

THE ONCE AND FUTURE NERD
Book II - MYTH MADE FLESH

Chapter 3
"Bridges"

Part One by Rhiannon Angell and
Christian T. Kelley-Madera

Part Two by Rhiannon Angell, Ian Harkins
and Christian T. Kelley-Madera

Part Three by Zach Glass, Ian Harkins and
Christian T. Kelley-Madera

Part Four by Rhiannon Angell, Ian Harkins
and Christian T. Kelley-Madera

Created and Executive-Produced
by
Zach Glass &
Christian T. Kelley-Madera

Copyright © 2017

BLUE REVISIONS for Recording + PINK song revision
2017-05-01

iordic.princes@gmail.com
onceandfuturenerd.com

1 EXT. STREAM NEAR THE HORSE'S HEAD INN - NIGHT

1

*Environment is exactly what it was at the end
of Ch. 2 Pt. 5*

Replay:

RY'Y

*Now take a moment to still yourself so as not to
flinch. Helps if you look down.*

ARLENE

*Goodbye, Gwen. I'll wait for you in Galadon's green
garden.*

Ry'y's bow creaks.

Cue the pigeons.

RY'Y

Agh! What the devil?

YLLLOWYYN

*Sorry! Sorry! Those are mine! I left the cage open by
mistake, I'm terribly -- By Galadon's
Grace! Lord Commander?! Well fancy meeting you out
here.*

RY'Y

Yllowyyn. Good evening. What brings you --

YLLLOWYYN

Is that...is that Arlene Redmoor?

NARRATOR

For a highborn lady such as Arlene to find herself facing seemingly certain death at the hands of a Knight of the Wood was unexpected. But even more unexpected was that her execution should then be stayed by the miraculous arrival of a flock of pigeons. Honestly, the odds of a biped ever being rescued by bird simply beggar belief. And the Lady Redmoor did not waste the opportunity.

ARLENE

(almost incredulous)
Yllowyyn.

YLLLOWYYN

*What are you doing out here, Lady Redmoor? Why aren't
you at--*

ARLENE

(trembling but urgent and desperate)
--Kalth'yr, I beg your aid!

*
*

ARLENE

The Lord Commander intends to murder me and make it look like Orcs! A violation of the Second Concordat! as a noble-born daughter of the House Redmoor, I petition you for redress before the High Council.

RY'Y

She is lying, Yllowwyn! She's a traitor and she would use your acquaintance with her to turn you against the law, your morals and your better judgment. Do not fall for it!

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

YLLLOWYYN

(stoned giggling)
...Whaaaaaaaaaat?

*
*
*

ARLENE

Perhaps you should ask the Lord Commander why she's followed me to this empty field with weapon in hand. So you've something to tell *your parents on the Council* when I turn up murdered.

*
*
*
*

RY'Y

And perhaps, Kalth'yr, the Lady Redmoor can explain that she is harboring an enemy of the Realm.

*

YLLLOWYYN

An enemy of the realm?

RY'Y

Yes, and she is caught red-handed. Even now she clutches to her breast the foul spawn of an Orc.

YLLLOWYYN

The spawn of an Orc? Lady, is this true?

ARLENE

(gulp)
I believe its mother was an Orc, but it--

RY'Y

--And so having forsaken the laws of the Concordat, she has also forfeited its protections.

YLLLOWYYN

Lord Commander, while I certainly do not wish to challenge your authority in this matter, I must still--

--From afar, D'ayv's pigeon call whistle.

RY'Y

In Galadon's name, what now?

YELLOWYYN

Ah. That would be my...bird minder.

RY'Y

Your what?

Another whistle.

NARRATOR

Sensing Ry'y lo-Th'yyt's distraction, Arlene began to edge towards the water. She held the infant tight to her chest, preparing to run.

Ry'y quickly pulls her bow to full draw.

RY'Y

Move one inch more, Lady, and I'll shoot you where you stand.

The bow creaks.

Two horses approach, along with the rolling wheels of the pigeon cart, and the continuing whistle.

RY'Y

(stage whisper; threatening)
Speak one word out of turn and you'll get the same.

NARRATOR

With the bow raised, Yllowyyn saw the crude, flint-tipped arrow nocked thereon. At this juncture, I'll only say that is unfortunate how mortal minds are sometimes late in solving a puzzle, even when they've seen clearly all the pieces.

RY'Y

(still a threatening whisper)
I need barely a second.

NARRATOR

Then Ry'y lowered and unslung the bow, as D'ayv crested the hill. *

As D'ayv's horse, cart, and whistle draw closer, the pigeons calm down.

NARRATOR

As D'ay-vaad approached the stream, the three already standing beside it were eerily still. And soon, the pigeons' frenzied flapping calmed, then stopped altogether as the birds returned obediently to the arms of their erstwhile master.

D'AYV

Yllowyyn! There you are! I thought I'd lost you! Now, what did I tell you about that bird cage? The first rule of bird cages is that you gotta lock 'em up tight as can be, you goose! These proud creatures are just itchin' to fly away! Aren't you, babies? Now don't you worry - no real harm done. D'ayv got here just in time. You can count on D'ayv. We'll just pop 'em back in their cage, there you go, yes, yes you lovely things. Who loves you? Daddy D'ayv loves you. Yes he does!

NARRATOR

Even Arlene could not help but look perplexed at this, shall we say, exchange.

RY'Y

And who is this...
 ("*numb nuts piece of shit*")
 ...upstanding young Elf?

YLLOWYYN

Th'ayyd Ry'y lo-Th'yyt, allow me to present D'ay-vaad, the eldest child of--

D'AYV

--Lord Commander?! As I live and breathe! It is truly, truly an honor! I am your *biggest* fan! I've got tapestries of all your great battles. I'd love for you to sign one if you'd - now, give me just a moment, I know I've brought one of them!

RY'Y

Do you hold any ranks or titles, D'ay-vaad?

D'AYV

Not as of yet, Th'ayyd, but it'd be my honor and pleasure to assist you in any way you wish.
 (*sees Arlene*)
 And who's that over there? Hello! My name's D'ay-vaad.

RY'Y

I'm afraid the three of us were discussing a very sensitive matter, D'ay-vaad. I appreciate your offer of help but I must ask that you leave us some privacy.

D'AYV

Oh.
 (*embarrassed but recovers*)
 Oh, of course Th'ayyd! My sincerest apologies. Let me just water the horses, then I'll be out of your hair lickety-split.

RY'Y

Leave the horses, we'll keep an eye on them.

D'AYV

All right, then. Come and wet your whistles, sweet darlings.

D'ayv walks the horses to the edge of the water.

D'AYV

If you'll look after them, I'll just...head back across the hill. And send a pigeon to the White Forest letting them know we've met up.

RY'Y

(turns on the charm)

Why don't you wait just a bit on the pigeon, young squire? There might be much more to report very soon.

NARRATOR

Perhaps it was merely the canib root he'd ingested. But this slightly odd request only darkened the growing unease plain on Yllowyn's face.

D'AYV

Of course, Th'ayyd. Work smarter not harder, that's what I always say.

RY'Y

("Please go away.")
Brilliant.

NARRATOR

This thrown-away, insincere affirmation was in fact the highest compliment young D'ayv had ever been given - from his idol no less. He beamed ear to ear as he walked away.

D'ayv starts walking away.

D'AYV

(receding)

Just holler the second you need old D'ayv.

NARRATOR

And as D'ay-vaad walked back over the hill, Arlene's eyes flicked furtively to the drinking horses, a few strides away.

D'ayv's footsteps are gone completely.

RY'Y

Now. As to the traitor that stands before you, Yllowyyn, would you excuse her treachery and betray the realm?

ARLENE

Kalth'yr, please. If I've committed a crime it was not out of any malice. Whatever its mother was, this child has harmed no one. He looks capable of harming no one. Perhaps I have gravely misjudged, but before I am killed on the spot, I beg of you. Grant me the right to defend my name and my honor. That is all I ask.

RY'Y

She asks too much, given the gravity of her crimes.

YELLOWYYN

Th'ayyd, you will find in me no opponent of swift justice. But conscience does compel me to say that in my years at Guernatal's court, I saw nothing in the Lady's behavior to ever suggest ill-will towards the realm.

RY'Y

Then perhaps, Kalth'yr, you're not as keen an observer of Memyet as you like to think.

YELLOWYYN

Th'ayyd?

RY'Y

Allow me to paint you a picture of a noble-blooded Memyet girl, born to a mother killed in childbirth and a father thereby inconsolable. It is no secret that the late Lord Redmoor was rarely awake and sober in his latter years.

ARLENE

(tears welling up)

Unless you have lived my life, Lord Commander, you could never--

RY'Y

--And so it fell to her twin brother to care for her and their house. Her famously ill-tempered twin brother, who is rumoured in the most hushed of whispers to be many worse things besides.

ARLENE

You've cataloged my father's failings and my brother's sins. Am I to be charged with these?

RY'Y

No my Lady, you're to be charged with treason, I'm just walking the Kalth'yr through what he may have missed.

(back to Yllowyyyn)

So this Lady, always either neglected or mistreated by the men charged with caring for her, is given in marriage to Antonin Mooncrest. And by her presence here it is safe to say she objected to that match.

ARLENE

My flight is a matter of human law, and does not imply--

RY'Y

--Now perhaps she just disliked Lord Mooncrest. Or perhaps...she's not the marrying kind of Lady, if you take my meaning.

YLLLOWYYYN

I'm not sure I do.

RY'Y

Well we all know how closed-minded some Memyet can be regarding who puts their loins where.

ARLENE

Don't you dare.

RY'Y

Oh don't mistake me, I think it's absurd how hung up your kind get on such trivial variations in preference. But the fact is they do. And Yllowyyyn, I'm sure in your years at court, you noticed an exceptional closeness between the Lady here and her handmaiden.

ARLENE

You've no proof for what you're implying, and even if you did--

RY'Y

--Imagine, just imagine. The daily indignity of being desperately in love with the person right beside you, but never being able to express it. Unless I'm gravely mistaken, and the Lady wishes to look us in the eye and tell us the handmaiden is nothing more than a servant to her.

NARRATOR

Arlene raised her furious eyes to the two Elves, but could not bring herself to form any words.

RY'Y

And so this woman, with every reason to resent and despise the order into which she was born, with ample motive to burn the world down around her, stands before you holding that larval terror. Who could say what she is liable to do with it?

YELLOWYYN

You may speak wisely, as ever, Th'ayyd. Yet I cannot seem to shake my unease at her summary execution.

RY'Y

That's why the decision is not yours, Kalth'yr. You've seen much, but you are still young. And quite likely your parents have yet to make you fully aware of the intricacies and delicate nature of the peace that exists between The White Forest and human noble Houses. I must always act in the best interests of *both races*, even as I regret any appearance of callousness. Now stand aside.

ARLENE

Yllowyyn, please.

YELLOWYYN

Th'ayyd, I've realized...it's not the sentencing that disquiets me. It is the air of...subterfuge.

RY'Y

I beg your pardon.

YELLOWYYN

What need have you to use an Orcish arrow?

ARLENE

Because she is lying! She means to murder me and blame it on--

*

RY'Y

--Enough of your slanders.

Bow drawn again

NARRATOR

Ry'y drew and slung the bow again to shoot but this time Yllowyyn moved in front of it.

*

RY'Y

(cold fury)

Kalth'yr. If I didn't know any better, I might wonder whether you had spent too much time at the human court, and forgotten your own heritage.

YELLOWYYN

My first and foremost loyalty is to the High Council.
And I would not see them deceived.

RY'Y

Deceived.

RY'Y GIVES A DISDAINFUL SNORT.

RY'Y

When you were wetting your nice feather bed and sucking on your cream-fattened wet nurse, I was shitting in a frozen ditch and drinking muddy snow to stay alive, as I kept watch over a gods-forsaken mountain outpost you've never even heard of. While you were serenaded to sleep with jewel-studded harps, I was listening to the war cries of savages who would rape and murder everyone I knew if I didn't hold the line.

By the time your parents handed you the title you now wield, I had forgotten more deaths than you have ever seen. Everything you have - Everything! - the luxuries and privileges yes but also the simple fact of having room to live - was made possible by the constant vigilance of me and my predecessors, and by the blood and guts of my fallen siblings-in-arms.

And now, you ride in one battle, and you think - you dare to think - that you know better than me how to protect this world I've bled for.

A beat, as Yllowyyn chooses his words.

YELLOWYYN

Th'ayyd. There is much I do not presume to know. And I meant you no disrespect.

RY'Y

Well you *have* disrespected me. And you continue to do so as you obstruct me in my duties.

YELLOWYYN

But I know this much. As Kalth'yr to Guernatal, it is my duty to report to the Council on important matters regarding that House. And that House is fallen. Ardel Redmoor claims the High Throne. The commander of Guernatal's armies calls Lord Redmoor a regicide and usurper. And Lord Redmoor's twin sister is about to be killed in a deserted field by the Lord Commander of the Knights of the Wood. So by all means, Th'ayyd, do what you think you must.

NARRATOR

Yllowyyn stepped aside.

One footstep.

YLLOWYYN

But unless you've saved one of those Orc darts for me, and are prepared to lie about my murder to my parents' faces, the High Council will hear of what's happened here.

An interminable beat.

RY'Y

Well if that's how you feel about it Yllowyyn...
(*really weighing her options*)
...perhaps *some* concessions are acceptable. The Lady Redmoor shall have a trial.

ARLENE GIVES SOMETHING BETWEEN A SIGH AND A GASP.

NARRATOR

Arlene did not even attempt to conceal her sigh of relief.

RY'Y

Provided she consents to be bound, hooded, and gagged as we transport her to the White Forest.

ARLENE

I consent, so long as Yllowyyn is permitted to speak at my trial.

RY'Y

But that thing she is holding has no rights whatsoever. On this point you'll find me immovable. The Orc spawn dies before we leave here.

ARLENE

But he's hurt no one, he's even more innocent than I.

RY'Y

Do not tempt your astonishing good fortune, my Lady.

YLLOWYYN

Very well.
(*has a thought; takes a risk*)
And...lest my loyalties be questioned further, I'd like to put the creature down myself.

ARLENE

Yllowyyn! Have a heart.

RY'Y

As you wish, Kalth'yr. Though I'm afraid I must insist it be done in my sight.

Yllowyyn walks to the water.

NARRATOR

Arlene stared desperately at Yllowyyn as he approached her.

ARLENE

Please. Don't.

Yllowyyn

Lady, see reason. Look how hated it is in this world. Allow me to do it a mercy. I promise I shall do so as quickly and painlessly as I can. *

NARRATOR

Tears streamed down Arlene's face, but she did not budge.

Yllowyyn

Please, my Lady.

The baby cries.

NARRATOR

Yllowyyn reached out and took hold of the child.

Sounds of a soft struggle.

NARRATOR

With his Elvish strength, he did not have to try very hard to pull it from Arlene's hands.

Crying intensifies.

ARLENE

(through tears)
Forgive me, Gwen.

NARRATOR

But as Yllowyyn held the child, and despite his heightened perceptions, the Elf could not discern a single significant difference between the Orcling and any of his Memyet friends.

Cut to a very brief flashback:

Yllowyyn

Sibling, what do you know of Orcs?...I'm curious of late as to what separates them from the Memyet.

YLLODYK

Well mostly the Black Mountains I suppose...Is a brown horse truly that different from a white one?

Back to present.

NARRATOR

Yllowyyn raised his eyes to meet Arlene's.

He takes a moment to steel himself.

NARRATOR

He knew that any sound he made, however quiet, would be clear as day to Ry'y lo-Th'yyt's Elf ears. But he also knew Arlene could not have spent her whole life at court without at least some skill in reading lips. And indeed, though Arlene was at first too perplexed to react, she understood Yllowyyn perfectly well when he silently mouthed...

All other sound drops out.

YLLOWYYN

(highly enunciated and kissing mic)
Ride.

Beat.

Sound smashes back in with a whoosh of movement and a horse whinny. The baby starts bawling and will continue do so through the end of this scene.

NARRATOR

With Elvish dexterity, Yllowyyn vaulted onto D'ayv's horse with one arm, cradling the infant in the other - not recommended for non-Elvish parents.

There's a thunder of hooves.

NARRATOR

And charged the destrier straight at Ry'y.

RY'Y

Dammit!

A bow shoots.

NARRATOR

With a killer's instinct, she instantly let loose an arrow trained perfectly at Yllowyyn's heart.

Stone pings off metal.

NARRATOR

But the flint arrow deflected off his moonsilver mail and instead lodged under his shoulder joint.

YELLOWYYN GRUNTS IN PAIN.

Another arrow shoots.

NARRATOR

As Yllowyyn involuntarily pulled his mount's head to one side, Ry'y loosed another arrow straight into its eye.

The arrow hits flesh. The horse cries out. We just start to become aware of more hooves approaching.

NARRATOR

The dying animal's legs gave out. Yllowyyn dove clear as the massive beast tumbled end over end in the direction of its charge.

A huge body flails across the ground.

NARRATOR

Ry'y lo-Th'yyt leapt back from the rolling carcass and lined up to put an arrow in Yllowyyn's eye at point-blank.

But now the other horse thunders right on top of us.

NARRATOR

But Arlene had charged her mount at the distracted General and was upon her. Ry's incredible reflexes saved her life...

Bones snap.

NARRATOR

...But she failed to pull her legs clear of the thundering hooves.

RY'Y CRIES OUT AS MUCH IN FRUSTRATION AS IN PAIN.

RY'Y

I'll have your head for this you traitorous filth!

RY'Y STRUGGLES FURIOUSLY.

NARRATOR

She tried to stand, but had no use of her badly broken legs.

RY'Y

Lieutenants! Lieutenants!

Arlene's horse slows a little.

NARRATOR

Arlene reined in her mount just enough for the prone Yllowyyyn to grab onto the bottom of the saddle.

YLLLOWYYYN

I've got it. Go!

The horse whinnies then gallops off again, dragging something thudding behind it. This whole mess recedes into the distance

YLLLOWYYYN

(receding with the horse)
Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

RY'Y

(cursing Yllowyyyn with all she's got)
Mem-rhypaas! Mem-kylab! Urrk-Hyylyet!

NARRATOR

As Yllowyyyn finally hoisted himself up behind Arlene, the two fugitives were already a hundred yards from Ry'y.

RY'Y

Oh fuck it all. D'ay-vaad! D'ay-vaad! D'ay-vaad get over here!

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. TENT NEAR FREEHOLD - VERY LATE NIGHT

2

It's maybe an hour before dawn. There are still nighttime insects, but maybe a few birds are also stirring to life.

NARRATOR

There was still an hour or so left of darkness when Nia came to the tent where Jen and Billy lay sleeping.

The tent opens.

NIA

(whispers)
Jen?

JEN

(half-asleep)
Mm?

NIA

You wanted me to wake you.

JEN

(waking up)
Mmmmm. Yeah...thanks.

NIA

I can take your turn if you wish. I doubt I'll be able to sleep.

JEN

(through a yawn)
No, no, I wanna be around. Hey Billy?

NARRATOR

She gently shook her paramour's shoulder.

BILLY

(also half-asleep)
Nnnnnnnngh.

JEN

I'm getting up.

BILLY

(earnest and valiant effort)
Nnnnnnnnnokay. Okay. I'm up.

JEN

You can sleep, it's really okay.

BILLY

(yawning)
I said I was gonna wake up and help.

NARRATOR

It's a shame that Billy chose to rub his eyes at that exact moment, as he missed the very warm smile that Jen gave him.

BILLY GIVES ONE MORE **BIG YAWN.**

JEN
Brennen back yet?

NIA
No, not yet.

JEN
How's Regan holding up?

NIA
She's improving, little by little. She's had solid food.

JEN
That's good.
(laughs)
I just tried to picture you feeding her.

NIA
(chuckles too)
Oh, Gods no. Her feeding herself is truly a sight to behold though. Of all the things that have surely been said about Her Majesty, no one could ever deny that she is skilled with a knife.

JEN
Yeah, I know, it's like a theme in our relationship.

NIA
Ah, yes. My apologies.

JEN
And she kept the food down?

NIA
Yes. It's been near to four hours now.

NARRATOR
And then these two physicians and lovers of wisdom simultaneously remembered certain facts about animals and what happens to their food.

*

THE NARRATOR'S BIT MAY CONTINUE AD LIB.

*

JEN
Oh.

NIA
Oh.

BILLY
What?
(beat)
Ohh.

NIA

Well, it's a bit old-fashioned, but I've read that in the old bathhouses one might have used a rag affixed to a stick.

JEN

That'll work for now, I guess.

(then, playful)

Hey do me a favor and let me roll this idea out to her?

3 INT. REGAN'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

3

NARRATOR

A few minutes later, in Regan's tent...

JEN

(coy; fucking with her)

I'm sorry, I don't really understand. What's the problem you're having?

REGAN

I swear on Galadon's left tit, if you--

JEN

--Relax tough guy. Nia had a good idea - rag on a stick. She's rigging it up right now.

REGAN

(reluctant beat)

Okay, well-played, you smarmy piece of shit.

NARRATOR

Jen gave a wildly exaggerated curtsy.

REGAN

Hey, Brennen's not back yet, is he?

JEN

No one's seen him since last night.

REGAN

Right.

JEN
He'll be back.

REGAN
I'm not trying to be cold. But we're not gonna have time to wait for him.

JEN
He'll be back.

4 EXT. RIVER CROSSING - SIMULTANEOUS

4

A horse gallops through the night - We're on it. There's a river in the distance that draws closer.

NARRATOR
Sir Brennen was, as you know, with Gwen, riding towards the Horse's Head Inn by the fastest land route available to them. At this very moment, they were approaching a bridge - a bridge which, when the rivers were high, was the only crossing for several miles.

BRENNEN
This could get a wee bit bumpy.

NARRATOR
A brief note on this bridge: it's a bit of a sore spot for me, as I was friendly with several of the oaks who were felled to build it. Still I must admit, the design was rather clever. After years of using rafts to cross the river, only to wind up a good bit downstream of where they intended, those who needed to cross eventually resolved to tie several rafts together spanning the width of the ford. This design meant the bridge was minimally disruptive to the flow of the river and the creatures therein, required no stone to build, and yet was sturdy enough that horses could be made to cross it. In fact, the only shortcoming to this design, at least as far as I can tell, is that if the ropes were to be severed, the whole thing would very quickly float away downstream.

BRENNEN
Are you ready?

GWEN
You just tell me if I'm holding on too tight.

BRENNEN
(*struggling to breathe*)
It's all right.

NARRATOR

And by now I hope you know me well enough to realize this design flaw is about to become very important. For as Brennen and Gwen approached the bridge from the north, they heard a peculiar sound coming from the south, across the river.

YLLLOWYYN

(screaming his lungs out from very far away)
SIR BRENNEN!

As this scene proceeds, Yllowyyn (and the horse he's on) should very gradually draw closer to us.

BRENNEN

Did you hear that?

YLLLOWYYN

SIR BRENNEN!

BRENNEN

Is that...

NARRATOR

On the horizon, a horse became visible.

We start hearing its hooves, very distant but getting closer.

BRENNEN

...Yllowyyn?

YLLLOWYYN

SIR BRENNEN!

BRENNEN

(shouting back)
KALTH'YR?!
(to Gwen)
Who's that he's riding with?

GWEN

(incredulous)
I...think it's Lady Arlene.

YLLLOWYYN

CUT! THE! BRIDGE!

BRENNEN

What's he saying?

NARRATOR

Brennen cupped his ear in his hand.

For the next line ONLY, EQ on Yllowyyn gets a tiny bit brighter and clearer. Like if you were cupping your ear.

YLLOWYYN

CUT! THE! BRIDGE!

BRENNEN

Cut the...no that can't be right.

NARRATOR

And then over the horizon appeared six more riders. In the distinctive way that gave moonsilver its name, the lunar light caught the opalescent armor of the Th'ar lo-Hyyl.

BRENNEN

Oh, Galadon help us.

YLLOWYYN

CUT THE BRIDGE!

Brennen's horse stops short and a heavily-armored Brennen dismounts.

NARRATOR

At one end of the bridge, Sir Brennen dismounted and readied his axe.

Now we're right with Yllowyyn so those hoofbeats are extremely present.

NARRATOR

And on the other end, Arlene spurred her mount furiously forwards.

YLLOWYYN

Don't let up, my Lady.

Hoofbeats switch from cold earth to hollow wood with a little splashing.

NARRATOR

And as soon as Arlene's horse made it across to the north bank...

Back to cold earth.

NARRATOR

...Sir Brennen swung his mighty axe, severing the bridge's ropes.

BRENNEN

Hyah!

*Splintering wood, and tense ropes snap away.
This happens twice.*

*Yllowyyn's horse recedes; Brennen mounts up
again.*

NARRATOR

Then he got back on his horse, and fled after Yllowyyn.

Another set of galloping hoofbeats recedes.

NARRATOR

The two steeds raced back in the direction of Freehold, as the ruined bridge drifted apart behind them. Look, I know it's a bit on-the-nose as far as metaphors go, but what can I say? What happened happened.

*Six more galloping horses approach but stop
short.*

NARRATOR

And as the Elf Knights were forced to stop at the now-impassable crossing, they could only watch as their quarry disappeared into the night.

END OF PART ONE.