

EXT. FIELD - DAY

A sunny open field, with green grass and a few trees. Birds chirp. It is peaceful.

ALEX (14), a short young elven girl with brown chin-length hair freckles, and striking green eyes, is flung towards the grass. They neatly flip and land on their feet, facing whatever knocked them away.

ALEX  
The mighty dragon roars!!!

REVEAL:

A dragon glares at Alex from across the field. It roars.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Then, it takes a deep breath, and--

CANDOR  
I jump in front of you!

CANDOR (15), a muscular dwarven girl with a gigantic shield held by both arms jumps in front of Alex. Candor braces herself.

The dragon takes a deep breath, and breathes fire at the two girls. They stand strong, though.

ERNEST  
I got your backs!

Candor and Alex turn their heads to see a very skinny but very tall boy of 15, ERNEST, standing behind them.

ERNEST (CONT'D)  
Uh, what did I have again?

CANDOR  
You don't even know what you have!?

Ernest looks very confused, patting his pockets.

ALEX  
C'mon, Ernie! You had a bow! Shoot 'em!

As Alex mentions a bow, one appears in Ernest's hands. He knocks an arrow and draws the string of his bow back, before letting it loose.

The arrow flies into the dragon's throat, stopping the onslaught of flame for a second.

The dragon closes its mouth and glares at Ernest. Its nostrils shoot fire into the air as it snorts.

Ernest looks a bit nervous. He calls to his teammates.

ERNEST

This seems really tough! Can't we run away?

ALEX

No way! This is for Avendale!

Alex points her sword at the dragon.

ALEX (CONT'D)

CHA-A-A-A-A-R-G-E-E-E!!!

Alex runs forward. Candor shrugs, and jogs after her. Ernest scratches his shoulder nervously, but eventually chases the other two.

SOL (V.O.)

Alex!

The dragon swipes its giant paw at Alex. Candor blitzes in, shield forward, and tanks the blow.

SOL (V.O.)

Alex! I need you to do something!

Ernest knocks another arrow onto his bowstring and shoots it at the dragon. The arrow flies in slow motion.

ERNEST

How'd I do?

ALEX

Score! Your arrow does massive damage, hitting it in the--

SOL (V.O.)

ALEX!!

ALEX

Hold on, guys.

The arrow stops moving midair, and everything freezes, dragon included.

EXT. AVENDALE CENTER - SAME TIME

Alex and her friends sit by a bazaar tent playing with crude wooden carvings of themselves with their chosen weapons.

Alex has a carving of her character in her right hand, and a larger carving of a dragon in her left. Alex looks up and towards the tent.

ALEX  
Coming!

CANDOR  
See you soo--

Ernest nudges Candor.

ERNEST  
Bye Alex!

Ernest and Candor smile from ear to ear at Alex.

Alex narrows her brows at them in confusion, gets up, and ducks under the tent flap.

Ernest and Candor look at each other, grab their stuff, and sprint out of the town center together.

General necessities for the people of Avendale litter tables and Shelves within the open-aired bazaar. Ropes, vegetables, wooden bowls, stacks of buckets, tools, and other assorted goods line every corner of the tent in an organized matter.

SOL (52), a tall, buff, middle-aged elven man with dark hair and a beard, is fiddling with something shiny just out of view.

Alex enters the tent.

When Sol hears Alex walk in, he quickly folds the shiny thing in a purple cloth and hides it.

Alex notices that he put something shiny away.

ALEX  
What's that?

Sol waves his hand, dismissing the subject of conversation.

SOL  
I'm gonna be manning the tent, can  
you do some chores for me?

Alex nods in approval.

ALEX  
Deliveries?

Sol smiles, walks up to Alex, and ruffles her hair affectionately.

SOL  
Messenger bag's behind the counter.

Alex grabs a messenger bag from behind the counter. It is filled to the brim with different sized bags, boxes, and letters. With some struggle, she puts the heavy bag over her shoulder, and then runs out of the tent.

ALEX  
I'll be back soon!

As Alex runs away, Sol waves goodbye.

SOL  
Happy birthday!

Alex is hidden from view by a bustling crowd of people in the town center.

Alex jogs down the town center. It is riddled with different colored tents, each sporting different goods and different people and fantasy races. Alex passes a small fountain with a dragon statuette on it.

A HOODED FIGURE walks up to the counter Sol is standing at. Sol reacts with surprise.

EXT. AVENDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Alex hands out a small, fist-sized pouch to an OLD WOMAN (74) standing in the doorway of an even older house. The house is weirdly tall, dark, purple, and all the windows are boarded up. The old woman, who has a BIRD on their shoulder, checks the bag, which is full of birdseed.

BIRD  
Thanks! Squawk!

Alex smiles awkwardly for a second and inches away. She dashes down the cobblestone street, towards another house. loud WHIRRING and MECHANICAL sounds come from the door.

Alex rings the doorbell. A cuckoo clock-like wooden bird springs out of the door through a small opening. It opens its mouth and RINGS.

Alex jumps at the loud noise, then shakes her head.

ALEX  
Every time...

The bird then retreats back into the door. The door opens to reveal nobody behind it, until...

Alex looks down. A female gnome, CORRIN (33), and a male gnome, FELIX (34), look up at her. They are both wearing goggles, overalls, toolbelts, and thick long-sleeved tunics. Corrin has their sleeves rolled up and a wrench in one hand.

CORRIN

Hi Alex! What can we do for you?

ALEX

Hi Felix! Hi Corrin! I have a delivery for you.

Alex pulls a small chest out of her messenger bag and hands it to the gnomes, who eagerly receive it. Corrin quickly checks its contents.

CORRIN

Perfect! Thanks dear! And, oh! Happy Birthday!

Corrin fishes in one of the pouches of her toolbelt and pulls out an oily gear.

ALEX

(quizzically)

Thank you?

Alex smiles and starts to leave when she hears CRYING.

Looking across the street, Alex, Corrin, and Felix see an orc child, SARAH (7) in tears. Sarah is wearing all pink and has deep green skin. She is wearing pigtails and a tutu.

SARAH

Somebody help Sparkles!

Alex walks over to the little orc girl, and kneels down next to her.

A black and white cat with multicolored spots, SPARKLES, is tangled in a bunch of net, unable to break free.

ALEX

Oh no! Sarah, how did this happen?

Up close, Sarah looks very upset.

SARAH

That old guy threw a net and Sparkles got caught in it!

Alex looks up to see an old man peering from a second-floor window of a brick-layered house licking his lips.

OLD MAN  
Looks delicious...

Alex and Sarah gasp.

ALEX  
Don't worry, I got this.

Alex pulls a small knife out of her boot.

SARAH  
Why do you have that in your boot?

Alex shrugs.

ALEX  
My uncle always kept one there when  
he was an adventurer.

Alex cuts the cat free. She picks up the cat and gives it to Sarah.

OLD MAN  
Hey! My catch!

The old man starts waving his fist.

ALEX  
Run!

Sarah and Alex scatter.

INT. SMITHY - AFTERNOON

There are no people visible and no lights on in the smithy. Someone outside KNOCKS on the door. A muffled voice follows.

ALEX (O.C.)  
Hello! Delivery!

There is no response.

An eye looks through the door's keyhole. More knocking ensues.

Candor and Ernes are hiding behind an anvil. Candor snickers, and Ernest shushes her.

ALEX (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
I can hear you in there Candor!

CANDOR

Come in!

Alex enters the smithy. As the door opens, light seeps into the otherwise dark room. Alex slowly enters and looks around.

ALEX

(sarcastic)

Very funny, guys.

Nothing moves. Alex walks further in, when--

CANDOR AND ERNEST

Surprise!

Candor and Ernest pop out from their hiding spot.

FRANK (48), an older, stout, dwarven man, uncovers the windows, letting more light in until everything is clear.

ALICIO (49), another dwarven man wearing an apron and carrying a cake with candles on it enters the room.

Everyone cheers, except for Alex, who is stunned.

ALEX

Thanks guys, I was--

ERNEST

Surprised?

Ernest grins.

Alicio places the cake on a table, and both he and Alicio give Alex a big group hug. Candor joins.

FRANK

Happy birthday, Allie.

The hugging ends, and Frank motions to Candor and Ernest.

FRANK (CONT'D)

These two made you something!

CANDOR

(annoyed)

Dad! That was supposed to be a surprise for later!

FRANK

Oops.

Ernest shrugs and runs into another room. After a second, he comes back out with a leather belt and a somewhat crude handmade scabbard.

ERNEST

We did our best! I worked the leather and Candor shaped the metal.

ALICIO

That's our girl! She's going to be a great blacksmith someday!

At this comment, Candor gives Alex an uncomfortable look. Alex pats her on the back.

Alex takes the scabbard from Ernest, and inspects it.

ALEX

Thank you so much, guys! I wish I had a sword to put in this!

CANDOR

That's the other surprise! Your uncle--

Ernest elbows Candor, who immediately shuts up.

Alex starts to smile.

ALEX

No way! Really? Today's the day?

ERNEST

We were going to let him tell you himself, but... Yeah!

ALEX

YES!!!!

Alex fist pumps, hard.

CANDOR

Let's eat some cake!

EXT. AVENDALE NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Alex leaves the smithy with her new belt equipped. She wipes cake off of her face, stretches, and yawns. Then, she fist pumps again, and walks down the street.



EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - LATER

Alex walks towards her house. As she gets closer, she stops dead in her tracks.

A HOODED FIGURE is standing in front of the door to her house, peeking through the keyhole.

Alex's eyes narrow. She immediately blitzes and tackles the hooded figure, who lets out a surprised gasp. They tumble to the floor.

The hooded figure struggles to push Alex off, but Alex forces them into a rear naked choke.

ALEX  
(angry)  
WHO ARE YOU?

HOODED FIGURE  
(winded)  
I'm... a... friend.

ALEX  
WHY WERE--

Sol's voice booms through the street.

SOL  
LET HIM GO!

ALEX  
(confused)  
What? I--

Sol gets closer to the two people wrestling.

SOL  
(stern)  
Alex. Let him go. Now.

Alex reluctantly lets the hooded figure go.

The stranger gasps for breath, and Sol stretches his arm out. The stranger takes it, and stands up.

SOL (CONT'D)  
(to the stranger)  
I'm sorry about that, Aran. It's  
good to see you again.

ARAN (70) takes off their hood, revealing an old, kind face.

ARAN  
It's good to see you too.

The two men embrace.

Sol lets go, and unlocks the door. He then turns to Alex, and pinches the bridge of his nose.

SOL  
You're supposed to be better than that, Allie.

ALEX  
(dejected)  
He was looking through the keyhole, I thought--

SOL  
You thought? You choked a man, over a thought?

Silence permeates the air. Alex hangs her head in shame.

SOL (CONT'D)  
I thought you were ready for a sword, but I was mistaken--

ALEX  
WHAT? No!

SOL  
Who knows what you would've done to Aran if you already knew how to use one. You aren't ready.

Sol opens the door and motions towards it. Alex heads inside...

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - COMMON ROOM - SAME TIME

The door to the house slams shut. Alex walks in, then stops, and stands still. Soft speech starts to come from outside the house. Her eyes narrow again and she puts her ear next to the keyhole in the front door.

ARAN (O.S.)  
(chuckles)  
She's a strong-willed one, I'll give her that.

INTERCUT WITH: EXT. ALEX'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - SAME TIME

Sol smiles.

SOL  
She's a good kid, she just needs  
some time to grow. But it's good to  
see you! Come, I have some good  
wine in the cellar.

Sol's hand moves towards the door.

ARAN  
Wait, there is a reason for my  
visit that I wasn't able to tell  
you in my letter.

Alex's ears perk up, and she presses her ear into the  
keyhole, her cheek being squished against the door itself.

Aran pulls Sol aside. He looks over his shoulder towards the  
street before looking back at Sol.

ARAN (CONT'D)  
I could sense an ancient curse  
forming near the town. I came to  
enlist your help in stopping it.

Sol's smile leaves his face.

ARAN (CONT'D)  
I'm not sure where it comes from,  
or what it's targeting, but it may  
pose a great danger. I suspect that  
the tower in the western horizon  
may-

Sol firmly puts a hand on Aran's shoulder, and looks him in  
the eyes.

SOL  
No.

Aran looks distressed. Sol frowns.

ARAN  
I know where you're coming from,  
but--

SOL  
(upset)  
I said I was done.

Alex presses her ear into the keyhole harder, and loses balance. She falls but catches herself.

The sound of somebody falling comes from inside the house. Sol looks towards the house, smiles to himself, and then looks back towards Aran with a serious expression.

SOL (CONT'D)  
I have different priorities now. I  
am not going to argue with you.

Sol pauses for a moment. His face softens. He nods towards the front door to the house.

SOL (CONT'D)  
Friend, this is not how I wanted  
our reunion to go! Let's have a  
drink while you're in town!

Aran pushes away the hand on his shoulder.

ARAN  
(cold)  
How do I get to the tower?

Sol makes a sad smile.

SOL  
The tower has been there for ages.  
I doubt there is anything for you  
there, except maybe bandits.

ARAN  
That doesn't answer my question.

There is a brief moment of silence. Sol sighs.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - ALEX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Alex's sword belt and scabbard lay on the edge of her bed. A single candle sitting on the bedside table lights up the room. She sniffles. Something metal SCRAPES against wood.

Hands whittle away at a stick to give it a pointed edge. SCRATCH. Tears fall around the stick. DRIP. DRIP. DRIP.

Alex's brow furrows in concentration as she focuses on sharpening the stick. Her eyes are pink, and tears form at her eyes.

Alex takes the stick and swings it in the air. Half of it SNAPS off, flying to a corner of the room. It CLATTERS to the floor

Alex stares at the fallen piece of stick. KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Somebody is at her bedroom door. Alex doesn't look away from the stick.

Sol opens the door slightly and peeks through the crack.  
CREAK.

SOL  
(softly)  
Hey...

Sol slowly walks in. Alex does not react and keeps gazing at the stick. Sol moves the scabbard and belt out of the way, and sits next to Alex in silence. He puts his arm around her, and pulls her in for a hug. Alex rests her head on him.

SOL (CONT'D)  
You're not ready to learn sword-fighting yet.

Alex wipes her teary eyes and looks up.

ALEX  
(muttering)  
I know...

Silence. Then, Sol looks at Alex.

SOL  
I heard you behind the door. Did you hear what we were talking about?

Alex nods. Sol sighs.

SOL (CONT'D)  
Don't worry too much about it. It doesn't concern us.

ALEX  
Shouldn't we be trying to stop the curse?

SOL  
Aran is a capable man. He can figure it out himself. I'm an old shopkeeper, not an adventurer.

Alex looks up at Sol, finally breaking eye contact with the corner of the room where the stick fell.

ALEX  
Then you can stay back, and I'll go.

Sol frowns.

SOL  
That's an even worse idea.

ALEX  
But you and dad went out and did dangerous stuff all the time at my age!

SOL  
We didn't have a choice then. If they were still here, your parents would've killed me after hearing I let you mess around with wild magic. And I can't go because I have you to take care of.

ALEX  
(raised voice)  
I can take care of myself.

SOL  
(stern)  
You're not going anywhere near that curse.

Alex flinches and pulls back from Sol. Sol sighs. Then, he reaches into his boot, and pulls out a knife. He hands it to Alex.

SOL (CONT'D)  
Here.

The knife's handle is decorated in ornate etchings. Alex takes the knife, and looks it over, running her fingers along the handle. She flips it over and sees the initials F.S. engraved in gold.

ALEX  
Was this... Dad's?

SOL  
(chokes)  
He would still be here if we didn't mess with wild magic.

The realization of Sol's words dawn on Alex, and it shows. She grips the knife so hard her knuckles turn white.

SOL (CONT'D)  
You are not going anywhere near a curse. End of discussion.  
(MORE)

SOL (CONT'D)

And don't go telling this to Ernie  
and Candor. Aran will take care of  
it.

Alex says nothing. Sol sits there for a few seconds. He gives her a big hug and kisses her on the head before getting up.

Alex puts the knife on her nightstand, next to the candle, and gets comfortable in bed, pulling up the covers. Sol kisses her on the forehead.

Sol turns off the lantern by the doorway, lowering the room's total brightness. A single candle by the nightstand remains lit, giving the room a soft orange outline.

Alex turns her head towards Sol.

ALEX

What about the knife?

SOL

Keep it. Happy birthday, Allie. I'm  
sorry it didn't go as planned.

ALEX

(sarcastic)

Me too.

Sol leaves the room.

Alex rotates to face the knife.

The flickering orange light from the candle reflects off of the F.S. on Alex's new knife.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - ALEX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The candle is a lot shorter now. The flickering orange light is also dimmer, but reflects off of the F.S. on Alex's new knife nevertheless.

Alex lays on her side in bed, staring at the knife. She impulsively gets up, puts the knife in her boot, grabs and dons hooded cloak from the bedroom floor, and runs over to the window.

A small piece string tied to a stick hangs off the windowsill in Alex's room. Alex's hand yanks on the stick a few times, pulling the string taught.

EXT. AVENDALE RESIDENTIAL AREA - SAME TIME

The string that Alex tugged on trails through small crevices and inserted metal loops from rooftop to rooftop, splitting off and ending at two distinct places: Ernest's and Candor's windows.

INT. SMITHY - CANDOR'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The wooden toy Candor was playing with earlier falls off the nightstand. CLATTER. It is tied to the same string that Alex tugged. Candor wakes up, puts the toy back on the table, and sneaks out of her room through the window.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE - ALEX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Alex pulls the hood over her head, climbs through the window, and leaves her room.

EXT. AVENDALE RESIDENTIAL AREA - NIGHT

A large wooden crate sits in an alleyway. It has several papers with crude drawings of swords and monsters on it, a small candle, and three smaller, knee-high wooden crates organized around it like seats. Alex, Ernest, and Candor are standing right behind it.

ERNEST

CURSES!? What!? Nobody knows how to use magic anymore!

Candor yawns.

CANDOR

I'm with Ernest on this one. Is that why you called us out here so late? And didn't you say this Aran guy is taking care of it?

ALEX

Please just humor me on this one, guys! I have a bad feeling about what's going to happen if we don't do anything!

ERNEST

But, if curses are real, aren't we in danger?

Alex rolls her eyes. Then, a mischevious grin forms on her face.



ALEX

I didn't want to use this card.

Immediately reacting to Alex's words, Candor snaps her head to look at Alex.

CANDOR

Don't do it.

ALEX

It's--

CANDOR

Don't you dare!

Alex speaks quickly and loudly over Candor.

ALEX

It's my birthday!

Candor groans. Ernest sighs.

ERNEST

Fine... But we're just going to see  
what's up, and if it's too much,  
we're out.

Angry footsteps approach the gang. STEP. STEP. STEP. Alex shushes Candor and Ernest. Ernest runs over to the candle and pinches the wick, getting rid of any light. Alex peeks out of the alleyway.

Aran is walking up the street towards the town gate. He is holding a tall gnarled oak staff in one hand and reading from a small leatherbound notebook in the other with a frown on his face. He passes the alleyway without stopping, engrossed in his notes.

Once Aran moves far enough away, Alex looks at her compatriots.

ALEX

That's him! Lets go.

The group sneaks after Aran.

EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

A boot steps forward, followed by another boot. In the background, several quiet pairs of steps hit the ground. The boots stop moving for a second, before taking a sharp right turn and quickly walking out of view.

Aran walks past a tree, and moves out of sight after he reaches the top of the hill.

Alek, Candor, and Earnest crouch behind bush to tree to bush to reach the top of the hill incognito.

Aran is nowhere to be found when they reach the top.

ALEX  
(whispering)  
Huh? where'd he go?

CANDOR  
(whispering)  
I thought you were watching him?

ERNEST  
(whispering)  
We lost him? Where is he?

ARAN  
I'm right here.

Alex, Candor, and Ernest turn around to see Aran standing right behind them.

Aran snaps his fingers. A ball of light sparks and floats up from his hand.

Ernest's jaw drops. Candor stares in disbelief. Alex inhales deeply.

ARAN (CONT'D)  
(to Alex)  
It's you again! I see you brought friends.

ERNEST  
What are you talking about? We're just here to--

CANDOR  
Yeah, you got us. We were following ya.

Ernest glares at Candor, who shrugs in return. Alex steps forward.

ALEX  
I...heard about the curse. We want to help.

Aran turns his back to them. He begins to draw glyphs in the ground with his staff. Ernest, Alex, and Candor look on in silence for a brief moment.

ERNEST

What are you doing?

ARAN

Divination. I'm trying to figure out where the curse originates from, in order to destroy it before it affects Avendale. According to my notes...

Aran finishes his drawing. The glyphs begin to glow and float out of the ground. Aran looks over the glowing glyphs as they shift in shape to spell something out for him. The language they write in is unintelligible.

ARAN (CONT'D)

Curious... This curse is much older than Avendale. And its source is...

Aran draws something else in the dirt. The glowing runes spin, turn bright red, and launch into the sky like a flare towards a tower in the distance, surrounded by a forest. The red light reflects off of the distant trees below it before it sinks into them and out of sight.

ARAN (CONT'D)

I was right. The tower.

ALEX

What are we supposed to do about it? How can we help?

ARAN

You can't. You three are too young. I won't be able to take care of you. I will travel to the forest to deal with it alone.

Alex furrows her brow.

ALEX

You can't even beat a 14-year-old girl, and you want to go into Uden's forest? You're crazy. Nobody who enters comes back unscathed. And I can take care of my--

The ground shakes violently, throwing everyone off balance, but the tremors stops as quickly as they started.

Aran looks towards the town, and winces with fear. Alex, Candor, and Ernest follow his gaze.

Below the hill, a dark smoke billows over the town.

Alex turns to run down the hill. Aran restrains her, and Alex struggles against him.

ARAN

Stop! It's too late. If you go into town now, you may be cursed too.

Alex stops. Everyone stays still, watching as the smoke rolls over and dissipates a little. Their faces are pale in the moonlight.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - LATER

A dark, cindery smoke rolls the entire square, making it impossible to see anything other than the vague silhouettes of townsfolk frozen in place. The loud, frantic sounds of 4 sets of shoes SLAP against the dirt floor.

Alex, Candor, Ernest, and Aran run up to the plaza, but slow down when they reach the dense clouds of smoke.

The smoke slowly rises as the four get closer, revealing townspeople turned to stone.

A stone cat resembling Sparkles is frozen in place. Their back is arched, and they're looking up at something.

Outside of a nearby window, a stone Sarah is looking directly at the statue of Sparkles.

Alicio, frozen in stone, is standing in the doorway of the smithy with one hand on the doorknob and the other holding a smithing hammer. He is wearing an apron that reads "KISS THE COOK!" and staring directly up at the sky.

Candor runs up to Alicio, reaches out to touch him, and then falls to her knees, eyes tearing up. Her voice breaks the silence.

CANDOR

What... happened? Is this real?

Aran inspects one of the people-turned-statues. He takes out his notebook and a quill from a small hip pouch and SCRATCHES something down in it.

ARAN

I'm afraid so... We must have been too far away from the center of town to be affected by this... curse.

Aran looks up towards the tower in the distance, then towards Candor, then back at the tower. He puts his notebook away, and cradles his head in his hands for a minute. He frowns, thinking deeply about something.

Ernest stands completely still, eyes wandering from statue to statue. He then begins to slowly and silently make his way to his house, closing the door behind him. Behind the door, he makes a muffled YELP and then SOBS.

INT. ERNEST'S INN - EVENING

Ernest stands in front of the door, bawling his eyes out.

ERNEST'S MOTHER (38) sits frozen in place, turned to stone, in a still moving rocking chair. In her hands is crocheting needles and a half-finished scarf. Her expression is blank.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - SAME TIME

Alex looks at the door to Ernest's inn for a moment, processing the sobs. She then dashes into her own home, swinging the door open. The door slams against the outer wall. Alex doesn't bother to close it.

INT. ALEX'S HOME - EVENING

The door to the house swings open, and Alex runs in.

A stone statue of Sol stands by the doorway, bent over a table, inspecting a purple cloth wrapped around a long, shiny piece of metal. A fire in the fireplace behind Sol dances and crackles.

Alex step by step approaches Sol, tears welling in her eyes. She gives the statue a big hug.

ALEX

(voice breaking)

I'm gonna fix this, I promise.

Alex lets go of the statue, wipes her eyes, and looks it over, when something else catches her eye.

The shiny object wrapped in purple cloth reflects light from the fire, giving the impression of movement.

Alex walks around the table to get a better look at the shiny object. She pulls off the cloth.

A beautiful sword is revealed. It sits on the table, reflecting the light coming from the dancing flame in the fireplace. Alex picks the sword up and inspects it.

The sword has "ALEXANDRA" engraved on the blade. The grip is wrapped in an olive green, and the pommel's emerald bears a striking resemblance in color to Alex's own eyes.

Aran yells loudly from outside the house. Alex turns her head to listen.

ARAN (O.C.)

Gather your equipment, and say your  
goodbyes. We need to move now, if  
we are going to stop this curse.

Alex puts down the sword. She runs deeper into the house.

The blade reflects Sol's stone face. His expression is that of mourning.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER

Alex emerges from her home in a leather pauldrons and a leather chestplate dyed the same olive green as her sword's grip. Her cloak rests over her armor. The sword is sheathed and attached to her hip. The whites of her eyes are a deep red from crying.

Candor, Aran, and Ernest are already waiting, each with a knapsack in hand and similar equipment. Candor has a big metal shield, and Ernest has a longbow that looks way too big for him.

Candor notices the sword and smiles sadly. She opens her arms. Alex gives her a hug. Ernest joins in. They stay like that for a moment.

CANDOR

Sorry you had to get your gift like  
this.

Alex brings her head up and rests her chin on Candor's shoulder. She remains silent, surveying her surroundings.

Felix and Corrin, also turned to stone, are sitting together at a nearby bench. Felix's head is resting on Corrin's shoulder. Corrin is smiling.

After taking a deep breath, Alex releases herself from the group hug and looks at Aran.

ALEX

I'm ready.

Aran nods.

ARAN

Let's go.

The four of them turn away from the town square, and head down a beaten path that leads out of the town's gates.

The billows of smoke fade, leaving only moonlight to reflect on the countless unmoving statues that litter the town square.