

SCRIPT TITLE

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Black screen. Sound of a breeze. Words bleed onto screen.

**"A promise made is a debt unpaid."**

Wind increases. Quote ripples, fades. Words bleed through.

**"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp..."**

Quote ripples, fades. Wind howls. Words *SPLAT* onto screen.

**"...or what's a heaven for?"**

The wind screams in freight-train fury, the quote splinters.

Silence. Darkness.

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET - NIGHT

Dark muddy street. A door bangs open, spills light.

**RONSON**, a rangy, lean teenager, runs into the street, turns angrily back to the light.

His black hair has a blaze of white over dark angry eyes except for 1/8th of the left eye which is white. The shouting voice of **BAKER**, his father, is drunk.

BAKER (O.C.)  
Lazy'n'stupid! Glad yur mudder  
can't see ya now! G'back here, boy!

Ronson starts to shout.

RONSON  
S-S-S-she's gone but I'm still  
h-here! Why c-c-can't -

He spins, explodes into extraordinary parkour skills, flies up, onto, and across the rooftops of the sleeping town.

EXT. MEDIEVAL ALLEY - NIGHT - SAME DAY

Ronson drops into a dark alley, leans into the wall with quiet tears of anger.

He walks slowly around the alley corner.

Men approach. Ronson drops to the bottom of the wall, pulls over a dark hood, lies out, disappears into the alley floor.

**KING'S CAPTAIN**, ornately uniformed, and **BARON NAHEER**, lithe, late-'30s, elegantly dressed, argue as they walk.

CAPTAIN

Your head rolls if the King hears  
of your ambitious coup, m'lord.

NAHEER

Then it's best that he does not,  
don't you think?

Captain stops, glances away. Naheer palms a dagger.

CAPTAIN

Silence is an *expensive* gift, Sire.

NAHEER

Oh, my dear Captain. No, it is not.

Naheer flinches, holds up a bloodied dagger.

NAHEER (CONT'D)

See. Not expensive at all.

Captain's mouth foams. He falls.

Captain's dead eyes stare out over sky-blue lips, locked on a splayed hand with sky-blue fingernails.

Ronson gasps. Naheer whirls, fires the dagger.

Ronson rolls into the alley, blade misses. He scrambles away.

Naheer flings another dagger.

Ronson goes into a roll. Another miss. Ronson races around the corner, heads for the street. A light approaches.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET - NIGHT - SAME DAY

**WATCHMAN**, with a lantern, meets Ronson at the street.

EXT. MEDIEVAL ALLEY - NIGHT - SAME DAY

Naheer hurriedly retrieves a dagger, calls out to Watchman.

NAHEER

Stop him! He's killed a King's  
Captain!

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET - NIGHT - SAME DAY

Watchman reaches one-handed for Ronson who bolts off.

NAHEER (O.C.)  
Do you know him?

Watchman lofts the lantern, squints into the alley.

WATCHMAN  
Aye. It's Ronson, the baker's boy.

NAHEER (O.C.)  
Well done! A reward, then, for  
your keen eye.

Watchman disappears into the alley. A cry. "*Clatter, thud*".

Black boots stand by a lamp shining on sky-blue fingernails.

Naheer sighs, looks down, and speaks to the body.

NAHEER (CONT'D)  
Pity, really. That baker made such  
*delicious* breads.

Naheer glides into darkness and disappears.

EXT. CITY WALLS - NIGHT - SAME DAY

Ronson scales down the outside city wall, drops, rolls,  
sprints for the forest, and dives into the brush.

He jerks up in fear at distant shouts.

A huge portcullis bangs down, seals the gate. Guards shout.

Ronson scrambles up, bolts into the forest.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING - NEXT DAY

**OOG-TU-ETH**, 40s, built thick like a stump, wears a white hat  
sporting black and red plumes. He stands next to Naheer and  
**THREE GUARDS**. **BAKER** kneels trembling in front of them.

BAKER  
I don't know, m'lord! We fought.  
He didn't come home. Please,  
m'lord!

NAHEER

I see you are telling the truth,  
Baker, and I do appreciate your  
honesty. It is - *refreshing*.

Baker looks up in hope.

BAKER

Thank you, m'lord. Thank you.

NAHEER

Now be off before I change my mind.

Baker scurries off.

NAHEER (CONT'D)

Faster, dear Baker! My mind seems  
to be changing.

Baker glances back. Oog-Tu-Eth steps out from the group.

Baker breaks into a terrified run.

Naheer nods toward Oog-Tu-Eth.

NAHEER (CONT'D)

Even the "*Flying Death*" needs the  
occasional practice.

He flips a casual hand at Baker.

NAHEER (CONT'D)

Whenever you're ready, sir.

Oog-Tu-Eth stands bored, hands crossed on the massive bow.

Baker is two hundred yards away, stumbling, breathing hard.

Guards shoot sideways glances at the motionless archer.

Oog-Tu-Eth takes a pinch of goose down, flips it up, watches  
it float. He reaches back, pulls out an arrow with white,  
black, and red feathers. Nock/pull/aim/release is one motion.

Baker runs breathlessly, the group far behind him. "*Thunk*".  
He disappears, colored feathers appear for an instant. Death  
rattle sounds as the distant group walks to nearby horses.

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE - EARLY MORNING - SAME DAY

An exhausted Ronson falls into the door, bangs on it.

RONSON  
T-T-Tandruck?! You-you here?!

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE - MORNING - SAME DAY

**Tandruck**, Ronson's uncle, late '30s, lean with catlike grace and scruffy street-dog appearance/attitude, stands near a sprawled-out Ronson. Tandruck kicks the ground in anger.

TANDRICK  
My brother is dead.

Ronson jerks up.

RONSON  
Father?! B-b-b-ut -

TANDRICK  
The watchman knew you.

RONSON  
Yeah. P-P-Patimus. He's a friend of  
the f-f-amily.

Tandruck looks at his farm.

TANDRICK  
Both are dead. They'll work their  
way through the family to find you.

Realization hits Ronson. He staggers to his feet.

RONSON  
I'm s-s-orry, Uncle. I'll l-leave.

Tandruck stares at his farm. He grimaces, barks out a word.

TANDRICK  
Wait!

Ronson stops. Tandruck steps up, roughly pats his cheek.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
You *should* go to family.

He nods toward the cottage.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
Get some rest. We gotta long run  
ahead of us.

Tandruck looks at the horizon, scowls, then sighs in resignation. He turns back to Ronson.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
 We must go to Talmoorin and ask for  
 Sanctuary.

Tandruck scowls as he looks back at the horizon.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
 If he'll give it.

INT. CASTLE TALMOORIN - UNDERGROUND RIVER ROOM

**WATERMASTER**, a strong old man wrapped in fur, walks a dark rock tunnel. A cry. He stops, eyes sad, before walking on.

**SINCLAIR**, Clan Lord of Talmoorin, a powerful man near the end of his prime, leans into a wall by the underground river. He's drunk and heartbroken. Trembling fingers trace scratched initials. He drops his mug with an anguished sob.

Watermaster kicks the mug into the river. Sinclair snarls.

SINCLAIR  
 Whadda ya doin?! I'm your Clan  
 Lord. I could have you -

WATERMASTER  
 Clan Lord?! You're just a drunk.

Sinclair lunges up, fist flying. Watermaster calmly leans back, grabs the wrist, jerks down.

Sinclair face-plants. He raises a bloody nose.

Watermaster moves slowly to a huge carved-stone chair.

WATERMASTER (CONT'D)  
 You think you're the only one to  
 lose love? To know loss?!

Watermaster collapses into the chair, stares at black water.

WATERMASTER (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
 I apprenticed for Watermaster after  
 burying my family. The First  
 Plague. I was so angry.

Blinks hard, sighs.

WATERMASTER (CONT'D)  
 Where the heart is most tender, the  
 scarring is deepest.

He looks around the cavern then back to the black water.

WATERMASTER (CONT'D)  
And a scarred heart is never tender  
again.

Sinclair's voice is vindictive as he glares at Watermaster.

SINCLAIR  
So you and your heart hid  
underground. With the river.

Watermaster's sharp gaze pierces Sinclair.

WATERMASTER  
You and your heart are hiding in a  
barrel. With a cup.

Sinclair looks down, gets to his knees, and asks softly.

SINCLAIR  
Does it help? The hiding?

WATERMASTER  
No. It just got worse - 'til I let  
All-Ruler give me a new heart.

Sinclair staggers up defiantly, spits.

SINCLAIR  
All-Ruler let her die!

Sinclair stumbles away into darkness, muttering oaths.

Watermaster sags deeper into the chair, looks at the ceiling.

WATERMASTER  
Let him find You again. Please.

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

Tandrick, in Brown Bow outfit, walks to the livestock pen,  
hesitates, then opens the gate.

TANDRICK  
Well, boys'n'girls, you're on your  
own. Personally, I'd make a run  
for it. But - up ta you.

A nervous Ronson comes out to scan the surrounding area.  
Tandrick walks past him, goes into the cottage.

Tandrick steps back out, wearing a quiver of arrows, bow,  
sword, shield, leather helmet. He holds two satchels.

He looks up at the gable over the door. There's a large ring carved to look like a thick, three-strand rope.

Eyes plead as his voice whispers a prayer.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
 You brought me home from Kilmarrow.  
 Please bring us through whatever  
 awaits. And keep her safe.

He pauses, looks down, frowns, sighs, looks back up.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
 And him, too, I s'pose.

Tandrick tosses a satchel to Ronson then yanks out a small cloth from a pocket. He spikes it firmly on a door nail.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
 Drag your feet. Leave a trail.

RONSON  
 W-w-wha-

TANDRICK  
 If they know where we are, they'll  
 leave the rest of the family alone.

They jog away.

Ronson glances back.

RONSON  
 H-how will they kn-kn-know we went  
 to T-Talmoorin?

Tandrick gives him a small smile.

TANDRICK  
 I told 'em.

The cloth on the cottage door is marked with a brown arrow.

EXT. HOVEL - AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

A hand rips the cloth free. **SOLDIER 1** gives it to Commander **SULWIN**, '40s, a well-dressed swordsman on a stallion. A thick scar runs from chin to left ear.

SULWIN  
 Talmoorin. The Brown Bows.

Sulwin gently rubs the scar.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
My old friends.

SOLDIER 1  
Sire, two are headed east on foot.

Soldier 1 starts to mount up. He's stopped by Sulwin.

SULWIN  
We'll camp here tonight. We know where they're going.

SOLDIER 1  
But, m'lord, we can catch them before they reach the Rings.

SULWIN  
No. They'll use the mountain passes and tunnels. Probably already there.

Sulwin turns the cloth in his hand.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
If they get Sanctuary, it won't matter. If Sanctuary is denied, they're ours by High Sun tomorrow.

He tucks the cloth into a pocket.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
We'll eat well tonight, lads. Slaughter the animals. And in the morning - burn it all down.

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - THE RINGS - LATE AFTERNOON - SAME DAY

The Rings of Talmoorin ripple out from an imposing brownstone castle. Each 20-ft wide Ring is made of small white rocks that glow blue-white at night. Ten Rings in all, each Ring 100 yards from the next, extending out onto the plain.

Tandruck and Ronson are at 10th Ring. Tandruck takes three arrows, ties a white strip to each, fires them at the castle.

TANDRICK  
Now we wait.

RONSON  
W-wait? For w-what?

TANDRICK  
The signal.

Tandruck sits down, relaxes over onto his side.

RONSON  
S-shouldn't we get closer? We're a  
th-thousand strides away.

TANDRICK  
No. We're safe here. More or less.

RONSON  
M-more or less?

TANDRICK  
The Rings are range-finders. All  
the Bows are taught how to use 'em.

Tandruck lays back, closes his eyes.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
The chance of our immediate death  
increases with each Ring we cross.

Ronson looks down. His toes are inside the Ring. He inches  
back.

RONSON  
H-h-ere is g-g-good.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - YELLOW WALL - SAME DAY

**ELLAWIG**, half-sister to Sinclair, mid-30s, with penetrating  
eyes and a strong fluid grace, is wearing the outfit of Lord  
Bow, Commander of The Bows of Talmoorin.

She stands by her niece, **KEERA**, the unpretentious 12 year old  
daughter of Sinclair, who is clad as a Green Bow. Ellawig  
kneels to point at the far distant Twin Spires.

ELLAWIG  
Your mother and father were married  
on this day, twenty-two years ago.

Two rock spires pierce the sky as twin suns set between them.

KEERA  
On Spire's Day. Were they happy?

ELLAWIG  
Very happy. And very in love.

Footsteps approach. Ellawig looks, frowns, turns to Keera.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
We'll practice later, okay?

Keera nods, jogs off.

**ROTH**, oldest son of Sinclair, early 20s, a physical specimen in a Brown Bow outfit, approaches Ellawig.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
Your father. How is he?

ROTH  
The usual. Drunk. Oblivious.

Ellawig juts her chin at the Twin Spires.

ELLAWIG  
Do you know about today?

ROTH  
He is Clan Lord! There's no excuse for his debauchery and negligence.

Ellawig's voice is rock-hard.

ELLAWIG  
Talk like that could hang a man.

Roth slaps the castle wall with a mirthless laugh.

ROTH  
If you hadn't been doing the job of Clan Lord these last months, Aunt El, he would've hanged. If I were -

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - COURTYARD - SAME DAY

Commotion in the courtyard. Sinclair staggers out a door, bowls through a squad of White Bows before disappearing.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - YELLOW WALL - SAME DAY

Roth sweeps his hand at the courtyard, gives a mocking bow.

ROTH  
Lord Bow Ellawig, behold our Clan Lord.

Ellawig steps close.

ELLAWIG  
 You are his eldest son, so I will  
 allow this kind of talk just once.

Roth leaves, points back at her.

ROTH  
 He doesn't see us, Aunt El. He  
 only sees the drink in his cup.

Behind Ellawig, a **Nameless Bow** calls out, points.

NAMELESS BOW  
 By the Red Wall, Lord Bow. It's  
 the signal for Sanctuary.

Ellawig spins toward him.

ELLAWIG  
 Sanctuary?! Are you sure?

NAMELESS BOW  
 Aye, Lord Bow. Three whites. Shot  
 with the skill of a Brown Bow.

Ellawig bounds down the stairs, mutters to herself.

ELLAWIG  
 Great. Sanctuary. The one thing  
 only the Clan Lord can give.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - COURTYARD - SAME DAY

Ellawig strides past a giant three-strand BRAIDED RING on a  
 stone pedestal. She pauses, looks up at it.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
 Please give me patience -

Starts then stops.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
 and a quiet tongue -

She moves to an archway, pauses to glance up.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
 And please - don't let me kill him.

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - THE RINGS - DUSK - SAME DAY

Tandruck is sprawled out. Ronson stands, slowly throwing Ring rock, alternating hands. Right, left, right, left.

RONSON

So - you were a B-B-Brown Bow?

This irritates Tandruck.

TANDRICK

You are or are not a Brown Bow.  
You were a Brown Bow when they  
throw the dirt over ya.

Tandruck sits up, arcs back.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

I am a Brown Bow.

Ronson smiles, goes back to throwing.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

When did you learn to do that?

RONSON

Learn w-what?

TANDRICK

Throwin' with either hand.

RONSON

Oh. Don't know. Always d-done it.

Tandruck stands, stretches.

TANDRICK

I hear the Baron is deadly with  
knives. And he misses you. Twice.

RONSON

He didn't m-m-miss. I, uh, moved.

TANDRICK

You - moved?

Ronson shrugs, nods.

RONSON

Yeah. I kinda know where t-things  
are gonna b-be. As long as there's  
not a l-l-lot of 'em.

TANDRICK

Really?

Ronson nods again. Tandruck picks three rocks from the Ring.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Ronson looks puzzled. Tandruck motions with a finger.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

Turn - around.

Ronson shrugs, turns. Three quick throws. Ronson spins, ducks, jumps. Three misses. Ronson picks up three rocks.

RONSON

My turn.

Three quick throws. Left, right. Two thud off Tandruck.

TANDRICK

Uhh. Ouch. Why you little -

Something catches Tandruck's eye. Last rock bounces off his head. Tandruck grabs his satchel, walks out onto the Ring.

RONSON

W-w-wait! Whatta 'bout -

Tandruck points. The castle has two white flags over a gate.

TANDRICK

We go to 2nd Ring. Any closer -  
we'll find that death thing.

Tandruck walks away rubbing his head, smiles.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

Ya gotta good arm for a city kid.

EXT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - RED GATE - SAME DAY

The gate opens. Brown Bows march out ahead of Ellawig and Sinclair, who carry identical massive bows.

Ellawig grips the arm of the slightly staggering Sinclair.

SINCLAIR

We coulda rode out, ya know.

ELLAWIG  
Walking is closer to the ground. A  
much shorter fall.

Sinclair blinks as his head bobs. A huge belch. He stops,  
gags. Guards stop. He dry heaves. Ellawig holds him closer.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
Don't puke on the guests, brother.

Sinclair shoots her a crooked smile.

SINCLAIR  
Not quite a baptism worthy of All-  
Ruler, eh, Wiggy?

His eyes go wide. A gag, a cough.

The group moves to 2nd Ring where Tandrick and Ronson wait.

Tandrick, with helmet on, whispers to Ronson.

TANDRICK  
Stay by my side. Do what I do.  
And let me do the talking.

Tandrick kneels, hands touching 2nd Ring, face to the ground.  
Ronson awkwardly does the same.

Brown Bows bring bows up as Ellawig and Sinclair step  
through. Ellawig draws her sword, advances.

ELLAWIG  
And who is this that crosses the  
Rings dressed as a Brown Bow?

TANDRICK  
One who's heard the Thunder at  
Kilmarrow, Lord Bow.

Ellawig looks at Sinclair, who blinks, shrugs.

ELLAWIG  
And this thunder-listener's name?

TANDRICK  
One who *still* doesn't appreciate  
the name "*Pork Belly*".

Ronson stares at the ground, mouths "*pork belly?!*".

Tandrick looks up with a hesitant smile. Ellawig's eyes go  
wide as she whispers.

ELLAWIG  
Tandrick?

Tandrick slowly stands.

TANDRICK  
Hello, Ellawig.

Awkward silence. Ellawig breaks it.

ELLAWIG  
It's Sergeant Pork Belly, 'Claire.

Surprised grunt from Sinclair then a dark, hard look.

Ellawig stares at Tandrick.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
I thought you -

SINCLAIR (O.S.)  
I hoped you were dead. Why'd you  
come back?

Tandrick turns to Sinclair, takes a deep breath.

TANDRICK  
My brother has been killed due to  
something overheard -

Tandrick points at Ronson.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)  
- by my nephew, Ronson of Malman.  
He seeks Sanctuary at Talmoorin.

ELLAWIG  
And why Sanctuary?

TANDRICK  
He has news of an unseen treason.  
News best discussed in a more  
private setting, m'lords.

Ellawig gives a lingering look at Tandrick, then nods to Sinclair who wobbles slightly, his face scowling. He opens his mouth to protest. Ellawig turns towards him, gives him "The Look". He stops. She jerks her head toward Ronson.

Sinclair wobbles forward and holds out the massive bow.

Tandrick nods to Ronson, who jumps up, freezes. Tandrick scowls, jerks his head toward the bow, flexes his hand.

Ronson slowly puts a hand on it like he's touching a snake.

SINCLAIR

Sanctuary is granted you, Ronson of Malman. You are now protected by the Bows of Talmoorin. Uh, none - (belch) - none will take you, none will harm you while the Arrows of Talmoorin, uh, fly. This Bow Oath is made in All-Ruler's name and, (*hacks*), cannot be, uh, broken.

Sinclair gives a sloppy backhanded wave towards the castle. Guards hesitate, reluctant to leave.

ELLAWIG

It's alright, lads . This one saved our lives at Kilmarrow.

Sinclair instantly shoots an angry glare at Tandrick.

Guards do an intricate unison disarming, march off.

Walking back, Ellawig holds Sinclair's arm. He sees the suns setting between the Twin Spires and stops. All wait.

A sob escapes him before he turns back to the castle.

All walk on.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - GREAT HALL - EVENING - SAME DAY

Great Hall, fireplace blazing, long table, remains of a meal.

Ellawig and Tandrick sit silent. Sinclair stares into his cup. Ronson is standing, fidgeting, looking at the table.

Hidden in a nearby shadowed nook, Roth listens.

As if waking, Sinclair looks around.

SINCLAIR

Pork Belly, he's *your* nephew. You believe him?

Tandrick stands.

TANDRICK

Sire, Ronson is - different.

Small smile.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

But he's no liar. I trust him.

Sinclair takes a swig, mutters into the mug just loud enough.

Sinclair

Problem is I don't trust *you*.

Tandruck clenches his jaw, sits, motions gruffly at Ronson, who sits too quickly, clattering silverware and plate.

All wait tensely for Sinclair to finish off his mug. He sets it clumsily on the table, looks at Ellawig, mutters.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

So?

Ellawig stands, glances across the table at Tandruck and Ronson. She leans in, looks down, and sighs.

ELLAWIG

Clan Talmoorin has made the Pledge to the King.

She looks at Sinclair.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)

It's a Bow oath made in All-Ruler's name. It is unbreakable.

Sinclair stands, refills his mug, shuffles unsteadily to the fireplace. He stares at the fire.

SINCLAIR

So. We defend the king. Even *this* king.

Ellawig looks towards him, nods.

ELLAWIG

And Naheer must take Talmoorin for his plan to succeed.

Sinclair works on his drink. Ellawig waits, finally sits.

SINCLAIR

What are our chances, Wiggy?

She rolls a mug in her hands, calculating.

ELLAWIG

If Ronson, here, is a surprise, Naheer won't be ready - yet. We have a chance.

She looks at Sinclair.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
Supplies can be restocked. Weapon  
stores are good. But -

She shrugs.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)  
- we need more Brown Bows.

Sinclair studies the inside of his cup as he walks back to his chair. He unsteadily refills it from a pitcher.

SINCLAIR  
We need messengers to -

ROTH (O.C.)  
Send me, Father!

Roth strides to the table, leans in.

ROTH (CONT'D)  
Let me go to the Clans. We'll need  
them against an army like Naheer's.

Ellawig stares at Roth, hesitates, measures him, then nods.

ELLAWIG  
He is the future Clan Lord. The  
other Lords will listen to him.  
Frees me to muster the Brown Bows.

Sinclair blinks, tries to focus, starts to take a swig.

SINCLAIR  
But, uh, who (burp) warns the king?

A nearby door opens. **GILSON**, late-teens, well-built, second and youngest son of Sinclair, enters. His arms are around the waists of **Two Girls**. Startled, he recovers smoothly.

GILSON  
So you started the party without  
us?! I think I'm offended - but  
I'm sure I'll get over it.

ELLAWIG  
Might I suggest -

SINCLAIR  
No! Absolutely -

ELLAWIG  
 Sorry, ladies. Lord Gilson just  
 became very busy.

GILSON  
 Busy doing what, Aunt El?

Ellawig guides Gilson to the table as the girls hurry off.

ELLAWIG  
 He has a quick wit, a charming  
 personality. He'd be at home in the  
 Royal Court. He's our fastest rider  
 and one of our best swordsman.

GILSON  
 Am I going somewhere?

SINCLAIR  
 No, you are not.

GILSON  
 Where am I not going?

ELLAWIG  
 You know I'm right. He can  
 persuade anyone to do anything.

SINCLAIR  
 I - forbid it!

GILSON  
 And who is it I'm not persuading?

Ellawig slams her hand down, her frustration loud.

ELLAWIG  
 'Clair, we have NO CHOICE!

Silence. Sinclair sinks back into his chair. A nod. Standing  
 off to the side, Roth glares at Sinclair then at Gilson.

Gilson smiles, shrugs.

GILSON  
 And what will I be doing, Father?

Sinclair leans forward, blearily looks up.

SINCLAIR  
 You - are going to save the King.  
 And the Kingdom. Son.

Sinclair unsteadily drains his mug.

Gilson's smile freezes, his eyes dart between Sinclair, who nods stupidly, and Ellawig. Gilson leans forward slightly.

GILSON  
I'm sorry. What?

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - RINGS - EARLY MORNING - NEXT DAY

A white flag flutters from the end of far-flung spear. At 10th Ring, Sulwin's group waits. Sulwin watches the sunrise.

SOLDIER 1  
Commander.

Soldier 1 nods at the castle.

Two white flags are being placed over the gate.

SULWIN  
Okay, lads. If you want to live,  
don't go past the 2nd Ring.

Sulwin nudges his horse forward.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
Even their children can kill you  
from there.

Gate opens, out ride a semi-sober Sinclair and Roth. Tandrick and two squads of Brown Bows march along, flanking them.

Sulwin sighs, turns to Soldier 1.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
It's Sinclair. The boy's here and  
he has Sanctuary.

Sulwin absently rubs the scar.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
That's too bad.

The Talmoorins stop at 2nd Ring. Brown Bows fan out.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
Clan Lord Sinclair.

SINCLAIR  
Commander Sulwin.

Smiles.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)  
And how may I help you, Sully?

SULWIN  
I think we're beyond help, 'Clair.

SINCLAIR  
Yes. I'm afraid so.

Sulwin rests his hands on the saddle.

SULWIN  
I could try to convince you to -  
Sinclair interrupts with a shrug.

SINCLAIR  
A Bow Oath made in All-Ruler's  
name...

SULWIN  
And *that* is why I find you  
Talmoorins so - *refreshing*.

Sulwin sits up.

SULWIN (CONT'D)  
And so very frustrating. I wish  
this could end differently, 'Clair.

SINCLAIR  
As do I, Sully.

They nudge horses forward. Sulwin holds out an arm, Sinclair clasps it. Sulwin taps his scar.

SULWIN  
Thanks again for saving my life at  
Kilmarrow, Clan Lord.

SINCLAIR  
I'm just sorry the wind picked up  
when it did. But the scar makes  
you look - fiercer. It's a good  
look for a warrior.

Smiles. Sulwin turns his horse around.

SULWIN  
May your All-Ruler keep us apart on  
the battlefield. And may we share  
a drink when this madness is over.

SINCLAIR

May we share it soon, my friend.

Sulwin, soldiers gallop away. Sinclair whirls, barks.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

Pork Belly! Let me know what they do. Don't leave until they're out of sight. Understand?

Sinclair and Roth ride hard for the castle.