

Paladin (untitled)

By

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BLACK SCREEN

MOURNFUL MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY

CREDITS ROLL OVER

FADE IN

EXT. THE VALLEY OF EYES - DAY

We are in a rocky valley - somewhere beautiful, cold, and green.

FLASH: A pair of BARE FEET - filthy and blistered - are making labored steps down the path.

RETURN TO BLACK

CARDINAL MASTER

(V/O)

The Pilgrim shall travel alone-

FLASH ON A WOMAN'S FACE: She is unkempt, worn out, and only nineteen - exhaustion makes her look older.

She has the half-pointed ears of a half-elf, an ocean of curly hair, and eyes that glow with determination.

Her name is MYRIN

RETURN TO BLACK

CARDINAL MASTER

(V/O Cont.)

With naught but a cloak of coarse weaving-

BACK TO MYRIN: Her only clothing is a tattered sheet of fabric which is neither comfortable nor warm, but she hangs onto it for dear life.

CARDINAL MASTER

(V/O Cont.)

And a sword broken before her birth.

She's carrying a rusty, worthless half-sword that looks like it's spent 25 years at the bottom of an ocean.

RETURN TO BLACK

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
She may drink only thrice; She will  
not eat, she will not speak-

BACK TO MYRIN

She's crossing a shallow stream - it's cold, but the water  
feels wonderful on her ragged feet.

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
And she will not rest

Myrin pauses and seriously considers taking a drink, but she  
only gets three of those-

- she decides against it.

CREDITS STOP

RETURN TO BLACK

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
The Pilgrim shall wander the Sacred  
Valley-

CUT TO

EXT. THE VALLEY OF EYES - SUNSET

EX. WIDE SHOT: From a distance, we see Myrin cast off her  
cloak.

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
Where the eyes of Fallen Ones  
watch-

She grips the broken sword as though it were a legendary  
relic, and begins practicing her SWORD FORM.

This is an elaborate choreography which Myrin has repeated  
many hundreds of times - the heart of her technique.

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
Until she can wander no more.

Long beat while Myrin shows her prowess.

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O)  
When the Pilgrim falters-

Myrin's arm siezes

Her hand falls open

The half sword spins stupidly to the ground.

RETURN TO BLACK

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
the Goddess shall appear.

BACK TO MYRIN

Our Pilgrim's silhouette is superimposed against the setting sun.

She collapses - finally broken by the ordeal.

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O)  
If the Pilgrim is worthy, she shall  
be called by name, a Paladin-

BLACK SCREEN FLASHES

FLASH MYRIN: Her eyes strain to keep the faith...

BLACK SCREEN FLASHES

FLASH MYRIN: Eyes drift shut

BLACK SCREEN FLASHES

BACK TO MYRIN

She lies motionless - barely breathing

CARDINAL MASTER  
(V/O Cont.)  
But if the Pilgrim is not worthy,  
she shall surely perish.

Myrin gets further and further away; we're leaving her to die.

FADE TO BLACK

BEAT

WOMAN'S VOICE  
 (distorted whisper)  
 Myrin!

EX. CLOSE: Myrin's eye bursts open - as if someone  
 in *Requiem for a Dream* just saw God.

RETURN TO BLACK

THEME MUSIC SWELLS

SHOW MAIN TITLE

FADE IN

INT. MONASTERY, GREAT SANCTUARY - DAY

This place was built for a congregation of giants;  
 everything is oversized and cut from stone. But the MONKS  
 who dwell here are our size - dwarfed by their own  
 sanctuary.

CREDITS ROLL OVER TO FINISH

MYRIN is at the front, dressed in a weathered shirt of mail,  
 canvas trousers, and the proudest smile she's ever worn.

The CARDINAL MASTER - in ceremonial robes - is an ancient  
 man with a kindly temperament.

CARDINAL MASTER  
 Myrin! We always knew you could do  
 it!

Everyone CHEERS!

Myrin struggles to say something but stumbles over the  
 words.

CARDINAL MASTER  
 (motioning for calm)  
 Take your vow

MYRIN  
 I, Myrin- a farmer's daughter and  
 servant of the Goddess do so make  
 an Oath: From this day I foreswear  
 What Was and become What Is.

For what is unjust in the world is  
 unjust in me, and where famine I am  
 hungry. If there is war I too  
 bleed, and where any soul suffers I  
 cannot rest.

For I am named Paladin from this  
day to the day my bones lay bare.

The crowd is predictably enthusiastic as the Cardinal Master  
presents her with a sword

Myrin triumphantly UNSHEATHS her new weapon - it's the  
broken sword from her vision quest, newly forged whole

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE "ONE YEAR LATER"

FADE IN

INT. A BARN - DAY

WHAM!

A MAN falls into the frame - beaten horribly

THREE NERVOUS THIEVES are catching their breath in a creaky  
barn with a bag of loot and a half-dead hostage.

ANIMALS mill about as though nothing is happening.

FIRST THIEF  
(to second)  
Fucking stop!!

SECOND THIEF  
(bleeding - indicates Man)  
This asshole stuck me!

THIRD THIEF  
Not lethal.

MAN  
\*groaaaaaan\*

THIRD THIEF  
(to first)  
I thought you had a plan!

FIRST THIEF  
We did the plan!

THIRD THIEF  
Which part!?

FIRST THIEF  
Come on - got the jewelry, didn't  
we?

SECOND THIEF

OK, but it's less than half a' what you said, and a fucking column of bounty hunters on our ass! We're gonna get done like dogs for a bag that idn't worth its weight in pigeon shit!

MAN

Please....pleeeeeeeeeeease...

SECOND THIEF

Fuck you!

FIRST THIEF

(to second)

Take my share, OK!? Just...don't kill him over something he got nothing to do with.

THIRD THIEF

Nobody got any share of any thing, fuckbrain! ...hear it?

Silence at first

Then a faint cadence of horse hooves

FIRST THIEF

Holy saint mother, I don't wanna die like this!

THIRD THIEF

Then you better figure out how you do wanna die - before they get here.

Second draws a dagger

First starts to weep

Third grabs a coil of rope from the wall

Second lets out a scream and STABS the hostage over and over...the man (mostly dead already) barely reacts

Third is tying a noose

FIRST THIEF

I shouldna taken nothing didn't belong to me...I knew I shouldna...

First notices a MULE nearby

THIRD THIEF

Pfft, people got enough money to wear it on their neck don't get no sympathy from me.

The sound of galloping hooves grows louder

First throws his arms around the mule for comfort. Second is still stabbing the dead man.

THIRD THIEF

(testing noose)

The fuck you doin' with that animal?

First cries into his new friend as though it were his own mother - Mule does not mind. Third is looking around for something...

A VOICE OF AUTHORITY calls from outside:

CAPTAIN

(O.C.)

Alright, ya shits! We're here in the law's name, so get out and face justice...or we'll come in and show it to ya!

Second freezes for a beat...

- Then begins burying himself in straw, dung, and whatever else is around.

Third fetches a BARREL and rolls it underneath a large rafter

CAPTAIN

(O.C.)

Come on now! Don't make me burn you out!

Third is balancing on the barrel, rigging the noose.

Second is not buried very well...but it's as good as it gets.

FIRST THIEF

(to third - quietly)

Should we go?

THIRD THIEF

(tugs the noose)

I'll hang right here, thanks - don't fancy spending a night



THIRD THIEF  
 gettin' thumbscrewed 'fore I  
 dangle.

First shrinks into the mule. Third puts the noose around his neck.

CAPTAIN  
 (O.C.)  
 I'm startin' a fire, you  
 mouse-brained fucks!

The voice of a nervous FARMER pipes up

FARMER  
 (O.C.)  
 No, no, no! Can't burn my barn,  
 captain! That's my livelihood!

Third takes a deep breath

CAPTAIN  
 (O.C. to farmer)  
 It's the crown's business, ya  
 dragon shit

Third hops off the barrel

NOOSE TIGHTENS - he's hanging

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (O.C.)  
 Not bloody necessary! Just go in!

CAPTAIN  
 Not the point!

WHAM - the doors fly open.

MYRIN is there, sword drawn. Four bounty hunters - call them SCARY, POSH, GINGER, and BABY - are behind her along with the CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN  
 Lightin' a fire is safer for us.

FARMER  
 My animals are in there!

Myrin is CHARGING toward Third - everyone else (excluding Captain) is right behind her.

CAPTAIN

I'm a royal fuckin' guard! You know  
what that means!?

Second pops out of the hay - dagger ready - LUNGING at Myrin

FARMER

Don't mean you gotta burn up  
innocent livestock!

Myrin dodges the attack easily, and keeps her focus on Third

SLICE - the noose severs

Third is on the ground

Captain and the farmer are still arguing, but we can't make  
out what they're saying.

Myrin turns her attention to First. SECOND is already  
SURROUNDED-

- The bounty hunters hack him down without hesitation.

FIRST THIEF

(to Myrin)

Back, back back! You...you bitch -  
you get back! I have magic! I will  
blind you with it!

Second is a meaty pile by now

MYRIN

(shakes her head)

A sin to steal, a sin to kill...and  
a sin to lie.

Myrin SLASHES into the side of First's face

Another strike opens his belly

The last pierces his heart

She approaches Third

THIRD THIEF

(weak)

Why!? You kill them, but you gonna  
make me suffer!?

MYRIN

The life in your body - it is not  
yours to give or to take away.

THIRD THIEF  
So it's yours is it?

MYRIN  
(shakes her head)  
All things under the sky are  
Hers...I am but a sword.

SLASH!

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DUSK

The BOUNTY HUNTERS ride together after a successful day. Most of them are on HORSES, but MYRIN sits on her trusty donkey - a gentle creature called DAMAR.

THREE SEVERED HEADS are tied to the CAPTAIN's saddle.

CAPTAIN  
Well then, Paladin - you gonna  
celebrate with us?

MYRIN  
No money for that.

CAPTAIN  
Bullshit! We gettin' fifteen crowns  
each for this.

MYRIN  
And my vows permit me to keep one.

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER  
Pfft - you can give me the other  
fourteen!

MYRIN  
The other fourteen are to the  
monastery and to the poor.

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
No wonder you dress like shit.

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
Sounds fuckin' terrible. I do this  
work 'cause it pays...wouldn't have  
the heart to show a man his insides  
for less'n ten crowns.

There is a giggle of agreement

MYRIN

I didn't choose the world I live in  
- just the tool by which I change  
it.

CAPTAIN

Mmmm...tool's the sword, is it?

MYRIN

When necessary.

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER

A troll's arse it's 'necessary'.

CAPTAIN

'course it's necessary! We're the  
king's justice.

MYRIN

Whatever it is, I'm not staying.  
Plenty of world to mend.

CAPTAIN

So you're not riding with us  
tomorrow!?

MYRIN

Captain, you sent for help, and you  
received it, but slaughtering horse  
thieves in the name of your king is  
hardly the vocation of a Paladin.

CAPTAIN

He's your king too! Treaty or no,  
that monastery sits in Therix -  
makes you Therixine citizens, and  
makes these dragon-shit brigands  
your neighbors!

MYRIN

(shrug)

I'm meant to be kind to my  
neighbors...

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER

Kinder to kill some neighbors,  
really....lot of suffering in the  
world.

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER

Who knows - might even make two  
crowns this time.

Some laughs

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER

Most monks have to beg for silver  
in the market, and here you're  
sending gold up the hill...bet your  
master'd appreciate if you rode  
with us.

MYRIN

A great threat to justice are  
they?...These 'brigands' of yours

CAPTAIN

(smiles)

Like I said a lot of dragon  
shits...

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. THESPIAN'S CAMP - DAWN

ESTABLISHING SHOT:

In a forest clearing - full bloom of summer - two brightly  
painted wagons marked "PLINTZ FAMILY TROUPE" are sitting by  
a cluster of make-shift tents

TWO DONKEYS graze and mill about; EIGHT sets of GNOMISH FEET  
are sticking out of the tent entrances.

All at once, TEN MASKED FIGURES surround the camp - armed to  
the teeth.

They creep closer to the sleeping actors.

FRITZ pulls his mask down: He is 35 and handsome, but a life  
of crime has left him frayed around the edges. He walks like  
a man who thinks highly of himself.

Fritz puts an animal horn to his lips and takes a deep  
breath

HONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNK - the horn lets out a sour note

The thespians awake with a start - call them MOM, DAD, THE  
TRIPLETS, GRANDPA, ROSIE, and ROCKY.

FRITZ

Well good morning! I'm honored to  
be in the presence of the legendary  
Plintz Family Troupe...

Awkward silence - some of the troupe are shaking. Fritz puts the horn away.

FRITZ

Juggling, singing, drama, and acrobatics - it's really quite a show! Why, the people throw silver at your feet in every county of every kingdom in all the world. ....that's how the schtick goes, yeah? When you hold out your hats?

More silence - the troupe are huddling close together. Fritz draws a serrated sword.

FRITZ

Gnomes - a people of few words; I respect that. We're here on behalf of the crown - tax collectors, right?

The Bandits all mutter back in approval "Oh yeah" - "tax collectors" and the like.

FRITZ

Officers of the Royal Court!

ROSIE

You don't look like no soldier.

MOM

GRANDPA

SHH!

Quiet.

FRITZ

(to Rosie)

Questioning the crown?

ROSIE

No...it's just-

FRITZ

(to Rosie)

Show me to the silver, girl.

Mom takes a step toward one of the wagons, but Fritz waves his sword menacingly

FRITZ

(indicate Rosie)

I said her

DAD  
She doesn't have the key!

FRITZ  
Did I ask for a key?

DAD  
No, but-

FRITZ  
Shh!  
(back to Rosie)  
Coin.

Rosie walks nervously toward one of the wagons

Fritz' sword follows closely behind.

The girl disappears inside momentarily and returns with a large wooden chest.

FRITZ  
Shake it for me.

ROSIE  
Wha?

FRITZ  
Jingle it around.

Rosie does as instructed - we hear metallic objects clanking inside.

Fritz smiles and seems satisfied for a beat-

His look goes icy

Fritz LUNGES - putting a long, seeping cut on Rosie's arm

She cries out and drops the chest with a \*THUNK\* - its contents spill everywhere: Stage weapons and armor.

The thespians all start pleading on Rosie's behalf

Fritz motions for silence - they oblige him

PINNNNNNG - Fritz flips a silver coin

He catches it

FRITZ  
Hear that? Silver sings - and tin rattles.

(to Rosie)  
 ...Test me, I'll cut your fuckin'  
 arm off.

MOM  
 No!

FRITZ  
 Now pay your taxes.

Rosie retreats into the wagon, clutching her wound

ROSIE  
 (O.C.)  
 OW!

THUNK - she's dropped whatever she was carrying.

ROSIE  
 (O.C.)  
 Can't carry it! My arm's bleeding!

FRITZ  
 It can get a lot bloodier if you  
 don't pick up that fucking box and  
 bring it here!

\*SCRAPE, SCRAPE\* - she's dragging it

FRITZ  
 For the love of- MOVE IT! Squalling  
 little shitbag.

Rosie drags the box into view - she's bleeding everywhere,  
 and is generally a wreck of a person, but Fritz seems  
 pleased enough.

FRITZ  
 (to his bandits)  
 Load it up!  
 (to the troupe)  
 We're taking the donkeys too.

CUT

FADE IN



EXT. BANDIT CAMP - NIGHT

This is not a permanent hideout; it's a one-night squat for a BAND OF THIEVES and their small FLEET OF PACK ANIMALS.

A large woman named VIOLET is hacking at the loot box with a battle axe while her compatriots share ale around the campfire.

The atmosphere is tense - no one is speaking.

A surly goblin called RUFUS breaks the silence:

RUFUS  
I told you I could pick it!

VIOLET  
(HACK!)  
Mal already tried - lock's weird or  
shit.

RUFUS  
Ugh, people can hear that hackin'  
for miles!

VIOLET  
(HACK!)  
You got a better plan!?

RUFUS  
I said - let me pick it!

A twitchy young woman responds:

MAL  
I said the mechanism's weird.

RUFUS  
Pfft - to you

MAL  
Hey - I'm good with locks, Rufus.

RUFUS  
You're shit with locks!

FRITZ  
Enough already! You two drink -  
it's a fucking celebration.  
(to Violet)  
Violet, stop that 'til morning,  
huh?

VIOLET  
 (tossing the axe aside)  
 Yeah, yeah - you coulda got the  
 keys, Fritz. The man even said  
 about keys!

FRITZ  
 I didn't think a wagon of mee-maw  
 and pee-paw carnie trash could  
 afford a lock like that

MAL  
 It's a gnomish lock - they're  
 gnomes!

FRITZ  
 Are we prejudicializing now? Drink!

Violet snatches Fritz' cup and takes a big, defiant gulp

They stare for a moment

Violet finds a seat around the fire - Fritz stands up and  
 walks toward the ale keg.

VIOLET  
 A song, maybe?

BIRT - the group musician - is only too happy to oblige. He  
 readies his instrument.

Fritz finds an empty cup, wipes the dirt off, and fills it  
 from the keg

BEGIN BIRT'S SONG

The tension seems to dissipate; the leader rejoins his crew,  
 and our merry bandits seem MUCH merrier.

CUT TO

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

BIRT'S SONG PLAYS FAINTLY

The forest is thick around us - a BANDIT CAMP glows faintly  
 ahead.

Our BOUNTY HUNTERS slink into the frame

POV MYRIN (NIGHT VISION): Myrin can see in the dark, but not  
 terribly well

Everything has a 'shadow play' quality as our hero presses forward.

BACK TO SCENE

GINGER sets down a large bag, opens it, and produces a BEAR TRAP - one of those horrible "mouth-on-a-chain" contraptions.

Ginger begins cranking the trap open

SCARY goes to work loading a group of CROSSBOWS one by one.

BABY is CLIMBING a tree

POSH is busily mixing REACTIVE LIQUIDS in little clay pots

CAPTAIN

(to Myrin - whisper)

They're gonna scare 'em a bit - you n' me mop up.

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER

(to Myrin - whisper)

Be right behind you - won't know what's fuckin' em 'til they're good n' fucked!

Myrin nods

CUT TO BANDIT CAMP

EVERYONE SINGS the last few bars of Birt's Song.

FRITZ

(raising his glass)

To all of you.

General approval

The bandits drink

POV BABY: We're in the trees, aiming a LONGBOW directly at VIOLET

BACK TO SCENE

MAL

(to Fritz)

So you're takin' first watch, yeah?

Some laughter....but she kind of means it

FRITZ

Yeah yeah...If you'll peek at that lock again.

MAL

Told you, fuckin' thing's weird!

VIOLET

We ain't startin' with this.

MAL

I gotta sleep anyhow...somebody gotta be sober if the law crawls up.

POSH BURSTS OUT LAUGHING

A chorus of 'SHHHHHH!'

The bandits FREEZE

A moment of silence

A single ARROW cuts through the quiet, BURROWING into VIOLET'S SHOULDER

VIOLET

(severe agony)

Merciful shiiiiiiiiiiiiittt!!!

PANIC IN THE RANKS

Posh TOSSES a jar -

- it BURSTS and IGNITES, like a molotov cocktail

FIRE IS SPREADING QUICKLY

ANIMALS START TO SCATTER

Baby is SHOOTING a steady stream of arrows.

Scary's CROSSBOW BOLTS join in the carnage -

- So do more of Posh's concoctions

There is BURNING, BLEEDING, FLEEING, and DYING

SURVIVORS ARE ALL RUNNING (some crawling)

CAPTAIN

Quit it ya lunatics!

Scary, Baby, and Posh cease momentarily

Captain, Ginger, and Myrin CHARGE, and the slaughter continues

Mal, Violet, Birt and Rufus have ESCAPED-

Fritz is RUNNING into the forest - Myrin RIGHT BEHIND

ALL OTHER BANDITS ARE EITHER DYING OR DEAD

CUT TO FOREST

MYRIN CHASES FRITZ

Our brigand gains a little distance -

- He HIDES behind a tree, smooth as a snake

POV MYRIN (night vision): She's looking around, confused

ON MYRIN

Searching for any sign of her foe...but she's a monk, not a huntress.

BACK TO FRITZ

The bandit gives a sly little smile and begins to slip away....then-

SNAP!

Fritz SCREAMS

CLOSE ON FRITZ' LEG: The BEAR TRAP has him all the way up to the knee, and it's literally crushing his bones

FRITZ  
(such pain)  
AHHHHH!!! AHHHH!!! Mercy! MERCY I  
SAY!! Mercyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!

He's on the ground

Myrin is there now - her eyes go from the trap to Fritz' eyes and back....

She's frozen for a moment

SNAP! - something in Fritz' leg gives (probably a bone)

FRITZ  
(may or may not be crying)  
Fuck! Ahhhhhhh noooooOoooOooO!!  
Saint mother's tits!...You deformed

FRITZ  
 me!! A fuckin' woman! It's in cold  
 blood, I say! Cold  
 bl0o00oo0o00o0o00o0d!!!!!!!

Fritz' HEAD SEPARATES from his body

CUT TO

EXT. BANDIT CAMP - NIGHT

CAPTAIN is trying to PUT OUT one of the burning corpses

CAPTAIN  
 (WHAP!)  
 Ahhh, noooo!! Troll cocks n' gravy!

POSH sniffs the air and glances down at a different corpse.

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (sniff, sniff)  
 Ugh...you smell rotted already, big  
 fellow.

Posh TAKES OFF the big fellow's HEAD

CAPTAIN  
 (to Posh)  
 What kinda piss-thinkin' idea is  
 it, burnin' up our trophy like  
 that.  
 (indicates corpse)  
 Can't get the reward from this  
 fucker, given his grandma couldn't  
 recognize what's left.

SCARY - trying to PICK the LOCK on Fritz' loot chest

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 Looks exactly like his poster to me

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (collecting heads)  
 We're each getting thirty crowns  
 for this pile - why be greedy,  
 captain?

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER  
 'Cause thirty six is a bigger  
 number.

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER  
This fuckin' lock!!!

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
A gnomish lock is guaranteed...

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER  
What?

CAPTAIN  
True!

Baby has not been paying attention - he's COLLECTING a VIAL OF BLOOD from one of the victims

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER  
(to Baby - disgusted)  
Yechhh! Thought only priests and old ladies did that.

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
(shrug)  
I like tradition.

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
Pretty old 'tradition'

MYRIN returns from the forest - carrying FRITZ' HEAD

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER  
(notices first)  
Lookie there! Forty crowns.

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
(to Captain)  
See?

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER  
The sanctuary brat has killer's heart after all.  
(back to lock)  
Advice on this, brat?

Myrin DROPS the head

CAPTAIN  
(actually impressed)  
Ehhhh, now! Chief himself. They say Fritzy here's stole a silver coin from every man on earth.

GINGER BOUNTY HUNTER  
 Only 'cause they don't know no  
 other thief's name.

CAPTAIN  
 Great victory for the law, Paladin!  
 You did yer Gods proud.

MYRIN  
 Goddess...only one.

GINGER GIGGLES

CAPTAIN  
 I'm tryin' to give ya  
 congratulations in the King's Name,  
 but you can stick it in a troll's  
 twat if yer in a correctin' sort of  
 disposition.

GINGER LAUGHS

MYRIN  
 I'm staying at a shrine two miles  
 west - bring my pay there.

CAPTAIN  
 Just leaving!?

SCARY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (thinks the lock is turning)  
 Eh now, don't miss out on all this  
 sh-  
 (nope)  
 ...shit - lots of keepsakes for  
 all.

POSH BOUNTY HUNTER  
 And we're staying in some petty  
 noble's guesthouse - feather beds  
 and wine, wine, wine...won't cost  
 you a dot.

MYRIN  
 (walking away)  
 Thanks, no need

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (going after her)  
 Wait a sec! I'm goin' there too.

Myrin turns



BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 Shrine - goin' there too. Hang up a  
 tick.

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. COUNTRY SHRINE - NIGHT

Built of thick, rotting wood, this tiny sanctuary is practically falling down. Nonetheless, it is both ancient and beloved; holes have been lovingly patched by generations of the faithful.

MYRIN and BABY BOUNTY HUNTER are riding toward it

They reach the shrine, dismount, and head for the front door, leading their animals.

Baby gives a "wait a moment" gesture and digs through his bags

A MASSIVE STATUE stands near the door

It is the stone effigy of a Dwarven man - beautifully armored and grotesquely muscular. His feet and lower legs are caked with DRY BLOOD

Baby has located his vial of blood - he approaches the statue and pulls out the cork.

Baby SPLASHES BLOOD on the idol's feet

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (looks down reverently)  
 Norsa deík - Donapha. Eit vrecht  
 yült sueng mig y'negéz.  
 (looks up, exhales)  
 ....Okie.

MYRIN  
 (trying not to be offensive)  
 This is common to your people?

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (has heard it before)  
 Not exactly...Therixine gods are  
 war gods, and Donapha  
 (indicates the statue)  
 gives my family a blessing if I  
 gift him blood from a battle. Least  
 what my grandmommy told me.

(short pause)  
 Not wise to disagree with her...

Myrin is trying to figure out the most polite way to knock  
 She TAPS TIMIDLY on the door

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 (indicating)  
 Bell

It's hanging just above Myrin's head

She SHAKES THE BELL gently....

VERY LOUD "RING-A-DINNNNNNNNNNNNG"

A moment passes

The door opens a crack, and an OLD DWARF with one eye  
 (PWIRK) is peeking out

PWIRK  
 Who's there then?

MYRIN  
 Uh...I'm Myrin...Paladin of Mookah;  
 the big monastery up-

PWIRK  
 (door opens wider)  
 That old place! Eyesore if you ask  
 me. Too fat for that little hill  
 \*COUGH\*.  
 (appraises Myrin)  
 Woman Paladin...funny people up  
 there...always were. Both from the  
 hill then?

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
 No sir, here on my own volitionism.  
 (shows empty vial)  
 Payin' homage

Pwirk looks Baby up and down

PWIRK  
 (nods)  
 Young fellow respectin' the ways of  
 his elders! Don't see much-a that  
 nowadays...not with that... "music"

Pwirk swings the DOOR WIDE OPEN and starts to walk inside

PWIRK  
 Alright; get in, get in.

They follow

CUT TO

INT. DONAPHA SHRINE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Numerous stone figures - all covered in burning candles and melted wax - form a permanent congregation in this otherwise empty shrine.

The room is dominated by an ENORMOUS STONE FOOT at the front

BABY immediately removes his shoes

MYRIN is oblivious

PWIRK - already barefoot - gives her a very stern look

She quickly starts pulling off her boots

PWIRK  
 Against our ways to refuse lodgings  
 to a Paladin...still, not used to  
 foreigners in this house.

Baby starts reverently toward the giant foot

MYRIN  
 There's a saying - 'no strangers  
 among the faithful'

PWIRK  
 Huh...we got a different one  
 'strange gods for strange folks'

Baby's in a sort of trance - kissing the idol and mumbling a Dwarvish prayer

INSERT: Damaged armor, torn clothes, blood stains, bruised knuckles

Pwirk notices - seemingly for the first time - that his guests are filthy from a fight

PWIRK  
 Still...I 'spect even strange folk  
 like a bath after...guard duty is  
 it?

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

(done praying)

No, Elder sir - it's the bounty business for us.

(to Myrin)

Idn't it, right?

MYRIN

(reluctant)

Well...mister Elder

PWIRK

Pwirk

MYRIN

Pwirk, sir, I go where the Goddess calls.

PWIRK

mmm calls for good work then - king's enemies are the Gods' enemies - says that on the First Stone.

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

Aye it does!

PWIRK

(calling to someone O.C.)

BOY! Guests - need a bath. And put some clothes on; got a woman here!

CUT

FADE IN

INT. GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

The room is modest but cozy; a place which has received many travelers for many years.

BABY sits in a tub of steaming water

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

(singing)

Oh if I was a dandy, I'd have a dandy elf - we would dandy in the kitchen, we would dandy on the shelf - So dandy every day 'til she said "go dandy yourself" - OooOoO if I was a dandy, I'd have a dandy elf! HEY!

MYRIN'S VOICE - there's a privacy curtain between them

MYRIN

(O.C.)

Oy! Can you sing the tavern songs a bit faster? Water's gonna be cold by time I get in!

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

Not tavern songs, elf girl - sailing songs.

(starting another)

OoOoOoO-

MYRIN

Whatever they are, be quick about it...and - not it matters - but I'm half elf

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

Which half?

MYRIN

Not your business

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

(snicker - washing)

Mom's side then...ones from mom's side always got a snake up their arse about it...elf magic lives through father's blood, right?

MYRIN

No proof of that!

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

Hey, I got no dog in this.

MYRIN

Anyway, I don't need a certificate from the Elvish Union to tell me what is or isn't in my blood...you and them can both stuff it sideways!

Baby's on his way out of the tub - sees a mirror

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

(admiring himself)

Hey, hey - you brought it up; I just asked a question. But like I said, fat fuckin' snake in your twat.

(doing his hair)

....And not no greeny shit grass snake neither - talkin' about a

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
colossus ass monster...a mud  
strangler or something.

Myrin APPEARS behind him - looking sour

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
(covering himself)  
OY! Not done here, you peepy little  
bitch.

She starts to strip - genuinely uninterested in him

MYRIN  
Get done

Baby is frantically gathering his things

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
(trying not to look at her)  
We are in a sacred house! Men and  
women aren't even supposed to touch  
in here, you adulturescent  
madwoman!

Myrin's in the tub

Baby rushes BEYOND THE CURTAIN and dresses quickly

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
No...you're right - Elvish Union  
got no idea how much elf you can  
fit in a cunt little half-breed.  
Got your whole fuck-ass outlook  
from the pointy side of the tree!

MYRIN  
(calm)  
This little half-breed has a sword  
- should you care to say it twice.

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER  
(walking away)  
Jeez, when ya open your heart to a  
fuckin' elf...

DOOR SLAMS

Our heroine breathes a sigh of relief

She relaxes for a beat

POV MYRIN: We go under the water....we come back up

Everything is as we left it

We go under the water...we come back up

A FRIGHTENED MAN HAS APPEARED IN THE TUB

It's FRITZ - fully clothed, seemingly unharmed, and confused beyond description.

ON MYRIN: She startles, covers herself, and stares in disbelief

MYRIN

(almost a whisper)

A...are you a messenger?...from the Goddess?

FRITZ

(closes his eyes)

No...no no no no no no...I'm just here - just fuckin'...here. Not from a goddess. ....Ah tits! is this the here-and-after? Sittin' in a lukewarm bath with...who the fuck?

MYRIN

(still covering)

What!? No!...this is just a bath - my bath, and you're getting the heck out of it right now, you - you...you... diseased apparition!

FRITZ

(covers his eyes and stands up)

Not no "aporation" - just a man, confused as you are; here in the old tub. Gotta keep it rational.

MYRIN

Ratonal!?

FRITZ

(looking away and stepping out)

Yeah, well- must be a goddess, like you said...kay - gimme just a..

(deep breath)

I thought I was dead - right - but with my dying breath, I called out to the saint mother, and she healed me. True tale!

MYRIN  
 (indignantly washing)  
 I heard you cursing, not praying.

Fritz opens his eyes, looks at Myrin, does a double take,  
 and speaks

FRITZ  
 Wait, wait wait wait wait...you  
 fuckin' cock-fizzly little

Fritz DIVES at her -

Myrin tries to DODGE - not enough room

They're both flailing stupidly in the tub

Fritz gets a GRIP ON HER THROAT

INSERT: Myrin's sword is with her clothes

INSERT: Fritz' GRIP TIGHTENS

INSERT: Fritz' neck - BRUISES ARE APPEARING as if he too is  
 being strangled

THUD: Myrin's knee hits his stomach - hard

THEY BOTH FEEL IT

Myrin ROLLS BACKWARD - out of the tub and out of danger

A beat while they recover

Myrin retrieves her SWORD

MYRIN  
 (winded)  
 I don't know...anything here...but  
 it's not the Paladin's way to kill  
 a man twice  
 (gestures him out)  
 so...

FRITZ  
 Oh, you're the generous one, eh?  
 Lucky I don't strip your mom's skin  
 off with a pair of sheers, you cold  
 blooded bitch! Some fucking  
 'Paladin'...hope you sleep light,  
 'cause I'm coming to stick that  
 shitty sword in your belly.



Fritz tries to storm out, but - when he reaches a distance of FOUR METERS - a MAGICAL TETHER appears around both of their necks.

THEY ARE JOINED AT THE THROAT

A BEAT while they process this new information

Fritz TUGS HARD at the tether

Myrin is JERKED FORWARD

She PULLS BACK

Fritz FACEPLANTS - his nose is bleeding

Blood is dripping down Myrin's face as she hastily dresses

FRITZ

Ahhh shit on my mother's grave!  
This is it? This is eternity!?

THE TETHER VANISHES

MYRIN

(wipes the blood)  
No no...we're keeping rational,  
right?

FRITZ

Rational!?

MYRIN

(still dressing)  
Dead men can't bleed.

FRITZ

OK, why not?

MYRIN

They're called 'dry ones' - in the  
Old Scrolls, I mean

FRITZ

Oh, well "the Scrolls" say it, must  
be true! Let's hit Fritzy again,  
let's pop out his eyes - "the  
Scrolls" say he'll be dry at the  
end, so fuck it!...you know, I  
want to be chained to a smarter  
twelve year old!

MYRIN  
 (wringing out her hair)  
 Nineteen, thanks. And - given my  
 choice - I wouldn't take a middle  
 aged silver hoarding ph-phallus!

FRITZ  
 Barely thirty....and you fuckin'  
 killed me, "paladin"!

Myrin leaves the bathing area and stands FACE TO FACE with  
 Fritz

MYRIN  
 Way you been all your life, someone  
 had to - I did it clean!

FRITZ  
 Don't know how it's clean to  
 cripple a man!

MYRIN  
 Trap wasn't mine.

FRITZ  
 The fuck it wasn't!

MYRIN  
 The fuck it wasn't.

FRITZ  
 Sayin' I believe you - even if -  
 you still clipped my head off when  
 I was calling for mercy with tears  
 in my eyes....that's a Paladin's  
 mercy!?

MYRIN  
 I mean you have to- ...Mercy is  
 relative!

FRITZ  
 So the glowing-ass paragon of  
 goodness on earth is a book-humping  
 philosopher now!? You chose today  
 to get fuckin' relative??

Awkward silence

MYRIN  
 OK...so I'm not...you know...look,  
 you said: I'm not exactly the most  
 'seasoned' Paladin

FRITZ

It ain't about seasoning, cunt -  
it's about good. I may not be the  
bookiest fellow out there, but I  
know Paladins are meant to do good!

MYRIN

Coming from a man who-

FRITZ

Killed his brother, ate the king's  
horse, and swiped a coin from every  
man in the world!? Yeah - I'm a bad  
fucking guy. I'd wipe my ass with  
your 'scrolls', slit your throat,  
light you on fire, and fuck  
whatever's left. I'm a  
bad fucking guy, and I live up to  
that.

(beat)

The fuck you living up to, little  
girl?

CUT

FADE IN

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAWN

Goat skin covers the windows instead of glass, and it glows  
a pleasant yellow as the sun rises.

MYRIN - seemingly alone - is asleep on a straw mat.

A BEAT - BIRDS ARE CHIRPING

Myrin Stirs

She opens her eyes, stares at the ceiling for a moment,  
sighs, and begins to work her way out of bed.

She dresses, puts on her sword belt, and begins to  
leave...then -

The TETHER appears along with FRITZ - he's sleeping on the  
floor

FRITZ

(grabbing the tether)

ACK! The fuck!

MYRIN  
I have to pray

FRITZ  
(rolls over)  
Do it in here

As he begins to sleep, he begins to DISSOLVE

MYRIN  
I have to pray under the open sky

FRITZ  
Well la-tee-da and tu-tu-blu. Not  
now!

MYRIN  
(jerks the tether)  
Hey! You might sleep all day, but I  
have more to do than cut purses and  
hand the contents to local whores.

FRITZ  
You know, it's a shitload of work,  
stealing. You gotta learn fast, use  
your head, stay moving. Impatient  
cunts don't make it for long.

MYRIN  
Well la-tee-da and tu-tu-blu. Get  
up!

Fritz makes a RUDE GESTURE and rolls over

Myrin grabs the tether and DRAGS HIM by his uncooperative  
neck

CUT

FADE IN

INT. DONAPHA SHRINE - DAY

PWIRK and BABY are deep in prayer, and a YOUNG DWARF is  
lighting and replacing candles all over the sanctuary

MYRIN and FRITZ slip in from the guest area and try to make  
their way outside without being seen

Pwirk looks up - directly at Fritz - but it's not the Fritz  
we're used to

WHEN PEOPLE (other than Myrin) SEE FRITZ, THEY DO NOT SEE  
HIM AS HE WAS - THEY SEE A MAN WE WILL CALL **MUGGLE FRITZ**

Pwirk looks back at Myrin...back to Muggle Fritz...back to Myrin

PWIRK

(snort)

Didn't see him come in. ...Y'know,  
I was led to think Paladins  
are...virtuous

FRITZ

(to Myrin)

The Elder agrees with me

MYRIN

(worried they recognize Fritz)

Uh I mean...this is just...NO! He's  
just - he's...

PWIRK

(worried they fucked in his  
guest room)

Oh we all know who he is!

Myrin and Fritz are frozen

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

Troll-quim on toast, girl!

(to Pwirk)

She was like this with me too! All  
"nakey nakey tub time"...and I  
wouldn't have none of it, no sir.

MYRIN

Wait, I-

PWIRK

Good lad.

FRITZ

Just what do I look like to you!?

INSERT: MUGGLE FRITZ

BABY BOUNTY HUNTER

Like the type o' dick I'd expect to  
see in an elf

MYRIN

(to Baby)

Obsession, duly noted!

Muggle Fritz throws his ARM AROUND MYRIN

She recoils at first

FRITZ  
 (to Baby)  
 That's right - we're in love!

Myrin tries to play along - she's a bad actress

MYRIN  
 Yes?

FRITZ  
 My mom was like you...told me the  
 elvish sold their souls to a tree

MYRIN  
 What!?

FRITZ  
 Shh.

MYRIN Hey, I- FRITZ  
 (raised voice)  
 The point!

FRITZ  
 The point is - darling - our love  
 is poetry, and I will not have it  
 impu-tated in a Holy Shrine!  
 (walking to the door)  
 Come on. Let's leave these fools to  
 their...foolery.

PWIRK  
 Wait, but how'd he get in!?

CUT TO

EXT. COUNTRY SHRINE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As soon as the door closes, MYRIN immediately SHOVES FRITZ  
 away

MYRIN  
 I'm unbelievably sick of everyone  
 having a ha-ha on my heritage! So  
 if we're gonna get through this, I  
 need you to stop.

FRITZ  
 Not my fault elves are  
 superior-acting as all fuck

MYRIN

Half elf - I'm half elf! And the only difference between humans and elves is which half they say I am.

FRITZ

You are one miserable little girl, aren't you?

MYRIN

(draws her sword)

Shut up

FRITZ

Hey now -

MYRIN

Shhh!

She looks away from Fritz and toward the open sky, throwing her arms open as if to embrace the whole of it.

Fritz sits down - looking bored

Myrin begins her SWORD FORM with a calm and fluidity we've never seen from her.

FRITZ

What in the holy...did I get beat by a dance-hall bitch?

MYRIN

Shh!

She continues her form

FRITZ

So I been thinking about this - you know, the whole thing we're in now, and I'm thinking it doesn't have to be bad, right?

MYRIN

(still moving)

Not right now.

FRITZ

Look, I know you were doing your job, I was jobbing my job, and we had a natural ass, unavoidable conflict - like a scorpion and a wasp kind of thing

Myrin is still doing her form

MYRIN

Um?

FRITZ

It's a famous fucking thing where the scorpion needs a ride, and the wasp stings it and they both die.

MYRIN

Uhh, never heard about it

FRITZ

Well anyway, moral is that nature sets shit up so certain things gotta kill each other, and that's how it was with us...so I'm trying to say I don't want grief as much about what's past...I'm trying to get acquainted, you know?

Myrin finishes her form, sheathes her sword, and looks much more calm than she did before

MYRIN

Me too...and you're right - I took a vow...and that vow has nothing to do with sell-swording around the countryside. Whatever it means to be a Paladin...it wasn't that.

(beat)

Come on. If we make good time, we can get there by tomorrow.

FRITZ

Get where?

MYRIN

Home. The Cardinal Master knows everything - he'll know what to do.

CUT

FADE IN

A DIRT ROAD, POURING RAIN - DAY

It's been raining for quite a while, and the path is mostly mud at this point...thick, hoof-swallowing mud.

FRITZ is riding an uncooperative DONKEY while MYRIN tries to lead the poor creature.



FRITZ

Gotta get somewhere we can stay for the night. Gettin' nowhere, no-way in this slop!

MYRIN

No money.

FRITZ

That's a fucking lie! Sixty crowns on my head last I looked...that's at least five years honest work!

MYRIN

And that's exactly why we left without collecting the reward - blood money.

FRITZ

So you spilled the blood now you're too good for the money!?

MYRIN

I'm trying to show remorse!

FRITZ

Fuckin' show it where I ain't getting wet!

MYRIN

OK - your turn to walk.

FRITZ

Look, even if we push the animal 'til he falls over, this road's a creek, and there's no way we make whatever bumpkin-fuck sanctuary you got in your head.

(dismounts)

Here's what we're gonna do: We're gonna get somewhere, get dry, and try again tomorrow.

MYRIN

So a little rain, and 'give up' is the best advice I can get from a highway robber?

FRITZ

Fuck yeah it is! You don't live long in that trade by bein' bold - you live by getting out before you get got.

BEAT

MYRIN

Even if...there's a lot of road  
between us and the nearest inn.

FRITZ

(smiles)

Nah - I know a place.

MYRIN

Place with no cost?

FRITZ

(nods, points)

That way. Hop up on the old pony.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. A WOODLAND SHACK, RAIN - DAY

This looks more like a dilapidated tool shed than an inn.  
It's tiny, and the whole structure creaks, leaks, and sways  
in the wind.

A young woman - DIJA - is braiding leather cords near the  
entrance; she is half elf and quite beautiful, but her eyes  
betray a certain harshness.

MYRIN and FRITZ approach; Dija looks up but does not venture  
into the rain

FRITZ

Hey - we need a bit of assistance  
here.

DIJA

Fuck off - got nothing for beggars

FRITZ

No no, ain't beggars; we got coin  
and we need lodgings.

DIJA

You fuckin' daft? It look like we  
got rooms in this place!?

It does not

FRITZ

Hey now - a little hospitality.  
We're friends of Fritzy  
four-finger.

This peaks her interest...but not positively

DIJA

Fritzy got no friends no more  
-dumb-fuck's dead. Spear shoved up  
his backside by an elf, what I  
heard.

(smiles)

All the way up, too - his tiny  
balls came out his tiny mouth

Dija laughs and does her best impression of this

FRITZ

You gonna show us to the hole or we  
just gonna say what we heard?  
...'Cause I hear all sorts of shit!

DIJA

Alright alright, Fritzy's friend.  
Where's that coin you mentioned?

Fritz passes Dija one gold crown

Myrin stares angrily

Dija motions them inside

CUT TO

INT. CREAKY SHACK, RAIN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The inside is barely more livable than out and only has  
accommodations for one person. Walls are covered in leather  
goods - apparently for sale.

There are buckets everywhere in a futile attempt to fight  
the rain.

Dija goes to a particular place on the floor, STOMPS A  
PATTERN, and waits

BEAT

A TRAP DOOR OPENS - REVEALING THE MOUTH OF A CAVE

DIJA

Down you go: Donkey to the left,  
tavern straight ahead, ladies to  
the right.

MYRIN

So I go right?

Dija is amused at her guest's apparent innocence

DIJA

No, dear - companion ladies.

(to Fritz)

This girl know where you took her?

FRITZ

Oh her?...she's a runaway - don't know shit about shit, truth told. Rich girl, needed somethin' to get into, so she got in trouble, and now I'm lookin' after her.

Dija's impenetrable snark softens

DIJA

(to Myrin)

We got a lot of stray kittens 'round here, sweetie. Need something, ask for Dija - kay?

MYRIN

Uh...who's that?

DIJA

(indicates herself)

I run the front 'til dark, be down after.

(motions to the cave)

Now get - can't have the door hangin' open.

CUT TO

INT. BRIGAND'S INN - MAIN CORRIDOR

For a leaky cavern, it's surprisingly homey. Sounds of merriment echo throughout, oil lamps line the walls, and various forgotten people exchange pleasantries in the hall.

MYRIN and FRITZ lead the DONKEY down a side route

CUT TO STABLES

The left chamber is a massive room with straw on the floor, plenty of ANIMALS, and a number of FEMALE ATTENDANTS.

A STABLE GIRL approaches and takes hold of Damar the Donkey's bridle

STABLE GIRL  
Hello there - this fellow all you  
got?

MYRIN  
Uh...yeah - only one

STABLE GIRL  
What's his name then?

MYRIN  
Damar

STABLE GIRL  
Anybody else in here know that?

MYRIN  
Uhh...no?

STABLE GIRL  
Good then - use his name to pick  
him up later; I'll tell the girls.

Fritz and Myrin nod and start walking back down the hall

FRITZ  
Well, I'm heading off for a tick

MYRIN  
Whose money was that?

FRITZ  
Whose money was what?

MYRIN  
The coin you gave her - Dija. Where  
did you get it?

FRITZ  
Had it in my pock before I had my  
'incident'

MYRIN  
Sure about that?

FRITZ  
You know, trust is something we  
gotta build here, so get some trust  
bricks and stack 'em on up!

MYRIN  
Trust bricks?

Awkward silence

MYRIN  
I can't leave you alone anyway.

FRITZ  
Why not? Bricks!

Myrin tugs at her neck - miming 'tether'

FRITZ  
Fuck...well, together we go then

Myrin starts walking toward the tavern....Fritz is angling toward 'companionship'

The TETHER stops both of them

FRITZ  
Come on now - been a hard road. I got tension.

MYRIN  
Suppose it just happens you had two coins in your pocket?

FRITZ  
Just so happens!

MYRIN  
Well I'm not doing it.

FRITZ  
Doing what!?

MYRIN  
Sitting there bored while you...indulge

FRITZ  
Really now - it won't take long

MYRIN  
Oh I'm sure it won't - still don't want to listen

FRITZ  
Plug them ears!

MYRIN  
It's not just that!

FRITZ  
For fuck's sake - what else!?

MYRIN

Given what happens when one of us  
gets hurt, it's not...impossible  
we share other sensations

FRITZ

Hmm

MYRIN

Besides, you don't even know if  
everything's working.

FRITZ

You questionin' me as a man!?

MYRIN

Don't be so sensitive! Technically  
you're not even a man - you're a  
spirit

FRITZ

Technically you don't know what I  
am; you're gonna ask 'the master'  
about all that, and while master  
ain't here, I wanna get my dick  
sucked!

MYRIN

Do you possess within you the  
single, slightest drop of courtesy  
or restraint!?

CUT TO

INT. BRIGAND'S INN, COMPANION'S CHAMBER - LATER

This enormous cavern has been separated into small,  
individual rooms by cloth dividers. We can't see what's  
happening inside any of them, but we can certainly infer.

The air is full of giggling, groaning, and wet fleshy sounds

MYRIN is trying her best to meditate outside one of the  
rooms...but it's not going very well

FRITZ' VOICE echoes loudly

FRITZ

(O.C.)

Tarkanweld the dogcatcher shall  
have no stray bitches in his city!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
ARF! ARF!

FRITZ  
(O.C.)  
What's that noise!?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr!

FRITZ  
(O.C.)  
Oy there, ye masterless creature!

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Grrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr!!!!

Myrin lets out the deepest sigh she is capable of...Fritz and his companion carry on.

DIJA wanders bt, notices Myrin, and seems perplexed

DIJA  
The fuck you doin' in here?

Myrin points to Fritz' chamber

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
Hey, not so grabby, Mr. Dogcatcher!  
Bruise me and it costs.

FRITZ  
(O.C.)  
Fuckin' keep in character!

DIJA  
(shakes head)  
You'll regret depending on men like him.  
(motions Myrin up)  
Come on, I'll get you a drink.

Myrin shakes her head sadly

Dija sits next to her

DIJA  
Kay - I'll sit here then...and I bore easily, so you gotta tell me something.



MYRIN  
 (at a loss)  
 Um, OK...

DIJA  
 Well?

MYRIN  
 Well I - I don't know. Say  
 something about you. You go first.

DIJA  
 Alrighty - let's see: My dad was  
 the elf of the family. You?

MYRIN  
 Mother...

DIJA  
 Ah, couldn't go to Elvish schools  
 then?

MYRIN  
 (clearly bitter)  
 No.

DIJA  
 Well, they're very beautiful.

MYRIN  
 Please don't-

DIJA  
 But not much on the inside...  
 ¿Ervlitch zpinnk?

SUBTITLE: "Do you speak Elvish?"

Myrin shakes her head

MYRIN  
 Just a few words. Cousins thought  
 it was funny to trick me to saying  
 dirty things in public.

DIJA  
 Elf talk is real simple. Hang  
 around me and you'll be reciting  
 poems by morning.

MYRIN  
 Dahs'nnk

SUBTITLE: Thank you

DIJA  
 (smiles)  
 Minnit

MYRIN  
 You know what Fr- what he said  
 about me outside; it's bullshit.  
 I'm not-

DIJA  
 (motions for silence)  
 Half of what's said anywhere's  
 bullshit. No one here cares where  
 you really from.

MYRIN  
 No I mean I just-

DIJA  
 Don't say nothing you ain't  
 supposed to tell. We're all  
 runaways here. Let's talk about  
 something fun.

MYRIN  
 Like what?

DIJA  
 Men?

MYRIN  
 What!?

DIJA  
 Lads, fellas, male lovers? What  
 type you prefer?

MYRIN  
 I mean, I dunno - the...good kind?  
 Nice, I mean.

Dija scoots closer

DIJA  
 mmmmm, don't we all. Tell me more.

MYRIN  
 I don't know

DIJA  
 Oh you know, you just don't wanna  
 say.

MYRIN  
 (blushing)  
 Eyes - you see the eyes first.

Dija lightly runs her fingers up and down Myrin's arms

DIJA  
 I see the walk first. Gorgeous  
 people have a gorgeous walk.

MYRIN  
 No they don't, that's ridiculous!

DIJA  
 It's true! You can spot a swordsman  
 by how he walks

MYRIN  
 A swordsman - is what you want?

DIJA  
 I don't wanna talk about me, I  
 wanna talk about you.  
 (inching closer)  
 Had many then?

MYRIN  
 What do you mean?

DIJA  
 (strokes Myrin's cheek)  
 Men, of course!

MYRIN  
 Yeah...of course

DIJA  
 (puts her arm around Myrin)  
 Kissed my first boy at an Elvish  
 school. He just said "Geytsch deg  
 loisey - wheink deg lys'uhnip" and  
 away we go

MYRIN  
 What's it mean?

DIJA  
 Doesn't translate

MYRIN  
 Oh...

DIJA KISSES MYRIN

DIJA  
Like I told you - Elf talk is  
simple.

MYRIN  
Yeah...

For the first time, Myrin looks more like a teenager than a  
Paladin.

MYRIN KISSES DIJA

DIJA  
(whispering)  
My room is this way.

BEAT

MYRIN  
I'm sorry - I don't even know what  
we'd...do.

DIJA  
I'm sure you'll think of something

They kiss again

A WOMAN SCREAMS

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)  
No! No! No no no no no no no! NO!

She EMERGES from Fritz' room - half dressed and wearing a  
dog collar

WOMAN  
(noticing Dija)  
I ain't one to be drawin' lines,  
Miss Dija, but ain't no civil woman  
from civil folk who'd have this  
one!

MYRIN  
What did he do!?

FRITZ also emerges - barely covered at all

FRITZ  
Nothin', I swear on my mother's own  
milk! We was playin' dog pound and  
doin' - you know - the regular!

WOMAN  
 Ain't nothin' 'regular' about that  
 (indicating Fritz' crotch)  
 Thing's cold to the touch!

Myrin bursts out laughing

FRITZ  
 Not funny! It's not fucking funny -  
 I got a condition!

WOMAN  
 No 'condition' I heard of!

FRITZ  
 Come on - I paid good money, and I  
 get when I paid for, right?

WOMAN  
 Kiddin'!? I should charge you  
 double for making me touch  
 that...creature. Not to mention all  
 my friends heard me barking like a  
 twat all night!

FRITZ  
 You said it was fun!

WOMAN  
 (to Myrin)  
 Your husband always this stupid?

MYRIN  
 Not my husband.

DIJA  
 (to Fritz)  
 Ohhhhhh sweetie. You thought she  
 was with you 'cause you're a catch?  
 You believe her when she said it  
 was big?

WOMAN  
 (miming 'small')  
 Soooooo big

FRITZ  
 Alright, you can all get fucked...

Fritz slinks back into the room to dress; everyone else has  
 a laugh at his expense

FRITZ  
(O.C.)  
Get fucked with a fucking  
warhammer!

CUT

FADE IN

INT. DIJA'S ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

We begin in near darkness

The hostess and the paladin are in bed together. MYRIN is  
sleeping, DIJA is not; both are naked beneath the blankets.

A LITTLE GIRL enters and begins to REFILL the OIL LAMP

Dija motions for quiet

The girl looks at Myrin, snickers, and lights the lamp

GIRL  
(whispering)  
That's not a boy!

DIJA  
Shh!

The girl tries to stifle her laughter - she fails

Myrin startles awake and goes for her SWORD

DIJA  
Hey, hey, hey - it's just a kid!

GIRL  
I ain't neither; I'm ten.

DIJA  
(to Girl)  
Yeah - real fuckin' mature  
(to Myrin)  
Just go back to sleep

GIRL  
(to Myrin)  
You know you ain't a boy?

MYRIN  
Um...

GIRL  
Did you pay Aunt Dija to sleep  
here?

MYRIN  
(reaching for clothes)  
OK I should-

DIJA  
(to Myrin)  
Don't you dare  
(to Girl)  
Just leave us alone, OK? I'll  
answer all your questions later.

Dija kisses Myrin

Myrin is very uncomfortable

GIRL  
You're real stupid sometimes, Aunt  
Dija.

DIJA  
Maybe...now fuck off!

The girl fucks off

MYRIN  
She's right.

DIJA  
About what?

MYRIN  
This isn't exactly usual

DIJA  
More usual than the dog catcher  
bit.

MYRIN  
Don't you ever worry about - you  
know - cosmic consequences?

DIJA  
Like what?

MYRIN  
Like breaking the polarity of  
things.

DIJA

How?

MYRIN

Everything is divided right? Two natures: Good and evil, sun and moon, man and woman. So what we're doing, it's...like a sky with two suns - out of balance.

DIJA

World's a big place - could be somewhere's got two suns or twelve fuckin' moons. What's it matter? I want you - pretty sure you want me too, so what else is there?

MYRIN

Tradition, for one.

DIJA

OK, I take a lot of shit from a lot of people, but not in here and definitely not from you.

MYRIN

What's that supposed to mean?

DIJA

It means: Don't spend all night with me and get self-conscious in the morning. It's fucking degrading!

MYRIN

No - I'm just trying to figure this out.

DIJA

Look, darling, I know last night was some big discovery for you, and you gotta talk to your mum and five priests, but this is what we are, and - that shame you're feeling - I burned it out of me years ago. So come back when you light your own fire.

(pause)

And get out of my room.

MYRIN

No, wait - you're right. Can we just-just, you know, start over?



DIJA

How?

MYRIN

I'll go back to sleep, and then  
you'll-

DIJA

Kiss you on your neck, and whisper  
a poem I wrote while you slept? How  
old are you anyway?

MYRIN

Almost twenty

DIJA

Stop thinking like a child.

CUT TO

INT. BRIGAND'S INN, COMPANION'S CHAMBER - MOMENTS LATER

FRITZ APPEARS on the floor, just outside Dija's room.

MYRIN is on her way out, looking dejected.

FRITZ

Well, well, well - what have you  
been up to, ya pervy paladin!

MYRIN

We're leaving.

FRITZ

Bad?

MYRIN

We're leaving!

Myrin begins walking briskly

Fritz hurries to keep up

FRITZ

I heard you can use the handle of a  
sword on a woman. You hold it like  
this and-

MYRIN

(tearing up)

Merciful fuck, Fritz! I cannot  
listen to you!

FRITZ  
 (nervously)  
 That's not my name.

Myrin is fighting her tears (and losing)

As they continue through the inn, the WOMEN are giggling and gossiping

CUT TO

INT. BRIGAND'S INN, STABLE

When MYRIN and FRITZ enter, some ATTENDANTS have already begun packing DAMAR.

ATTENDANT  
 (to Myrin)  
 He's almost ready, love.

MYRIN  
 Oh, uh - thanks?

ATTENDANT  
 Nothin' to it. And don't you worry  
 about DiJa. You know elves-  
 (whisper)  
 Real fucking sensitive.

MYRIN  
 (uncomfortable)  
 Yeah...

A STABLE GIRL leads Damar to his mistress, and our heroes turn to leave...but then-

SEVERAL FIGURES appear in the doorway, and a FAMILIAR VOICE calls out:

VIOLET  
 Oy! The fuck is this bloodsucker  
 doin' in a safehouse!?

MAL, VIOLET, BIRT, and RUFUS are all there, blocking the exit.

FRITZ  
 Oh shit

VIOLET  
 (indicating Myrin)  
 You people know who the fuck this  
 is?

No one seems to....

RUFUS

She's a cunt-fuck sellsword -  
gutted Fritzy four finger and half  
his people for a sack o' silver.

VIOLET

That's a cold-eyed killer, and I'm  
gonna cut her skin off and make it  
into a scabbard.

ATTENDANT

You ain't layin' a hand on nobody  
down here. Bad blood stays out of  
the cavern. We got little girls,  
old ladies, and good customers to  
look after.

BIRT

We'll have a talk topside then - no  
trouble.

MUGGLE FRITZ

Now wait just a dog-shitting moment  
- what's this woman supposed to  
have done?

VIOLET

You blind, deaf, and dumb?

MUGGLE FRITZ

Look, she can't have done what you  
say on account of she's been with  
me for three months. I am grieved -  
deeply grieved - to hear of your  
friends' passing, but I swear on my  
mother's milk: My bodyguard had  
nothing to do with it.

VIOLET

Look at her! You think she got  
those scars from honest work?

MUGGLE FRITZ

Aw, like you got yours feedin' the  
hungry!

RUFUS

(to Fritz)

You got objections, we'll kill you  
first - free of charge.

MUGGLE FRITZ

Try it, ya green-skinned wank!

MYRIN

OK - you're right. I am who you say  
I am. I killed for profit, and that  
is a sin.

FRITZ

(to Myrin)

Don't be a fuckin' martyr; you have  
a debt to me!!

BIRT

Shut up!

RUFUS

(to Myrin)

Let's chat about them sins of  
yours.

MYRIN

I don't think that's necessary

VIOLET

Really? What do ya think?

MYRIN

I think all of you should get out  
of our way.

They do not budge

Myrin's HAND goes to her SWORD

ATTENDANT

Hey! I fuckin' said: No blood  
spilled in here!

An OLD WOMAN pipes up from the corner

OLD WOMAN

Don't care who she is! Get these  
assholes out - place is for  
civilized folk!

ATTENDANT

What I'm sayin!

The ONLOOKERS chime in with shouts of "yeah", "get out", and  
the like.

BIRT  
 (to Myrin)  
 Well, you hear 'em. Don't wanna be  
 rude.

MYRIN  
 You first.

FRITZ  
 Myrin! Do not go out there!

MYRIN  
 I'm not afraid of them

VIOLET  
 Fuckin' make you afraid!

OLD WOMAN  
 Enough!!

CUT TO

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHACK - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

The forest is soaking wet from the previous day, but now the  
 sun is high.

MYRIN and FRITZ exit the shack - flanked by VIOLET, RUFUS,  
 MAL, and BIRT.

DAMAR - oblivious - wanders off to munch grass

WEAPONS ARE DRAWN IMMEDIATELY

FRITZ  
 Wait now just a - just wait! OK!?

Violet has TWO SERRATED KNIVES

VIOLET  
 The fuck we waitin' for!?

MUGGLE FRITZ  
 Look, Violet - it's me, right?

VIOLET  
 Me who?

MUGGLE FRITZ  
 Me - Fritz! I'm fuckin' Fritzy,  
 babe.

There is general laughter

FRITZ  
It's true!

MAL  
Don't look nothin' like him.

RUFUS  
Fritzy was ugly, but you're  
hideous, mate!

FRITZ  
No, no - I can prove it! I've known  
all you since-

BIRT  
We saw his head on a gate. Don't  
mock us!

The bandits encircle our heroes

VIOLET  
(to Fritz)  
Lookie, dipshit: Fritz is dead, and  
this cunt is dead too. You can  
either die with her or get the fuck  
out of our way.

Birt is AIMING HIS BOW

Mal is brandishing a CURVED SWORD

Rufus has a HAMMER and a KNIFE

FRITZ  
Gotta believe me, people! You're my  
friends - I'm you're fuckin'  
leader!

AN ARROW FLIES-

-It's imbedded in FRITZ' SHOULDER

The WOUND APPEARS ON MYRIN

MUGGLE FRITZ  
Fuckin' shot me!! The fuck!? You  
jack fuckin'...GAHHHHHHH!!

MAL  
Sure whines like Fritz.

Myrin struggles to keep a grip on her sword

The ARROW SLIDES OUT of Fritz - as if it had stabbed jelly

VIOLET  
 The f-  
     (to Birt)  
 Shoot him again

BIRT  
     (aiming)  
 Righto

Birt RELEASES an ARROW

Fritz braces for impact

MYRIN'S HAND STRIKES THE MISSILE - IT FLIES BACK AT BIRT and sticks in a nearby tree.

VIOLET  
 Kill em!!

Chaos ensues

FRITZ  
 Wait for fuck's sake! We can-

RUFUS IS ON TOP OF FRITZ

Myrin is fencing with VIOLET and MAL simultaneously - she's equal to the task...barely

Birt swaps his bow for his LUTE

Rufus is PUNCHING Fritz repeatedly in the face

BRUISES APPEAR ON MYRIN

She struggles to concentrate through Rufus' barrage

MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY - it's Birt

BIRT  
     (singing)  
 From olden times the tale we tell  
 of how it came to be-

Mal rolls INTO some BRUSH

Myrin tries to keep track, but MAL HAS VANISHED

BIRT  
     (singing - cont.)  
 The gods were all a-swimming in the  
 empty wobbly sea-

Fritz and Rufus are STILL WRESTLING, but Fritz has the upper hand

BIRT  
 (singing cont.)  
 They swam deep down and dug up  
 rocks to build the land we're on-

Myrin - still fighting Violet - is looking around nervously, waiting for Mal's reappearance

BIRT  
 (singing - cont.)  
 And all the things you know and  
 love, they're all carved out of  
 stone-

THE TIPS OF MYRIN'S FINGERS GO GREY - THEY'RE TURNING TO STONE

BIRT  
 Yeah the squirrel and wheat, the  
 people you meet; they're all made  
 out of stone-

FRITZ has Rufus' HAMMER-

- it SMASHES into RUFUS' SHOULDER; something CRACKS

RUFUS  
 Son of a drippin' cunt!!!

BIRT  
 (singing - cont.)  
 Oh you and me and the walnut tree;  
 we're all made out of stone-

THE GREY TRAVELS TOWARD MYRIN'S KNUCKLES

The Paladin drops her guard for a moment to look at her hand

VIOLET LUNGES

Myrin DODGES, but too late

BLOOD SEEPS FROM THE PALADIN'S FLANK

Fritz falters

BIRT  
 (singing - cont.)  
 Yeah you and me and the walnut  
 tree; we're alllll made out of  
 stooonne!



Rufus sticks a KNIFE in Fritz' LEG

Myrin falters

Mal REAPPEARS behind Myrin, and PREPARES TO STRIKE-

BANG!

A BOLT of RED ENERGY hits MAL - she falls

EVERYTHING STOPS

DIJA - eyes glowing - is staring down the bandits

DIJA

If you're smart, you'll back up.

Everyone backs up a step

VIOLET

Tavern slut's a witch!?

DIJA

Tavern slut's a sorceress - and she can disintegrate you.

HALF OF MYRIN'S HAND HAS TURNED STONE

MAL

(to Dija)

A heap o' shit you're steppin' in!

DIJA

Look - you did what you wanted. You scared the girl. So fuck off and get back to your purse-cutting.

VIOLET

Bullshit! She spilt blood of our family. We have a right to satisfaction, Dija - a fuckin' right!

Fritz tries to look authoritative

FRITZ

We're all friends here! Everybody just-

DIJA

(to Violet)

Friends or not - back up or you ain't gonna have no family.

FRITZ  
Please! Nobody do nothin'  
ridiculous-

VIOLET  
You still talkin!?

Dija THROWS a fist-full of DUST into the air

The dust BECOMES a MASSIVE SWARM OF FLIES, all buzzing,  
biting, obscuring vision, and wreaking insect havoc.

Violet is SWATTING a PATH toward Dija

BIRT PLAYS HIS LUTE

Myrin and Mal CROSS SWORDS

The Paladin's eyes are closed...even blind, she is the  
superior swordswoman

HER ENTIRE HAND HAS TURNED STONE

BIRT  
(singing)  
The droughts have left us burnt and  
bare-

The flies remain oppressive

Fritz swings the HAMMER into RUFUS' RIBCAGE-

BONES BREAK

Rufus goes DOWN

RUFUS  
CUUNNNNNNT!!

BIRT  
(singing - Cont.)  
Even fish are thirsty here-

VIOLET LUNGES through the fly-curtain

Her KNIFE is STUCK in DIJA'S SHOULDER

DIJA SCREAMS

BIRT  
(singing - Cont.)  
But saints and spirits who may hear  
will bring our crops some  
raiiiiiiin!

RAIN BEGINS TO SPRINKLE

Fritz is staring at his vanquished friend - horrified with himself

The CLOUD of FLIES starts to SHRINK

Myrin STRIKES MAL - hard

She falls - harder

The RAIN PICKS UP - dispersing more flies

Violet is PULLING at her KNIFE but it's FIRMLY EMBEDDED

Dija CRIES OUT and TOSSES another RED BOLT

It HITS VIOLET directly in the FACE-

Smoke, skin, burnt hair, and Violet herself go spiraling toward the ground.

MAL has VANISHED

THUNK!

An ARROW hits DIJA

For a moment she's too shocked to scream - Dija just stares stupidly at two sharp instruments sticking out of her.

Birt's ready to fire again

FRITZ  
(shouting)  
Truce! Truce for fuck's sake!  
Please - truuuuuuce!!!

DIJA CRUMPLES

Everyone else looks confused

BIRT  
(arrow drawn)  
The fuck you mean!?

RUFUS GETS HIS DAGGER

FRITZ  
You collect your wounded, we  
collect ours. Forget about this!

RUFUS  
How could I forget my old partner,  
Fritz?

Rufus PLUNGES the KNIFE into FRITZ' BACK

Myrin's knees buckle from the pain

SHE IS STONE FROM THE WRIST DOWN

Birt RELEASES an ARROW

Myrin STRIKES the ARROW with her stone hand - it flops harmlessly into the brush

MAL APPEARS BEHIND MYRIN

She SWINGS her curved blade at the Paladin's back

FRITZ DIVES INTO MAL'S SWORD

A GAPING WOUND opens across MYRIN'S CHEST

Fritz falls to the ground

Bleeding, surrounded, stone-handed, and wobbling on her feet, Myrin looks fearless

MYRIN

(eyes closed - whispering)

Great Tsabo, Goddess of the sky and  
all it touches, hear my now

Birt RELEASES his ARROW

FOG BEGINS POURING OUT OF MYRIN'S BODY

Myrin - seemingly in a trance - EVADES the ARROW

IT HITS MAL'S LEG

MAL

AHHhHhHHHhHHh!

As the FOG THICKENS, the RAIN SLOWS and BECOMES MIST

Rufus is feeling his way toward Myrin

FOG OBSCURES NEARLY EVERYTHING

Myrin USES the TETHER to DRAG FRITZ to safety

Rufus is stalking his prey - and he HEARS THEM

Birt swaps his bow for his lute

VIOLET  
Birt? You out there, Birty!?

BIRT  
Yeah, Vi - we got big problems just  
now!

VIOLET  
Don't let 'em kill me, Birty!

BIRT  
Not a chance.

Birt STRIKES a CHORD on his lute - IT MAKES NO SOUND

Rufus SEES MYRIN's outline through the fog

Mal CRAWLS toward Violet

VIOLET  
(swinging wildly)  
No, no no! Please fuck, no - don't  
hurt me!

MAL  
Shit, Vi - it's just me!

VIOLET  
Mal? Tell me 'bout my face - how  
bad, Mal?

Half of Violet's face is BURNT BEYOND REPAIR - she will  
never look the same again

Rufus LUNGES AT MYRIN through the fog

Her eyes are closed, but the Paladin's technique is  
impeccable:

Myrin SIDESTEPS the ATTACK, and TRAPS RUFUS' ARM. One small  
motion and-

SNAP!!

The goblin's KNIFE ARM is BROKEN

RUFUS  
NooOooOoo! Shit no! Shit SHIT!!!

The Paladin uses her LEG to GENTLY (but firmly) PRESS her  
assailant TO THE GROUND

MAL  
 You ain't hurt - blow to the ego is  
 all. Now shut up a tick; we're  
 gettin' through this!

VIOLET  
 Say it ain't true, Mal!

BIRT is furiously RE-TUNING his INSTRUMENT

It MAKES NO SOUND

Myrin - with FRITZ ON HER BACK - finds her way to DiJa

The sorceress REMAINS UNCONSCIOUS

MAL  
 (shouting)  
 Birt! Can't you do nothin' about  
 the fog?

BIRT  
 Can't play. Something's wrong!

MAL  
 Fuckin' how!?

VIOLET  
 Malllll - You gotta help, Mal.

MAL  
 Shut up!

VIOLET  
 Birrrrty!!!!

CUT TO

EXT. FOREST - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

MYRIN stumbles out of the fog and into view: She has DIJA  
 slung over her shoulders and is dragging FRITZ by the TETHER

DAMAR the donkey is grazing nearby

The Paladin takes a few steps, sets down her comrades, and  
 collapses

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY

MYRIN slowly opens her eyes to find herself at a hastily constructed campsite

FRITZ - apparently uninjured - is skipping rocks across a nearby creek.

Myrin fared less well. Her mirrored injuries from Fritz have healed (and scarred), but her own wounds are very present:

Her arm is solid rock...almost to the elbow.

A deep cut on her flank has been (crudely) sutured and dressed, and there's a long slash on her sword arm

DIJA is nearby...still unconscious, Birt's arrow still in her.

Myrin sniffs the air - it stinks

She soon realizes the stink is her. She's soiled herself.

FRITZ

Heyyyy- look who's awake!

MYRIN

(wince)

Yeah...what happened to you?

Fritz examines where his injuries used to be

FRITZ

Me? Oh uh, ain't worse for wear I s'pose. Woke up without a scratch.

MYRIN

AhhHhHH - right now, I kinda wanna be dead.

FRITZ

Got its benefits

MYRIN

(stroking her sutures)

You did this?

FRITZ

Yep - bone for the needle, hair for the thread. Done it lotsa times, and it heals good. No scar or nothing.

Doctors in the audience will not agree

MYRIN

This'll scar.  
 (sigh)  
 I need a bath.

FRITZ

Yeah you do! Only I wouldn't advise  
 gettin' them stitches wet. Water  
 putrefies open wounds - it's well  
 known.

Myrin begins struggling to her feet

MYRIN

No, water cleanses - AhhHhhHhhH!  
 Well known.

FRITZ

Tellin' you: If you go in that  
 creek, your cut'll turn black.

MYRIN

(can't stand straight)  
 If I don't go in that creek, we'll  
 all get dysentery.

She's limping toward the water

FRITZ

Nah - dysentery comes from havin'  
 witches near your well. Poo's  
 curative.

Myrin - modest for once - is taking her clothes off behind a  
 bush

The stone arm makes disrobing VERY awkward

FRITZ

When we'd get the chills, my mum  
 would mix wine with a few different  
 kinds of shit and paint us up in  
 it. Healed me every time - true  
 tale.

MYRIN

That actually work? Sounds  
 horrible.

She begins walking into the creek - it's deep enough to swim  
 in, but Myrin's arm is weighing her down.



FRITZ  
 Hey now, didn't smell a treat, but  
 mum knowed a lot. Taught me to  
 stitch a cut and keep your  
 sanctimonious ass tickin'

As Myrin gets deeper, the TETHER stops her - they're too far apart.

MYRIN  
 Um, could you-

Fritz takes a few steps closer. The TETHER vanishes

MYRIN  
 Thanks

Fritz grunts in reply

MYRIN  
 No, not for that...for the other  
 thing.

FRITZ  
 Don't mention.

Myrin begins washing herself

BEAT

FRITZ  
 Fuckin' Rufus. We grew up together,  
 you know.

MYRIN  
 (washing)  
 Which one is he?

FRITZ  
 Rufus? The mean-ass Goblin. Always  
 was mean.

MYRIN  
 Even as a little boy?

FRITZ  
 (laughing)  
 Yeah! I was a farm kid - like ten  
 or something. Come harvest, I'd  
 sell stuff in town, and that green  
 fucker'd come up with his buddies  
 and be like "Time to pay the toll"-

Myrin pulls her clothes into the creek and uses her stone arm as a washboard

FRITZ

(continuing)

So I'd have to give him something off the cart or let Rufus beat my ass til the goons count twenty. Couldn't afford to pay, so I'd be "Fuckin' go ahead" And Rufus is all BAP! BAP! And his buddy's all "Nineteen - nineteen and a half - nineteen and a bit more" BAP! BAP!

(nostalgic laugh)

And I'd just have to take it 'cause I sure as shit didn't want all of 'em to play!

Fritz is smiling like a schoolboy - he remembers these beatings very fondly

MYRIN

So he robbed you? Almost every day?

FRITZ

Nah, we was friends really. That's just street kids: When they like you, they scuff you up a bit 'stead of takin' stuff. He was trying to see what I'm made of.

Myrin examines her clothes - still not clean

FRITZ

(continuing)

After he did that a few times, he was like "Man, you're tough as shit - wanna make some real money?" And that was that.

(BEAT)

Hope he's OK. I think I hurt him kinda bad.

MYRIN

(lying)

Prolly had worse - I'm sure he's fine.

FRITZ

(also lying)

Yeah, way worse.....

(sigh)

FRITZ  
 It ain't right though - puttin' my  
 brother down with a hammer. He'd  
 never do me that way.

Myrin checks her clothes again - still dirty

MYRIN  
 (Scrubbing)  
 He stabbed you in the back

FRITZ  
 Didn't mean it though - can't  
 recognize me. It ain't the same as  
 knowledgeable smackin' down a life  
 mate over some frizzy sellsword.

MYRIN  
 Why'd you do it then!?

FRITZ  
 Ah, come on - you know why.

Myrin sniffs her clothes - YUCK

MYRIN  
 If you say you're in love with me,  
 I'll drag you under.

FRITZ  
 Your fuckin' dreams! Nah, it's  
 'cause we're part of each other,  
 you and me. I don't exactly know  
 how it works, but I know we're  
 hitched to the same cart, and we  
 gotta pull it up the old hill.

MYRIN  
 (giggle)  
 You really are a farm kid, huh?

She sniffs her clothes again - better!

FRITZ  
 Oh yeah - bred to turn the soil

MYRIN  
 (giving one last scrub)  
 What happened?

FRITZ  
 Told you. Started makin' real  
 money! By the time I figured out I

FRITZ  
could get caught, already had a  
bounty on me.

Myrin emerges from the water and goes behind her  
privacy shrub

FRITZ  
(continuing)  
Guys started lookin' for me at  
mum's house, so I had to move down  
the road - quit causin' trouble,  
know?

The Paladin's clothes (such as they are) now hang over  
branches, drying.

MYRIN  
Have you been back? To the farm I  
mean?

Silence

FRITZ  
You just gonna stand there drippin'  
all night?

MYRIN  
Thought I would borrow your shirt?  
But I really wanna know: Did you go  
back?

FRITZ  
I've had enough o' the old days.  
And fuck no on the shirt!

MYRIN  
Well I gotta wear something  
(touching her wet clothes)  
No way I'm putting these on

FRITZ  
But I'll freeze to death!

MYRIN  
Really?

DIJA  
(groggy)  
Jeeeeeeeeez, shut up, you two!

FRITZ  
Well, well, well.

MYRIN  
Dija!!

DIJA  
 (seeing the arrow)  
 Son of a horse fuck! Get this arrow  
 outta me!

Myrin holds her hand out to Fritz, miming "shirt?"

Fritz rolls his eyes in response

FRITZ  
 (to DiJa)  
 Can't do it; Birt's arrows got  
 hooooks on 'em. If you don't know  
 what you're doin' - and I don't -  
 they cut worse coming out than they  
 did goin' in.

Myrin mimes "Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeze"

Fritz sighs

DIJA  
 The fuck we gonna do about it  
 then!? I can't live like this!

FRITZ  
 (taking his shirt off)  
 Hadn't exactly got to that section  
 of the plan.

DIJA  
 So get to it!!

Fritz hands his shirt to Myrin

She thanks him with her eyes

FRITZ  
 You got magic! Wiggle them fingers,  
 set yourself straight.

DIJA  
 Ain't how it works, smart guy!

MYRIN  
 (struggling to dress)  
 We'll take you back with us. There  
 are trained healers at the  
 monastery.

DIJA  
 Uh uh - I don't belong at one o'  
 them places.

MYRIN

Why not?

DIJA

If there were more dykes out there,  
I'd meet one with a brain.

Fritz starts laughing

FRITZ

Cruel trick of nature, eh, Dija?  
Some Paladin, right?

Myrin glares at Fritz

She's finally finished clothing herself - Fritz' shirt fits  
like a dress.

DIJA

Wait - Paladin?? That's who I'm  
bleedin' for?

MYRIN

(emerging from the bush)  
What's wrong with it?

DIJA

All you people are fucked - that's  
what. You take good kids up that  
hill and send 'em back beggars and  
sellswords.

MYRIN

We are the guardians of a sacred  
order! That Temple was built a  
thousand years before the first Elf  
put a toe on this land.

DIJA

Spare me the sonnet! Your "sacred  
order" was created to train  
soldiers for a war that ended  
centuries ago.

Myrin looks down - almost ashamed

DIJA

(continuing)

But that's how it is with you  
religious types, right? You lost  
the war, you lost the rebellion,  
but you keep handin' out broken  
swords 'cause - one day - you're

DIJA  
gonna cut your way back to the old  
days.

MYRIN  
I made an oath!

DIJA  
The fuck I care!?

MYRIN  
I understand: You don't have to  
care about anything 'cause you're  
advanced, but not me. I'm simple. I  
made an oath, and I know I've  
fucked it all up, Dija - believe me  
I know - but I'm really, really  
trying!

Myrin does her best to storm off, but she can't get very far  
away.

DIJA  
(calling after Myrin)  
Come on, sorry! Just feelin' pissy  
on account of this arrow in me!  
(BEAT)  
(to Fritz)  
I fuckin' hate her.

FRITZ  
Me too....

CUT TO

EXT. BANDIT CAMP - DAY

They don't have much, but they've still got two tents, TWO  
GOATS, an OLD MULE, and FOUR BANDITS.

VIOLET sits intently cutting at a piece of leather. She  
keeps her head down - ashamed of her new face.

MAL and BIRT are huddled over RUFUS, trying to treat his  
injuries. Rufus does not respond.

A fire in the center of camp is dying...

Rufus is dead

Birt gently shuts the goblin's eyes

MAL  
It for him?

BIRT  
(nods sadly)  
He's been dyin' all day. Busted rib  
musta pierced his heart.

Violet cuts harder at the leather

MAL  
(to Rufus)  
Did yourself in, you stubborn  
bastard. Can't let nobody have the  
pleasure.

BIRT  
Nah, not Rufus - he knows  
everything!  
(doing an impression)  
Read the signs, ya soup-brained  
twats!

MAL  
(Rufus impression)  
We saw a black bird with a red  
flower

BIRT  
(Rufus impression)  
And trousers on a horse

They laugh uncomfortably - the other option is to cry.

Violet cuts harder

MAL  
What's next, Birty? What do we do?

BIRT  
Don't know. Guess we fix him up.

MAL  
(indicates her wounded leg)  
I Can't dig. And burnin' him makes  
a shitload of smoke.

BIRT  
I don't wanna dig.

VIOLET  
(shouting)  
Fuck it all!!!!



Her voice echoes through the empty wilderness

She goes back to shaping the leather - more calmly this time.

MAL

I think we could consider  
 (uncomfortable pause)  
 Just - there's a reward for him,  
 right?

VIOLET

You sayin!?!.....

BIRT

I don't know, Mal.

MAL

Good times are up, kids. We're flat  
 on our backs!

BIRT

Everybody's dead but us.

MAL

Exactly: We're beat to scraps,  
 haven't made shit in weeks-  
 (indicating Rufus)  
 And we got twenty - thirty crowns  
 layin' right there.

VIOLET

(jabbing a hole)  
 This a fucked-up talk we ain't  
 havin'

BIRT

I mean, it's-

VIOLET

It's nothin' 'cause no way we're  
 sellin' our brother to the meat  
 market.

Violet measures out a small piece of rope and cuts it

She begins to thread the rope through the leather

VIOLET

Folks like us don't got much place.  
 We step outside the fence, and they  
 hang up our pieces in public.

She holds up the leather contraption: It's a HALF-MASK to cover her half-burnt face.

VIOLET  
 (donning the mask)  
 Too many people I know is stuck up  
 in some square; time one went  
 proper. I'll dig.

Violet begins searching out a suitable grave site

BIRT  
 (standing up)  
 I'll help, Vi

MAL  
 What comes after? We mask up - rob  
 people in the woods like always?  
 Like we didn't lose seven mates and  
 everything else!?

VIOLET  
 We didn't lose nothin; it was took  
 from us! It was took by people who  
 think they got the law with them,  
 but they got it backward: They is  
 criminals, we are the law.

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

A campfire flickers in an awkward silence

DIJA seethes; FRITZ gathers deadfall; MYRIN ignores everyone.

The Paladin is intermittently rubbing and tapping on her stone arm.

DIJA  
 (to Myrin)  
 What're you doing?

MYRIN  
 It's cold. All the time.

DIJA  
 Can you even feel that?

MYRIN  
(still rubbing)  
Sort of, I think.

DIJA  
(sigh)  
Come here

MYRIN  
Nope

DIJA  
Sulky, sulky.

MYRIN  
You said you hate me!

DIJA  
I hate everything - just come here!

Myrin does as she's asked, but she tries to look indignant.

DIJA  
(lifts herself)  
There

MYRIN  
Seriously?

DIJA  
That's what you do when you have  
cold hands. Ain't you got sisters?

MYRIN  
You're hurt; I can't.

DIJA  
Somethin' in your oath about it?

MYRIN  
Don't-

DIJA  
Just let me be nice to you - OK?

Dija pushes herself up as much as she can, and Myrin slips  
her arm underneath

MYRIN  
Tell me if it starts to hurt.

Dija tries to find a comfortable position - there isn't one

Ow! DIJA

Sorry MYRIN

Not you DIJA

The sorceress touches her arrow

MYRIN  
We could break it off at least

DIJA  
S'pose I'd be excused if I don't  
trust a one-arm Paladin and  
-whoever the fuck that is?

MYRIN  
Fritz? I trust him. Stitched me up.

DIJA  
You're stickin' to that story huh?

MYRIN  
He is Fritz - or he was.

FRITZ  
(gathering sticks)  
I'm right here!

MYRIN  
(to Dija)  
It's warm....

DIJA  
See?

FRITZ  
Ignore Fritzy then. He don't mind  
one fartin' fairy fuck.

DIJA  
Talks like him. So he ain't dead?

MYRIN  
He is.

FRITZ  
Nah way!

BEAT

FRITZ  
See, it's complexified on account  
of I got killed, but I ain't dead.

He stoops toward a fallen branch, but the TETHER halts him

DIJA  
(seeing the tether)  
Uhhh?

FRITZ  
Fuckin'...  
(to Myrin)  
Scoot this way a bit?

DIJA  
(to Myrin)  
Peas in a pod, eh?

Myrin replies with an irritable grunt, extracts her arm, and gives her companion some slack.

DIJA  
And the elf who killed him

Myrin nods - ashamed

FRITZ  
(dragging his branch)  
Alllllll in the past

DIJA  
That easy huh?

FRITZ  
Yep

DIJA  
Fritzy four-finger'd turn on his  
people?

Fritz begins snapping the branch into usable pieces

FRITZ  
Didn't turn on no one.

DIJA  
What do you call standin' by a  
sellsword?

FRITZ  
Same thing you call it!

Silence

MYRIN  
I almost didn't go on that raid.  
Could be you'da made it. Changed  
everything.

FRITZ  
That was, what, four days ago?

Silence again

MYRIN  
Four days...

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. MONASTERY HILL - DAY

Our heroes are at the edge of the forest and the foot of a hill. MYRIN's home looms high above.

DIJA is on DAMAR - holding on mostly with her legs. FRITZ is there too.

FRITZ  
Whooo - that's a climb.

MYRIN  
(obviously in pain)  
Path on the other side - easy going  
all the way.

DIJA  
(to Myrin)  
I'm rested all up; your turn to  
ride if you want.

Myrin gestures "no"

We may notice that Myrin's shirt is mysteriously wet

FRITZ  
Awww fuck - she's bleedin'

DIJA  
OOhHh - I told you we needed to  
rest more regular!

FRITZ  
Me too!

DIJA  
 (to Fritz)  
 A drunk coulda patched her better

FRITZ  
 Easy now, my stitches was pretty as  
 tits!

DIJA  
 Floppy fuck troll tits

MYRIN  
 Stop it - we're fine

FRITZ  
 You ain't!

MYRIN  
 I don't wanna stop, I don't wanna  
 think about it; home is right  
 there.

FRITZ  
 Let us have a look. It'll take half  
 o' no time.

Myrin keeps walking - unsteady.

FRITZ  
 You know I'm gonna keep pestering  
 'til you let me.

Myrin rolls her eyes, stops by a tree, and sits down - much  
 harder than she meant to.

Dija gives a "help me" gesture to Fritz; he helps her  
 dismount.

The Paladin takes in heaving gulps of water from a canteen.

DIJA  
 OwwWwwWw, fuck!

MYRIN  
 (to Dija)  
 Shoulda let us break that arrow

DIJA  
 We ain't lookin' at me right now

Everyone stoops over Myrin

Dija gently lifts her patient's shirt, and examines her:

She's a mess of ripped stitches and thick blood

FRITZ  
Awww fuck, it's bad!

MYRIN  
Don't say that

DIJA  
He's right!

MYRIN  
OK, so wrap it, and we'll go.

FRITZ  
Nah, I need to sew this back up;  
you're bleedin' a lake here.

DIJA  
Didn't fuckin' work the first time!

FRITZ  
It worked perfect!

MYRIN  
Stop it!  
(to Dija)  
We both know Fritz is all of why  
we're breathing.  
(to Fritz)  
But there are better healers up  
there if we want it to stay that  
way.  
(to everybody)  
So, please...

Dija reaches for the hem of her skirt and starts ripping;  
Fritz helps.

DIJA  
(to Myrin)  
So did they recruit you to be a  
Paladin or-

MYRIN  
Not the time

The sorceress begins wrapping her patient's injury

DIJA  
Either one of us could fall over,  
and you're lookin' for a better  
time?



MYRIN  
It's kind of a boring story

DIJA  
Bore me

FRITZ  
Shit!

MYRIN  
What?

FRITZ  
(to someone off camera)  
I see you there, darling

AN ARROW FLIES - it barely misses Myrin

DIJA  
(shouting)  
What do you even want!? You wanna  
send a message!? Fuckin' sent!!

VIOLET, BIRT, and MAL emerge from the shadows - all wearing  
masks

VIOLET  
(to Dija)  
Ain't no message - this here is  
judgement.

FRITZ  
Violet?

VIOLET  
(to Fritz)  
I guess we're both hard to  
recognize lately

FRITZ  
Look, I can prove it

VIOLET  
Think we care!?

BIRT  
Rufus died

The news hits Fritz like a freight train

FRITZ  
Ain't fuckin...Oh tits!

MAL  
There're words for what you did -  
backstabber.

BIRT  
Traitor.

MAL  
Snake.

VIOLET  
Nobody no more.

Myrin summons her strength and rises to her feet

MYRIN  
You want revenge? You wanna kill  
me? I'm here - keep your eyes here!

VIOLET  
Ain't about you no more, princess.  
Miss muff muncher destroyed my  
face. And-  
(indicating Fritz)  
That fuckin' guy is the worst kind  
of creature.  
(BEAT)  
We clear on what's about to happen?

Myrin tries to stand stalwart as the bandits close in

BEGIN FINAL BATTLE