

MISTBORN
Pilot

by
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Based on the novel by Brandon Sanderson

First Draft
02/04/2020

MISTBORN**"PILOT"****EXT. TRESTING PLANTATION - DAY**

Close on a black Parasol as it blooms open.

It is held aloft by a complacent, SERVANT, who shields his well dressed master, LORD TRESTING (40's) from a deluge of grey ash which falls from the ruddy midday sky.

Lord Tresting steps toward the ledge of a patio. His cold gaze surveys a field below tended by dozens of working SKAA SLAVES.

LORD TRESTING

One would think, that a thousand
years of working in fields would
have bred them to be a little more
effective at it.

He turns toward a bald man in grey robes with intricate tattoos running the width of his eyebrows and down the length of his nose. An OBLIGATOR.

The Obligator checks the time on a pocket watch, uninterested in idle chit chat.

Tresting wipes a bead of nervous sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

A beat and then --

OBLIGATOR

Very well Tresting, Lord Venture
will have a favourable report of
your operations here.

Lord Tresting visibly relaxes as he continues to scan the field of workers. Some work the ash covered soil with hoes, others on their hands and knees.

LORD TRESTING

Thank you...

He pauses on a beautiful Skaa slave girl, MAIVE (16) watching her with wanton curiosity.

LORD TRESTING

...Will you be staying for supper?

OBLIGATOR

No.

Tresting sighs in relief at the answer.

OBLIGATOR

Though there is another matter I'd like to discuss with you.

(beat)

Rumours say you like to Dally with your Skaa women.

He stiffens at the Obligators comment.

OBLIGATOR

(amused)

Don't trouble yourself Tresting. If there were any real concern it would be a steel inquisitor conducting this meeting in my stead. As long as you clean up your messes I see no harm.

Lord Tresting smirks with satisfaction. He returns his gaze to the slave girl in the field, but sees something else that freezes him on the spot.

A HOODED MAN, stands at the centre of the field, eyes locked on Tresting's with an expression of defiance. The man smiles.

LORD TRESTING

Kurdon!

One of the servants, KURDON, steps forward.

KURDON

Yes my lord?

Tresting turns to point out the location of the Hooded man, but upon inspection sees --

An empty spot where the man once stood. Tresting searches the field of workers but to no avail.

KURDON

My lord?

The Obligator stands at the side. Watching curiously.

LORD TRESTING

Work the Skaa in that southern section a little harder. I see them being sluggish even for Skaa. Beat a few.

Kurdon gives a questioning nod.

Lord Tresting scans the midday horizon for the mystery figure one last time but finds -- nothing.

EXT. TRESTING PLANTATION - EVENING

The red disk of the sun hangs low on the western horizon.

Pull back to reveal the hooded man from before, KELSIER (30's) as he watches the sun set among the empty fields.

The Skaa Hovels loom in the waning light.

Soon an ethereal mist begins to form clouding the air.

Kelsier sloughs through the mist approaching one of the larger Skaa hovels.

INT. SKAA HOVEL - NIGHT

THIRTY SKAA sit arrayed around a crackling fire at the centre of the room where a bubbling cauldron of unappetizing gruel awaits them.

The space is a cacophony of voices until --

KELSIER (O.S.)
Good evening everyone...

Conversations are immediately silenced. All eyes turn to the entrance where --

Kelsier stands at the door.

KELSIER
...How was your day?

A beat and then --

TEPPER (O.S.)
Our day was filled with work
Traveller, something you managed to
avoid.

Kelsier's eyes focus on, TEPPER (40's) a sour faced Skaa elder.

KELSIER
Fieldwork has never really suited
me. It's far too hard on my
delicate skin.

Kelsier takes a step forward holding up his arms, arms lined with layers of thick scars that run lengthwise as though raked by the claws of a beast.

Gasps and Murmurs spread throughout the room. Words of 'survivor' and 'hathsin' are heard.

TEPPER

You're the survivor! You travel the plantations eating our food, telling lies and then disappear, giving false hopes to our children.

KELSIER

Your worries are completely unfounded. I have no intentions of eating your food.

(beat)

I brought my own.

Kelsier tosses a pack to the floor in front of Tepper's table. The contents of which spill forth revealing a variety of food.

A summer fruit rolls to a stop against Tepper's foot.

TEPPER

That's nobleman's food!

(Incredulous)

You went to the manor. You stole from the master?

KELSIER

Indeed! And while his pantry was less than adequate his guardsmen are of the highest quality. It was no easy task procuring that unseen.

TEPPER

If the taskmasters find this here...

KELSIER

I suggest you make it disappear then. I'd imagine it tastes far better than what you've got on the fire.

A handful of skaa slaves pounce on the pack of contents distributing it evenly.

Kelsier leans against the wall watching the slaves with amused candour.

He notices an elderly man sitting in the corner named MENNIS (60's).

KELSIER

Don't you want any of it?

MENNIS

The last time I tried nobleman food
I had a terrible case of the shits
for a week.

Kelsier chuckles making his way to sit on a stool next to the old man.

KELSIER

What's your name?

MENNIS

Mennis.

KELSIER

So my good man Mennis, why do you
let him lead?

Mennis follows Kelsier's eyes to Tepper who scolds a number of youths eating the food.

MENNIS

I'm old, and some battles just
aren't worth fighting.

KELSIER

You've resigned yourself to this
life then?

MENNIS

At least it is a life!

(beat)

I know the price malcontent and
rebellion bring. There are far
worse things that could be brought
to bare if we attempted an
uprising. Men like you preach
change. But is this a battle we
could fight?

KELSIER

You're fighting it already. You're
just losing horribly.

Kelsier smiles warmly.

MENNIS

How do you do that?

KELSIER

Do what?

MENNIS

Smile so much.

KELSIER

I'm just an idealist.

MENNIS

I've seen scars like those on one other person and he was dead. His body was returned to Lord Tresting as proof that his punishment had been carried out. He too spoke of rebellion. Tresting sent him to the Pits of Hathsin. The lad lasted less than a month.

Kelsier glances down at his arms. Squeezes his hands into fists.

KELSIER

The lord Ruler thinks he has claimed laughter and joy for himself. I'm disinclined to let him do so. This is one battle that doesn't take very much effort to fight.

MENNIS

(thinking)

I don't know, I just don't...

A SCREAM cuts Mennis off. The people in the hovel fall silent listening to the pained high pitched screams.

Close on Kelsier. He burns *Tin*, one of the many *ALLOMANTIC* metals that make up the magic system within the world of Mistborn. These metals when digested in the body give the user extraordinary abilities.

Kelsier's senses heighten. The screams seem to come from the very room. He closes his eyes feeling the moment.

The room around him becomes crystal clear. The dull fire-pit flares to near blinding brightness.

A ghostly outline of two figures. An elderly woman, JESS and the young girl from before, Maive, materialize to the right of Kelsier as he listens.

JESS (O.S.)

No! Don't touch her!

MAIVE (O.S.)
Mom, please!

SKAA WOMAN
Poor Jess!

Kelsier opens his eyes. Focusing on a SKAA WOMAN holding onto a half eaten summer fruit. A number of scars crisscross her face.

SKAA WOMAN
That child of hers was a curse.
It's better for Skaa not to have
pretty daughters.

Tepper stands and listens as the screams move off toward the Lord's manor.

TEPPER
Lord Tresting was sure to send for
the girl sooner or later. We all
knew it. Jess knew it.

The ghostly outlines of the two women disappear as the room returns to what it once was in Kelsier's perspective. His face flushes with anger.

KELSIER
Does Lord Tresting ever return the
girls once he's done with them?

Mennis and the other's hang their heads. Their silence is enough.

MENNIS
Careful lad. You'll never raise
that rebellion if you get yourself
killed tonight.

KELSIER
New days are coming. Survive a
little while longer and you might
see great things happening in the
final empire. I bid you thanks for
your hospitality.

Kelsier makes his way to the door. He opens it. The Mist snakes its way inside as the occupants within recoil in horror.

TEPPER
Close the door! The mists bring
death.

Kelsier looks back at the Skaa slaves once more.

KELSIER

The mist is not what you think. You
fear it far too much.

And with that Kelsier exits the hovel. Dissolving into the mists like a phantom. Tepper quickly slams the door closed much to the relief of the Skaa slaves.

We push on Mennis's face. Eyes filled with conflict, and dread.

INT. SKAA HOVEL - MORNING

Close on Mennis's peaceful sleeping face.

WHOOM! The hovel door is thrust open. A young boy, SHUM stands at the entrance.

SHUM

Hurry, something has happened!

Mennis quickly sits up looking at the other SKAA SLAVES in the room.

MENNIS

Do you smell smoke?

SKAA SLAVE

There's always smoke these days.
The ash mounts are violent this
year.

MENNIS

No.

(rising)

This is different?

EXT. PLANTATION FIELDS - LATER

Mennis cautiously shuffles along a path toward the Tresting manor.

Numerous Skaa hurry past him excited to see what lay ahead.

He meets Tepper along the path trying to corral the Skaa to no avail.

TEPPER

Come you fools, there's work to be done. Quickly before the task masters arrive.

A crowd's gathered. Mennis pushes through the rabble coming upon a sight that runs his blood cold.

MENNIS

(incredulous)
By the lord ruler...

A beat and then --

MAIVE (O.S.)

He killed them all.

Mennis turns to where he sees the young girl, Maive. A satisfied expression on her tear streaked face.

MAIVE

They were dead when he brought me out. All of them, the soldiers, the taskmasters, the lords. All of them.

MENNIS

This man, he had scars on his hands and arms reaching past the elbows?

Maive nods.

Tepper steps up to the right of Mennis. Sees what he sees. Eyes filled with fear.

TEPPER

What will happen when the Lord Ruler hears this? He'll think we did it. He'll send us to the Pits. Or send his Koloss to slaughter us outright. Why would the survivor do this to us. He's brought death to us all!

MENNIS

Gather the people, Tepper. We must flee before word of this disaster reaches the lord ruler.

TEPPER

Where will we go?

MENNIS

The caves to the east. Travellers say there are rebel Skaa hiding in them. Perhaps they'll take us in?

TEPPER

But that will take days. We'll need to spend nights in the mists.

MENNIS

It's that, or stay here and die.

Tepper swallows his fear, nods and turns to push through the crowd.

Angle on, Lord Tresting's manor, or what's left of it. The house is gone. Only a blackened smouldering scar remains.

At the forefront of the destruction we see Lord Tresting's naked dead body, arms and legs splayed out from chains spiked into his flesh.

MENNIS

(to himself)

New days indeed.

EXT. LUTHADEL - DAY

Black ash falls from the sky upon an expansive Victorian-like city that extends for miles in all directions.

INSERT CAPTION: LUTHADEL - CAPITOL CITY OF THE FINAL EMPIRE

In the distance, a massive black palace stands out from the tenements and apartments. KREDIK SHAW, A building made of a thousand spires reaching toward the heavens.

We soar over the buildings and descend along the ash covered streets pushing in on a brick building and through a small peep hole. Two brown eyes stare back.

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - WATCH HOLE - DAY

A young girl, VIN TEKIEL (17) scrawny with short black hair sits in a small alcove built into the brick wall. She watches the street from the peep hole.

VIN'S POV of the street. Nothing but wisps of soot and the occasional passing SKAA.

Just then the shadow of an unseen presence joins Vin in the watch hole. Her brother, REEN.

His voice is nothing more than a hiss at the nape of Vin's neck causing her to stifle a shudder.

REEN (O.S.)
He's going to kill you, you know.
Once he no longer has a use for
you.

Vin sits motionless. Frozen by Reen's words.

REEN (O.S.)
You're as good as dead if you stay.

There's a tense beat as Vin considers and then --

VOICE (O.S.)
Vin!

Vin snaps out of her malaise. She looks back at a trapdoor built into the back of the small chamber as it snaps open revealing --

A gangly boy, ULEF (14) peers inside.

ULEF
There you are! Camon's been
searching for you for a half hour.

Vin takes in her surroundings, there's no one else. She was alone the whole time.

ULEF
(annoyed)
You should get going. The jobs
about to begin.
(beat)
Camon's mad.

She breathes in. Stands. Brushes past Ulef and hops out of the trap door and into --

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We track with Vin as she enters a hallway made up of branching stone caverns, leading to numerous rooms and run down pantries.

She continues toward a back door which leads her to --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vin exits the safe house into the dark tenement-lined Luthadel street.

Many HOMELESS SKAA lay huddled in the soot stained gutters.

Vin sees something off screen that gives her pause. She keeps her head down, pulls up the hood of her cloak and makes her way down the street.

We pull back to reveal the dangling feet of a half dozen dead Skaa slaves who have been hung by their necks.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

SMACK! A violent backhand to the face forces Vin against a wall.

A pudgy angry man wearing a dapper nobleman's suit, CAMON (50's) stands over her. Eyes red with rage.

CAMON

Where the hell were you!

Vin holds her throbbing face keeping her head down submissively.

CAMON

This is an important job, worth thousands of boxings. I won't have you fouling it up. Understand?

She nods. Camon studies her a moment. Growls with frustration. Readies another back hand until --

Close on Vin. Time slows. She uses her luck on Camon, an almost telepathic ability to sooth the man's anger.

Camon calms. Waddles away from Vin. She wipes blood from her lip.

The room is decorated with cheap art. A large desk stands out adjacent to the far wall with two STEWARDS flanking both sides.

VOICE (O.S.)

What is this ruckus?

THERON (40's) Enters the room. He is a tall man, dressed in a grey shirt and a pair of slacks. A sword hangs from his waist.

CAMON
Just a disciplinary problem.
Nothing to concern yourself with.

Theron eyes Vin Warily.

THERON
Who's this?

CAMON
Just a member of my crew.

THERON
I thought you said we didn't need
anyone else.

CAMON
Well we need her.

THERON
The Obligator is nearly here. Are
you ready?

CAMON
Everything is perfect. Leave me be
Theron. Go back to your room and
wait.

Theron frowns. Turns and makes his way to the entrance.

THERON
Fine!

Vin watches as Camon rifles through a drawer. He deposits
paperwork onto the desk. Adjusts it compulsively.

VIN
(hesitant)
Camon, the servants are too fine.

CAMON
What is that you are babbling
about?

VIN
The servants, Lord Jedue is
supposed to be desperate. He'd have
rich clothes left over from before,
but he wouldn't be able to afford
such rich servants. He'd use skaa.

CAMON
What do you know?

VIN

Enough.

Camon raises his hand. Vin flinches reflexively.

He sighs. Rests a pudgy hand on her shoulder.

CAMON

Why do you provoke me? You know the debts your brother left when he ran away. Any other man would have sold you to the whore masters long ago.

Camon's grip begins to tighten on Vin's shoulder.

CAMON

Honestly I don't know why I keep you. I should have gotten rid of you long ago. When your brother betrayed me. I suppose I have too kindly a heart.

Vin winces from the pressure of Camon's grip.

He finally releases her.

CAMON

Go now to your position.

Vin steps away rubbing her shoulder and takes up a spot next to a tall indoor plant.

Camon motions toward the two servants

CAMON

You two. Go put on something that makes you look like Skaa servants instead. Bring back six more men when you return.

Vin suppresses a slight smile.

PRELAN LAIRD (PRE-LAP)

Lord Jedue, I am glad we finally have the opportunity to meet.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LATER

A robed Obligator, PRELAN LAIRD addresses the room. He is Bald with the customary Obligator tattoos arrayed around his eyes.

The room is filled with six more Skaa, along with Vin, and Camon who stands behind his desk.

CAMON/JEDUE

As am I your grace.

A SERVANT rushes forward with chilled wine and fruit for the Obligator.

Prelan Laird takes a glass of wine from the skaa servant and proceeds to eat the grapes on offer.

PRELAN LAIRD

How is it that you could not make it to the Canton building to meet me again?

CAMON/JEDUE

My knees your grace. My physicians recommend I travel as little as possible.

PRELAN LAIRD

I see
(sceptical)
Bad knees, an unfortunate attribute in a man who deals in transportation.

CAMON/JEDUE

Fortunately I don't have to go on the trips, your Grace. Merely arrange them.

PRELAN LAIRD

I see. Well I'm afraid our meeting has come too late for your purposes. The canton of finance has already voted on your proposal.

CAMON/JEDUE

So soon?

PRELAN LAIRD

Yes, we have decided not to accept your contract.

Camon sits a moment seemingly stunned. He glances over to Vin.

CAMON/JEDUE

I'm sorry to hear that your Grace.
(beat)

(MORE)

CAMON/JEDUE (CONT'D)

Indeed that is most unfortunate, as I was about to make the ministry an even better offer.

PRELAN LAIRD

Be it as it may, the council feels that the canton would be more comfortable with a house stable enough to rely on transporting our people.

CAMON/JEDUE

That would be a grave mistake.

(off Lairds look)

Let me be frank. We both know this contract is House Jedue's last chance. Now that we've lost the Farwan deal we cannot afford to run our canal boats to Luthadel anymore. Without the Ministry's patronage my house is financially doomed.

PRELAN LAIRD

This is doing very little to persuade me your Lordship.

CAMON/JEDUE

Isn't it?

(beat)

Ask yourself this your Grace. Who will serve you better. Will it be the house that has dozens of contracts to divide its attention, or the House that views your contract as its last hope? The Canton of finance will not find a more accommodating partner than a desperate one. Let my boats be the ones which bring your acolytes down from the north--Let my soldiers escort them--and you will not be disappointed.

Prelan Laird stands a moment chewing on a grape thinking.

CAMON/JEDUE

I would be willing to give you an extended contract. Locked in at say 50 boxings a head.

PRELAN LAIRD

(surprised)

That's half the former fee.

CAMON/JEDUE

I told you, we're desperate. My House needs to keep its boats running. Fifty boxings will not make us a profit, but once we have the ministry contract, we can find other contracts to fill our coffers.

A long beat as the Obligator fidgets, fighting his own suspicions.

Camon glances in Vin's direction giving her a surreptitious nod.

Close on Vin. Eyes fixed on Prelan Laird. Time seems to stand still. Everything else in the room becomes inconsequential.

We hold on Laird. His breathing and heartbeat slow as Vin soothes him. His eyes less hard. Calm, and then --

PRELAN LAIRD

Very well, I will take this proposal to the council. perhaps an agreement can still be reached.

Camon smiles.

EXT. LUTHADEL CITY WALL - DAY

An uneven black gradient of soot stains the hundred meter high walls that surround the city of Luthadel.

At the edge of the wall stands Kelsier as he scans the city streets looking down at the skaa workers who clear mounds of ash.

A bell tolls in the distance. Chiming the hour and calling the skaa to the days labour.

Kelsier brings his gaze to the foreboding palace of Kredik Shaw which looms in the distance like a massive multi spiked insect.

VOICE (O.S)

You're a few days late, Kel.

Kelsier glances to his right at a stalky short man with a beard and brown cloak that covers his head. DOCKSON (30's)

Dockson rests his stout arms along the battlement walls.

KELSIER

I decided to make a few stops along the plantations up north.

DOCKSON

Ah, so you did have something to do with Lord Tresting's death.

KELSIER

You could say that.

DOCKSON

His murder caused quite the stir among the local nobility.

KELSIER

That was kind of the intention. Though to be honest I wasn't planning anything quite so dramatic. It was more of an accident than anything else.

DOCKSON

How do you accidentally kill a nobleman in his own mansion?

KELSIER

With great difficulty.

Dockson rolls his eyes as the two men take a stroll along the wall.

KELSIER

His death isn't exactly a loss Dox.

DOCKSON

I'm just considering the state of insanity that led me to plan another job with you. Attacking a provincial lord in his manor house. Honestly Kell, I nearly forgot how foolhardy you can be.

KELSIER

That was just a small diversion. You should see some of the things I'm planning to do.

DOCKSON

By the lord ruler it's good to have you back, Kell! I'm afraid I've grown rather boring during the last few years.

KELSIER
We'll fix that.

Kelsier motions for Dockson to remain silent as a guard patrol makes their way past them nodding to the two men as they go.

Once the patrol is out of ear shot --

KELSIER
You have the meeting organized?

DOCKSON
We can't start until this evening.
How'd you get in anyway? I had men
watching the gates?

KELSIER
Oh, I snuck in last night.

DOCKSON
But how? Oh right, that's going to
take some getting used to.

KELSIER
I don't see why. You always work
with Mistings. Who's coming
tonight?

DOCKSON
Well Breeze and Ham will be there
of course. They're very curious
about this mystery job of ours, not
to mention annoyed I won't tell
them what you've been up to these
last few years.

KELSIER
Good, let them wonder. How about
Trap?

DOCKSON
Traps dead. The Ministry finally
caught up with him a couple months
ago. Didn't even bother sending him
to the pits. They beheaded him on
the spot.

Kelsier closes his eyes. Exhales softly.

KELSIER
This leaves us without a smoker.
You have any suggestions?

DOCKSON

Ruddy?

KELSIER

No. He's a good smoker, but he's not a good enough man.

DOCKSON

Not a good enough man to be on a thieving crew... Kell I have missed working with you. Who then?

KELSIER

Is clubs still running that shop of his?

DOCKSON

As far as I know.

KELSIER

He's suppose to be one of the best smokers in the city.

DOCKSON

Isn't he hard to work with?

KELSIER

Not once you get used to him.

DOCKSON

I'll invite him. One of his cousins is a tin eye. Should I invite him too?

KELSIER

Do it.

DOCKSON

Besides that there's just Yeden, assuming he's still interested.

KELSIER

He'll be there.

DOCKSON

He'd better be. He's the one paying us after all.

Kelsier stops along the wall Looking thoughtful.

KELSIER

You never mentioned Marsh.

DOCKSON

I warned you. Your brother never did approve of our methods, and now. Well you know Marsh. He wants nothing to do with Yeden, the rebellion. Let alone associate with a bunch of criminals like us.

KELSIER

He'll do it. I'll just have to persuade him.

DOCKSON

If you say so.

Dockson leans against the wall railing and looks out over the ash stained city.

DOCKSON

This is insane isn't it?

KELSIER

Feels good doesn't it?

DOCKSON

Fantastic!

KELSIER

It will be a job like no other.

DOCKSON

We have a few hours before the meeting. There's something I want to show you.

KELSIER

I was going to go chastise my prudish brother but...

DOCKSON

This will be worth your time.

The two men take one last look over the city, and the massive palace at its centre.

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Vin sits in the corner of the main lair. Hidden among the shadows.

Numerous CREW MEMBERS lounge at tables within the room. Some play dice. Others are locked in discussion and debate. A thick haze from a dozen pipes lingers in the air.

A door stands at the back of the room leading toward a twisting stone stairway.

LAUGHTER fills the room as Camon and a half dozen of his CRONIES get drunk at the front of the chamber.

Camon takes one last drink of his beer. Stands, and checks his pocket watch. His eyes search the room. Falling upon Vin in the corner.

CAMON

It's time.

Vin frowns. *Time for what?*

EXT. CANTON OF FINANCE - DAY

A tall, blocky building, THE CANTON OF FINANCE, with a massive rose window at the front flanked by two large red banners looms before Vin.

Camon stands to her left. Hesitant. He takes a deep breath before striding toward the entrance accompanied by a half dozen CREW MEMBERS.

Vin follows Camon up the steps. He waits as one of the crew members opens the door for him.

INT. CANTON OF FINANCE - CONTINUOUS

Vin enters the Canton building.

Red and blue light is cast from the giant rose window onto an OBLIGATOR who sits behind a desk at the end of a long entryway. Mid level tattoos are drawn around his eyes.

Camon approaches.

CAMON/JEDUE

I am lord Jedue.

The Obligator nods, makes a note in his ledger and waves to the side.

OBLIGATOR

You may take one attendant with you into the audience chamber. The rest must remain here.

Camon lets out a huff of disdain before looking over at Vin.

CAMON/JEDUE

Come!

We track with Camon and Vin as they make their way through the indicated door and into --

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is lavish and plush. Many NOBLEMEN lounge inside in waiting. Camon chooses a chair and settles into it.

He points to a table set with wine and red cakes. Vin obediently fetches the drink and snacks for Camon.

Camon picks hungrily at the cakes much to Vin's visible disgust.

CAMON/JEDUE

(whispered)

Once we get in you will say nothing.

VIN

(whispered)

You're betraying Theron?

Camon nods.

VIN

(incredulous)

But how, why?

CAMON

(whispered)

Theron's crew is weak. He expended too many resources on this job.

VIN

(whispered)

But the return he'll make on this job...

CAMON

Will never happen if I can take what I can now.

(beat)

I'll talk the obligators into a down payment to get my caravan boats afloat, then disappear and leave Theron to take the fall once the ministry realizes its been scammed.

Vin's eyes widen in shock.

Just then a MINOR OBLIGATOR enters the room.

MINOR OBLIGATOR
Lord Jedue.

Camon stands. Vin follows him as the obligator ushers them into --

INT. AUDIENCE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Camon pauses at the doorway to an austere room with simple grey carpeting and a desk.

A STRANGE OBLIGATOR sits at the desk adorned with very intricate tattoos that extend all the way to his ears and up over his forehead.

The man is lean in a muscular way with an almost predatory look.

STRANGE OBLIGATOR
Lord Jedue.

CAMON/JEDUE
I was under the impression that I would be meeting with Prelan Laird?

STRANGE OBLIGATOR
Prelan Laird has been called away on other business. I am high prelan Arriev, head of the board that was reviewing your proposal. You have a rare opportunity to address me directly as I don't normally take meetings.

A beat as Camon stands a long moment. Visibly nervous.

He musters courage and slowly moves toward a chair opposite the Obligator and takes a seat.

CAMON/JEDUE
Well, High prelan Arriev, I assume that since I've been called back for another appointment, the board is considering my offer.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Indeed we are. Though I must admit there are some council members who are apprehensive about dealing with a house so close to economic disaster. The Ministry generally prefers to be conservative in its economic operations.

CAMON/JEDUE

I see.

PRELAN ARRIEV

But, there are others on the board who are quite eager to take advantage of the savings you offered us.

CAMON/JEDUE

And with which group do you identify your Grace?

PRELAN ARRIEV

I as of yet, have not made my decision. Which is why I noted you have a rare opportunity. Convince me, Lord Jedue, and you shall have your contract.

CAMON/JEDUE

Surely Prelan Laird outlined the details of our offer.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Yes, but I would like to hear the arguments from you personally. Humour me.

Vin stands at the far end of the room near the door. A look of concern on her face.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Well?

CAMON/JEDUE

We need this contract your Grace. Without it we won't be able to continue our canal shipping operations. Your contract would give us a much needed period of stability, a chance to maintain our caravan boats for a time while we search for other contracts.

Arriev studies Camon a moment.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Surely you can do better than that, Lord Jedue. Laird said you were very persuasive. Let me hear you prove that you deserve our patronage.

Camon clears his dry throat.

CAMON/JEDUE

We are the best choice, your Grace, you fear that my house will suffer economic failure? Well if it does, what have you lost? At worst, my narrowboats would stop running, and you would have to find other merchants to deal with. Yet if your patronage is enough to maintain my house, then you have found yourself in an enviable long term contract.

PRELAN ARRIEV

I see, and why the Ministry? Why not make your deal with someone else? Surely there are other options for your boats, other groups who would jump for such rates.

CAMON/JEDUE

This isn't about money, Your Grace, it is about the victory, the showing of confidence that we would gain by having a ministry contract. If you trust us, others will too. I need your support.

Beads of sweat trickle down Camon's temples. His nerves shot.

From the back of the room Vin reaches out with her luck in an attempt to Soothe the obligator.

A long beat and then --

Arriev smiles a large Cheshire Cat grin.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Well, you have convinced me.

Camon sighs in relief.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Your most recent letter suggested you need three thousand boxings as an advance to refurbish your equipment and resume shipping operations. See the scribe in the main hallway to finish the paperwork so that you may requisition the necessary funds.

Prelan Arriev pulls a thick sheet of paper from a stack, then stamps a seal at the bottom and hands it to Camon.

PRELAN ARRIEV

Your contract.

CAMON/JEDUE

I knew coming to the ministry was a wise choice.

Camon stands, nods to Arriev respectfully, then motions for Vin to open the door.

Vin pauses as Camon leaves the room. She looks back at the Obligator, his lips still curled in an unsettling smile.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Close on a chest filled with coins as the SCRIBE hands it to Camon.

Camon smiles as he takes the chest. Turns and proceeds to shuffle toward the entrance of the Canton of finance.

We pull back to reveal Kelsier standing next to Dockson.

Kelsier shoves one of the red sweet cakes into his mouth as the two men watch Camon's crew. Specifically Vin.

DOCKSON

Well? What do you think?

KELSIER

They're quite good. The ministry has always had good taste, it makes sense they would provide superior snacks.

Dockson rolls his eyes.

DOCKSON

About the girl Kell.

Kelsier smiles as he piles four more cakes into his hand. Then nods toward the doorway.

The two men pass Camon, Vin and the rest of his crew. Exiting the doorway onto --

EXT. CANTON OF FINANCE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kelsier pulls up his hood. Saunters down the front steps of the Canton of finance and crosses the street where he and Dockson wait next to an Alley.

He munches contentedly on one of the cakes.

KELSIER

(mouthful)

How did you know she'd be here today?

DOCKSON

A few bribes in the right place. I've been keeping on the girl ever since your brother pointed her out to me. I wanted to give you an opportunity to see her work for yourself.

Kelsier nods, dusting off his hands.

Across the street, the Canton buildings door finally opens. Camon and his thieving crew exit. Kelsier watches Vin as she solemnly mopes next to Camon.

DOCKSON

Poor girl.

KELSIER

She will be free of him soon enough. It's a wonder no one discovered her before this.

DOCKSON

Your brother was right then?

KELSIER

She's at least a misting, and if Marsh says she's more I'm inclined to believe him. I'm a bit surprised to see her using Allomancy on a member of the Ministry, especially inside a Canton building. I'd guess that she doesn't know that she's even using her abilities.

DOCKSON
Is that possible?

KELSIER
Trace minerals in the water can be
burned, if just for a tiny bit of
power. I'd say that...

Kelsier trails off. He glances toward Camon and his crew still visible in the distance. Crossing the street and heading south.

A figure appears in the Canton buildings doorway. Prelan Arriev. He is joined by a second man, tall with a strong build. Two thick metal spikes have been pounded into each of his eye sockets. The pointy ends protruding from the back of his head. A STEEL INQUISITOR.

DOCKSON
What's *that thing* doing here?

KELSIER
Stay calm.

The Inquisitor sweeps the area with his steel pierced eyes. Eyes surrounded by tattoos like an Obligator. Mostly black, with one stark red line.

KELSIER
He's not here for us.

DOCKSON
The girl?

KELSIER
You say Camon has been running this scam on the ministry for a while. Well the girl must have been detected by one of the Obligators. They're trained to recognize when an Allomancer tampers with their emotions.

Across the street the Inquisitor confers with Prelan Arriev. The two of them move off in the direction Camon went.

DOCKSON
They must have sent a tail to follow them.

KELSIER
There'll be two tails at least.

DOCKSON

Camon will lead them directly back to his safe house. Dozens of men will die. They're not the most admirable of people but...

KELSIER

They fight the Final Empire, in their own way. Besides I'm not about to let a possible *Mist-born* slip away from us. I want to talk to that girl. Can you deal with those tails?

DOCKSON

I said I'd become boring Kell, not sloppy. I can handle a couple Ministry flunkies.

KELSIER

Good.

Kelsier reaches into his cloak pocket. Pulls out a small vial. A collection of metal flakes floats in an alcohol solution within.

He removes the stopper and downs the contents in one swift gulp. Pocketing the empty vial and wipes his mouth.

KELSIER

I'll handle that Inquisitor.

DOCKSON

(apprehensive)

You're going to try and take him?

KELSIER

Too dangerous, I'll just try and divert him. Now get going.

DOCKSON

Meet back at the fifteenth crossroad.

Dockson takes off down an alley and disappears around a corner.

Kelsier smiles and burns zinc, using the power to pull on The Steel Inquisitors emotions.

KELSIER

Let's have a chase now, you and I.

The Inquisitor stops, looks back at where Kelsier once stood. Curious. He moves off in that same direction.

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - DAY

PLINK! Coins drop into an open chest as Camon counts the metal chips one by one.

His closest Cronies sit at a table with him. LAUGHTER and alcohol flow freely.

Vin sits in a dark corner. A look of dread on her face.

Another coin CLINKS into the chest. Vin snaps out of it. She looks up from her corner. Scans the room. Eyes falling on --

Ulef sits at a table with his friends, drink in hand.

Vin makes her way to his side. Tugs on his sleeve. He turns toward her, slightly drunk.

ULEF

Vin?

VIN

Ulef. We need to go.

ULEF

Go? Go where?

VIN

(whispering)

Away, out of here.

Ulef glances at his friends who chuckle among themselves.

ULEF

(flushed)

You want to go somewhere, just you and I?

VIN

Not like that, I just need to leave and I don't want to be alone.

Ulef pulls Vin closer. He whispers into her ear.

ULEF

(whispering)

What is this about Vin?

VIN

I... Think something might happen,
Ulef. Something with the
Obligators. I just don't want to be
here right now.

ULEF

Alright, how long will this take?

VIN

I don't know, until evening at
least. But we have to go. Now.

Ulef slowly nods.

VIN

Wait here a moment.

Vin glances at Camon who laughs at one of his own jokes. She leaves Ulef's side and quietly makes her way into the lairs back room.

INT. CREW SLEEPING QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

A simple elongated corridor with bedrolls to each side.

Vin moves to her pallet. The muffled sounds of laughter and talking can be heard through the walls. She kneels down. Regards her few possessions.

A pebble, a piece of obsidian no bigger than a coin and an earring that she rolls between her fingers thoughtfully.

Vin pockets two of the three possessions and places the earring in her ear before leaving the room.

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vin returns to the main room where she is shocked to find Ulef no longer sitting with his friends, but is now speaking with --

Camon looks at Vin, face red with rage.

CAMON

What is this?!

He pushes his stool out of the way and lurches toward her.

CAMON

Running away? Off to betray me to
the Ministry are you?

Vin dashes toward the stairwell door. Desperately scrambling around tables and past crew members.

WHAM! A chair hits her squarely in the back. Vin falls to the ground hard.

Vin lays on the floor in a Daze. She climbs awkwardly to her feet just as --

Camon is on her in a heart beat. He back hands Vin across the face. SMACK! She hits the floor once more.

Camon leans down, grips Vins jacket and pulls her to her feet about to strike her again when - Vin uses her Luck. Time slows. The air calms. Camon's eyes soften. His hatred subsides but only for a moment.

Then, the anger returns. Hard, Terrifying.

CAMON

Damn wench. That backstabbing
brother of yours never respected
me, and your the same. I was too
easy on you both. Should have...

Vin attempts to twist free, but Camon is too strong. She looks toward the other Crew members for help. But finds none.

Camon hits her again. Knocking her to the ground.

He grabs her shoulder and punches her in the face. Winds up again for another blow when suddenly --

BOOM! The stairwell door bursts open with great force. Camon pauses in surprise. All eyes are fixed on the entrance where we see --

Kelsier enters the room. A look of intense anger on his face.

CAMON

Who the hell are you?

Camon's demands are cut short as he is thrown backward by an invisible powerful force and is toppled to the ground.

Vin crawls away from Camon desperately looking for a way out of this situation until --

A sense of calmness, and peace washes over Vin. Time slows. Her breathing and heartbeat do the same. Someone is using luck on her.

Kelsier finally steps into the room. Camon's crew remains sitting at their tables. Dockson stands in the stairwell behind him.

Camon groans and sits up holding his head.

CAMON
Master Dockson! This is a surprise.

DOCKSON
Indeed.

Camon looks at Kelsier. Recognizes the scars on his arms.

CAMON
By the Lord Ruler... The survivor
of Hathsin.
(beat)
Master Kelsier, this is a rare
honour.

Kelsier shakes his head.

KELSIER
You know, I'm not really interested
in listening to you.

Camon let's out an URK Of pain as he is thrown backwards again by an unseen force.

Kelsier addresses the room.

KELSIER
The rest of you know who I am?

Many of the crew members nod.

KELSIER
Good. I've come today because you,
my friends, owe me a great debt.

A beat and then --

One of the crew members, MILEV, a dark skinned man and Camon's second in command speaks up.

MILEV
We... Do, master Kelsier?

KELSIER
Indeed you do. You see, Master
Dockson and I just saved your
lives.

(MORE)

KELSIER (CONT'D)

Your rather incompetent crew leader left the Ministry's Canton of finance about an hour ago, returning directly to this safe house. He was followed by two ministry scouts, one high ranking prelan... And a single steel inquisitor.

The room sits in stunned silence.

KELSIER

I dealt with the Inquisitor...

Kelsier takes a moment to let that sink in.

KELSIER

...and require payment for services rendered.

Milev is the first to move. He scoops up the chest of coins and offers it to Kelsier.

MILEV

The money, Camon got from the Ministry. three thousand Boxings.

KELSIER

(accepting the chest)
And you are?

MILEV

Milev, master Kelsier.

KELSIER

Well Crew leader Milev, I will consider this payment satisfactory. Assuming you do one other thing for me.

MILEV

What would that be.

Kelsier nods toward the nearly unconscious Camon.

KELSIER

Deal with him.

MILEV

Of course.

KELSIER

I want him to live Milev, but I don't want him to enjoy it.

Milev nods.

KELSIER

Dox, Where were we going to have our meeting tonight?

DOCKSON

It hadn't been established. Perhaps Clubs...

KELSIER

We'll hold the meeting here.

DOCKSON

Here Kell?

Kelsier looks to Milev.

KELSIER

We'll require use of your safe house for the evening. This can be arranged?

MILEV

Of course.

KELSIER

Good. Now, get out.

MILEV

Out?

KELSIER

Yes, take your men, including your former leader and leave. I want to have a private conversation with Vin.

A beat as Milev and the crew stand in silence.

MILEV

Well, you heard the man.

A group of thugs grab Camon. Milev shoo's the rest from the room.

KELSIER

Oh and Milev, see that none of your men betray us. You've already attracted the eye of the steel ministry. Don't make an enemy of me as well.

Milev nods sharply, then disappears into the stairwell closing the door behind him.

KELSIER

That was far too much fun, Dox.

Dockson snorts and walks toward the front of the room.

DOCKSON

You were insufferable enough before Kell, I don't know how I'm going to handle this new reputation of yours.

Vin remains where she sits. Appraising the two men.

DOCKSON

You need anything child? A wet Handkerchief for your face perhaps.

No answer. Dockson ducks behind the bar a moment then reappears with alcohol bottles in hand.

KELSIER

Anything good?

DOCKSON

I've got socks worth more than this wine.

KELSIER

Give me a cup anyway.

(toward Vin)

You want anything? Don't worry, you have nothing to fear from us.

Vin sits quietly, fear and uncertainty displayed on her face.

Suddenly a feeling of calm washes over her. She is being soothed. Time slows. Her heartbeat slows. Until --

Vin breaks away from the manipulation.

KELSIER

(surprised)

That's unexpected!

DOCKSON

What?

KELSIER

Nothing.

DOCKSON
You want a drink or not lass?

A beat. And then --

VIN
Ale.

KELSIER
Ale? That's it?

VIN
I like it.

KELSIER
We'll have to work on that. Anyway
have a seat.

Hesitant, Vin walks over and sits down opposite Kelsier at the small table.

Dockson joins them. Giving Kelsier his wine and Vin her ale.

VIN
(quietly)
Who are you?

KELSIER
You're a blunt one. So much for my intriguing air of mystery. My name is Kelsier. I'm what you might call a crew leader, but I run a much different crew. Men like Camon and his ilk like to think of themselves as Predators feeding off the nobility and the various organizations of the ministry.

VIN
More like scavengers.

KELSIER
(smiling)
Scavengers. I like that. Well, Dox and I are also Scavengers, but of a higher quality, and a bit more ambitious.

VIN
You're noblemen?

DOCKSON
Lord No!

KELSIER

Or at least, not full blooded ones.

VIN

Half breeds are not suppose to exist. The Ministry hunts them.

KELSIER

Half breeds like you?

Vin stiffens at Kelsier's comment.

KELSIER

Even the steel ministry isn't infallible Vin. If they can miss you, then they can miss others.

VIN

You are... Mistings? A type of Allomancer?

KELSIER

To an extent. Dox nor I are Mistings, but we do associate ourselves with a few.

(beat)

Tell me Vin, do you realize what you did to that Obligator at the Canton of Finance?

VIN

I used my luck. I use it to make people less angry.

KELSIER

Or less suspicious, easier to scam.

Vin nods.

KELSIER

There are a lot of things you'll need to learn. Lesson one and the most important lesson of all is to never use Allomancy on an Obligator. They've been trained to know when they are being soothed. It's the reason you were discovered in the first place.

(regarding Vin's Ale)

You're not drinking.

VIN

You might have put something in it.

KELSIER

Oh there's no need to sneak
something into your drink.

Kelsier produces a vial from his jacket pocket and sets it on
the table. A dark residue clouds the bottom.

KELSIER

After all you are going to drink
this mysterious vial of liquid
willingly.

VIN

What is it?

KELSIER

If I told you it wouldn't be
mysterious.

Dockson rolls his eyes.

DOCKSON

The vial is filled with an alcohol
solution and two of the eight basic
Allomantic metals, Vin.

KELSIER

You'll have to drink it if you want
to know more about this luck of
yours.

VIN

You drink half first.

KELSIER

A bit on the paranoid side.

Kelsier sighs, picks up the vial and pulls off the plug.

VIN

Shake it up first.

He rolls his eyes, but does as requested. Shakes the vial and
downs half the contents.

Satisfied, Vin reaches for the vial and does the same.

KELSIER

Now, feel for your luck inside of
you. Feel the metal. Burn it.

Close on Vin. She closes her eyes. A moment passes and then --

Vin's eyes snap open with shock.

VIN

I feel it.

KELSIER

So, Try it. Soothe me.

Vin reaches out, using her luck to calm Kelsier. Time seems to stop. His breathing and heartbeat slow.

KELSIER

Good. But we already knew you could do that. Now the real test. You can dampen my emotions, but can you enflame them too?

Angle on Vin, concentrating on the second metal in her body.

Angle on Kelsier, face hopeful. Anticipatory and then, he smiles.

KELSIER

That's it then, she did it.

DOCKSON

To be honest, Kell, I'm not sure what to think. Having one of you around was bad enough, but two?

VIN

Two what?

KELSIER

Even among the nobility, Vin, Allomancy is modestly rare. Those with access to one Allomantic ability are called Mistings, but the few who can control more than one can usually control all eight and are generally referred to as Mistborn. You, Vin, are one of these Mistborn. Even amongst the nobility they are incredibly rare. Amongst skaa... Well let's jus say I've only met one other skaa mistborn in my life.

Vin reaches over and takes a healthy pull on her mug of ale.

VIN

What does this all mean?

KELSIER

It means, Vin, that you are a very special person.

(MORE)

KELSIER (CONT'D)

You have a power most noblemen
envy, but because you weren't born
into their world you don't have to
play by their rules. And that makes
you more powerful than you can
possibly imagine.

The stunned girl looks at Kelsier. Eyes filled with
disbelief.

EXT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

A row of gas lamps give off a bloom of soft light through the
milky white mist.

FOOTSTEPS CLICK along the cobblestone street as we see a
hooded FIGURE emerge from the fog. He approaches a door.
Stops and knocks on it in a coded rhythm.

A beat and then - The door opens and Dockson's face peers out
from inside.

DOCKSON

We've been waiting for you.

The Figure steps inside as we move up the side of the
building to the second story window where Vin watches the
street.

KELSIER (PRE-LAP)

Gentlemen, we are going to
overthrow the final empire.

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - LATER

A meeting is occupied by a procession of eight, familiar and
unfamiliar faces.

All sit in shocked Silence.

A stocky man, HAM (30's) with an impressive build and short
cropped hair is the first to speak up.

HAM

Excuse me?

Kelsier stands at the head of the room while Dockson and
another man flank him. Vin sits along the perimeter.

KELSIER

You heard right Ham, that's the job
I have been planning.

(MORE)

KELSIER (CONT'D)

The destruction of the final empire. Yeden here has hired us to supply him an army and provide him with a favourable opportunity to seize control of the city.

Ham sits back, the eyes of the room fall upon the man to Kelsier's left, YEDEN (40's) short with curly brown hair wearing simple grey Skaa clothing. He laughs ruefully to himself.

YEDEN

I should never had agreed to this, now that you say it, I realize how ridiculous it sounds.

KELSIER

Trust me, these men have pulled off the impossible more than once.

Another man, BREEZE, (40's) Sharply dressed in a nobleman's suit, plum vest, gold buttons and black overcoat complete with short brimmed hat and duelling cane speaks up.

BREEZE

That may be true Kell, but in this case I find myself agreeing with our disapproving friend. Overthrow the final empire! This is something the Skaa rebellion has not been able to accomplish in one thousand years. What makes you think we can achieve that which has eluded the skaa for centuries?

KELSIER

We'll succeed because we have vision, Breeze. That is something the rebellion has always lacked.

YEDEN

Excuse me? We've done our best and died while thieves such as yourself kept to the shadows.

KELSIER

I'm not trying to insult you Yeden, but the rebellion has had very little in the way of proper organization, I hope to remedy that.

BREEZE

And how much are we getting paid
for achieving the impossible.

YEDEN

Thirty thousand boxings, half now,
the other half when you deliver the
army.

Ham nearly spits out his drink.

HAM

Thirty thousand! For an operation
this big? That will barely cover
expenses.

YEDEN

No use haggling now, thief.

DOCKSON

It's good work gentlemen.

BREEZE

Yes, well that's all great. I
consider myself a nice enough
fellow. This just seems a bit
altruistic, if not stupid.

KELSIER

Well, there might be a little bit
more in it for us.

The occupants in the room perk up.

KELSIER

The Lord Rulers treasury. Typical
of the usual spoils save for one
extremely valuable and rare
resource.

BREEZE

Atium?

Kelsier nods.

KELSIER

Our agreement with Yeden promises
half, and the stockpile is rumoured
to be enormous.

HAM

Well, now, that's almost a big
enough prize to be tempting.

KELSIER

Gentlemen, I'll be frank with you. This isn't going to be an easy job, but it can work. The plan is simple. We're going to find a way to neutralize the Luthadel Garrison leaving the area without a policing force. Then we're going to throw the city into chaos.

DOCKSON

We've got a couple options for that, which we will discuss later.

KELSIER

Yeden will march his army into Luthadel and seize the palace, taking the Lord Ruler prisoner and we will steal the atium.

Laughter sounds from the side of the room as a surly looking man named, CLUBS, (30's) chimes in.

CLUBS

You're forgetting the steel Ministry. Those Inquisitors won't just let us throw their pretty theocracy into chaos.

KELSIER

I've got a few plans for that. Either way, problems like this are the things that we as a crew have to figure out.

BREEZE

I don't know Kell, the Lord Ruler got that atium from somewhere. What if he goes and mines some more?

HAM

No one even knows where the atium mine is.

KELSIER

I wouldn't say no one.

Breeze and Ham share a look.

HAM

You know?

KELSIER

Of course, I spent a year of my life there.

HAM

The Pits!

KELSIER

There's a reason no one survives Hathsin. It's not just a hell hole where skaa are sent to die. It's a mine.

(beat)

We have a chance here. A chance to do something great. Something no other thieving crew has ever done. Are you with me?

HAM

You know I'll join your crew no matter what the job. This sounds crazy. But so do most your plans. Just tell me, are you serious about overthrowing the lord Ruler?

Kelsier nods.

HAM

Alright, I'm in.

KELSIER

Breeze?

BREEZE

I'm not sure Kell, this is extreme, even for you.

KELSIER

We need you Breeze, no one can Soothe a crowd like you can. Think of the challenge.

A beat as Breeze considers and then --

BREEZE

Fine, I'm in.

Clubs scoffs.

CLUBS

It's impossible. The Inquisitors will hang us all with hooks through our throats.

He stands, causing his chair to topple backwards onto the floor.

CLUBS

No reward would be enough. The Lord
Ruler tried to have you killed
once. I see that you won't be
satisfied until he gets it right.

Clubs turns and stalks out of the room with a limping gait
slamming the door behind him.

DOCKSON

Guess we'll need another smoker.

YEDEN

You're just going to let him leave?
He knows everything.

KELSIER

I'm not about to force someone to
join us, besides Clubs is one of
the most trustworthy people I know.

Kelsier brings his attention to Vin.

KELSIER

What about you Vin, are you in?

Vin hesitates, the men in the room await a response.

VIN

I'm... in.

YEDEN

Who is the child?

KELSIER

Let's just say a diamond in the
rough. I'll fill you all in later.

Kelsier pulls a chair over to the table for himself and sits
down on it the wrong way, resting his arms on the seat back.

KELSIER

Before we end for the evening,
there is one more part of the plan
I haven't told you about.

BREEZE

More? Stealing the Lord Rulers
fortune and overthrowing his empire
aren't enough?

KELSIER

No.

(beat)

I'm going to kill him too.

HAM

Kelsier, the Lord Ruler is the sliver of infinity. He's a piece of god himself, how do you propose killing him?

KELSIER

With this.

Kelsier reaches into his suit pocket and pulls something out, sets it on the table. A thin bar of metal no bigger than a finger, silvery white in colour.

KELSIER

The Northerners have a legend. It teaches the Lord Ruler is not immortal. Not entirely. They say he can be killed with the right metal. The eleventh metal.

BREEZE

The eleventh metal? I've heard of no such legend.

Ham lifts the metal and inspects it.

HAM

Where did you get it?

KELSIER

In a land near the far peninsula.

BREEZE

How does it work?

KELSIER

That's the thing, I'm not entirely sure. But I intend to find out.

(beat)

The Lord Ruler and I, we have an unsettled debt. He took everything from me. I want to return the favour. Even if it kills me.

Ham sets the chunk of metal down on the table.

KELSIER (PRE-LAP)

Ah-ha!

INT. CREW SAFE HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - LATER

Kelsier opens a hidden compartment located within one of the drawers behind the safe house bar.

He triumphantly emerges from below the countertop and places a dusty wine bottle onto the surface with a THUNK!

Vin and Dockson watch as he pours three glasses of wine.

DOCKSON

I thought I looked there.

KELSIER

The trick is to never stop looking.
There's always another secret.

(beat)

That went well I think.

DOCKSON

Well? We still need a smoker. I'm still unsure if Breeze is on board or not, and half the people who we expected to come to your meeting were no shows. Not to mention you used up the last of the atium losing the tale of that Inquisitor.

KELSIER

You worry too much Dockson. The others will arrive in a couple days. As for the atium I've got that covered.

DOCKSON

Covered? Atium is not easy to come by, it took nearly eight months of planning to steal the last bit.

KELSIER

That's because you had to be delicate.

DOCKSON

Well, then, are you going to tell me how you are going to not so delicately get some...

Just then the stairs clatter with the sound of someone coming down them.

Kelsier, Dockson and Vin turn to face the entrance surprised to find Club's gnarled face staring back at them.

KELSIER

Clubs!

Clubs enters with a thin awkward looking teenage boy with the nickname, SPOOK (15) following closely behind.

CLUBS

Is the soother gone?

KELSIER

Breeze? Yes, he left.

He grunts, eyes the bottle of wine.

KELSIER

Help yourself.

Clubs motions toward Spook to fetch him a cup from the bar.

CLUBS

I had to be sure, can never be too careful when a Soother is around. Can't trust you are not being manipulated.

KELSIER

I wouldn't rely on something like that to get your loyalty.

Spook pours Clubs a cup of wine.

CLUBS

So I've heard. Had to be sure though. Had to think about things without that Breeze around.

Clubs downs half the cup of wine with one big gulp.

CLUBS

Good wine.

(beat)

So the Pits really did drive you insane?

KELSIER

Completely.

CLUBS

You mean to go through with this, then? This so called job of yours?

Kelsier nods.

Clubs gulps down the rest of his wine.

CLUBS

You've got yourself a smoker then.
Not for the money, though. If
you're really serious about
toppling this government I'm in.

DOCKSON

(pouring himself another
drink)
Well, that solves the smoker
problem.

CLUBS

Won't matter much. You're going to
fail. I've hid many a misting from
the Lord Ruler and his Obligators,
and he's hunted down every single
one of them.

DOCKSON

Why help us then?

CLUBS

It's only a matter of time before
I'm caught. Might as well go out
spitting in the face of the Lord
Ruler himself.

(smiling)

It's got style. Let's go kid. We've
got to get the shop ready for
visitors.

Clubs limps out the door. Spook pulls it closed behind them.

Vin glances at Kelsier.

VIN

You knew he'd come back.

KELSIER

I had hoped. Besides, it's a once
in a lifetime opportunity. Now,
lets move to the roof.

(beat)

It's time for me to acquire some
atium.

EXT. SAFEHOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Mist engulfs the city within its murky embrace.

Kelsier stands on the ledge of the roof. He scans the rooftops breathing in the night air. Dockson and Vin stand behind him.

DOCKSON

Are you sure you want to do this?

Kelsier removes his jacket and vest and hands them to Dockson.

KELSIER

Which house would no one consider hitting?

DOCKSON

Venture.

KELSIER

Yes of course.

He leans down and opens a pack. Pulls out a long grey mist-cloak made up of hundreds of long ribbonlike strips.

Kelsier throws on the cloak. The ribbons twisting and turning like the very mists themselves. He pulls a pair of glass blades from the pack and sheathes them behind his back then kicks off his shoes and removes his socks.

Lastly Kelsier takes a vial of metal from his belt, pulls off the stopper and downs its contents.

KELSIER

Guess I'll be going. I'll meet you back at Clubs shop. Mistress Vin.

DOCKSON

Good luck.

Vin watches curiously as Kelsier steps onto the ledge. He takes a coin and tosses it into the mist filled night.

Kelsier burns the *Iron* in his stomach.

Through his eyes we see the world come alive with blue tendrils of translucent energy tethered from his chest to all the metal nearby.

Kelsier leaps off the ledge and flies off into the mist. Vin rushes forward eager to see him off, but he is already gone.

EXT. KEEP VENTURE - LUTHADEL - NIGHT

A fog-horn bellows in the distance.

Keep Venture rises above the accompanying buildings ablaze with lantern light.

INSERT CAPTION: KEEP VENTURE

The fortress is majestic in its architecture, with a wall built around its perimeter while sturdy buttresses arch from the sides allowing for intricate windows and delicate spires.

A human form, Kelsier, *burning Iron* soars over the protective wall. (Iron is one of the eight basic allomantic metals and when digested within the body lets you pull metal)

He arcs and falls against the Keep, immediately bounding upwards with inhuman dexterity and catches the lip of a service walkway. Flips over a stone railing and lands quietly on the ledge.

A startled GUARD stands three paces away. Kelsier pulls the two glass daggers sheathed at his back and leaps toward the man. Falling feet first into him driven by a pull of his Iron.

The Guard collapses with a slit throat.

Kelsier lands next to the dead man's body before burning steel to use the guard's metal breast plate to push himself upwards onto the roof.

On top of the roof Kelsier swiftly makes his way to the far side peering down to --

A wide and broad sitting balcony. Two unsuspecting GUARDS stand looking out over the city.

Kelsier drops between the two men. He burns Pewter to strengthen his body then burns steel to force push the two men's metal breast plates. They fly off the balcony into the darkness below.

He throws open the balcony doors and swiftly enters --

INT. KEEP VENTURE - CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Kelsier moves forward in a crouching run passing through a greenhouse with floor to ceiling windows. Low beds with cultivated bushes and trees populate the room.

He moves quickly through the conservatory. Pauses at a door to another room. The frame outlined in light from the other side. A beat before he enters --

INT. KEEP VENTURE - STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Kelsier ducks inside. Glass daggers in each hand. Lanterns burn on each wall beside bookcases. A desk resides in a corner.

He sheathes the daggers. Burns steel. Streamers of blue light emanate from all metals nearby including a large safe in the other corner.

Kelsier follows one of the ribbons of blue light. Approaches a wall, runs his hands along the plaster, painted with a mural. Foreign creatures lounging beneath a red sun.

He finds a two meter square false section of wall.

Burning iron, Kelsier pulls on something on the other side of the wall. He burns Pewter, giving him increased strength. Pulls harder until --

A lock snaps, and the false section of the wall opens revealing a small hidden safe.

Kelsier iron pulls on the safe, both legs on either side of the opening. He burns more pewter, muscles strain as he rips the safe out. Kelsier jumps back landing maladroitly as the safe hits the floor sending up splinters.

A pair of startled GUARDS burst into the room.

KELSIER

About time!

Kelsier raises his hand. Iron pulls on one of the Guards swords. It whips out of its sheath and streaks toward him point first. He side steps catching it by the hilt as it blurs past.

GUARD #1

Mistborn!

The guard pulls out a dagger. Kelsier steel pushes it out of the man's hand. Swings the sword and shears the guards head from his body.

Kelsier steel pushes his own sword through the air at the second guard. THUNK! The man falls to the ground, sword sticking from his chest.

Kelsier turns from the bodies. Burns Pewter and lifts the safe from the floor.

INT. KEEP VENTURE - CONSERVATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Angle on Kelsier as he shuffles his way through the greenhouse with the safe in tow.

Suddenly FOOTSTEPS tromp into the room from behind as eight HAZEKILLERS flood inside. They all wear grey robes, a shield and duelling cane.

Kelsier drops the safe to the floor. Smiles.

The HazeKillers attack in pairs. Kelsier ducks their attacks. Swinging his glass daggers. One of the men dodges and counters with his cane.

Kelsier leaps back with a pewter enhanced jump. He pulls a handful of coins from his jacket, steel pushing them like bullets at the HazeKillers. They raise their shields. THUNK THUNK THUNK! The coins harmlessly bounce off their shields in a tuft of splinters.

The other HazeKillers surround Kelsier. Three behind, five in front. The three attack. Kelsier Iron pulls himself toward the safe at the centre of the room. He steel Pushes himself immediately off the safe landing within range of a HazeKillers duelling cane which smashes against his arm. CRACK!

Kelsier stabs his glass dagger into the chest of his assailant.

A second HazeKiller attacks. Kelsier ducks. Rips the coin pouch from his belt and steel pushes it against the killer. The intensity of the push sends both Kelsier and the other man flying back in opposite directions.

The HazeKiller smashes against the conservatory window. CRASH! Glass and steel explode outwards as the man disappears into the darkness beyond.

The mist, quiet and ominous begins to creep in through the window.

The six other men advance relentlessly. Kelsier ducks two swings of their canes. A third cane strikes his side. He trips and falls near the entrance of the lit study.

The six HazeKillers quickly attack. Kelsier burns Iron. Desperately reaches out pulling on any metal he can find. A blue line leads to a paperweight on a desk. It launches off the flat surface. Hurtles toward Kelsier. He catches it.

KELSIER

Come on!

He Steel pushes the weight toward the closest Hazekiller who raises his shield. The paperweight beats him. Smashing into the stunned man's shoulder with a CRUNCH!

Kelsier dodges a couple more cane strikes. Putting himself between the approaching Hazekillers and the fallen man.

Another Iron pull on the paperweight brings the ingot flying back toward his hand. SMACK! It crashes into the side of another mans head.

HAZEKILLER

Damn you!

One of the remaining men rushes forward. Cane held aloft to strike. Kelsier Burns Pewter and catches the cane mid swing.

The Hazekiller grunts. The two men struggle.

Angle on the paperweight on the floor behind Kelsier. It begins to rise from an Iron pull.

The metal paperweight hurtles toward the struggling men. Kelsier spins the Hazekiller into the ingots path. Killing him.

As the dead man falls, another cane smashes against Kelsier's shoulder. He iron pulls the ingot imbedded in the previous man's back and sets it on a collision course with his attacker who raises his shield.

A second Hazekiller sneaks up from behind. The first lets the ingot glance off his shield harmlessly, but Kelsier immediately pulls it back to him. Ducks just as the second man is nearly on top of him. The paper weight caves in the man's face with a sickening CRUNCH!

Two left. Kelsier Iron pulls and steel pushes his paperweight weapon at the remaining Hazekillers. But before they have a chance to raise their shields he drops the ingot to the floor in front of them.

Kelsier runs toward the men. Jumps and steel pushes off the paperweight, flips over his opponents, and as they turn expecting an attack from behind. Kelsier Iron pulls the ingot into the back of one of their heads.

The ingot flips a few times in the darkness and Kelsier snatches it from the air. It's cold surface slick with blood.

KELSIER

(smiling)

Last man standing.

The remaining Hazekiller steps back. He then drops his weapon and dashes away.

Kelsier relaxes for a moment. The battle seemingly won until -
-

The ingot is steel pushed from his fingers and smashes out one of the floor to ceiling windows.

Kelsier spins to see another larger group of men enter the room. They wear the clothing of noblemen. ALLOMANCERS.

Several of them raise hands. A flurry of coins shoot toward Kelsier. He steel pushes the coins. The coins are diverted into the walls and windows of the room. Glass shatters, wood splinters.

Kelsier feels a tug on his belt. The final vial of metal, pulled away by one of the Allomancers.

He grits his teeth. Deflects another wave of coins. Weighs his options before --

Kelsier runs toward one of the shattered windows. Leaps out into the darkness.

EXT. KEEP VENTURE - CONTINUOUS

He turns in the air as he falls. Iron pulls on the safe in the middle of the room.

He jerks in midair. Swings toward the side of the building as though tied to the safe with a tether.

INT. KEEP VENTURE - CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

Angle on the safe as it slides forward, grinding along the floor toward the window.

EXT. KEEP VENTURE - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Kelsier slams against the side of the building. He steel pulls against the safe. Struggling to yank it outside.

The safe appears over the lip of the floor above. Teeters. Then falls from the window plummeting toward Kelsier who kicks off the wall.

SWOOSH! The safe hurtles past Kelsier as he dives with it, the two objects hurtling toward the ground with Kell trailing behind. The safe hits the cobblestone ground.

Kelsier Steel pushes against it stopping his rate of decent and hovers above the ground. Before landing next to the strongbox.

Kelsier looks up at the broken window. One of the Allomancer's peers down at him.

ALLOMANCER
Don't let him get away!

KELSIER
(to himself)
Time to go.

Kelsier pries open the front of the mangled strongbox.

He feels around the inside of the safe. Pulls out documents, and gems-stones when finally he produces a leather pouch.

Kelsier opens the pouch, reveals a grouping of dark beadlike bits of metal. Atium.

Something catches his attention to his left. The dead body of the Hazekiller he steel pushed from the window. The coin purse displayed on his mangled body.

Kelsier iron pulls the purse to his awaiting hand. Smiles with satisfaction and runs off into the mist

Alarm klaxons WAIL as we --

FADE OUT.