

THE RINGS OF TALMOORIN

Written by

Dennis Doud

Email: douddennis@gmail.com
Cellphone: 920.764.0321

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 quote shatters, leaving silence and darkness.

FADE IN:

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY - NIGHT

The door bangs open, light splashes across a mud and rock street. **RONSON**, a rangy teenager dressed in black with a short, black-hooded capelet, runs into the light and stops.

His black hair has a BLAZE OF WHITE, dark angry eyes except for A SLIVER OF THE LEFT IRIS IS WHITE. His left cheek is red from the slap of **BAKER**, his drunken stepfather.

BAKER (O.C.)

Look at da muffins! If ya was my
real son, yud know bedder.

Ronson yells into door, tears of frustration almost falling.

RONSON

I told you not to add more wood!

BAKER

I shoulda hit ya harder! Glad yur
mudder can't see ya now!

RONSON

She's gone but I'm still here! Why
can't you just be a fa -

Ronson sprints into the dark street. Baker bellows.

BAKER (O.C.)

G'back here! Ya need ur hat and
patch. Ya can't be outside wid out
'em - G'BACK HERE!

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET #1

Ronson slows. Up ahead are loud, rough voices. He drops flat, peeks around the corner.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET #2

THREE THUGS have **OLD DRUNK** pinned up against a wood wall.

THUG 1
Let's see what he's got.

THUG 2
Bet he drank it all.

OLD DRUNK
Please. Please lemme be.

A punch. A gasp of pain from the old, laughs from the young.

THUG 3
Let's have sum fun wit 'im.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET #1

Ronson stands, scans the area, scrambles to grab loose rock.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET #2

THUG 1
Why don't we - UHH!

"Thunk-thunk-thunk". Rocks ricochet off heads.

THUG 2
Wha-

"Thunk-thunk-thunk". They drop to their knees.

THUG 3
Let's get outta here!

They sprint away, rocks finding butts as they disappear.

Ronson bends down to touch the old man's shoulder.

RONSON
It's okay. It's Ronson, sir. The baker's boy. Let's get you home.

OLD DRUNK

Ronson?

Old Drunk touches the patch of white hair.

OLD DRUNK (CONT'D)

Whas 'dis? A l'il spot? And ur
eye - it's all bedder now?

Ronson walks and carries him to **WIFE** in a doorway.

WIFE

The gods bless ya, Ronson.

He dips his head with a shy wave and turns away.

EXT. MEDIEVAL ALLEY #1

Ronson enters an alley. Like a panther jumping limbs, he leaps from wall to wall then an easy pull-up onto a roof.

EXT: MEDIEVAL CITY - ROOFSCAPE

Three blue-green moons paint the roofs he glides over.

He settles into a favorite nook, pulls a recorder from a pocket. The melancholy tune ("*RONSON'S SONG*") mingles with the moonlight. He stops to pull on a strap around his neck. An amulet appears, a clear glittering gem surrounded by a carved silver three-strand rope.

He studies the huge statue in the town square, half-man/half-snake, tall and grotesque. Ronson frowns in disgust.

RONSON

That's not You.

He offers the amulet to the night sky.

RONSON (CONT'D)

She said You're there. That You're
real. If You are, please find me.
And guide me. Please - want me.

EXT. MEDIEVAL ALLEY #2

Ronson drops into a dark alley. Men approach. He lays by the wall, pulls the hood over, and becomes the alley floor.

CAPTAIN, '40s, unkempt and paunchy, his uniform shabby, lectures **BARON NAHEER**, '30s, lithe, powerful, and elegant in black leather and gold. His dark eyes study the Captain.

CAPTAIN

Your rise to power is impressive - for an *immigrant* - but you've overreached, Baron. Your head will roll if the King hears of your rebellion. Oh, yes.

NAHEER

Then it's best that he does not.

Captain glances away to smile. Naheer palms a dagger.

CAPTAIN

Ah, Baron. Silence is - *expensive*.

NAHEER

Oh, dear Captain, no. It is not.

Naheer flinches then shows the bloodied dagger to Captain.

NAHEER (CONT'D)

See. Not expensive at all.

Captain's lips are sky-blue. His mouth foams. He falls. His dead eyes stare at a hand with sky-blue fingernails.

Ronson gasps. Naheer whirls, fires the dagger.

Ronson rolls into the alley. The blade misses.

Naheer yanks a dagger from his other sleeve, throws it.

Another roll. Another miss. Ronson scrambles to the corner, runs wide-eyed for the street. A light approaches.

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET #3

WATCHMAN, with lantern, meets Ronson at the alley entrance.

EXT. MEDIEVAL ALLEY #2

Naheer scoops up a dagger as he calls out to Watchman.

NAHEER

He's killed a King's Captain!

EXT. MEDIEVAL CITY STREET #3

Watchman grabs for Ronson who bolts off down the street.

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

Watchman squints into the alley.

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

NAHEER (O.C.)
Well done! A reward for you then.

Watchman disappears into the alley. There's a cry, a thud.

EXT. MEDIEVAL ALLEY #2

Polished black boots shine in lamp light next to sky-blue fingernails. Naheer looks down with a sad smile.

NAHEER
Pity, really. That baker made such
delicious breads.

EXT. CITY WALLS - NIGHT

Ronson clings, eyes wide, to the outside of the city wall. Guards walk by above him. He waits, takes a deep breath and drops. He rolls up against the wall. He looks up then sprints for the woods to make a frantic dive into brush.

Loud commands. The portcullis bangs down, sealing the city.

Ronson gives a whimper as he staggers deeper into the dark.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT FIELD'S EDGE - DAY

MOCERI, '40s, the archer assassin, stout and solid as a stump, wears a bored expression under a hat with red, black, and white plumes. He stands by Naheer and **Three Guards**.

BAKER, '50s, plump and disheveled, trembles as he kneels.

BAKER
I dunno, m'lord! We fought. He
didn't come home.

NAHEER
I appreciate your honesty, baker.
It is - *refreshing*.

BAKER
Thank you, m'lord. Thank you.

NAHEER
Now be off before I change my mind.

Baker scurries off, wheezes across the open field.

NAHEER (CONT'D)
Faster, dear baker! My mind seems
to be changing.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - OPEN FIELD

Baker glances back. Mocerri steps out. Baker runs in terror.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT FIELD'S EDGE

Naheer waves a hand at Mocerri.

NAHEER
Even the famed "*Flying Death*" needs
practice. When you're ready, sir.

Mocerri watches like a predator, an exquisite bow in his hand.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - OPEN FIELD

Baker is two hundred yards away, breathing hard. He stumbles.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AT FIELD'S EDGE

Guards shoot sideways glances. Mocerri takes out a pinch of
down, gently flips it up and studies it. He gives a small
smile. One motion blurs into *nock/pull/aim/release*.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - OPEN FIELD

Baker runs wide-eyed. "*Thunk*". He falls with a gasp as
feathers of red, white, and black flash by.

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE - DAY

An exhausted Ronson falls heavily into a rough wooden door.

RONSON
Tandrick? Uncle Tan?!

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE

Tandrick, Ronson's uncle, late '30s, scruffy and lean with catlike grace and street-dog attitude, squats by Ronson.

TANDRICK
The watchman knew ya?

RONSON
Yeah. Chauncey. A family friend.
That's why I didn't go home.

TANDRICK
My brother's dead.

RONSON
Father?! But -

TANDRICK
Both are dead. Now they'll work
their way through the family.

RONSON
You're sayin' I killed Father?

Ronson jumps up, staggers away from the farm.

RONSON (CONT'D)
No. No! I never wanted him *dead!*

Tandrick stares at his farm. He stands and turns.

TANDRICK
Wait.

Ronson stops. Tandrick steps close, brings a hand toward his face. Ronson flinches and ducks with a slight whimper.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)
You *should* come here - to family.
Whatever happened, it's not your
fault. It's not - your fault.

He puts a slow hand on Ronson's arm.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)
Get some rest. We run to Talmoorin
and ask for Sanctuary -

Tandrick turns to scowl at the horizon.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)
- if he'll give it.

INT. CASTLE TALMOORIN - TUNNEL TO UNDERGROUND RIVER ROOM

WATERMASTER, grey, old, still strong, and fur-wrapped, walks a dark rock tunnel. A heartbroken cry crawls up the walls.

INT. CASTLE TALMOORIN - UNDERGROUND RIVER ROOM

Watermaster enters a cavern glowing with lantern-light. Hundreds of books line carved stone shelves that half-circle the Stone Chair sitting a few feet from a dark flowing river.

SINCLAIR, Clan Lord of Talmoorin, '40s, a powerful man near the end of his prime, is drunk. His fingers trace scratched initials. He drops the mug, sobs as he fumbles out a knife and scratches at the wall. He sees the blade. He turns it to point at his heart. He closes his eyes with a deep sigh.

Watermaster sees the intent. He takes two quick strides and kicks the mug into the river. Sinclair startles.

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

WATERMASTER
Clan Lord?! Oh, I don't think so.

Sinclair lunges, knife slashing. Watermaster leans back, calmly grabs the wrist, jerks out then down. Sinclair face-plants into the rock floor as the knife clatters away.

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

Watermaster collapses into the Stone Chair.

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

Dark waters swirl by as he remembers.

WATERMASTER (CONT'D)
Where the heart is most tender, the
scarring is deepest. And a scarred
heart is never tender again.

Sinclair spits blood. His words are mocking.

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

Watermaster's gaze pierces the Clan Lord.

WATERMASTER
You and your heart hide in a
barrel. With a cup.

SINCLAIR
Did - did it help? The hiding?

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

SINCLAIR
All-Ruler?! He let her die!

Sinclair stumbles off into the tunnel, leaving the knife.
Watermaster picks it up, offers it up to the ceiling.

WATERMASTER
Please. Let him find You again.

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE - DAY

Tandruck, in Talmoorin Brown Bow armor of hard leather layered like feathers in varied hues of brown, pauses by the stock pen gate. He opens it wide.

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

"Ronson's Song" floats out of the cottage. Tandruck gazes up at the roof gable. A large wooden ring carved to look like a thick, three-strand rope is attached below the roof.

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

"Ronson's Song" stops. Tandruck frowns, nods reluctantly.

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

He turns and almost hits Ronson who stares up at the ring.

RONSON
Is that a god?

TANDRICK
No. It reminds me of God.

Ronson pulls out the amulet, compares it to the carving.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)
Where'd you get that?

RONSON
From Mother. It's been passed down
to the first child for generations.

Ronson reverently tucks it away.

RONSON (CONT'D)
This, and that tune she used to
hum, is all I have left of her.
She ever talk about my real dad?

Tandrick tosses him a satchel, picks up weapons and gear.

TANDRICK
No. My brother was very protective
of you two, making you both wear
those hats and eye-patches to hide
the white. He didn't let her talk
to anyone. Paranoid. Or jealous.

Tandrick tugs out a small cloth, spikes it on a door nail.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)
Drag your feet, leave a good trail.

RONSON
What?

TANDRICK
We want them to go to Talmoorin so
they leave everyone else alone.

They jog away.

RONSON
Why would they go to Talmoorin?

TANDRICK
'Cause I told 'em to.

The cloth bears the image of a brown bow and arrow.

EXT. TANDRICK'S COTTAGE - DAY

A hand rips the cloth free. **SOLDIER-1** hands it to COMMANDER **SULWIN**, '50s, a trim well-dressed swordsman with military bearing. A thick scar runs from chin to left ear.

SULWIN
Clan Talmoorin. The Brown Bows.

He rubs the scar.

SULWIN (CONT'D)
My old friends.

Soldier-1 spits in disgust.

SOLDIER-1
They're not a clan. Just a buncha mongrels and castoffs.

SULWIN
There are things thicker than blood. Stronger. More binding.

Soldier 1 mounts up. Sulwin dismounts.

SULWIN (CONT'D)
We'll camp here tonight.

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

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

Sulwin turns the cloth over 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.

The cloth is tucked 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 - DAY

The Rings of Talmoorin ripple out from the massive brownstone castle, ten Rings in all, each Ring 200 yards from the next. Each Ring is made of white stones that sparkle under the double suns but glow blue-white at night.

Standing outside 10th Ring, Tandruck fires an arrow with a white cloth strip toward the castle.

TANDRICK

That's the last one. Now we wait.

RONSON

For what?

TANDRICK

The signal.

Tandruck sits, relaxes over onto his side.

RONSON

Shouldn't we get closer? We're like two thousand strides away.

TANDRICK

No, we're safe here. More or less.

RONSON

More or less?

TANDRICK

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

Tandruck lays back and closes his eyes.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

The chance of our immediate death increases with each Ring we cross.

Ronson looks at his toes inside the Ring. He inches back.

RONSON

Here is good.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - YELLOW WALL - DAY

Each castle wall has a stripe down its middle, each wall a different color stripe - red, blue, yellow, and green.

On Yellow Wall, **ELLAWIG**, 30's, half-sister to Sinclair, has bright penetrating eyes and a warrior's strong, agile grace.

Her highly detailed armor is feathered in blacks and greys. She is The LORD BOW, Commander of the Bows of Talmoorin.

Ellawig smiles down at **KEERA**, the serious, twelve-year old daughter of Sinclair, clad in Green Bow leather armor. Ellawig points at two distant purple-glass spires.

ELLAWIG

Your mother and father were married on this day. On Spires Day.

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - DAY

The twin rock spires of purple crystal pierce the sky as two suns - one blue, one yellow - set between them.

INT. CASTLE TALMOORIN - YELLOW WALL

Footsteps approach. Ellawig looks past Keera and frowns.

ELLAWIG

We'll talk later, okay?

Keera jogs off toward the approaching **BAYDEN**, a Brown Bow and oldest son of Sinclair, early 20's with a haughty/self-important air, a physical specimen. He tousles Keera's hair.

BAYDEN

You, my little sister, will someday be the best Bow in the Kingdom.

Bayden's smile drops as Keera leaves.

ELLAWIG

Your father. How is he?

BAYDEN

The usual. Drunk. Oblivious.

Ellawig juts her chin at the Spires.

ELLAWIG

You know why?

BAYDEN

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

ELLAWIG

He is your Clan Lord.

BAYDEN

If you hadn't been doing the job of
Clan Lord these last months, Aunt
El, he wouldn't be. If I were Cl -

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - COURTYARD

Commotion in the courtyard. Sinclair stumbles through a
squad of young, pre-teen White Bows on his way to a door.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - YELLOW WALL

Bayden sweeps a hand at Sinclair then gives a mocking bow.

BAYDEN

Behold, Lord Bow, our Clan Lord.

Bayden stalks away in disgust, turning to yell back.

BAYDEN (CONT'D)

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

Behind Ellawig, a **WALL GUARD** points out at the Rings.

WALL GUARD

Lord Bow, a signal for Sanctuary!

ELLAWIG

Sanctuary?! Are you sure?

WALL GUARD

A line of three whites, m'lady.
Shot with the skill of a Brown Bow.

Ellawig bounds down the stairs.

ELLAWIG

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

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - THE RINGS - DAY

Tandruck lies out. Ronson stands nearby, throws Ring rock as
he switches hands. Right, left, right, left.

RONSON

You sure Father's - dead?

TANDRICK

Sorry, kid, but yeah. Pretty sure.

RONSON

He thought I was a loser. He said I'd never... Just once I wanted to hear him say I did sumthin' right.

Tandruck sits up.

TANDRICK

Your father loved your mom. And, in his own way, he loved you.

RONSON

I have no home. You - you're all I've got left. You're my family.

Ronson glances at Tandruck. They both stare at the ground as they digest this revelation. Tandruck coughs.

TANDRICK

When did you learn to do that, throwin' with either hand?

RONSON

Oh. Don't know. Always done it.

Tandruck stands and stretches.

TANDRICK

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

RONSON

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

TANDRICK

You - moved?

Embarrassed, Ronson shrugs.

RONSON

I can kinda tell where things are gonna be. Sometimes. So I moved.

TANDRICK

Really?

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

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Ronson doesn't understand. Tandruck motions with a finger.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

Turn - around.

Ronson turns. His eyes go wide as Tandrlick makes three quick throws. Ronson spins, ducks, jumps. Three misses. Ronson picks up three rocks. He smiles at his uncle.

RONSON

My turn.

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

TANDRICK

Uhh. Ouch. Why you little -

Something catches Tandrlick's eye. A rock hits his helmet. Tandrlick grimaces, grabs his satchel, walks onto the Ring.

RONSON

Wait! Whatta 'bout -

Tandrlick points at the castle.

EXT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - RED GATE

Two white flags fly over Red Gate.

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - THE RINGS

Tandrlick hikes his satchel as he walks away.

TANDRICK

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

Looking back, he rubs his head.

TANDRICK (CONT'D)

Ya gotta good arm for a city kid.

EXT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - RED GATE

The massive iron-banded doors of Red Gate swing out. A squad of Brown Bows march out ahead of Ellawig and Sinclair, who carry huge matching bows. Each bow has a large clear gem set in the riser. Ellawig grips the arm of a wobbly Sinclair.

SINCLAIR

We coulda rode out, ya know.

ELLAWIG
Walking has a shorter fall.

Sinclair blinks, a huge belch. He dry heaves.

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

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

A gag, a cough. The group moves on to 2nd Ring. Tandrick and Ronson wait at 2nd Ring.

TANDRICK
Do what I do. I'll do the talkin'.

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

Ellawig and Sinclair step through the line of Brown Bows.

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 and shrugs.

ELLAWIG
And this thunder-listener's name?

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

Ronson mouths "*pork belly?*" to the ground. Tandrick stands.

ELLAWIG
Tandrick?

TANDRICK
Lord Bow Ellawig. M'lady.

Ellawig breaks the awkward silence.

ELLAWIG
It's Sergeant Pork Belly, 'Claire.

A surprised grunt from Sinclair.

ELLAWIG (CONT'D)
I thought you -

SINCLAIR (INTERRUPTS)
I hoped you died. Why're ya back?

Tandrick turns to do a nominal bow toward Sinclair.

TANDRICK
I believe my brother is dead due to
something overheard -

He points at Ronson.

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

ELLAWIG
Why Sanctuary?

TANDRICK
He has news of an unseen rebellion.
News best told in private, m'lords.

Sinclair starts to protest. Ellawig gives him "*The Look*", jerks her head toward Ronson. Sinclair wobbles forward and holds out the huge bow. Tandrick nods to Ronson, who jumps up and freezes. Tandrick gives him "*The Look*", jerks his head at the bow.

Ronson puts out a hesitant hand like he's touching a snake.

SINCLAIR
Sanctuary is granted you, Ronson of
Malman. You are protected by the
Bows of Talmoorin. Uh, none -
(belch) - none shall take you nor
harm you while the Arrows of
Talmoorin - fly. This is a Bow
Oath made in All-Ruler's name and
it cannot - (*hacks*) - be broken.

Sinclair gives a sloppy backhanded wave towards Red Gate.

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

Sinclair glares hate at Tandrick as the Guards do a crisp unison disarming and double-time away.

Ellawig holds Sinclair's arm as they head back. Twin suns set between the distant Spires. Sinclair utters a soft sob.

INT. TALMOORIN CASTLE - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

The Great Hall boasts huge polished beams and tall, thin windows. A fireplace backlights a long table with only four filled chairs .

Ellawig and Tandrick watch a slouching Sinclair stare into his cup. Ronson stands and fidgets. Hidden in a darkened nook, Bayden eavesdrops. As if waking, Sinclair looks around.

SINCLAIR

Pork Belly, you believe 'im?

TANDRICK

Sire, Ronson is - different.
But he's no liar. I trust 'im.

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

Sinclair

Problem is I don't - trust - you.

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

ELLAWIG

Clan Talmoorin has promised loyalty
to the King. A Bow Oath in All-
Ruler's name. An unbreakable oath.

Sinclair and mug shuffle unsteadily to the fireplace.

SINCLAIR

So we defend this king.

He takes a pull and belches.

SINCLAIR (CONT'D)

What're our chances, Wiggy?

ELLAWIG

If Naheer isn't ready yet, we have
a chance. Supplies are good.
Weapon stores are good. But we
need a lot more Brown Bows.

Sinclair almost stumbles going back to his chair.

SINCLAIR

We need messengers to go -

BAYDEN (O.C.)

Send me, Father!

Bayden scurries to the table.

BAYDEN (CONT'D)

Let me go to the Clans. We'll need them against an army like Naheer's.

Ellawig stares at Bayden, measures him, then nods.

ELLAWIG

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

Sinclair blinks, starts to take a swig.

SINCLAIR

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

A door opens. **GILSON** enters, handsome, late-teens, an impish easy smile, the second child and youngest son of Sinclair. His arms encircle the waists of **Two Girls**.

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 and a charming personality. He'd fit right in at the Royal Court. He's our fastest rider and one of our best swords.

GILSON

Am I going somewhere?

SINCLAIR

No, you are not.

GILSON
And 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. Dishes rattle.

ELLAWIG
'Clair! We have NO CHOICE!

Silence. Sinclair sinks back into his chair. A nod. Bayden
glares at Sinclair then at Gilson who smiles.

GILSON
And what will I be doing, Father?

Sinclair blinks to focus bleary eyes.

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

Gilson's smile freezes, eyes dart between Ellawig and
Sinclair who nods stupidly. Gilson leans in a bit.

GILSON
I'm sorry. What?

EXT. TALMOORIN PLAIN - RINGS - DAY

A white cloth flutters from the far-flung spear. At 10th
Ring, Sulwin's group waits. Sulwin is lost in thought.

SOLDIER-1
Commander.

Soldier-1 nods at the castle.

Two white flags are being placed over Red Gate.

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

Sulwin nudges his horse.

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