

EXT. FOREST - DAY.

The sun is now high above the trees; Edrys is still marching along, but Cæna is obviously fatigued. He leans against a tree with a groan.

CÆNA

Can we stop? Like, just for a little bit? It's been hours.

EDRYS

Nope. I told you, it'll be two days if we're quick, and we *need* to be quick.

Cæna groans and plunks himself down on the ground.

CÆNA

Fine, you go. Have fun. I'm gonna just...just stay here for a bit.

Edrys stops and turns to look at him.

EDRYS

Are you serious?

CÆNA

Absolutely.

EDRYS

It's your prophesy! Isn't there some...I don't know...*mystic energy* calling you to your quest?

Cæna starts to roll his eyes, then stops, a faraway expression in his eyes. Slowly, he gets to his feet.

CÆNA

(wondrously)

I...actually, I think there is.
I...I feel something pulling
me...

Edrys follows him eagerly as he walks forward.

CÆNA (cont'd)

Yes, I'm being guided to...to...

He stops and throws himself down onto a stump.

CÆNA (cont'd)

A better seat.

Edrys tugs at her hair and lets out a rage-filled grunt.

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EDRYS

I hate you!

Cæna settles back comfortably in his seat with a smirk, setting his lute on his lap to pluck at it. Edrys paces.

EDRYS (cont'd)

You told me that dragon will be leaving in two days! We could miss it completely, and then I'd never get to see a dragon, and that's not what I signed up for. I signed up to kill a goddamn dragon!

Edrys' voice grows muffled as he ignores her and starts to play. He starts to relax...just in time to have a heap of glitter fall on his face. He gets up with a cry.

CÆNA

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!

EDRYS

And let me tell you-wait, oh my god, what happened?

Cæna holds up his arms. GLITTER covers his whole upper body. Edrys hisses.

EDRYS (cont'd)

No...Oh, no no no, we're not dealing with this today. We need to go.

CÆNA

But what *is* this?

EDRYS

It doesn't matter, just don't look up!

CÆNA

Don't look...

Naturally, he looks up. In the trees above, a man with a long white beard and bright purple robes-the WIZARD OF THE SOUTH [50; a bad Merlin knock-off]-is hanging on to a tree branch. He cackles as Edrys groans.

EDRYS

Goddammit, what did I *just* tell you not to do?

WIZARD

Well, it would appear that two unsuspecting wanderers have found their way to my domain! What a shame they were uninvited...

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He jumps down from the tree-glitter flies from his sleeves as he regains his balance. He then stands up as menacingly as possible.

WIZARD (cont'd)
And trespassers *must die!*

Cæna jumps back in fright, while Edrys merely groans again, throwing her head back.

EDRYS
Oh my god, this is the woooooorst.

She finally huffs and draws her sword.

EDRYS (cont'd)
Look, just give me five minutes
and we'll be able to get through.

The Wizard shrinks back.

WIZARD
Er, wait! Wait! I...I believe I
may be able to help you! You
are...on a quest. To find a...a
dragon.

Cæna puts an arm out to stop Edrys, his eyes wide.

CÆNA
(wondrously)
How did you know that?

WIZARD
I know many things, young....

He obviously glances at Cæna's lute.

WIZARD (cont'd)
...music enthusiast.

Cæna gasps in amazement. Edrys sends Cæna a disgusted look.

EDRYS
I said dragon three times while
he was in that tree! He just
eavesdropped! Look, I'm just
gonna take care of this.

CÆNA
What?!

He pulls her aside and leans in to whisper to her.

CÆNA (cont'd)

You can't kill a wizard, Edrys!

EDRYS

I can, and I will. Wizards aren't even magic!

CÆNA

Edrys, that is murder and murder is bad.

EDRYS

Don't you take the moral high road on this.

CÆNA

No, no, moral high-road is cutting some legal corners. Like trespassing or whatever. *Not murdering someone is being a functioning human.*

EDRYS

It wouldn't even count as murder! It's *pest control*. There are ten *just like him* in the woods, and they all just throw glitter and yell about hellbeasts. No one will notice there's one less!

In the background, the Wizard is looking nervous, and he clears his throat loudly to get Cæna and Edrys' attention before posing menacingly.

WIZARD

Young music enthusiast, I can help you! I'm familiar with the ways of dragons, and my healing powers are beyond mortal comprehension.

Edrys rolls her eyes, but Cæna nods.

CÆNA

That could be useful.

EDRYS

What? Cæna, no-

WIZARD

Excellent, Cæna! Now, all you need to do is solve my riddle...if you solve it, I shall join your party and aid your quest. If not, then you shall be torn apart by my hellbeasts.

Cæna sees that this is his time to shine. He stands tall.

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CÆNA

I'm ready.

EDRYS

Oh my goood...

The Wizard throws his arms up, sending another shower of glitter into the air, and a mighty wind conveniently blows through the forest as he lifts his arms high.

WIZARD

(in a booming voice)

What flies when it is born,

Lies when it is alive,

And runs when it is dead?

Cæna blinks, then turns his back on the wizard and thinks hard over the question. He mumbles in the foreground of the shot.

CÆNA

"What flies when it's born, lies when it's alive, and runs when it's dead?" Huh...lots of things lie when they're alive. Squashes, they lie...do they run when you eat them? No...maybe it's a toy of some sort...what runs when you don't play with it? Hmmm...

As Cæna muses in the foreground, Edrys launches herself at the wizard in the background. Over his shoulder, we see her hack and slash as he throws more glitter at her. She stumbles as glitter gets in her eyes, but blindly resumes hacking with relish.

CÆNA (cont'd)

Well, rivers run...rivers come from mountains, would that be flying? WAIT, we get that water from snow! Snow flies in the air, then sits in piles, then runs into the river! Wizard! I have your ans-*Holy shit, Edrys!*

He turns and is startled by the carnage-all but the wizard's arm is off-screen-and the sight of Edrys covered in blood. She gives an awkward smile.

EDRYS

Heyyyy, you did it, Bardo! But, uh, looks like I took care of it faster.

CÆNA

You *murdered* him! You...you murdered him a lot! Just...ohh, my god, I'm gonna be sick.

Edrys scoffs as she stabs her sword into the ground.

EDRYS

What, is this your first mangled corpse?

CÆNA

Yes. Because most people don't *murder others!* God, Edrys, he could have helped us!

He sinks onto a stump and covers his face.

CÆNA (cont'd)

God, another failure. Of course. Perfect.

Edrys shifts back and forth uncomfortably.

EDRYS

Well...if you want...I mean, like I said, there's ten other wizards just like him in the forest. All wizards are pompous windbags, so...

CÆNA

No.

EDRYS

Are you *suuure?* Because I really could-

CÆNA

(snaps)

The moment is *ruined*, Edrys! It won't be the same!

Edrys huffs, then attempts to brush off her shirt.

EDRYS

Well *sor-ry* for trying to help us get through faster.

CÆNA

Ugh...you know what? Fine, you win, let's keep moving.

He kicks at the Wizard's hand.

CENA (cont'd)
I'd rather be tired than sitting
next to a rotting wizard.

EDRYS
(cheerily)
That's the spirit!

2 INT. LORD GAILLARD'S CASTLE - DAY

A grand party is being thrown inside the palace to celebrate the New Dragon Accord. Cæna, now cleaned up, stands off to the side, taking in the revelry.

GAILLARD
Ah! Ostery's hero!

Gaillard waves as he makes his way over to Cæna, who bows his head respectfully. Gaillard shakes his head.

GAILLARD (cont'd)
None of that. Thanks to you, we avoided what could have been a nasty war. You're a hero, you know.

CÆNA
Thank you, sir. Though...really, I'd like to just be a bard.

GAILLARD
You have more than met the requirements for that, young man. Why, I'll get you a job with anyone you'd like!

He winks and gives Cæna a nudge.

GAILLARD (cont'd)
Trust me, the nobles will be at each other's throats to get their hands on you.

A SERVANT appears at Gaillard's elbow.

SERVANT
Sire, the dragon's leader would like to see you. He wants to talk about boundaries.

GAILLARD
Well, I suppose that was a given.

He turns and give Cæna's shoulder a pat.

GAILLARD (cont'd)
Regardless of where you go, Ostery will *always* be in debt to you, young man.

Cæna smiles and nods. As Gaillard leaves, though, his eyes drift over to the musicians playing in the corner. He sighs, then yelps as someone punches his arm hard.

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CÆNA

What the hell was that...wait,
Edrys?

Edrys gives him a little smile. She's done up in all of her court finery, looking like a proper lady; in her non-punching hand, she holds a large wooden case.

EDRYS

Told you I had friends in high places.

Cæna frowns slightly.

CÆNA

You know, I'm still not-

EDRYS

Later.

She holds up the case and pulls it open. Inside is a beautifully carved wooden lute.

EDRYS (cont'd)

Figured you earned yourself some lute, Bardo. Get it? Because it sounds like...

CÆNA

I...I get it.

Carefully, he pulls the lute out and looks it over.

CÆNA (cont'd)

I-I can't.

EDRYS

Hey, you're hardly a bard if you don't have an instrument. Now, when it comes to jobs, you're gonna wanna go with Lord Acwellan. He-

She's cut off as Cæna abruptly hugs her.

CÆNA

(full of emotion)

Thank you. For...for everything. Really.

Edrys looks up at him, then half-smiles and pushes him off of her.

EDRYS

You're gonna wrinkle my collar. It takes forever to get that smooth, y'know.

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She smooths her collar down, looking away awkwardly.

EDRYS (cont'd)
And, uh, sorry for the whole
'lying and terrorizing the
countryside for fun' thing. Guess
I should stop that.

Cæna laughs lightly.

CÆNA
I'm sure you could put your
bloodthirst to better use.
Wizard-extermimating, maybe.

He absently begins tuning the lute. Edrys watches him,
then gestures to the people around them.

EDRYS
So, um, yeah, any one of these
guys is gonna want you. We could
go around and interview with
them. Like, I said, Lord Acwellan
is gonna...

Cæna shakes his head. Edrys frowns.

EDRYS (cont'd)
What? You're a bard, you're in
high demand. That's what you
want, right? To settle down in a
cushy job?

Cæna sighs, looking down at his lute.

CÆNA
Y'know...after all of this, I
think I'd rather travel.

Edrys sends him a disbelieving look.

CÆNA (cont'd)
I mean, I survived *dragons*. I
could've died! It...it seems like
a waste to just stay in one
place. I could go and see all of
Bealgren, find new songs...you
know. That sort of thing.

Edrys looks around, then shrugs.

EDRYS
Well...if you want to venture off
into the unknown, you're gonna
need a bodyguard. I mean, I've
seen you use a sword. You'll be
dead in two days.

Cæna stops tuning and smiles.

CÆNA

Think *your* forest can fend for
itself for a while, Highwayman of
the South?

Edrys gives him a big grin.

EDRYS

I'll get my sword.