

MISTBORN
Episode Five

Written by

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Based on, The novel by Brandon Sanderson

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DANCERS IN A SEA OF MIST

'EPISODE FIVE'

EXT. LAND OF TERRIS - DAY

ALENDI (V.O.)
We arrived in Terris earlier this
week...

An expansive blue sky sits above a green pastoral valley.

ALENDI (V.O.)
...I have to say I find the
landscape here beautiful.

A line of jagged snow capped mountains with forested mantles
rise to meet the cobalt sky.

Pull back to reveal a tall, weary looking man, ALENDI (30's)
with a kingly bearing that demands respect.

He sits atop a packhorse, which drinks from a swift flowing
creek.

Alendi scans the valley where a procession of HERDSMEN mind
their sheep.

ALENDI (V.O.)
The people here are mostly
herdsmen, though timber harvesters
and farmers are not uncommon.

Alendi looks to the path ahead. Four Terris PACKMEN lead
horses along a mountain incline.

ALENDI (V.O.)
We picked up a group of Terris
Packmen to lead us through the
difficult mountain passes.

Alendi calls out in his native Khleni to the closest
Terrisman who turns revealing --

RASHEK, a tall strikingly handsome man with a pale face and
long black hair. Customary to their culture he is adorned
with many rings and metal bracers.

ALENDI (V.O.)
The leader of the packmen is named
Rashek...

Rashek shouts back. Pointing to the far off mountains where a mass of storm clouds hang like a swirling crown above the peaks.

ALENDI (V.O.)
 ...He is rather Taciturn.
 Nevertheless, Braches is determined
 to find out more about their
 wondrous culture.

A man to Rashek's left, BRACHES, slim faced with a warriors build goes to speak to the Terrisman.

ALENDI (V.O.)
 Tomorrow, we begin the final stage
 of our pilgrimage, the far
 mountains of Terris.

Braches nods in understanding as the Terris packmen begin pulling supplies from the backs of the horses to make camp.

EXT. LAND OF TERRIS - NIGHT

Wind HOWLS and Rain batters a small smattering of shelters erected on the side of the mountain.

Fire light flickers through the translucent skin of a tent.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

ALENDI (V.O.)
 I sleep but a few hours each
 night...

Alendi writes in a logbook by the glimmer of a campfire.

ALENDI (V.O.)
 ...I'm exhausted, but we must press
 forward, travelling as much as we
 can each day. The same thoughts
 that trouble me while awake, are
 only compounded by my dreams at
 night...

Suddenly a PULSING, like the slow BEAT of a heart commands Alendi's attention. He lowers his logbook and makes his way outside.

EXT. TENT - LAND OF TERRIS - CONTINUOUS

Rain hammers Alendi as he follows the PULSES.

He struggles along the slippery uneven ground.

ALENDI (V.O.)
 ...And through it all, I hear the
 thumping sounds from above, the
 pulsing from the mountains...

Alendi looks west to where he sees --

A solitary mountain stands out from the rest. An Aura of blue emanates from it mingling with the tumultuous storm clouds.

VIN (V.O.)
 ...Drawing me closer with each
 beat...

The BEATING grows louder and louder until --

EXT. GARDEN - MANOR RENOUX - DAY

VIN sits on a sturdy wicker chair within a secluded walled off garden. A canopy of trees provide shade from the midday sun.

She reads aloud an excerpt from a copy of the Lord Rulers logbook.

VIN
 ...There, hopefully, I will find
 peace, both for myself, and for our
 poor land.

A cool breeze blows through the structure, fluttering the pages of the book and passing over a small water fountain at the centre of the building.

A quiet footfall sounds behind her.

Vin turns, shooting a covert glance over her shoulder.

VIN
 Spook?

Young SPOOK walks along the garden path.

VIN
 What are you doing here?

Spook freezes.

SPOOK
(blushing)
Wasing with the Dox to come to be
without the say.

VIN
Dockson? He's here too?

The young lad nods and approaches.

SPOOK
(struggling with his
accent)
We needed the drop of more weapons.
Storing them for a while.

Vin rises and brushes off her dress.

VIN
I should go see him.

SPOOK
He's in meeting with Renoux...

Spook looks suddenly apprehensive.

VIN
Was there something else?

With a swift movement the young man reaches into his vest,
pulls something out and presents it to Vin.

Angle on a pink and white handkerchief he offers. Vin
hesitantly accepts the gift with a quizzical look.

VIN
What is this for?

Spook flushes, then turns and dashes away.

Vin watches him go. Dumbfounded.

INT. HALLWAY - MANOR RENOUX

The CLICK of heels echo throughout the manor as Vin makes her
way to the open door of --

INT. LIBRARY - MANOR RENOUX - CONTINUOUS

Vin peers inside.

SAZED sits at a desk continuing his translation of the Lord Rulers journal.

The Terrisman glances up seeing Vin enter.

SAZED
Mistress Vin, How are your studies
of the logbook going?

She looks down at the loosely bound pages in her hand.

VIN
(sarcastic)
Riveting, I can barely put it down.

Sazed nods, turning back to the tome excitedly.

SAZED
It is amazing isn't it? This work
is a Keepers dream, I'm finding out
things about my culture that I
didn't even...

Off Vin's patronizing look, realizing she's being sardonic.

SAZED
...Yes well. I suppose to the
layman it can be a bit, tedious.

VIN
A bit? It's nothing but supply
lists and philosophical musings...
Although I did recently come across
something of interest.

SAZED
Oh?

Vin pulls an available chair next to Sazed, smooths her dress and takes a seat.

VIN
I've reached the part where a few
Terris packmen have joined the Lord
Rulers quest.
(beat)
He mentions how the Terris seem to
store great reserves of strength
during the night, which they later
use throughout the day?

SAZED
(subdued)
Yes, indeed.

VIN

You know something about this? Does it have to do with being a Keeper?

Sazed breathes in heavily.

SAZED

It does, but as I've said before, I'm not entirely comfortable with speaking openly about my people's secrets, mistress Vin.

She shrugs.

VIN

If what I've read in the pages of the log book are any indication, the answer seems to be forthcoming. You could save me the irksome job of reading, by telling me right now.

Vin flips through the endless pages she hasn't read yet, then smiles pertly.

SAZED

...Very well. You've spent far too much time with Master Breeze, I think.

VIN

The men in the log book. They're Keepers?

Sazed nods.

SAZED

That which you spoke of is called Feruchemy. An ability that allows a Keeper to store physical attributes inside metal.

VIN

You burn this metal?

SAZED

No, Mistress.

He draws her attention to a cup and water pitcher on the table.

SAZED

Think of each piece of metal like
this cup, we give a small part of
ourselves to the cup...

Sazed pours a small amount of water from the pitcher into the
cup.

SAZED

...and over time the cup becomes
completely full, so full that it
provides a surplus of that physical
ability to use at our discretion.

The water reaches the top of the cup, nearly spilling over.
Sazed hands it to Vin.

VIN

(realizing)

Which explains your earrings!

The Terrisman lifts the sleeves of his robes revealing thick
iron bracers along the length of his arms.

SAZED

Think of each as its own cup.
Pewter for strength, tin for
vision, copper for memories...

VIN

So similar to Allomancy... That's
how you can remember so many
languages and religions.

Sazed pulls down his sleeve.

SAZED

And yet, unlike Allomancer's The
Lord Ruler wants to see those who
practice Feruchemy wiped out...

He lays a hand on the still untranslated portion of text in
the log book.

SAZED

...I hope to find the secret of why
my kind has been hunted and
persecuted by him for nearly a
millennia. The answer may lie
within these pages.

A beat as Sazed sits in mournful contemplation.

SAZED

I have said too much already I think. Any other answer you seek you'll find in the log book.

(beat)

Was there anything else, Mistress?

VIN

Yes as a matter of fact.

Vin pulls the handkerchief from her sleeve.

VIN

Do you have any idea what this is?

SAZED

It appears to be a handkerchief, Mistress.

She raises a droll eyebrow.

VIN

Very funny, you've spent too much time around Kelsier. Spook gave it to me a short time ago.

SAZED

That makes sense then.

VIN

What?

SAZED

In Noble society, Mistress, a handkerchief is the traditional gift a young man gives a lady that he seriously wishes to court.

Vin stiffens with shock.

VIN

Excuse me? Is that boy crazy?

SAZED

I thought his intentions were obvious.

She rolls her eyes.

VIN

(annoyed)

I don't have time for his, intentions.

SAZED

One would think, Mistress, that you would be grateful for the opportunities you have. Not everyone is so fortunate.

A look of regret flashes across the young woman's face.

VIN

I'm sorry Sazed, I...

Sazed waves dismissively.

SAZED

It is something I've never known enough to miss. Anyway, if you'll excuse me. I'd like to return to my translation of the text.

He turns his back to her, bringing his attention to the Lord Rulers book.

FEMALE SERVANT (O.S.)

Lady Valette.

Vin looks to the entrance where a FEMALE SERVANT has entered the library.

FEMALE SERVANT

Master Delton has finished his meeting with Master Renoux.

VIN

Thank you.

Angle on Vin as she takes one last look at Sazed, then down to the handkerchief in her hand.

INT. GUEST STUDY - MANOR RENOUX - LATER

DOCKSON sits at a desk writing quietly on a piece of paper. A pile of documents organized neatly next to him.

Vin enters, knocking quietly on the door frame.

DOCKSON

Vin? I'm sorry I should have sent for you, I assumed you were out.

VIN

I often am these days.

She closes the door behind her.

VIN

I stayed home today. Listening to noblewomen prattle on over their lunches can get quite irritating.

DOCKSON

I can imagine. Have a seat.

Vin strolls into the candlelit room, decorated in warm colours and deep woods.

VIN

(taking a seat)
Any news from Kelsier?

DOCKSON

Not as of yet, but the man has never been known for punctuality.

She nods, sitting quietly for a moment.

VIN

You lived on a plantation, correct?

Dockson cocks his head.

DOCKSON

The plantation? I did, yes.

VIN

What was it like?

He pushes aside the document he was working on.

DOCKSON

I'm not sure how to answer that. It was a hard life, but most Skaa live hard lives. We ate more regularly than street Skaa, but we were also worked harder than most millworkers do in the city.

VIN

You seem so unemotional about it.

DOCKSON

It was life, we didn't know any better, but from what I've seen our master was rather lenient compared to some.

VIN

Why did you leave then?

A long beat as Dockson remembers.

DOCKSON

(wistful)

An event. You're familiar with what happens when a noble lord beds a skaa woman?

She nods, knowing all too well.

DOCKSON

I don't talk about it much. I'm not the first to lose a loved one to a Lord's passion nor will I be the last.

VIN

Who was she?

DOCKSON

Kareien... I remember sneaking between the hovels at night to be with her. Even the mists wouldn't stop me. Some didn't approve of our love affair while others encouraged it. I think the romance inspired them, gave them hope that there was something worth living for...

Vin smiles warmly.

DOCKSON

...When Kereien was taken by Lord Devinshae her corpse was returned the next morning to be buried. Something changed throughout the hovels that day. Hope died. I escaped that same evening. I didn't know what awaited me, but it had to be better than living under the cloud of what Devinshae did.

She sees a hint of emotion in his face.

DOCKSON

It amazes me sometimes that we even try. With everything they've done to us. The deaths, the tortures, the agonies. You'd think the Skaa would give up, but here we are, fighting for our freedom, still raising families, resisting a god who seems unstoppable. All for the hope of love.

Vin sits in quiet contemplation.

VIN

I thought you said that your Lord was a kind one.

DOCKSON

Kinder than most, he rarely beat his skaa to death, and he only purged the elderly when the population got too out of control. He has an impeccable reputation among the nobility, you've probably seen him at a few of the balls.

She shudders at the thought.

VIN

That's horrible! How could they let a monster like that among them?

Dockson leans forward, resting his arms on the desktop.

DOCKSON

Vin, They're all like that.

VIN

...But, the people at the balls, a lot of them are good people.

DOCKSON

I can't believe I'm hearing this. Don't you know what those, *good* people, are capable of? A nobleman can rape and murder a Skaa one night, then be praised for his morality and virtue the next. We are less than nothing to them, even Noblewomen don't consider it cheating when their husbands bed a Skaa girl.

VIN

I...

Vin trails off, growing uncertain. We push in on her conflicted face as Dockson continues his diatribe.

DOCKSON

Don't let them dupe you, Vin. Ask some of those pretty boys you've danced with how many Skaa women they've slept with knowing they'd be killed a short while later.

(MORE)

DOCKSON (CONT'D)

They've all done it, at one point
or another...

Close on Vin's shimmering brown eyes. Could Elend be one of these monsters?

DOCKSON

...They can't be redeemed, Vin.

LADY KLISS (PRE-LAP)

They say the deaths of the Geffenry
brothers...

INT. KEEP HASTING - NIGHT

LADY KLISS

...Were retaliation for the murder
of Lord Entrone.

We pull back from Vin's eyes to discover she sits at a table populated by six ARISTOCRATS.

Their attention is fixed on LADY KLISS, a noblewoman wearing a garish dark green gown quietly regaling the table in a round of gossip.

MILEN

Kliss really. Houses Geffenry and
Tekiel are allies, why would Tekiel
assassinate two Geffenry Noblemen?

Vin sits next to her companion, MILEN DAVENPLEU (20's) while a band of MUSICIANS play upon a stage behind their table.

Kliss leans in conspiratorially.

LADY KLISS

Why indeed?

(beat)

You remember when Entrone was found
dead in the Tekiel gardens?

(off Milen's nod)

Apparently Geffenry had been
petitioning an alliance with Tekiel
who were less than keen on the
idea. So Geffenry takes out
Tekiel's closest ally Entrone in an
attempt to covertly fill that
position.

MILEN

(understanding)

But it back fired.

LADY KLISS
Tekiel discovers the ruse, and
kills Ardous and Callins.

The group lean back in their seats looking awestruck by the theory. All but Kliss's date, a spindly looking man named RENE.

RENE
I don't understand.

Lady Kliss pats his arm.

LADY KLISS
Don't worry about it too much my
dear.

VIN
I danced with Ardous a couple times
at the last ball...

Milen gives Vin a flat look.

MILEN
Oh? Was he any good?

VIN
Not very.

One of the nobles at the table, TYDEN, chimes in.

TYDEN
Well, now he's dancing with the
worms.

Milen gives a pithy laugh as he puts his arm around Vin's waist. She cringes surreptitiously.

MILEN
At any rate, House relations
throughout Luthadel are strained.
Even the Venture's have bunkered
down for what looks to be a house
war. Perhaps Elend can bore his
family's enemies to death with one
of his banal political speeches.

Vin purses her lips at the mention of Elend's name while Milen laughs at his own joke. The table soon joins in.

RENE
Milen? Are you still planning on
joining us for a game of Sheldry
tomorrow?

MILEN
Of course, Rene.

TYDEN
Didn't you promise that last time?

Milen sighs, sharply gesturing toward a passing OBLIGATOR.

The Obligator approaches, hands clasped in front of him hidden within his grey robes. Creepy smile on display. Vin appears visibly put off by his presence.

He eyes the group speaking in a smooth voice.

OBLIGATOR
Yes?

Milen pulls out a few coins.

MILEN
I promise to meet these two for
Shelldry tomorrow.

The Obligator simply smiles, palming the coins as deftly as any thief.

OBLIGATOR
I witness this, Lord Milen.

MILEN
Satisfied?

The two men nod.

LADY KLISS
Was that really necessary?

Vin exhales as she watches the Obligator shuffle away.

VIN
Excuse me, Lord Milen...

She lays a hand on his arm.

VIN
...I think perhaps it is time for
me to retire.

MILEN
I'll walk you to your carriage.

VIN
 (sweetly)
 That won't be necessary. I'd like
 to refresh myself before I depart.

MILEN
 Very well.

Vin stands, The men at the table rise respectfully.

LADY KLISS
 Go if you must, Valette, but you
 won't hear the news I have of the
 Ministry...

She pauses.

VIN
 What news?

Kliss's eyes twinkle, glancing at the departing Obligator.

LADY KLISS
 The Inquisitors are buzzing like
 insects. They've hit twice as many
 thieving bands these last few
 months as usual. They don't even
 take prisoners for executions, they
 just leave them all dead.

MILEN
 How do you know this?

LADY KLISS
 I have my sources.
 (smiling)
 Why, the Inquisitors found another
 band, just this afternoon not far
 from here.

Close on Vin. Her eyes betray a look of concern.

TYDEN
 Cursed thieves! Damn Skaa don't
 know their place. Isn't the food
 and clothing we give enough of a
 theft from our pockets?

Tyden's young wife, CARLEE (20's) adds her own venom.

CARLEE
 It's amazing the creatures can even
 survive as thieves.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

CARLEE (CONT'D)

I can't imagine what kind of incompetent would let himself get robbed by Skaa.

The young Lord flushes. His wife gives him a scornful glare.

Vin turns to leave coming face to face with --

SHAN ELARIEL steps toward the table with her usual haughty air.

The men at the table stand in respect while the ladies curtsy.

Vin glances to the side looking for a way out, but Shan blocks all routes of escape.

SHAN ELARIEL

Lord Milen. It's a pity your original date this evening took sick. It appears you were left with few other options.

Shan gives Vin an icy glare.

MILEN

Lady Shan, it's a pleasure to have you join us.

SHAN ELARIEL

Indeed.

Her eyes glitter at the pleasure of Vin's obvious discomfort.

SHAN ELARIEL

However, I'm afraid I didn't come to chat. Unpleasant though it may be, I have business with the Renoux child. Will you excuse us?

MILEN

Of course, My Lady.
(backing away)
Lady Valette, thank you for your company this evening.

Vin gives the departing table a curt nod as they leave her to deal with Shan.

A beat and then --

VIN

Lady Shan, I think your interest in me is a bit unfounded. I haven't spent time with Elend lately.

SHAN ELARIEL

I know, it appears I overestimated your competence, child...

Just then, a wave of allomancy washes over Vin, as Shan attempts to manipulate her emotions. Time slows.

SHAN ELARIEL

...A wise girl would put herself in a position where she could make use of the only advantage she has.

Vin grits her teeth against Shan's allomantic assault.

SHAN ELARIEL

Now, I require information regarding certain texts Elend has in his possession. You can read can't you?

She gives Shan a curt nod.

SHAN ELARIEL

Good, all you need do is memorize the titles of the books. Don't look to the covers they can be misleading. Read the first few pages, then report back to me.

VIN

And if I should tell Elend what you are planning?

Shan laughs.

SHAN ELARIEL

My dear, you don't know what I'm planning. Besides, you seem to be making some headway in court, surely you realize that betraying me is not something you want to contemplate.

With that, Shan walks off, immediately gathering a collection of HANGERS-ON from the surrounding nobility.

The wave of Allomancy subsides, Vin sighs with frustration looking up to where she sees --

ELEND VENTURE stands a short distance away speaking with JASTES LEKAL, and TELDEN HASTING.

Jastes taps Elend on the shoulder as Vin approaches. He turns as his companions back away. Surprised.

ELEND
Why Valette, I didn't realize you were here.

VIN
How could you.

She slaps Elend lightly across the face. Immediately regretful of her decision.

ELEND
(shocked)
Um, how could I what?

VIN
I apologize for my brashness, I...

Elend notices the raw emotion in Vin's eyes. Her hands trembling.

ELEND
Valette. What's wrong? Here, let's go somewhere private to talk.

Vin is lead away by Elend.

EXT. BALCONY - KEEP HASTING - MOMENTS LATER

The two step onto the balcony where a single stone lantern flickers along the railing.

The mist hangs overhead like a moving curtain.

ELEND
Now what is this about? I'll admit, I've been avoiding you. You've been fitting in so well, I thought you didn't need a trouble maker...

VIN
Have you ever slept with a Skaa woman?

Elend pauses, taken aback.

ELEND
Excuse me? Who... told you this?

VIN
 (demanding)
 Have you!

A beat. Elend exhales heavily.

ELEND
 Sit down.

He fetches Vin a chair.

VIN
 It's true isn't it? You've done it.
 He was right, you're all monsters.

ELEND
 I...

Elend attempts to hold Vin's hand. She pulls away. A tear streaks down her cheek and drops to the fabric of her dress.

ELEND
 It happened when I was thirteen. My father thought it was time I became 'a man' I didn't even know they were going to kill the girl afterward, Valette. Honestly I didn't.

VIN
 And after that? How many girls have you murdered?

Her voice is laced with anger.

ELEND
 None! Never again. Not after I found out about that first time.

VIN
 You expect me to believe you?

ELEND
 I know it seems like all men are brutes, but you have to believe me, we're not all like that.

VIN
 I was told that you are.

ELEND
 By whom? Country nobility? Nothing but lies born of jealousy I assure you.

VIN

What percentage? How many noblemen
do these things?

Elend thinks a moment.

ELEND

Maybe a third, I'm not sure. They
aren't the type I spend my time
with.

Vin calms, looking into Elend's sincere eyes.

VIN

A third?

She wipes the tears from her cheeks with the handkerchief she
received from Spook. Elend takes note of it.

ELEND

Who gave you that?

VIN

A suitor.

ELEND

Is he the one telling you these
things about me?

VIN

No, that was another.

ELEND

Sounds like I have some competition
who will resort to anything to win
your affections.

Vin takes a deep breath, calming herself.

VIN

Your father is one of the third?

Elend reluctantly nods.

ELEND

They say the fruit doesn't fall too
far from the tree, but in this case
I'd rather be anything but.

His eyes flare with anger and guilt.

ELEND

Somebody needs to stop these things
from happening.

Vin sits, appraising Elend. Knowing deep in her heart he is a man of virtue.

VIN
Elend.... They're just like us.

ELEND
What?

VIN
The Skaa. You asked me about them once.

He leans forward.

ELEND
So you spent time with the Skaa?

VIN
(nodding)
I knew some of the skaa very well, one older man, in particular. He lost someone, a woman he loved, to a nobleman. He had run away and came to my fathers lands.

Elend lowers his voice. Scanning the balcony for spies.

ELEND
And you hid him? Runaway skaa are to be executed!

VIN
I kept his secret at the risk of my own life.
(Off his stunned look)
...They're angry Elend.

Vin motions to wipe her eyes with Spook's handkerchief. Elend offers her his own.

ELEND
Here. Angry?

VIN
About the way they are treated.

ELEND
How do you know these things?

VIN
They told me. They trust me.

ELEND

I wish I could meet one of them.
They must be fascinating people.

(beat)

You're fascinating too, Valette. I
should have known better than to
assume you'd been corrupted by the
aristocracy. Perhaps you'll be able
to corrupt them instead.

She smiles. A far off clock CHIMES the hour. Elend pulls a
pocket watch from his vest and regards the time.

He stands.

ELEND

But, I need to be leaving. I
actually came to the party tonight
for a specific purpose, some
friends of mine are meeting
together.

Vin rises as well, attempting to hand Elend back his
handkerchief.

ELEND

You might want to keep that. It
wasn't meant to be simply
functional.

She regards the square of fabric. A look of understanding on
her joyful face.

VIN

Oh? Thank you.

He smiles. Taking a step toward her.

ELEND

Those other men may have a lead on
me. However, I'm not about to go
down without fighting for what I
want.

With a wink and a bow Elend turns slipping through the
balcony doorway. Vin watches as he joins with his earlier
companions.

Sazed steps into her line of sight between the ballroom and
balcony.

SAZED

Mistress, there you are. I've been
looking all over...

Vin moves over to him quickly.

VIN
Venture, Hasting and Lecal just reconvened to a meeting up those stairs.

Sazed follows her gaze.

SAZED
Interesting, and why would...
Mistress, what happened to your makeup?

VIN
Never mind that. I think I should follow them, but I'll need your permission for that.

A beat of consideration.

SAZED
Very well. I doubt my misgivings would stop you. Just, be careful.

VIN
I always am.

Vin gives the stunned Terrisman I light kiss on the cheek. Turns and hurries over to the Balcony railing.

SAZED
No you're not.

Angle on Vin as she kicks off her shoes, reaches into her sleeve and pulls out a vial of metal, downing it quickly.

Blissfully she hops onto the railing, then throws herself into the swirling mists.

EXT. TOWER BUTTRESS - KEEP HASTING - NIGHT

The tower stands out like a monolith in the night connected by a walkway to the main Keep.

Vin flies through the air, steel pushing off an unknown piece of metal far below.

Her dress absorbs the impact as she slams into the wall of the tower merely an arms length from the walkway.

She darts a hand to the ledge hoisting herself up with a pewter enhanced pull.

There on the walkway she crouches in her black dress quietly moving along the pathway.

No guards present, but Vin sees a sentry post to her right which she makes sure to avoid.

Vin glances above to a row of mostly lit windows. With her destination in mind she iron pulls herself to a metal window frame landing upon --

The stone window ledge. Here she burns tin, enhancing her senses to eavesdrop.

GUARD (O.S.)
...balls always last well into the
night, we'll probably have to pull
double duty...

Vin dismisses this particular room, Iron pulling herself to the next window over to where --

A familiar voice is heard.

ELEND (O.S.)
...don't regret my tardiness. She
happens to be far more attractive
than you are, Telden.

INT. TOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cramped room is lit by a few candelabra, occupied by Elend, Jastes, Telden, along with two newcomers, DAMON KEVOUX (21) and ROYCE SEGAL (23)

JASTES
The mighty Elend Venture, finally
captured by a pretty face.

Elend and Jastes deposit a collection of books to a central table. While Telden uncorks a bottle of wine.

ELEND
She's more than that, Jastes. She's
kindhearted, she helped skaa
runaways at her plantation. I think
we should bring her in to talk with
us.

TELLEN
Not a chance. I don't mind talking
philosophy and sharing drinks with
you, Elend, but I'm not going to
let random people come join us.

Telden fills five glasses with wine. Distributing them among his friends.

JASTES

I agree with Telden, five people is enough.

ELEND

See, now, I don't think you're being fair.

ROYCE

Let's just drop it.

ELEND

Alright, fine.

Elend lifts his glass. The others do the same.

ELEND

To the philosophers crew!

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - BUTTRESS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Vin winces from the tin enhanced percussion of clinking glasses.

ELEND (O.S.)

Telden did you read the book I gave you?

INT. TOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Telden lifts the book, flipping through the pages.

TELLEN

I tried. It's a bit thick.

ELEND

But it's good, right?

TELLEN

Good enough, I can see why the Lord Ruler hates it so much.

JASTES

Redalevin's books are better. More concise.

DAMON

I don't mean to be contrary, but is this all we are going to do? Read?

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - BUTTRESS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

Vin continues to listen.

ELEND (O.S.)
What's wrong with reading?

DAMON (O.S.)
It's a bit boring.

She nods in agreement with the voice in the room.

INT. TOWER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elend nearly spits out his drink.

ELEND
Boring? Gentlemen, these ideas,
these words, they're everything.
These men new they'd be executed
for their words. Can you not sense
their passion?

DAMON
Passion yes, usefulness, no.

JASTES
We can change the world. Two of us
are house heirs. The other three
are secondary heirs.

ELEND
Someday we'll be the ones in
charge. If we put these ideas into
effect, fairness, diplomacy,
moderation, we can exert pressure
even on the Lord Ruler.

Damon snorts divisively.

DAMON
Or, the Lord Ruler will simply have
you executed by his assassins for
treason, along with the rest of us.

Elend sobers at the man's dark humour.

ELEND
That's why we must end this petty
squabbling among the nobility.
Become a united front against the
Lord Ruler.

ROYCE
You know what I think?

The room looks to Royce as he speaks up.

ROYCE
I think you are all far too drunk.

TELDEN
Or not drunk enough.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - BUTTRESS TOWER - CONTINUOUS

An orchestra of laughter wafts from the room.

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispered)
Vin!

Vin jumps, nearly falling off the window ledge with shock.
She looks up to where she sees --

KELSIER hangs from another window ledge above.

VIN
(whispered)
You're back!

He nods, giving her a sly wink.

KELSIER
Let's continue this elsewhere.

EXT. WALL WALKWAY - KEEP HASTING - MOMENTS LATER

Vin lands softly on the walkway followed by Kelsier a second later.

VIN
What are you doing here?

KELSIER
Checking up on our friend up there.
Doesn't seem like much has changed
since last time.

VIN
Last time?

KELSIER
I've spied on that quintet a couple
of times. They're not a threat.
(MORE)

KELSIER (CONT'D)

Just a bunch of young men getting together to drink and debate.

VIN

But they've talked about overthrowing the Lord Ruler.

KELSIER

Hardly. They're just doing what noblemen do, planning alliances. It's not unusual for the next generation to prepare for their inevitable succession.

VIN

This is different.

KELSIER

Vin, trust me, many have talked about changing the Final Empire. In the end it's not in a nobleman's best interest to do so. They have a lot more to lose than you or I.

She crosses her arms with frustration. Kelsier laughs, then places a hand on Vin's shoulder.

KELSIER

Don't get like that. They seem like nice enough lads for noblemen, I promise I won't kill any of them.

Kelsier steps to the ledge of the walkway.

KELSIER

Who knows, they may prove to be useful in time.

(beat)

Meet back at Club's shop in an hour. Oh and Vin.

(regarding her dress)

You should probably have Sazed grab you a cloak, your dress is filthy.

Kelsier jumps off the wall and disappears into the mists. Vin appraises her dishevelled appearance ruefully.

VIN (PRE-LAP)

House Tekiel is vulnerable...

INT. KITCHEN - CLUBS SHOP - NIGHT

VIN

...It's allies are scattering, and the vultures are moving in. They may have to sell off their Keep by the end of the month.

Vin sits on one of the kitchen counters drinking a pint of ale.

She speaks to an audience made up of Dockson, HAM, BREEZE, Spook, CLUBS, and Kelsier who sits in his typical backward fashion. They all drink from goblets filled with wine.

DOCKSON

That should effectively remove one great house from the city.

BREEZE

(sardonic)

That still leaves nine more mind you.

KELSIER

But they've started killing each other at night, which means they are on the cusp of open war. All they need now is the final push.

VIN

The strong houses don't seem very afraid. They're still throwing balls anyway.

KELSIER

They'll keep that up right until the end. House wars are political, the noble balls are one of their most well known battlefields.

Vin nods.

KELSIER

Ham, we need to keep an eye on the Luthadel Garrison. Are you still planning on visiting your soldier contacts tomorrow?

HAM

I should be able to reestablish some connections. Give me some time, and I'll be able to find out what the military is up to.

KELSIER

Good...

Kelsier is about to continue, but Vin cuts him off.

VIN

I'd like to go with him.

KELSIER

With Ham?

VIN

I haven't trained with a thug yet, Ham could probably teach me a few things.

Breeze laughs.

BREEZE

Or, make you regret your life choices after he fills those ears with philospeak.

HAM

There you go again Breeze. One of these days you won't be able to con and manipulate your way out of an ass wallop...

He rolls his eyes at the hollow threat.

HAM

...I'd be more than happy to show you some things, Vin.

KELSIER

Fine. Breeze, how well could your soothers manage if you were gone for a while.

BREEZE

They'll recruit effectively without me, especially now that stories of the survivor are getting so popular. Why?

KELSIER

I was thinking of having you replace Yeden in a few months.

Breeze raises a questionable eyebrow.

BREEZE

Replace Yeden? You mean for me to lead the army?

KELSIER

Yeah, why not? You're great at giving orders.

BREEZE

From the background my dear man. I don't stand out in front. Why, I'd be a General. Do you realize how ridiculous that sounds?

KELSIER

Just consider it. I'm not sure if Yeden has the, emotional competence, to lead.

BREEZE

I suppose.

Kelsier stands.

KELSIER

Anyway, with Marsh having been planted into the Ministry, Vin's successful intel on the verifiable house war, and our growing army. I think that calls for more wine.

The room raise their cups in cheers and celebration.

KELSIER

Spook, be a good lad and run to the cellar for another bottle, eh?

Spook nods. He gives Vin a passing glance. Her eyes follow him as he hurries out the Kitchen entrance.

DOCKSON (O.S.)

...Kel, we need to talk about this mysticism you've created surrounding the eleventh metal...

Vin watches as the kitchen door swings back into place.

ANGLE on the crack in the door where we see --

The darkly shadowed image of Vin's brother REEN staring back at her from the other room.

Vin freezes, could his presence be an omen?

The door closes, cutting Vin's view of her brother.

EXT. LUTHADEL STREETS - DAY

Dirty streets are crowded with shuffling WORKERS going about their business.

We recognize Vin and Ham, moving with the wave of people.

Ham happily takes in the sights and sounds of the city.

HAM

Ah, I've missed this place. It might be a dirty, crowded hole, but there's something pleasant about it.

VIN

Is this where your family lives?

HAM

My family? No, they live in a smaller city outside of Luthadel. My wife is a seamstress there. She tells people I'm part of the Luthadel Garrison.

VIN

Don't you miss them?

HAM

I miss them terribly, but it's for the best. If something were to happen to me, Inquisitors would have a hard time tracking them down.

VIN

You think the Ministry would go to so much trouble?

HAM

I'm a Misting Vin, Any skaa with noble blood is to be hunted down, that includes any descendants. The Lord Ruler is very thorough. That's why they must remain hidden.

VIN

Why not hide your Allomantic abilities.

HAM

I don't know if I could.

VIN

Because of the power?

HAM

No, because of the money. Pewterarms are the most sought after of all the Mistings. A competent thug can stand against a half dozen regular men. Their strength, speed and endurance make them extremely valuable. Hire a handful of thugs and a couple coin shots and you've got yourself a small mobile army.

Vin contemplates this.

VIN

I can see how the money would be tempting.

HAM

It's more than just tempting. My wife and children live good lives, in a nice house. I've almost saved enough for us to move away from the Central dominance and live out a peaceful life.

VIN

That does sound... Appealing.

Ham nods. He turns and leads them down a larger thoroughfare toward the city gates.

Ahead, crowded lines of SKAA wait to pass through the city gates. Vin and Ham walk quietly past the solemn group.

A ragged band of CHILDREN run by carrying pails and brushes to clean the wall.

Near the gates, an OFFICIAL curses and shoves a MAN out of the line and into the mud.

Vin follows Ham past the gates, heading down a street parallel to the city wall at the end of which stands a large building complex.

EXT. GARRISON BARRACKS - LUTHADEL WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Large spikes are mounted on the wall surrounding the barracks. The buildings within are bulky and fortified.

Soldiers stand on the gates. Eying those who pass with hostility.

VIN

How are we going to get in there?

HAM

Not to worry. I know these people. Most are Skaa who've joined the Garrison in exchange for a better life. Hell, they've tried to recruit me a number of times. A lot of them I consider friends.

VIN

But you are going to betray them?

Ham frowns.

HAM

Betray? No, these men are mercenaries, they understand that loyalty follows money. Most wouldn't hesitate to turn on their friends, even family if the pay is good.

Angle on Vin as she lets that sink in.

HAM

The soldier's usually let me spar with them, you can watch me fight, burning bronze to see how often I use Allomancy. A lot of inexperienced thugs make the mistake of relying on their pewter and overpowering an opponent, but the trick is to give yourself an edge only when necessary. This works two fold. One, it doesn't reveal your powers, and two, if you suddenly run out after prolonged pewter dragging you won't suddenly drop dead.

Vin freezes, surprised by Ham's bluntness.

VIN

Drop dead?

HAM

Yes, pewter dragging is when you burn the metal for hours, then suddenly stop without weening yourself off. The fatigue hits you like the worst hangover of your life. I remember one time...

The pair approach the GARRISON. Ham waves to one of the GUARDS named --

HAM

Bevidon, I've got the day off, is Sertes around?

BEVIDON

He's here Ham, but I'm not sure if this is the best day for sparring.

HAM

Oh?

Bevidon shares a glance with one of the other SOLDIERS.

BEVIDON

Go fetch the captain.

A few moments later, a busy looking soldier, SERTES (40's) approaches from a side building. He waves to Ham. His decorated uniform displaying rank.

SERTES

Ham.

Sertes steps through the gate, then clasps hands with Ham.

HAM

Captain now eh?

SERTES

Happened last month.

Sertes gives Vin a questioning once over.

HAM

She's my niece, good lass.

He nods.

SERTES

Could we speak alone for a moment, Ham?

Ham shrugs and lets himself get ushered to a more secluded spot beside the complex gates.

Angle on Vin as she burns Tin to listen in.

SERTES

Look Ham, you won't be able to spar for a while, the Garrison is going to be... Occupied.

HAM

Occupied? How?

SERTES

I can't say, but we could really use a soldier like you right now.

HAM

Fighting?

SERTES

Yeah.

HAM

Must be something serious if it's taking the attention of the entire Garrison.

Sertes grows quiet for a moment, then speaks again in a hushed tone.

SERTES

(whispered)

A rebellion. Here in the central dominance. An army of rebel skaa attacked the Holstep Garrison in the north.

Ham pales.

HAM

What?

TIGHT ON Vin. Numb and in disbelief.

SERTES

They must have come from the caves up there. Roughly a thousand strong. Holstep's fortifications are holding, but they need reinforcements badly. The Lord Ruler has given us orders to take out the insurgents. Are you with us Ham?

Ham looks stunned.

SERTES

Ham?

He nods.

SERTES

Real fighting, real battle pay. We could use a man of your skill. I'll make you an officer right off, give you your own squad.

HAM

I... I'll have to think about it.

SERTES

Don't take too long, we plan to march out in two hours.

Ham gives Vin a languid glance.

HAM

I'll do it. Let me drop off my niece and get some things, I'll return before you leave.

SERTES

Good man!

Sertes claps Ham on the shoulder, glad to have him on board.

INT. KITCHEN - CLUBS SHOP - DAY

Kelsier hurriedly tosses a water jug into a pack.

KELSIER

Breeze, make a list of all the hideouts where you and I recruited. Warn them that the Ministry might have prisoners who could give them away.

Breeze nods. Behind him, APPRENTICES scramble through the shop, gathering and preparing supplies.

KELSIER

Dox, this shop should be secure unless they capture Yeden. Keep the tin eyes on watch. If there's trouble, head to the bolt lair.

Dockson nods his acknowledgment before rushing off.

Kelsier stuffs a handful of rations into the pack, then swings it onto his back.

HAM
What about me, Kell?

KELSIER
You're going back to the Garrison like you said. We'll need an informant there.

Ham frowns apprehensively.

KELSIER
(off his look)
I don't have time to deal with your misgivings, just do it.

HAM
I won't turn against the Garrison.

KELSIER
Fine. Let's hope you don't have to kill any of the soldiers you trained either. Sazed!

Sazed steps forward.

SAZED
Yes, Master Kelsier.

KELSIER
How much speed do you have stored up?

He flushes, glancing at the men scurrying about.

SAZED
Perhaps two to three hours.

KELSIER
Not enough, I'll go alone. Dox is in charge until I get back.

Kelsier spins, pausing when he sees --

Vin stands with a pack slung over her shoulder. Ready to leave. She looks at him defiantly.

KELSIER
This is going to be a difficult trip, Vin. You've never done anything like this before.

VIN
That's fine.

Kelsier nods before pulling a trunk out from beneath a table, He opens it and procures a pouch of Pewter beads which he hands to Vin.

KELSIER
Swallow five of those.

VIN
Five?

KELSIER
For now, if you need some more,
call to me so we can stop running.

VIN
Running? Aren't we taking a canal
boat?

He gives her a flat stare.

KELSIER
Why would we need a boat?

Vin looks down at the pouch, then grabs a glass of water and swallows the beads.

Kelsier places a reassuring hand on Dockson's shoulder.

KELSIER
It's about three hours until
sunset. If we push hard, we can be
there by noon tomorrow.

DOCKSON
That might be early enough. Either
way the army is useless to us now.

Kelsier gives his shoulder a grim squeeze.

KELSIER
This is now a rescue mission.

Dockson nods.

KELSIER
Burn your pewter Vin, we're
leaving.

He pulls two mist-cloaks from the trunk. Hands one to Vin, then throws open the back door to the kitchen.

The red sun casts long shadows through the room as frantic crew members pause for a moment to watch the two of them leave.

KELSIER

Listen to me Vin. What we are about to do is very dangerous.

VIN

Ham told me...

KELSIER

Then you know the risk. Stay close to me, and try to keep up. Make absolutely certain you don't run out of pewter.

Vin takes a deep breath, suddenly looking apprehensive.

KELSIER

All right, lets go.

With that, the two sprint out of the shop.

EXT. LUTHADEL STREETS - DAY

Close on a puddle reflecting the tenement lined streets. SPLASH! A footfall disturbs the mirrored image as we tilt up to see --

Kelsier leads Vin in a mad dash through the city streets.

ANGLE ON a fat BUTCHER, pushing a cart filled with various meat goods. Kelsier darts over the cart. The butcher flinches, watching him go with annoyance. He's about to continue with his cart just as --

Vin leaps over the cart as well, stopping the butcher in his tracks.

We track with the two, speeding through the crowded streets packed with numerous MERCHANTS, NOBLE CARRIAGES, and SKAA WORKERS. Kelsier and Vin ignore the traffic, bolting through with ridiculous speed.

Voices cry out in anger.

A snobbish NOBLEWOMAN exits a carriage, parked at the entrance of a fancy restaurant. She accepts the hand of a SERVANT, about to step down when --

A blur zooms past the horses. They rear up. Stamping forward as the DRIVER tries to control them. The noblewoman lurches to the side falling into a large ash strewn puddle.

The woman's face becomes a red blotch of fury.

PULL BACK to a wide expansive view of the city as Kelsier and Vin make their way to --

EXT. NORTHERN CITY GATES - LUTHADEL - CONTINUOUS

Lines of PEOPLE point toward the quickly approaching pair.

Checkpoint GUARDS turn, barely having time to make out the blur of motion barreling forward.

Kelsier jumps, steel pushing off one of the GUARDS armour. The man CRIES out as he crumples to the ground.

A wave of Heads swivel as they watch Kelsier soar over the wall.

Vin follows suit, steel pushing off the still struggling guard lying in the street. She follows her leap with another steel push off a SECOND GUARD who stumbles but stays upright.

We follow Vin as she glides majestically over the one-hundred foot wall. Cloak whipping angrily in the air.

EXT. CITY WALL - LUTHADEL - CONTINUOUS

Kelsier completes his arc over the wall. Falling toward the High road where a trail of MERCHANTS, SKAA, and CARRIAGES wait to enter the city.

He tosses a coin to the ground, using it to slow his descent as he lands in a roll, springing back up in a continued sprint.

A group of PEOPLE rear back startled by the sudden intrusion.

Behind him we see Vin do the same. She catches up to Kelsier.

VIN

What do you think we'll find? At the caves I mean?

KELSIER

No use talking. Save your strength.

VIN
 But I feel like I could go for
 hours.

Kelsier smiles.

KELSIER
 We'll see how you feel after
 sixteen hours of this.

Vin's pace slows. Her eyes bulge. *Sixteen hours!*

HIGH WIDE ANGLE on the two Allomancers as they turn off the highway onto the wide tow path of the Luth-Davn canal. Speeding their way into the distance.

EXT. TOW PATH - LUTH-DAVN CANAL - DAY/NIGHT

We track with Kelsier and Vin as they run along the canal.

A TIME LAPSE shows the quick advancement of time as the sun dips beneath the horizon, bringing the silent darkness of night. The mists soon envelop everything.

They pass canal boats and barges, tied off for the night.

Camps of CANALMEN. Their tents in a huddle.

ANGLE ON, a MISTWRAITH shuffles its gelatinous form across the path. Kelsier and Vin run past, paying it no mind.

CLOSE ON, Vin. Breathing heavy, fatigue setting in. Heart pounding in her ears.

Vins POV, the sun begins to rise.

The early morning rays cast long shadows of their fast moving forms. *How long can they keep this up?*

EXT. HOLSTEP OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Ahead, Kelsier slows to a stop.

The unexpected change of pace surprises Vin. She nearly collides with him. She stumbles, shuddering to a halt with a maladroit hop.

Vin looks down at her feet. Dumbfounded. Her legs wanting to continue moving. She motions to dart off.

VIN
 I... Can't... Stop!

Kelsier grabs her. Vin struggles in his grip.

KELSIER
Easy Vin, easy...

She shakes her head, disoriented. Vision blurred. About to extinguish her pewter.

KELSIER
Don't extinguish your pewter!
...Tin! Flare it. Now!

The world brightens. Vin holds her head as the sensations overpower her. She throws up.

Vin blinks, looking up at Kelsier.

KELSIER
Better?
(Off her nod)
You've just pushed your body to its
absolute limit. It will take awhile
to level off.

VIN
(Croaking)
Why... Did... We stop?

KELSIER
Listen.

She cocks her head and hears it. VOICES YELLING, the sound of a BATTLE.

Kelsier releases her. Drops a coin then steel pushes himself over the Canal.

Vin follows Kelsier up a hill on the other side. We track with them as they crest the knoll. They freeze. Stunned into silence at what they see.

A BATTLE in the distance. Fire and smoke dot a landscape riddled with corpses. Most of which are Skaa.

MEN still fight on the other side of the valley. A small ragged group surrounded by a much larger ARMY wearing imperial uniforms.

ANGLE ON a number of SKAA. They throw up their hands in surrender, but the SOLDIERS keep killing them.

KELSIER
It's a slaughter!

Kelsier steps forward. Vin grabs his arm.

VIN
Kelsier! What are you doing?

KELSIER
There are still men down there. My men.

VIN
Even you can't stop an entire army.

He shakes himself free from her grip. Vin falls to the ash strewn ground, no longer having the strength to stand.

Kelsier stalks down the hill toward the battlefield.

Vin climbs to her knees.

VIN
Kelsier! We aren't invincible remember!

He pauses.

VIN
You're not invincible. You can't stop them all, you can't save those men.

Kelsier looks back at Vin. Fists clenched. Eyes streaming tears down his face. He slumps in defeat knowing she's right as we --

FADE TO:

INT. CAVES - DAY

DARKNESS...

The sound of SHUFFLING and then --

THWUMP! Kelsier lands upon the cold stone floor of the cavern. He flares *tin* struggling to see in the darkness.

Vin drops to the ground beside him.

KELSIER
Empty. There's no one left.

His voice echos hollowly throughout the cave. Vin squints, not so sure.

VIN
No. There!

Suddenly she scrambles forward with cat-like litheness.

KELSIER
Vin! There's nothing...

Kelsier pauses. He barely makes out a flicker of light ahead.
He moves toward it as a voice calls out from the shadows.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who's there? Say the password.

Kelsier continues forward, the light soon illuminates the source of the voice. A man backlit by a brazier holding a spear, CAPTAIN DEMOUX. He struggles to see in the darkness.

Vin emerges from a dark nook, waiting on Kelsier's assessment.

CAPTAIN DEMOUX
I can hear you. Identify yourself!
(beat)
Say the password.

KELSIER
I don't need a password.

He steps into the light. Demoux lowers his spear.

CAPTAIN DEMOUX
Lord Kelsier? You've come... does that mean the army succeeded?

VIN
How many of you are there?

CAPTAIN DEMOUX
About two thousand... We... failed you my lord.

KELSIER
Failed? How?

CAPTAIN DEMOUX
We thought General Yeden was acting rashly so we stayed behind when he lead the men into battle. I'll accept a full reprimand for my insubordination.

Kelsier gives the boy an incredulous look.

KELSIER

The army is dead, Yeden acted alone. You saved these men.

CAPTAIN DEMOUX

(stunned)

What?

He rests a hand on Demoux's shoulder.

KELSIER

Gather those that remain. We need to leave now!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Mist floods the forest, coiling around all in its wake.

The two thousand remnants of the army. Bed down for the night on available bed rolls.

Kelsier sits on a tree stump, hands clasped before him deep in thought.

To his right, Vin sleeps quietly against the stump. Exhausted after her long pewter enhanced charge to the frontlines.

Footsteps approach, Kelsier looks up as a figure appears in the mist. Hobbling forward.

The man chooses a rock next to Kelsier's stump, sitting down with a sigh. He leans back to reveal --

MENNIS, the old man from Tresting's plantation.

MENNIS

The men will sleep fitfully,
They're not accustomed to a night
out in the mists.

KELSIER

They don't have much choice.

MENNIS

I suppose so.
(beat)
You don't recognize me do you?

Kelsier appraises the man.

KELSIER

I'm sorry. Did I recruit you?

MENNIS

Maybe the girl you saved that night
will jog your memory.

He follows Mennis's gaze to a girl, MAIVE sitting against a
tree sleeping. Sheathed sword pressed against her shoulder.

KELSIER

Mennis! You're from Tresting's
plantation?

MENNIS

After you killed Tresting we
retreated to the caves. Many, like
Maive and myself, stayed to join
the rebellion.

KELSIER

You're behind this? The
preparations?

MENNIS

Some of us can't fight. So we do
other things.

Kelsier leans forward. Serious.

KELSIER

What happened Mennis? Why did Yeden
do this?

MENNIS

Yeden... well, he was the type who
was too easily impressed. Both by
you and the reputation you left for
him. Some of his Generals thought
the men needed some practical
battle experience... After that,
there was no stopping him.

KELSIER

Even if they were successful. What
was he thinking exposing the army
like that?

MENNIS

They believed in you. They believed
you couldn't fail.

Kelsier sighs, resting his head back. He stares up into the
shifting mists, exhaling a cloud of vapour.

MENNIS

So what becomes of us?

KELSIER

(morose)

We'll split you up. Get you into Luthadel in small groups. Lose you amongst the Skaa population.

MENNIS

Don't act so sullen!

He sits up, giving Mennis a blank look.

MENNIS

...Those soldier's got themselves killed. This isn't the first skaa rebellion to get slaughtered, and my boy, it won't be the last. You accomplished a lot. More than most men have dared. You should be proud!

KELSIER

Proud?

Kelsier stands to work off his agitation.

KELSIER

This army was suppose to help overthrow the Final Empire, not get itself killed fighting some meaningless battle.

MENNIS

Overthrow the... You really expected to do that?

KELSIER

Why else would I have gone to all this trouble?

MENNIS

To resist, to fight. It wasn't a matter of winning or losing, it was a matter of doing something, anything to struggle against the Lord Ruler.

A beat. Kelsier turns toward him frowning.

KELSIER

You expected the army to lose from the beginning?

MENNIS

What other end was there?

Mennis stands, shaking his head.

MENNIS

Let me give you a piece of advice,
Kelsier, survivor of Hathsin. Know
when to quit. You've done well,
better than any would have
expected. Those skaa of yours
killed an entire Garrison's worth
of soldiers before they were
defeated. This is the greatest
victory the Skaa has ever known.
Now it's time to walk away.

With that, the old man nods his head in respect, then
shuffles back to the centre of camp.

Kelsier stands alone. He considers Mennis's words, and then --

A glimmer of determination flashes in his eyes.

KELSIER

(to himself)
That wasn't a victory, Mennis.
(whispered)
I'll show you a victory.

And to prove he wasn't beaten. Kelsier smiles.

INT. KITCHEN - CLUBS SHOP - DAY

Clubs, Dockson, Ham, and Breeze sit quietly at the kitchen
table. The food in front of them barely touched.

The energy and vigour seemingly drained from them.

Vin enters the room. The men look up from their plates and
silently regard her.

She appears extremely haggard. Pale skin, dry lips, dark
circles around puffy eyes.

VIN

What?

The four men exchange glances.

DOCKSON

You want something to eat?

Vin takes a seat at the table.

VIN

Ale.

DOCKSON

It's not even noon.

VIN

Ale. Now, please.

She leans forward, folding her arms on the table, resting her head on them.

HAM

Pewter drag. It'll pass.

VIN

If I don't die first.

Dox hands her a mug, then sits.

DOCKSON

So, where do we go from here?

VIN

Now that the soldiers are gone...
Well, that only leaves Marsh's work
with the Ministry and Kell's attack
on the nobility, and neither are
things he needs us for. The crew is
redundant.

The room falls silent.

Just then footsteps sound on the stairs. Kelsier sweeps into the room moments later.

KELSIER

Good morning all... Baywraps again
I see. Clubs, your housemaids need
some inspiration.

He grabs a cylindrical Baywrap, takes a bite, then pours himself something to drink.

The crew exchanged glances. Put off by his cheery demeanour.

DOCKSON

Kell, we need to talk. The army is
gone.

KELSIER

(chewing)
Yes...

(MORE)

KELSIER (CONT'D)

(chewing)

I noticed.

BREEZE

The job is dead, Kelsier, it was a good try, but we failed.

Kelsier pauses, lowering his baywrap.

KELSIER

Failed? What makes you say that?

HAM

The army is gone, Kell.

KELSIER

We've had a setback, true, but we're hardly finished.

BREEZE

Oh for the Lords sake, man! How can you stand there so cheerful. Men died. Don't you care?

KELSIER

(solemn)

I care, Breeze... But what's done is done. We need to move on.

BREEZE

Exactly! Move on from this insane job of yours. It's time to quit. I know you don't like that, but it is the simple truth.

Time slows as Breeze tries to soothe Kelsier.

KELSIER

(serious)

Don't soothe me, Breeze. Never, Soothe me.

Breeze pauses. Taken aback.

BREEZE

Fine! I won't use allomancy, I'll use truth instead. You've been using us. You promised us wealth so we'd join you, but you never had any intention of making us rich. This is all about your ego, it's about becoming the most famous crew leader that ever lived.

(MORE)

BREEZE (CONT'D)

That's why you're spreading all
these rumours, doing all this
recruitment. You've known wealth,
now you want to become a legend.

He falls quiet. Eyes hard. Kelsier stands with his arms
folded, regarding the crew. Several glance away in shame.

The silence persists until --

Footsteps approach from the stairs.

Spook bursts into the kitchen.

SPOOK

Gathering, in the fountain square!

HAM

A gathering... That means...

Tight on Kelsier.

KELSIER

Come. We're going to watch.

EXT. LUTHADEL STREETS - DAY

Bells toll in the distance.

The crew move along the street joining a mass exodus of
PEOPLE.

Vin notices numerous OBLIGATORS at the sides, herding the
skaa along.

WIDE ANGLE on the gathering crowd, as they settle around the
four well fountain crossroads.

EXT. FOUR WELL CROSSROAD - CONTINUOUS

As the crowd grows thicker, Kelsier, Dockson and Ham push and
shove a path toward one of the buildings that run the
perimeter of the fountain square.

A MAN at the doorway tries to bar the entrance.

Dox points to the roof. Hefts his coin pouch suggestively.
The man nods, stepping aside.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

The entirety of Kelsier's crew settle onto the flat roof.

KELSIER
Smoke us, Clubs.

Clubs nods and burns copper. A transparent cloud surrounds the group.

Vin steps to the lip of the roof, looking out over the square.

VIN
So many people...

ANGLE ON the street. The crowd is massive, almost endless. The trails of people filling every street branching off from the central square.

NOBLEMEN sit upon rows of seating, which reside along a raised patio at the centre of the square, separated from the skaa by SOLDIERS. Many SERVANTS hold parasols to shield their masters from the falling ash.

A dozen grey robed OBLIGATORS stand beside the noblemen. And next to them, eight black robed INQUISITORS stand tall.

Vin scans the rows of obligators stopping at one in particular.

VIN
There.
(pointing)
That one's my father.

Kelsier steps forward.

KELSIER
Where?

VIN
At the front, the one with the golden scarf.

KELSIER'S POV: Sure enough, a bald Obligator, TEVIDIAN TEKIEL stands at the forefront of the nobles wearing a gold scarf.

KELSIER
Tevidian!

DOCKSON
(shocked)
The Lord Prelan?

VIN
What? Who's that?

Breeze chuckles.

BREEZE
The Lord Prelan is the leader of
the Ministry, my dear, and most
important of all the Lord Rulers
minions.

Vin stands, dumbfounded.

SPOOK
Look!

The crowd of skaa begin to pull back, creating a large
corridor leading to the main platform.

A quiet beat, and then --

A stifling shadow seems to fall over everything, and
everyone. The oppressive pulsing of the Lord Ruler's power.
The crew immediately seem overcome with discomfort.

SPOOK
He's coming...

A black carriage drawn by a pair of massive white stallions
appears down a side street. It rolls down the corridor of
skaa, moving with a sense of... Inevitability.

The background roar of whispers and chatting dampens. A pall
of silence falls over the square.

BREEZE
(incredulous)
He's so powerful.

Breeze grimaces against the wave of despair, doing his best
to fight against it, then pauses. The shadow dissipates.

Vin turns back to where she sees --

Kelsier. Straight backed and defiant. Staring resolutely at
the approaching carriage. A look of concentration on his face
as he uses his powers to counteract the Lord Rulers.

Vin helps him by burning her own copper. Kelsier's face
relaxes. He gives a thankful nod.

DOCKSON
Is that, prison carts?

Dockson points toward a set of ten, bar lined carts travelling behind the Lord Rulers carriage.

HAM

Do you recognize anyone?

Kelsier steps up to the ledge, using a hand to shade his eyes.

KELSIER

Their not our soldiers.

HAM

Who then?

KELSIER

They appear to be...

(crestfallen)

Women and children.

The Ominous carriage pulls to a stop in the exact centre of the square. With the Lord Ruler staying inside.

The prisoner carts follow suit. A troop of Obligators and Soldiers begin to unload them.

Four prisoners struggle weakly as they are dragged up the raised central platform, then separated. One at each of the four bowl-shaped fountains.

The four skaa are pushed to their knees by an axe wielding Inquisitor.

ANGLE ON each of the prisoner's faces. Racked sobs of fear, eyes red with salty tears.

The Inquisitors raise their axes.

ANGLE ON the crowd. Sorrow filled expressions of sadness.

FWOOSH! The axes fall, lopping off the heads of the four skaa. Their lifeblood spurting from their bodies like a nightmarish geyser into the fountains.

The soldiers push the bodies to the wayside as four more prisoners march to their doom.

ANGLE ON the Crews faces. Vin, Dockson, Breeze, Ham, Clubs.

Spook looks away as the next four are executed.

SPOOK

(to Vin)

Why... Why doesn't Kelsier do something?

VIN

He can't stop this.

Vin glances toward Kelsier. He looks to be forcibly holding himself back. White knuckled hands grip a chimney beside him.

Spook stumbles away from the others Throwing up violently.

ANGLE on four more PRISONERS. One of them a CHILD.

Blood sprays.

TIGHT ON Kelsier's face. Red with anger. Muscles tense. Eyes ablaze.

KELSIER

This... This is our enemy. There is no quarter here, no walking away. This is no simple job, to be thrown aside when we suffer a setback.

Four more deaths.

KELSIER

Look at them!

Kelsier points toward the bleachers filled with Nobility.

Most of them appear bored. A few seem to be enjoying themselves, turning and joking with their companions.

KELSIER

Can you see those men laughing, and honestly tell me they don't deserve to die?

Vin searches the bleachers. Eyes scanning the faces until they fall upon --

ELEND sits with a group of younger men. Faces display disgust and horror at what they witness.

KELSIER

I know you Question me, but this is our reality. You can give up if you want. Quit. But, that won't change anything. The struggle will go on. Men will still die. You'll just be ignoring it.

Four more deaths.

Looks of guilt wash over Dockson and the others.

KELSIER

It's time to stop the charade. This isn't about boxings or about glory. This is about war, a war we have been fighting for a thousand years, a war I intend to end. You may go, if you wish. You know I'll let any of you out, no questions asked, no repercussions exacted, if you wish to go, but I intend to continue my fight.

Another four deaths.

KELSIER

However, if you stay, you have to stop questioning me. You can voice concerns about the job, but there will be no whispered conferences about my leadership. If you stay, you follow me. Understood?

One by one, Kelsier locks eyes with the crew members. Each one giving their nod of approval.

DOCKSON

I don't think we ever really questioned you, Kell. It's just, with most of the army gone, what else can we do?

Kelsier looks to the north. Toward the main city gates.

KELSIER

What do you see up in the distance, Dox?

DOCKSON

The city gates?

KELSIER

Notice anything different about them recently?

A beat as Dockson mulls over the question, and then it comes to him.

DOCKSON

The Garrison? It's gone!

KELSIER

Exactly. Part one of our plan is accomplished. We got the Garrison out of Luthadel. It may have cost the lives of many men. Now let's make their sacrifice to not be in vain.

A quiet understanding passes over the crew along with a look of renewed confidence.

Vin, however turns her eyes back to the square.

The fountains now run completely red with blood.

Over it all, the Lord Ruler watches from within his jet-black carriage. Vin burns *tin*, barely making out a silhouetted figure sitting within from the open window.

Their real enemy.

FADE OUT.

END EPISODE FIVE