



Dice Tower Theatre presents Dawn of Dragons Season 6

by

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Edited by
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S6E1 - TORCHBEARER

*Sounds of a desert, light wind and silence.
Footsteps trudging on cracked earth and some
measured panting and wheezing by Cordelia.*

CORDELIA

*(long clip of her slow, measured inner monologue
while walking in the desert. This will be
overlaid with tired panting until finally
passing out.)*

Whew... (panting fades in with footsteps. She groans, looking up at a hot sun in the sky. This should be paced like a long conversation with herself. No rush.) It's so hot. Gods, it's so hot. The sun out west seems worse than back home. I mean, the desert there is sand, not this...parched...cracked...earth. Like a dried up riverbed stretching as far as I can see. When was the last time water existed here? (tired chuckle) How long have I been here? How long has it been? Days? Weeks? I lost count of how many times I've fallen asleep now. I just put...one foot in front of the other. One foot. One dusty foot. Under my... ugh.. poor tattered skirt... It was once white you know, not this beige stained mess. The hem streaming with... threads... dancing in the breeze.

(hums to herself)

Mmm... dancing. I remember dancing. Remember Baron Venre's ball. I can hear the soft strings and flutes as we all smiled under the torchlit room. Zane and Sophie... never stopped dancing. They were spying they said but... (chuckle) ...and Benedict looked so upset that nothing fit his diet, all rich lavish deserts and even the savory choices were decadent... (chuckle) or even a glass of milk. A cold... glass of milk... (sigh) Whew... that sun burns my cheeks through the torn muslin I've draped over my face from my sleeves... the dust and sparse dry grass cake my nose, making the air itself a furnace across my dry sinuses... ugh... need to take my mind off that... Something that smells of anything other than the iron of dried blood... pastries... sweet and savory pastries... Venison... like those Skotmir introduced me to in Ellington... Delicious! Mmm... that.. was when Elloveve and Keldor saved the girl who was stealing the bread... can't blame her though... she was probably more hungry than I right now. Oh it's

been so long since I had bread. So soft in the middle but crusty like... this ground I'm walking on. (sigh) Its so hot... hot like... Enruk. But not muggy and thick. There's no lava and though the clear sky here is hot it's not like that blanket of dark clouds with bright crimson edges... like the lava itself... the lava we ran from! When Aryat and Chalkos saved us and trapped that great red dragon Fury behind us!... Aryat is a dragon too... and I knew that I could just tell, by looking in his eyes, the magic he knew! But... I have nothing he gave me. I can't work the messaging spell he showed me anymore.. It needs a gift from him or someone and I have... nothing. Just these clothes and the staff I found in the Netherspring are all I was able to find in my escape... but... (forced change in mood) Wait, it's pretty powerful. And I've survived! I... I shouldn't be so down on myself. I'm... a strong smart woman. I can make my own way. With just me. ...just... me. (sigh) We've always been together. I... I don't want to be alone...

(snaps back with a chuckle and speaks more quickly and frantically. Footsteps pick up the pace)

Heh, I can see Zane and Skotmir laughing as they hugged each other after being alone! Wait.. I mean Sophie... no... that was Zane too... They are the same! And Sophie never wanted to be alone again either...

(wheezing begins to fade in as she starts to black out)

I... I hope she's ok. I hope... they got away from... Dekkion. ...It's so hot. Hot like... this... hey, this... rock. I'll just... I'll just sit... for a moment... and rest... here... for just one minute... whew... so tired... so...

(slump sound)

NAR-KELDOR

(long pause with the footsteps fading in before the narration steps in.)

The sun continued to assault the dry cracked earth of eastern Chikara, the desolate and ancient land where forgotten magical battles were fought. The wind

slowly whipped dust into the raven-black hair of Cordelia, the fire mage and librarian of the Ivory Library. Last in her memory, she was also a prisoner of the Obsidian Fortress, setting in stone a strange dual citizenship between what she viewed as the forces of light and of night. At least, in some way, she found it interesting as the sun faded on her face. (Pause, labored breathing slows)

She felt the heat fade. So this is what it is like to die, she thought. She felt herself lift from the dry cracked earth, borne on soft winds. A wash of something soft, cold and damp struck her burning forehead as she fell tumbling, unable to stop... into her dreams...

RUE

(panting from a jog before catching breath slightly)
There you are... (soothing) I've got you, Cordelia.
(grunting while picking her up) Come with me...

NAR-KELDOR

Little did she know that it was the shadow of another person that softly covered her face, that gently wiped her brow with a damp rag for a moment before scooping her up fluidly and bearing her away like a gentle tide.

DOOR TRANSITION

CORDELIA

(groaning, waking up with slight headache and weak)
Ohh... oh my... my head feels like a hundred...
ugh... hmmm... what? A bandage? A.. a... bed? But...
wait. Where am I?

RUE

Hello, my friend. How have you been? (Chuckle) Still sleepy?

CORDELIA

Rue?! Ow... I um...

RUE

Woah, there, take it easy. Here, just...sit back a bit. Let me get you some soup... last thing I want is you dying from starvation in my mother's house... (chuckles) She would probably come back to haunt me for sure, then.

CORDELIA

How did you find me?

RUE

I was led to you by a strong call in the tide of magic, my friend. A voice that you will hear, too. In time...

NAR-KELDOR

Cordelia sat back on the soft mattress, covered in smooth sheets, feeling the cool touch as she shifted to a new area that she hadn't warmed with her feverish, sleeping body. Bleary-eyed, she looked around the room.

CORDELIA

Rue, this is your mother's house? Are we...

RUE

In Chikara? Yes. Or, more specifically, the town of Zestarejo (PRONOUNCED: Zes-tar-ay-oh). (pause) Wait... did you hear "my" mother's house? (chuckle) I apologize, I meant to say "Your mother's house"... though Lorahana's house is a lot like the house I was raised in as well.

CORDELIA

What?... Rue?... You knew my mother? (chuckle) You... you never said anything before.

RUE

I suspected, but it wasn't until AFTER reviewing your telling that I was able to confirm it. (chuckles) Ha! Lora's daughter... you look stunningly like her, by the way... and you probably inherited her knack for curious mischief, no doubt.

CORDELIA

Ha! Well, that tracks. (chuckle) Was she a librarian?

RUE

Oh yes... but more so, she was my friend. We grew up together here before she left when we were very young. We both became Librarians together... but she also joined up with the Knights of the Glen... seeking more adventure than just books, I guess. To me, knowledge was what fueled my curiosity.

NAR-KELDOR

The room was sparsely adorned with faded pastel silks of repeating geometric patterns in dark inks, hanging

from the hardened clay walls. Rue gently stirred the kettle hanging in a stone shelf which served as a stovetop of sorts. It was made of stones, about waist high, and covered in a thick metal top coated with burning coals. Using a tool shaped like a mason's trowel, he moved the coals under the kettle to increase the heat. Rue looked at his hands as he picked up the long wooden spoon again, moving a small potato to the side of the smoldering coals to steam under an overturned steel bowl.

RUE

Mmm... (in thought) Can I ask you something?

CORDELIA

Sure. What do you need?

RUE

Your mother carried something very special to our... temple... and I was wondering... well... (chuckle) I'm getting ahead of myself. How familiar are you with the elements?

CORDELIA

You mean... Earth, Air, Fire and Water? They are also known as the Hag, or the mother of the gods right?

RUE

Good! I see your time in the Library did you well, I suppose! Was that from an old...

CORDELIA

Yes! (realizing she's interrupting) I'm sorry, just got a little excited. Uh... it was the old tome on the 4th floor pedestal. The one with the six-pointed star on the blue/black leather.

RUE

Excellent! So you learned about the beginning of all things in that tome, correct?

CORDELIA

Oh, yes! It spoke of the elements and their first children, the... para... palla...

RUE

Ha! You had it! The paraelements. Yes... they are like children in the way they act. Unpredictable and impulsive. Really, they are just the shared powers of the elements themselves when they combine. Though they never combine with the opposing forces, do they?

CORDELIA

You mean like Fire and Water, or Earth and Air?

RUE

Yes... Rules... I was told... See, the elements are their own entities and, as you know, created the deities themselves and some semblance of order. Everything falls into these four powers. Even the six magics.

CORDELIA

Yes... Life and Death, Chaos and Knowledge, Creation and Destruction, correct?

RUE

Well done! Yes! But there are four Primal powers outside the elements, four mysterious powers that are outside their laws. Dragon, Fey, Sun and Moon. These powers are mysterious even to the dragons and faefolk, who supposedly and possibly... accidentally... created their own magic. The Sun and Moon, however, are more ancient than even the elements could claim to be, as they balance the cycle of day and night that affects us all and...

CORDELIA

Uh...

RUE

(realizing he is being a bit overwhelming) Heh, I'm sorry Cordelia, I'm sure that is a lot to take in right now, and though this is a passionate subject and study of mine, maybe... I should get to the point. One moment. (dishes up some of the stew) Here we are, some delicious chicken broth... if I do say so myself and.. (to himself as he chases a rolling potato) Come here, my little friend, ah! A roasted blue potato from the garden. They are quite savory, you will find... (takes a few steps to Cordelia's bed) Here you are!

CORDELIA

Oh, thank you! (pain in her head stabs) Ow... uhm... it really looks delicious!

RUE

Drink that broth. Your head probably hurts from the dehydration, still... and don't forget to drink your water here...

CORDELIA,

Yes I will. (slurps) Mmm! Thank you, it's wonderful... (sounds of a pleasantly enjoyed meal as she listens to Rue's next lines. NOTE: It doesn't matter if Joleen doesn't like mouth sounds. She has to do it. No questions. See her contract.)

RUE

So... I said there was something your mother had that was very special to our temple. Do you recall a tattoo of hers, on her wrist? Like the spellbook I see on your wrist, very clever! Was that...

CORDELIA

(mouth full) It was my mother's too. I found it in the old nursery of Garnet Keep.

RUE

Ah! Clever, clever Lora! She figured it out... the secret of the tattoos that we know is some sort of dragon or fey magic. Sure of it. But not sure how they came to be. See, your book is definitely dragon magic. Do you mind if I take a closer look?... Ha, told you the soup is good!... (SFX-Spell) Ok, so... it's definitely set with the love and passion of dragon magic... not like this, look...

NAR-KELDOR

He rolled back a single deep blue sleeve, revealing a black slender tattoo on his deep-sepia wrist. It was shaped like a spear, with an "S"-shaped line snaked around the length of it. She noted the the slow pace of his pulse below the skin was as calm as his voice ever was. Rue's demeanor was always likened to a lighthouse in a raging storm. Ever and always. Calm. She looked into her mentor's deep eyes for a moment, catching a glimpse of the vast ages of wisdom behind those umber pools. They seemed to swirl like storm clouds over a derelict ship, crashing into a rocky shore. (SFX-Spell) Looking back at his wrist she saw it glow slightly, but the pattern swirled and strobed erratically around the spear-like symbol. Like a heartbeat. Like it was living.

CORDELIA

I've never seen that symbol before. Is that a rune of some sort?

RUE

(laughs) Ha! Oh, you haven't spent much time at sea, have you? Watch!

NAR-KELDOR

Standing up, he calmly touched the tattoo. Responding like a crashing wave, a five-foot pole appeared in his hand. It had a three-foot iron spike on one end, with a bladed tip bathed in a ghostly tide of blue light. A golden cord wrapped down the shaft, ending in a coil within one powerful hand.

RUE

This is Typhoon, the harpoon of the water elements. I was chosen to carry this when I walked the ancient path in the temple of the Elements. As did...

CORDELIA

My mother.

RUE

Yes.

CORDELIA

Her tattoo was a flaming sword.

RUE

Yes. It is called Torch, and is the Sister to Typhoon.

CORDELIA

But... she's gone now.

NAR-KELDOR

(SFX- Spell) Rue dismissed the harpoon from his hand with a slight motion of the wrist before sitting down with a smile.

RUE

She is... but I've been told Torch has returned to its resting place within the Temple and is now calling out for a new partner... and it was that call that led me to you.

TRANSITION

SFX- Monastery Cordelia training

NAR-KELDOR

Rue and Cordelia stood by two small boulders in an empty wooden room. The room was lit by thin fabric windows that diffused the light of hidden torches. This light danced off five-foot poles gilded in brass and red jasper fixtures that held long scrolls on the walls. Periodically, these scrolls glowed with the

ghostly image of a great warrior or mage in some ancient scene. Though Cordelia was fascinated by them, her attention was demanded by her mentor Rue.

RUE

You must unlearn what you know. You must then... learn to hone your body as well as your mind... within your craft. The Temple is dangerous and you will be greatly tested.

CORDELIA

Like the telling?

RUE

No. That was just within your mind. This is within the very essence of the universe itself... including you. You must learn how to walk the 4 paths of the elements... Please stand on that stone and I will stand on mine... there... now repeat after me... The winds Parci blows are in swamps with green foam,

CORDELIA

The winds Parci blows are in swamps with green foam,

RUE

Ningalix plots in seashells called home,

CORDELIA

Ningalix plots in seashells called home,

RUE

The flames of Lannana warm up an ice throne,

CORDELIA

The flames of Lannana warm up an ice throne,

RUE

While under the sand Azalix lurks all alone.

CORDELIA

While under the sand Azalix lurks all alone.

RUE

Good!

CORDELIA

...but what is Parci, or Azalix, or any of this? What does it mean?

RUE

In due time, Cordelia. We don't always know the

answer but we seek to understand the truth behind it. Even when we don't know it.

NAR-KELDOR

Cordelia looked away, slightly frustrated at what she thought of as a non-answer to her question. From behind one of the scrolls, she thought she saw a pair of glowing yellow eyes. As if sensing her gaze, they quickly disappeared.

CORDELIA

Hey Rue.. did you see that?

NAR-KELDOR

Rue, ignoring her distraction, threw a 6 foot pole of polished hardwood at her.

RUE

Catch!

CORDELIA

Woah!

RUE

High guard! Yah! (swings staff)

CORDELIA

Gyah!

NAR-KELDOR

Coming down hard, Rue swung his own staff downward in an arc, which Cordelia instinctively parried.

RUE

Good! Now... again! (need a good minute or so of ad lib commands as Rue trains Cordelia.)

CORDELIA

(Narrated) So thus began my training. I worked toward rethinking the way I saw the world. Every breath, I became more familiar with the elements in my mind and body, and not just through the weave of magic. I learned to strike with the staff and treat it as an extension of my body. My hands themselves became weapons and I could resist heat and cold with them. Over the next few weeks I was trained and tested, treated and reformed... And somewhere in the shadows of that room, I knew... something was watching me, as well.

S6E2 - CHOSEN FAMILY

SKOTMIR

Wow, this dirt is so dry it looks like little cups.
Look. (grunt) Wanna drink out of it?

SOPHIE

(laughing) No! But you would, wouldn't you?

SKOTMIR

Hmm. Yup.

SOPHIE

Not even requiring money?

SKOTMIR

Nope.

SOPHIE

How about a dare? Would you at least require a dare?

SKOTMIR

Nope. Still delicious, I'm sure. Probably eat pasta
out of it too.

SOPHIE

Yuk. (gagging and giggling)

SKOTMIR

Maybe it's not pasta. Maybe it's worms.

SOPHIE

Ok stop. (chuckling)

SKOTMIR

Delicious little wiggly...

SOPHIE

Shut up, Skotmir!

SKOTMIR

Hahaha! (pause) Hey, just a little bit to go before
we hit that town over there.

SOPHIE

Thank the gods! (beat) Hmmm... surprisingly, I'm
getting pretty hungry, actually.

SKOTMIR

Worms.

SOPHIE

NOT because of your conversation there, Short and Awful.

SKOTMIR

Ha! Short and AWESOME, you mean! Dwarves are naturally awesome. Too bad you are too tall. All that altitude making your brain weak. Air too thin up there? (mocking a call on the mountain and echo) HELLLLLLoooo Soooooophie!... ee?... ee?... Can you hear me?... me?... me?..

SOPHIE

(mocking a deep booming god voice in return) You there! Skotmir, the rank and smelly, get off my mountain before the flowers fade from your wretched stench!

SKOTMIR

Hahaha! Listen to me, mountain god! I bow before no one and (BIG SNIFF) ah! My smell is divine! Hahaha!

SOPHIE

Hahaha!

NAR-KELDOR

The two friends walked side by side down the empty dirt road. Sophie stood six feet tall, and was powerfully built. Honey-colored hair poured from the top of her head and over her armored shoulders. A few sparse braids kept it pulled away from her soft but dirt-stained cheeks, which had a slight russet tone from the sun and the iron-rich red cracked earth they walked on. Her scaled armor hung closely to her body but was far from restrictive. A well-used and trusted longsword swung across her back, out of the way of her hips where two orcish daggers hung. Also across her back was her small backpack. She reached for the water skin at her side as they walked down the road. Her sky blue eyes smiled at Skotmir before looking up at the grey clouds that seemed to threaten rain. But it was just that. For the past few days, there was no rain. Just a red dry cracked earth as they made their way deeper into Bloodwood. (sfx DRINK) She pulled off the wineskin and drew a deep drink. It spilled over her dry throat welcomingly.

SOPHIE

Ah... here Skotmir. The lemon peel is...

SKOTMIR

Naw, I'm good.

SOPHIE

Sure?

SKOTMIR

Got my pickle juice.

NAR-KELDOR

Skotmir was dressed in dark brown fur-trimmed leather. Nothing that would offer any protection other than from the biting flies they encountered on the way through the Bloodwood mountains before they emerged onto the main trade road for the dwarves of Bloodwood. A trade road that was awfully quiet, they noted. In the distance to the east, where they were headed, they saw the small town. An outpost, really, with a single building where the road to the east and to the south met. Beyond the town, in the distance, stood Mount Trollguard, home to the great forge of the Bloodwood Dwarves. It was hazy in the low dust, but visibly massive.

SOPHIE

Ugh... I don't know how you can drink that stuff.

SKOTMIR

Easy. Like this!

NAR-KELDOR

He reached with a dirty hand for the the oxblood-colored wineskin that hung from his side. Putting it to his lips, he threw back his head.

SKOTMIR

(Clang) Gyahh! (sputter) Son of a biscuit!

SOPHIE

Watch your axe there, tough guy!

SKOTMIR

Yeah, no kiddin'!

NAR-KELDOR

Massaging a spot through his thick unkempt hair, where sharp pain shot through the top of his head, Skotmir then adjusted the sling of the great axe on his shoulder to allow his head room to move more freely. Feeling accomplished, he looked over his right shoulder down the south road to another massive

mountain in the distance.

SKOTMIR

That's Mount Ironstone there, isn't it? Why not go there first? They look like they are the same distance from the fork in the road? The other Dwarves of the Hammer ran both of these right?

SOPHIE

Yes... that's where the mines are... but I remember Ricaver and the Dwarves back home saying they came to OallanAkKhan because those mines were corrupted or something... cursed? (sighing) Ah... I can't remember why they left it. But I do remember one thing. See to the left of it?

SKOTMIR

Yeah?

SOPHIE

That's where Zane spent a decade... in the bloodpits.

SKOTMIR

Oh. (beat) Yeah.

TRANSITION

SFX-Door opens and footsteps enter a quiet and empty general store

SOPHIE

Hello? (beat) Anyone here?

SKOTMIR

Oh, hey hey hey... it's pie! It looks like apple!

BOVIL

Its zucchini, actually.

SKOTMIR

What? No...

SOPHIE

Hello!

NAR-KELDOR

A short dwarven man dressed in charcoal with a grey dirty apron stepped from around the counter.

BOVIL

Welcome, my friend! Haven't seen many travelers as of

late, so please sit down over there and relax!

SKOTMIR

What do you mean, zucchini?

SOPHIE

Thank you! May I trouble you for something to eat?

BOVIL

No trouble at all! We don't have much, but I do have some salted pork and cheese.

SKOTMIR

HEY!

NAR-KELDOR

Skotmir was tired of being ignored, and was now trembling with anger. The room became deathly quiet.

SKOTMIR

(panting) Who... puts zucchini... in a PIE?

BOVIL

Well... I did.

SKOTMIR

Disgusting. I... I have to try it.

BOVIL

Sure thing!

(SFX- Bustling around and Skotmir slides into a chair)

SKOTMIR

(grunting) Ahhh... that helps my legs.

SOPHIE

(under her breath) Well, that was a little rude...

SKOTMIR

(whispering) Well I'm hungry, and that pie is filled with lies.

SOPHIE

(whispering) No it's not. It's..

SKOTMIR

(whispering but louder) It's SUPPOSED to be APPLE!

(SFX footsteps, plates on table)

BOVIL

(interrupting but happy) Here you are. One salted pork and cheese plate. I had some extra dried prunes too. No charge. And, for you my friend, a slice of my Zucchini pie. Enjoy!

(sfx-walks away)

SKOTMIR

(mumbling) This stupid pie is going to taste like the rear end of an unwashed ox, just you wait. I can taste the disappointment already. Whatever. (takes a bite) Mm. MM... Bless my beard, THIS IS FANTASTIC!

BOVIL

(calls out from the other side of the room while stocking shelves) Thanks!

SOPHIE

This salt pork is perfect, thanks much. My name is Sophie, and my partner is Skotmir. He's from...

SKOTMIR

(interrupts with a mouthful) The Garnet Mountains! (mumbling) Mmm, this pie.

BOVIL

The Garnet Mountains? Well, no one's perfect!

SKOTMIR

Wha?

BOVIL

Just kidding around! Welcome, cousin... I am Bovil. My business partner is Leon. You may have seen the tall archer on the roof outside?

SOPHIE

No, where was he?

BOVIL

Ha! That's good! He's still got it. He's always afraid someone might see him. Thinks it's the only way to be a good guard, you know. Are you planning to stay tonight? I can fix you a room.

SOPHIE

(pause) That would be wonderful. And a bath for at least Skotmir would do us both a service.

SKOTMIR

(mouthful) You snake...

SOPHIE

(pause then carefully) Bovil, we are looking for more of the Dwarven kings of Bloodwood. Better yet... if any members of the Bearcharger clan still walk.

BOVIL

(pause) Bearcharger? That's a name I haven't heard but once in the last 20 years. (beat) Over 10 years ago, a few dwarven brothers came through. From the west, I remember... and one of them was named Ola..Ola...

NAR-KELDOR

Memory flooded Sophie's mind. She saw Ricaver Bearcharger and his closest clansmen sitting together in the Howling Mountain Inn as she reached for a sweet cake sitting on the counter. Currants... spiced currants that she could still taste. (SFX-OLACUL SAMPLE FROM PROLOGUE 1) This was Zane's memory. The ones talking were Ricaver and Whitacin, but the third was lost in thought. She remembered one in particular. He always smiled at her from behind his red beard and bushy eyebrows. Never said much, just nodded. Thoughtful.

SOPHIE

Olacul?!

BOVIL

Yes! That's it! Nice lad. The five of them were making their way back to the forge. I warned 'em no one and nothing had come down or out of that road in 50 years, I reckon. Before even ol' Leon came out here to help me. The clans had all broken up and moved on. Bearcharger, Wolfhead, Copperbelly, Flintshield, Ironstone, Coalchest. All separated. Some went to the Mines in the south, others went out into the world to seek other deposits...

SOPHIE

Why?

BOVIL

Well, word had it a few of the clans had struck a deal with the great people of the north that... not everyone agreed to. Greedy... Made the rich folk richer and the poor folk poorer. So the king stayed along with some of the richer clans, obviously...

(pause) but... like I told your old friend... no one has been seen since.

TRANSITION

NAR-KELDOR

Three days passed for Sophie and Skotmir as they continued on the road eastward to Mount Trollguard. Around noon on the third day, they could make out the long mountain range that stretched to the south, creating a physical and imposing border with the magical land of Viridian. To the north, they could still see those spiked mountains and jagged cliffs that created a border with the frozen northlands. Both areas were shrouded in mystery, one due to distance and the other due to magic. Sophie sighed.

SOPHIE

(sigh) Hey Skotmir, is that the gate?

SKOTMIR

Yup. That's gotta be the trade gate up front.

NAR-KELDOR

As they began the incline toward the mountain's entrance, they noted the 50-foot by 50-foot square opening flanked by statues of twin axes. The axes stood on their stone double-headed ends, 60 feet past the opening's ceiling. Spanning the roof were angular carvings that reminded Sophie of the mine back home.

SKOTMIR

Wha?.. (pause) Hey Sophie, come here. Look over there... see it? (pause) About 50 yards out...

SOPHIE

(thinking and squinting) Is that a... flag?

SKOTMIR

Dunno. It's just some forgotten cloth, from what I can see. Why would it be out here? I... (quieter) I don't like it out here. It's so... quiet.

SOPHIE

(hushed) Yeah... if this was the great forge shouldn't we be... hearing something by now?

SKOTMIR

Yeah... Come on, let's go check it out.

NAR-KELDOR

The two companions shuffled toward the tattered and torn fabric that flapped aimlessly in the breeze outside the mine. The smell of sulfur seemed to fade slightly as they stepped away from the mouth of the dwarven stronghold.

SKOTMIR

By the stone! Look!

NAR-KELDOR

As they rounded the dark, rough granite of a boulder, they saw the remains of an old tent. Battered by time, what was once a brilliant red canvas now slowly faded out from the seams to a weathered cream. The surrounding camp was torn apart. Old, rusted instruments - among them a scattering of forks, and a timeworn shattered compass - lay strewn about.

Anything of value had been long lost to time or salvagers...except the corner of something wedged between the rock.

SOPHIE

Hey... it's... (grunt) It's a journal! Look at that. Um, let's see... (gasp) Skotmir! It's... it's Olacul's! Um... let's see... here... wow, it starts before I... wait... (VERY SUPRISED but not loud.) What?! But...

SKOTMIR

What is it?

SOPHIE

I... just look.

OLACUL

3rd of Storm's Call, 1501...

SKOTMIR

1501? Wait, that's...

SOPHIE

My birthday.

OLACUL

3rd of Storm's Call, 1501. Little Sophie looks just like her mother. Her proud papa Torsten won't leave her side, nor her sister. Sister got daddy's dark hair, but they both got the better deal with momma's face for sure. Ricaver hasn't stopped smiling at the

coming of his...

SKOTMIR

Granddaughter... but wait... Sophie, that makes you half...

SOPHIE

Oh no... no... (running to fall on her knees) no...no
no (sobbing)

NAR-KELDOR

Realization was tightening its grip on Sophie's heart. Not because of the freeing confirmation of what she always suspected, that she was in fact half-dwarf. Her strength and beauty were a gift from her dwarven mother, who loved her human father with all her heart before she took ill and died before Sophie was a year old. That was something she took comfort in now knowing, not wondering. Rather, it was the fact she was given this realization, this confirmation of her family...and now, she was staring at the ground

SOPHIE

I'm so... sorry. My brother.

NAR-KELDOR

Sunk into the ground were the skeletal remains of a dwarf in rusted chainmail. A familiar red beard still clung to parts of his chin.

SKOTMIR

Sophie... I'm so... I'm sorry. (beat) Wait... oh no. (hushed and panicked) Sophie! You see the indentation on the ground? Look, it's the same by the tent... These are footprints...

SOPHIE

(sniffing) Wha? Footprints? These are huge, what animal wears... boots?

SKOTMIR

Yeah... boots. That's what I'm afraid of. Remember the Netherspring? Sophie... (scared) these are giant footprints!

S6E3 - DARK SISTERS

The surf crashing as the windmill turns.

THE STRANGER

(grunting while tilling the field behind an old ox. Struggling slightly as he forces the blade into the ground.) Come on, girl... just a little further... one more row... hut! Hut!... *tongue clicking noise* ... come on girl you have it... there! (panting, out of breath) Whew... heh... ah... we did it.

NAR-KELDOR

He heard the soft waves and sea birds in the distance and, walking 15 paces or so, came to the edge of the high cliff. Waves licked the cliffside far below his feet, casting a faint white foam about in the mist. His heart was at peace here. Finally... He looked back to the towering windmill he called home these recent years. Standing silhouetted against the sun, its core of brick and stone stood like an ancient tower. Four wicker and burlap arms caught the sweet and salty breeze, turning them gently. He smiled to himself, turning back to face the draft that drifted up the dark slate cliffside, carrying the fresh surf air with it. Drawing a deep breath, he opened his eyes and looked at his feet. Something stood out now that he hadn't noticed before. His brow furrowed in recognition as he knelt down on the green cliffside grass, noting a single bright blue flower. The petals were similar to a lily, but only as large as his thumbnail and hidden partially amongst the clover.

THE STRANGER

(to himself) No... Not yet... Just a little more time... Please.

(distant footsteps approach)

CHILD DABRIA

Papa? (2 paces) Hey... Papa? (musically) Yoohoo pa...pa! ...Hey!

THE STRANGER

(in thought) Hmm... (suprised) Oh! (warmly) Hello, child. Sorry, I was... just... thinking. (changing the subject) H... How are you, angel?

CHILD DABRIA

Good! So... can I help sow the seeds now?

THE STRANGER

Yes... (grunting as he stands up and walks to the plow) Yes, of course. I have them right here...
(grunting as he lifts some bags) Hold still... and...
there you are! Ready to go.

NAR-KELDOR

The young girl pulled her dirty blonde hair from under the strap slung over one shoulder. Looking up with her matching gold eyes, she smiled at her father. The dusty sweet smell of barley wafted from the bag as she adjusted it over her cream and black dress. She stepped forward, grinning.

CHILD DABRIA

Here we go! (giggling)

THE STRANGER

Wait! (chuckling while struggling to toss his bag on too) Just... hold on a minute! Wait for me, child!
No, don't just toss them! Look, softly... like this...

NAR-KELDOR

He couldn't help but laugh at her gentle defiance. He dipped his head, wreathed in white muttonchop sideburns, as he slung a second bag of barley seed over his shoulder to join her. His icy blue eyes smiled in the cool breeze and bright sunlight.

TRANSITION

SFX-Forest path

UNA

Sister?...

DABRIA

Hmm? Oh. Yes, Una?

UNA

No... nothing much, just curious what's on your mind, is all. You haven't said much as we have crossed the mountains. Even when we saw the bear back there... you didn't...

DABRIA

You didn't think I was going to just kill it, did you?

UNA
Oh no! No, in fact I'm glad you didn't but I just didn't expect you to just... you know.

DABRIA
Well. I guess it could seem a bit strange for me to not just... destroy everything in our path, right?

UNA
Yeah...

DABRIA
Well, the sleep spell should be wearing off now that we are gone.

UNA
You think he's ok?

DABRIA
Ok. Who's acting weird now, "Dark Sister"? Where is the creepy voice and spooky riddles? Soon you will be a... Farmer or something.

UNA
(laughing) A farmer?! Hahaha! I killed a cactus... you know this.

DABRIA
Yup. I sure do. I remember you vowing to never try to grow anything again.

UNA
Ha! Yup... I plan on keeping that vow... (getting serious again) but... Yeah, maybe I'm getting a bit soft too.

DABRIA
Woah! (sternly) Una, we aren't soft. Don't ever mistake my sparing the bear for weakness. He just...

NAR-KELDOR
A toy bear from her childhood sprung to her mind, as did the smiling eyes of her father. She closed her eyes and shook her head slightly, willing the vision away.

UNA
Oh, I get it! I... I'm sorry, Dark Sister. I just... well... never mind.

DABRIA

It's no matter, Una.... (sigh as they walk. take your time in 3 breaths) Look there beyond that hill. That looks like a town...

UNA

(curiously familiar) It... does... (snaps back to the task at hand painfully in her mind) AUGH! No... No time... must keep going, my sister... she says we are... almost there...

ASH

(trailing whisper) Almost there...

TRANSITION

Wind blowing and distant cave sounds

UNA

Here.

NAR-KELDOR

Una pulled back her hood... allowing her eyes to see the height of the stone reliefs, timeworn on the dark granite cliffside. There was a salty smell to the air. An old smell. They stood in the shadow of the setting sun, which dipped below the face of the western cliff opposite them... They were in a split of stone that stretched for miles and stood a few hundred feet high. A clean rift between the mountains of Bloodwood and Skathi.

DABRIA

Brr... Whatever was on that wall is blasted from the wind and ice here in this northland. It looks like giant snakes? No... people? Both? (sigh) Well, that was probably a skull at some point... I don't know. You... you sure this is Strath?

UNA

Yes, Strath... once a holy place. now... just an ancient, forgotten tomb... (sigh) Come, let's go... (5 breaths as she walks deeper. She's getting excited) Ow!... It's... it's getting too dark, sister. Do you...?

DABRIA

Wait, Una... here... one moment. (rummaging in pack) Here's the torches, one second... (clicking of flint a few times before it flares. She blows on it a few times to nurse it) Ah... ok, here you go. W... wait,

Una!

UNA

(jogging) Yes! We are almost there... come, sister!
Hurry!

DABRIA

This place is... dark... (to herself) Unholy...

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria walked briskly, keeping Una within sight as she followed her hasty jog down the damp stone hallway. There was a smell of must and ammonia in the air that stung her nose slightly, but it was old and faded. Ancient. She felt the stone wall to her right and noticed carved symbols and pictures... some familiar to her

DABRIA

A Lion's fear... the hungry bear... the law that rots... a thorn's revenge... the dead that is not dead... what? This... this is...

UNA

(distant) AUGH!!! Go back to your hell, demon!!

DABRIA

Una!! Hold on!(running, then sees the abomination)
What in the dark abyss are....

NAR-KELDOR

They were in a large inner chamber where the torchlight was minimized by a bluegreen moss that glowed from the distant walls... and illuminated a shambling mass.

Ten feet around and twice as high as either of them, long powerful tentacles dropped to the ground and propped it up as it heaved toward the pair.

SFX impact grinding stone undead birth
Driving into the ground it pulled up a screaming skull, blue fire of the animated undead glowing in its screaming mouth.

DABRIA

Duck!

UNA

Woah!

NAR-KELDOR

Another tentacle whipped past Dabria to retrieve a ribcage clad in sparse, rusted chainmail.

UNA

Gyah!!

NAR-KELDOR

A single spiked pauldron, rusted and bent around the collarbone, painfully grazed Una's back as she lay prone on the ground.

SFX impact grinding stone

The skull was slammed into the ribcage as other limbs joined, rapidly creating a writhing warrior glowing in blue green flames.

DABRIA

Una! Get that thing! I'm going after the warrior!

UNA

Oh... ok. (begins chanting)

DABRIA

GYAHH!

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria dove at the skeletal warrior as it hit the ground, feeling her body ache not with an expected heat of flames but with a bone-cracking cold that rocked her body. Screaming, she gripped its head between her forearm and her blackened steel breastplate. In her other hand she drew her whip, striking the tentacle as it swung at her. Dropping to the ground, she rolled and felt a satisfying pop in her arms. Standing up, she smirked as she tossed the detached skull to the ground. But she looked up in horror. Five more screaming warriors were being assembled in the glistening unspeakable mass above her. She rubbed her arm, prepared for another strike.

DABRIA

Una, Hurry!

UNA

Ugh!! Usha hehungun!!! (pronounced: OSha-HEE-HOON-GOON) GYAH!!

NAR-KELDOR

A shockwave rippled out from Una's outstretched

hands, dropping Dabria's cheek to the cold stone floor. The mass ripped apart in a thousand shrieks. Wisps of teal smoke faded into the air as the ground clattered with the bones of the lifeless dead once more.

DABRIA

(panting) Woah... that. That was perfect. (grunting to stand, wiping the dust off the hands) Teamwork. Huh... well. Is... is that it, back there?

UNA

Yes... yes! That's it, my sister. Come! Come now!

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria stopped to gather the dropped torches that still burned on the ground as Una ran to the carved stone object, a sarcophagus in the center of the wide chamber. A statue of a tall man in a robe with a long pole stood above it, one hand placed over the lid. Protecting it. Or protecting the world from it. Around the base were markings... unknown but familiar markings...

DABRIA

Hey... doesn't that look like the one in the netherspring... oh wait... You weren't there. Una, wait, don't go near it yet.... UNA!

ASH

I'm here, my little Una!

UNA

Almost there, my master!

The lid slides

NAR-KELDOR

The heavy stone lid slid to the side by its own power as Una approached it, the statue's hand moving out of the way as it passed. Una peered inside. She saw it. It was just like her visions and her dreams. A midnight blue staff as long as she was tall, shaped like a spinal column and topped with a blackened skull.

ASH

I can... see you...

DABRIA

Wait!

NAR-KELDOR

As Una's hand wrapped around the staff, she felt a wave of power wash over her. She chuckled slightly. Lifting the staff out of its tomb she stood it next to her. Dabria saw the eyes flare with a green glow for an instant as Una's head lolled to one side, like a doll's.

UNA

Un...

DABRIA

Una... Una, are you ok? (gasp)

NAR-KELDOR

Her head snapped back to look at her friend. Her eyes blazed with power and confidence. She stood stronger, taller. Looking at the green glow of the skull, an uncharacteristic crooked grin split her once familiar face.

ASH

Oh Dabria... (chuckle) I... I am more than ok. (big breath) Ah! Come! You and I have much to do, and there is little time.

S6E4 - OLD FRIENDS

SFX Port L'For streets

MERCHANT 1

Come and get it, right here! Fried urchin and greens!
Pickled Shrimp! Hot and dill! Come on over! Don't be
shy!

VASH

Uh... (gulp) Ew... (whispering) What is that?

ZORIN

She just told you... Pickled Shrimp. Mmm...
delicious.

VASH

Zorin... does THAT look like shrimp to you?

ZORIN

Um... well, now you mention it. (joking) Maybe it's
some bug or something... I'm gonna snag one.

VASH

Ugh... (heaving) Just... no... go...

ZORIN

I don't know why that seems so odd to you... I mean,
if you're hungry...

VASH

I'll wait for the bar.. What did you say the name was
again?

ZORIN

Pig and Turtle. If it's still there, of course. Last
I saw, it... was having issues.

VASH

Issues?

ZORIN

Fire. A whole lot of fire...

VASH

What in the... What makes you think it would still be
here then?!

ZORIN

Oh... you don't know Avar... If he's still around,
his bar is too... woah... wow. Just... hang on a sec,

will ya...

NAR-KELDOR

The pair turned a corner on the cobblestone street and a wave of crashing memory hit Zorin coldly in the face. His eyes fell on the familiar Bear and Lion fountain in the center of the square, its dark colors glistening from the cool mist of the 3 streams that continuously bathed it in the late afternoon sun. The clouds above were catching gold as stars began to peek out from the darkening blue. People hastily passed in the still-bustling marketplace on the streets of Port L'For. Smells wafted from several street vendors cooking fish and lamb, and even cabbage wraps with heavily spiced ground meat boiled in pots and sold on wooden skewers.

ZORIN

Oof!

MERCENARY 1

Move, little man!

VASH

Hey, watch it!

MERCENARY 1

Looks like someone's got a death wish.

ZORIN

(gasping) Nope! My bad! (whispering) Stop it...

VASH

We can take these guys, look at them...

MERCENARY 1

Look at what?

ZORIN

(uneasy laugh) Ha ha uh... (whispered) You are going to get us killed. Shut up. (louder) You go right ahead, good sir!

MERCENARY 1

Pukes... whatever.

ZORIN

Don't get sloppy, Vash. We are not in some fancy city. These guys are angry... and... and well... the good guys are criminals.

VASH

That's no problem... just you probably look really weak to that guy.

ZORIN

I... hey... I do not.

VASH

You practically licked his boots. (mocking voice) "Oh you go right ahead GOOD SIR!"

ZORIN

Look, your majesty. He... he could have killed us.

VASH

Yup... but the secret is making sure he doesn't know that. Hey... is that...?

NAR-KELDOR

Sweet smoke struck his nose as wide braziers were lit outside a familiar building that also faced the fountain. The skirted brick was blackened in spots but the frame was exactly how he remembered it. A large oaken door swung open as a Minotaur and three sailors walked in ahead of them, spilling some of the cheer and celebration from within out onto the street. The sign above the large oaken door was unmistakable.

ZORIN

Well, I'll be... (chuckle) Here it is, buddy... Welcome to the The Pig and Turtle.

TRANSITION

Bar sounds

BARTENDER

Here ya be. A tall ale for the sailor and wine for his ugly girlfriend.

VASH

Ha. Haven't heard that one before.

BARTENDER

Hahaha! And what are you hav'n'?

ZORIN

He's always like that. Can't... remember his name, though.

VASH

Mmm... wine isn't bad. Cheap, but not bad... (drink)
So, tell me about the last time you were here.

ZORIN

Sure. I may keep it low, though.

VASH

Sure...

NAR-KELDOR

The two friends leaned in at the bar to close the conversation from any unwanted ears. They had seen some guards patrolling outside that proved Port L'For was still under Lord Pallus's control after all these years. Zorin was hoping The Pig and Turtle was still operating from the Trade Baron's direction and not from the military's.

ZORIN

...so while Cordelia was playing and we were all having a great time, Elloveve, Sophie, Benedict... wait... no... that's right, Benedict... left while she was playing... following...

VASH

Following someone?

ZORIN

Yeah. Over there.. that booth in the corner. See, there were three of them in there. A tall guy with two shorter ones in dark cloaks... the one in the middle was some sort of prisoner.

VASH

Prisoner? From what? Benedict said one of them was Zane, right?

ZORIN

Yeah... you know, now you mention it... Zane never said anything about...

AVAR

(happily greeting) You filthy pirate! Hello, Zartan!

NAR-KELDOR

Dressed in fine silks and smelling of rich frankincense, the familiar short man approached the table with two bodyguards. Zorin smiled, ignoring the use of a name he did not answer to. He knew a Zartan once, he thought, a con man who hated the sun if he

remembered right, but that was no matter. Avar's eyes showed recognition.

ZORIN

Avar! How are you, my friend!

AVAR

The coin has not flowed the same since you last saw me, child.

ZORIN

The fire...

AVAR

Shhh!

NAR-KELDOR

Avar drew his hand up shortly, silencing them from speaking further.

AVAR

(quietly) Come... come with me. There are many ears here, and its getting harder to tell who my friends are, anymore. Sit here and finish your drink. I will be in my office... Sneak back when the dancers begin. Everyone should be distracted. (resuming volume) Enjoy the show my friend!

NAR-KELDOR

Smiling, the man swooped to the next table, greeting them in similar fashion. The ale tasted bittersweet on his tongue. Rich and malty, just like he remembered. The ale here was always a favorite. Thick and creamy, the foam stuck to the inside of the dented pewter tankard. He absentmindedly sized up a dent with his thumb, wondering if this was one he once held years ago, in this same bar.

SFX music and cheers

The crowd rose and drew to the stage where four dancers in silks and jewels swayed. Another two leapt onto the stage, swinging their arms in a windmill pattern with brass batons behind them. They were all beautiful and powerful. Coins clinked together, thos attached to long sashes tied at their waists as well as the ones now being tossed onto the stage. One powerful dancer leapt from the stage and picked a smaller member of the audience up onto his shoulders, resuming the whirlwind dance with the batons. The guest smiled broadly, laughing as he swayed gently

with a mug in his hands. The crowd drew closer...

ZORIN

(hushed) Now.

NAR-KELDOR

Vash nodded as the two men stuck to the blind spot at the rear of the crowd, snaking their way to the back of the room where Avar's office was. The familiar pine hallway led to a door with a blackened iron knocker. Vash went to raise it with a hand when the door flew open.

AVAR

(hushed) Get in here! Don't knock!

door close

AVAR

Zorin... good to see you... how is my shining star?

ZORIN

Cordelia? Oh, she's great. If I were to guess, she's studying some book back home or finally learning to cook something substantial.

VASH

She can cook fine. You're too hard on her.

ZORIN

You have NO idea what disasters lie in store in any kitchen she touches.

AVAR

Ha! Your friend is right! Cordelia, I'm sure, can cook fine. (beat) Hello, my new friend. Any friend of Zorin's is a friend of mine. You are...

VASH

Vash, sir. Vash Silverbrand.

AVAR

Well... I'll be. Shae Silverbrand's lost son? Now turned to Wine Smugg... My apologies... I mean (bowing) distribution. Am I right?

VASH

Yes. The same.

AVAR

Splendid! And well met. So, Zorin, why are you here?

Why did you come back? I know it wasn't just to donate more coin to my purse.

ZORIN

Avar... I'm looking for Tatteredroot.

AVAR

Delfy? Haven't heard that name in a while. He disappeared a year or so ago.

ZORIN

What about Darktusk? Is he still running mercenaries out of here?

AVAR

No. He went back to Darkovnia. You looking for men or weapons?

ZORIN

Either. I'm... I'm looking for allies.

NAR-KELDOR

Avar stroked the orange-red beard on his deep brown chin. He nodded in understanding of his friend.

AVAR

Zorin... your friends are gone here except for me anymore, but that just means it's time to make new friends! I believe you need to go east...

ZORIN

To First Port?

AVAR

Yes. Start there... Pallus still hasn't been able to enter Viridian, so you should be able to find allies there. The magic of the streams is still more powerful than any force he could muster.

muffled shouting

(hushed) Wait... hold on... oh no... you have to go! Come over here...

sfx slide of a trap door

Ok, now wait here... if I drop my hand you drop down that passage. It leads to an alley four blocks away and from there out of the city.

NAR-KELDOR

Avar crept to the right of his office door and ducked behind the thick curtain that framed it. It hid a small sliding panel that he slid to the right quietly, revealing a small mirror turned 45 degrees to view down the hallway. The light from his office, hidden by the curtain behind him, offered complete invisibility. He cringed. Down the hall he saw his bodyguards arguing with two Dark Army soldiers. Lord Pallus's army. They knew who was here... just behind them he saw the cause.

AVAR

(hushed) Oh, Davis. Why did you have to betray me like that? Worst bartender in the business for a reason, I suppose. (sigh) (door opens and he speaks louder) Oi! What's all this about? Davis? Why aren't these guests drinking? My house! My rules! Come boys!

NAR-KELDOR

He swung open the door and stepped out, waving his hand down to Zorin and Vash. Dropping silently into the musty darkness, the two sprinted up the brick hallway under the streets of Port L'For. They saw the light behind them extinguish as the trap door closed and the carpet slid over it, once again hiding their flight.

TRANSITION

NAR-KELDOR

The travel to First Port took them only four days and nights, as they traveled light and the rations they carried were running very low. Despite all that, Zorin now smiled as he looked around the familiar harbor.

ZORIN

You smell that?

VASH

Fish guts?

ZORIN

No. Smoked oysters.

VASH

Oh, for the love of... you don't eat that trash, do you?

ZORIN
What, you don't? Wow, you are seriously sheltered,
aren't you.

VASH
They only smoke them when they go bad.

ZORIN
What?

VASH
Yup.

ZORIN
I'm calling bull on that. You are just scared.

VASH
Call it all you want, I'm the son of Silverbrand. You
know... the Whalers.

ZORIN
What the hell does whaling have to do with oysters?

VASH
It's similar.

ZORIN
I want to see you with a harpoon hunting oysters.

VASH
Stop.

ZORIN
Heroic.

VASH
Shut up.

ZORIN
There we are!

VASH
The Periwinkle Platypus?

ZORIN
We don't judge names, Vash. Show some respect.

VASH
It's kinda stupid.

ZORIN

Shut up and go inside.

door creaks light crowd inside

DERRY GOLDLEAF

Well hello... come have a seat! Let me get you some fine... wait... Vash?

VASH

Well I'll be a shark's testicle... if it isn't Derry Goldleaf! (handshake) How are you?

DERRY GOLDLEAF

Better than you. I at least have a bed and have taken a shower recently! How can I help you?

VASH

We're looking for work.

ZORIN

Work?

VASH

Yup.

ZORIN

We are?

VASH

Best way to make friends.

ZORIN

Ah. Ok.

VASH

Can't buy friends all the time, Zorin.

ZORIN

Hey, I wasn't planning on...

DERRY GOLDLEAF

Zorin? Ah yeah! Hahaha! (Shouting) Hey! Spindle! Look who's here!

NAR-KELDOR

A nearby table turned to face Zorin as they lowered the cards in their hands. The surly faces were inquisitive as they peered through the thick pipe smoke. One face was attached to a short strong halfling with bouncing black curls which flopped as

she jumped up on the table, pointing at Zorin.

SPINDLE

Oi! Fuzzy face! Come for a rematch, I see! Yeah...
let's go, whalespit! Get a drink and get over here!
Hahaha!

ZORIN

Oh... (calling) Yeah, that's right, Spindle... I'm
back! Better hide your money! (hushed) This could be
a bad night.

VASH

Hey, it's your money... Maybe tonight you can buy
friends.

ZORIN

Shut up.

VIX

Oh, the irony ... were friends being handed out for
free, neither of you would walk away with one.

NAR-KELDOR

Zorin turned and felt his heart drop slightly as his
eyes fell on the black-haired elf clad in familiar
blue robes. His trademark smirk was overshadowed by
the recognizable condescension that dripped from his
tongue like acid on an open wound.

DERRY GOLDLEAF

Let me introduce my friend...

ZORIN

Oh. (chuckle) Oh, we know each other real well...
Don't we... Vix.

S6E5

EPISODE: Soul Crystals

the sounds of inside the mountain. huge smooth rock reverb, cavernous.

SKOTMIR

Look at these walls, Sophie. So smooth. Perfect.

SOPHIE

Yeah... huh. I always wondered why I liked crawling around in the mines back home with Zane and everyone. (chuckle) I guess it was in my blood.

SKOTMIR

(deep smell) MMMM... smell that?

SOPHIE

Yeah... reminds me of Erebus a bit.

SKOTMIR

Makes sense. He was a blackmith, yeah?

SOPHIE

The best.

SKOTMIR

...that's the smell of coal dust and molten iron coming down the hall. It's great, isn't it?

SOPHIE

It is. That means this forge isn't as abandoned as we thought... but the tracks outside...

NAR-KELDOR

The pair walked down the long wide expanse from the front gate. Skotmir noted that this main artery was as massive as the front was, where they had entered ten minutes ago. The carved floor showed grit and wear, including the ruts of massive and heavy carts used for transport. The ruts themselves came to his waist and were as wide as Sophie was tall. The braziers that hung from the ceiling glowed with the mountain's natural fire, flowing in and out from a system laid in the walls themselves. Red and charcoal granite housed polished obsidian that reflected the light into the massive hall, illuminating their careful footsteps. The ceiling hung five stories high and was just as wide.

SKOTMIR

Half of you is one of those tall folk, but the other half is mighty dwarf sister! (laugh) That's so great. Explains those biceps of yours.

SOPHIE

Ha! But I still like wine way too much to switch to that Ale swill you drink.

SKOTMIR

Hey, well, more for me! Ah... I miss that taste. Barley... maybe a touch of hops with a malty... frothy... delic...

giants mumbling as they patrol down the hall towards them.

SOPHIE

Skotmir, hush! (whispered) Follow me.

NAR-KELDOR

They ducked into a narrow stairway cut in the side of the massive hall as the natural rumble from the great forge fires was interrupted by the approaching booming fall of heavy boots. Iron bands cut from wagon wheels covered the toes of the blackened, thick leather. Each boot on its own was as tall as Skotmir, and those that wore these were a legendary people. Standing as high as five mine carts stacked on top of one another, they were unmistakably the giant folk of the Mountain Flame. Though either of them had never seen or met any of these people, their ruthless cunning was feared as much as their size.

UDZAR

200 tons and yet... not a single gem. How will this be overcome, brother? It's not like we can enter the portal ourselves...

MOGAS

Zalos and Blugar have...blazed the torchlight in the dark again. (chuckles) They believe the god of their mountain will destroy them...hahaha

UDZAR

What fools. Well, as long as they keep producing. We need more gems though...

MOGAS

Gems are fine... but the real power is in the steel. The more they make, the more we can trade. (chuckle)

And the trade maggots in Darkovnia won't know any difference. Hahaha!

UDZAR

Perfect. Don't get too cocky, though. Those greedy fleas can be... rather tricky.

SOPHIE

Come on up here. There's no way they can fit up these stairs.

SKOTMIR

Good call. Let's go. Looks like this goes to some upper chamber. (beat) You never have seen them before, have you?

SOPHIE

Giants? No. I was told they were rarely seen. Many people thought they didn't exist. Like... I don't know... flying to the moon, I guess.

SKOTMIR

Ha! Flying to the moon... Yeah, I hadn't ever seen them either. Just heard a lot in legends, and then the one we saw back at skull mountain.

SOPHIE

The Netherspring, you mean... yeah. (beat thinking) Hey... there's got to be a reason they're here and the dwarves aren't. What do you you know about them? All I was ever told was that they were big. (chuckle)

SKOTMIR

Heard they are real cruel... something about drowning people in molten lead...

SOPHIE

Oh... ugh.

SKOTMIR

Yeah. These ones aren't too far removed from us, though. You could see how stocky they are. Tough...

SOPHIE

But you heard them. Sounds like a lot of steelsmithing going on. Hey... listen.

SKOTMIR

Hmm... what? I don't hear nothin.

SOPHIE

That's just it. I don't hear any forging. I haven't since we got here. Oh, hey. Keep low. Looks like it's opening up ahead.

NAR-KELDOR

Reaching the top of the stairway, the pair realized they were on a massive stone walkway that wrapped the perimeter of the ancient and relatively inactive caldera. The walkway was built for two dwarves side by side to patrol the overlook into the central forging far below. This was likely not a comfortable fit for the heavy giants.

SKOTMIR

Look Sophie, down there. The forges have been dismantled and... swept over to that far wall.

SOPHIE

That pile of junk was the great forge?

SKOTMIR

What's left of it, I suppose. They seem to just be inspecting that row of carts... from where, though?

SOPHIE

Skotmir... what's that?

SKOTMIR

I... I've never seen crystals like that before, and I've seen plenty back home. Come on, we can get out there by walking the chain.

NAR-KELDOR

Suspended from 3 massive chains which spanned the room was a cluster of iron bound crystals, short pillars of a faceted matte grey blue stone. They crawled out onto the iron chain to get a better look. The chain was as thick as a log and the two friends carefully stepped along its length. The smell of the sulfur wasn't as strong here as the dry heat that sapped at their bodies as they went. Sophie saw no real source of it, though. several small braziers were lit throughout, providing light but no expected lava flow. The chain swung naturally in a slow drift, ignoring their own weight six stories above the floor, one of the few things taller than the dozen giant folk walking below. Their armor was blackened and thick-plated, topped by plumes of fire-red hair and beards that poured forth like flames themselves.

SKOTMIR

(hushed) Stay low!

SOPHIE

Easy for you to say.

SKOTMIR

(chuckle) Nice one.

RONTHOR

Two hundred and seventy pounds! Seems a bit shy, Mebos. Combine those two and we should be ready to ship them.

MEBOS

Yes. What's the surplus, Ronthor? Axes?

RONTHOR

Blades. Short blades.

MEBOS

Aye... Northos! Call for the gate! (SFX Horn)

SKOTMIR

What... gate? I see no gate. Do you?

SOPHIE

No... that arch, though. What is that?

NAR-KELDOR

Sophie saw an archway of stone at the far end of the great room begin to glow at the sound of the deep, resonating horn. A great brass horn blown by the giant known as Northos, she imagined, a relatively slender giant with a single braid of fire wagging from the chin. The room became eerily silent as the sound decayed in the ancient halls of the volcano. (crackle and carts begin to enter)

SOPHIE

It's a portal! Look, there's smaller carts coming, pushed by... wait. Skotmir, it's the grey dwarves? The ones like from the Underworld... remember? The grumpy ones... red eyes, grey and white hair? It's gotta be them.

NAR-KELDOR

But Skotmir wasn't listening. He was at the bound set of crystals, intently looking at one in particular out of the crystals that were only slightly larger than he was tall. It wasn't until he got closer that

he could see past the dark grey haze. The light of the room passed through like a smoky glass to reveal a woman's face. Her hair was pulled back in red braids and her eyes were closed above her ruddy cheeks. Her brass armor had familiar angles. He couldn't mistake her.

SKOTMIR

Sophie... it's. It's Ferra.

SOPHIE

Who?

SKOTMIR

Ferra Ironstone, the King's Marshall! Oh, but how...

MEBOS

You little maggot! GYAH!

NAR-KELDOR

The shout below startled the pair as they ducked down next to the frozen body of their ally in the dark Underworld. The giant crushed a grey dwarf under a massive boot and Skotmir felt a rustle behind him. Sliding from the massive array a crystal fell slowly, reflecting its light gently as it shattered on the ground in a thousand glinting shards. The small form of the same dwarf was revealed, but with blonde tresses instead of grey and in a burgundy apron. His face was finally at peace. Skotmir looked at Sophie.

SOPHIE

They're prisoners!

SKOTMIR

Worse... I don't think they know! We...we gotta wake them up. Or at least not leave them like this. I'd rather die than this! SHE would too! You know it, too.

NAR-KELDOR

Skotmir's hands were shaking while he pleaded with Sophie. Her heart broke as she imagined this horrible fate for the proud people in the dark city of the great forge.

SOPHIE

I... I have an idea.

NAR-KELDOR

Sophie wasn't known for her wisdom, and to be honest

neither was Skotmir. The two friends looked at each other, recognizing this mirrored trait, and darted back along the chain to it's mooring. A lever of cold iron and pin held it to the stone wall.

SKOTMIR

Let's do it. Forever the stone.

SOPHIE

I'm sorry, my friends. Gyah!

NAR-KELDOR

Throwing the lever swung the chain in a fast and powerful arc toward the ground. As it gained speed, it slammed into the unsuspecting body of Mebos. Still gloating over his murder of the dwarven blacksmith, his giant body rolled head over heels into the carts, scattering the blades to clatter across the floor.

RONTHOR

Look out!

MOGAS

Run!!

NAR-KELDOR

More importantly, the cluster of iron bound crystals plummeted as well. Skotmir stared at the faint image of Ferra's face as she swung in an arc with her imprisoned people toward the ground...the ground that was their birthright, taken from them by the giants.

SKOTMIR

I will avenge you, my friend. Wait...

NAR-KELDOR

Skotmir saw a dwarf standing below, with grey skin and shining blue eyes. He was the one at the auction, the one bidding against Zorin to free Zane. His face cracked in a smile before the crystals smashed through him into the ground, illuminating the room in bright light.

MOGAS

By Lananna's tail!

RONTHOR

To arms! They are revolting!!

SOPHIE

Oh my god, it worked! Run!

SKOTMIR

Yeah! Let's get down there and kick some giant butt!

SOPHIE

Gyah! Yeah! If you can reach it!

SKOTMIR

Ha! You are on a roll, sister!

NAR-KELDOR

The floor sprung to life from the glittering shards of the crystal, revealing the restored Bloodwood Dwarves of Mount Trollguard as they plunged into battle with their captors.

(battle sounds)

DOOR TRANSITION

FERRA IRONSTONE

Son of the Garnet Mountains... Ha! Thank you, my friend. You freed us from a terrible dream.

SKOTMIR

Ah, it was nothing. Ha... um, it was really Sophie.

FERRA IRONSTONE

(chuckles) Thank you too, Sophie...

NAR-KELDOR

They all stood on the dais with the stone gate. The brass horn that served as its key was back in its home, mounted to the wall and at a height suitable for the one to use it. Hundreds of proud dwarves - men, women, and children all - looked up to their liberators. Ferra was free, as were her people. Her loyalty was one thing she had held onto for half a century, along with her people, under the cruel yoke of the giants. Skotmir saw her smile as she placed both hands on his broad shoulders.

FERRA IRONSTONE

Skotmir. You have saved my people and we have no king. You... have brought us back the Hammer of our ancestors. The hammer that signified the one who ruled our mountain.

NAR-KELDOR

She leaned in, her smile broadening.

SKOTMIR

I... uh.

FERRA IRONSTONE
Would you...

SKOTMIR
Well, I uh...

FERRA IRONSTONE
Let me finish!

SOPHIE
(hushing) Skotmir, shut up!

FERRA IRONSTONE
Would you be our King?

SKOTMIR
Nope.

FERRA IRONSTONE
What?

SKOTMIR
I... I can't Ferra. I mean, you're their leader.

FERRA IRONSTONE
But you brought the Hammer back. You HAVE to be king.

SKOTMIR
... uh... um... fine. Cool. So I'm king.

FERRA IRONSTONE
(hushed) Finally... (Shouting) I present King Skotmir
the Bold!

CROWD
Yay! All Hail King Skotmir! Huzzah!

SKOTMIR
Oh ok... (shouting) Thank you, my friends... er, I
mean... great people! Yes, you all are great. Ah...
(beat) Well, it has been wonderful being your king.
Really. But as my first and last act I present to you
Queen Ferra Ironstone. The Just... the... (quiet)
Beautiful.

NAR-KELDOR
The crowd was deathly silent. Sophie placed her head
in her hands in disbelief.

ZANE
Oh for... Your brother is an idiot. Wait... wait!

Wow! Go Skotmir!

NAR-KELDOR

Sophie peeked her eyes between her fingers, apprehensive at what she might see. She saw Ferra pulling Skotmir into a warm embrace with a kiss. The crowd exploded.

CROWD

Fer-ra! Fer-ra! Fer-ra! Fer-ra! Fer-ra!

DOOR TRANSITION

outside walking back

NAR-KELDOR

The pair once again found themselves on the dusty road back toward Kur. They would travel south from there to Port L'For, and seek passage back to Whitford in the new world and, finally, home. They had been travelling a few days now, but that roar of the dwarves' celebration still resonated in their heads. They were now making their ascent into the mountains and leaving the cracked, chapped earth behind them.

SOPHIE

You. You could have been the king.

SKOTMIR

Yeah but... I wanna be a hero... like you, my sister.

SOPHIE

Aw... shut up.

SKOTMIR

Hahaha.... besides, Ferra said she's heading down to the mine to liberate them from Maldros and Lord Pallus. Then she will meet me back at the Garnet Mountains to secure an alliance with my people. That will be a lot easier for my brother to understand. Knowing my luck, I'd be labeled a traitor or something if I was their king. Heh, I don't know if I was supposed to give back the hammer even, hahaha.

SOPHIE

Hahahah!

ZANE

Hey Sophie. There's something about those crystals... something familiar but... I can't put my mind around

it... I... (horse whinny) Woah!! NO WAY!

SKOTMIR

Back! St...Stand back, demon!

SOPHIE

Sta... Stand down, Skotmir.

NAR-KELDOR

From the new tree line that flanked the road out of Bloodwood stepped a dark mare with glowing blue-green eyes. Its flesh hung in tattered rags, drifting in the breeze. Sitting astride was a warrior, gaunt and pale, an echo of the life her body once carried, clutching the reigns in both hands and staring intently at Sophie with glowing blue eyes of her own. Familiar eyes. She spoke with a voice Sophie had not heard in a very long time.

NIGHTBLADE

Well... it's been a long time... hasn't it... my sister?

S6E6 - THE STREAM OF DREAMS

EPISODE: The Stream of Dreams

Scene 1 - Discussion on the road about what Derry told them as they prepare to cross the Stream of Dreams. Derry gave them the invitation from the Council of Thrones.

VIX

Hmmm. Yes, I agree.

ZORIN

(beat) What?

VASH

Yeah... what, Vix? What are you agreeing to? We haven't said anything.

VIX

I agree, my brilliant minded companions... that this is, indeed, a river. Or stream, if you'd rather.

ZORIN

(sigh) I KNOW...

VIX

Oh. I'm sorry... I thought you were just confused and that's why we have been staring at this marvel of nature for the last decade.

VASH

Jeez... It's not that simple, Vix. Derry said we...

VIX

I am aware of what he said. And this is in fact the Stream of Dreams... hmmm. (in awe) Powerful isn't it? You... you can feel it too, can't you? The barrier, I mean.

ZORIN

Well... yeah. It won't let us enter Viridian. I mean, that's what protects it from us, right?

VIX

In a way. (beat) You see, the stream won't allow those not of the fey blood to cross... but it also will not allow them to leave.

VASH

What? You mean... they are prisoners over there?

...they can't just leave?

ZORIN

That makes sense, actually, why we've never seen some of the legendary people of Viridian.

VIX

Yes, my little chestnut... Our cousins the Elves of the Stream are actually protecting our world from theirs. Their world stretches the limits of the imagination, I have been told... Equally bringing to life the most beautiful of dreams and the most terrifying of nightmares.

VASH

(long pause) Wow... you ever thought of going into motivational speaking, Vix? Not that you would be good at it, but could be.

ZORIN

Wait a minute. So then what good is this letter Derry gave us? It's just a paper invitation to the town of Mistgulch...

VIX

Just hold it as we cross the river. It's our invitation, after all.

VASH

We can't just cross the river, Vix!

VIX

Use the bridge you... walking cantaloupe!

VASH

(long pause) ... wait... walking what? What does that even mean?

VIX

(sigh) I admit... it's not my best work. Now come on... follow me.

NAR-KELDOR

The sky was a clear blue match to the gently moving stream. The smooth stones barely broke the water, and seemed to hypnotically disappear only to reappear somewhere else. It could seem to some that they were mingling with each other, like a busy marketplace. The grass smelled sweet under their feet. Pink and yellow dragonflies darted around them inquisitively as the trio made their way to the simple, unmarked

wooden bridge that spanned the water.

ZORIN

(Reading) Uh... to those who will assist Mistgulch please accept this invitation and travel post haste. We anxiously await your assistance. That's it. There's nothing on it other than this and (creaking groaning SFX) ... woah... wow.

NAR-KELDOR

The trio saw the road before them twist from the east and curve toward the south, trees and underbrush sprouting as far as the eye could see. A clear dirt path appeared. It looked to be ancient and well travelled, although... they saw it form before their very eyes.

VIX

The path will lead us to Mistgulch... as that is our ONLY invitation. We shouldn't dally and upset the land for... graciously accepting us as outsiders to assist.

VASH

Agreed. Come on, I'll take point.

VIX

Yes, please. Do let me know if there's anything I can do to avoid an untimely death...

VASH

Yes... that's the point.

VIX

For myself, I mean.

VASH

Whatever.

ZORIN

I... really didn't miss you.

VIX

And nor I you. But fate needs us both to help my cousins, doesn't it? We both have our reasons, but let's make the most of it, shall we?

ZORIN

(sigh) Yes... yes, you are right.

VIX
Hmm. Of course I am. Let's go.

ZORIN
Grrr... (mumbles fade out as they walk away)

DOOR TRANSITION

Scene 2 - Travel to Mistgulch and encounter the Hellscape. Escape with the gnomes to meet the unicorn. Vix says "I only have to run faster than you". He will be saved by Vash, though.

NAR-KELDOR
Viridian. The enchanted land of fairy tales and legends. Lying in the farthest east of the known world, it lives up to its nickname as the Land of Eternal Dawn. Beyond the Stream of Dreams, the Land lies in the twilight of consciousness, constantly shifting for those that walk its paths and guard its many secrets. Vash, Vix and Zorin thought about this as they walked in their dream-turned-reality toward the town of Mistgulch.

DERRY GOLDLEAF
(echoing flashback) If you are wanting to make allies of our cousins in Viridian, I have a task for you. See, our wine um... shipments... have come to a stop from a town called Mistgulch not too far past the Stream. My contact, Twig, told me they need help with something down there but didn't know what yet, or just declined to say. Go free up our ability to get that sweet Viridian Port back and, well... I'm sure you'll be heroes to quite a few people. If you want the job, here's their invitation...

NAR-KELDOR
The memory of Derry Goldleaf's words resonated in Zorin's mind.

ZORIN
Viridian Port. Heard that's pretty good stuff.

VASH
The best. I made A LOT of coin off that one.

VIX
Ah yes. "Transporting"

VASH
Sure. That's one way to put it.

VIX
Hmm. It's best not to let anyone here know about your little business. I don't want to be associated with smuggling, personally.

VASH
I don't know if I want to be associated with you... personally.

ZORIN
Hey, shut up for a second... look. Does it seem to be getting darker as we... hey, stop. (SFX Stop Footsteps)

VASH
The sky...

ZORIN
Yeah... it stopped getting darker. Hey, follow me. (SFX-Footsteps)

VIX
This is interesting... the sky is getting lighter as we retreat...

ZORIN
That's... creepy.

VIX
That's fey magic. Something isn't right or good. Best be prepared for anything we could encounter here to be... powerful and un...tamed.

VASH
Ok... let's hustle... but stick to the shadows.

ZORIN
That's... not proving to be a problem now, with night falling... or whatever this is...(beat) Woah!

NAR-KELDOR
(SFX- blazing up) The road darkened in a quick fade to the deep blue gray of night, and at its end a village sprung from the mists as if conjured there by some powerful magic. Cedar shake roofs that curved at odd angles flanked the now cobblestone streets, and all was crowned above with a nightmarishly large orange crescent moon. The torchlight of sconces and

lanterns in the streets cast an eerie glow in the low haze that drifted at their feet. The smell of sweet baked goods and roasted meat was overshadowed by charcoal and pine burning somewhere in the center of the city. A wooden sign swung from a lantern, ancient but well maintained.

ZORIN

Mistgulch. Well, this is it. (SFX-Voices shrieking)
What the...

VIX

Time to earn our stay, my dim-witted companions.
Let's move!

VASH

Agreed... kinda. (SFX- Jogging sounds and shutters
slamming shut)

ZORIN

That's um... hey, up there on the houses, the
shutters are slamming shut.

VASH

Something doesn't want us here...

ZORIN

Or is afraid to reveal itself.

VIX

Not... likely. ATES-TO GO!

ZORIN

(spell sails by his head) Woah! Watch it!

VIX

Move and I won't have to! (SFX- Shriek) TEE SHAH!!

NAR-KELDOR

Vix blasted spell after spell, hurling blue and red fire into the shadows as he began to quicken his pace. As the trio ran, straining to see, they caught a glimpse of short goblin-like creatures darting out toward them with short cruel, curved blades. Their eyes were open wildly, darting behind their large beaked noses and cruel grins that revealed broken teeth filed to points. Perched on their heads were deep red-brown hats, once beige and cream, that rose above their faces in candle dower peaks.

VASH
(panting) Oh no, those gnomes have some angry friends!

ZORIN
(panting) Yeah! Wait.. is that... (SFX) Woah! Again! Watch it!

VIX
(panting) Shut up and run if you have nothing else you can do! SHEE-TOW-FA! (sfx-spell) There... in the center of tow.. AH! (SFX Bow striking a redcap) Oh my, you almost took my head off!!

VASH
(panting) You could say thanks! He was about to cut you open like... duck!

ZORIN
(panting) (SFX-Arrow into a redcap) JEEZ!!! Wait a minute... not you, too! Bad enough I gotta dodge this guy's spells. I don't need you...

VASH
(panting) What is with you guys not saying thanks?! There! In the center square, that big block of stone. Is it...glowing?

VIX
(panting) Yes! At least it's something other than these redcaps! Now, jump!

ZORIN
Yah!!!

VASH
Woah!!!

NAR-KELDOR
The trio leaped over a broken beam that had strewn into the street from the ruined cottage. Scrambling behind them, the mob of redcaps spilled in a clamoring chaotic wave over it, as they were too short to simply jump. Using the opportunity to put some distance between them, Vix spun around and threw a sphere of orange flame from his hands.

VIX
(yealling) NAR-HAT!! (SFX-Explosion)

NAR-KELDOR

The orb exploded upon impact with the beam, engulfing them all in flames. As it cleared, they realized they were finally alone.

VIX

(panting) Well...

ZORIN

(panting) Well... what?

VIX

(panting) Are you... going to thank me?

VASH

(panting shouting) Are you serious right now?!

VIX

(panting) Very... well. So much for... "teamwork"... I suppose. (sfx-footsteps) Hmmm, this stone... isn't from here.

NAR-KELDOR

Vix looked up, envisioning the imaginary path the stone took as it sailed through the sky...

VIX

There... it must have come from a few miles that way, based on the damage it's done to end up here...

VASH

Huh... that's a pretty good guess... I'll buy it.

ZORIN

Eh... I'll keep my bet, thanks. Unless you've been studying your physics, Vix, I still remember the dragon...

VIX

Stop...

ZORIN

And the trebuchet?

VIX

Bah! I... (under his breath) I still say that was impossible.

ZORIN

But you saw it!

VIX
What do you know, you barnacle encrusted toad!

VASH
Hey... guys? (sfx- slow hooves)

AMARA
(magical/soft/whispering) Your friend is more right than you know... (sfx- slow hooves) It did come from... that way.

NAR-KELDOR
Her golden horn pointed from the ruined cottage to the eastern sky. Her cream-colored face ended in a dark black muzzle that didn't move as she spoke. Her words traveled to their minds collectively, as if a gentle forest breeze was whispering to them.

VIX
(suprised) Ah... (catching himself) Well.. yes... of course.

VASH
A... Unicorn?

ZORIN
Beautiful. (catches himself and bows) My...my lady...

AMARA
Zorin... rise. Look, my prince... walk with me. See the breaking edges of the ground beneath the stone?

NAR-KELDOR
Zorin knelt down by the stone and could see past its resting place deep behind the earth. A purple glow seemed to throb from within, like a magical heart. The stone itself had carvings in it at regular intervals and was broken at either end, as though once part of some larger, well-carved marble structure.

ZORIN
What lies behind this... woah!

NAR-KELDOR
Zorin jumped back as a large red cat's eye suddenly peered back at him with a relentless fury and ancient hatred. One rimmed in deep green scales...

ZORIN
Green... dragons?! But they...

AMARA

Yes. This is the danger of our land. For now, the ground holds. But these shards of the ferryman's gate have breached our defenses and the powers of the underworld are finding their way back into our world. Your... world. Come stand next to me as we walk the land together, and I will tell you more... (sfx-hooves)

NAR-KELDOR

As they walked next to the radiant white body of the unicorn, they marveled at how beautiful she was. Although she had the outward appearance of a horse, she contained a grace so perfect that it was almost unnatural.

AMARA

The ferryman's gate is where our people of old banished the poisoners of the skull and the green dragons. Deep into the underworld. Deep into the land of the dead... (beat) ...where these shards have landed. They are creating portals back to this world. The long dead and the old adversaries are able to seep back into the world...

ZORIN

So what happened? Why did it... blow up?

AMARA

An artifact of extreme power, the power of creation itself...a heartstone. The heartstone was destroyed in the underworld, and that power destroyed the gate as the thinnest barrier between the worlds.

ZORIN

Oh wait. You mean?...

AMARA

Yes. The stone you and your friends destroyed to escape the underworld also destroyed the gate. Oh Zorin, do not blame yourself. I have no doubt it needed to happen, that it was meant to be. But here we are, and now we need you to help us put it back.

ZORIN

How? Do we need to carry all the pieces back?

AMARA

Oh good heavens, no! No, you must defeat the one who has escaped her prison beneath the waves.

VASH

Oh. (sighing) Endora Foxglove. That's how she came back eh? Great. Zorin, not that there's much choice now, but we have to at least try. If the stories about her that I grew up with are true, the world is in serious danger.

ZORIN

Ok... (sigh) ok. Lead on. We are with you all the way.

NAR-KELDOR

The sky began to change as dawn flowed in, revealing golden hues. The town disappeared behind them as the day broke free of the night's domain. Again they saw the road twist into the distance and the trees began to spring up full. They appeared ancient and green, but emerged as though painted upon canvas as they walked, capturing their own imagination of a beautiful forest. Vash smiled as his eyes squinted at the thought. Thinking about a perfect yellow daffodil, he closed his eyes, focusing on how perfect it was, a trumpet of amber that announced the day in front of a round disc of canary. Just like the ones on a farm north of Whitfield that he had always admired. He took a moment and opened his eyes to see a single daffodil in the grass as they passed.

VASH

What magic this place is.

NAR-KELDOR

The road opened up, revealing multiple tiers of waterfalls spilling over marble and gold pathways that glistened in the light. Lavender and cherry petals glided in on the breeze from the numerous trees lining the pathways. Vix's face melted slightly, the classic stoic expression falling away as the beauty stirred something in his elvish blood.

VIX

Indeed.

S6E7 - SONS OF THE MOON

SFX- Blizzard record 2 tracks: 1 is simply panting as he makes the climb and progresses. 2nd is the following lines until he wakes up as an internal monologue. Take your time. this should be slow tension.)

BENEDICT

(grunting as he ascends a snowy incline) This... feels impossible... every step feels like I slide further back.... look at my feet... covered in heavy fur wraps but still they just... sink into the snow. Ugh... that... that cave... must get to the cave... Kharne must have gone there... ugh. Keep going. Must... keep going... ugh.

(sfx change to the cave as he catches his breath.)

It's so cold here... and this armor isn't much protection against the ice. In fact, I'm afraid of brushing my mouth and freezing my lip to my gauntlet. I should have brought more furs. Wait... I thought Kharne brought more? Where is he? He must be up this path...

(echoing female breath)

Wha... (beat) I... I thought... he... hmm... I saw him come up here... didn't I? I'm sure...

MATRON OF THE NORTH

(weakly pleading) Help me...

BENEDICT

Did... did I just hear a voice... a.. someone? Somebody? Here? (sfx- boot scrape and grunt) Ouch! Almost twisted my ankle! That would be really bad right now...

MATRON OF THE NORTH

(louder pleading/calling out) Oh! Who's there?! Is someone there? Please... they want to... kill me. Please don't let them...kill me...

BENEDICT

That voice... again! Ok, let's go. We need to find her. She needs help. This door is... ancient. Banded wood... like the Netherspring, almost. Heh... colder though. Let's see if it can still do its job... and... just... open. Gyah! (sfx blizzard turns into indoors with a door shut) (panting) Wow... that blizzard is something else.

MATRON OF THE NORTH

(weakly pleading) Help me... back here... please...

BENEDICT

Back where there's no... doorway. You, a maiden... trapped in ancient blue ice... but how? (grunting as he chips from the ice) I'll free you! I must hurry! How can I help you?! Why are you trapped here...

MATRON OF THE NORTH

(weakly pleading) Please... find me...
(transition SFX to waking up at the campsite. Benedict thrashing around)

BENEDICT

No... NO!

KHARNE

Hey!

BENEDICT

I'll.. I'll save you! Please tell me how!

KHARNE

Hey! Calm down, Benedict! (beat) Wow, you were having a hell of a dream.

BENEDICT

(sighing) Whew...yeah. We... (beat as he collects himself/realizes it was just a dream. Clears throat) We about ready to continue? Since we crossed into the Shattered Lands, my dreams... have been nothing but nightmares.

KHARNE

Yes, my friend. Let's get moving. We should be at the cabin soon and the Sage's brother... well, he will be able to help you. The dreams are disturbing and I'm unsure if its tied to... well, that... bite on your neck.

BENEDICT

I told you the sage did that and he said...

KHARNE

(interrupting) Yeah! Yeah, he did... and that's what concerns me. (sigh) We don't have much over a couple of days, if I was to guess here... and I'm no expert. Come on... we better hurry.

TRANSITION

NAR-KELDOR

The Shattered Lands. A northern stretch of three once-powerful but now forgotten nations that fell in the days before the War of the Stone. This is where he now found himself. It spread almost as far west as the known world stretched to the Lost Sea. The far end of the world...

BENEDICT

(breathlessly fighting the wind. Under breath.)
So...cold. Can't seem to get warm. This wool cloak only provides so much before...brrrr...the wind just cuts through it. My bones ache...and my fingers... I've forgotten if they exist. No matter how hard I try, it's like...they refuse to move. Must keep...

KHARNE

(breathlessly fighting the wind. Calling out over the howling wind.) Up there! See it? That ruin, come! Let's take a break from this blasted wind! Follow me, use my footprints to follow. Don't need any last minute surprises! Hahaha!

NAR-KELDOR

They ascended upward on the sloped mountainside just off what he assumed was an invisible path that Kharne knew only in his head. When questioned, he just smiled, noting that he just knew. Benedict was no stranger to being led by faith, but even he was struggling to fully embrace that concept in these dangerous and fearful conditions.

KHARNE

Grab that door handle! Now...with me! HEAVE!!
(groaning against the heavy door)

BENEDICT

(groaning to open)

(Door closes behind them, muffling the storm slightly)

KHARNE

Whew! Well...this would have been nice to have found last night, I suppose...

BENEDICT

You've never...

KHARNE

No... (sighing looking around) No, my friend. Never

seen it. Hmm...that's the thing about the Shattered Lands. Always changing, adapting...living.

BENEDICT

But... you still know the way to the Sage's Brother?

KHARNE

Yes! See, look at this...

BENEDICT

Brrr. Oh, that's a nice brass...amulet? Is it magic? I've seen it glowing a little sometimes when you've looked at it.

KHARNE

Ah, yes. This may seem like just an amulet, but it's tied to one he shares too. It's like a beacon. See the light? How it moves when I move...always pointing...that way? And see this blue light on the opposite side? That's home. The lands will lead us to him, as long as we keep following this.

BENEDICT

Like a lighthouse. Hmm. (blows on hands and rubs them) What the...

NAR-KELDOR

Benedict could feel that he wasn't alone. There was something else here, some other presence...or spirit. But unlike the rest of this land, this presence didn't seem sinister. Just...powerful. He walked across the broken ancient floor of what must have been a tower of some importance. A watchtower or outpost, he imagined, now forgotten to time. Broken beams strewed the floor from a collapsed ceiling above, revealing the next 4 floors which were open to the sky. The misty drift of snow could be slightly seen, but was sparser given the height of the building's remaining protective walls. Though there was no roof, Benedict remarked how much warmer he actually felt. Stepping over the beams in the corner, he found a shield. It was ancient in shape, but appeared to be completely untouched by time or the elements.

KHARNE

Careful, my friend. I wouldn't trust anything here, personally.

BENEDICT

I...don't feel evil from this, Kharne. But it calls

to me... (picks it up) It's ancient. This shape hasn't been forged in over...a thousand years, I'd say. Wha...what do you suppose the heraldry on this signifies? A moon and star?

KHARNE

I... I am not sure. It's not any of the clans I know. Maybe... Darkovnian? Or Chikaran? I'm not sure.

BENEDICT

Hmm. True, my friend. Here, help me strap it to my back. It at least can help hold the cloak and furs closer to me... (metal mounting sounds) Ah! Much better.

KHARNE

Heh. Well, if nothing more, it looks good. Hmmm... well, let's be off. We should get there in the next few hours, I imagine, and we could use a good fire.

TRANSITION

(indoor fire sounds)

ULFRIC

Well! That sounds like quite a journey! (grunt as he stands and walks, chuckling slightly)

NAR-KELDOR

The huge man stood up from the table and approached a small cabinet of pine fastened with the point of a single deer's antler. Chuckling, he swung the small door with a powerful hand. Reaching in, he pulled out a single bottle of purple and midnight blue liquid. The tall bottle had a flat wide bottom that reminded Benedict of the one in the Captain's quarters of the great ship, The Sun God.

KHARNE

Ulfric, look at this...bite.

ULFRIC

Hmmm...yes. Tell me, Benedict. Was my brother...hungry?

BENEDICT

What...is that a sick joke?

ULFRIC

Hahaha! Oh, come on!

NAR-KELDOR

He put a hand on Benedict's shoulder. Benedict was again reminded of Jolith, the powerful minotaur wjp was First Mate of that same ship. But Ulfric was a man. A mountain of a man to be sure, arms that looked like most men's legs and a beard thick with black and grey that matched the hair on his head. The firelight from the modest stone hearth warmed the room and crackled in his smiling dark eyes. But, again, he was just a man.

ULFRIC

Heh. (seriously, but smiling) Look, my friend. I am happy you told me about my brother's last moments. Moments he was standing in battle! Ah! Good for him! (quiet nodding chuckle) Yes...good for him. (beat) Trust me, Benedict...I do not slander my brother's good name. (chuckle) Here. Drink.

BENEDICT

I don't drink.

ULFRIC

Oh? This time you do, my friend. I need to see something. I need YOU to see something.

BENEDICT

What... is it then?

ULFRIC

A bit of moonwort... some quicksilver...hmm... honey. Lots of honey. And... some other things. Don't mind.

KHARNE

(a little impatient) Drink it, Benedict. Trust us, there's nothing in there that will alter your mind.

ULFRIC

Heh. Says you!

KHARNE

(chuckle) Yes. Because I made it for you.

ULFRIC

Indeed!

BENEDICT

(drinks) My, that's... awful. Bleh...

ULFRIC

Now just give it a moment and let me see your wound.

Hmmm.

NAR-KELDOR

The fluid seemed to linger on the tongue for an eternity, Benedict thought to himself, secretly sneaking a prayer in his mind in hopes it would make the taste go away. He looked around the room. The high pine walls were well oiled and set, and the stone hearth of the fireplace was made of black and grey granite scorched from years of use. The smell of the fire carried through the room with a sweet, almost caramel smell, mixed with the lemonseed oil of the table his hand rested upon. He mindlessly flexed his fingers and smiled. At least the feeling had returned to them. (beat) As they sat there in silence for a few moments, his eyes landed on the shield he had found in the corner. He wasn't a fighter who used a shield, as his weapon required the use of both hands to be effective. But he thought how grand it looked. Then he thought about what Kharne had said, about not trusting anything in this shifting dangerous wasteland of the frozen north.

BENEDICT

Ulfric? Where does the dark magic of the Shattered Lands come from? I was always told it was from the shattering of the first stone. Is that correct?

ULFRIC

Aye, lad. Hmmm...the thing about these forbidden lands is that they are nightmare realms run by the shattered fey. (beat then turning) Kharne. Hand me those forceps, will ya? And those clean rags and the kettle from the stove...just set it there brother... thank you. (turning back to benedict) Um...ah yes, the Shattered Fey. Those faerie folk were once like their cousins in Viridian, but are now twisted like a dark mirror steeped in misty shadows. Hmm...see... Fey, like dragon magic, is unpredictable. But where the dragons build their magic on spirit and memories, the um...Fey...well...

KHARNE

(assisting) The body. Their magic warps and twists both the body and the mind.. Brutal, too, in the wrong hands. Mages and wizards try to stay with the main spheres and methods in the studies of their craft for a reason. This magic is very dangerous. Surem there are great rewards that COULD be benefited from, but the risk...the risk is that the opposite is just as likely to happen. The Shattered

Fey live in this risk. Many of them are now formless...but powerful. And immortal.

BENEDICT

So, this land changes physically to meet...what purpose?

ULFRIC

The land is chaos itself. Primal... feral. Hmmm... look, Kharne... (sigh in realization)

BENEDICT

What?

KHARNE

It's as I feared...

BENEDICT

What?!

KHARNE

(sigh) Benedict. Our clan is cursed, you know this. The Seer showed you this and now it's clear you are the one carrying the two bloodlines now. Your family in Darkovnia are the Kettlebanes, a well known and very powerful family. That is YOUR bloodline... but the Seer...

BENEDICT

No...

KHARNE

He passed our blood to you, too. The Stag and the Wolf...

ULFRIC

Ha! Like the legends state! (smiling) This chaotic primal land is now part of you too, Benedict. Now you are our little brother, and welcome to the clan! There is much for you to learn.

S6E8 - AMBERREACH

(Campfire morning - bluejay call. NOTE: All Una lines are to be inside Ash's mind.)

NAR-KELDOR

A bluejay called out from a long pine branch high above her head. The sky was past noon now and the canopy of trees they were camped in was sparse. The ground was loosely covered in pine needles. Soft, she noted, sitting on the wolf pelt she had slept on that night. Her dark hair fell from under her black hood, framing her green eyes. But it wasn't the bird that called to her troubled mind. It was memory.

UNA

(flashback to S3 sounds of "betrayer!")

ASH

Hmmm...

DABRIA

(coaxing) Look Una, scrambled... a little salt and pepper, some of those mushrooms we found, a bit of the wine I've had over here. Should taste like...

ASH

(sighing and under breath) ..oh dear god. (pausing confused) What? Do tell me what these nuggets of...whatever... will taste like?

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria stood there for a moment, analyzing the situation. The past day's journey from Strath had been unpleasantly quiet, which was saying something regarding Una. She was darker, like a shadow of her former self but radiating with powerful energy. Her voice was different, and yet familiar, sounding like the voice of her Patron when she revealed herself at Garnet Keep. Dabria knew her friend was not in control of her own body. Una had finally lost the battle with Ash de la Rosa, one of the world's most powerful Necromancers and former partner of Lord Pallus. Dabria had continued to honor the being's belief that she was fooled, while using every opportunity to try to poke holes in the cheap façade.

DABRIA

A taste...sensation.

ASH

Ah. Of course, it would be. (pause, grunts getting

up) Well, come. We must make our way back to Port La For and find Zorin.

DABRIA

Sure, we can eat on the way. Let me just pack this up. Hey...hey! Una! (to herself) What is the big deal with Zorin?

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria hastily gathered her small burlap travelling sack over a shoulder, and kicked out the coals of the spicy smelling fire that had provided some warmth from evening through the morning. It seemed Una preferred to travel in the afternoon, on into the evening, she now noted. She looked at her friend, stepping out of the clearing and back onto the dirt road that would return them to the west. She had a powerful, confident stride now, not the shy gait she always knew her for. Clutched in her hand was a long staff shaped like vertebrae and topped with a human skull. The peaks of the Bloodwood Mountains were still far to the south, the road flanked by thin evergreens that sparsely populated the broken rock of the earth. Breaking into a slight jog, she stuck two horn spoons into the tin pan she had pulled from the fire. She swung it toward Una, gesturing for her to take one.

ASH

Mmm...this is actually adequate.

DABRIA

Sounds like you like them?

ASH

I never said that...

DABRIA

(pause) That village over there, to the north. Maybe we could get some...

ASH

No! No...we must press on.

DABRIA

But they could have...

ASH

There is nothing!

NAR-KELDOR

The fire behind her eyes told Dabria all she needed to know. She needed to choose her next words very wisely.

DABRIA

Um... (pause) Do you think we could...
(dragonroar)
(to self) Oh, you have got to be joking...

SQUIB

There she is, Ebon!! Down there! Kill her! Kill Dabria the Betrayer!

NAR-KELDOR

Swooping out of the southwest was a black dragon and his rider. His forward-sweeping horns framed his green and purple jagged maw, dripping corrosive acid. It haphazardly flapped its wings, driving it toward its new quarry. The familiar rider sat high on her mount, her mouth peeled back in the wide grin of the huntress bearing down on its prey. It was an altogether too familiar face to all three spirits awaiting on the ground.

ASH

Squib... and Ebon. (chuckling and then shouting) YOU DARE TO CHALLENGE ME WHELP! FACE YOUR TRUE MASTER!

DABRIA

(grunting as she jumps to attention) Woah...

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria unfurled her whip, but looked at the blood thirst pouring from the quiet Una's black-robed body, her arms outstretched. The Skull at the end of the staff erupted in blue green fire.

(dragonbreath)

Ebon flew low, a stream of gel-like fluid flowing from his mouth.

DABRIA

Tey-si-go! (SFX Spell Block and Warp)

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria threw a wave of energy forth, forcing the flow outward and away from their bodies. The ground smoked and cracked where the acid fell, the caustic fumes burning their eyes as they jogged a few paces away.

ASH

Bah! SHA-TAW-BLO-TEY GYAH!

NAR-KELDOR

A skeletal hand larger than the dragon formed from vapor and mist in the air around Ebon.

EBON

What?! Gyahhhh! (groaning)

NAR-KELDOR

Its finger closed around him, sending an icy shock up his spine and dragging his muscles to a crawl. The ground was swiftly moving up to greet them as they tumbled.

SQUIB

No!! (Scream in fear)

EBON

Hold on... my... sister!!

NAR-KELDOR

Ebon hit the ground skillfully, embracing the impact of the fall to spare Squib from any harm. As he was still sliding to a halt, she wasted no time leaping from him in a fearless charge.

SQUIB

Gyahhh! Traitor!!

NAR-KELDOR

Leaping into her hands from the tattoo on her arm was the glowing stone maul of Tremor. Swinging it in a wide arc around her body (SFX Shockwave) she sent a burst of force outward like a thunder clap.

DABRIA

(groaning against the force then breaking free)
Gyah!! Back off, commander!

SQUIB

Die! Die now!! DIIIEEEE!!

NAR-KELDOR

Shrieking madly, Squib charged at Dabria only to feel the whips wrap around her leg and throw her to the ground. Ebon was quickly making up the distance behind her to take her place in the assault.

EBON

Now it's my turn! I hunger for your bones, snapping like TWIGS!! HAHAHA GRYAHHH!!!!

ASH

(Cackling madly) Ahhahaha!!!! Oh, dark Ebon, come to me!!! Don't you recognize your old friend?! HahahaHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! (pause for a deep breath before hissing. Give me a second take of the last line, same speed but screaming.) Riuke avhouke loukav agh forgoavavon! Riuke agh ukerve alnej!

NAR-KELDOR

Blue-green fire flowed effortlessly to the ground and outward as Dabria felt the familiar cold dark weave of necromancy roll into the cracks and fissures of the ground. Skeletal hands raked upward at the freeing earth, spilling like spindling spider limbs and revealing dark sockets caked with thousands of years of dirt from this forgotten ancient battlefield.

EBON

You have become more powerful, little Sage! Hahaha, it is no matter!

SQUIB

Ebon! Look!

NAR-KELDOR

The sky thundered and darkened as clouds swirled overhead. Squib could smell the sulfur and ozone as the fire erupted, blue-white fire of thunderbolts raking the earth. The cloud peeled back, showing a rose and skull in the sky.

ASH

Iav iuk alnej! It is ME!! Where is your master?! Where is Dekkion?!

NAR-KELDOR

Skeletal, claw-like hands gripped into Squib's powerful calves as she panicked. She knew this sorceress, but it was impossible. Una was never this powerful.

SQUIB

AHH!!! Get off me!

EBON

(struggling with the swarm) Gyahh!! Filthy...pests!!

Gyahh!!

NAR-KELDOR

The Swarming undead clawed mindlessly, restraining the two warriors despite the flailing claw and hammer they wielded. It was useless. Shattered bones scattered as the mighty Tremor swung over and over until she felt them close around her waist and then her bicep, holding her arms from swinging. Despite how ferociously they fought back, she was now restrained. The powerful Una walked slowly to her kneeling body, motionless save for Squib's head thrashing about, gnashing her tusks in frustration.

ASH

(paced, slow and cruel) Tell me, swamp rat. Tell me where that worm-eaten master of yours tells his lies now. A thousand mad and insane demons await justice to dine on his rotting corpse, and I will not keep them waiting!

SQUIB

Gyah... (give me 20 seconds of grunting and being restrained. Fighting back before these lines) Bah... Una...kill me! KILL ME AND BE DONE WITH IT!!

ASH

(Chuckle) Why? (beat) My vengeance lies not with you, or your...family.

EBON

Squib, my sister... she is powerful...

SQUIB

So... she is. (beat) Fine... Una... He has gone back to finish what he set out to do. He is at the windmill...

ASH

(paced confused emotions, old emotions) No... where it all began. Dabria! We... I...

DABRIA

The windmill... but... Home?

NAR-KELDOR

Una's face twisted with some deep knowledge that neither she nor Dabria could fully comprehend. As the skeletal remains returned to the earth, Squib mounted Ebon's long neck of polished obsidian scales.

SQUIB

(nonchalantly) As for us... (beat) ...we care not for Dekkion's little private ambitions. They do not serve us. (grunting) (chuckling) Hmmm... Ebon...
(dragoncry as they fly away)

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria stood by Una, watching the fleeing form of the black dragon and his rider disappear. As the afternoon sun drew lower in the west, she wasn't sure how much of Una was left.

DABRIA

Home...father. Impossible... Una...

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria's mind raced with memories, forgotten memories that had been pushed down and away to protect her stone heart over the years. Una looked at Dabria, a mix of anger and the fear of a defensive fox spilling into her grey eyes.

ASH

Hmm.

UNA

(whisper) Tell her...

DABRIA

What was that?

ASH

Oh? Nothing...nothing! I was just... remembering. You... (serious) you really cared about me, didn't you?

DABRIA

Always. You were my best friend, ever since we came into our army. We...

ASH

(chuckles rudely, interrupting but slightly sad, realizing) Yes...yes, of course. (with venom) The army...HIS army. NOT your army, Dabria. It was never meant to be OUR army. (quietly) Not even mine.

UNA

(whisper) She's our friend...

ASH

(Ash's powerful facade is starting to break. She is coming to terms with what she must do to break her

curse) Yes... (chuckles) Yes she is, isn't she...

DABRIA

I... (hesitating) I know who you are... and I'm a fan of your work.

NAR-KELDOR

Una recoiled slightly at this, as did the spirit of Ash de la Rosa. They could sense that Dabria's flattery was no more than a lie, but something inside Ash bloomed like a white hot fire in her heart. Remorse...

ASH

My work? (pause) Yes, I did many things. GREAT things, my little Dabria, absolute wonders. Sculpting of flesh and bone. Animating armies of the dead, hmmm...for you to command eventually! (chuckles) Yes... great things... but they were really his great things. My...deceiver.

NAR-KELDOR

She turned again to the village to the north. It sat alone and forgotten at the foothills leading to the frozen Giantlands.

UNA

(whisper) I know this place...

DABRIA

Again... what is this place? That village.

ASH

(serious slow and somber) Buried sins of the past. A place where fate and chance have presented me with a crossroads, Dabria. (pause) (sigh) There would be no other reason for this to happen now, here... (pause) Knowing now who I am...hmmm. Would you still...walk with me a moment?

DABRIA

Yes, yes I would... Ash.

ASH

Hmm... (pause) Ha! My name. It's...interesting to hear from someone's tongue other than my own. I... (standing straight) I am pleased. Come. This is the village of Amberreach.

TRANSITION

(Footsteps. Somber soundscape. Ruined village.)

NAR-KELDOR

Ash noted that the last decade had not changed the ruins of Amberreach's cobblestone streets to the better. Buildings lay in shards, their meticulously placed blocks of stone strewn about as though they had spilled. Walls had fallen and the streets were filled with rubble. Not one building was intact. They were now only the shattered shells of a once loved home, built modestly to protect a family against the cold, but not against the cruel forces that eventually took them down.

UNA

I haven't thought about home since I was a girl. Since I was last here... or was it? Ugh... AHH!! Get out of my head! (pause) Yes... that was it. When Ash first entered my mind...

ASH

I did that to protect you, Una.

UNA

No... (sigh) No you didn't. You did it to protect your revenge. I was just a means...to an end.

NAR-KELDOR

The voice of Una reverberated in Ash's mind. She was in control of Una's body, but Una's feelings poured over her soul, finding the cracks that guilt had left and seeping inward. The cold air felt empty and odorless. Even the stream that tried to turn the broken wheel of the sawmill just lapped around its mossy edges without purpose.

UNA

That stream...I remember my friends and I putting our feet in it. So cold. But we didn't care. Sometimes, someone would bring toast with butter to snack on. I remember the crumbs floating in the water...

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria pushed the remains of a broken cart out of their path, making room for them to step by side by side. That's when she noticed that Una's face had changed.

ASH

(mumbling) Hmmm. Breadcrumbs...

DABRIA

Ah...Ash?

ASH

(stoically and uncharacteristically kind) Yes, this is my true face. (pause) I shouldn't parade as your...your friend anymore. (pause) Not in this place, at least. (pause) We...we came here on our way to Strath. Dekkion promised to teach me some lost dark magic. Fey magic, that which could warp the flesh and mind. So... this was where I had my lesson. Oh, we laid this town to ashes. Mortas, (chuckling) his face was awestruck and filled with horror. Fires licked every roof...and...it was then I learned... (sigh) Come. Back this way, by that old butcher's store.

UNA

The butcher was a nice man who would prepare my father's prizes from the hunt, sometimes into sausages with salt and peppercorns. Greasy, but chewy. I can still smell the other sweet herbs but... that art is likely forgotten now. Along with him... just his memory remains. Am I the only one left that remembers him? His thick eyebrows that shaded his eyes...and the walrus-like moustache... (chuckle) His hair seemed to bounce when he talked...

DABRIA

Ash...what did you learn? I mean, your power is one of the greatest ever spoken of! What... else?

ASH

Have you felt anything strange, since we got here?

DABRIA

No. Just the wind.

ASH

Come, Dabria. Can't you feel their eyes?

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria looked to her right, back into the shadows behind the broken wall, and thought she saw something move.

DABRIA

...in the shadows?

ASH

There you go. Hmm...those are my poor broken...

children. You see, we warped this whole town... Except for one child, one child I took with us. Like...like a few days earlier when we took you from the windmill, I took Una from this place.

DABRIA

Why spare one, after such destruction? Why didn't you just destroy us, too?

ASH

Hmm... that's the question, isn't it? I...I don't know. There was something about her, that I saw... Something about you... that Dekkion saw. Not like the others, those we turned into shadows here... my little Una.

NAR-KELDOR

Ash gazed down at her feet as they walked in silence. Her face was deeply tanned, with dark tattoos that spiraled around her face and eyes. Her black hair was restrained in several wooden and silver beads, etched or burned with unknown and arcane symbols. The irises of her eyes were bold and black, like the pools of a lake reflecting a deep night sky. In the center of an old park she saw a central stone of red and grey granite, large enough to sit on.

UNA

That stone...that's where I learned to read. We would sit there and take turns reading stories from an old book... about a talking muffin... or the silly knight... or monsters... I liked the monster stories because I knew they weren't real. But...I just hadn't met the real monsters yet. And I guess I somehow became one.

ASH

I... I wasn't always like this, you know. Pallus was my friend. In our adventures many years ago we freed Maldros, who was also a friend. But I suppose...(pause) even friends can lose their way. Greed is a powerful thing. But Zorin...Zorin gave me focus.

DABRIA

Ash... what is it about Zorin?

NAR-KELDOR

Ash paused for a moment and looked at Dabria. She saw the genuinely inquisitive look on her face and, for the first time, felt like she didn't need to be so guarded. She also saw something more behind it.

Something hidden, but powerful. Sighing deeply, she began to stroll again.

ASH

Dabria... (beat) Zorin is my son.

DABRIA

What?!

ASH

Well, after a fashion. Pallus and I brought him into this world, after all...and we...

DABRIA

Wait, but...

ASH

I cared for him, at least. Look, he was everything to me. But Pallus took him to Kur while we built his army in the Deadlands and Trull...and after Dekkion betrayed me, I knew Zorin would be the key to his... destruction. And my revenge. That's why I wanted you and Una to meet him. Help him.

DABRIA

So Zorin... It's always been about him, hasn't it? I ...I feel like I don't know anything, anymore. It's all so confusing. What makes me so special? What did Dekkion see in me? I'm just...well...me.

ASH

Dabria...how can you say that?

NAR-KELDOR

She looked at her softly. The hard edges of Ash's face fell away finally. She placed a hand on Dabria's shoulder.

ASH

I...I know you. I know who you really are, even if you don't. Your story has just begun. (sigh)

NAR-KELDOR

Ash slid her hand off of Dabria's shoulder and looked out across the desolate ghost town, the town she created.

ASH

Hmmm. Tell me, Dabria, Mistress of Pain...Still a fan of my work?

DABRIA

To be honest, I never was. I never liked this. I never wanted this...Undeath.

ASH

(sigh) Yes, go on. Please.

DABRIA

Death is a cycle, and breaking it is wrong. What you and I do is wrong...

ASH

I know. But maybe...maybe you...(sigh) Promise me something?

DABRIA

What is that?

ASH

We...are going to the Windmill for revenge. Nothing more lies in store for me. I...I know this. But after that, will you free me? I...I have no need of this curse...anymore.

DABRIA

Why me? I mean, I can promise I will do what I can... but what makes me so special?

ASH

Trust me. (soft chuckle) If you can.

DABRIA

Doesn't seem that I have much choice.

ASH

You will know all, in time. Your greatest moment draws close now, and soon you will take flight.

DABRIA

(sigh) Will...will you keep Una safe? During all this, I mean...

ASH

Forever. I owe her at least that much.(beat) Hmm... That is it then. (beat and sigh) Come Dabria. Let us walk together, back to where it all began. It's time you went home.

S6E9-THE WINDMILL'S DAUGHTER

Scene 1 - Sophie and Skotmir talking with Kartilaan

(Walking and talking in a forest path)

SOPHIE

And so that's... that's what I've found out.

NAR-KELDOR

The two reunited sisters walked side by side in the thick fog of the afternoon forest. The sky beyond the tall aspen and pine trees was overcast and set a hazy gloom over the dirt road as they walked. They were so alike and yet so different, Skotmir thought. One was shrouded in the night, black-haired with shimmering blue lights for eyes. The deadlights, some might say. The blackened chain and plate armor she favored clung to her body and taut papery skin. No matter how she moved, it was clear this was the skin of the dead. The other's hair was the color of a summer sun, and the red blood of life flowed beneath her skin. Her chain and plate armor was a deep steel color, oiled and cared for. Both of the warriors carried similar longswords at rest, strapped to their back instead of the usual side they would draw from in battle. They were travelling with a tense but not-uncomfortable peace between them. Skotmir plodded a few paces back, allowing the siblings to talk.

NIGHTBLADE

Halfdwarves. Hmmm. Makes sense why we are so stubborn.

SKOTMIR

And... good looking!

SOPHIE

Ha! I... I guess.

NIGHTBLADE

I was probably 17, maybe 18, years old when I met Squib. She was powerful. Strong. And, I thought, a good ally in a fight. She and about eight Orc warriors had captured three bandits outside Seirra and were getting ready to dispatch justice. Something about them insulting her in the tavern the night before, not knowing she was. Well. Let's just say they were very surprised to find out she was the warrior queen of an Orc tribe. (pause) Well, one of them was my bounty. Needed the money to send back to you, Sophie...

SOPHIE

You left me, Kartilaan. I HATED you for so long...

NIGHTBLADE

I... (pause) I did. I left with him. With LORD Pallus. But that was after he... promised to give you that money. He promised me more money too, Sophie... promised me that you and I, my little sister, could escape our town and...

SOPHIE

Why? Why would I want to escape? (chuckle) I only wanted to escape you, most the time...

NIGHTBLADE

Well... (saddened) I guess I gave you what you wanted.

SOPHIE

I...(beat) I didn't mean that. I... I really missed you.

NIGHTBLADE

(smiling) And I you. (pause) Even if you snore a bit...

SKOTMIR

Yeah she does.

SOPHIE

Rude.

SKOTMIR

Hahaha! (beat) So... old Angrypants Pallus never brought you the money, I guess.

SOPHIE

He never spoke to me. Never.

NIGHTBLADE

(sad chuckle) Figures. He claimed he would leave more with you if I would go with Squib to the Deadlands and help rally troops. I did that and... I was such a fool.

SOPHIE

What makes you say that?

NIGHTBLADE

(chuckles at herself, slightly embarrassed) I never saw through it. But what you just said makes so much sense. He told me that raiders from what was left of

the Knights of the Glen had destroyed our hometown. That they set fire to everything and killed...you. My baby sister. I...I believed it! I mean, where had the knights been? They never cared about how poor we were, we were just children! Just children, Sophie. I was barely 10 when father died. (pause) Murdered... was killed...by him. My savior.

SOPHIE

So... you believe me?

NAR-KELDOR

The two sisters looked at each other in the heavy mist that trailed with them as they left the tall trees and continued westward toward the coast. Sophie noticed that, to the north, a few miles past the heavy dark chain of Kartilaan's armor, she could make out the familiar pairing of hills leading to what was left of their hometown.

SOPHIE

Look... Oalanakkhan.

NIGHTBLADE

Yes...yes it is. (beat) Hmm... yes, I believe you Sophie. It makes too much sense to not. And I want nothing more than to take vengeance on what he did to us, separating us. But first...

SOPHIE

Dekkion...

NIGHTBLADE

Yes, we must stop Dekkion.

TRANSITION

Scene 2 - Dabria and Una come to the windmill. She sees the cliffside and has a flashback to the old man raising a hand of defiance. "Not yet." Dekkion answers, "Oh yes."

NAR-KELDOR

Bolts of purple lightning ripped into the old man's body as he dropped to his knees. Dekkion's face curled back in a cruel sneer as a man covered in boils grabbed the girl by the upper arm and roughly yanked her away.

YOUNG DABRIA
Papa!!!

MORTAS
Shut up, child!!

YOUNG DABRIA
Papa!!! Nooooo!!!!!! (echoes and fades)

NIGHTBLADE
Dabria...

NAR-KELDOR
The figures in her memory disappeared, leaving only the cliffside overlooking the surf below. Empty. Her heart ached at the memory, only to be replaced by another one...Dabria, a knife of regret and loss twisting in her chest as she turned...

NIGHTBLADE
Am I still your sunbeam?

DABRIA
Kartilaan...

NAR-KELDOR
Taking a few shaky steps, she threw her arms around her.

DABRIA
Always... (gentle sob) Ever since you pulled me out of the Oubliette so long ago in Enruk... and now... you are here with me now...

SOPHIE
WE are here with you now.

DABRIA
Sophie...? Skotmir?

SOPHIE
We won't let you be alone.

NAR-KELDOR
Dabria pulled back and smiled. Wiping a tear from her golden eyes, she bit her lower lip gently. She was fearless, but this was different. She was facing her past, a monster that had destroyed her very soul to the point that she had forgotten about it. A wound that she hadn't and couldn't face in so long that she'd forgotten who she had been before that. She

turned back to Kartilaan and placed her hand on her cheek. She sobbed softly, as she wanted so badly to feel the warmth of her cheek in the palm of her hand...

DABRIA

But... I need to walk this alone.

NIGHTBLADE

You never have to walk alone. We are your friends, and we will stand by you as you face this.

SOPHIE

We are more than that. We are your family.

SKOTMIR

Yeah... (beat) Hey, scoot over. Lemme get in on that hug.

DEKKION

(slow clap and chuckle) Ah, a long time has passed since I have seen you all together my... children. I see you have found some prisoners. Good. Come and witness my greatest moment. Stand by me as I end death for all of you...and welcome a new age!!

NAR-KELDOR

The voice came from behind a dead tree in the forgotten field that once grew grain, grain that Zane remembered in the sacks of flour back home. A tall, gaunt man stepped out of the formless shadows, his eyes sunken in his head, drawn away from his papery skin. The hood of his black robes coiled behind him like a snake, and his lip curled back in a familiar broken smile. A cruel smile.

NIGHTBLADE

No, Dekkion. We've come here to end this! To end this cycle with you...together!!!

DEKKION

Really?! HahahhahHAHHAHAHAHHAHA!!!!

NAR-KELDOR

Dekkion cackled madly as his form expanded outward and upward...a giant wraith that matched the ancient creaking windmill behind him. The sky began to darken as a blanket of clouds rippled in the sky. A storm was brewing. The form seemed to fade where his waist would have been, as though projected from somewhere. Now appearing as a floating image in the slow rain

that began to fall. Reaching down into the emptiness, he pulled up an old man...a familiar old man with icy blue eyes.

THE STRANGER

(weak and coughing) Please... (breathing heavy)
Please, you know who you are...my daughter.

NAR-KELDOR

His eyes weakened for a moment, and Dekkion looked at him.

DEKKION

(cruel and evil) Oh! And WHAT is she!? Hahahaha, what COULD she be? (maniacal laughter) Oh...oh my, hmmm... well first, my OLD friend, we should start where we left off. So long ago.

NAR-KELDOR

The spirit faded into a beam of mist. Two figures now stood in that same place, returned to a normal size. Dekkion stood glowering over the weakened old man at the edge of the cliffside. Throttling him with a singular hand, he threatened to cast him over the side, plunging to the crashing surf and blackened rocks far below.

DEKKION

Say it!!!

THE STRANGER

(struggling) Never...my...dark shadow. I will never!

DEKKION

SAY IT!!! I have you now, you worm!! I am the more powerful one! AM I NOT???! SAY IT!!!!

THE STRANGER

I...I love you.

NAR-KELDOR

The old man turned his weakened face away from Dekkion and smiled at the companions. Dekkion grew confused, not understanding who his ancient adversary was looking at.

DEKKION

Love?! LOVE?? Hahahaha!! A lord of death who... loves? HAHAHA!! Tell me who would love you? Dabria, the...Mistress of Pain!? ABSURD! Look at her!! Cold, and incapable of...love. Perfect. Or maybe

Nightblade?! The woman who has slaughtered so many in MY NAME??? Oh! OH! I know, you mean Una. She who helped me see the future!!! They aren't yours, Ferryman. Look at them! (chuckles) Who could love any of you? After all the things you've done? What do you know of love?

THE STRANGER

Oh, Dekkion. That's easy. My gift. I...love...my gift. Dabria! Remember who you are!!

NAR-KELDOR

Memories rocketed into Dabria's mind.

CORDELIA

You are one of us.

ZORIN

Hey, thanks...and don't worry about it. Teamwork, remember?

SKOTMIR

This is my family.

BENEDICT

We all can be angels, if we truly want to.

Use these lines along with S5E5 where she discovers the painting of the gift in the Netherspring to build a montage of memory.

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria remembered. She remembered not only the kindness her friends had shown her, but deeper memories. Locked away memories that burst through the clouds...like the radiant sunbeam that now illuminated her from a crack in the storm clouds. Thunder rolled, and she saw her sisters silhouetted in the sky. An army of a thousand wings at the ready.

DABRIA

I know who I am now, Dekkion.

NAR-KELDOR

She looked in her memory and saw that sword. Her sword. Her ancient friend, as old as time itself. She gripped the hilt and could smell the oiled steel of the holy blade as her hand found its familiar grip.

DABRIA

Gyahh!!

NAR-KELDOR

Flames ignited in her golden eyes as she drew the flaming sword of her memory. She stood majestically against the grey sky, radiant and glowing with a power beyond this world. She was now who she always had been.

THE STRANGER

There you are my daughter. You've come home!

DEKKION

No!! (spell attack) Rise, my legions!! RIIISE!!!
 Yess! Darkness rising across the land, feel the icy fingers of death compel you!!! Hahahaha!!! Yes, YES!!! My blessed dark legions!! You shall feast on the corpses of the living vessels before you!!! Come now!! Come!!! I call you from your earthly prisons!! Be free!! Slay those here that seek to keep you there!!!!

NAR-KELDOR

The ground ripped open as clawed, skeletal hands raked the earth above them. The dead and fallow earth from decades of lost seasons gave way to the ancient sightless horde of steel and bone rising from the earth.

NIGHTBLADE

Prepare for battle!

SOPHIE

So be it. This is nothing new. is it, Skotmir!

DEKKION

AZURE!!! Hear my call and rule the skies once more!!!

SOPHIE

Azure?! What the?!

SKOTMIR

Oh man! Yeah, I guess nothing new! Let's go! Gyah!!

NAR-KELDOR

The sky ripped apart with lightning as a skeletal dragon cut blue-white fire throughout the far off clouds, descending to the dead fields. Fields where hundreds of undead were rising from tilled graves. Ancient graves.

ASH

TO FA TAY!! (spellcasting)

SOPHIE

Duck! Gyahh!

SKOTMIR

Woah! Hahaha! Got yer leg, skelly boy! Gyah!!

NAR-KELDOR

Deftly rolling under the swing of Dabria's blade, the dwarf lashed out and ripped off a skeletal warrior's leg. In one swing, he shattered its heel across its own jaw, sending its body sprawling.

NIGHTBLADE

Dabria, this way!

DABRIA

With you! Gyah, on your left!

NIGHTBLADE

Hut! Yah! Above you!

DABRIA

Send me up! (grunt)

NIGHTBLADE

(grunt) Yah!!

NAR-KELDOR

Sophie caught sight of the two warriors in their perfect concert of attacks. Orchestrated like dancers on a swift wind, they rolled over each other's backs swinging blade and limb in precise strikes like a whirlwind cutting across the plains. Dabria stepped into Nightblade's palms before being flung upward, her blade's flames blazing like a torch of pure sunlight.

DABRIA

Azure!!!!

NAR-KELDOR

The wind raced by her ears again a reminder of her flight on the back of Ymir. The feeling of flying and falling was familiar then, but she couldn't place it. Now she smelled the crashing surf mixed with the misty rain as it struck her wet cheeks. Then she remembered. Battles in clouds and caverns by her sister's side, that flaming sword in her hand. She felt gossamer white and black feathers sprout from her back in powerful wings.

AZURE

You!!! No!!

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria's body ignited in white hot fire as she passed through Azure's rotting body, leaving a huge hole in his massive chest. He crashed to the ground below, plowing the earth to either side as his body came to a stop. Dabria glided downward, landing to face Dekkion and the crumpled form of her father at his feet. With a storming pace, her wings billowing behind her, her sword raised up in a powerful high guard.

DABRIA

Dekkion, today your lies end!! I will end this!
Gyah!!!

DEKKION

(cackles madly as spellwork goes off, giant chains erupting around and restraining everyone.)

DABRIA

Gyah!!! What?! (grunting) No!!

SOPHIE

What the? Woah!! (thrown to the ground) Oof!!(being dragged) GYAAHAHAHHHHHHH (grunting)

SKOTMIR

(Grunting) No! Gyah!!

NAR-KELDOR

Chains made of unearthly black smoke erupted from the ground, restraining the companions. The smell of sulfur and burning coals seared thier nostrils but despite all that they were colder than ice and frozen to the bone.

DEKKION

HAHAHA!!! You fools didn't think it would be that easy, did you?! Come now, Ferryman. (chuckle) That I would fall because your little Angel of Death finally remembered who she was? That...I would actually care?! She's NOTHING!!! You are NOTHING!! Oh, Dabria. Your new wings really are so useless when anchored to the ground. Aren't they, my pet?

DABRIA

(grunting) No! You... Gyah!!!

ASH

Gyah!! No!! NOOO!!! (grunting)

NAR-KELDOR

Ash looked around the battlefield at the shambling forms of the undead, glowering as they descended upon the companions. Sophie was prone on the ground, her arms pulled from her legs by the same powerful chains that restrained Skotmir's axe and body to the dead tree. Kartilaan was kneeling next to Sophie, defending her from the bites of the undead dragon Azure. Una's body was anchored to the ground in oily black tendrils of chain that seemed to change shape, like smoke on the wind, but never loosened their grip. Then she remembered something from long ago, in the great stone hall of Strath...

flashback

DEKKION

Gyahh!! (spellcasting) (groaning)

ASH

No!! (groaning against a powerful force)
Gyahhhh!!!!

DEKKION

(groaning) Did you really believe I would share this next era with you, Ash? You are a means to an end. And that end is to power my staff, nothing more! (spellcasting) Whelp!

ASH

GYAHHH!!!

NAR-KELDOR

Ash remembered the battle with Dekkion so long ago, where she tapped into dark Fey magic and split her own soul to join with Una's. She knew what she must do.

ASH

Una...I could only give you part of my magic and a sliver of my will. But I knew I needed to save...my prince. Please...remember me to him.

NAR-KELDOR

Ash's misty form stepped out of Una's body to stand next to her.

ASH

Goodbye, my little Una. I leave you with what I can, but you...you don't need me anymore.

NAR-KELDOR

Turning her head, Una could see the transparent shade of the woman smile gently before facing the battle. Walking forward, she remembers...

(flashback to a cart jostling)

SERVANT GIRL

(scared) Hush...please hush. Shhhh...please...

MORTAS

Keep that baby quiet. Or I will.

ASH

It would be the last thing you ever thought of doing, Mortas. (sighing in boredom) Leave, if the child is too powerful for your...weak sensibilities. (beat) You, girl. Hand me the child.

NAR-KELDOR

The wide-eyed servant girl trembled as she carefully handed over the swaddled baby boy. She looked down into the eyes of the one thing that would fuel years of purpose while her soul lay shattered in the mind of a young girl.

ASH

(gently cooing. Take your time.) Shhhh...shhh. Hush, my boy...my little prince. (gently humming to a baby wrapped in her arms) I'll always watch over you. My sweet, sweet prince...

(End flashback/return to battle)

ASH

(shouting) You! You took me away from him!!

DEKKION

My! My my! Ash...dear ASH de la Rosa!? Here?! Why, what wonderful timing you have my...old...friend! Stand back and witness me fulfill my promise to slay the Ferryman and his pathetic angel of death!!! The death of a god!! Poetic!!

ASH

No!! GYAHHH!!!! (long scream as she throws what remains of her soul in a blast of energy)

NAR-KELDOR

Ash reached within what was left of her soul and threw it out in a burst of light that slammed into Dekkion's dark chains.

DEKKION

Gyaahhh!!! NO! NO!!!

NAR-KELDOR

Dabria's wings now free of thier mooring, she wasted no time finishing the arc of her sword.

DEKKION

GYAHHHHH!!!!!!! (echoes into silence)

SOPHIE

(Panting) Dabria? (beat) Dabria? (Calling) Dabria?! She's...she's gone.

SKOTMIR

(panting) Look! Over there, Sophie! Come on, Una! (jogging sounds)

NAR-KELDOR

At the edge of the cliff, the old man was leaning on a young girl no more than 12. A girl with shoulder length blonde hair and a dirty cream dress. She looked at them with her familiar gold eyes and smiled. He smiled too, his powerful blue eyes glowing slightly as he slowly found his feet and stood. Walking forward, Sophie saw him smile while a white robe wrapped around him. His familiar blue eyes shone like lit sapphires from beyond the hood.

THE STRANGER

Ah...Sophie.

SOPHIE

You. You were the one who asked us what path to take. The blue green or red flame...right?

THE STRANGER

Yes. Yes, it was I.

ZANE

I always wondered what would have happened if you, er, I mean I...uh us...chose the other flame?

THE STRANGER

And of course, that is Zane. Well done, my friend. You kept your promise.

ZANE

I did? I...I mean, yeah. Yeah, of course I did. Y...
You know me! Ol' reliable... *clears throat*

THE STRANGER

Thank you.

YOUNG DABRIA

My friends. I...I can't thank you enough. You have
returned me to my father...who needs me.

UNA

Is Dekkion...gone?

THE STRANGER

Yes. For now, at least. My dark twin can never be
completely defeated, but we can hope you have bought
some time at least to allow you all to prepare for
the next step in freeing your world from Lord Pallus.
We must leave you now, as we do not wish to waste
what little time you have.

SOPHIE

Is it happening soon?

THE STRANGER

Yes. It is already in motion, Sophie.

YOUNG DABRIA

Una.

NAR-KELDOR

The young Dabria looked as she had so many years ago,
when they first met. When she became her dark sister.

YOUNG DABRIA

Use this feather...

NAR-KELDOR

The white and black feather reflected the light,
showing a scene of the stream in Chikara, in the
Valley of the Dragons. Dabria smiled at her friend.

YOUNG DABRIA

It's dragon magic. You can call Kogyrus to join you
here. I...well father and I...need someone to watch
over the farm. So much could grow here and feed the
world. Oh, and over there, a small green poky thing
would look lovely.

THE STRANGER

Hmm...

NAR-KELDOR

The Ferryman raised an eye and looked at Dabria as she smiled at her old friend.

UNA

Of course, dear sister. I would be honored. This... is the life of peace I always wanted.

DABRIA

Good. Thank you, my sister. (beat) Father? Is it time?

THE STRANGER

Yes. Goodbye, and thank you again...

NAR-KELDOR

As father and daughter walked away in the rose gold dusk of the setting sun, she reached up to hold his hand. He looked down at her. At his gift. As they reached the cliffside, they continued out into the expanse high above the waves, smiling at each other. Behind them, two women appeared. One wore dark chainmail and plate armor, her long black hair framing a smooth powerful face that pulled back in a smile at her sister, Sophie. The other had long dark braids under her black cloak, unquestionable magical power behind her smiling eyes. No longer undead, their spirits free, they took a moment to wave before they, too, faded into the sea breeze above the surf. Una, Sophie and Skotmir stood in silence until the last light of the sun tucked beneath the waves to the west.

SKOTMIR

Well, I guess we gotta go to the Port...Port what was it?

SOPHIE

La For. From there we can sail to the new country. Una, so are you...excited?

UNA

Hmmm...of course. Um...for what?

SKOTMIR

Farmin'! Livin' off the land! Sheepin' and plantin'! Yee haw!

UNA

What?

SOPHIE

Farming! Look around! This is a great place to do it.

UNA

Hahaha! Nope. Gonna use this to call Kogyrus and get us the heck out of here. I'm done, and want to go back to the Keep as soon as possible.

SKOTMIR

What?!

UNA

Yup. Let me just get this set up, over this way. Hey, Skotmir, go grab some dry wood. I need six of them to make spokes...radiating out this way...

SOPHIE

Heh...I mean I'm, uh, glad you're sticking with us and all, but Dabria said...

UNA

Dabria was joking! (chuckles) I killed a cactus and my dear dark sister has never let me live it down. (chuckles) I'm... I'm going to miss her though.

SOPHIE

I hear you. I just got my sister back and...well.

SKOTMIR

You got me!

UNA

Ha! Yes, we do my friend. Yes we do!

SOPHIE

Well then, what do you need to get this party started? You heard them. We don't have much time.

DOOR TRANSITION

Epilogue

NAR-KELDOR

Along the coast of Viridian, Vix, Vash and Zorin walk along the forest path. The sounds of exotic birds and other animals could be heard in the trees under the

warm midday sun.

VASH

Hey, you guys, look up here. Looks like a stone... statue. Wait, there's a bunch of them!

ZORIN

A...stone army?

VIX

Hmmm...now where have I seen you before?

WHOOSH Transition

NAR-KELDOR

On the far side of the world in the land of Chikara, Cordelia finds herself in an ancient temple facing four doors. Unknown to her, a pair of small curious catlike eyes are watching from the shadows.

CORDELIA

The temple of the elements. What door should I choose again? Hmm...what the?!

NAR-KELDOR

Startling her, the eyes in the shadows behind her form into a small purple dragon with butterfly wings.

BRYNI

Oh my! Excuse me! C...can I help you?

WHOOSH Transition

NAR-KELDOR

Far into the frozen north, the sound of frantic hooves races through the blanket of snow. Scared to look back, the elk crashes through the low brittle branches of the pine trees, sending shards into the fresh snow, only to be trampled by the powerful paws of a large grizzly bear. A bear panting as it races after its quarry, but not alone. He runs with two wolves. The younger one speeds up and passes his two companions, his maw opening to allow the cold air and the smell of the hunt to enter. Under the full moonlight the wolves eyes glisten, and behind those eyes the soul of Benedict Shieldheart watches helplessly...lost in the thrill of his first hunt.