the torch illuminated its soft features as the shadows retreated into the darkness.

HISSING VOICES

The gift...she's here...take it...return it...set it free...

DABRIA

(whispering) Impossible...

SKOTMIR

I can get it. (groaning) Come on.

VASH

I'll help guide you. Follow my voice. (sfx impact) So there's the wall, um...to the right...ok, now straight back - watch it! Yup, ok, now a little to the left and let's go. Keep it coming, keep it coming...good work! Yup@ (AD LIB MORE with both SKOTMIR and VASH)

NAR - KELDOR

As Skotmir and Vash carried the statue's missing head back to the room, Dabria's hand went to her own shocked face.

CORDELIA

Dabria...

DABRIA

Lies! Both of you! I...I know what you did and it's

not funny.

NAR - KELDOR

Standing up, the death cleric stormed out of the room... (SFX as they return and place the head.)

VASH

Almost...Benedict, help push up on her nose right there.

BENEDICT

Sure...(grunting) You mean the nose that looks like...

DABRIA

Shut up!

VASH

Like? Oh hahaha! That would be funny...

NAR - KELDOR

As neck met shoulders and the seam disappeared, a blue light erupted, fusing it into place.

BENEDICT

Move!

VASH

(grunt while jump)

SKOTMIR

Woah!

(SFX- Grinding stone as it opens and a glow sound)

BENEDICT

Well, that's a rapier if it had the hilt assembly still. That's it.

VASH

Zorin's gonna be happy. (grunt) Looks like there's a leather bag with some random jeweled chunks in it, too.

BENEDICT

Grab it. We can investigate more when we get back to Garnet Keep.

DOOR TRANSITION

Scene 4

They return to Garnet Keep and Vash mentions the name Ash DeLaRosa from the journal. Una goes cold. "I know that book."

NAR - KELDOR

They stood again in the wa rroom of Garnet Keep. The smell of the rich smoke blended with the welcome rich mead in their copper chalices. Zorin sat in a chair, lovingly admiring the blade once again in his hand, lost in his own thoughts.

SOPHIE

It's beautiful...oh, put this one there...

BENEDICT

Excellent...yes...hmm...they fit together like this...I'd guess a jeweled hammer, probably dwarven.

SKOTMIR

Wow...what could it be?

CORDELIA

None of the books here have talked of a hammer like that.

ARYAT

None here, but possibly at the Ivory Library.
(SFX-Door opens)

UNA

Hello everyone, Dark Sister...Vash, Dabria said you wanted to see me?

VASH

Yeah Una...check this out...

NAR - KELDOR

Vash reached into the small bag at his hip and produced the Leather Book from the Netherspring.

UNA

(Gasp)

NAR - KELDOR

The fireplace flared green as the room felt a chilly breeze rocket out, snuffing out the other lights in the room and leaving it washed in emerald hues. Una raised her head and pulled back her hood, revealing that the shy reserved face of the seer had changed to

a confident and imposing visage framing two powerful eyes. Her mouth pulled back in a lopsided sneer as she took the book from the shocked Vash.

UNA'S PATRON

Oh yes...(beat) I know this book...very well.
(chuckle as the pages open) It's mine.

S5E6 - BETRAYALScene 1

Una tells them what she knows. Her voice is actually the voice of Ash De La Rosa. She is trapped in Strath and can help them, as she knows Pallus. They were once great friends, if he ever had friends. They agree to go. Expedition to Strath after Una reveals her secrets.

NAR - KELDOR

The green ghostly fire light bounced faintly off the rough stone blocks of the room, seeming to illuminate Una's face. Or was it her face? Dabria gazed at her old friend with concern. Una's coal black hair framed powerful, intelligent eyes...not the awkward and fearful gaze from before. Fearful of some unknown force watching, lurking somewhere in the back of her mind. She looked up from the small mysterious book in her hands and a one-sided grin cracked her icy stare. A voice that was not hers then spoke.

UNA'S PATRON

I...remember a distant storm...rising
 (SFX-Transition to riding horses)
 And we rode at the head of it. Bravely we challenged a new world as we grew stronger. More powerful. My dearest friend...(pause and chuckle)...a friend. That...concept...seems so distant now...friends, that is. There were three of us then. Riding out in our adventures and trying to save the world from itself. Again my...dearest friend...rode at the front, long blue black hair and fierce eyes. He was a swordmaster, and a great one. We had rescued our companion from a world of blood and enslavement. He was always...cloaked in shadows. They clung to him. (chuckle) Even more so than I did to my precious dark arts and the magic of the dead...

MALDROS

(sfx temple) Back here...I found it back here.

UNA'S PATRON

He took us to...an abandoned and ruined temple in his homeland, where we would seek a powerful ally. A master of the dark power of necromancy... (chuckle) do not judge me. I was no stranger to the dead. But he...he was a legend for it. And in my arrogance... I...believed I could control him.

(SFX - struggle screaming)
 He...imprisoned me. Imprisoned me in a tomb hewn from my own pride and ignorance, deep in the ancient burial ground of Strath. Northeast of Kur and the Bloodwood Mountains...in southern Skathi. And there is where you must find me...and free me.

DABRIA

Why should we help you? There is nothing in Strath for us.

NAR - KELDOR

The room snapped to Dabria's face. Her hands were clenched tight as she looked at her dark sister.

UNA'S PATRON

(angry, annoyed) Because, little girl, I'm the only hope you have...and frankly you are wrong. With me lies an ancient and powerful relic capable of destroying entire armies... (chuckle) Did you actually think Una could see the future by herself, navigating the world of the clairvoyant without me? It was MY will that helped you escape the army. It was MY direction to assist... (softly) Zorin. (pause before returning to anger) Una. Serves. Me...

BENEDICT

Who are...

CORDELIA

Wait...oh my...

UNA'S PATRON

(chuckle) Oh someone is a bright one. Tell me, little mage...do you know who I am?

NAR - KELDOR

Memory flooded her. She saw herself in the Ivory Library for the first time, reading a book about...three adventurers.

CORDELIA

In the Ivory Library I read that in the early days, Lord Pallus and Maldros the Dark traveled with a powerful Sorceress...One that my order respected though she was... unconventional... maybe that was actually more out of...

UNA'S PATRON

Fear? (chuckle) Yes Cordelia, well done and pleased...to meet you. I...am Ash De La Rosa.

Scene 2

Open with a Dabria flashback again with Rassler. They head to the Ivory Library to research the hammer of the dwarven kings and then to Bemil to find a ship. Skotmir begins to talk to Sophie about Bloodwood and starts to want to go there to restore the hammer of the dwarven kings. Una gets sick on one drink. Vash meets and befriends the local Bemil judges drinking in the pub. Zorin finds Kiri, who hurts his arm in a friendly handshake. Then finds Jolith who almost destroys him. Turns out they are making the run to the northern port of Kur the next day and they can travel south from there.

YOUNG RASSLER

Hey...Dabria. Think fast!

(SFX clattering mess, schoolkids laughing)

Oops. Looked good, too.

NAR - KELDOR

The familiar smell of the dead, old spices - used to make the thick paste of the meal more palatable - wafted to her nose. It mixed with the musty stone floor as Dabria's memory bent to pick up the dented tin platter and spoon. She looked up in the large room and saw hundreds of eyes on her. Jeering. The mess hall within the barracks of Enruk was alive with the young officers gathering for their meal. They were the chosen leadership of Lord Pallus's army, being groomed to lead expendable shock troops either as front line officers or, hopefully, as Centurions with hundreds of bodies to command.

(Long SE of children laughing)

OFFICER BOY 1

Hey, move it!

OFFICER BOY 2

Yeah, some of us wanna eat!

YOUNG DABRIA

I'm not sorry, Rassler. You better leave Una alone.

YOUNG RASSLER

You better watch yourself, you and your freak friend... (chuckle) Oh, while you were away...we found something of yours.

NAR - KELDOR

The young officer's dark brown eyes coldly held Dabria's as she produced a small wooden bear cupped in her hand. The red ribbon was worn and faded to rose pink threads.

YOUNG DABRIA

Give that back.

GUARD 1

You punks need to move...NOW!
(SFX Tavern)

BARTENDER

Miss? You...you alright there?

DABRIA

Huh? Oh...oh yes, all is well...

BARTENDER

Sure? Ok...you just looked pretty pale for a minute there. (chuckle, then whispering over the sound of the bar) Don't want you getting sick on the bartop I just cleaned, you know.

DABRIA

I know this is your first night here but it's not mine, so... (chuckle) Not a chance. I'll take another pour of that sour red wine I've come to enjoy of yours.

BARTENDER

Of course.

NAR - KELDOR

A month had passed since the reveal of Una's secret. The group had decided that they would set off again together to make way back to the old country, to the southern border of the Cold Giant lands. They would travel to an ancient tomb known as Strath, a forgotten landmark that was shrouded in mystery. Dabria now found herself in the coastal city of Bemil, at the Slow Match Inn, where they were spending, hopefully, the last of their nights in this town. The bartender made his way to the middle of the long, dark wood bar to where the slender blue bottle of tart wine was held. An unusual pair sat just on the other side, talking to each other

SOPHIE

(laughing) Look at those fools over there! They

should have learned something about Zorin taking their money last time we sailed together. (chuckle)
Too funny.

SKOTMIR

(distant) Yeah... (beat) Sophie...if the pieces in this bag are what Cordelia says they are...we...

BARTENDER

Cordelia?

SKOTMIR

Yeah. Over there in the white dress with her cousin.

SOPHIE

She's my best friend! (beat) Hey...actually, I know she likes that ginger mead. Can you send one her way...on me?

BARTENDER

Sure thing. W...what about him?

SKOTMIR

Oh Bene...

SOPHIE

Shh!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict's fame for the retaking of Garnet Keep was spreading, and they were under strict orders not to speak his name.

SKOTMIR

Oh, uh...him? He's milk drinker. Hahaha! I'll buy him one of those too.

BARTENDER

Sounds good. I'll get them right over. You may want to make sure your friend gets to bed soon over there. She can't just sleep on my bar all night.

SKOTMIR

No problem, we'll get her. (grunt) Hey, Una...Una!

UNA

(Groan) Oh...my. (drunken mumbling)

SOPHIE

Bedtime. (grunt) Let's get you to bed.

UNA
Ahm fine...

SKOTMIR
Yup! Perfect. Hahaha!

UNA
I'm sorry I...

SKOTMIR
Stop. (grunt) You're fine, remember? Don't worry about it.

SOPHIE
We all had fun tonight.

NAR - KELDOR
As they carried their friend to her quarters, Sophie looked over the raven-clad shoulder of Una at a table where a familiar pair of Minotaurs were laughing with Zorin. She felt Zane smile as her eyes met the deep blue eyes of the powerful Kiri, Quartermaster of The Sun God.

Scene 3

Benedict and Cordelia made a trip to the warehouse to find Lamprey as Keldor requested. Lamprey was tied up as a hostage, Kharne and the Wolfen mercenaries kidnap them (magical hold on Benedict as the other two restrain Cordelia. Then a sleep spell.) They send a note to Zorin with a letter at the hotel saying they had to return to Garnet Keep and to continue on without them. They board Triscuit's ship and run into a huge storm.

(SFX Walking down the street)

CORDELIA
So tell me again...what are we doing?

BENEDICT
Keldor's note says we need to meet Lamprey down the street.

NAR - KELDOR
The crowds were bustling as the fish markets reached their peak time in that cool morning. The sun hadn't risen too high to warm the fresh catch of the day from the wharf. The briny copper and vinegar smell of the sea wafted gently in the breeze, and was not too

overpowering as to turn them away. It was familiar. Cordelia thought of the days in Port L'For where she would accompany Zorin to the docks to buy fish for their meals. Despite the pleasant memory, something was still bothering her about this strange errand.

CORDELIA

But...in secret? We all know Lamprey and...

BENEDICT

Yes, secret...that's Keldor's instructions. Lamprey has been on some...secret assignment for the Keep for months. Not sure what...

CORDELIA

You really don't know, then?

BENEDICT

No...that was between Keldor and he...I've learned sometimes that knowing too much can do more harm than good...Needlessly worrying about things you can't control.

CORDELIA

That makes sense. Still wish we could have said more to the team, though.

BENEDICT

It's only a moment. Besides, I...trust Keldor but...but I...don't know if I'm just worrying too much but...ah...that's got to be it.

NAR - KELDOR

The tarred brick building was a centralized warehouse for the local fishermen. Used for off-season storage of non-perishable equipment, it was rarely frequented and the light guard was simply the regular city guard on patrol. Quiet. They entered the single door on the west side, meant for the polite entry of guests. Beyond the empty grey and crimson front desk was the huge expanse of the warehouse floor. It was cloaked in darkness. Of the 20 tall stacks of crates, only a few of the rows were illuminated by a few windows and a pair of skylights from above. Coming in from the morning sky made this even more foreboding.

BENEDICT

(hushed) Ah. This...is dark.

CORDELIA

(hushed) Should I...

BENEDICT

(hushed) No...not yet. I don't feel any evil threat here, at least.

CORDELIA

(hushed) Ok.

NAR - KELDOR

The cousins made their way into the dark musty room. Benedict's plate armor glinted as it passed through a sunbeam, casting some light to scatter along a crate marked "House Venre."

CORDELIA

(hushed) The Baron.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict held up a hand to stop them as he pointed to a single figure in the room, standing with his back turned to them. His familiar black and red tunic fell from his shoulders and the Sword and Crown of the Order was faded but visible on his back. Benedict drew his sword slowly. Something wasn't right.

BENEDICT

That's odd...Lamprey?

NAR - KELDOR

Seeing him draw Kettlebane, Cordelia ignored Benedict's warning and began chanting to herself, feeling the warm glow in her hands as the crates and Benedict's back began to illuminate in what appeared to be torchlight. In reality, the four-inch sphere of coiling flame was turning in her hands, ready to take action. The flame illuminated the back of their friend as he turned slowly, his left eye wide as it appeared from the salt and pepper muttonchops. Mutton chops that revealed a dirty gag in his mouth.

LAMPREY

(Muffled) Run! Ambush!
(SFX - impact)

CORDELIA

Ah!

BENEDICT

Cordelia!

BARTENDER

Don't fight!

BENEDICT

Ah! (SFX - impact) You...

BARTENDER

Gather them up, let's go. We are done here.

NAR - KELDOR

As his head throbbed from the impact of an assailant hidden in the shadows, Benedict could feel the warm trickle of blood run a rivulet from the crown of his head across one closed eye. It entered the corner of his mouth, bathing his tongue in a the familiar iron taste as he felt rough bonds of hempen rope bind his hands. As he swayed from his knelt position he used all his energy to open his other eye. Standing over the collapsed form of Cordelia stood the bartender from last night. The same one who delivered Keldor's note.

Scene 4

NAR - KELDOR

A few days had passed aboard The Sun God as they set their course toward the northern Sea of Storms. Zorin noted how dark the water seemed, a frothy deep teal, and the cloudy northern days felt unwelcome and cold. Being employed by the Southlands trade route, he had never traveled this far north. That wasn't what weighed heavy on his mind. It was the note and hasty exit of Benedict.

ZORIN

I'll say it again. I hope he's ok.

VASH

He's fine. Benedict will get back there and all will be well. The Keep has its own burden and if Keldor is sick it makes sense Benedict and Cordelia would help make sure things got done. Besides, who needs a Paladin when they got us? Right?

ZORIN

Eh...

VASH

(joke pleading) Come on...you know its true...

ZORIN

(chuckle) Ok...yeah, it'll be ok.

NAR - KELDOR

The mighty deck of The Sun God heaved as it slammed effortlessly into a large wave. Zorin looked up and smiled at the familiar beams of the ship that had brought them to the new world. He was thankful to be back on deck. He had known many ships, but Captain Triscuit and Jolith had become close friends over that journey. Felt almost like a second family.

VASH

Hey...let's go see if it's time for the rum ration yet.

ZORIN

(chuckles) Heh! ...um lesse here. Yeah...let's go ahead and check.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin looked aft toward the rear of the ship and took note of the cloaked glow of the sun hidden in the clouds, just slightly higher than where the Captain stood at the helm. Definitely later in the afternoon, he would guess, and as good a time as ever to check. Perhaps a wet could chase back some of the chill they felt in the air.

JOLITH

(shouting) There's a storm rolling in, Captain! Northwest by west and should be here in a turn. She be a quick one!

CAPTAIN TRISCUIT

Aye. Set the mainsail in a deep reef and adjust course 30 degrees to the southeast. No bother to outrun that monster.

JOLITH

Aye. (yelling) Alright, lads! Man the topsail clewlines and buntlines! (beat) Weather topsail braces! Hands by the lee braces, bowlines, and halliards!

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin and the deckhands set to work, tying back sails to the 40 foot yard of the mainsail. In sync, the other sails were reefed as ordered. The storm grew closer. The cold air picked up, and a shiver ran down Zorin's back.

JOLITH

(shouting) Haul out the reef tackles! Haul up the

Bluntlines! Lay out!

DABRIA

(shouting) That's no storm!

ZORIN

Oh my god...Vash, do you see what...Vash?

NAR - KELDOR

Vash stared into the approaching storm, the familiar green hue of the darkened clouds which usually portended hail. The sun began to disappear behind them. The green glow intensified from within the clouds as lightning crackled from within.

(SFX - Creaking and shouting)

The deck burst into panicked shouts as the crew collectively saw the dark clouds burst open, revealing the bow of a thundering ancient ship...glowing green with an unearthly ghost light... and bearing down directly towards them.

(SFX thunderclap)

S5E7 - ENDORA FOXGLOVEScene 1

The front of the ship busts off, creating a great sea anchor in the waves as the bow of the Sea Hag's ghost ship slams into them. She recognizes Vash and Vash struggles with the story of his youth from his father.

(SFX - creaking snapping and screams)

CAPTAIN TRISCUIT

Mister Jolith!/*

JOLITH

Repel boarders!

SOPHIE

Come on, Skotmir!

SKOTMIR

(battlecry)

NAR - KELDOR

The rotten, barnacle-encrusted figurehead slammed across the forward deck like a screaming banshee. The dead ship followed, and its shrieking crew of skeletal sailors spilled onto their deck. The green and blue ghostlight wrapped them all in the eerie glow of the undead.

ZORIN

Oh my god...what...is it?

VASH

You're the sailor, you tell me!

ZORIN

To that rail! Follow me!

NAR - KELDOR

The pair ran in the opposite direction of the rag-and-seaweed-clad bones of these ancient dead. Sophie swung her sword as the dwarven axe of Skotmir bit into the first shrieking warriors.

(SFX - Sophie and Skotmir take down a few finally. A BIG HEAVE)

SKOTMIR

Woah! Gyah! Ahh!

SOPHIE

Hold on! Gyah!

NAR - KELDOR

They stumbled backwards as the great ship's hardwood decks groaned and splintered under the weight of the animated wreckage. The smell of salt brine and rotten wood was dulled by the violent icy rain and hail that pelted their soaked bodies. Zorin and Vash grabbed the far rail to hold on as they looked back in horror. The Sun God was sinking. From here they could see how this ancient ship towered above the deck. Zorin squinted as his eyes stung...menacingly the tall masts ended in faint sails he had never seen before. Or had he?

ZORIN

Are those...dragons wings? How...why?

VASH

That's insane. That would mean...

DABRIA

Sophie and Skotmir are already helping by attacking, and you two clowns are back here?

NAR - KELDOR

Vash and Zorin looked at each other briefly before turning to the stoic former commander of the dark army.

ZORIN

(nodding) Yup.

VASH

(nodding) Definitely.

DABRIA

Ugh... (sigh) Fine. You're with me then. (beat) Look. See how they are spilling out from that point on the rear of the deck?

ZORIN

Yeah? It that their source?

DABRIA

Close. It's the source of whatever is commanding them. Otherwise, mindless dead would just wander around aimlessly. (beat) Come on...let's get up what's left of our mainmast there and maybe we can see over the top better.

ZORIN

No offense, but that's the mizzen...Uh..

DABRIA

(growling)

ZORIN

Ok I...whatever. Sure I'm stupid, just follow me!

NAR - KELDOR

The trio ran to the familiar hempen webbing of the shrouds and swung up to climb quickly to the top of the mizzen. The polished oak spar was intact on the last of the three mighty masts that had once propelled them across the ocean. Dabria pointed across the exposed glowing deck of their assailant. A single figure stood clad in the dark teal and black rags of a once proud ancient Captain.

ENDORA FOXGLOVE

Yes!! Kill them all!!! Take no quarter and bring me his head! HAHAHA! Gyah!!!

NAR - KELDOR

Their hands shot out and blue fire erupted around them as they hurled it at the deck of The Sun God. Screams of the terrified sailors made Zorin cringe. Dabria raised her own hand up as she gripped the goat's horn necklace in the other.

DABRIA

Dark one! Cloud and blind her!

NAR - KELDOR

A green cloud of toxic fumes formed around the dead Captain. Vash took aim with a single glowing arrow.

ENDORA FOXGLOVE

What is... (SFX ARROW HIT) Gyah! Enough!

NAR - KELDOR

The flames died as she brought a globe of shimmering purple energy around her body, shielding her. She reached out a slimy, parchment-like hand and yanked the arrow from her shoulder. The waterlogged and molded wool of the jacket didn't present any resistance to this action and she glared back at them with clouded cruel eyes.

ENDORA FOXGLOVE

You...YOU!!!

NAR - KELDOR

As Dabria began to chant for another spell, Zorin followed the intense gaze of the Captain back to Vash's wide eyes.

VASH

No...not...possible...

Scene 2

Flashback in Vash's head about the Silverbrands and how they defeated her in the war of the stone.

NAR - KELDOR

Vash stared in awe at the Hag before him. It was as though she'd leapt straight off of the musty old pages of a forgotten storybook left to collect dust. The disrupted sea lashed about the ship, its salty waters sprinkling across his lightly bearded cheeks, like soft rainfall. The smell of the briny water pulled his mind away from the ship, to a time of his youth.

(Transition to memory)

YOUNG VASH

Grandfather?

NAR - KELDOR

Vash remembered the memory as if it had only happened yesterday. He had climbed up on some rickety old railing that lined the steep rocky path he and his grandfather had been walking on. The wooden beams were worn smooth from years of being a handhold as the path inclined upward to the summit of his favorite hill. The seabirds could be heard along with his grandfather's breath as they rounded the top to stand on a dirt patch surrounded by deep green grasses and moss covered stones. They loved this place. It gave the most perfect view of Foxglove Bay and the docks of Redvale below. Vash climbed onto the railing to sit, feeling the soft breeze in his dark hair. He felt the cord of the small shortbow over his shoulder absently, in thought.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Yes, my boy?

YOUNG VASH

Um...

NAR - KELDOR

Vash paused, trying to think of his next words. Juno, his mentor at the manor, encouraged him to ask this question of his grandfather but old Leonard Silverbrand had a history of power. Though his daughter, Shae, had taken over the running of house and manor, he still carried a certain awe about him. Deep brown skin with a thin silver moustache that was meticulously trimmed to the upper lip twisted slightly as his icy blue eyes looked at the young man.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

(chuckle) Lost your nerve, eh? Must not have been too important...

YOUNG VASH

Uh..can you tell me the story of Foxglove Bay?

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Well...I think you are a little too young for that story. And that's my final word.

NAR - KELDOR

Leonard turned away, hiding the slight smile at stoking his grandson's ire. At this, the young Vash furrowed his dark eyebrows, hopping off the railing to face his grandfather, noticeably trying to stand taller than he actually was.

YOUNG VASH

That's what you always say! I'm old enough now, tell me! Please?

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Hmmm. I'm not too sure. It's a terrifying tale. Too scary for some folk.

YOUNG VASH

Not me! I like scary tales!

NAR - KELDOR

Vash stomped his foot proudly, which caused his grandfather to chuckle in amusement. Vash's facial expression shifted from pride to pure annoyance.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Okay, okay. (Chuckle) Calm yourself, child, I will tell you the story while we walk.

YOUNG VASH
Okay!

NAR - KELDOR

His grandfather offered his hand, which Vash took in excitement as they continued down the road toward the busy docks. It was Friday, the day the fishermen returned with their catch but also when the expeditions were set to return from Dragonclaw Island.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

The tale begins where it always does for us Silverbrands, on the vast seas. It was the war of the stone, and word traveled fast of a terrible and vicious pirate who assisted the Dark One and his armies by leading his navy to carry out harsh, dark deeds. Her name was Endora. Endora Foxglove.

Our Ancestors caught word that her vessel had been spotted in the harbor south of Venere, and wasted no time to meet her on those frigid waters. Menacing dark clouds began circling her ship as they approached. A green glow was inside the clouds. Remember what I told you about that, right?

YOUNG VASH
Hail...

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Good boy, Vash! Yes. Hail. But this was sinister and almost moved on its own devilish path...

As the sky grew dark, flashes of lightning cracked through the clouds, and the waters became unsettled. It suddenly became very clear to us Silverbrands that evil magic was at play.

NAR - KELDOR

Vash looked up at his grandfather, his eyes wide and twinkling with excitement. He imagined himself on that ship, sailing into the storm. He imagined his hair whipping in the wind and the adrenaline rush as he prepared for a battle that would change history.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Flaming ballista rocketed between the two vessels, wood cracking and shards flying into the wind, blood dyeing the waters red. As the two sides fought, they saw her. That terrible Pirate Queen...She stood on the highest mast of her ship, chanting in an evil

language. And as she chanted, the clouds began to pour. The longer, and more intense her chants, the harder the rain and hail came down.

As the rain soaked the queen, her beauty began to wash away. Her skin took on a murky green hue and her hair darkened, eventually becoming a sopping mop of kelp. Before their eyes, she transformed into the Sea Hag.

She raised her unnaturally elongated fingers into the sky, and screeched the word "RISE!"

NAR - KELDOR

Without realizing it, Vash was squeezing his grandfather's hand so tightly that his fingers were turning white. He smiled down at young Vash.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Is it too scary?

YOUNG VASH

No! I need to know how it ends! Please keep going.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

(Chuckle) If you say so... Now, where was I? Oh, yes.

The waters below them slowly began to rise. As the lightning flashed in the sky, it's said that you could see the silhouette of a massive creature beginning to pull itself to the surface. But our ancestors knew they couldn't allow that to happen. Little did the Hag know, they had a trick up their sleeves. They called on an ancient being of their own, using a conch shell...a magical conch shell. The waters shifted once more, circling the terrifying creature just below the surface, a maelstrom pulling it back down to the depths, and the Sea Hag and her ship were dragged down with it. For good measure, before the ship sank to that last mast, the Hag's heart was pierced by a thrown spear. And her last gargled breaths were spent cursing the Silverbrand name, vowing to slay them and their heirs, destroying the Silverbrands for good.

NAR - KELDOR

As they finally made their trip to the docks, Vash let go of his grandfather's hand, running to the edge of the water. He stared out at the waves, smiling wide.

YOUNG VASH

Wow... Did we really do that? Did we really take down an evil Sea Hag queen?

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

Oh, it's just a fairytale, child. Passed down through our family.

NAR - KELDOR

His eyes found the line where the sky and sea met, and he couldn't help but wonder what else was out there. He was certain he could find amazing adventures, like in his grandfather's stories.

GRANDPA SILVERBRAND

...but its always wise to regard all fairytales...at least a little bit...as warnings.

Scene 3

Sea Hag hits all of them with a 3pronged chain lightning. Dabria casts poison cloud and the Hag creates a globe of invulnerability, laughing. The ship is sinking.

NAR - KELDOR

The crew screamed in horror as a rogue wave slammed across the deck, washing the living and dead alike to swim in the deep green frothing tide. They were sinking. Jolith knew.

JOLITH

ABANDON SHIP! Come on, Captain!

CAPTAIN TRISCUIT

No!

JOLITH

sigh I won't let you die!

NAR - KELDOR

The minotaur picked up the Captain in one arm as he protested. The old Captain, in disbelief, was carried swiftly to a ship's boat clinging to one side. He shouted up to the familiar sailor in the rigging.

JOLITH

Zorin, get your friends out of here!

NAR - KELDOR

The possibilities raced through Zorin's mind. If they

ran...

ZORIN

(to himself) She would just chase us... (calling)
Jolith, go!

JOLITH

You idiot, there's only one boat! C'mon!

THE FINAL WORD

Look, my love...

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin heeded the voice of his blade in his mind and looked across the deck of the Sea Hag's ship. There, swinging from the opposite side, was what appeared to be a very weathered but possibly seaworthy boat.

ZORIN

I told you, you big dumb ox! We got this!

JOLITH

(chuckles) Ok. Ok, little brother. Luck and honor be with you!

NAR - KELDOR

He held up his arm, which ended in the three blades of the trident he wore in place of his hand. Saluting Zorin one last time, he and the remaining crew made preparations to drop the boat into the icy water, taking their chances with the raging sea.

UNA

Fee ta sha shlak! Et toe!

NAR - KELDOR

Una drew her spear close and, using it to focus her spell, slammed it to the deck...sending a shockwave out and knocking waves of the undead back toward their own twisted ship.

ZORIN

Hey! Everyone! All of you! We gotta go!

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin pointed at the opposite side of the towering vessel. Sophie saw the signal and grabbed Skotmir's collar as he chopped into another dead sailor's hip.

SKOTMIR

Gyah! Die you little...woah!

SOPHIE

We gotta go, short stuff!

NAR - KELDOR

Una, Sophie and Skotmir ran along the flank of the crawling undead hoard and up the broken mainmast of their own ship, now serving as a twisted gangplank to the deck of the Sea Hag's ship.

SOPHIE

Gyah!

UNA

Gyah! Go!

SKOTMIR

Move!

NAR - KELDOR

As they ran upwards, they barreled through a few crawling, rotten corpses that had found their way to this path. At the same time, Dabria, Vash and Zorin ran down the yard 30 feet above the deck of the Sun God and leapt 10 feet down to the deck of the taller ship of their adversary.

DABRIA

Go! She's mine! GYAH!!

ENDORA FOXGLOVE

Gyah!

NAR - KELDOR

Lighting rocketed out from Dabria's outstretched hand as the twisted Captain stepped out of the way.

ENDORA FOXGLOVE

Time to dance with the ferryman! Do give him my regards! HAHAAHAHA!!!

NAR - KELDOR

A thunderclap rolled out, throwing everyone to the deck of the ship, their ears ringing and dazed. Zorin heard one voice call out.

THE FINAL WORD

Zorin...Zorin! Zorin, listen to me! Vash must call her name!

ZORIN

(groaning) Vash...say it...

VASH
(groaning) Say what?!

ZORIN
Her name.

VASH
What? What name... How do you...

ZORIN
Just do it!

NAR - KELDOR
Vash stood up and looked at her sneering kelp-and-barnacle-lined face. The rotten felt of once-proud Captain's clothes clung to her putrid frame and was topped by a ruined black and navy tricorn...there was no mistaking in his mind anymore.

ENDORA FOXGLOVE
Yes! There you are, my son. Come to mommy, HAHAAHAH!!

VASH
Endora!

ENDORA FOXGLOVE
What?! How....

VASH
Endora Foxglove! Be gone!

ENDORA FOXGLOVE
(Shrieking)

DABRIA
Run to the boat!

NAR - KELDOR
The deck heaved and splintered as Endora dropped to her knees at the sound of her own name, a name she hadn't heard in over 1500 years. She was reminded of her life before on the seas, before it was taken. Before she became...this. Then her nostalgia was replaced by cold hard hate as her ship was driven under the waves again. The companions jumped into the creaking ship's boat.

ENDORA FOXGLOVE
No!!! CURSE YOU SILVERBRAND!!! GYAHHH!!!

ZORIN

Cut the lines, Sophie!

SOPHIE

Gyah!

NAR - KELDOR

The creaky grey and midnight planks of the boat slapped the waves hard with a splash as they hit the water, free of its mooring on the ship just...as the deck of the giant ship slipped below the waves. The sky started to clear...

UNA

Row! (Grunting)

DABRIA

Watch out! (Grunting) The masts!

ZORIN

Woah!(Grunting)

NAR - KELDOR

They paddled quickly out of the way of the sails as they followed the ship below the water. The dragon's wings of the long beams cut into the calming waves, disappearing into nothingness. The sky was cloudy, but calm...as were the waves.

ZORIN

(panting)

SOPHIE

(panting)

DABRIA

(panting) Um...friend of yours? I'm assuming Vash, that WASN'T a (holds up quote fingers) "Thieves' Language" on the wall or on the book? What are you hiding?

VASH

Woah...woah, Dabria. I...I... (panting) promise I owe you all an...explanation...whew...ugh... (slumps into a passed out state)

UNA

What? Really?

DABRIA

He's out cold.

ZORIN

Well that'll have to wait. Where...oh boy.

NAR - KELDOR

As the world calmed around them, Vash passed out in the center of the creaky boat. Resolved they wouldn't be getting an answer for a while, Zorin looked around in dread at the vast, empty ocean.

Scene 4

Benedict and Cordelia are bouncing in the back of the cart, hearing them change into werewolves but unsure if that's what they are. They end up in Wolfen, just outside the Obsidian Fortress they see standing in the distance, from the slit of a window they are afforded.

BENEDICT

(grunt) Huh?!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict woke up with a start, trying to get a grip on his surroundings. It was pitch black, and he felt wood beneath him, creaking, rocking. He quickly came to realize he was in a moving wagon. He struggled to focus his eyes, to try and make out anything in the darkness.

BENEDICT

Cordelia!

NAR - KELDOR

He called out, panic flaring in his chest as the fog from his mind cleared, and he realized he had no idea where she was. He was calmed quickly, however, hearing a form shift in the darkness and feeling her shoulder bump into his to signal she was there.

CORDELIA

(Whispered) Shh... Listen.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict was confused at first, but put his trust in his cousin's judgement. Initially, he could only hear the creaking of the wagon as it tumbled down a dirt road, and the occasional nicker of a horse. What eventually followed were sounds Benedict could not quite place. The only way he'd be able to describe it, was as fibers from a damp cloth, slowly stretching, and tearing, along with the cracking and

breaking of sticks, and guttural growls. Cordelia pressed herself to her cousin for comfort...

CORDELIA

(Whisper) What is happening?

BENEDICT

(Whisper) I don't know.

(SFX - Crescendo of tension intensifies)

NAR - KELDOR

And that's when the howling began. The first howl echoed farther down the road, starting a chain reaction. Others were just on the other side of the cart. The horses got louder too, with nervous neighs, but they didn't spook enough to stop or go off on a frenzy. It was as if they had been conditioned to this.

NAR - KELDOR

Neither slept as the howling, growls and yips continued all around them throughout the night. But as the night faded and the sun rose, so did the noises of the creatures. Soon, they were completely silent.

(SFX - Bass Drop to silence)

BENEDICT

(whispered prayer)

CORDELIA

(panting) Pl...please...p... (fades to rest)

(SFX Transition)

NAR - KELDOR

Days and nights went by, only marked in time by when they fell asleep, or felt the slimy end of some stewed meat or the polished end of the wineskin touch their chapped lips twice between rests. They were prisoners now.

CORDELIA

(groaning) Wha...is that...?

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia shifted as she began hearing livestock and crowds of people, and smelled roasting meat and stew over the wet mud and snow of this remote place. Her stomach screamed at her for leaving it empty. Weeks...it had to have been weeks since she'd heard civilization. Though they weren't starved, they ate much less than they were used to due to the grueling pace they had kept.

CORDELIA

Eh...(groaning) Come...on.

NAR - KELDOR

Crawling, her unused muscles painfully objected as they creaked to sit up. Rubbing one side of her face, the time-loosened blindfold slipped down slightly, allowing one eye to see. Light shot like daggers in her head. She took a glance through one of the slits in the wood, and was not prepared for what she saw.

CORDELIA

Ah!....Ugh, whew...oh...Oh no.... Benedict? Benedict, look.

BENEDICT

Wha?...Who...

CORDELIA

Here, sit up a little over...(grunting) here. Use the side to...here, lemme help you.

BENEDICT

Wait...ugh! Ahh, thanks... (groans)

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict's eye was soon freed and that morning sunlight was piercing as well. In the not-so-far distance, dark menacing spires rose toward the sky, the base of the massive citadel dropping into the rocky cliffs a few miles away...looming over this small village they were being pulled into. Benedict's heart sank.

CORDELIA

Is...is that the...

BENEDICT

It has to be. The Obsidian Fortress.

S5E8 - WOLFENScene1

Benedict and Cordelia are dragged out and see the antler on display in the middle of town. They are taken to Maldros's camp. He doesn't recognize them, as Kharne decides at the last minute to not release their names. Instead he sells them as common thieves and has them thrown into the dungeons of the Obsidian Fortress.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict found himself walking now, one weary foot in front of the other in the cold dirty slush of the road. Snow had melted slightly in the day's sun, to soften and churn with the red clay of the road. They were leaving the rough log and thatch shack they had stayed overnight in when they arrived.

KHARNE

I have to say, I am impressed.

NAR - KELDOR

The man who earlier introduced himself as "Kharne" was referring to their attempted escape a few hours ago. The guards had loosened their bonds to take their armor, leaving them in simple clothes. They saw a chance to get out and took it. Benedict only went down after delivering a few well placed blows with his trained fists, and Cordelia mustered all her energies into whatever magic she could conjure up to give them time to get out...but it was no good. They were both far too weak to stand a chance.

KHARNE

One of my men is mending a broken nose and arm. And another will be nursing some nasty burns for a while as well. In the state you are both in, that is some...good work. Here we are...you know the drill, hop in.

MARGOT

Hey you...

NAR - KELDOR

They had reached the familiar horse-drawn carriage. This time the shrouds had been removed and replaced with two benches to sit on. One of the guards was standing in the center of the cart, offering her hand to help them up. She wore dark leather armor of

mahogany and red, and her dirty blonde hair hung tucked behind her ears. She smiled at Benedict.

MARGOT

You're finally awake. (groans as she helps him up)

BENEDICT

(groans then chuckles) No thanks to you. You have a strong left I didn't see.

MARGOT

(chuckles) Sit over there while I get your friend.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia and the warrior known as Margot sat down in the back of the cart.

CORDELIA

(grunt)

KHARNE

Cordelia, you are a great spellcaster...I hope my trust is not misplaced and you won't do anything foolish, correct?

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia didn't answer. Kharne shrugged. Turning back, he nudged the reigns and clicked his tongue against his teeth behind his short cropped raven-black beard, signaling the cart to move. They cut slowly into the same slushy muck they had walked in.

KHARNE

(clears throat) I...I am Kharne. You...are in Redpine, home of my people. (sarcastic) The sprawling metropolis of Wolfen. You can see how rich we are... there's someone selling day old bread. And hey, that kid right there probably chooses not to eat for a week right?

BENEDICT

I'm...I'm sorry to hear that your people suffer.

NAR - KELDOR

Kharne raised an eyebrow at the comment. He didn't want pity, but to have this prisoner show humanity was...unexpected.

KHARNE

Uh...I appreciate your understanding. The rich East where you are used to having plenty to eat and

wear...well..out here in these more savage lands things are more...primal. We have to make do with what we can. And we take care of our own to survive.

NAR - KELDOR

As Kharne spoke, Benedict's attention was pulled toward two lit braziers as their cart tumbled past. In the middle, on a pedestal, sat a single, ancient, stag's antler. It seemed to call to him and all time slowed...

(SFX - Flashback)

Suddenly, Benedict stood on ancient, rocky terrain. He felt as if he had regained all his strength, but a heaviness bore on his heart. A sense of dread. He glanced down and found he was wearing armor again. But not his own, as the chest piece had a stag's head emblazoned on it. He glanced up, and found fog surrounding him. It moved and shifted, revealing an army behind him, carrying a banner of the same stag on his armor. Looking across the barren field, he found another army, carrying a banner of a wolf. He had a gut feeling that all wasn't what it seemed here. And with that thought, a screech echoed among the fog. Benedict's attention was pulled up, to find an eagle soaring high above, watching...waiting. An owl landed on a branch next to him and he thought he saw it smile...

The light drizzle of rain pulled Benedict out of his vision, and back to the dreary town they traveled through.

BENEDICT

(whispered) Thank you, Knightlord. Wait...what the...?

NAR - KELDOR

He looked at Margot and quickly realized, emblazoned on her armor was the same wolf of the opposing army from the vision. The leather was much more modern in style though, and he noted this was the same armor Kharne wore as well.

KHARNE

(serious and apologetic) Hey...I...I don't blame you two for wanting to escape... (chuckles) Needless to say, I'm impressed. You are every ounce the hero we have heard about...Benedict Shieldheart.

BENEDICT

What do you want with us? Why are you doing this?

KHARNE

The answer to that has many layers. The short version? Pallus runs the fortress now, and he... (under breath) his greatness... (normal volume) would give anything to have you two in his hands. And as I said before, that money could help us...eat...for a while...(beat then somber)...whether or not we get blood on our hands to do it.

NAR - KELDOR

There was a silence for the remainder of the journey as they approached an encampment. Some of the guards stood, and hopped off the slow-moving cart to walk ahead. As they closed the distance, they noted the guards and soldiers here wore different armor, a recognizable dark armor that Benedict was very familiar with. Both the guards that both walked alongside the cart, and who sat with Benedict and Cordelia...tensed, and became very, very silent. Benedict turned his attention to one of the guards across the cart from him.

BENEDICT

Ongra gjagan vok ur voth gana ilv fun stund?
(Dwarvish: Please tell us are we going to a fun place?)

NAR - KELDOR

The guard looked surprised, as Benedict asked the question in Dwarvish.

RAVIA

It's...best not to speak. (hushed) Besides, your Dwarvish needs work.

BENEDICT

(hushed) Can you tell us where we are going? I am Benedict. What is your name?

RAVIA

(sigh) I know who you are. (pause) Ravia.

BENEDICT

Can you help? We just want to...know why?

NAR - KELDOR

Ravia looked around nervously, but everyone continued marching. Kharne looked back and nodded solemnly. He let out a hefty sigh, and they both could see shame shining in his eyes. Cordelia, Benedict and Ravia leaned in to cloak their conversation.

RAVIA

Our options are to serve Lord Pallus, or die. Our people are cursed, and he has a tight grip around our necks. I'm sorry...we're.. we're just doing what we have to in order to survive.

CORDELIA

Curse? Can we help you break this curse?

RAVIA

That is impossible. The only one who could break this curse is our Sage. And he...he is no longer with us.

KHARNE

(calling out) Prisoners coming through!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict opened his mouth to respond but Ravia shook his head, gesturing towards the front of the cart. They had reached the middle of the encampment now and Benedict saw a slightly familiar figure. Waiting for them stood a tall man powerfully built and shrouded in tight, dark cloth like a close fitting shadow. Benedict could sense something very wrong in him, now that he was closer than when he was in the stands of Enruk. He struggled to remember his name. His red eyes, behind the blackened iron helm adorned with twin, forward-facing horns, pierced through Cordelia's heart, sending shivers down her spine.

KHARNE

Woah there! Settle down.

NAR - KELDOR

The cart came to a halt, and Ravia assisted Cordelia down gently. He stopped her for a moment, looking at her with a deep regretful frown.

RAVIA

(Whispered) I'm sorry.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia felt herself pitying this poor man. These were people just doing whatever they had to do to survive. She gave him a weak, but reassuring, smile. The two were ushered toward the being with the burning red eyes. As they got closer, Benedict's heart sank as he remembered who he was.

KHARNE

Maldros the Unrelenting, I...

MALDROS

Hearing my old gladiator name never ceases to... bring back such fond memories of these northern fighting pits. (chuckles) But I won my freedom, dog boy...my freedom and my name.

KHARNE

My apologies, Lord Maldros.

MALDROS

That's much better, Kharne. Who do you bring before me? You said they were important but they look like nothing more than rats...or maybe...maggots...

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict was surprised to realize that Maldros didn't notice who they were. Were they so weak and frail that they were really that unrecognizable? It didn't matter, they were both prepared for what surely could only be death, once Kharne disclosed their names. But Kharne's demeanor shifted, and Cordelia noted that he tensed more, glancing towards the two with uncertainty before turning his attention back to Maldros.

KHARNE

They...are thieves and vagrants. We caught them raiding our supply, and with how limited we already are, I assumed you'd want them brought to justice.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia and Benedict risked a shocked glance at each other.

MALDROS

Hmm...You there...come here.

NAR - KELDOR

As Maldros turned to speak to the guard, Kharne carefully snuck a soft smile and nodded at them. He couldn't bring himself to go through with it, and that may have just saved their lives. But, their relief was short-lived and replaced with dread as Maldros replied.

MALDROS

(growl) A waste of my time. They don't even have enough meat on their bones to bring a laugh fighting drakes and bears in the pits. They can rot in a cell for all I care...Take them to the fortress.

GUARD 1

Let's go. Back in the cart. C'mon, move it!
(SFX - grunting and loading back in the
cart to travel again.)

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict and Cordelia were silent as their cart rocked toward the towering Obsidian Fortress. The fortress was massive and menacing, with an array of jagged spires thrusting from the evergreen-covered hills and mountains surrounding it. From a distance, one could assume the fortress was genuinely crafted of pure obsidian. As they came closer, Benedict noted that the dark color also seemed to come from wear, tear and the grime of the other stones that made the walls a dull dark color that blended with the actual obsidian in the trim.

CORDELIA

(hushed) Oh no...

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia became very aware of the roars and growls echoing from beyond a massive rusty portcullis. The same width as the front gate at the Celestine Tower, she noted, but not as welcoming. As they wheeled through the gates of the fortress, her fears were brought to reality, and her heart pounded against her chest in both awe and terror at the huge creatures that surrounded them in the courtyard. The regal sky blue, menacing red, and slender black dragons were freely eating or talking to each other, ignoring these new pests. Both Sheildhearts lowered their heads, not daring to reach any of the beast's gazes as they got out of the cart.

BENEDICT

(groaning as he gets out of the cart)
(SFX Dragon growl)

GUARD 2

Ok, enough lollygagging. Let's go, before you become part of the menu.

NAR - KELDOR

The two were led to the interior of the fortress, and down wet, stone stairs into the dungeons. Not wanting to out themselves as to who they really were, they kept silent. Until...

BENEDICT

No! You can't do this! Don't do it!

NAR - KELDOR

The guard that bound Benedict's hands turned away from Cordelia and her captor, taking another corridor. Benedict struggled, but he had used any energy he had saved on their earlier attempt at an escape.

CORDELIA

Wait! I'll be okay! Just stay safe until we can get out!

BENEDICT

But I...

CORDELIA

Just stop...trust me for once...I'll...I'll be with you. Ok?

BENEDICT

I... (sigh) I trust you. Be strong. May the Knightlord guide you!

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia smiled at him as reassuringly as she could, as they were ushered away. Benedict knew his cousin well, and could still see the concern written over her features, like a dusting of makeup. He watched over his shoulder as they were forced in opposite directions, attempting to make note of where she was going to be held, but they soon lost each other in the dark musty torchlight of the halls under the great fortress.

GUARD 2

Well, here we are. Home sweet home.
(SFX - Gate opens)

BENEDICT

You will pay for this...

GUARD 2

Scoff Hear that? He says we're gonna pay.

GUARD 1

Whatever you say little man...(grunt) Get in there.
(calling) Hey, ol' nutty! Got you a friend, now don't eat him like the last one!
(SFX - Gate closes)

GUARD 2

(laughing) Yeah, that's a good one! Hahaha, gobble him up, he did! (long laugh and banter that fades as they walk away)

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict listened to the guards walk away from the cell, before smacking the ancient oaken door with the heel of his hands in frustration.

BENEDICT

Agh! I have to get out of here...we..have to get...

SAGE

Cough

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict was startled, realizing he wasn't alone. He turned on his heels, his eyes narrowing to focus into the dark corners of the cell. He rubbed his sore wrists where the marks were, from the rough hemp that had bound him.

BENEDICT

Who's there? Show yourself.

NAR - KELDOR

Out of the shadows slowly waddled a frail old man dressed in dirty cream and grey muslin. His wirey, unkempt grey hair and beard framed wise owl-like eyes. He smiled wide at Benedict, revealing rows of teeth covered in yellow.

BENEDICT

Oh...ok.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict relaxed his shoulders, quickly assuming his cellmate was harmless. Well...he hoped.

BENEDICT

My...apologies. What is your name?

NAR - KELDOR

The man merely touched his own throat gently with his long, skeletal fingers and shook his head. He turned and excitedly pointed at the wall where several crude drawings of a stag and a wolf were...then Benedict's eyes grew wide.

BENEDICT

Do I know you?

NAR - KELDOR

He noted how familiar the old man looked, as if stepping out of a recent dream.

BENEDICT

That vision in the square...that was you, wasn't it?
 These drawings...what are they? (suddenly aware)
 Wait...You can't speak, can you?

NAR - KELDOR

The man nodded gently, baring his yellow teeth to offer yet another smile.

TRANSITION

Scene 3

Cordelia in captivity.

CORDELIA

Um...Hello?

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia knew she was not alone in this damp and musty cell as whoever, or whatever, was accompanying her was making a low, gruff, almost growling noise. Obviously not very excited to have a cell mate, she assumed. For a few hours, Cordelia kept to the corner of the cell, closest to the heavy iron-banded oak door. She stayed silent, letting her eyes adjust to the darkness, and weighed her surroundings. There wasn't much to the cell, besides being damp. A little pad of straw was in the corner, but smelled of ammonia and mold.

CORDELIA

Yuck...I'll just sleep by the door.

NAR - KELDOR

After some time, she was able to make out the figure curled up in the opposite corner of the room. He was big, and cradling his arm. He didn't make much more sound than when she'd entered the cell, but his breathing was labored.

CORDELIA

Hey...Are you hurt?

BUMBUB

Mmmmm... (sad groan) Humph! (irritated grunt)

NAR - KELDOR

He let out a distrusting grunt, but shifted his head

to look at her. She could see him much more clearly now. An Orc, powerfully built with midnight skin and eyes that looked like deep pools of blood. Despite such a nightmarish appearance, his face was pleading to end the pain.

CORDELIA

I can help, if you'll let me?

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia shifted to her knees, and the Orc bolted to his feet, letting out a disgruntled, angry grunt of warning. Cordelia raised her hands, to show she meant no harm.

CORDELIA

I won't hurt you. I promise. (spell casting) Kal lilt.

NAR - KELDOR

She smiled kindly at him and slowly clasped her hands together, closing her eyes to focus and muster her energy into her palms. She then spread her hands out in front of her, releasing four tiny, white sparkling lights. She urged them to dance around the room slowly. Upon opening her eyes, she found the Orc's focus entirely on the lights. He wasn't fearful of them, but looked to be in awe, smiling as the lights danced gracefully in the scarlet pools of his gentle eyes.

CORDELIA

See? I'd like to be your friend.

NAR - KELDOR

The lights approached the Orc slowly as Cordelia carefully stood and took a couple of steps toward him.

CORDELIA

Do you trust me?

NAR - KELDOR

He took his eyes away for a moment to smile at her, nodding gently. She reached out a hand, one of the lights fluttering just above her palm, and smiled kindly at him as he carefully offered her his powerful hand in return.

Scene 4

And Benedict's escape. Gets bit, almost hung, escapes on horseback.

NAR - KELDOR

Less than a whole day had passed when Benedict found himself bouncing in the back of a cart again. This time, the guards were quiet with them. When he asked what they were doing or where they were going, he was met with stares, if he was lucky. Otherwise, it was just silence, save their joking with each other in some unknown language. The old man sat across from him, looking at Benedict with a kind awe like a child watching the fires of a festival or a clown perform. He looked at his hands. Their hands were bound again.

BENEDICT

Hey...

NAR - KELDOR

They both leaned towards each other, the old man again smiling calmly. There was an understanding behind his eyes and Benedict knew him as some sort of holy man.

BENEDICT

What did that vision mean?

NAR - KELDOR

The old man nodded and closed his eyes.

(SFX - Transition)

Suddenly, Benedict's mind was thrust on the battle field again. This time, the owl turned into the old man and stood next to him, taking his hand.

THE SAGE

This is the greatest war of our world, my son. Walk with me to a time before this, and learn.

NAR - KELDOR

A tall man in jet black armor stood with a flaming sword. His helmet shrouded his face, the horns reaching up in the multiple prongs of twin antlers. Stag's antlers.

THE SAGE

That man is Rhuk the Conquerer. The Black King. Your people's great battle master in the times before the fall of the Stone. He sought power, and his wrath was unparalleled. His power grew until one day, like all

great leaders, he found someone who was even greater.

Years went by, and years turned to centuries. And his body was found by one of the shattered Fey of the North, those people that walk the twilight world between realms in the cursed Shattered Lands. We were starving. Their leaders, known as the Severed Seven, made a pact with one of our ancestors to use the horn from his helmet as some sort of powerful wand...a miracle. We were able to defend ourselves and till the earth, a miracle that carried a terrible price. The moon became our master, cursing us to walk as half man, half beast.

BENEDICT

Werewolves?

THE SAGE

Yes. In most cases, Werewolves. Soon we couldn't even till the earth and the wand...died. This curse is how Pallus exploits us, uses us to do his bidding with the promise of a full belly. There is a legend, though. Only a carrier of both bloodlines may take the wand back to the Black King. That is why we need you.

GUARD 1

Here it is!

GUARD 2

Woah! Ok, let's get this over with.

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict opened his eyes and saw the old man smile, nodding at him.

BENEDICT

Both bloodlines?

NAR - KELDOR

He nodded and smiled again, showing those yellowed jagged broken teeth.

BENEDICT

Oh...no...

NAR - KELDOR

Looking around, Benedict saw they were in a small forest clearing. A rough cut oaken platform was erected with several vertical poles. Hanging from the end of each one was a single head-shaped loop of

rope.

GUARD 1

C'mon! Can't keep the ferryman waiting, you pukes!

NAR - KELDOR

They were roughly shoved out of the back of the cart and up the rough steps. Benedict's heart began to race.

BENEDICT

No...no...

THE SAGE

(echo) Both bloodlines.

BENEDICT

Augh!

NAR - KELDOR

Suddenly, the Sage whipped around and buried his teeth into Benedict's shoulder. He felt pain and fire race in his mind as he struggled to free himself.

BENEDICT

Get off me!

GUARD 1

Told ye he was hungry! Hahaha!

GUARD 2

Hey, stop it! Wait (grunt) no! Get him!

NAR - KELDOR

Benedict broke free and, in the confusion, ran toward the end of the oaken gallows. He saw a horse and called for it.

BENEDICT

Here! (whistles) Come on!

NAR - KELDOR

The horse, hearing the call, galloped over to Benedict who swiftly jumped off the deck onto its back and sped away out of the range of a few arrows.

BENEDICT

(grunts of pain and confusion)

NAR - KELDOR

Looking behind as he disappeared into the woods, he

saw the old man smile and howl to the sky. He then saw him fall as they swarmed him. His curse was finally ended in swift strokes by the guards of the Dark Army.

Scene 5

Cordelia and Brother become friends and he gives her a map. She is let out by Fjor with Lamprey taking her place. On her way out she hears Dekkion plotting to go kill the friends in Oallanakkhan. She escapes into the hills, alone and scared as she heads west into Chikara.

NAR - KELDOR

As the nights passed into days, Cordelia's cellmate allowed her to clean and take care of his wound which, given the conditions, began healing beautifully. He somehow always had paper and charcoal in the cell with him, and that's how he communicated. He couldn't write well, but after a while she was able to decipher his work, and his charades, very well. Eventually, it felt like they had their own language.

He would only say one thing.

BUMBUB

Buh-Buh.

NAR - KELDOR

Because of this, she came to call him Bumbub and he smiled when she used the name. They became very close. She shared her food when the guards "accidentally" dropped his, and he killed a snake that snuck into the cell to protect her. Over time she felt him relax around her, and Bumbub even explained that he could not speak due to his tongue being removed. She never pressed why, but she did defend him the best she could against the guards, who bullied him rather harshly.

CORDELIA

He has more humanity than any of you imbeciles ever could!

BUMBUB

(laughing)

NAR - KELDOR

She had yelled at two guards who had picked on him one night, which made him laugh, something he had not done in a long while. Cordelia in turn showed her trust by being honest about who she was, and how she and Benedict got separated from their friends. This seemed to spark some sort of inspiration in him. In the following nights after that, he focused hard on a single drawing.

CORDELIA

A map?

NAR - KELDOR

Bumbub revealed this map to her, and with a few hours of charades and sign language, Cordelia was able to understand that he had a plan to get out involving both a guard change the night of the full moon, and an old friend.

FJOR

Cordelia, I presume?

CORDELIA

Depends on who is asking.

FJOR

Chuckle Well, my name is Fjor, and I have a friend here for you, if you are she...that is...(over shoulder) Hey...Lamprey, this her?

CORDELIA

Lamprey?

NAR - KELDOR

A familiar face stepped into view, and Cordelia felt the hope of escaping this place swell in her chest.

LAMPREY

C'mon, kid, we don't have much time.

NAR - KELDOR

Fjor unlocked and swung open the gate. Cordelia stepped out after Bumbub and hugged Lamprey tightly. Fjor and Bumbub clasped hands and pulled each other into an embrace.

FJOR

Good to see you, Brother. All is well?

NAR - KELDOR

BumBum nodded as his dark powerful jaw pulled back, smiling gently.

CORDELIA

Lamprey? I don't understand, how are you here?

NAR - KELDOR

Bumbub signed to Fjor, very similarly to how he communicated with Cordelia, and Fjor smiled, nodding.

FJOR

That's a long story, but the three of us go way back. Brother likes your hair, by the way. Says it reminds him of your mother's.

CORDELIA

You...you knew my mom?

FJOR

I did...yes.

NAR - KELDOR

He smiled warmly at her, with a single nod. Brother smiled and that's when she noticed him stand up straight. Powerful. He winked at her.

CORDELIA

You...really didn't need me to help you, did you?

NAR - KELDOR

Brother wrapped his arms around her, chuckling.

FJOR

Sorry for the charade, but we didn't want them to know he's stronger than he seems.

LAMPREY

Yes, yes, whatever. Move over there, you big ox.

NAR - KELDOR

Lamprey started ushering him back into the cell.

LAMPREY

I apologize Cordelia, but we really don't have the time for this.

CORDELIA

Wait, aren't you coming with me?

LAMPREY

No, child. I am here to replace you. They won't notice. And if they do, they will assume we traded cells.

CORDELIA

What about Benedict?

LAMPREY

They took him to be hung and...

CORDELIA

What! No! (sobbing)

LAMPREY

Woah there! Let me finish kid, wow...so impatient!

FJOR

She is the daughter of Lorahana, isn't she! (chuckle)

LAMPREY

(chuckle) That obvious eh? He escaped, kiddo. Safe, as far as I know. Now listen to me. You have friends waiting for you in the West, in Chikara. You must head straight there. Do you understand?

CORDELIA

Y-Yes... I understand

S5E9 - HOME AGAINScene 1

They drift on the ocean, fighting for 30 days and living off seaweed until landing at the port in the north of KUR. They buy supplies and Una buys a carriage they use to cross the treacherous desert.

COOK

Step up! Bowl! Move! Step up! Bowl! Move!

KOBOLD 1

Hey hand bread here. Is pie on? Is we have pie?
Hehehe! No. No pie! Bread!

KOBOLD 2

Not funny, Redtail!

KOBOLD 3

You! Bring more potatoes! MMM yes very good
(suprised) Oh!

COOK

Clumsy! (growling) Bah...you! Bowl! Keep it moving!

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria saw her hands, smaller. Younger. She looked around at the stone work in the hall, the work of Kobolds. Smells of food cut through the musty smell of filth and ash. She was in her memories, back in that mess hall in Enruk. Her face had matured in just a few short years, but encompassed a lifetime. She was 19 now. She remembered this day. Her hands curled around the tin bowl as she slowly stepped with the 20 or so other young officers in the line. Step by step. The Kobolds scurried as they put out portions of crusty bread that smelled of some cheap lemony spice and salt. This was used to mop up the watery soup of unknown origins. Seemed to be some kind of meat and some root vegetables. Some scattered dark green whisps of grasses were a treat in the barren volcanic land surrounding Enruk. Someone must have brought those in, she thought. She thought about what it must look like where they come from. What the sun looks like. Was it like the books she read?

COOK

Step up! Bowl! Move! Step up! Bowl! Move! Hey..HEY!
Move! You!

YOUNG DABRIA

(startled) Mm.. oh. Yes. Sorry.
(SFX - Sloshing soup)

COOK

(grunt) Hmm...Go.

NAR - KELDOR

The Kobold cooks looked at Dabria. There was a respect they had for the young officer. She wasn't cruel like the others.

YOUNG UNA

Oof! (sobbing)

YOUNG RASSLER

Watch it, freak!

OFFICER BOY 1

(laughing) Didn't see that one coming, did you?

YOUNG RASSLER

Heh! Yeah, Una. You can't REALLY tell the future, can you?

YOUNG UNA

(sobbing) Leave...leave me alone.

YOUNG RASSLER

They treat you like you're special, but there's nothing special about you is there? Just a worthless freak. Look at her rags! And wow...you smell like...

OFFICER BOY 1

The chamber pots. (laughing) Ugly, too. No wonder you don't talk to us.

YOUNG RASSLER

I think I want that necklace though. Give it to me.
NOW, FREAK!

YOUNG UNA

Ow, you're hurting me!

YOUNG DABRIA

Stop.

YOUNG RASSLER

(pause, surprised at the interruption in the "fun")
Huh...look boys. It's her mommy. (chuckle) You don't scare me, Dabria. Your freak magic is nothing.

YOUNG DABRIA
Stop...

YOUNG RASSLER
Freak magic from a freak god. What is this...some sort of horn? What god would use a horn? Hahaha!

NAR - KELDOR
Rassler stepped forward and pointed at the goat's horn hanging around Dabria's neck. Her cruel mouth twisted in a grin under her serpent-like green eyes. She wore her hair tied back in a tight black braid kept close to the scalp. Rassler was stronger than Dabria, and she liked to show it. She was a powerful wrestler and had snapped the elbow of another officer while practicing earlier that day. Dabria had remembered her laughing as she left the ring.

YOUNG RASSLER
Hmmm... (chuckle) Yes...

YOUNG DABRIA
Don't...

YOUNG RASSLER
You know what, I changed my mind. I want this necklace instead. Boys, you can have the freak's.

YOUNG UNA
Stay away from me! please!

YOUNG DABRIA
GYAHHHHH!!!

YOUNG RASSLER
Wha?... (screaming) AHHHH WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!! AHHH IT BURNS!!! IT BURNSSSS AAHAHHAHAHHHHHH!!!!!!.....

NAR - KELDOR
Power erupted from Dabria's outstretched hands as Rassler's flesh was ripped away in a matter of seconds, leaving her as a standing perfect skeleton. The empty sockets were momentarily dark before small blue deadlights erupted like candle flames. The entire mess hall looked on, frozen in shock and horror as the skeleton turned its head slowly... toward its new master.

YOUNG DABRIA
Come, Rassler. Sit with us.

RASSLER

(creepy hissing voice like in S3E3) Yesssss...
Mistress Dabria...

SOPHIE

Dabria.

(SFX - Wipe/transition to present)

NAR - KELDOR

They were in a wagon traveling south across a sandy
desert road.

SOPHIE

Here. Take some water. You...you dozed off a bit.

DABRIA

Oh...thank you.

ZORIN

So...I made my first note in this new journal.
Listen. (clears throat) Ahem...we shipwrecked, and
then we made our way to the Northern coast of Kur. We
bought a wagon...

UNA

I...I bought the wagon.

ZORIN

Yes! Yes, of course this is your wagon. And...

VASH

(shouting from outside) I'm driving it!

ZORIN

Uh... yes. (scribbling) Yes and Vash is...driving
it...there! Ok then I say "and now we are traveling
in a wagon south."

SOPHIE

Wow. That's one way to put it.

ZORIN

What? What do you mean? I mean, that's the facts!
Shipwrecked, got a cart, and we're in it!

SKOTMIR

That's pretty boring. We ate floating garbage for 4
days!

SOPHIE

Yeah, I thought you were writing a hero's tale?
That's why you bought the journal?

ZORIN

Yeah, so?

SOPHIE

Yeah, well...Zorin, you are a great storyteller. Write like you talk.

ZORIN

Hmm...hey, thanks. (thinking)

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin looked out the window of the cart, thinking of the past few weeks. Maybe they weren't as bland as he had recorded, and took a moment to remember some of the extra details. Floating on the sea, he remembered showing them that a rogue wave was actually some huge creature under the waves. He thought of the sunsets as they took turns paddling, and the joy of catching a few fish as they made their way to the northern port of Sierra. This port was popular with the Minotaur of the north and one of the last stops for the Southlands trade route. When winter came, this port would shut down except for an occasional Black Skiff from Angrboda. He jotted a few of these thoughts down to capture a rough outline of their travels. He had bought the journal to share his stories with Benedict when they returned. His brown eyes looked up for a moment and saw something familiar.

ZORIN

(beat) Oh wow, Sophie, look...

SOPHIE

Is...that the mountain leading to the mine?

ZORIN

Yes...but it's...Sophie, its our old home...over that hill.

Scene 2

They come to the ruins of Olen-Ak-Khan. They remember the night, but also how they used to play around the old tree or in town. The only house standing is Sophie's. She visits it and remembers the kind old Bearcharger chief who made her an honorary member of the clan. She thinks she can help Skotmir reunite the dwarves.

SOPHIE

Buttercup...I. I'm sure this is where the stables once were. (sigh) Oh Cordelia, I wish you were here...

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie stood in a flat area now overrun with familiar, sweet-smelling grasses and looked around. Her hand absent-mindedly sought out the frayed threads of the bracelet on her wrist. The echoes of square buildings that had once stood were scattered about. Some rough corners of houses stood up or the occasional chimney. All that was left of their childhood home of Oallan-ak-khan.

ZANE

(sad) Wow...I...uh...(trying to be funny) Let's head into town and check the Howling Mountain Inn...I bet it's a lot easier to get one of those pastries now. Might be one over there if we look. A bit stale... maybe overcooked...

SOPHIE

Not funny, Zane. Shut your trap.

ZANE

(angry) Hey, it was my town too... (self calming) Sorry. I didn't mean...I...

SOPHIE

I know what you were trying to do...and I...I can appreciate you trying to cheer me up...but this time I...just need a moment.

ZANE

(sigh) Ok. I understand. Me too.

NAR - KELDOR

The sun above was warm and the sky cloudless. The only survivor of this empty ghost town was the familiar gentle breeze tossing the tall grasses that had come to claim the land over the last 12 years. Closer to the center of town, the remains of the buildings showed charred bricks from that long ago fire. Those buildings outside of the center, such as their homes, were largely made of wood, leaving less of a footprint on the ground after they burned.

ZORIN

Um. Hey.

SOPHIE

Hey. I...

ZORIN

Would you mind? Walking with me?

SOPHIE

Please.

NAR - KELDOR

Slowly, they walked together. Zorin put his arm over the powerful shoulders of Sophie. The rest of the group had headed up to the Mine to search for clues, giving the two survivors of this small town time to make their peace.

ZORIN

Sure would be great if there was one of those pastries left in...

SOPHIE

REALLY?! Is that all you guys thought about back then?

ZORIN

Ha! Well no, actually.

SOPHIE

Like what else?

ZORIN

We were all going to be pirates. Remember?

SOPHIE

Yes...Zane talked about that all the time.

ZORIN

Hahaha, (beat) well, and with me he liked to talk about you.

ZANE

Well...that's...a little embarrassing.

SOPHIE

Well, I liked to talk about all you guys too. (beat) You know we had a good time, didn't we? Growing up? (beat) I mean it wasn't easy and...I'm...sorry, Zorin.

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin thought about his father and how hard he was on

him. But there was a light in that memory.

ZORIN

There's no mistaking my "home life" was hard but...I had you guys. You were everything to me. Hey, thanks for always being there for me Sophie. And thank Zane for me too, will ya? Even though he ditched us for a few years... (chuckle)

ZANE

Ok...who's making the bad jokes now? ... What? you aren't going to tell him to shut up? (chuckle)

SOPHIE

(chuckle) Hey...speaking of chosen family...You remember Ricaver Bearcharger?

ZORIN

Yeah, he was the head of the Dwarves at the mine, right? Him, Olacul, Whitacin...

SOPHIE

Yes. After my dad died he was always making sure we were ok. They were pretty close, everyone told me. I was pretty young. Like 5? When Kartilaan would be gone on a bounty or whatever, he would check in on me too. He gave me this.

NAR - KELDOR

From under the worn and beaten breastplate Sophie drew up a simple silver chain, upon which was a Bear's paw sculpted out of a matching blue-tinted silver.

SOPHIE

Bearcharger clan. He said I was a member, regardless of blood. That he and the clan would always watch over me.

ZORIN

The day all hell broke loose, Zane and I heard them talking about the mine. That's why we wanted to go up there...

NAR - KELDOR

Zorin thought of something, something she just said, and his pulse quickened slightly.

ZORIN

Hmm...hey, Sophie...I'm done saying goodbye to this place.

SOPHIE

Yes...me too. It was a great place to grow up in, but time's wasting. Let's find out what we can about this Strath place and get moving.

Scene 3

Party finds clues in the old mine and decides to split when Cordelia remembers a ritual with the friendship bracelet and warns them. They all hope to see each other again some day.

CORDELIA

(bursting out and gasping for air.) I made it...
(panting)

NAR - KELDOR

The tunnels that snaked their way under the Obsidian Fortress were small and claustrophobic, a dark unlit network maze that led outside. These ancient sewers were not in use anymore that Bumbub's map showed, and she used these to escape.

CORDELIA

(hushed) It's a full moon. That's a pretty powerful sign. (beat) Thank you, moon. Watch over me, please.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia made her way through the deep blue green shrouded pine trees to the east away from the fortress. Her eyes were well-accustomed to the darkness of the tunnels, and the almost-full waxing moon in the clear starry sky was welcome for her to check her footing in the same carpet of dry pine needles. Each step brought the aromatic scent of pine and dust to her senses. The forest was surprisingly alive in the shadow of the fortress. With the sounds of gentle creatures like squirrels and bats, she told herself.

CORDELIA

Nothing to be afraid of...keep moving, need to get out of these trees for the ritual. Keep moving.

NAR - KELDOR

She was moving with a hushed urgency, as swiftly as the young fire mage could navigate the dimly lit forest without making too much noise. She had to get a message to Sophie, and she was going to use Dragon Magic to do it. She felt the old worn friendship bracelet that Sophie had given her, and found herself

silently saying goodbye as she continued her descent into the forest.

Scene 4

Sophie/Skotmir head to the Dwarves as it appears some had escaped to the east. Una/Dabria head to Strath. And Vash/Zorin head to find their elven pals.

NAR - KELDOR

As if stepping out of time and memory itself, the hot dust blew across the dirt road, whipping up in small clouds that stung the eyes and cheek. The arid smell of dry cracked leather came from the various tools in the cart as Zorin and Sophie looked in, remembering.

SOPHIE

Benedict was soooo scared.

ZORIN

Hahaha, yup. I thought he was going to freak out for sure on Zane. But Zane kept chewing that grass seed.

SOPHIE

Always!

ZORIN

That guy cracked me up, he...

VASH

Hey! You two come over here, we found a few things inside the mine.

NAR - KELDOR

From the familiar mouth of the mine emerged Vash, Dabria, Una and Skotmir. Skotmir was carrying a small wrapped burlap bundle, and Vash had a small piece of parchment. Zorin and Sophie jogged over to a flat, three-foot high sandstone rock that was now being treated as a table for the objects.

ZORIN

Hey, what's all this?

VASH

Well, seems Una's friend left a bunch of clues laying around the world for some reason. This book is another one, seems she came back here with Dekkion the night...

SOPHIE

I'd figure as much, if they were such tight pals. I don't remember her at the Tree, though.

VASH

She wasn't there. Her journal says that after she couldn't find his son in town, she came up here to retrieve the crown. The crown that...

DABRIA

That Pallus got from you all. (sigh) Benedict told me. Good work.

SOPHIE

I was 12! Well, Zane was.

ZANE

Man, I don't see why you thought I wasn't funny, cuz this is all really awful comedy.

SOPHIE

(hushed) Shut it.

DABRIA

(sigh) Regardless, the crown ended up in the hands of Lord Pallus. I've seen it, and it's what gives him that unquestionable power with the Dragons. They all believe he's some sort of chosen one of the Dragon Queen.

VASH

You all took the crown before she could get it... Anyways...um...here. It says the path to the Tomb of Strath goes northeast from here through the northern part of the Bloodwood Mountains and into the Northlands. Apparently, there's an ancient Staff of the Dead they were seeking. Some source of great power.

ZORIN

Ok. Well, what's that bundle of joy Skotmir brought out?

SKOTMIR

It's some mining clothes, but they look bloodstained. And here's a pickaxe that was next to them. They were back in the walls behind the mine, but don't look ancient. Do...either of you know who Torsten is?

SOPHIE

Augh!

NAR - KELDOR

Suddenly Sophie felt her mind pull from the inside, jarring her consciousness. Zorin grabbed her before she fell flat on her back, and eased her to the ground.

ZORIN

Sophie!

SOPHIE

I'm ok...It's Cordelia...

NAR - KELDOR

On the other side of the world Cordelia was holding the burning end of the friendship bracelet as it was consumed by the ritual's fire. She didn't have much time.

CORDELIA

You all need to split up. Dekkion, Squib and Nightblade are coming your way to stop all of you!

SOPHIE

What...? ...No! Wait, why are...how?

CORDELIA

There's no time, Sophie, just trust me! We were taken prisoner to the Obsidian Fortress, but we escaped so don't worry about us.

SOPHIE

What? Oh my gods we have to go!

CORDELIA

Do what you can to help the cause. We will do the same. I love you my friend!

SOPHIE

Thank you! Love you too, we will meet back at the Keep!

NAR - KELDOR

But all Sophie heard now was silence. She felt the bracelet on her wrist and winced at some hidden unknown regret before sitting up.

SOPHIE

(groan) Ugh...We gotta go. Dekkion and his goons are coming our way. If we split up, we can cover more ground getting supporters.

UNA

She tells me for this journey I should just take my dark sister with me. And you all are then free to find allies to fight this war.

ZORIN

Are you sure?

UNA

Yes. There's no reason for you all to travel with us from here. This is our path.

SKOTMIR

The Dwarves are to the East in Bloodwood. They would be powerful allies.

SOPHIE

Hey...if the Bearcharger clan escaped from here, they would likely go back to the Great Forge in Bloodwood. I want to find them too...

VASH

I got some old...business contacts...to the south in Port L'For with the elves but I've never been, could use your help Zorin.

ZORIN

That should be interesting, seeing what's happened to our old stomping grounds. We could see if the army is still in control or not. Hey, what was the name you said...about these clothes and the pickaxe?

SKOTMIR

Torsten.

SOPHIE

(shocked) Wha...that's...My dad...

DABRIA

It is...

NAR - KELDOR

Dabria's hand glowed with a gentle golden light as she held it over the worn clothing. Her eyes were closed.

DABRIA

He saw him. He saw Lord Pallus hide the crown in that ancient mine shaft. Pallus saw him and...he was killed. Murdered...Murdered by Lord Pallus when you first arrived here, Zorin. He hid the clothing. He

hid the pickaxe. He made it look like...

SOPHIE

A mining accident. I know this story...A drunken... mining accident.

NAR - KELDOR

Sophie turned away.

SOPHIE

I was told he had been drinking and went into the mine without his protective clothing. There was an accident. (sarcastic chuckle sob) Heh... hat's when Pallus became the Justicar.

ZORIN

He murdered your father and took his job. By the gods...I'm sorry.

Epilogue

Similar to S1 Epilogue, show the journey of all 5 groups poetically, first being Cordelia and last being Benedict, who meets Kharne and heads north into the Shattered Lands.

NAR - KELDOR

Cordelia snuffed out the campfire as she stood up on the rocky plateau. A brisk breeze from the mountains blew her ivory dress in the direction she was to be going. Into mysterious Chikara, as Lamprey had directed. The flattening desert lay before her and, in the distance, the soft lights of a settlement were no more than a day away. She smiled softly and steeled herself for the hot sun that was sure to come. Una smiled at Dabria as they stepped along the Northern road together, graced by jade pine trees and mosses. The chill of the air made her draw her cloak in a little tighter. Zorin and Vash saw the Blue water along the coast leading to Port L'for, the smell of the surf hundreds of feet below mixed with the calls of the seabirds. Both mariners smiled at each other as they took in the calm day. Skotmir and Sophie stepped on the cracked, broken, rust-red earth of Blood Wood. The huge mountain harbouring the Great Forge itself loomed in the distance. Leading each other with the hope of reclaiming their lost family, the two unlikely siblings stepped side by side toward it. Far away in the northlands of Wolfling, Benedict walked with Kharne, carrying a stag's horn in one hand. They looked at each other and nodded as they

entered the deep black night of the Shattered Lands,
both of them becoming increasingly aware of the
approaching Full Moon. (SFX- Wolf howl)