

INT. PALACE - DAY

LEWS THERIN TELAMON wanders a marble hallway as aftershocks shake the ground beneath him.

Sunlight comes in through gashes in the walls.

Soot covers the murals and tapestries and scorch marks mar the floors.

The walls and floor are twisted as if the stone has melted then frozen.

The statues seem to have walked from their pedestals.

Around him lie bodies of men, women, and children but he appears not to see them.

LEWS THERIN

Ilyena!

He steps over the body of a blonde woman, her face still frozen in disbelief.

As he steps away we see blood on his cloak.

LEWS THERIN (CONT'D)

Where are you my wife?

Behind him the air ripples, shimmers and solidifies into ELAN MORIN.

He looks around his mouth curved in distaste. Shorter than Lews Therin he is dressed all in black with snow-white lace at the neck and silverwork on the tops of his thigh high boots.

Elan Morin sees the body of the woman on the floor, his eyes widen in recognition.

ELAN MORIN

Shai'tan take you, does the taint already have you so far in its grip?

LEWS THERIN

(shivers)

That name. You must not say that name.

ELAN MORIN

So you remember that much at least.

LEWS THERIN
 (whispers)
 Betrayer of Hope.

ELAN MORIN
 Yes, so men have named me. Just as
 they named you Dragon. After this
 day men will call you Kinslayer.

Lews Therin looked around at the ruined hall without seeing it.

ELAN MORIN (CONT'D)
 (scornfully)
 Look at you. A pitiful, shattered
 wretch.

Lew Therin catches his reflection in the mirror and pauses.

His rich clothes of gray, scarlet, and gold are torn and covered in soot. Tall and handsome in his middle years, his brown hair is turning white. His face is lined with strain and worry; his dark eyes that have seen too much.

He shakes his head and laughs.

ELAN MORIN (CONT'D)
 Remember you Light-Blinded idiot! I
 will not let it end with you
 unaware! Remember! When you die
 your last thought will be the
 knowledge of your defeat, of how
 complete and utter it is. *If* I let
 you die at all.

Elan Morin extends his hands with a cruel smile and the light dims as if a shadow has passed over the sun.

Lews Therin screams and falls to the ground convulsing in pain.

As the shudders subside, he looks to his right and sees the body of the blonde woman for the first time.

LEWS THERIN
 (with a cry)
 Ilyena! No! No!

Lews Therin cradles the body of his dead wife howling with grief.

LEWS THERIN (CONT'D)
 Betrayer, I will destroy you for
 this—

ELAN MORIN

What hand slew Ilyena Sunhair,
Kinslayer? Not mine. What hand
struck down every life that bore a
drop of your blood, everyone who
loved you, everyone you loved? Not
mine, Kinslayer. Not mine.
Remember, and know the price of
opposing Shai'tan!

As he speaks we see flashes of Lews Therin, face twisted in
madness and eyes unseeing unleashing the one power on his
family and destroying his home.

A slow horror dawns on Lews Therin's face.

He looks around him at the destruction he has wrought and the
bodies of his family, his friends, his children. He can't
bear it.

Lews Therin reaches out, opening a hole in reality and jumps
through.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

The hole has taken Lews Therin to a field by the side of a
river. He is alone.

With tears on his cheeks he shouts to the sky.

LEWS THERIN

Light forgive me.

He begins to glow until the light is so bright it's blinding.

A lightning bolt shears down from the sky, and molten earth
erupts from the spot where Lews Therin stood.

When the light fades and the dust clears, Lews Therin is gone
and in his place stands a fiery mountain, towering over a
nearby island.

ELAN MORIN (V.O)

It is not done between us, Dragon.
It will not be done until the end
of time.

TITLE SEQUENCE

The scene TRANSFORMS into a map with the handwritten words Dragonmount next to the mountain that was Lews Therin. The island is named Tar Valon and now contains a White Tower ascending from a gleaming white city. We swoop over the map along the road leading towards the Two Rivers.

MOIRAINNE (V.O.)

The Wheel of Time turns, and Ages come and pass, leaving memories that become legend. Legend fades to myth, and even myth is long forgotten when the Age that gave it birth comes again. In one Age, called the Third Age by some, an Age yet to come, an Age long past, a wind rose in the Mountains of Mist. The wind was not the beginning. There are neither beginnings nor endings to the turning of the Wheel of Time. But it was a beginning...

As she speaks the map travels south down the road past Caemlyn, veering westward through Four Kings, Whitebridge, and Baerlon before reaching the Two Rivers. It slows, revealing the towns of Taren Ferry, Devan Ride, Watch Hill and Emonds Field before zooming in on the snow capped peaks of the Mountains of Mist, moving closer to the dunes of the Sand Hills, and finally down into trees of the Westwood.

END TITLE SEQUENCE

EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

A wind blows dust along the hills leading into the Westwood, shaking the leaves on the trees and buffeting the cloaks of two men walking with a cart and horse down the Quarry Road.

RAND AL'THOR is a tall youth with red hair and grey eyes. He does not have the look of the Two Rivers. Though he counts himself a man grown, he has the naivety of a shepherd who's never left his small town.

TAM AL'THOR, his father, is a head shorter and stockier than Rand. Despite the gray in his hair and his worn face there was a solidness to him, like an unmovable stone. He uses his spear as a walking staff, ignoring the wind.

RAND'S cloak is whipped from his hands as he clumsily tries to manage both the cloak and the bow, holding an arrow nocked and ready to draw.

RAND AL'THOR
This blasted wind!

Aside from the wind the wood is eerily quiet, leaving Tam and Rand tense and on edge.

Tam reaches out to the shaggy brown mare, BELA, to soothe her as she nervously tosses her head.

Rand shivers, this time not from the wind. His hand going to his bow.

He looks over his shoulder and sees a cloaked figure on horseback following them. Both horse and rider are dark as if made from shadow. Though the wind still blows, his cloak is completely still.

Rand stares into the figure's hood, but no glimpse showed of the face inside. But he felt the glare of hatred emanating from it and couldn't look away.

Walking backwards, Rand trips over a stone, breaking his gaze and as he looks back again the rider is gone.

TAM AL'THOR
Are you alright lad?

RAND AL'THOR
(gasping)
A rider, a stranger following us.

TAM AL'THOR
Where?

Tam raises his spear, ready to defend but sees nothing.

RAND AL'THOR
He was there. A man in a black
cloak on a black horse. I swear.

TAM AL'THOR
I wouldn't doubt your word lad, but
where has he gone?

RAND AL'THOR
I don't know, but he was there.

TAM AL'THOR
If you say so, lad. Come on then.

Tam started back towards where the rider had been.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)

A horse leaves hoof prints, even on this ground. If not, well these are days to make a man think he's seeing things.

RAND AL'THOR

No, father. There's no need. You're probably right. No use looking for what's not there. Let's get to the village and out of this wind.

TAM AL'THOR

I could use a pipe, and I expect you're eager to see Egwene.

He grins teasingly at his son. But Rand doesn't relax and seems shaken by what he's seen.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)

Remember the flame, lad, and the void.

Rand nods and tries to picture the flame and the void, the meditation Tam taught him to calm his mind and focus.

He closes his eyes

INSERT

A candle flame flickers in the darkness

BACK TO SCENE

Tam clucks to Bela to move along down the road.

EXT. BLACKSMITH'S FORGE - DAY

At the edge of the village of Emond's Field, PERRIN AYBARA a curly haired young man, muscular and imposing, is working at the forge. He pumps the bellows and takes a molten piece of metal out of the fire with tongs. His hammer clangs as he shapes it into a wickedly curved axe blade.

He looks up to see a black figure on a black horse whose cloak doesn't shift in the wind. Startled he nearly drops the axe blade.

PERRIN AYBARA

(calling inside)

Master Luhhan! Come quickly!

Master Luhhan rushes out hammer in hand ready to defend from a wolf.

PERRIN AYBARA (CONT'D)
 There's a rider, in black just--

He starts to gesture but the rider is gone.

PERRIN AYBARA (CONT'D)
 I swear he was just here. And he
 felt--wrong.

Perrin stares at the spot where the rider vanished. Haral
 Luhhan claps Perrin on the shoulder.

HARAL LUHHAN
 I believe you, Perrin. You're not
 the kind to make up tales. We'll be
 ready if he comes back.

Luhhan takes a closer look at the axe blade, while Perrin
 continues staring at the trees.

HARAL LUHHAN (CONT'D)
 Fine work. We'll make a blacksmith
 of you yet lad.

Perrin resumes his work, glancing nervously over his shoulder
 from time to time. Master Luhhan nods approvingly at Perrin,
 but keeps checking treeline with a firm grip on his hammer.

Perrin quenches the half moon axe blade with a hiss of water
 and affixes it to the waiting wood handle.

EXT. EMOND'S FIELD - DAY

The trees give way to houses as Tam and Rand enter Emond's
 Field.

Small children and dogs surround the cart as they walk into
 town, playing tag, rolling hoops and whooping loudly.

The windows of the houses around them are thrown open as
 women in plain dresses with long braided hair see to their
 spring cleaning, beating rugs and mattresses and hanging the
 wash, or sweeping dirt out of house.

The men are on the roofs checking the damage to the thatch
 from the rough winter. Villagers hail Tam as he and Rand walk
 by, shouting greetings or inviting them to stop for a bite.
 He waves them off gesturing to the casks in the cart.

One villager is not on his roof. WIT CONGAR, a scrawny man
 with a sour expression on his face, lolls on his front steps,
 his roof in desperate need of repair.

Spotting Tam and Rand he tries to flag him down, but Tam pretends not to notice and keeps going.

He steps in front of the cart forcing Tam to stop.

WIT CONGAR

(demanding)

We have to do something about Nynaeve, Al'Thor. We can't have a Wisdom like that for Emond's Field.

TAM AL'THOR

That's Women's Circle business Wit. Now, can you move aside? I've got to get these casks to Bran al'Vere.

Tam tries to pass Wit, who steps in his way again.

WIT CONGAR

She said we'd have a mild winter and a good harvest! Now you ask her what she hears on the wind she just scowls at you and stomps off.

RAND AL'THOR

(mutters)

If you asked the way you usually do, you're lucky she didn't thump you with that stick of hers.

Tam motions Rand to keep quiet.

WIT CONGAR

She's too young to be the Wisdom. If the Women's Circle won't do something then the Village Council has to.

His wife DAISE CONGAR marches out of the house. She is twice as wide as Wit, a hard faced women without an ounce of fat on her. She glares at Wit, hands on her hips.

DAISE CONGAR

You try meddling in Women's Circle business, and see how you like eating your own cooking and making your own bed. Which won't be under my roof.

WIT CONGAR

But Daise, I was just...

As they continue arguing Tam takes the opportunity to move along, urging Bela past the couple.

TAM AL'THOR
 (calling over his
 shoulder)
 Light shine on you both!

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

The expanse of grass in the village center was brown and patchy instead of its usual green. Geese wandered pecking at the dirt, while cows tethered nearby munched on the few patches of green.

At the end of the green the Winespring bubbled, flowing into a stream. The stream passed under the Wagon Bridge connecting the North Road and the Old Road. Past the bridge three piles of wood lay ready for the festival bonfires.

In front of the Winespring a group of women with long braided hair sang softly as they raised the Spring Pole. Young girls with their hair unbraided sat nearby watching in envy.

Tam and Rand lead Bela and the cart toward the Winespring Inn at the east end of the green, in front of the Wagon Bridge. The sun glinted off the red roof tile of the two story inn, the first floor of stone, the second floor whitewashed wood. Smoke plumed from the inn's three chimneys.

Bela came to a stop in front of the old oak tree that shelters the ruins of the inn's old foundation.

TAM AL'THOR
 (chuckling softly)
 Atta girl Bela. Knows the way
 better than I do.

BRAN AL'VERE emerges from the inn, a large cheerful man with graying hair in a clean white apron. The silver medallion with a set of balance scales marked him the village mayor.

BRAN AL'VERE
 I was beginning to think you
 wouldn't be bringing your brandy
 this year. You've never left it so
 late before.

TAM AL'THOR
 I've no liking for leaving the farm
 these days, the wolves the way they
 are. And the weather.

BRAN AL'VERE

I could wish someone wanted to talk about anything besides the weather. Folk who should know better expecting me to put it right. Spent 20 minutes explaining to Mistress al'Donal I can do nothing about the storks--

CENN BUIE

(interrupting)

An ill omen, no storks nesting on the rooftop at Bel Tine.

CENN BUIE as gnarled and dark as an old root marched up to Tam and Bran leaning on his walking stick.

CENN BUIE (CONT'D)

There's worse to come, mark my words.

TAM AL'THOR

(snorts derisively)

What are you a soothsayer? Have you learned to listen to the wind like a Wisdom?

CENN BUIE

(muttering)

Mock if you will. But if crops don't sprout soon by next winter there may be nothing left alive in the Two Rivers but wolves and ravens.

BRAN AL'VERE

(sharply)

Now what's that supposed to mean?

CENN BUIE

I've not much good to say about Nynaeve al'Meara. She's too young to--

TAM AL'THOR

(interrupting)

Cenn, is there a point to this?

CENN BUIE

This is the point al'Thor. Ask the Wisdom when the winter will end and she walks away. Maybe she doesn't want to tell us.

(MORE)

CENN BUIE (CONT'D)

Maybe what she hears on the wind is that the winter won't end. Maybe it's just going to go on being winter until the Wheel turns and the Age ends. There's your point.

Bran threw up his hands.

BRAN AL'VERE

Light protect me from fools! You sitting on the Village Council and spouting this Coplin talk--

Rand, watching the men argue, hears a whisper as someone plucks at his sleeve. This is MAT CAUTHON.

MAT CAUTHON

(whispering)

Come on Rand! While they're arguing. Before they put you to work.

Rand glanced down with a grin. Mat crouched behind the cart, his wiry body bent nearly double so the men couldn't see him. His brown eyes twinkled with mischief. He gestures to the back of the inn, out of sight. Rand glances at his father and then follows him.

EXT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

Mat and Rand stand under the oak tree in the ruins of the old inn, encircled by white stones.

MAT CAUTHON

Dav and I caught a big old badger. We're going to let it loose on the green and watch the girls run.

Rand's grin broadened, but he glanced at his father and shook his head.

RAND AL'THOR

I promised to help unload the cider. I can meet you after though.

Mat rolled his eyes.

MAT CAUTHON

Burn me! I'd rather play stones with my baby sister. But there's more going on than a badger. We have strangers in the Two Rivers--

RAND AL'THOR

(fearfully)

A man on horseback? In a black cloak, on a black horse? And his cloak doesn't move in the wind?

Mat's grin vanished.

MAT CAUTHON

You saw him too? I thought I was the only one. Don't laugh, Rand, but he scared me.

Rand shivered.

RAND AL'THOR

I'm not laughing. He scared me too. I could swear that he hated me. Wanted to kill me.

MAT CAUTHON

Blood and bloody ashes! All he did was sit on his horse looking at me and I've never been so frightened in my life. Three days it's been and I can hardly stop thinking about him. I keep looking over my shoulder.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BLACKSMITH'S FORGE - DAY

Mat is pouring flour on a pair of large dogs. He senses someone watching him and looks up to see a black rider in the woods on the edge of the village. The rider is staring straight at him.

Distracted, Mat drops the leash and the dogs go running toward the house. Their barking causes him to break eye contact with the rider and when he looks back the rider is gone.

The dogs run into the blacksmith's house. We hear ALSBET LUHHAN yell at the dogs.

ALSBET LUHHAN

OUT! You're getting flour all over my clean floors.

MAT CAUTHON

Burn me!

Mat quickly retreats down another street as Alsbet shoos the dogs out the door.

BACK TO SCENE

MAT CAUTHON (CONT'D)

Funny how being scared takes you, I actually thought--just for a minute, it might be the Dark One.

Rand and Mat sit for a minute with this dark thought. Rand took a deep breath and recited the catechism:

RAND AL'THOR

The Dark One and all the Forsaken are bound in Shayol Ghul, beyond the Great Blight, bound by the Creator at the moment of Creation. Bound until the end of time. The hand of the Creator shelters the world and the Light shines on us all.

Rand and Mat makes the sign to ward off Evil.

RAND AL'THOR (CONT'D)

Besides, what would the Dark One be doing in the Two Rivers watching farmboys?

MAT CAUTHON

I don't know, but I do know the rider was...evil. Maybe it was the Dragon.

RAND AL'THOR

You're just full of cheerful thoughts aren't you?

MAT CAUTHON

Well I didn't like the way he looked at me. And neither did you. We should tell someone.

RAND AL'THOR

We already have Mat, and we weren't believed.

MAT CAUTHON

But now there's two of us. Nobody could believe we both imagined it.

Rand hesitated. Mat's support might be worse than none.

He looked up and locked eyes with Tam.

TAM AL'THOR

Ah, Mat Cauthon, you've come to help Rand unload the cart.

MAT CAUTHON

Well, my Da sent me to--

TAM AL'THOR

No doubt he did, and no doubt you've already finished that task.

Trapped, Mat glumly sets to work helping Rand unload the cart.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)

Cheer up lads, the sooner you finish the sooner you can see the gleeman.

Mat's eyes light up.

MAT CAUTHON

A gleeman! Why didn't you tell us?

RAND AL'THOR

When did he get here? Does he wear a black cloak?

Tam laughs.

TAM AL'THOR

I expect he wears a colorful patchwork cloak, same as any gleeman.

BRAN AL'VERE

He arrived in the dead of night, woke the whole household banging on the door.

FLASHBACK EXT. WINESPRING INN - NIGHT

THOM MERRILIN wrapped in his colorful cloak to keep the wind off him, pounds on the door of the Winespring Inn.

A soft light appears and the door opens to reveal Bran al'Vere in his nightshirt.

BRAN AL'VERE

What is that infernal racket. I have half a mind to leave you out in the cold.

THOM MERRILIN
 Well that would be quite rude as
 I've traveled a long way to perform
 for your festival.

Thom tosses an Andoran gold coin to Bran. When he feels the weight his eyes widen.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)
 For your trouble.

Bran blinks, shaking off his foul mood and putting on his professional demeanor.

BRAN AL'VERE
 Oh, master gleeman! Welcome. We
 don't get many strangers in Emond's
 Field and definitely not at this
 hour. Please let me show you where
 you can stable your horse.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

CENN BUIE
 (muttering)
 A waste of money, I say.

BRAN AL'VERE
 There's been little enough laughter
 in the village since winter came.
 That alone is worth the expense.

Bran al'Vere and Cenn Buie head inside. Tam claps Rand on the shoulder.

TAM AL'THOR
 I want a warm fire, my pipe and a
 mug of good ale. Come join me when
 you're finished lad.

Tam leaves the boys to finish unloading the cart.

RAND AL'THOR
 You don't have to help. Dav won't
 keep that badger long.

MAT CAUTHON
 Oh, why not? Maybe Egwene is
 around. Watching you stare at her
 like poleaxed ox will be as good as
 a badger any day.

Rand stares off toward the inn looking uncomfortable. Mat says his name and he jumps.

MAT CAUTION (CONT'D)
I didn't say I'd do it by myself!

Rand grabs a barrel of cider and follows Mat into the Winespring Inn.

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

The girls of the village dance around the may pole, practicing for tomorrow's festival.

At the edge of the green two boys about Rand and Mat's age open a wriggling sack.

The badger runs out, heading straight for the girls who scatter with yells of surprise. The boys double over laughing and the girls spot them and chase them around the green.

INT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

Mat and Rand carry in two barrels of cider.

The inn's yellow cat is perched on top of one of the large casks on the wall from which Bran pours two mugs of ale.

Tam stands in front of the large stone fireplace filling his pipe with tabac.

The wall opposite the fireplace is a long bookshelf and stones boards sit unused on tables around the inn.

Cenn Buie, Haral Luhhan and four other village council members sit smoking their pipes with mugs of ale in high backed chairs by the fire, waiting impatiently for Tam and Bran.

Mat ducks his head to avoid making eye contact with Luhhan who glares at him from across the room.

MARON AL'VERE sweeps into the room, a slender woman with a long graying braid, holding a tray of bread, pickles and cheese.

MARON AL'VERE
When you boys are finished
unloading the casks I've got
honeycakes and cider set aside for
you.

Mat's eyes light up. They hurriedly place the barrels in the back room and head back outside as the village council talk urgently by the fire.

EXT. WINESPRING INN

One of the boys that released the badger runs up to Mat and Rand, this is EWIN FINNEGAR a pudgy faced, eager boy a little younger than Mat and Rand.

EWIN FINNEGAR

(out of breath)

Strangers! There are strangers in the village. I haven't seen any ghost hounds but I hear someone floured Master Luhhan's dogs--

RAND AL'THOR

In the village? Not in the woods?

MAT CAUTHON

Was his cloak black? Could you see his face?

EWIN FINNEGAR

Of course you can see his face, and his cloak is green or maybe grey. And hers is blue, like the sky, and ten times fancier than any feast day clothes I ever saw. She was like a high-born lady. Her name is Moiraine and his is Lan.

FLASHBACK - EXT. OLD ROAD - DAY

Two strangers ride into Emond's Field on the Old Road that leads from Taren Ferry.

MOIRAINNE rides a fine white mare, ALDIEB, and wears a blue silk riding dress slashed with cream and a blue cloak with silver vines embroidered on the edges. She has large dark eyes, seemingly ageless skin and long brown hair. A small blue stone hangs from a gold chain on her forehead.

Her protector, LAN MANDRAGORAN wears his sword like it's part of him. He is very tall with a face of stone and chilling blue eyes. His shoulder-length hair is graying at the temples, held back by a braided leather headband. His cloak shifts color in the light, blending in with his surroundings. The black stallion MANDARB's coat shines in the sunlight.

LAN MANDRAGORAN

Moiraine, do you really think we will find anything here?

MOIRAINÉ

We must. The fate of the world
depends on it.

NYNAEVE AL'MAERA in stout Two Rivers wool with a long braid
down her back, heads toward the village with a basket of
herbs and a large walking stick.

MOIRAINÉ (CONT'D)

Child, can you direct me to the
inn?

Nynaeve looks up at Moiraine ready to lash out, a surge of
anger on her face that's dampened with surprise at her
appearance.

NYNAEVE AL'MAERA

I am Nynaeve al'Maera, the Wisdom
of Emond's Field, and no child.

MOIRAINÉ

Wisdom, please forgive me, I meant
no disrespect. You must be quite a
talented healer to hold that title
so young.

NYNAEVE AL'MAERA

I suppose that's true.

Nynaeve grumbles under her breath.

NYNAEVE AL'MAERA (CONT'D)

If you carry on down this road it
will take you straight to the
Winespring Inn.

MOIRAINÉ

Thank you Wisdom al'Maera.

Moiraine nods graciously to Nynaeve. As they ride on Nynaeve
glares daggers at her back.

EXT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

Out in front of the inn Mat and Ewin are arguing.

MAT CAUTION

Ewin, for the last time I am *not*
playing a trick on you! There *is* a
gleeman! Rand, will you tell this
woolhead I'm telling the truth so
he'll leave me alone?

RAND AL'THOR
He really is--

Rand freezes.

RAND AL'THOR (CONT'D)
There's something watching us.

He looks up to see a raven perched on the tile roof of the inn, head cocked sideways, staring directly at them.

RAND AL'THOR (CONT'D)
Filthy carrion eater.

MAT CAUTHON
I'm tired of being stared at.

Both boys grab for rocks and throw them directly at the raven. The bird steps aside and the rocks fall harmlessly.

The raven continues staring at them, unafraid.

RAND AL'THOR
Did you ever see a raven do that?

MAT CAUTHON
Never. Nor any other bird either.

A melodious voice comes from behind them.

MOIRAININE
A vile bird. To be mistrusted in
the best of times.

With a shrill cry the bird launched itself into the air and they watched its flight over the Westwood towards the Mountains of Mist.

Rand looked back at Moraine and stared, noting the gold Great Serpent ring on her hand, her gold necklace and belt.

RAND AL'THOR
Uh, good morning
Mistress...ah...Lady Moraine.

MAT CAUTHON
Good morning Lady Moiraine.

Mat makes an attempt at a bow.

MOIRAININE
(smiling)
But you must call me Moiraine, not
Lady. And you are?

EWIN FINNEGAR

My name is Ewin Finnegar, my lady. I told them your name, that's how they know. I heard Lan say it, but I wasn't eavesdropping. No one like you has ever come to Emond's Field before. And tonight is Winternight. Will you come to my house? My mother made apple cakes.

MOIRAINE

I will have to see.

She put her hand on Ewin's shoulder but remained focused on Rand and Mat.

MAT CAUTHON

I'm Matrim Cauthon, but everyone calls me Mat.

RAND AL'THOR

Rand al'Thor.

MOIRAINE

I may have small tasks from time to time while I'm in Emond's Field. Would you be willing to assist me?

All three boys nod their assent eagerly and she presses a coin into each of their hands.

MOIRAINE (CONT'D)

Consider this a token and keep it with you, so you will remember you have agreed to come to me when I ask it. There's a bond between us now.

The boys nod again and Moiraine starts to turn towards the inn.

RAND AL'THOR

Moiraine--why have you come to Emond's Field?

MOIRAINE

I am a student of history. A collector of old stories. This place you call the Two Rivers has always interested me.

MAT CAUTHON

What could have happened here to interest someone like you?

RAND AL'THOR

And what would you call it besides the Two Rivers? That's what it's always been called.

MOIRAINÉ

As the Wheel of Time turns places wear many names, men wear many faces. Different faces but always the same man. Yet no one knows the Great Pattern the Wheel weaves, or even the Pattern of an Age. We can only watch and study and hope.

Lan emerges from the shadows around the inn as if from nowhere. He rests his hand on his sword.

LAN MANDRAGORAN

I've secured us rooms at the inn.

MOIRAINÉ

(to the boys)

Later, we will talk.

She glides away with Lan watching her back.

EWIN FINNEGAR

I bet he's her Warder.

MAT CAUTHON

Don't be a fool. Warders guard Aes Sedai. Does Lady Moiraine seem like she could destroy the world to you?

EWIN FINNEGAR

(mumbling)

I bet she could.

Rand looked at the coin in his hand to see silver with an engraving of a woman holding a flame. He looks at Mat, both of them shocked.

RAND AL'THOR

What kind of chores does she have?

Ewin looks at his own coin, delighted.

EWIN FINNEGAR

A silver penny! She gave me a whole silver penny. Think what I can buy when the peddler comes.

MAT CAUTION

I don't know, but I won't be spending mine. Even when the peddler comes.

Rand nods in agreement. Both Mat and Rand put the coins in their pockets. Ewin looks sadly at his and does the same.

EXT. WAGON BRIDGE - DAY

A huge wagon lead by eight horses crossed the Wagon Bridge, clattering with pots and pans with all manner of goods displayed at its sides.

On the wagon seat sat PADAN FAIN, a skinny fellow with a beak of a nose, dressed in gaudy colors to draw attention. He is holding court, surrounded by a crowd of villagers eager to hear the news.

EXT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

As he stops in front of the inn, the village council comes out and the crowd parts way for them. Fain pretends not to see them. Tying off his horses with an empty smile.

Rand and Mat weave through the crowd trying to get as close to the wagon as they can. Mat pushes his way through dragging Rand along with him.

Perrin spots them in the crowd and makes his way to them carefully, apologizing to people as he passes.

PERRIN AYBARA

I was beginning to think you were going to stay on the farm the whole Festival.

He and Rand hug, clapping each other on the back.

RAND AL'THOR

(low to Perrin)

I have to tell you what I saw on the road...

PERRIN

What?

RAND AL'THOR

Later.

PERRIN

What? I can't hear...

RAND AL'THOR
 (yelling)
 Later I said!

The peddler has his arm raised ready to speak and the crowd has fallen silent. Rand's words carry to his embarrassment.

PADAN FAIN
 No, not later! I will be telling
 you now.

He prepares again to speak making broad gestures.

PADAN FAIN (CONT'D)
 You are thinking you have had
 troubles in the Two Rivers? Well,
 all the world has troubles from the
 Great Blight south to the Sea of
 Storms. From the Aryth Ocean in the
 west to the Aiel Waste in the east.
 And even beyond.

INSERT

As he speaks we see the map and travel across it from north to south, east to west.

BACK TO SCENE

PADAN FAIN (CONT'D)
 The winter was harsher than you've
 ever seen before? Cold enough to
 gel your blood and crack your
 bones? Ahh! Winter was cold and
 harsh everywhere. In the
 Borderlands they'd be calling your
 winter spring. But spring does not
 come you say? Wolves have killed
 your sheep? Perhaps attacked men?
 Is that the way of it?

The crowd called back to him in agreement.

VILLAGER
 Wolves attacked my farm just last
 week!

PADAN FAIN
 Well now, spring is late
 everywhere. There are wolves
 everywhere, all hungry for flesh
 they can sink a tooth into, be it
 sheep or cow or man.

INSERT

We see flashes of the harsh winter here and elsewhere.
Borderlanders who look like Lan fighting wolves in the snow.
Wolves attacking sheep and cows and men.

BACK TO SCENE

PADAN FAIN (CONT'D)
But there are things worse than
wolves or winter. There are those
who would be glad to have only your
little troubles.

Fain paused expectantly.

CENN BUIE
What could be worse than wolves
killing sheep and men?

The crowd muttered in agreement.

PADAN FAIN
Men killing men.

The crowd gasp and murmurs in shock. Padan Fain smirks, he
knows he has them in the palm of his hand.

PADAN FAIN (CONT'D)
There is war in Ghealdan, war and
madness. The snows of the Dhallin
Forrest are red with the blood of
men.

INSERT

We see flashes of men fighting and dying in the snow.
Ravens and the cries of ravens fill the air.
Men march through the snow with generals and nobles on
horseback.
A white flag with a golden Dragon waves in the wind.

BACK TO SCENE

PADAN FAIN (CONT'D)
Armies march to Ghealdan. Nations,
great houses, great men send their
soldiers to fight.

BRAN AL'VERE
War? Why are they having a war?

Fain grinned mockingly.

PADAN FAIN
The standard of the Dragon has been raised, and men flock to oppose, and to support.

The crowd REACTS. People gasp and start shouting over each other.

WIT CONGAR
The Dragon! The Dark One's loose in Ghealdan!

HARAL LUHHAN
The Dragon's not the Dark One. And this is a false Dragon anyway.

The Mayor tries to soothe the crowd and quiet them down.

BRAN AL'VERE
Let's hear what Master Fain has to say!

But no one listened. The crowd continues to shout over each other.

DAISE CONGAR
Just as bad as the Dark One!

VILLAGER 2
The Dragon broke the World, didn't he?

VILLAGER 3
He started it! He caused the Time of Madness!

VILLAGER
You know the prophecies! When the Dragon is reborn, your worst nightmares will seem like your fondest dreams!

VILLAGER 4
He's just another false Dragon, he must be!

VILLAGER 5
What different does that make? You remember the last false Dragon. He started a war too. Thousands died, right Fain? He laid siege to Illian.

CENN BUIE
It's evil times! No one claiming to be the Dragon Reborn for twenty years and now three in the last five years. Evil times! Look at the weather!

Rand, Mat and Perrin exchanged looks. Perrin wore a worried frown and Mat's eyes shone with excitement.

BRAN AL'VERE

Stop this! Be quiet! Let Master Fain tell us about this false Dragon.

CENN BUIE

Is this a false Dragon?

BRAN AL'VERE

Don't be an old fool Cenn.

CENN BUIE

I didn't hear Fain say this was a false Dragon, did you? Use your eyes! Where are the crops that should be knee high or better? Why is it still winter when spring should be here a month?

The crowd yelled for him to be silent.

CENN BUIE (CONT'D)

I will not be silent! And I won't dangle on Fain's pleasure either, not this time. Tell us plain, peddler. Is this man a false Dragon?

Padan Fain shrugged.

PADAN FAIN

As to that now, who can say until it's over and done?

He smiled his secretive smile.

PADAN FAIN (CONT'D)

I do know that he can wield the One Power. The others couldn't. The ground opens beneath his enemies feet and strong walls crumble at his shout. Lightning comes when he calls and strikes where he points.

INSERT

We see flashes of LOGAIN ABLAR channeling the one power. The ground erupts, stones crash down and lightning strikes.

BACK TO SCENE

Silence fell over the crowd as they take in this news.

EWIN FINNEGAR

He'll go mad and die! In the stories, men who can channel the Power always go mad, and then waste away and die. Only women can touch it. Doesn't he know that?

HARAL LUHHAN

Enough of that from you boy. This is a decent village of decent folk. It's bad enough to have Fain here talking about false Dragons using the Power without bring Aes Sedai into it.

PADAN FAIN

The Aes Sedai are already into it. A party of them has ridden south from Tar Valon. Since he can wield the Power, none but Aes Sedai can defeat him, for all the battles they fight. Or deal with him once he's defeated. If he is defeated.

INSERT

EXT. TAR VALON - DAY

A group of thirteen women dressed in red ride across a stone bridge, out of a shining white city full of high towers and thin bridges suspended in air, all surrounding one high white tower.

BACK TO SCENE

Tam and Bran al'Vere share a concerned look and nod to their fellow village councilors.

BRAN AL'VERE

This goes beyond mere news from the outside. It must be discussed by the Village Council. Fain if you will join us inside the inn, we have questions to ask.

The council hustles Fain inside while the stable hands start unhooking Fain's horses from the wagon.

The crowd grumbles and tries to follow, but the council shuts the inn door firmly in their faces.

BRAN AL'VERE (CONT'D)
 (calling from inside)
 Go home!

The crowd starts to disperse. Rand sits on the old foundation of the inn, and Mat and Perrin come to join him.

MAT CAUTHON
 I don't see how a gleeman could beat this. I wonder if we might get to see this false Dragon?

Perrin shook his head.

PERRIN AYBARA
 I don't want to see him. Not in the Two Rivers. Not if it means war.

RAND AL'THOR
 Not if it means Aes Sedai here either. Or have you forgotten who caused the Breaking? The Dragon may have started it, but it was the Aes Sedai who actually broke the world.

MAT CAUTHON
 I heard a story once, from a merchant's guard. He said the Dragon would be reborn in mankind's greatest hour of need and save us all.

PERRIN AYBARA
 Well he was a fool if he believed that, and you were a fool to listen.

MAT CAUTHON
 I didn't say I believed it!

RAND AL'THOR
 What kind of need could be great enough that we'd want the Dragon to save us? As well ask for help from the Dark One.

PERRIN AYBARA
 I just hope the Aes Sedai and this Dragon stay where they are. Maybe that way the Two Rivers will be spared.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

What do you three know of false
Dragons and Aes Sedai?

The three jump, startled to hear the Wisdom's voice as they hadn't heard her approach.

MAT CAUTHON

Blood and bloody ashes!

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

Watch your tongue, Matrim Cauthon!

RAND AL'THOR

Pardon, Wisdom--

He stops as he sees EGWENE AL'VERE, staring disapproving at them, her long braid hanging over her shoulder. She is a little younger than the three boys, the same height as Nynaeve, with the same dark coloring and big brown eyes.

She copies Nynaeve's posture, arms crossed and head tilted.

Rand stares at her, speechless.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

If you are done staring like a moonstruck lamb, Rand al'Thor, perhaps you can tell me why you three great bullcalves were talking about something you ought to have the sense to keep out of your mouths?

Egwene's disapproving look turned to amusement, and she shares a look with Nynaeve, until Mat starts laughing and Nynaeve turns to glare at him. Perrin gives Rand a nudge.

RAND AL'THOR

It was natural enough to talk of it Wisdom, the peddler, Master Fain, brought news of a false Dragon in Ghealdan, and war, and Aes Sedai. The village council thought it was important enough to question him privately. What else would we be talking about?

Nynaeve shook her head.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

So that's why the peddler's wagon stands abandoned.

(MORE)

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA (CONT'D)

I heard people rushing to meet it
but I couldn't leave Mistress
Ayellin until her fever broke. If I
know them, the Council is asking
all the wrong questions and none of
the right ones. It will take the
Women's Circle to find out anything
useful.

She squared her shoulders as if heading into battle, and
walked into the inn, leaving the four young people standing
awkwardly.

INT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

Nynaeve storms into the inn, confronting the Village Council
who sit around the fire throwing questions at Padan Fain.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

You're a fool Bran al'Vere,
worrying about a war in Ghealdan
when we have untrustworthy
strangers right here in town.

CENN BUIE

Nyaneve you have no place here,
this is Village Council business.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

(snorts)

It's Wisdom, not Nynaeve, and what
would the Council do without the
Women's Circle to guide them?

Thom Merrilin, awakened by the shouting comes downstairs. The
argument cuts off as they all turn to glare at the gleeman
intruding on their meeting.

THOM MERRILIN

Can a thirsty gleeman get a mug of
ale in this light-forsaken place?

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

Master Gleeman this is not the time
or place. Now get out, or I'll
throw you out.

Pipe in hand, Thom backs away from Nyaneve and her stick.

EXT. WINESPRING INN - DAY

Mat tries to watch Egwene and Rand, ready to be entertained, but Perrin grabs his arm and drags him a polite distance away.

RAND AL'THOR

You braided your hair.

EGWENE AL'VERE

Of course.

(pause)

You knew this day would come, Rand.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. WESTWOOD - DAY

Nynaeve and Egwene sit by the stream that flows from the Winespring. Egwene sorts through a basket of herbs, bundling them with twine for drying.

Nynaeve brushes out Egwene's long dark hair, weaving it into a thick braid to match her own.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

Today, you are a woman grown, Egwene, and it is time to choose your path. You are old enough to marry and have children, run a household if that is your wish. There is honor and joy in that life, but there is another path open to you as well. I believe that you can listen to the wind, as I do. It is a rare talent. All Wisdoms claim they can, but most cannot. I can teach you all that I know of healing and how to use this gift, but it will mean eventually leaving behind all that you know to become the Wisdom of another village in need.

EGWENE AL'VERE

I--don't know. I want to learn, but Rand and I have been promised to each other since we were small. He loves Emond's Field. I don't think he would leave his father to manage the farm alone.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

I can't decide for you. Wisdoms do sometimes marry, but it's a hard balance.

EGWENE AL'VERE

Is that why you haven't married yet Nynaeve?

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

(laughs)

No. It's hard enough to convince the men of the village to take me seriously. I can't give them another reason to dismiss me.

(softly to herself)

Maybe, someday. With a man who sees me as I am.

EGWENE AL'VERE

(sincerely)

I hope that you find him.

BACK TO SCENE

RAND AL'THOR

Just because someone is old enough to marry doesn't mean they should. Not right away.

EGWENE AL'VERE

Or maybe ever.

Rand is startled.

RAND AL'THOR

Ever?

EGWENE AL'VERE

Wisdom's seldom marry. Nynaeve is teaching me you know. She says I have a gift.

RAND AL'THOR

Wisdom? But Nynaeve will be Wisdom here for another fifty years at least, probably more. Are you going to spend the rest of your life as her apprentice?

EGWENE AL'VERE

There are other villages. North of the Taren they always pick a Wisdom from away. They think it keeps her from having favorites.

RAND AL'THOR

Outside the Two Rivers? But I'd never see you again!

EGWENE AL'VERE

And you wouldn't like that? You've not given a sign that you care one way or the other lately.

RAND AL'THOR

No one leaves the Two Rivers, maybe someone from Taren Ferry but they're all strange anyways.

EGWENE AL'VERE

Maybe I'm strange too! Maybe I want to see some of the places I hear about in stories. Have you ever thought of that? Leaving I mean?

RAND AL'THOR

Of course! In daydreams, but I know the difference between daydreams and what's real.

EGWENE AL'VERE

And I don't?

She starts to storm off, but Rand takes her hand.

RAND AL'THOR

Egwene wait, will you dance with me tomorrow?

She starts to answer but they're interrupted by a white haired man rushing out of the inn as if pursued. He's spry for his age with a white mustache. His patchwork cloak swirls as he turns to glare back at the doorway.

EGWENE AL'VERE

The gleeman!

THOM MERRILIN

What kind of place is this? Who ever heard of treating a gleeman so?

EGWENE AL'VERE

I'm sure they intended no discourtesy. The peddler just brought news of the false Dragon and the war in Ghealdan and the Council is trying to determine if we're in danger here.

THOM MERRILIN

Old news, even in Baerlon and that's the last place in the world to hear anything. Well...almost the last. I thought I recognized Padan Fain in there. He was always one to carry bad news quickly. There's more raven in him than man.

MAT CAUTHON

Master Gleeman, what *is* happening in Ghealdan? Do you know anything about the false Dragon? Or the Aes Sedai?

Thom taps out his pipe in the palm of his hand and makes it disappear under his cloak.

THOM MERRILIN

Do I look like a peddler boy? I make a point of never knowing anything about Aes Sedai. Much safer that way.

MAT CAUTHON

(excitedly)
But the war--

THOM MERRILIN

In wars, boy, fools kill other fools for foolish causes.

He stops and looks Rand up and down.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)

You're a tall one lad, as tall as an Aielman.

PERRIN AYBARA

What does how tall Rand is have to do with anything?

THOM MERRILIN

Just this lad, later I'll ask you
and your tall friend there to pick
me up and you won't be able to lift
me. Now what do you think of that?

PERRIN AYBARA

(laughs)

I think I can lift you right now--

He moves to lift the gleeman who waves him off.

THOM MERRILIN

Not now lad, when there are more
people to watch. An artist needs an
audience.

As they've been talking villagers have started to gather,
excited to see a gleeman. Thom eyes the crowd.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)

Well, I suppose I'd best give you a
taste.

Thom does a somersault up onto the old foundation and starts
juggling three balls that appear from under his cloak: red
white and black.

The crowd cheers and Egwene and Rand exchange excited looks,
their argument forgotten.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)

You want stories? I have stories,
and I will make them come alive
before your eyes.

He adds a blue ball, then a green and a yellow.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)

Tales of great wars and great
heroes. Tales of Arthur Hawking,
the High King, who once ruled all
the lands from the Aiel Waste to
the Aryth Ocean and even beyond.
Wondrous stories of strange people
and strange lands, of the Green
Man, of Warders and Trollocs, of
Ogier and Aiel.

EGWENE AL'VERE

Tell us the story of Birgitte
Silverbow and Gadal Cain!

THOM MERRILIN

Old stories those, but I have *all* stories now, of ages that were and will be. Ages of wonder and ages of horror. Ages where men roamed as brother to the animals. Ages ended by fire raining from the skies and Ages doomed by snow and ice covering land and sea.

The balls now danced between Thom's hands in two intertwining circles.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)

I will tell you of the end of the Age of Legends, of the Dragon and his attempt to free the Dark One. I will tell about the Time of Madness when Aes Sedai shattered the world--

Thom catches sight of Moiraine weaving her way into the crowd and stops short, nearly dropping his balls.

For a moment he just stared at her. Then he bowed in her direction holding his cloak wide.

THOM MERRILIN (CONT'D)

Your pardon, I mean no disrespect, but you are surely not from this district?

EGWENE AL'VERE

The Lady Moiraine collects stories. Stories of things that happened in the Two Rivers, though I don't know what happened here to make a story of.

MOIRAINÉ

My name is simply Moiraine, Master Bard. I am indeed a stranger here. A traveler like yourself, far from home. The world can be a dangerous place when one is a stranger.

THOM MERRILIN

I trust you will like my stories as well...Moiraine.

MOIRAINÉ

That is a matter of taste, Master Bard. Some stories I like and some I do not.

THOM MERRILIN

I assure you none of my stories
will displease. And you do me too
much honor. I am a simple gleeman
and nothing more.

Moiraine nodded and turned to glide away with Lan following
her. Thom stared after them, troubled.

Nynaeve and the Village Council emerged from the inn, still
arguing.

Thom took the opportunity to jump down from the wall,
avoiding the calls from the crowd to eat fire or play the
harp.

CENN BUIE

Is he supposed to be a gleeman or a
king?

BRAN AL'VERE

That man may be more trouble than
he's worth.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

Worry about the gleeman if you
want, Bran al'Vere. At least he's
here in Emond's Field, which is
more than you can say for this
false Dragon. But there are others
here who *should* excite your worry.

BRAN AL'VERE

If you please Wisdom, Mistress
Moiraine and Master Lan are guests
at my inn and decent, respectable
folk. Neither of *them* has called me
a fool in front of the whole
Council. Neither of *them* has told
the Council it hasn't a full set of
wits among them.

NYNAEVE AL'MEARA

It seems my estimate was too high
by half.

Nynaeve strode away without a backward glance, leaving Bran
gaping. Egwene looked at Rand as if she wanted to say
something, and darted after the Wisdom instead.

CENN BUIE

That young woman needs a husband.
She lacks proper respect.

(MORE)

CENN BUIE (CONT'D)

We're the Village Council, not boys
raking her yard--

BRAN AL'VERE

Be quiet, Cenn! You're acting like
a black veiled Aiel. Burn me, we
have better things to be about than
this foolishness. Or do you want to
prove Nynaeve right?

He stormed back into the inn, slamming the door behind him.
The rest of the crowd started to disperse and Tam sought out
Rand and his friends.

TAM AL'THOR

Son, it's time we headed back to
the farm.

RAND AL'THOR

I thought we were staying for
Winternight?

MAT CAUTHON

What about the false Dragon and the
Aes Sedai?

TAM AL'THOR

They're far from here, and things
on the farm need seeing to. We'll
be back tomorrow for the festival.

PERRIN AYBARA

Is the council not going to do
anything then?

RAND AL'THOR

What about the black rider? Mat saw
him too.

PERRIN AYBARA

(startled)

I did too.

TAM AL'THOR

Whoever he is, we'll deal with him.
Day after tomorrow we'll set
patrols to look out for refugees
and send anyone making trouble on
their way. I thought it should be
done tonight, but no one wanted to
take time away from the festival.

PERRIN AYBARA

I thought you said we didn't have
to worry?

MAT CAUTION

Can we join the patrols?

TAM AL'THOR

(laughs)

Sure lad, you want a few weeks of
cold, boredom and sleeping rough?
Likely that's all there will be to
it. But I've seen men die because
they were sure what should not
happen, would not. Come, lad. Let's
get Bela ready. Best not to be out
after dark.

EXT. WESTWOOD FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The full moon stood well above the treetops, clouds float
over it casting shadows on the farmhouse.

Tam circled the one story farmhouse, sheep pen and barn,
spear in hand looking for tracks. Rand filled the water
trough for the black faced sheep, calm in their stone pen.

RAND AL'THOR

I don't think the black-cloaked man
came here. The sheep wouldn't be so
settled if that one had been
around.

Tam nodded but continued his circle until he'd checked the
entire grounds. He pulled up another bucket of water from the
well.

TAM AL'THOR

I suppose he didn't. All this about
men and horses I can't see or hear
just makes me look cross-wise at
everything. Let's wash up, lad and
see about some super.

Tam carried the bucket of water inside and Rand followed,
gathering his tools.

INT. WESTWOOD FARMHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A fire crackled in the big stone fireplace and candles
glimmered from the big oaken table.

A book titled: *The Travels of Jain Farstrider* sat on a cushioned armchair facing the fire.

A harness to be mended sat on the bench opposite.

Tam stirred the large iron stewpot hanging over the fire.

Rand washed his face and hands and hung a kettle next to the stewpot for tea.

Tam pulled out a big key and twisted it in the iron lock on the door.

TAM AL'THOR

Maybe I'm taking a fancy or maybe
the weather is blacking my mood,
but best to be safe. I'll see to
the back door.

INSERT

The key turns in the iron lock.

INT. WESTWOOD FARMHOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tam pulls out an old wooden chest and opens it to reveal a sword with a bronze heron on the black scabbard and another on the hilt.

He belted it around his waist.

INT. WESTWOOD FARMHOUSE MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Rand notices the sword with surprise. He's never seen it before.

RAND AL'THOR

Where'd that come from? Did you get
it from a peddler? How much did it
cost?

Tam slowly drew the sword, and it gleamed as it caught the firelight. The blade was slightly curved, with only one edge. It had another heron etched into the steel.

TAM AL'THOR

Entirely too much. I got it a long
time ago. A long way from here.
Your mother didn't approve, but she
was always wiser than I. She wanted
me to get rid of it and more than
once I've thought she was right.

The kettle began to whistle as a heavy thump on the door rattled the lock.

Tam and Rand barely have time to react to the sound before the door bursts open, pieces of the iron lock spinning on the ground.

A figure in black mail fills the doorway, holding a scythe-like sword and shielding its eyes from the light. Its curled rams horns reach the top of the doorway and it has a hairy muzzle where its nose and mouth should be.

Rand yelled and threw the kettle at its half-human head.

The creature made a sound that was half-scream half growl before Tam's sword sliced its throat.

The creature collapsed in the doorway as another tried to claw its way through.

Tam's sword struck again, killing the second.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)
Run lad! Hide in the woods!

Tam heaved the oaken table over to block the doorway as more creatures tried to clear the bodies out of the way.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)
There are too many to hold! Out the
back! Go! Go! I'll follow!

Rand hesitated a moment, then did as his father asked and ran toward the back door.

As he went to lift the bar, he saw the iron lock and turned to the window instead.

Outside shadows moved across the farmyard in the moonlight.

Rand threw open the sash as the back door creaked. A crash shook the door frame and Rand slipped out the window. He hid against the side of the house as the back door gave way, wood splintering like thunder.

Rand tentatively peers back inside.

RAND'S POV

Shadows moved through the house. We hear low guttural sounds of an inhuman language. Hooves click against the stone floor. Light reflects off of spears, axes and the spikes on the creature's black mail.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

RAND AL'THOR
They're coming in the back! I'm
outside father, run!

Rand sprints toward the trees.

Behind him there's a crash and the shattering of broken glass. Coarse shouts echo from the back room.

As he reaches the tree line, Rand circles back to crawl towards the barn.

The sheep bleat frightenedly in their pen.

Shadows move in the front windows of the farmhouse. Tam crashes through the front window sword in hand. He lands on his feet and heads toward the back.

RAND AL'THOR (CONT'D)
Father, I'm here!

Tam changes direction running away from Rand towards the woods.

TAM AL'THOR
(as if to someone in front
of him)
Run, lad!

A dozen creatures follow him, with harsh shouts and shrill howls.

Rand finds a hoe in the shadows next to the barn and grips it tightly, heading towards the woods in the direction Tam ran.

INT. WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Rand creeps silently through the woods, flinching at shadows.

A hand closed over his mouth from behind and another gripped the arm holding the hoe.

Rand flailed trying to break free.

TAM AL'THOR
(whisper)
Don't break my neck, lad.

Rand relaxed, falling to his hands and knees as Tam let him go.

Tam crouched beside him.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)

Sorry lad, I had to make sure you didn't speak out. Some Trollocs can hear like a dog. Maybe better. They can see better than a man in the dark but bright lights blind them, at least for a time. That may be the only reason we got away from so many.

RAND AL'THOR

Trollocs? Are you sure? I thought they were just stories.

TAM AL'THOR

I'm sure. Though what brought them to the Two Rivers--

Tam wavered, fumbling at his right side. He laid back against the base of a tree.

RAND AL'THOR

You're hurt.

TAM AL'THOR

Keep your voice down. It's just a scratch. At least the weather seems to be warming.

The wind gusted and Rand shivered. He checked Tam's forehead with the back of his hand.

RAND AL'THOR

You're on fire. I have to get you to Nynaeve.

Rand tried to pick Tam up but, he groaned loudly. Rand winced at the sound.

TAM AL'THOR

Let me rest awhile boy, I'm tired.

Rand thought for a moment, then drew Tam's sword. He started to creep away but Tam grabbed his arm.

TAM AL'THOR (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

RAND AL'THOR

I have to get something to carry you with. Rest, I'll be back.

TAM AL'THOR

Careful.

RAND AL'THOR

I will be.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Rand crept back through the trees and peered at the farmhouse.

Everything was silent.

Light poured out from the windows of the house and nothing moved.

The sheep lay in mounds on the ground unmoving.

Rand reached into the pen and his hand came away covered in blood.

Rand leaned against the front wall of the house, listening.

Nothing. Rand dared a look through the window.

RAND'S POV

Destruction rained over the farmhouse. All the furniture is smashed, broken glass everywhere. The stewpot lay overturned in the fireplace. The drawers and cabinets are open and emptied, their belongings torn and scattered and a white dust covered the floor. Shit stained the walls.

Four bodies lay in the center of the room, unmoving. The one with the ram's horns and three others a mix of human and animal, none alike.

BACK TO SCENE

Rand watched and waited for what felt like an eternity, but was merely a few seconds. Nothing moved.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Rand ran inside, gagging at the smell. He starts to sort through the wreckage, looking for anything useable when behind him something moves.

Rand hears a scraping sound and freezes.

A wolf snouted Trolloc rises from the pile of bodies.

NARG

Others go away. Narg stay. Narg smart.

Rand held Tam's sword out in front of him.

NARG (CONT'D)

Narg know someone come back sometime. Harg wait. You no need sword. Put sword down.

Narg stepped closer to Rand as Rand backed away, keeping the sword between him and the wolf Trolloc.

RAND AL'THOR

Stay back! Why did you do this? Why?

NARG

Myrddraal want talk you. Narg no hurt. Put sword down. Others come back, you talk Myrddraal.

RAND AL'THOR

All right. I'll talk.

Rand feigned letting the sword drop, and the Trolloc leaped for him faster than he thought possible.

Rand brought the sword up as the monster crashed into him, throwing him against the wall.

They fell to the floor together, Rand gasping for breath, trying to avoid the Trolloc's snapping jaws and the thick hands groping for his throat.

Suddenly the Trolloc spasmed and went still. Rand pushes his way out from under the body and saw his blade, bloody, emerging from the center of the Trolloc's back.

Rand nearly vomited. His hands and shirt are stined with black blood.

He flipped the Trolloc over and pulled out the sword. Jerking back as its open eyes stare at him.

He wipes his hand on a scrap of cloth and tries his best to clean the blade.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Rand races into the shadowy barn. There is no sign of Bela. His eyes fall on the broken pieces of the cart.

EXT. WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Tam lies against a tree moaning softly.

Rand appears through the trees, dragging the shafts of the cart with a bag slung across his shoulders. He leans over Tam and washes a shallow gash across his ribs and wrapping it in bandages.

RAND AL'THOR

I don't understand. This wound
isn't that bad.

Tam reaches out seeing things that aren't there.

TAM AL'THOR

Kari, you're still lovely.

Rand tries to shush him.

RAND AL'THOR

Mother wants you to be quiet, here
drink.

Rand pours some water in his mouth, and Tam goes on muttering to himself. Rand looks uneasily at the trees, wincing at every sound.

He picked up Tam's swordbelt and cinched the heron mark blade around his waist, feeling the weight of it.

Rand eases Tam into the makeshift litter he'd made shushing Tam as he groans.

RAND AL'THOR (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll get you to
Nynaeve. We'll be safe in the
village in no time and the Wisdom
will set everything right.

Rand places the harness around his shoulders and pulls Tam through the woods.

EXT. EMONDS FIELD - NIGHT

Warm lights emanate from the houses. Villagers wrapped in shawls and cloaks against the cold, walk with candles and mugs of cider and brandy, from house to house exchanging gifts.

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - NIGHT

Thom Merrilin entertains a group of children telling a story with big gestures and flourishes of his cloak. The children clap their hands in wonder.

EXT. WINESPRING INN - NIGHT

Egwene, Bran and Marin al'Vere greet people outside the inn, handing out mugs of cider and ale, as well as piping hot honeycakes.

Moiraine and Lan burst through the door of the inn.

MOIRAININE

Trollocs! Get inside! Hide!

LAN MANDRAGORAN

Grab weapons, whatever you have,
the village is under attack!

The villagers stop their celebrations and stand confused. The dogs start snarling and barking.

Trollocs appear on the streets howling, slashing at the villagers with their swords and setting fire to houses with their torches.

The village erupts, villagers running screaming. Egwene and her mother Marin direct people into the inn. Bran runs into the barn and emerges with a pitchfork.

Moiraine makes a throwing gesture and a ball of lightning appears, crashing into a group of Trollocs and electrocuting them.

Lan has his sword out and is gliding from Trolloc to Trolloc cutting them in half, slashing through the throat of one as it swings at Nynaeve. They share a quick look before she runs to check one of the wounded villagers on the ground nearby.

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - NIGHT

Thom Merrilin faces an approaching group of Trollocs. Daggers appear in his hands and he throws them at approaching Trollocs, shielding the children behind him.

THOM MERRILIN

Children, run! Quickly to the inn.

Thom backs away slowly, leading the Trollocs away from the children as they run over the bridge toward the inn.

EXT. LUHHAN FORGE - NIGHT

Trollocs are mid-attack at the forge and Perrin and Master Luhhan hold them off. Perrin welds the new axe he forged, and Luhhan his hammer.

Alsbet Luhhan, a large and imposing middle aged woman, comes out of the house with a frying pan and cracks a Trolloc over the head. His skull cracks with a crunch.

EXT. CAUTHON HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is in flames. Mat emerges from the smoke through the front door wrapped in a blanket, holding his baby sister in one arm and his other sister by the hand.

EXT. WINESPRING INN - NIGHT

Lan lines up Bran and the other villagers who have retrieved bows, quarterstaves and other makeshift weapons in the front of the inn as Moiraine holds off the attacking Trollocs with her lightning.

Egwene and Nynaeve triage the wounded. Another wounded villager is dragged to them behind the line of villagers.

From the shadows the MYRDDRAAL appears, lowering its hood to reveal a maggot white, eyeless face. It draws a black blade and flows bonelessly toward Moraine.

Lan glides in between them, meeting the Myrddraal's blade with a clang. They circle each other in a slow dance, searching for a weakness. The Myrddraal is faster, but Lan holds his own.

EXT. WESTWOOD QUARRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rand emerges from the trees then freezes, heart pounding. He hears the sound of hooves on the road. Rand backs quietly into the trees.

Tam begins to murmur again and Rand eases the litter softly to the ground, making as little sound as possible. He crouches over Tam and clamps his hand over Tam's mouth. His other hand grips the sword hilt.

On the road the shadows form into the black rider, leading a horde of Trollocs, each with a different beast aspect, sniffing the air. They marched in lock step, disappearing into the west.

Rand did not move. He barely breathed.

The black rider returned, alone. His horses hooves made no sound. His cloaked head turned back and forth scanning the trees.

The wind roared through the trees but the rider's cloak did not move. It's shadowed hood turned toward Rand's hiding place and stopped.

Rand felt its gaze and waited for death, his hand gripping his sword hilt.

Abruptly the rider turned away galloping toward the west. Back toward the farm.

Rand waited a moment that felt like forever, then slowly removed his hand from Tam's mouth.

Tam spoke clearly into the silence.

TAM AL'THOR

They came over the Dragonwall like a flood. And washed the land with blood. How many died for Laman's sin?

Rand knelt at his side and poured water into his mouth.

RAND AL'THOR

There isn't any flood of Trollocs, father. Not now anyway. We'll be safe in Emond's Field soon. Drink a little water.

Tam pushed the water skin away and seized Rand's collar, pulling him close.

TAM AL'THOR

They called them savages. The fools said they could be swept aside like rubbish. How many battles lost, how many cities burned, before they faced the truth? Before the nations stood together against them?

INSERT - MAP

We move across the hand drawn map from Emonds Field east toward the mountains titled The Spine of the World that stretch from North to South at the edge of the map and zoom in.

EXT. DRAGONWALL MOUNTAINS - DAY

A never-ending stream of black veiled Aiel warriors, dressed in desert browns and tans, both men and women, emerge from the Jangai Pass between the high peaks of the Dragonwall.

EXT. MARATH FIELD - DAY

Bodies litter the field as carrion birds circle above.

TAM AL'THOR V.O.

The field at Marath carpeted with the dead. No sound but the cries of ravens and the buzzing of flies.

EXT. CAIRHEIN - NIGHT

Smoke hangs over the ruined of a city, its towers broken and in flames.

TAM AL'THOR

The topless towers of Cairhein burning in the night like torches. All the way to the Shining Walls they burned and slew before they were turned back.

EXT. WESTWOOD QUARRY ROAD - NIGHT

Rand pulled Tam through the trees as he spoke. The litter scraping across the ground.

TAM AL'THOR

Avendesora. The tree of life. It is said it makes no seed, but they brought a cutting to Cairhein, a sapling. A royal gift of wonder for the king.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Unveiled Aiel, in their loose desert brown clothing hand a pot with a small sapling to the king, crowned with the rising sun of Cairhein.

TAM AL'THOR V.O.

They never make peace. Never. But they brought a sapling. A sign of peace.

EXT. PALACE COURTYARD - TIMELAPSE

Cairheinin servants plant the sapling in the courtyard of the palace and it grows taller, trefoil leaves unfurl.

TAM AL'THOR V.O. (CONT'D)
 Five hundred years of peace with
 those who make no peace with
 strangers. Why did he cut it down,
 why?

The timelapse ends. A new king with the same crown on his head, takes an axe and chops down the tree.

INT. PALACE THRONE ROOM - DAY

Laman sits on a new intricately carved wooden throne plated in gold.

TAM AL'THOR V.O.
 Blood was the price for
 Avendoraldera. Blood the price for
 Laman's pride.

EXT. DRAGONMOUNT - DAY

Snow falls on the mountain as battle rages between the Aiel and the armies that had united against them. Tam wears armor engraved with golden bees and wields the heron mark blade.

TAM AL'THOR V.O.
 Battles are always hot. Even in the
 snow. Sweat heat. Blood heat. Only
 death is cool.

A group of Aiel maidens fight back to back with their spears. One maiden gives a fierce cry and throws her spear killing on soldier but another breaks past her sisters and stabs her in the side. She falls to her knees gripping her belly and we see that she is pregnant.

TAM AL'THOR V.O. (CONT'D)
 Their women fight alongside the men
 sometimes but why they had let her
 come I don't...

Her sisters encircle her and try to stave off the soldiers but one by one they fall. The battle moves on away and she is left lying in the snow.

INT. WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Rand continues to drag Tam by the woods, barely paying attention to his story, fighting against exhaustion.

TAM AL'THOR

The slope of the mountain...only place that didn't stink of death. Had to get away from the smell of it...the sight of it.

EXT. DRAGONMOUNT - DAY

Tam stumbles through the snow on the mountainside. He hears a baby cry.

TAM AL'THOR V.O.

Gave birth there alone. Before she died of her wounds. Covered the child with her cloak, but the wind blew the cloak away. Should have been dead too.

Tam sees a red haired baby, blue with the cold, crying in the snow. He picks him up, wraps him in the cloak and rocks him.

TAM AL'THOR V.O. (CONT'D)

I couldn't just leave a child...no children of our own...always knew you wanted children. I knew you'd take it to your heart, Kari. Yes, lass. Rand is a good name.

INT. WESTWOOD - NIGHT

Rand collapses to his knees, dropping the cart shafts to the ground. Tam groans but Rand doesn't hear it.

RAND AL'THOR

(softly)

No, you are my father. And I am--
Light, who am I?

Stubbornly, Rand stands pushing himself against the harness, dragging his father toward the village and safety.

EXT. EMOND'S FIELD - DAWN

Rand staggers to a stop at the edge of village. Smoke hangs over the village. Where half the houses should be there is only charred rubble.

END OF EPISODE