

Paladin (untitled)

By

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2016

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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

SHH!

GRANDPA

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!! Mercyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!

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're not so lively as you were...you don't 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 shit, and while master ain't here, I wanna get my dick sucked!

MYRIN

Do you possess within you a single blessed 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 from the noises.

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 enters, 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 talkin' all
 day - promise.

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
 Half of what's said anywhere's
 bullshit. Does it look like anyone
 here cares where you really from?

MYRIN
 No I mean I just-

DIJA
 (holds up her hand)
 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
 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

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 girl
from civil folk who'd have him!

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 a
cold cock!

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

WOMAN
that...creature. Not to mention all
my friends heard me barking like a
looney!

FRITZ
You said it was fun!

WOMAN
(to Myrin)
Your husband always this stupid?

MYRIN
Definitely not my husband

FRITZ
(to Myrin)
What does she even mean?

DIJA
(to Fritz)
Ohhhhhh sweetie. You thought she
was with you 'cause you're a catch?
Did 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 BURSTS OUT LAUGHING

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
Diya.

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
moons. What's it matter? I want
you: You look good, you feel good,
you taste good - 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 just go back to sleep, and 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
I heard from one lady that 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 Diya. You know elves-
(whisper)
Real fucking sensitive.

MYRIN
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 -
guttet 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

It's OK. They're right; I killed a man, and if these people want me to answer for that, I will.

FRITZ

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

Myrin gives her best 'resolute' look

MAL
 (smiling at Myrin)
 Gimme your sword

CUT

FADE IN

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SHACK - DAY

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

MYRIN is TIED to a TREE, encircled by her BANDIT JURY

FRITZ is off to the side - his old crew is uninterested.

VIOLET HAS A SERRATED KNIFE

BIRT
 Hands first?

VIOLET
 I like to take off the feet first -
 can't run without feet ya know.

MAL
 (pulling the rope)
 Can't run no way.

RUFUS HAS A HAMMER

RUFUS
 We could take turns poppin' her
 teeth out.

BIRT
 Sounds companionable

VIOLET
 (to Myrin)
 Wanna open up? It's OK if you
 don't.

Mal reaches down

MAL
 I got a stick.

Myrin clenches her jaw

Birt PUNCHES the paladin in her stomach - her mouth opens-

-Mal WEDGES the stick in - forcing Myrin's JAWS AGAPE

Fritz strokes his own jaw...he's going to feel this too

RUFUS
See, dentistry is art

Rufus BASHES the side of Myrin's jaw

FRITZ AND MYRIN CRY OUT

VIOLET
(to Muggle Fritz)
What you blubberin' about? She
ain't that pretty.

FRITZ
Please listen: it's-

VIOLET
(takes the hammer)
Shh! Busy givin' no fucks.

A BLOODY MOLAR dribbles out of Myrin's mouth

BIRT
One point, Rufus. Let's have your
score, Vi.

Violet takes a few practice swings at the air

MUGGLE FRITZ
Listen ya fuckin' rubes - I'm
Fritz, OK? I can prove it! I've
known all you since forever-

There is general laughter

MAL
Don't look nothin' like him.

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

BIRT
We saw his head on a gate - don't
mock us.

VIOLET
Lookie, dipshit: Fritz is dead, and
this cunt is dead too. What you're
gonna do is hop down the road, and
tell whoever gives a shit where
they can pick up what's left of
her.

MUGGLE FRITZ
Violet, please! You-

VIOLET takes a WILD SWING that hits Myrin in the CHEST-
-A RIB CRACKS

Fritz COLLAPSES from pain

VIOLET
I was aimin' for the face!

MAL
Way off.

BIRT
(chuckle)
Zero points for Violet!

MYRIN SEES VIOLET'S KNIFE NEARBY

VIOLET
Nah - I get another swing!

MYRIN REACHES FOR THE KNIFE

RUFUS
Fuck no, I only got one!

MAL
Them's the rules, Vi.

VIOLET
Ain't no fuckin' rules!

BIRT
Have to say I agree with Mal.

VIOLET
Fuck you guys

She gives the hammer to Mal

MAL SEES THE KNIFE IN MYRIN'S HAND

MAL
Bitch got a knife!

Myrin STABS AT Mal, but she's awkward in her bonds.

Mal's HAMMER SLAMS the Paladin's HAND - BONES BREAK

Myrin screams so loudly that the stick falls out of her mouth

Fritz tries to stifle his own cry of pain

VIOLET
Horse piss! Now we gotta start
over.

RUFUS
(to Myrin)
Don't be a pain in the ass!

BANG!

A BOLT of RED ENERGY hits RUFUS - he falls.

DIJA - eyes glowing - is staring them down

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

VIOLET
Tavern slut's a witch!?

DIJA
Tavern slut's a sorceress, and
she'll disintegrate you for
speakin' to her like that.

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

THE BANDITS DRAW WEAPONS

Fritz struggles to stand up

FRITZ
We're all friends here! Everybody
just-

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.

Myrin is STRUGGLING like mad - her ROPES LOOSEN slightly

Violet is SWATTING a PATH toward Dija

MUSIC BEGINS TO PLAY - It's Birt

Rufus is BRANDISHING a DAGGER at Myrin

HE STABS-

-Myrin DODGES a little in her ropes...but not enough

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

RUFUS STABS AGAIN

Myrin DODGES - a strand of ROPE is SLICED in the process
 A CORD SNAPS LOOSE

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

MAL - with Myrin's sword - is feeling her way BEHIND THE
 SHACK

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

VIOLET SLASHES through the fly-curtain

Her KNIFE STICKS in DIJA's shoulder

DIJA SCREAMS

RAIN begins to SPRINKLE

The CLOUD of FLIES starts to SHRINK

Myrin has ONE LEG FREE - she's kicking furiously

Rufus responds by CUTTING HER LEG

The RAIN PICKS UP - dispersing more flies

FRITZ TACKLES RUFUS

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.

AN ARROW ZOOMS PAST DIJA

Birt DRAWS BACK a SECOND - ready to fire

Myrin (at last) slips out of the rope

THE PALADIN IS FREE

Fritz and Rufus are WRESTLING

BIRT'S ARROW FLIES DIRECTLY AT DIJA-

-A HAND STRIKES THE ARROW

-IT SPINS OFF-COURSE and BACK toward BIRT

Myrin - unarmed and broken-handed - looks fearless

Rufus' HANDS are AROUND Fritz' THROAT

FRITZ
(weakly)
Truce, truuuuuuce

Myrin is being STRANGLED TOO

MAL STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS

With Myrin's sword, Mal cuts across DIJA'S BACK

DIJA CRUMPLES

Fritz KICKS RUFUS' MANHOOD

RUFUS
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

BIRT RELEASES AN ARROW-

Myrin REDIRECTS the SHOT - injuring herself in the process

Birt's ARROW hits MAL's LEG

Fritz is back to his feet

FRITZ
(shouting)
Truce! Truce, for fuck's sake!
TRUUUUUCE!

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 - everything seems to
SLOW DOWN

MYRIN

(eyes closed - whispering)
Great Tsabo, goddess of the sky and
all that it touches - hear me now.

Birt RELEASES his ARROW

FOG BEGINS POURING OUT OF MYRIN'S BODY

Myrin - seemingly in a trance - EVADES the ARROW

MAL

What in the...

As the FOG THICKENS, the RAIN SLOWS and BECOMES MIST

Rufus is FURIOUSLY PUNCHING FRITZ' face

MAL is LIMPING toward Myrin

FOG OBSCURES NEARLY EVERYTHING

Myrin USES the TETHER to DRAG FRITZ away from his assailant

Rufus gets ONE last STAB-

-we SEE THE WOUND ON MYRIN

She PULLS FRITZ to SAFETY

Mal SWINGS FURIOUSLY

Birt swaps his bow for his lute

Rufus is stalking his prey - and he HEARS THEM

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 TRIPS OVER 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, shit SHIT!!!

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

VIOLET
No, no, nooOooOoo!

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

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

She takes a few steps, DROPS her UNCONSCIOUS COMPANIONS, and
COLLAPSES

CUT