

FADE IN

The four members of the Order of Myrish are resting under a tree. Fordae and Jacob are injured and breathing heavily. Jill is tending to a small fire and Tindon is pacing around. The other guilds and members of the party are about 50 meters away, tending to their wounded, making fires and putting up tents.

TINDON

(looking concerned)

Don- Don't worry...Both of you will make it.

FORDAE

(with a humorless laugh)

You need not worry about it, Tindon. I don't plan on dying just yet.

JILL

We have plenty of blood to cure the two of them. It's just up to Metea, Deri, and the others to brew the potion that is needed.

JACOB WATFEN

But that blasted witch Metea refuses to enchant the potion ever since Jurmund disappeared.

FORDAE

(looking at Metea from afar)

If she refuses to enchant the potion willingly for much longer, we'll see if the point of my sword can persuade her.

TINDON

Fordae, it-it-it will not come...to that. I'm sure Metea...will do the right thing when the time comes.

JACOB WATFEN

(trying to sit up)

And if she doesn't?

At that moment, there is a commotion at the camp. Jill goes investigate and soon comes back with some news.

JILL

Jurmund has returned with Asha in his arms. She is trapped in the form of a snow leopard and mortally wounded...worse even than these two.

TINDON

But-but-but that is terrible.

JILL

The worst of it is that the Equiroba guild does not have enough blood to heal her and they've asked for some from each guild.

FORDAE

No chance I'm giving that shape shifter the blood I need for healing.

TINDON

I think...we shoul-should at least discuss the possibility of...

JACOB WATFEN

(interrupting Tindon  
elevating his voice and  
gesticulating intensely)

We are the Order of Myrish and we take care of our own fir...

Watfen coughs up blood, moans in pain and passes out.

FORDAE

(angrily)

You see how bad Watfen is? How can you even consider giving someone else the blood we need?

TINDON

We can't just...let her die.

A long silence follows. Fordae is wheezing and breathing heavily and soon falls asleep.

JILL

For the record, I completely agree that we can't let Asha die, but it's not really our call to make. They are the ones in danger.

TINDON

I-I-I understand that, but that doesn't mean...that we can't tr-try to make them see what the right thing to do is.

FORDAE

(Wakes up yelling and wakes Watfen in process)

(MORE)

FORDAE (cont'd)  
TIBERIUS!

JACOB WATFEN  
(angrily)  
What is all this yelling? Can't  
an old mage get some sleep in  
peace before dying?

FORDAE  
Ok, Tindon. You win. Give SIX  
drops of blood from our stash to  
Asha. Watfen, old man, would you  
be so kind to do the same?

JACOB WATFEN  
(to Fordae, sighing)  
I have known you for a very long  
time Fordae. You are not one for  
random acts of kindness, but I do  
know that when you choose to do  
something, you have a good reason  
for it, so yes. Tindon, go ahead  
and take an additional SIX drops  
for Asha.

TINDON  
You are...doing the right  
th-th-thing.

Tindon walks away with a vial containing TWELVE drops of  
blood.

JILL  
(to Fordae)  
What made you change your mind?

FORDAE  
I dreamed of my son. I am exiled  
because I was framed for the  
murder of a princess. My biggest  
fear is he will grow up believing  
I murdered an innocent person. I  
realized that if Asha dies and I  
had to live with the knowledge  
that I could have saved her and  
did nothing about it, I would not  
be able to look my son in the  
eyes if I ever see him again. I  
would know that I had murdered an  
innocent person, even if not  
directly.

FADE OUT