

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. KRYTA KINGDOM - KING'S PALACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two MAGES stand in the shadows. They speak in hushed tones.

MAGE #1  
She is here.

MAGE #2  
We do not make a move until the  
signal is given.

MAGE #1  
But the time is nigh.

MAGE #2  
Jarrik's blood must be shed first

MAGE #1  
Then she must have failed. I can  
still feel his life force.

MAGE #2  
I agree with your assessment.

MAGE #1  
But Thyetor said...

Mage #2 scoffs.

MAGE #2  
Thyetor's judgment has been clouded  
since he acquired that child.  
Sometimes I wonder where exactly  
his loyalty lies.

MAGE #1  
Let us not arouse suspicion any  
longer.

Mage #2 nods and they continue down the hallway unaware of  
Jarrik behind them.

INT. KRYTA KINGDOM - KING'S PALACE DUNGEONS - NIGHT

Kithali lays unconscious in her cell, her hands bound in  
front of her with rope.

FOOTSTEPS against the stone floor make her flinch and twitch  
a little.

Vaedahl approaches the rune covered bars, a plate of food and  
a cup in his hand.

VAEDAHL  
You there. Soul Collector.

Kithali stirs a bit and sits up.

KITHALI  
You know not of me.

Kithali stands with a small degree of difficulty.

VAEDAHL  
You are correct. A real soul  
collector would have finished the  
job proper and reaped two souls  
instead of none.

KITHALI  
I stand by my original statement.  
You know not of me.

Kithali musters some strength and hurls a red ball of energy  
at the bars of her cell. It bounces back at her but she  
dodges it.

Vaedahl lets go a hearty laugh.

VAEDAHL  
The rune covered bars are there for  
a reason, you know. You'd figure  
you would have been taught that.

Kithali scowls at him.

VAEDAHL (CONT'D)  
Eat. I'm sure your strength is  
depleted from Jarrik's hit. Trust  
me, his magic can sting a little.

Vaedahl unlocks the cell door and slides the plate to her and  
sets the cup down.

Kithali eyes him.

VAEDAHL (CONT'D)  
Just take it.

Kithali takes the plate and cup from him and sits down on the  
stone floor near the bars of her cell.

Vaedahl drags over a nearby stool and sits.

VAEDAHL (CONT'D)  
My name is Vaedahl. Oh, try the  
miligra, it's quite tasty.

Kithali pays him no mind as she starts to devour the food on the plate.

FOOTSTEPS echo throughout the dungeon and Vaedahl jumps up from the stool, his hand on the sword attached to his side. Jarrik appears.

JARRIK  
Stand down, Vaedahl.

VAEDAHL  
I have to be ready for anything lately.

JARRIK  
You brought her food?

VAEDAHL  
Well, she had to have been hungry after our first meeting.

JARRIK  
She's a prisoner.

VAEDAHL  
People eat when held captive.

JARRIK  
On your feet, Soul Collector.

Kithali does not move, she just shrugs him off and continues to stuff her face.

KITHALI  
He's right, the miligra is good.

VAEDAHL  
I know.

JARRIK  
Enough of this! We have to move her and move her now.

Jarrik unlocks the door and kicks the plate of food away from Kithali.

KITHALI  
I wasn't done with that!

Jarrik ignores her and snatches her to her feet. He drags her out of the cell and slams her back against the outside bars.

JARRIK  
Listen, Soul Collector, there is  
much more at stake here than you  
filling your gut.

Kithali head butts him. Jarrik stumbles back a little bit.

Vaedahl subdues Kithali from behind in a bear hug. She  
struggles against him yet remains powerless, but she laughs.

KITHALI  
What's the matter, Jarrik? Can't  
handle a woman whose hands are  
bound?

Her laughter ceases.

KITHALI (CONT'D)  
What do you think would happen if I  
wasn't tied up?

Jarrik straightens up and wipes a little bit of blood from  
his nose.

VAEDAHL  
Are you all right, Jarrik?

JARRIK  
Just shut up and get moving.

EXT. KRYTA KINGDOM - KING'S PALACE CITY WALLS - NIGHT

Vaedahl has a firm grasp on Kithali as Jarrik leads them just  
beyond the palace where two horses wait.

JARRIK  
Wait. Keep her still.

Vaedahl holds Kithali by her arms.

Jarrik extracts a rune-etched collar from his cloak.

KITHALI  
What are you going to do with that?

JARRIK  
This? It will ensure your safety.

He locks the collar in place around her neck. He cuts the  
ropes around her hands. She rubs at her free wrists.

KITHALI

You mean this is to ensure your safety?

JARRIK

We don't need anymore surprises. We need answers and we won't be able to get them here.

Jarrik mounts one of the horses as does Vaedahl.

Kithali hesitates and Jarrik offers her his hand. She bats his hand away and mounts his horse without his help.

Jarrik smirks at her as they ride off into the night.

EXT. KRYTA KINGDOM FOREST - NIGHT

Vaedahl and Jarrik with Kithali on his horse ride through the wood.

Jarrik stops at a small clearing.

JARRIK

We'll camp here for now and continue at day break.

Jarrik dismounts his horse as does Kithali while Jarrik starts to open one of the side saddles.

JARRIK (CONT'D)

What is your name, Soul Collector?

KITHALI

Why do you care?

JARRIK

Because the freedom of Kryta depends on it.

Jarrik throws a bed roll at her.

JARRIK (CONT'D)

I should make you sleep amongst the grass and weeds without. Or bury you underneath them.

Vaedahl gathers kindling around them, yet keeps a watchful eye.

KITHALI

My name is Kithali.

JARRIK

Get some rest, Kithali. You'll need it.

Kithali takes the bed roll and lays it near the fire that Vaedahl has made.

Vaedahl approaches Jarrik.

VAEDAHL

We should go back to the palace and turn her over to The Council.

JARRIK

That is not an option, Vaedahl.

VAEDAHL

But, your Highness...

JARRIK

The Council is compromised and has been for quite some time, I'm afraid. We shall seek refuge elsewhere and then return to the palace. With her help among others.