

CHILDREN OF IRON

101: 'ONLY THE BEGINNING'

Written by

Noah Needle

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Long curtains are drawn over the windows, keeping the sunlight out. Only a thin sliver shines through, giving a dim light to the room.

ROYAL SUBJECTS
(chanting from outside)
Morallin! Morallin! King! King!

On the throne, looking wary and afraid of the shadows that surround him, is MORALLIN (35), a pale man with well-defined features and flowing black hair. Upon his head is a golden crown which shimmers in the faint light.

OLIVÆR (V.O.)
(in Etoasi)
There was once a great kingdom. For many lifetimes, it stood mighty. The stronghold of the world.

Morallin puts his hand to his mouth, contemplating.

OLIVÆR (V.O.)
(in Etoasi)
Then along came Man. The bastard child of the elves. Powerless and disconnected from nature. In their rage, angered by the abomination that they were, they burnt the great kingdom to ashes, believing its destruction would bring about peace in their troubled hearts.

Morallin takes a deep breath as he looks ahead. His expression changes from fear to determination.

OLIVÆR (V.O.)
(in Etoasi)
They had sought revenge on their parents and they had succeeded. Once the kingdom was but dirt and dust, the elves were exiled from their home and pushed to the shores of the Emerald Island. Man, meanwhile, built up kingdoms of their own: Mendalir and Dorilia.

EXT. PLAY STAGE - DAY

OLIVÆR THE KNOWING (32), a slim-faced man with slicked-back, dark hair and a pointed beard stands on the stage.

Seated on the ground before him is a large crowd of elves or, as they're called natively, Etoasi: a collection of alien-like humanoids with ears, long and pointed; eyes large, with small pupils; hands that have only four, long, spindly digits; and who are outfitted in a flowing ethereal material, which shimmers shades of green in the sunlight.

Behind Olivær, two Etoasi actors stage fight with wooden swords.

OLIVÆR

(in Etoasi)

How long, though, shall these kingdom stand? How long before these children of iron, these war-makers, repeat history? How long until nature restores balance?

One of the actors 'stabs' the other. They both move to the ground, the victor guiding his victim down slowly, gracefully.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

(in Etoasi)

Not long at all, I fear.

The audience watching erupts into applause. Olivær and the two actors, now back on their feet, bow graciously.

Off to the side of the stage, watching Olivær is his apprentice, YASPER (20), a bright-eyed young man with similarly slicked back hair to his master.

He closes his book, stuffing it under his arm, and joins in the applause with a bright smile on his face.

Olivær rises again, and beams a smile at his audience.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

(in Etoasi)

Thank you all. Thank you all so much.

His eyes fall upon a specific elf. THE CHIEFTAIN, an taller elf with more aged features and a majestic headdress, acknowledges Olivær with a nod.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

(in Etoasi)

Once more, you have welcomed me to these lands of yours with open arms and I am truly grateful for that.

(MORE)

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Your willingness to have me here,
to hear my words, and to treat me
as one of your own is an act of
kindness which is not lost on me.

Olivær takes a deep breath, then bows again.

The whole audience, including the Chieftain, bows in return.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
(in English)
Thank you.

EXT. SHORELINE - EVENING

Towering trees dance in the wind as a golden glow warms the scene.

Olivær stands facing the Chieftain, who is flanked on either side by a small group of elves.

OLIVÆR
(in Etoasi; with a kind
smile)
Chieftain, it has been an honour
once again. You never fail to make
a stranger such as I feel at home
in these lands. You have my
gratitude.

The Chieftain bows graciously.

CHIEFTAIN
(in Etoasi)
It has been our pleasure, friend.
Rarely do we come across an
individual who is willing to defy
the conventions of their own people
by showing us kindness and respect.
For this, you are always welcome
here.

Olivær returns the bow to the Chieftain, after his kind words.

CHIEFTAIN (CONT'D)
(in Etoasi)
Though, before you take your leave
from our protection, Knowing, I
must warn you.

Olivær lifts himself up and gives the Chieftain a curious look.

CHIEFTAIN (CONT'D)

(in Etoasi)

In recent days, nature has whispered to me. The world is becoming unbalanced. A great change is on the horizon, and with it will come many sorrows. Be careful, friend.

Olivær continues to look into the Chieftain's eyes, trying to discern more from his words. He has a visible look of unease as he does so.

Then, almost like a switch is flipped, Olivær breaks into a smile.

OLIVÆR

(in Etoasi)

You have nought to worry about, Chieftain. Whilst I may only be one man, I have the knowledge of many. It will take more than a change in the wind to harm me.

The Chieftain nods, but now wears a similar look of unease to that which Olivær had just worn moments before.

CHIEFTAIN

(in Etoasi)

Very well. I trust you, friend.

With a final smile, reassuring the Chieftain, Olivær turns to face an small ornate ship waiting in the distance, by the docks.

The elves all watch as their friend heads towards another man, who is standing awkwardly, waiting by the dock stairs.

As Olivær moves closer to the docks, Jasper moves towards him, so that they meet in the middle of the beach.

The apprentice wears a look of excitement and curiosity on his face.

YASPER

(in a whisper)

What did you say to them, master?

OLIVÆR

The same which I would have said to any man who accommodated me in Mendalir--or even Dorilia, for that matter.

(MORE)

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

I thanked them for their hospitality towards us whilst we've been staying here.

YASPER

And what did they say in return? The Chieftain spoke for longer than I thought he would.

OLIVÆR

He simply returned the pleasantries.

Following at his master's side, as they head towards the stairs, Yasper furrows his brow and looks quizzically at Olivær.

YASPER

That's all?

OLIVÆR

Indeed. Nothing more needed saying.

Olivær takes the lead as Yasper looks back at the towering elves watching them.

The Chieftain nods, bidding them farewell, then turns and the collection of elves leaves.

Yasper turns back to his master and hurries up to join him, as he walks from the dock onto the boat.

YASPER

You... You know their language. How? It's not taught at any university I know of.

OLIVÆR

No. No, it wouldn't be.

(looking back; standing on the deck)

Mankind has an excellent propensity for erasing that which came before. I have some books, though. You can study them when we get back. Learning Etoasi would prove useful if you are to continue on as my apprentice.

As Yasper catches up, and joins him on the small ship, Olivær gives a final smile to the forest and the Emerald Island as a whole.

The pair then disappear into a room at the back of the ship, talking and chatting, as it sets sail into the ocean ahead.

INT. MCINTYRE FAMILY HOUSE - MORNING

Darkness. The whole house is covered in it, as light struggles to pierce through the windows. In his bed, one of many in a tightly packed collection, lies TOMLIN MCINTYRE (15), a young lad with sweeping Brunette hair and a frail figure.

The door creaks open as Tomlin rolls onto his side, still asleep.

Giggles can be heard as two looming shadows move closer to the sleeping boy.

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER (O.S.)
(in a whisper)
Shh! He'll hear us!

The giggles continue as two young children (under 10) creep towards the bed, and make their way around either side of it.

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER SISTER
(in a whisper)
One.

Tomlin rolls onto his back and snores.

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER
Two.

His younger siblings smile at one another.

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER SISTER
Three!

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER
(in unison; shouting)
Wake up, Tommy!

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER SISTER (CONT'D)
(in unison; shouting)
Wake up, Tommy!

Tomlin opens his eyes groggily, as if he knew there was no real danger despite the racket. A smile grows on his tired face.

TOMLIN
Morning, you two.

The children giggle as Tomlin sits up and stretches.

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER SISTER
Pa sent us to get you.

Tomlin nods as he yawns, his arms outstretched.

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER
Needs your 'elp with some work in
the shop.

TOMLIN
Right. Right, no worries then.

He climbs out of the low bed and ruffles his lengthy hair. The children follow him as he navigates past them and out of the maze of beds into a main living area.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
Anything for breakfast?

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER BROTHER
There was. You slept through it all
though.

Tomlin sighs, takes a deep breath, then shakes his head to wake himself up a little more before heading out the door.

EXT. MCINTYRE FAMILY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tomlin leaves the building, followed not long after by his younger siblings.

TOMLIN
Did Pa say what he needed help
with?

TOMLIN'S YOUNGER SISTER
Nope. Just said to go wake you up
and tell you he needed some 'elp.

TOMLIN
Right. Well, thank you, you two.
Maybe a bit more grace with the
waking up next time though,
alright?

The children giggle some more before flanking him and rushing off ahead of him, into Aredston.

Tomlin slows, then stops, and watches them with a smile.

Suddenly, he feels a tickle in his throat and tries to clear it.

Unable to ease the feeling, he coughs. Lightly at first, then more violently. As he moves his hand away from his mouth, he look at it in silent horror.

His hand, trembling, has blood on it from his cough.

Again, Tomlin looks ahead, to his siblings who are but distant specks now. He closes his eyes, keeping tears from escaping, as his lips quiver.

With a deep breath, he stops shaking and opens his eyes again. He has to be strong.

Tomlin quickly wipes his eyes dry before setting off again, following his younger siblings.

INT. CARPENTRY WORKSHOP - DAY

Fidgeting with tools at his workbench, with his back to the door, is RULF MCINTYRE (late 40s), father of Tomlin and a well-built, scruffy gentleman.

The door slowly creaks open and Tomlin peeks his head inside before fully entering.

TOMLIN

Martin and Mary said you needed help, Pa? E'rything alright?

Rulf turns with a smile on his bearded face and nods at his son.

RULF

Aye. S'alright. Just a job I've been asked to do. Could use a spare pair o' hands on it--and, well, Martin's too young, Will's busy with he's work at the Mill, and Quinn... bless 'im, he's got his missus to deal with now.

Rulf's gaze wanders off, leading him to stare into thin air, as he lets out a soft chuckle, after he speaks of his eldest child.

Tomlin smiles politely.

RULF (CONT'D)

(looking back at Tomlin)
So, that leaves you, lad. And rightfully so, ay?

Rulf turns back to his workbench and moves some things, looking for the letter commissioning him.

RULF (CONT'D)

Nothing better for an apprentice to do than learn on the job.

(BEAT)

Now where did I put that bleeding thing? Could'a swore it was here somewhere.

Tomlin joins his father at the busy workbench to help look for whatever it is he's after.

INT. SHIP'S CABIN - DAY

Olivær's eyes are locked on Jasper. He's unblinking and emotionless: completely focused.

OLIVÆR

(in Etoasi)

My name is small, good man.

Jasper moves a chess piece, then looks up at Olivær.

YASPER

(in crude Etoasi)

My name is small, good man.

OLIVÆR

Good. Slightly rough around the edges, but you're certainly getting there.

Olivær's eyes leave Jasper and focus on the gently sliding chess pieces as the waves beneath them cause them to move.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

Hm. That was... an unorthodox move. You seem keen to promote this pawn of yours.

YASPER

Well, I could use a queen right now.

OLIVÆR

Certainly. You are losing rather considerably.

Olivær looks back up with a smug, playful smirk.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

Alas, I admire your fortitude to continue. A lesser man might have already resigned by now.

Yasper looks down at the board. He gets deep into thought.

Olivær moves a piece, completely nonchalantly, and nods at Yasper.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

Your move, Yasper.

Yasper looks up quickly, with a puzzled expression, then looks back down.

Olivær, meanwhile, gazes into the middle distance, with a small smirk on his face. He strokes his goatee.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

You know, I do find this game to be a great metaphor for many things in life. Relationships. War. A simple game capable of representing the most intricate things in this world.

YASPER

I think I'll move my knight.

OLIVÆR

(still gazing off)
Prepare to lose it then.

YASPER

What?

Olivær brings his attention back to Yasper and smirks, with a single eyebrow raised.

OLIVÆR

Regardless of where you move it, you won't be moving it a second time.

Yasper looks at the board with intensity. He's trying to figure out Olivær's next moves.

YASPER

I... what? Why?

OLIVÆR

Well, that would be giving the game away.

The stress is visibly building within Yasper now. He finally breaks a sweat.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Anyway, as I was saying--

Olivær strokes his beard again, looking back into the middle distance.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
This game can represent so many parts of life, despite being rather simplistic. And it all comes down to one thing.

Yasper moves his knight.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
A very simple thing, really, but one that'll tell you a lot about a person; more than even a thousand questions could.

Olivær brings his attention to the board, briefly scans it, then checkmates his apprentice, leaving the knight in tact and standing beside the winning piece.

Yasper's eyes widen in shock. He looks up at Olivær in disbelief.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Indeed. It all comes down to truth. Honesty. Integrity. Deception, and who is better at it: who's willing to use it.

Yasper sighs, defeated.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
I believe it was the Dorilic philosopher, Arthedeus, who once said, 'In the game of war, victory favours those who outwit their adversaries. For true power lies not in brute force, but in the art of strategic deception.' I never intended to take your knight. But, by making you worry about it, I blinded you to the rest of the board and gave myself a path to victory. Deception, my apprentice, in practice.

A childish, proud smile grows on his face, as he sees Yasper examining the board with a dejected look.

INT. CARPENTRY WORKSHOP - DAY

Tomlin carves away at a piece of wood, as he's in the process of crafting a wheel. Rulf peers over at him, curious to see how his son is getting on.

A warm smile grows as he sees the lad working diligently, and he turns back to continue his own work.

RULF

What was it then, hm?

TOMLIN

What was what?

RULF

The reason for your lie-in. Sneak out to drink late? A night with a lady, ay?

Tomlin chuckles to himself.

TOMLIN

Nothing like that. Just felt a bit rough. Figured sleepin' it off would help.

RULF

Aye. Aye. Your mother would certainly say so. That woman'll tie me to the bed whenever I get ill. No work. Just rest.

Rulf chuckles.

RULF (CONT'D)

Bleeding annoying at the time. But, I have to say, it does work. You're a smart lad for thinking of something like that on yer own.

Tomlin gives a polite, yet uncertain smile, as he looks up from his work for the first time.

His eyes meet dust-covered window ahead of him. Outside, he can see his younger siblings playing in the town square.

EXT. ARENSTON SQUARE - SAME TIME

QUINN MCINTYRE (late 20s) wanders through the town square, a beautiful, pregnant woman by his side. He smiles and laughs with her as they go.

After a few steps, Tomlin's younger siblings rush over, having just noticed Quinn, and begin to ask him and his wife about their child to come.

RULF (O.S.)

Come on, lad. Back to work. Lord Gyrstal'll be here in less than a week for this new carriage. Ain't got time to be wasting staring out the window.

INT. CARPENTRY WORKSHOP - DAY

Tomlin, sweating slightly now and with more of an ill look about him, takes a deep breath as he returns to his body and the present moment.

TOMLIN

Sorry, Pa. Just saw Quinn and Elizabeth. Got lost in my own mind.

RULF

S'alright, lad. Just crack on. There'll be plenty of time for you to find your own wife when this job's done.

Rulf smiles at his own comment then gets back to work himself.

Tomlin looks out of the window for a moment more. He seems conflicted: disappointed. Then, without a word, he puts his head down and continues to carve the wood in front of him with his chisel.

INT. CARPENTRY WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Tomlin carves away a final piece of the wheel he's been working on, then steps back to admire it. He nods to himself, knowing he's done a damn fine job on it.

Rulf joins him, patting him hard and lovingly on his shoulder.

RULF

Ain't done a half bad job there, Tomlin. You'll do a bloody good job taking over all this after I retire.

Tomlin's smile falters. He's not sure he wants that future.

RULF (CONT'D)

Aye. The shop's in good hands with you, lad.

Rulf squeezes Tomlin in a hug, of sorts, then lets go.

RULF (CONT'D)

Now, don't be staying up too late. There's still plenty of work to be done tomorrow. Gonna need you up bright 'n' early.

Tomlin chuckles.

TOMLIN

Trust me, I'll be having as early a night as I can. I feel exhausted.

Rulf gives a hearty laugh and pats his son's shoulder once more.

RULF

That's a good lad.

With that said, Rulf makes his way to and out of the door. He hangs up his leather apron before his exit.

Tomlin stands alone in the workshop for a moment and stares at his work. His sense of pride in it has almost completely vanished now. He looks on with a sinking heart.

Then, suddenly, he breaks into a coughing fit. At first, he's able to contain it, but it worsens. He covers his mouth with his hand as he continues to cough.

As the final raspy cough escapes him, he looks at his hand and sees it covered in specks of blood again. He looks away, at the door, and sighs, making a life-changing decision there and then.

INT. MCINTYRE FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

The whole house is shrouded in darkness. The snores of Rulf echo through the otherwise silent home, and mask the rustling of Tomlin packing a sack.

He stuffs the necessities--a pillow, a blanket, a fresh shirt and pants--into his sack then pulls the strings around its top, tight, to close it.

With a conflicted, upset look on his face, Tomlin glances around at his sleeping family. His brothers. His sister.

His parents. Each of them sleeping soundly, none the wiser to his plan.

Tomlin hoists his sack over his shoulder, allowing the string to keep it on him like a backpack, and silently makes his way around to everyone.

First, he kneels in between Martin and Mary's beds. He smiles at them both.

TOMLIN
(in a whisper)
Be good, you two. Listen to Ma and
Pa--
(chuckling quietly)
And ignore Will.

Tomlin glances at them both and struggles to stay composed. The smile on his face shakes and falters as he so obviously wants to cry.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
(in a whisper)
Just stay safe. Please.

With a slight wince, he gets back to his feet, and gives the twins a final farewell smile.

Tomlin then moves to stand beside Will, whose his senior by a year, and smiles down at him, thinking of fond memories.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
(in a whisper)
Even after I'm gone, I hope you're
still a bit of a prick. Don't let
me leaving sap all the fun from
you.

Tomlin chuckles a little and goes to move on, but stops himself.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
Oh, and live a little, Will. Don't
let that job take over your life.
Go out in the evenings. Find a
girl, like Quinn. Money isn't
everything. It helps, sure... but
don't lose focus on what makes life
worth living.

Tomlin gives his brother's fist a gentle, loving bump with his with his own, as he holds back tears. He then moves to the foot of his mother and father's bed.

He kneels down and looks up at them, feeling like a small child again.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

(in a whisper)

I don't... I don't really know what to say to you guys.

(BEAT)

I guess, I'm sorry? I'm sorry for how all of this is happening. I'm sorry I can't say goodbye when you're awake. I just... I don't think I'd be able to leave if I did. And I know I have to.

Tomlin swallows hard, fighting back his emotions for flooding out.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

I've been so lucky to have you two as my parents. We might not have had everything a king has, but you both made me--all of us--feel loved, appreciated, and... and I'm just really glad I got to grow up as the son of Rulf and Sema. And I'm really sorry this is our goodbye. I love you both all the world. I really do...

Tomlin stays knelt before the foot of the bed for a moment, looking up at his parents, and simply embraces the tears as they roll down his face.

His breaths are shaky and his body doesn't want to move. He closes his eyes, and bites his lip. It's now or never, and he knows that.

Tomlin forces himself to stand up and takes a deep breath.

He looks around at them all for a final time.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

Goodbye everyone. I promise I'll be back soon.

EXT. MCINTYRE FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

The pale moonlight illuminates Tomlin's surroundings as he steps out from the house. He quickly wipes away his tears and gets ready to set off away from Aredston.

QUINN (O.S.)
Off on a little night-time stroll,
are we?

Tomlin freezes. His heart sinks in his chest. Slowly, he turns to face his eldest brother.

Quinn takes a moment to look Tomlin up and down. His light-hearted smile fades from his face as he realises what Tomlin is doing.

QUINN (CONT'D)
You've packed up. You off
somewhere?

Tomlin stays silent, unsure how to explain.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(sympathetically)
It's alright. I won't tell them. I
just want to make sure you'll be
okay out there. Wherever you're
going.

TOMLIN
I... I don't think I've got long
left, Quinn.

QUINN
What?

TOMLIN
I started coughing up blood
earlier. I've been in pain all day.

Tomlin adjusts his sack into a more comfortable position on his shoulder.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
It might pass yet, but... I know
deep within my soul that this is
the gods giving me a warning. I've
been marked for death. I can feel
it.

QUINN
I... Tommy, I'm sorry.

Tomlin smiles at his brother, even with tears in his eyes, in an effort to reassure him.

TOMLIN
It's alright. Not much can be done
about it now, ay? I'd just...
(MORE)

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
I'd rather you didn't tell Ma and Pa about this--or anyone, really. If they must know, say I've gone adventuring: exploring the world.

QUINN
Are you?

TOMLIN
That's the plan. I don't want Aredston to be all I ever knew if it does come to an end.

Quinn chuckles at the idea of his baby brother exploring the world, and begins to cry.

He calms himself, but still allows tears to roll down his face, and nods.

QUINN
Alright then. You have my word.

Tomlin gives his brother a kind smile and turns to leave his home for good.

QUINN (CONT'D)
But, Tommy--

Tomlin turns back around. His eyes are wide and sad.

QUINN (CONT'D)
(shakily)
Please do try to come home.

Tomlin forces a smile upon his face as tears start to run down his face again.

TOMLIN
Of course.

Tomlin wipes away his tears and sniffles up.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
I want to see the world... but I want to rest at home after I've seen it all.

Happy with his brother's promise, Quinn gives Tomlin another nod. The younger of the two turns back to face the road to Mendalir and starts to walk along it.

Quinn stays where he is for a moment, simply watching Tomlin go. He can't shake his innate desire to watch over and protect his baby brother, even though he knows he has to.

Tomlin walks meekly along the road until he disappears from view into the woods.

Quinn snuffles and clears his eyes of tears. He smiles in his brother's direction for a final time, then turns and starts to walk down the road to Aredston.

INT. IRON PASS MINING CHASM

Iron meets rock as a row of twenty or so dwarven men and women, suspended from above by metal cables, slam their pickaxes into the rockface in front of them.

CLAN LEADER

And swing!

Their pickaxes meet the rock again, in perfect unison.

CLAN LEADER (CONT'D)

And swing!

We slowly make our way down the line as, again, they mine the surface which they're dangling in front of.

CLAN LEADER (CONT'D)

And swing!

The CLAN LEADER (40), a greying dwarven man with a long, well-groomed beard, is suspended in the midst of the row. He looks to either side: checking his miners' techniques for any flaws.

Seeing none, he nods to himself and takes a deep breath.

CLAN LEADER (CONT'D)

Swing!

We continue past the clan leader, heading into the depths of the chasm once more. Each dwarf we pass is outfitted with a small cylinder around their chest with a luminous rock of some kind in it to give them vision in the darkness of the chasm.

At the end of the row, swinging when commanded, is NYSRI MINDØTTIR (19), a dwarven girl with fiery hair and a stout build.

CLAN LEADER (CONT'D)

Swing!

Nysri swings, as does the dwarf next to her, but, when she connects, an ominous purple glow begins to shine through the crack she's made.

Moving closer to it, a low, dull, pulsating hum comes from whatever mysterious mineral lies beyond the surface layer of rock.

Nysri seems hypnotised by it and takes a deep breath before leaning in for an even closer look.

Her face is illuminated in a purple-pink glow. Her eyes are narrowed as she looks curiously at the glow's origin.

CLAN LEADER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Swing!

As the dwarf next to her, MIKAEL (50s) swings, Nysri stays staring at the rockface.

MIKAEL

(in an urging whisper)

Nysri, come on.

Nysri is pulled away from the hypnotic glow of the stone in the wall and looks at him.

NYSRI

Have you ever seen anything like this before?

Mikael gives a quick glance then prepares to swing again. He shrugs and grunts.

NYSRI (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, Mikael.

MIKAEL

Just leave it alone, Nys.

CLAN LEADER (O.S.)

Swing!

Nysri looks back at the gemstone, as Mikael swings again.

NYSRI

Why? What is it?

MIKAEL

(frustrated)

I don't know, Nys. Just mine around it.

Nysri sighs as she gets a useless answer. She adjusts her grip on her pickaxe and gets ready to swing again with everyone else.

CLAN LEADER (O.S.)

And swing!

Time seems to slow down as Nysri brings her pickaxe through the air and towards the rockface.

As the iron tool makes contact with the gemstone's surroundings, it glows and, in an instant, a thunderous boom erupts from it accompanied by a powerful explosion.

Nysri is launched back, her cable fraying slightly, and hits the wall behind: knocking her unconscious.

Mikael is launched back too, but narrowly misses the wall. Swinging back towards Nysri he tries to reach for her.

MIKAEL

(focusing on Nysri)

Someone help!

Getting closer, Mikael's own cable begins to fray and snap. He, however, is oblivious to it. He pushes on to try to save Nysri from falling.

He swings closer still, and gets within a finger's length of her, before his cable snaps completely in two.

With wide, horror-filled eyes, Mikael misses Nysri and plummets into the black abyss below.

CLAN LEADER

Spin them back!

The clan leader watches on with a look of mixed worry and anger.

Slowly, Nysri is raised up as dwarves at the top of the chasm reel her in. She lies still the entire way. A streak of blood runs down from her forehead, and drips off into the darkness below.

A faint purple-pink glow dies in her right hand, as she holds her pickaxe loosely in her left.

INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - KING'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

As the moonlight seeps in through a slit between the drawn blinds, Morallin lies restlessly asleep, alone in his vast bed.

His face is covered in beads of sweat and his eyes are squeezed closed tightly. He tosses and turns, mumbling noises of fear to himself as he does.

WHISPERS (V.O.)

(soft; eerie)

Morallin... Morallin... Blood shall
flow... Fire shall rise! Without
your rule, mankind's demise...

Morallin shakes and shudders, as screams echo in his sleeping mind. The crackling of fire grows louder until he wakes, bolting upright with a sharp gasp.

He sits in his bed, taking several deep breaths to calm himself down. His fear-filled eyes dart around the room, looking deep into the shadows, searching.

Morallin swallows hard, then wipes the sweat from his brow. He licks his dry lips and takes another deep breath.

INT. SHIP'S CABIN - MORNING

Morning light shines through cracks in the wooden ceiling. Its rays are cast upon Olivær and Yasper as they sleep in hammocks, swaying gently.

The door to the cabin opens suddenly and a crewmate steps in.

CREWMATE

Sire.

Olivær opens one eye, groggily, then both. He inhales sharply, before letting out a sigh.

OLIVÆR

Morning, sailor.

CREWMATE

We've arrived in Golenshire, sire.
We should be ready to disembark
within a few minutes.

OLIVÆR

Thank you. We'll wake properly and
prepare our leave now.

The crewmate nods then leaves, with the door closing behind them.

EXT. GOLENSHIRE BAY - MORNING

Olivær's ship approaches the docks of Mendalir's capital, Golenshire. The sea is a perfect aquamarine. The sky is blue and cloudless. The sun is beaming down. Gulls chirp from overhead.

In the distance, the gem of the city rests high above everything else. A second sun, so to speak.

The golden tip of the palace's tallest spire gleams in the early sunlight. It is as bright and commanding as the true sun itself.

EXT. GOLENSHIRE BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Olivær and Yasper step off the boat: joining their chests, both of which are being carried onto the docks by crewmates.

Yasper looks around, admiring the scenery, grateful to be back somewhere familiar.

YASPER

Tis a beautiful place, isn't it?

Olivær focuses on the distant, shining peak of the palace. A smile comes across his face.

OLIVÆR

It certainly is.

The city before them is busy and full. The distant voices of merchants trying to sell their wares, the laughs of children running through the streets, and the general hubbub can be heard, even from the docks.

Olivær and Yasper start to walk towards a carriage at the end of the docks, waiting for them, as crewmates follow with their luggage.

EXT. GOLENSHIRE PALACE - MORNING

The carriage which Olivær and Yasper were heading towards now pulls up outside a grand castle, and the pair step out.

YASPER

Why are we here, master?

OLIVÆR

Whilst we were staying with the elves, I received a letter from the King. He said he wanted to speak, but did not want to disclose anything more at that time.

(reassuringly)

It shan't be a long visit.

Olivær turns and smiles at Yasper.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
We'll be back in the Pale City in
no time at all.

Yasper nods respectfully and follows Olivær as they enter through the castle's gate, by which stand two armed guards.

INT. GOLENSHIRE PALACE - THRONE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

KING REGINALD II (65) sits on his throne, with a smile on his face as a servant whispers to him from his left.

The doors to the throne room slowly open to reveal Olivær and Yasper patiently waiting just beyond them.

Once the doors are fully open, the pair step into the throne room, where Olivær quickly takes the lead and separates himself from his apprentice.

OLIVÆR
My Liege.

Olivær bows.

KING REGINALD II
The Knowing. A pleasure once more.
I trust your journey has been
fruitful.

OLIVÆR
Indeed, my Liege. I have much to
write about upon my arrival home.

KING REGINALD II
Not too much, I hope.

Olivær gives a perplexed look.

OLIVÆR
I beg your pardon, my Liege? Why
might that be?

KING REGINALD II
Well, I have requested you here for
a specific reason, Olivær. In a
month's time, I shall be
celebrating my gold anniversary as
King of Mendalir. For this grand
occasion, I wish for you to craft
me an original piece. A play
celebrating my lineage, to be
debuted at the celebrations.

(MORE)

KING REGINALD II (CONT'D)
 A masterful story, crafted by the
 master of stories.

Olivær tries to hide his smile as he's complimented. A slight
 prideful raise of his right eyebrow slips past his defences,
 however.

KING REGINALD II (CONT'D)
 So, you see, should there be too
 much for you to write about after
 your time with the savages--

OLIVÆR
 Savages?

KING REGINALD II
 The elves, Olivær. Even with your
 fascination with them, you must
 admit they are beneath us. There's
 a reason we, their children, were
 able to so easily force them away
 from these lands.

Olivær stays silent, looking on conflicted. He does not dare
 defy the King, but also cannot agree with him.

KING REGINALD II (CONT'D)
 But it is beside my point. I want
 to commission you. It is a job that
 will pay handsomely, of course. Not
 just in coin, but in notoriety as
 well.

(BEAT)
 Will you, or will you not, Olivær,
 craft for me the best play you ever
 have?

Yasper looks at his master, waiting curiously and anxiously
 to hear his answer. Even from his position further back, he
 can sense Olivær's unease.

OLIVÆR
 It would be my pleasure, my Liege.

Olivær bows gracefully then turns and walks back to his
 apprentice.

KING REGINALD II
 Good man. I look forward to see
 what you do.

A brief, forced smile flashes upon Olivær's face, despite not
 looking to the King, then vanishes. With Yasper by his side,
 he leaves through the large open doors.

EXT. DORILIC FOREST - DAY

The leaves dance in the gentle breeze. Sounds of the forest can be heard everywhere. It's alive. Under its thick canopy, very little light gets in, but some manages to sneak through the trees' defences.

In this dark place, Tomlin strolls with little concern. He even wears a small smile on his face, and a look of excitement for his adventure-to-come.

As he goes, he whistles to himself and hums a tune.

However, he begins to slow down after a while. Each step becomes heavier. Then he stops completely.

He takes a deep breath and spins around. His eyes look on: to where he came from.

TOMLIN
(to himself)
No. No, Tomlin. You've made your
choice. Stick to it. It'll--

He winces and grips his side as he suffers.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
(through gritted teeth)
By Dyalos.

He forces himself back into an upright position and takes a number of deep breaths to try to ease the pain.

As he breaths in, Tomlin closes his eyes.

The distant giggles of Martin and Mary echo within his mind. For a moment, he thinks it's all a dream.

The snapping of a branch brings him back to reality though, and his eyes jerk open.

Tomlin darts his head around, to see what made the noise, but nothing's there. With a sigh, and a new air of caution about him, Tomlin sets off walking again.

INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - KING'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Morallin paces back and forth, alone, in his grand chambers.

WHISPERS (V.O.)
(soft; eerie)
Heed our words, great king...
(MORE)

WHISPERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Listen not, a darkness we will
bring... The children have grown,
old but not wise... Divided as they
are, mankind dies...

Hearing the whispers in his mind, Morallin grips his head and tightly holds on to it. Squeezing almost, in an effort to force the voices out.

MORALLIN
No... No!

His shout echoes in his chamber, as he stands upright.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)
I hear what you ask of me, but I
can't.

Morallin pauses. He takes several breaths as he clearly thinks about it, his eyes giving his game away.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)
(conflicted)
Can I?

His lips begin to tremble. Then, slowly, they twist into a smile and a laugh escapes him. A terribly evil look occupies his eyes.

INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - WAR CHAMBER - DAY

Morallin stands at the head of a long, ornate, dark wood table. He looks down it at his advisors and council members, all of whom seem confused as to why they're here.

MORALLIN
Today is a new beginning.

Some council members look back and forth at one another, then back at their king.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)
I see that some of you are confused
as to what I mean, and it is fair
for you to feel this way.

(BEAT)
For the past fortnight, I have been
plagued by whispers. I have been
cursed to hear the voices of the
gods themselves, as they ask a
great deal from me.

CLOSEST ADVISOR

Cursed? My Liege, are you certain this is a curse? Something of this manner would be... extraordinary, surely. You'd be a prophet. A vessel of the gods! If this is true-

MORALLIN

It is, and I am more than certain. Were this not a curse, I would be elated. Were this not a curse, I would have rested easily, grateful to have been chosen. Yet... here I stand before you, having struggled to rest for many days now.

(BEAT)

I have seen them in the night. I have felt their judgement burn me, and all of mankind. Maveri, Kalieth, Severin, Dyalos, and Polanthy--all of them were there, as one, listening to the screams of innocents and the crackling of flames, as our cities fell.

The council members and advisors all look on in horrified silence.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)

But they have given me--us--a chance to stop this. Mankind must be united, so our vicious ways do not cause our demise.

POLITICAL ADVISOR

(hesitantly)

Shall I arrange a meeting with King Reginald then, my Liege?

MORALLIN

No...

Everyone goes silent. Morallin's dark expression is doubled by the dim candlelight of the room.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)

No. I fear that this is a task that cannot be done through diplomacy. The stalemate we'd find ourselves in... It'd be foolish when such a terrible fate awaits us.

The silence continues once Morallin stops speaking, hanging his head. No one wants to be the first to speak after him.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)

This is why I said today is a new beginning. For, today, Dorilia is officially at war with Mendalir.

The council members look around at one another. Some have wide, horror-filled eyes. Others have their mouths hung open, in shock. Not a word is spoken, though.

Morallin finally lifts his head up and makes eye contact with an armour-clad man, clearly the MILITARY ADVISOR (early 40s), a world-weary and scarred.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)

Prepare the army, Henry. Every lord must donate everything he can to our war efforts. Spare no sons, not even their own.

MILITARY ADVISOR

Yes, my Liege.

MORALLIN

And the sooner, the better. Mendalir does not yet know our intentions. I would prefer we keep it this way until we strike our first blow.

MILITARY ADVISOR

(slightly afraid)

Yes, my Liege.

MORALLIN

Thank you, Henry. Sincerely.

(BEAT)

I must warn you, though, that if this is not done, I will have your head. So, please, do as I ask and do so with great haste.

The military advisor nods. He wears no clear emotion on his face, opting to be stone cold rather than show his fear.

Morallin, having said all he wanted to, heads to the exit, held open by two guards, and walks out. His advisors remain in their seats for a moment longer, in stunned silence.

INT. IRON PASS MEDICAL CHAMBER

Nysri lays still on a rock slab, covered in thick blankets. She's breathing, but weakly.

Standing in the cavern chamber with her are her father, GARRUS (50), a stocky dwarven man with a scruffy beard that is a blend of ginger and white, and the clan leader.

GARRUS

We all know the risks going down there.

CLAN LEADER

Risks? Garrus, this wasn't the fault of some bloody risk we could've prevented. This was your daughter's actions that caused us to lose a good man.

GARRUS

That's a load of shite and you know it. Nysri was following your orders. She couldn't have known what would happen--it should've been like every other time she chipped away at that rock.

CLAN LEADER

But it wasn't, was it?

Silence lingers in the air. Garrus' hands ball up tightly into fists.

CLAN LEADER (CONT'D)

When she wakes up, tell her she's barred from mining. I can't have someone so careless down there. Orders or not, she should've stopped if she thought something was wrong.

GARRUS

And I suppose you'd have done that, would you? As a young lad, if Boric had called for a swing and you just had a gut feeling something might have been wrong--you'd have ignored the clan leader's orders?

The clan leader stares intently at Garrus.

GARRUS (CONT'D)
It ain't my girl's fault that today
we were victims of ill fate.

A heavy sigh escape the clan leader, as he reluctantly understands Garrus' position on the matter.

CLAN LEADER
Maybe not. But my decision still
stands. Nysri isn't coming back
into the mines with us.

Garrus glares at the clan leader, his eyes burning with rage. Then he sighs, and the fire goes out.

GARRUS
And what's she supposed to do if
she can't be down there?

The clan leader makes his way to the archway that makes the exit.

GARRUS (CONT'D)
She's a daughter of those mines.
She ain't built for anything else.

The clan leader pauses, facing away from Garrus. He wears a look of disappointment on his face.

CLAN LEADER
She'll have to rebuild herself
then.

The clan leader exits into the hallway of the cave system and out of sight.

Garrus, defeated by the clan leader's words, stands where he was left and bows his head. A small, sad sigh escapes him.

At the same time, a groan comes from Nysri, and he rushes to her side.

GARRUS
Nys? Nysri, you alright?

Nysri, still not fully there yet, groans again then a faint breath escapes her mouth, and she returns to resting.

Garrus smiles weakly at her and holds her hand.

GARRUS (CONT'D)
Hush up now. Save that breath o'
yours. Just...
(MORE)

GARRUS (CONT'D)
just try to get better, alright?
Please... please be alright.

As Garrus holds his daughter's left hand, sobbing gently, a faint purple glow comes from her right, which dangles off the side her bed and out of sight from her father.

In her hand, gripped tightly, is a smooth gemstone--Aflite. Its surface pulses and waves in her hand as the glow dies down.

EXT. THE PALE CITY - AFTERNOON

As the sun sits in the sky to the North, its light brings the Pale City to life. The shimmering waters lap and wave against the shore. The city--comprised of exclusively white buildings, giving it its name--stands mighty and shines in the golden afternoon light.

The pitter-patter of children's footsteps as they run and their shrill laughs can be heard all over.

There's incoherent chatter as we pass over the market, alive with sellers and customers crammed in. The sweet chirping of birds accompanies the marketeers' yells.

We continue over the city until we reach the silver gates, glistening in the sun. Just beyond them, approaching, is Olivær's carriage.

It bumps and jostles along the dirt road. As it approaches the gates, they're opened, and it rides straight through.

EXT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - AFTERNOON

The carriage comes to a stop outside a grand tower, which is easily taller than all of its surrounding buildings. Olivær steps out, followed by Jasper.

The door to the tower opens and TIMIL (early 70s), an elderly, yet spry man with a graceful white beard, steps out with a smile on his face.

TIMIL
Master. Welcome home.

Olivær embraces Timil, and gives him a light pat on his back.

OLIVÆR
It's good to be home.

They separate and Timil looks past Olivær to Jasper.

TIMIL

Young Master Yasper. Welcome back.

He bows his head following his words, and Yasper returns the kind gesture.

TIMIL (CONT'D)

Go on then, you two. Head inside.
I'll get your trunks.

Olivær smiles gratefully at his old servant then disappears into the tower, shortly followed by Yasper.

Timil is passed the chests by a young gentleman on the carriage, and drags them inside by himself.

EXT. WINDSWAY OUTSKIRTS - AFTERNOON

Tomlin wanders along a dirt road, flanked on either side by small hills.

A horse-drawn cart passes him, and the rider gives him a nod. Feeling vulnerable, alone in a new country, he nods back timidly. They carry on in their separate directions.

Ahead of Tomlin is a small village, built of mostly thatched wooden homes with a central stone church.

The young Dorilic boy stops just before the first home, and looks on. He scans the streets ahead.

The people of Windsway all wear smiles as they go about their quiet lives. Their joy is infectious, and Tomlin finds himself smiling too, watching them.

With a deep breath, he starts walking again, heading into the village.

EXT. WINDSWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The town is bustling with life. Long shadows are cast about the floor, as the sun begins to dip in the North. People wander the streets, chatting merrily to one another.

In the midst of the crowded chaos, Tomlin finds himself slipping between folk as they're oblivious to him.

Finally, he comes to an opening and stops. He stands at the foot of a stone church, which has religious iconography carved into it.

Standing there, Tomlin looks around, trying to work out where he is and where he should be going.

In the distance, a girl seems to be watching him. Dressed in rags and covered in dirt, she only looks a little worse than he does at this point.

Tomlin tries to get a better look at the mysterious girl through the flowing stream of people, but she vanishes.

TOMLIN

Wait!

Dodging and weaving through the people in the street, Tomlin tries to chase after his stalker. Instead, however, the weight of the crowd pushes him around.

Eventually, he's knocked inside a building, between two gentlemen who are leaving it.

INT. WINDSWAY INN - CONTINUOUS

Tomlin stumbles backwards inside the Inn, recovering as he's finally free of the hubbub.

Immediately, he's hit by the strongest smell of alcohol he's ever experience. He recoils at the initial whiff of it, but soon adjusts.

The atmosphere is lively, with songs being drunkenly sang, and laughter echoing all around.

He stands in the doorway for a moment, taking everything in. A small smile comes across his face as he does.

Tomlin proceeds to the bar and waits patiently for the busy Innkeeper to become free. As he does, he glances around, trying to see whether this is somewhere safe for him to be.

INNKEEPER

Hullo there, lovely. How might I help you then?

Tomlin is startled by the sudden question, and turns back to face the INNKEEPER (early 30s), a larger woman with the kindest smile.

TOMLIN

I... Uh... Sorry, have you seen a girl recently?

INNKEEPER

A girl? Oh, lad, you've got to be more specific than that. I see a girl every time I look in a mug's reflection! But I doubt it's the one yer after!

She laughs aloud.

TOMLIN

(embarrassed; timidly)

I... No.

Tomlin shrinks. Suddenly all the laughter in the Inn seems to be aimed at him.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

No, it's alright. Never mind.

Tomlin, as quiet as--and feeling as small as--a mouse, sneaks towards the exit. The laughs only seem to get louder.

INNKEEPER

(unaware of him leaving)

I'm only messing with ya, lad. What does your pretty lady look like?

Tomlin slips through the busy Inn and back out the door. The Innkeeper looks around, with a worried expression, then shrugs it off and goes back to serving other customers.

EXT. WINDSWAY TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Tomlin steps out of the Inn. He lingers on the precipice of the bustling street, trying to clear a tickle from his throat.

It gets worse and he begins to cough rather violently.

People passing by glance at him. Some wear looks of disgust. Some look more concerned than anything else. None stop to help.

He finishes cough and doesn't even look at his hand. Tomlin simply wipes it on his pants leg, smearing blood on his dirty clothes.

With a deep breath, he holds onto his sack with a vice-like grip. He's filled with uncertainty, and re-joins the flow of foot traffic.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - OLIVÆR'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Atop the tower, at the end of a spiral staircase, is Olivær's study. In there, he sits at his wonderfully crafted desk and scratches away at a piece of parchment with a quill.

He scribbles down ideas for King Reginald's play. As he does, he flicks through a collection of old books around him.

One book is repeatedly looked through: The History of Mendalir, Volume Five. Olivær goes back to it so often and so much whilst scribbling his notes that he discards the rest after a while, closing them and stacking them atop one another, and focuses solely on that.

TIMIL (O.S.)

Writing for the King again?

Olivær looks up and chuckles lightly at his servant, standing by the door with a tray of food.

OLIVÆR

Indeed. It seems I always am now...
I'm never writing for myself
anymore.

Olivær puts down his quill and moves his parchment away as Timil places the tray down before him.

TIMIL

It pays well though. For that
alone, I understand why you do it.
I doubt I'd still be here after all
these years if you refused his
offers of work.

Olivær smiles at Timil, then he removes the plate and cutlery from the silver tray.

OLIVÆR

I'd have found a way to keep you
around, old friend. Perhaps on less
enticing wages, but I'd like to
think you'd stay even then.

TIMIL

(picking the tray up)
I might. Thankfully, we'll never
have to find out.

The pair laugh together, then Timil gives Olivær a bow.

TIMIL (CONT'D)

Eat well, sir.

He leaves the room, closing the door gently behind him.

Olivær, alone again, looks down at his meal. He lets out a happy huff, a smile on his face, and tucks in.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - YASPER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Yasper sits by his desk, in his cramped bedroom, and studies two copies of Olivær's most famous play. The one on his left is the English version, and the one on his right is the Etoasi, or Elven, version.

As his eyes scan the pages, he scribbles notes in his leather-bound notebook, sat beneath the copies of the play on his desk.

Behind him, Timil passes with the empty silver tray under his arm. The old servant stops in the doorway, peaking in.

TIMIL

Ah, The Whispering Grove. Certainly one of his better works.

Yasper turns around, swiftly, shocked to hear any voice coming from behind.

Seeing it's only Timil, he lets out a relieved sigh and smiles warmly.

YASPER

That's the one. I'm using it in an attempt to learn Etoasi. Although...

He turns back to his books.

YASPER (CONT'D)

It is proving a rather poor attempt.

Timil steps inside Yasper's small room, peering over his shoulder at the books.

TIMIL

A poor attempt is still an attempt, Master Yasper. Nobody begins perfect.

Yasper sighs. His eyes scan the pages, the books first then his notes. His face gives away his uncertainty.

TIMIL (CONT'D)

(in Etoasi)

In time, even an uneducated man
might learn a new tongue, so long
as he is persistent.

Yasper turns back to Timil with an impressed smile on his
face.

YASPER

You... You know their language?

TIMIL

I do. I've read enough of Master
Olivær's work to pick up the
basics. I'm sure with a little
time, you'll do the same.

He pats Yasper on the back.

TIMIL (CONT'D)

You are, after all, much wiser than
I ever will be.

The two share a kind smile, Timil reassuring Yasper and
Yasper grateful for the old servant's kind words.

With a nod, Timil takes his leave and Yasper returns to his
note-making. He continues to wear his smile, more determined
now than before.

EXT. WINDSWAY - DUSK

Tomlin turns down a dark alleyway and looks around. There's
some muck, some rotten food, but, for the most part, its
rather clean.

As he moves deeper into the alley, he feels a sudden grip on
his shoulder.

TOMLIN

Ah!

He spins around, with a clenched fist, and tries to hit
whoever just grabbed him.

The figure ducks and evades his wild swing, then giggles.

Once he's calmed himself down, Tomlin notices that it's his
stalker--the girl from earlier.

MARY

Sorry. I didn't mean to startle you. I just... I saw you looking lost earlier. And, well, now you're planning on sleeping in an alley, by the looks of things. I thought I'd say hello. Maybe offer myself as a guide around this place. You're clearly new.

Tomlin looks back at the alley, then at MARY (16), a scruffy-looking street urchin, who has her head tilted inquisitively and a kind smile on her face.

TOMLIN

Oh. Uh... Yeah. It's getting late and I don't... You know, I don't really have money to pay for a room anywhere.

Mary gives him an understanding nod.

MARY

S'alright. There's a few of us around Windsway who live like that. It looks all pretty and promising from the outside...

She takes a deep breath. Her mind clearly wandering elsewhere for a moment. Then, as she returns to the present, she lets out a light sigh.

MARY (CONT'D)

But it's a shithole like any other place, really. Welcome.

She extends her hand out for Tomlin to shake.

MARY (CONT'D)

I'm Mary, by the way.

Tomlin freezes at the mention of the name. Again, he hears the distant laughs of his younger siblings, and forces himself to snap out of it.

He takes her hand and shakes it.

TOMLIN

Tomlin. Nice to meet you.

They let go of each other's hand, and Tomlin follows Mary as she sits in a clean spot in the alley. He joins her, putting his sack on the ground by his side.

MARY

So, what's your story?

Tomlin looks around, rushing through fake stories in his mind to find the perfect one.

TOMLIN

I... Uh... I'm travelling.

MARY

At your age? What are you, like 12?

Tomlin looks at Mary, a little offended. She smirks at him playfully.

TOMLIN

Oh, you've got jokes, hm? Okay.
Okay.

He bobs his head, a smile growing on his face, as she bursts out into a fit of giggles at his reaction.

MARY

Only a few.

TOMLIN

Yeah, I'm sure that's not true at all.

Tomlin rolls his eyes, joining her in laughing lightly.

INT. WHITEHALL PALACE - WAR CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Morallin marches in, dressed in chainmail and a tunic adorned with his Family crest. Already in there is Henry, the Military Advisor and Captain of the Dorilic army.

MORALLIN

Tell me, Captain, how's our army coming along?

Henry takes a deep breath and follows Morallin with his gaze as the king walks by him and to the other side of the table.

MILITARY ADVISOR

We're at three quarters of our full strength, my Liege. The barracks are full, here, but I assume we shan't be staying long once the full army has been amassed.

MORALLIN

Correct, my good Captain. Now--

Morallin comes to a halt and looks directly into Henry's eyes with an eerily calm, yet dreadful look upon his face.

MORALLIN (CONT'D)

Who has not supplied us with their men yet?

MILITARY ADVISOR

Lord Merien, my Liege, and Lord Gyrstal.

MORALLIN

Thank you, Henry.

(BEAT)

Now, ready the men. We march by sun down. If we want the advantage in this war, we will make our first attack at night. The flames we make shall signal the break of a new day in Mendalir.

Henry looks on with concern as Morallin heads back to the door.

MILITARY ADVISOR

Yes, my Liege. Is that all?

Morallin stops in the doorway and turns back to face his Captain.

KING MORALLIN

Ah. Thank you. I almost forgot. Please ensure that Lord Merien and Lord Gyrstal's estates are in our path. I believe a visit from us will remind them of what they owe their king.

Morallin smiles, as if his behaviour was completely normal, then leaves without another word.

Henry rises to his feet and stands silently in the vast chamber, all alone.

EXT. WINDSWAY - EVENING

The last of the sun's light dies away in the sky above the small village. The moon is beginning its rise.

Tomlin and Mary sit in their alley, together, and look at the sky above. The first stars are now visible.

MARY

So, travelling... Why'd you choose to do that?

TOMLIN

I needed to see the world. I didn't want to just live and die in the same place. There's so much out there... I... I dunno. It was calling to me.

MARY

You speak like a proper educated man, you know that?

Tomlin scoffs at the idea.

MARY (CONT'D)

I like it.

She cuddles up into him, resting her head on his shoulder and linking his arm.

TOMLIN

Right... Good.

Mary giggles at his awkwardness, then closes her eyes. Tomlin watches her with a smile, then leans his head back against the wall and closes his own eyes.

EXT. LORD GYRSTAL'S ESTATE - EVENING

In the distance, screams echo through the stone halls of the stronghold. Cries and wails of a mother and her daughters pierce the air.

Blood drips from a blade before its wiped under the arm of a killer, then sheathed.

Morallin sits in his saddle and watches as one of his men tosses Lord Gyrstal's eldest son's head to his feet.

He says nothing as the head rolls to a stop. He simply nods in approval, turns and leads his men onward.

Behind him, an army of thousands of men marches in sync. Each of them is well-armoured and dressed for war. None of them give a second glance at the stronghold where screams still escape, even the few joining from there.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - STAIRCASE - EVENING

Yasper makes his way up the spiral staircase, towards Olivær's study. In his hands he has two books clasped: the copies of Olivær's play, in English and Etoasi.

He has a smile on his face as he goes.

YASPER

(under his breath; in
Etoasi)

For life's true measure lies not in
what we gain, but in the noble
struggle against destiny's bane.

Yasper chuckles to himself, impressed at his own comprehension and learning of the Etoasi language. As his laughs die away, he reaches the door to Olivær's study.

YASPER (CONT'D)

Olivær?

Yasper goes to open the door, but finds it's locked. Believing this a mistake, he puts the books down carefully then tries again. It's definitely locked.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - OLIVÆR'S STUDY - SAME TIME

Olivær sits at his desk, with blank parchment and his quill in its ink well in front of him. He holds his hands over his ears.

YASPER (O.S.)

Olivær? Can you open the door,
please? I've got books to bring
back to your shelf.

Olivær grips his own head tighter, as if it'll block out the noise better.

OLIVÆR

(to himself)

And then we'll have Reginald The
First avoid his assassination, and
marry--

YASPER (O.S.)

Olivær! Please, come and open the
door, or I'm just going to leave
the books here.

Olivær sighs. He lets go of his head and looks over at the door. For a moment, he considers opening it.

But his eyes glance back at the empty parchment. Then his head follows, and soon enough he's writing.

INT. OLIVER'S TOWER - STAIRCASE - SAME TIME

Yasper stands, waiting, outside the locked door. The books are stacked on top of one another beside him on the step.

He waits a little longer, then sighs and admits defeat.

YASPER

Tomorrow then.

He begins his descent of the staircase, leaving the books behind on the top step.

EXT. WINDSWAY OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

The torchlight from the town illuminates the hills and fields around it. In the darkness, on the border of the town's light, the Dorilic army lies waiting: inching closer and encircling it.

EXT. WINDSWAY TOWN - NIGHT

IN THE ALLEY

Tomlin is asleep, resting his head against the wall behind him, and Mary rests her head on his shoulder: sleeping too.

In the distance, faint screams can be heard, along with squelching noises and the slashing of blades on flesh. Both the teens sleeping are blissfully unaware.

ELSEWHERE

Dorilic soldiers slice through any townsfolk that dares to get in their way. Torches are stolen from their holders and used to burn buildings and bodies.

Morallin marches through the madness. Flames flicker around him as if he was the devil himself strolling through Hell. He wears not a smile, but a look of contentment and professional satisfaction at the massacre unfolding around him.

IN THE ALLEY

A closer shriek, silenced all too soon, startles Tomlin awake. He looks around briefly, then looks down at Mary.

TOMLIN
(in a whisper)
Mary.

He shakes her gently.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
(panicked)
Mary, come on. We need to leave!

Mary starts to wake up, but is still groggy and not really there.

MARY
W-what?

TOMLIN
Shh. Come on. Just, please, trust me.

Tomlin rushes to his feet and holds out a hand for her. She takes it and gets up to her own. Together, they sneak out of the alleyway.

IN THE TOWN

Tomlin, with Mary holding his hand, leads the way through screams and smoke. Mary looks around, now fully awake, with wide eyes and a look of horror on her face.

DORILIC SOLDIER
Oi!

Tomlin stops and turns to where the voice came from. Through a cloud of smoke, a Dorilic soldier moves towards them: his sword at the ready and already wet with blood.

In a panic, Tomlin pulls Mary behind him, and gets ready to fight. He takes a deep breath and gets into a stance.

The soldier sniggers at Tomlin, but is suddenly stopped. Blood trickles out from his mouth.

A sharp knife is buried in the soldier's neck, in the only gap in his armour, and holding the blade is the Innkeeper.

Tomlin gives her a thankful smile, lets out a sigh of relief, then turns and carries on running with Mary.

TOMLIN
Come on.

As they rush away, the Innkeeper carries on fighting valiantly. She pulls her knife from the Dorilic soldier and uses it to stab another as he charges her.

She pulls it out again, with a thick squelch. But she isn't given the chance to use it a third time. An arrow lodges itself in her chest.

Another follows. Before she knows it, she's on her knees with three arrows in her: two in her chest and one in her shoulder.

Tomlin glances back, hearing her drop, and his eyes widen in horror. He looks back ahead and continues running with Mary. They can't stop.

Moving through the streets, heading towards the road to the Pale City, the pair dodge more blades that are swung at them and people being thrown around by the invaders.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

Come on! I can see a clearing.

There's a sharp whistle, cutting through the other horrid noises of the massacre, and Tomlin suddenly feels himself yanked backwards.

He turns, curious as to what's happened, and, as he does, his face loses all colour.

In the distance, with his bow still up, is a Dorilic archer. In front of Tomlin is Mary: an arrow through her.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

No!

Mary smiles, her teeth red and bloody, then she collapses into his arms.

Tomlin gently guides her to the ground and begins to cry. As he holds her, he sees a flash of his younger sister.

He moves a strand of hair from her lifeless face.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)

No, no, no... Please.

His time for mourning is cut short, though, as another arrow whistles past him: just narrowly missing.

Tomlin looks up and sees the archer reloading.

TOMLIN (CONT'D)
(getting to his feet)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He sets off running past more death and destruction to the quiet fields and road beyond Windsway.

The Dorilic archer lets loose a final arrow, which skims Tomlin, slicing his shirt sleeve open and cutting him, but does no real damage.

The town is left burning as Tomlin runs off into the darkness of the night, covered in someone else's blood, ash, and filled with fear.

EXT. THE ROAD TO THE PALE CITY - NIGHT

Tomlin walks, limping, by the side of the road -- down from it slightly and hidden amongst the tall grass. As he goes, he takes shaky breaths: traumatised by what he's just seen.

In the far distance, only visible because of the way they glow in the moonlight, Tomlin sees the gates of the Pale City. He knows nothing of the place; only that it might be his saviour if he can reach it before the Dorilic army.

He tries to pick up the pace, to get there sooner, but only makes it a few feet before he's forcefully stopped by his body.

It begins with a coughing fit, as he's had a handful of times before, but it worsens. Tomlin doubles over in pain, and proceeds to vomit a mixture of blood and bile.

After having finished, Tomlin breathes heavily, then drops to his knees and continues to cough more blood up.

As he does, the thundering of hooves becomes noticeable--and grows closer.

Tomlin drops down and rolls into the tall grass on the side of the road. There he lies on his back, hiding from the incoming army.

MORALLIN (O.S.)
There it is...

Morallin pulls his steed to a halt and his Captain joins him. Together they sit and admire the beautiful white outline of the Pale City.

MILITARY ADVISOR

My Liege, that's at least another day's travel away. We should set up camp soon. The men will need rest after Windsway.

MORALLIN

(frustrated)

So be it. We'll ride a little more, clearing these lands, then set up camp.

The Captain nods in approval, turns his horse, and rides down along the side of the men marching up to them.

MILITARY ADVISOR

(growing distant)

Camp soon, men! Stay lively until then!

Tomlin, lay in the grass, begins to have a coughing fit. He covers his mouth to avoid being heard, but still catches a curious glance from Morallin.

For Tomlin, his eyes meet Morallin's. Looking into them, he sees a broken but driven man, corrupted by power. However, for the king, he sees nothing but darkness in the grass.

The Dorilic army sets off once more, and Tomlin turns to his side, away from the army, and spits out some blood. He coughs once more before being done.

He rolls onto his back, having finished, and closes his eyes. The night's events have taken it out of him. He needs rest. And, before he can find a better spot, his body gives up on him.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - OLIVÆR'S STUDY - NIGHT

Olivær scribbles away frantically. His eyes are bloodshot and there's dark bags beneath them. He's exhausted, but he's inspired. He can't stop now.

He finishes the last line of action on his parchment sheet, then grabs another and begins writing anew at the top of it.

A smile graces his weary face as he scratches away with his quill.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - YASPER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Below the study, at the base of the tower, Yasper finishes up his studies. He closes his notebook and places his quill into the inkwell on his desk.

He moves the candle from the right side of his desk, to the left--closer to his bed--then stands up from his seat and gets ready to sleep.

Yasper removes his boots and his pants, revealing long johns beneath.

He climbs into bed, ready to sleep now, and finds himself staring up: in Olivær's direction.

YASPER

The master of stories creating a masterful story.

He chuckles as he recites the King's words.

YASPER (CONT'D)

I don't envy you one bit, Master. I just wish you'd let me help...

Yasper sighs and rolls onto his side. He pulls his blanket up and over his shoulder then drifts off to sleep.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - OLIVÆR'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Daylight leaks in through the glass doors leading to the balcony. Olivær lies with his head resting on his desk. A large inkblot has appeared on the top piece of parchment, where the quill has rested whilst he did.

YASPER (O.S.)

(faint)

Olivær! Olivær! Help!

From beyond the door to the study, the noise of feet rushing up the stairs gets louder and louder.

Something heavy slams into the door with all its weight. Olivær is startled awake. He looks over at the door.

YASPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Olivær! Open the door! Please!

Olivær looks on in fear. The noises from outside his study are becoming clearer. The screams. The pleas for mercy. The crying. Death and destruction.

YASPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(struggling)
No! Get back!

The noise of fluttering pages and heavy hits make their way through the door to Olivær inside.

Despite this, Olivær takes his eyes off the door for a moment, looking instead at the exit to his balcony.

He gets up from his desk and wanders to the glass doors, before opening them and being hit by the thick, smoky air. The Pale City burns before his very eyes. Every building, it seems, right up to the coast is on fire.

YASPER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Olivær! Please! Open the--

Olivær looks back at the door just in time for Yasper's pleas to be silenced. His eyes widen in horror at the realisation of what this means: of what he's just done.

OLIVÆR
(under his breath)
No.

The door handle shakes and rattles as someone tries to get in.

Olivær looks over the edge of his balcony and then back at the door. He takes a deep breath.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

The Dorilic soldier slams himself against the door once more and it finally busts open. Splinters fly through the air and across the floor. The room is empty.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - OLIVÆR'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Immediately, as he steps inside, the soldier's attention is drawn to the open balcony doors. The curtains near them flutter in the wind.

The soldier makes his way closer to the balcony. From behind his desk, Olivær dares to peak out briefly to watch.

As he reaches the balcony, the soldier looks out and chuckles gruffly at the chaos they've caused in this once beautiful city. The white buildings are now scarred black with soot and ash; and stained red with the blood of the innocent.

Whilst the soldier admires the view, Olivær sneaks out from behind his desk and takes a few deep breaths: readying himself.

The soldier peers over the edge, to make sure his suspicion of Olivær jumping was correct, but is confused when the streets below are empty.

He turns around, to continue his search, only to be shoved by Olivær over the balcony's ledge and to his death.

Olivær stands for a moment, on the balcony, panting heavily with a wild look in his eye.

OLIVÆR
(out of breath)
Deception... in practice...

He swallows hard, taking a few more deep breaths, then rushes to find Yasper and Timil.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Olivær rushes through the broken door and sees Yasper's lifeless body, his eyes wide open, slumped on the staircase at the mouth of a river of blood.

In his right hand, Yasper has a tight grip on the Etoasi copy of Olivær's play. The English one remains perfectly untouched where he had left it the evening before.

Olivær kneels down beside his young apprentice and pulls him into an embrace.

OLIVÆR
(in a whisper; shakily)
I'm sorry, Yasper... Gods, I'm so
sorry.

Olivær pulls back and gives Yasper a final look. He closes Yasper's eyes and moves on, not wishing to share the same fate.

INT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Olivær descends the final steps on the spiral staircase and sees Timil's lifeless body by the door. It seems he was killed after trying to barricade the tower.

Olivær struggles not to break down at the sight--his whole world crumbling before him--but manages, and forces himself to carry on outside.

EXT. OLIVÆR'S TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Olivær rushes through the door and to the soldier's splattered body. He pulls the blade from his hip sheath and tries to quickly get familiar with it.

With a weapon now in his hands, Olivær glances both directions available for him to run. Neither seems particularly dangerous, but he opts to go left, which he know leads to the city gates.

EXT. THE ROAD TO THE PALE CITY - SAME TIME

Tomlin jolts to life, by the side of the road, covered in dried blood and dirt.

He gets to his feet as quick as he can, struggling through pain and discomfort, and looks around.

TOMLIN

No...

Tomlin's eyes meet the vast cloud of smoke that looms over the Pale City, and the flickering flames beneath.

Grabbing his bag, and securing it to himself tightly, he sets off at a jog towards the burning city.

EXT. THE PALE CITY - AFTERNOON

A group of children, accompanied by their mother, rush through the streets, narrowly avoiding capture and death once or twice.

They continue down a dark alleyway, through an arch, and all seem elated and hopeful as the glittering gates finally come into sight over some scorched rooftops.

Hopelessness soon returns though, as two soldiers, who are running by, stop and start to slowly approach them with their blades drawn.

SOLDIER AFTER FAMILY

Ain't you a pretty thing?

The mother pulls her eldest daughter back, and glares at the soldiers.

PALE CITY MOTHER

Please...

IN A NEARBY ALLEY

Olivær sneaks in the shadows to avoid being noticed. He has the stolen blade gripped tightly in his hand and is ready to swing at the first sign of trouble.

He continues down the alleyway towards the street at the end.

PALE CITY MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No! No! Leave them alone!

Olivær freezes. He stares ahead, at the screams, and contemplates whether to wait until they're silenced or act.

PALE CITY MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Al, no! Please, baby, just stay still, please!

Olivær sighs reluctantly and shakes his head. As much as he would like to ignore everything going on and get himself to safety, he can't.

He begins to sneak to walk towards the exit of the alleyway, where the commotion is coming from. A sense of calm washes over him.

IN THE STREET

The pair of Dorilic soldiers each hold a child. One holds the eldest daughter, sneering at her and showing interest. The other holds the eldest son, who's no older than six.

The mother watches on with tears in her eyes as a blade is put to the boy's throat.

PALE CITY MOTHER (CONT'D)
Please! Don't!

The soldier presses the blade into the boy's skin, causing him to bleed a little.

OLIVÆR
No!

Both the soldiers turn their attention to him and he raises his now empty hands.

SOLDIER AFTER FAMILY
An' who the fuck are you?

Olivær steps out from the alleyway and moves closer to them, capturing more of their attention.

OLIVÆR
One of you.

The soldiers look at each other, confused, then at Olivær.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
(gesturing with a nod at
the mother)
One of these filthy bastards took
my armour... my sword...

SOLDIER AFTER FAMILY
Prove it.

Olivær looks over at the mother and nods ever so slightly. He continues to move closer.

OLIVÆR
Alright. Pass me the boy. I'll kill
him.

SOLDIER AFTER FAMILY
What'd you think we are? Fucking
stupid?

Olivær's hands lower. His dominant reaches around to the hilt of the blade he has concealed.

OLIVÆR
Oh, I was certainly hoping so.

A nearby building explodes, creating the perfect distraction. Olivær pounces into action. He slams the hilt of his blade against the first soldier's helmet: dropping him and freeing the boy.

The second soldier, who'd been the one speaking, tosses the girl aside and charges Olivær.

The philosopher deflects an incoming swing and dodges out of the way. He turns so that he's facing the soldier again, who is now stumbling along the cobble floor.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
(to the family)
Run!

The mother quickly grabs all her children and, united again, they disappear into another nearby side street.

The two soldiers steady themselves and face Olivær. They grip their blades tight.

Olivær takes a deep breath and quickly assesses the situation. It doesn't look good for him.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Now... gentlemen.

Olivær swallows hard.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
(desperately)
Do you really want to do this? Do
really you want to be here when the
City Guard arrives in full force?

Olivær points his sword threateningly at them, as they inch
closer unafraid of his empty threats.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Is whatever the cause of this worth
dying for?

The two soldiers snigger and continue to move closer to
Olivær, ready to strike him down.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
We were at peace... Why do this?

As Olivær lowers his sword, seemingly accepting his fate, a
Pale City guard rides through on horseback and decapitates
the nearest of the Dorilic soldiers.

As the guard rides on, without a spoken word, to help others
in need. Olivær takes advantage of the distraction and leaps
into action.

He swings his sword at the soldier, who'd originally been
holding the boy, and it clashes with his armour: bouncing
off.

As the soldier brings his attention from his dead companion
to Olivær, he grips his sword tighter and snarls.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Now, now...

Olivær frantically looks around, in hopes of more aid.

He ducks under the Dorilic soldier's wild swing. He stumbles
backwards as he pops back up.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)
Surely there's someone of higher
priority to be killing, no? What
about the man who just rode
through?

Olivær dodges another incoming attack, but retaliates this time. He matches the soldier's wild swing in return and slashes him across his face.

The soldier falls back, bleeding. Olivær looks horrified at his own actions.

With newfound rage, the soldier yells and charges with his sword ready. Olivær sidesteps him, however, taking advantage of the soldier's blood-obscured vision.

As the soldier turns to attack, Olivær strikes again. He thrusts this time, squeezing his eyes closed as he pushes forward.

A quiet gurgle comes from the soldier and Olivær opens his eyes. His sword is straight through a slot in the breastplate of the soldier, and blood spills from his mouth.

Olivær pulls his sword free and lets the soldier's blood drip onto the cobbled road. The soldier drops dead at his feet.

For a moment, Olivær stands over his second victim. He wears a blank expression, not fully registering what he's done.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

(in shock)

It can't be worth it... It can't.

Olivær quickly wipes tears from his eyes, snapping back to reality.

He then looks around, ensuring the coast is clear, and sets off towards the gates: to leave finally.

EXT. THE PALE CITY - AFTERNOON

The city is well in the process of being completely razed. The streets are littered with mutilated bodies of men, women, and children who dared oppose the Dorilic invaders.

The City Guard are losing; they're outnumbered and being slaughtered by the dozen.

The singed buildings, stained with blood, are slowly made to crumble as the invaders set to send a message to the King of Mendalir with their attack.

Newly-made orphans hide and cower together in the shadows as soldiers pass them by, on their way to make more.

And as this all unfolds, Olivær reaches the gates.

EXT. THE PALE CITY GATES - AFTERNOON

Olivær rushes around the corner of the street and sees the ruins surrounding the gates. Whilst they're still intact, mostly, the walls on either side have been obliterated and lay as piles of rubble.

His heart sinks as he sees this: his home in ruins. But he can't do anything about it. He has to flee or die.

Olivær takes a final look at the city. He watches as a building vanishes into a cloud of dust: demolished at the hands of the Dorilic army. A tear comes to his eye and a lump in his throat.

But he fights them back. He swallows his emotions down and rushes to the crumbled walls. Struggling slightly due to how loose all of it is, he climbs up the debris and then makes his exit from the city as quickly as possible.

EXT. THE ROAD TO THE PALE CITY - MOMENTS LATER

The silver gates finally come into clear view for Tomlin. However, so do the two enormous holes on either side of them. His face shows the worry he feels for all people within the city.

Tomlin suddenly picks up his speed as he sees a wounded man stumble away from the pile of rubble on the left.

TOMLIN

Dorilic or Mendalirian?

The wounded man can't hear Tomlin, so the young boy continues to run closer, still hoping to help.

OLIVÆR

(waving his sword; broken)

Stay back! Run the other way!

Tomlin slows down into a jog, then a fast walk, and finally a complete stop.

TOMLIN

Are you fleeing? Can I help?

Olivær stops. A distance of fifteen feet lies between him and Tomlin.

OLIVÆR

Turn around and leave! Whatever you're looking for here--whoever you're looking for... they're dead.

Tomlin swallows hard. He looks at Olivær with pained sympathy—
—he can only image what the man across from him has
experienced: who he's lost.

TOMLIN

I'm just here to help. They... they
got my town too. Windsway.

Olivær looks at Tomlin and, for the first time, notices his
age. He drops his sword.

OLIVÆR

(to himself)

Oh gods.

He stumbles towards Tomlin, hoping to help, but Tomlin beats
him to it. The young lad helps Olivær stand up straight as
they meet.

TOMLIN

(looking over him for
injuries)

Are you alright?

OLIVÆR

Yeah. Yeah, I will be.

Olivær and Tomlin look back at the ruins of the Pale City.

OLIVÆR (CONT'D)

(vindictively)

I will be...

The flames grow larger and larger over the city. The smoke
fills the sky: blocking the sun. The world is changing. A new
darkness is upon it now.

MONTAGE:

EXT. THE PALE CITY - SAME TIME

Morallin stands at the top of a street, as a bloody river
runs down the cobbled road. He looks almost ashamed of what
has happened, but shakes his head and accepts that this is
what he has to do.

INT. IRON PASS MEDICAL CHAMBER

Nysri is sat beside Garrus, who holds her close, as she cries
at the news that she cannot mine anymore. A purple glow comes
from her pocket.

EXT. THE ROAD TO THE PALE CITY - AFTERNOON

Tomlin and Olivær, both lost as the world changes before them, stand and watch the Pale City burn.

END MONTAGE.

CUT TO BLACK.