# **SEASON 3**, EPISODE 8

Opens at Hailstone, top of the tower. Senn is brought into a room where Deathsinger is waiting.

DEATHSINGER

Please enter, Senn. Take a seat if you wish, although I myself prefer to stand.

Senn looks towards a small bench area, but is too nervous to approach.

DEATHSINGER

Do I frighten you?

SENN

Somewhat…

DEATHSINGER

Good, that is how it should be. A little fear commands obedience… however one must also balance fear with *respect*.

Deathsinger approaches Senn a bit, and he tenses up slightly.

DEATHSINGER

Our differences are not as great as you might think, Senn. I as well was raised by another clan,however I had the fortune of being initiated as Nestoristo hide my shame.

Senn squints for a moment… thinking.

SENN

I thought you faked the Nestoris colors?

DEATHSINGER

Hmph. There is only so much I will tell you Senn, until the time is right. My story is not one I am willing toshare lightly.

Senn looks back down, saddened that he won’t get more information.

SENN

So what do you want with me?

The Deathsinger walks to the balcony and looks over Northwind a bit.

DEATHSINGER

I *could* kill you-many of the Voltaris would be pleased with that. But despite what people have named me, I do not kill without reason, and killing you will not bring me any closer to the Prime Songs.

Deathsinger turns back towards Senn.

DEATHSINGER

I am going to release you, because you are a Voltaris whether you accept it or not. But continue to oppose me and I will destroy you just as I did Achillean.

Senn meets the Deathsinger’s gaze and holds it. Then walks off and stands by the fireplace.

DEATHSINGER

I also have an offer. Bring me the two Prime Songs, and I will destroy the Nether and settle in Old Voltaria with the rest of my clan and leave you in peace.

Senn looks away, then looks back.

SENN

*Why* do you want the Prime Songs? If you say you will leave us in peace, then what need do you have for such power?

The Deathsinger looks a bit sad, and continues gazing into the fire for a long while.

DEATHSINGER

You do not know what it is like… living in fear.

The camera fades into the fire, but does not show a flashback here.

DEATHSINGER

There was a time when all five Ardoni clans lived in harmony. The Voltaris were the youngestclan, and perhaps the most curious about thevery nature of Songs.

Instead, it fades to Ria entering the Walls of Time, talking to a Glacian, and entering a library where she reads up on similar information.

DEATHSINGER

But many opposed this research, and tensions arose between the clans. Perhaps it was fate, or merely misfortune, that at this time we made the greatest discovery of all.

SENN

The Prime Songs?

DEATHSINGER

Yes… the Prime Songs. However, only four there are. The other clans decided to split the Primesamongst themselves to balance the power, and the Voltaris were denied a share of that power. Offended and outraged, we demanded a fair compromise. Instead, the clans united against us, and banished us from Ardonia. But we are a stubborn clan, and refused to leave.

The Deathsinger leaves a pause here as the fire crackles and roars a bit. He moves away from the fire out towards the window.

DEATHSINGER

But theystill had the greatest weapon of all. Each season they would hold a tournament, and the victor would be given the Prime Songs to wield. These champions were then tasked to hunt down and destroy the Voltaris. Your friend, Thalleous Sendaris, was one such champion.

Senn looks shocked and surprised.

DEATHSINGER

One by one our havens fell. I was raised in a small camp deep within the Barrier Mountains of Northwind. It was here that the final slaughter of our people took place.

We get a few shots of this battle briefly, which is the same battle shown in the opening of Season 2 in the snow.

DEATHSINGER

I still remember watching as everyone I had ever known was killed. The master of our clan at the time, Dominus Voltaris, hurried me out of the battle and imparted to me both Voltar… and leadership of the clan.

The Deathsinger draws Voltar during this scene and holds it up as he mentions it.

DEATHSINGER

Dominuswas killed, and I alone escaped.

The Deathsinger finally turns back to Senn for the first time, who has become rather wide-eyed during the narration.

DEATHSINGER

You will not find these tales on the Walls of Time, nor will humans sing songs of this war. You may attempt to tell others of this truth, but none shall believe you.

The Deathsinger gets near Senn.

DEATHSINGER

You do not understand the power of the Prime Songs. They have an irresistible allure, one that corrupts your very nature. This is why the other clan masters stole them from us in the first place. And I…

Very brief flashback of the Deathsinger being presented the Prime Songs in the tournament.

DEATHSINGER

…I was overcome by their corruption as well.

SENN

Why have you told me all this…?

DEATHSINGER

Because you asked, Senn, and because you may yet succeed where I have failed. Perhaps I revealed a bit *more* than I should have, and perhaps not. Either way, this war is about to come to a close.

The Deathsinger goes back out to the balcony and looks out over the city again as he says this.

DEATHSINGER

For now, I will let you go. Remember my offer, Senn.

The Deathsinger motions towards the door, and Senn promptly leaves.

Once Senn is gone, the Deathsinger takes the Tidesinger’s staff out and holds it before him. He puts it away as Lucidious walks in.

DEATHSINGER

Let us walk. We have matters to discuss.

Cuts to outside, Senn steps out into the snow, looks around, and begins heading south across the plains of Northwind.

At the same time, Ria is exiting the Walls of Time and walks to a cliff overlooking the plains of Northwind. She spots a figure alone, walking across, which she can’t quite make out to be Senn.

She then hears footsteps approaching, and turns to see the Deathsinger and a few other Voltaris approaching up the cliff. She hurries back inside the Walls of Time and goes to the end hiding behind the furthest wall.

The Deathsinger and his group enter. The Deathsinger looks around at the walls as he walks down the center aisle.

DEATHSINGER

I have always wondered ifmy actions were to be written uponthe Walls of Time, but never had I imaginedan entire Wall would be dedicated to my legacy.

Ria slinks further around the backside of the far wall.

DELTHEUS VOLTARIS

\*annoyed\* There’s not a single mention of the travesties which plague our history.

LUCIDIUS VOLTARIS

We should have the Glacians tear down these walls and re-write them.

DEATHSINGER

No need. There are still more Walls to be written- some very soon I imagine.

They stop at the end of the room, just near Ria. She holds very still and hopes they don’t come around the final wall where she hides.

DEATHSINGER

I believe it is time to go forward with our plan.

DELTHEUS VOLTARIS

I agree. Too long have we lived in the freezing north- I can’t bear it much longer.

LUCIDIUS VOLTARIS

Are you sure the timing is right?

DEATHSINGER

I have received word from my informant that everything is falling into place, and we must be ready to act swiftly. What we are about to do is extremely dangerous, but may be necessary to ensure the future of our clan. I would not ask any of you to join me without your consent.

DELTHEUS VOLTARIS

We are with you, Ingressus.

LUCIDIUS VOLTARIS

If it means a better future for the Voltaris, I’m in.

The Deathsinger continues watching over the wall for just a bit longer.

DEATHSINGER

Good. Have the clan ready.

Deathsinger turns and the group leaves. They pass by Ria, just barely missing her. Ria catches her breath.

Slowly fades to Abbigail in a Nether prison cell. Her helmet has been confiscated. She leans with her head back against the wall and closes her eyes sadly.

Vulcannus’ voice breaks through suddenly.

VULCANNUS

It pains me to see you here, Queen Abbigail.

Abbigail turns to see Vulcannus, who stands between the two Wither Skeletons guarding the gate.

ABBIGAIL

I did everything you asked… I *trusted*you.

VULCANNUS

Do you trust me still?

Abbigail turns her head for a moment with a hint of hope.

Vulcannus draws his sword quickly and chops both Wither Skeleton’s heads off simultaneously. As they fall, a few others begin running away to sound the alarm. Vulcannus quickly breaks the lock on Abbigail’s cell and draws his nether bow and fires and arrow which splinters into multiple arrows and mows down the escaping skeletons.

A Netharan runs up to him with a large axe drawn, but Vulcannus fights him quickly and defeats him.

VULCANNUS

My lady, allow me to-

As the gate swings open, Abbigail’s hand flies into view and hits Vulcannus on the face, causing him to fly backwards onto his back.

VULCANNUS

\*grunt as you are hit in the face\*

ABBIGAIL

Don’t you ‘my lady’ me! Explain yourself!

Vulcannus staggers back up.

VULCANNUS

I understand that you might be feeling a little vexed at-

ABBIGAIL

*Vexed?!* I thought you *betrayed* me!

VULCANNUS

I needed your reactions to appear convincing. Besides, I could not be sure you would approve.

Abbigail holds her hand near his face and leans forward.

ABBIGAIL

From now on, when you ask for someone’s trust, you do the same for them!

VULCANNUS

As you wish. I do apologize m’lady.

ABBIGAIL

Whatever. Where’s my stuff?

Cuts to a moment later, Abbigail is armed again and they continue deeper into the dungeon.

ABBIGAIL

What’s down here anyway?!

VULCANNUS

The vault we opened from within the End. This seemed the most discreet way to get you through the city.

They arrive into a lower chamber of the dungeon. A few Wither Skeletons block their way. Vulcannus prepares his bow but Abbigail charges forward first and kills them all on her own.

ABBIGAIL

This is discreet?!

VULCANNUS

I’ll admit, it wasn’t one of my better plans.

They arrive at a large door, and Vulcannus pushes it open with ease.

They arrive in the darkly lit room that we saw earlier when Kiki flew through the Enderchest. They close the door behind them.

Abbigail watches curiously as Vulcannus lights a fire which illuminates the room, revealing a vast array of treasures and wealth.

Vulcannus goes to the center and draws a large black blade. As he holds it in his hand for a moment it lights up bright orange- the color of the nether. He reaches beside it and picks up a crown, which rather than donning, he pockets.

ABBIGAIL

Who are you…?

VULCANNUS

I am Vulcannus, son of the late King Chronos, and rightful heir to the Nether.

ABBIGAIL

*You’re* the Nether king?!Is there anything else you’ve failed to tell me?

VULCANNUS

Well… perhaps. Queen Abbigail, I haven’t been entirely forthcoming with you. In fact, much of what I have told you were only half-truths with occasional exaggeration, excluding secrets and classified information, and circumventingthe actual details of my plans, half of which were uncertainties and half of those half as likely to be possible. I assure you however, that what I tell you, I tell you for a reason.

Abbigail blinks twice, then shakes her head as she is confused by Vulcannus’ complexity and secrecy.

ABBIGAIL

Wait- ok… back up. Why do you want to kill Pythus again?

VULCANNUS

Pythus murdered my father after the First Great War and *usurped* the throne. For that he must pay.

ABBIGAIL

So you’ve had all this time- why not kill him before?

VULCANNUS

Firstly, an assassination would surely result in my own death shortly after, which I would much prefer to avoid. Secondly, I will not take after the vile actions of Pythus and become a murderer myself.

Vulcannus turns and walks over to a wall where some ancient scrolls, books, and other records are being held.

VULCANNUS

You have kept all your promises, and now I will return the favor. I will answer any question you have about the End. Any answer I do not have, we may find in one of these books.

Vulcannus pulls down a large book.

ABBIGAIL

Has there ever been a female Enderknight before?

VULCANNUS

Never.

Vulcannus sets down the book on the table, and begins leafing through it as he talks.

ABBIGAIL

You said you’d help me get a new sword, what did you mean by that?

VULCANNUS

Sometime before our worlds were at war, both a crown and a sword were made for each realm, which would only activate for its true king*.* How these relics were enchanted to know the true leaders- we know not. Just as there is a Netherblade, there is also an Enderblade. You appear not to have acquired yours yet.

Vulcannus raises the Nether blade as he mentions it.

ABBIGAIL

My crown activated for me at first… but no more. What happened?

VULCANNUS

That… may require further research.

Vulcannus keeps flipping through the book.

VULCANNUS

We have stolen records from your temples that speak of something known as the Ender Trials… right here.

Vulcannus points to a spot in the book as Abbigail gazes over his shoulder. Vulcannus then reads from the book.

VULCANNUS

“If the Enderking’s ability to rule falls into question, he must pass the Ender Trials. If passed, the king will arise stronger than before. If failed, the king will fall… and be no more.” Hmm… there does not seem to be much else.

Vulcannus looks around the page, then flips forward a page, then quickly back as he realizes there is no more information.

ABBIGAIL

That’s as much information as I need. The Ender Eye must be leading me to those trials. I’ve failed all my Enderknights, and must redeem myself in the eyes of the End.

VULCANNUS

I’m sorry I don’t have any more information on the trials themselves… but we should linger no longer. Come on.

Vulcannus closes the book and is about to return it.

VULCANNUS

Actually… for you.

Vulcannus hands the book to Abbigail.

VULCANNUS

When this war is over, if you survive, perhaps this will help you restore the End to its former glory.

Abbigail takes the book and looks at it thankfully.

Cuts back to the surface.

Luna is waiting outside the Nether Portal, face down in front of her watching the portal with a dull expression.

A moment later Vulcannus steps down, and Luna raises up, and looks angry. Then Abbigail steps out from behind Vulcannus through the portal. Luna freezes, then relaxes a bit and walks over to Abbigail.

ABBIGAIL

Hey Luna… I missed you.

Abbigail strokes the underside of Luna’s chin. Luna then turns towards Vulcannus, and snorts.

VULCANNUS

Much lies ahead for the both of us. I will do what I can to destroy many of the Nether portals before Pythus can learn of my betrayal.

Abbigail mounts Luna.

ABBIGAIL

Thank you for your help. Well… thank you and no thank you… for having me imprisoned… but I guess it worked out in the end. I hope that we meet again, Vulcannus.

As Abbigail says this, Luna’s face becomes even more dull.

VULCANNUS

The honor is all mine, Queen Abbigail, I assure you-

Luna takes off with a loud rush of her wings before Vulcannus can continue, interrupting his goodbye.

Vulcannus watches her go, then stifles a smile and small chuckle.

VULCANNUS

\*small chuckle\*

He heads back into the Nether portal.

Cuts to Felora, up in Nitsuke’s office. Wither Skeletons burst down the door. She looks up from her books.

Cuts to her being marched into the hanging courtyard of Felora. Skorch is waiting.

SKORCH

Ah… so here’s the little kitten who’s been clawing at my leadership. Nitsuke, isn’t it?

NITSUKE

That’s right, I’m a Chronicler of Northwind. I fight for no side, Skorch.

SKORCH

It doesn’t sound like that’s the case.

Skorch walks around her a bit and throws her onto her knees.

SKORCH

For treason and crimes against the *people of Felora*, I sentence you, Nitsuke, “Chronicler of Northwind”, to be executed. Let this be a lesson to those who wish to resist against the Nether.

Skorch finally raises his sword. Time slows down briefly. Niika pushes her way to the front of the crowd and fires a single shot, which hits Skorch’s hand, causing him to stagger with his weapon.

SKORCH

\*pain as your hand is hit\* Ah!

Lucan runs out behind Niika and slides under Skorch, grabbing Nitsuke and jumping off the edge.

Skorch picks his sword back up when suddenly a few other archers slide down the ropes and begin firing at him.

Alec, who had been standing on the sidelines watching, suddenly rushes forward towards Skorch and draws his sword.

Skorch has already cut down a few archers on the side of the platform, and pulls an arrow out of his armor which stuck. He turns as Alec is just about to strike, and they begin fighting.

Back down in the tree where Nitsuke and Lucan landed.

LUCAN

I’m not about to let you die. Come on!

They jump out of the tree onto a low rooftop. The Wither is approaching them, but stops when a loud wooden thump is heard. It turns around and sees Xaria, sword and Necrostaff in hand. He faces off the Wither and waits for it.

The Wither fires a shot, which Xaria rolls out of the way to avoid, then points his sword, and a volley of archers up in the canopy fire down at it.

Cuts to some various fighting around the city.

Alec is fighting Skorch, but despite his best efforts to keep him distracted and occupied, he is no match, and he is killed.

ALEC

\*death noise\*

Lucan is down at the Necromancer tunnels and helping usher people into the tunnels.

LUCAN

Go, we’ll cover you!

Skorch drops down and faces them.

LUCAN

*Go*!

Lucan draws his sword and waits for Skorch to attack, which he does so quickly.

The Wither is beginning to kill many of the archers, and then pursues Xaria directly, who is forced to run away through the bridges, often dropping down to different layers.

Niika gets in position to fire at it, but spots Lucan fighting Skorch down below, and hesitates.

Eddy is fighting with one hand while still drinking, but finishes his drink and throws it at a nearby skeleton, who ducks and the glass flies past the skeleton.

Back to Lucan and Skorch, they are engaged in a fight. Lucan is using a lot of street-fighting tactics, but it is obvious he is outmatched.

SKORCH

You have possibly the worst fighting style I have ever seen.

LUCAN

\*winded\* It wasn’t meant for monsters like you.

He does another dirty tactic, which doesn’t seem to work.

SKORCH

You mean for weaklings and idiots?

A glass bottle smashes on the back of Skorch’s head.

SKORCH

\*another pained grunt\*

Lucan rushes and they fight more for a second, then suddenly Skorch slices across Lucan’s leg as he attempts to kick, and Lucan wheels around and drops his sword. He falls and clutches his leg.

LUCAN

\*pained noise\*

Skorch goes for the kill but Niika drops down and squats low over Lucan, both swords drawn.

SKORCH

I *knew* his pet would come to the rescue. No matter, you both will die today.

They engage and fight for a bit.

Xaria is shot while running from the Wither and falls a bit, losing his staff which falls to a lower level.

Some of the fighters around the city are killed.

Niika is then punched in the side of the face and her ears are ringing as she staggers around, dazed.

Everything feels intense. Skorch approaches them both.

Lucan tries to stagger up, but has to support his weight on his sword as his leg is severely injured. He falls back down.

SKORCH

Look at you- pathetic.You can’t even stand.

From where he lays on his side, he sees Niika reaching towards his hand, and they hold hands once more.

Skorch walks closer and is about to raise his sword when an arrow suddenly protrudes from his chest.

SKORCH

\*hit by arrow\*

He slowly turns around, confused. He sees Nitsuke holding a bow at her side.

Skorch falls over, dead.

SKORCH

\*death noise\*

Cuts back up to the Wither, it looks down as Skorch is killed, and begins flying down there. Suddenly Xaria runs and jumps off a nearby bridge, and as he flies through the air he lops off the Wither’s central head, and lands on another bridge as the headless Wither falls to the ground.

Wither Skeletons begin to surround him, and he hurries down towards the Necromancer tunnel. He picks up his staff as he runs. The Nether army floods in behind him.

Everything is dark as the Nether army waits for their eyes to adjust.

Suddenly Xaria lights a torch, and a row of undead are visible behind him. He raises his staff in one hand, torch in the other, slowly revealing a large army of undead under his control.

Music rises, and the scene cuts to a wide shot of the city. Everything is very still and quite. A few people walk around, mostly dragging bodies.

Xaria stands in the center of the courtyard, holding still.

Niika approaches, supporting Lucan who has to hop on one leg.

NIIKA

Is it over?

XARIA

Felora has been liberated. With the Wither gone and the undead at my command, the rest of the Nether forces fell easily enough.

LUCAN

We need to help the other capitals do the same.

NIIKA

*You* will do no such thing. Not while you’re injured.

Marcusand Eddy walk up.

MARCUS

What happened to him?

LUCAN

Nothing, I’m fine.

EDDY

He just needs a good drink is all! Here take some of mine- oh wait it’s empty… hold on… somewhere around here… \*incoherent mumbling as you fumble around\*

Eddy looks at his drink which is empty, then fumbles around looking for more.

NIIKA

\*sigh\* Lucan got his leg cut pretty badly. He shouldn’t try walking any time soon.

LUCAN

No really, I’m alright!

MARCUS

We should send messenger birds to the other cities and tell them what’s happened. Our actions today proved that we can win- the Nether can be beaten.

Marcus and Eddy leave. Nitsuke is nearby.

LUCAN

You saved our lives today, Nitsuke.

NITSUKE

If being a perfect Chronicler means I can’t help people in need, I’ll risk the consequences.

They look around slowly, examining everything. The civilians are moving back in.

NITSUKE

Now go get some rest you two. We did well today, but it’s not over.

They start walking but Lucan’s leg spikes him with pain.

LUCAN

\*suppressing pain\* Ahh…

NIIKA

I gotcha.

They waddle off, Niika supporting Lucan.

XARIA

Excuse me, ma’am.

They stop as Xaria approaches. Niika frowns.

NIIKA

\*sigh\* *What*?

Xaria says nothing, but holds out the Necrostaff. Lucan and Niika look onward in somewhat surprise.

XARIA

The Necromancers are no more.

Niika reaches out and slowly takes the staff with her free hand, realizing that her mission to destroy the Necromancers has finally ended.

She and Lucan both look at the staff and then eachother as they both realize the truth as well. They turn back to where Xaria is, but see him walking away already with his hood up.

LUCAN

You did it.

NIIKA

I had help. Come on.

They smile and hobble off, Niika still supporting Lucan with one shoulder and holding the Necrostaff in the other.

Cuts to the Nether. Vulcannus is destroying a few portals and they’re turning off. He escapes or kills the guards.

Back at Crown Peak. Pythus is furious.

PYTHUS

I want his head before sundown! No- better yet, I want him *alive*, so I can cut his head off myself!

Pythus knocks over a Wither Skeleton, and continues pacing around.

PYTHUS

I let you live when I took the throne, because you were my brother. I showed you mercy… and this is how you repay me?!

Pythus kicks the same Wither Skeleton who only just got back up, causing him to fall back down.

PYTHUS

And *Felden*… how could Skorch have lost Felden- how could he have failed me? A “liberation” they are calling it. We’re spread too thin to control all the kingdoms at once.

Pythus turns around. The Wither Skeleton casually moves behind the neighboring Wither Skeleton.

PYTHUS

If the people wish to be free, we will oblige.

Pythus turns towards the Angel of Death, who had been standing silently throughout.

PYTHUS

Free the capitals, and regroup here at Crown Peak when you’re finished. It is time we move forward with the rest of our plans and bring this war to an end.

The Angel of Death crouches, and flies off without a word.

Cuts to Oakendale. Music is tense. Everything is in a terrible state as well, but civilians continue to be able to move about through the streets.

The Angel of Death flies over, and the Wither looks down, and the Wither Skeletons seem to pick up an unspoken hint.

Back down in the streets, suddenly things begin exploding as the Wither reigns fire upon the city. Wither Skeletons begin attacking people.

Music begins raising in intensity. The Angel of Death flies down and lands in an open space, fire burning behind him as he walks towards the camera, both swords drawn. Cuts to black.

To be continued.