

THE ONCE AND FUTURE NERD
Book II - MYTH MADE FLESH

Chapter 3
"Bridges"

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PART THREE:

13 EXT. FREEHOLD - MORNING

13

There's a bustling military camp somewhere nearby, but it's off to one side and a little ways off.

Also, a baby is fussing a little.

GWEN

You sure you're all right, love?

ARLENE

I'm alive, and I've you beside me.

GWEN

Oh, my love...
(*beat, then bursts into tears*)
I'm so so so sorry.

Cloth rustles as Gwen pulls Arlene into a big, desperate hug.

GWEN

(*muffled against Arlene's shoulder*)
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

NARRATOR

It was a tender and tearful moment, when Gwen and Arlene could finally catch their collective breath in the camp near Freehold.

ARLENE

My dear Gwen, you owe me no apology.

GWEN

I never should've left you on your own. If I ever thought you'd be in danger...

ARLENE

You couldn't have possibly known. And you left to keep us safe, remember?

GWEN

But if I hadn't talked us into keeping him, this never would've happened.

This sits in the air for a beat - truer than Arlene wants to admit.

ARLENE

Yes. Well...

GWEN

Don't try and deny it for my sake.

ARLENE

(struggling to respond)

We can only decide things with what we know at the time.

Beat. That wasn't good enough.

ARLENE

And you were right about one thing at least. If we had left him behind, I don't know if I could have ever faced my reflection again. You have always kept me my kindest self.

GWEN

In a world that keeps showing us how cruel it is. Might make me a fool.

ARLENE

We've made a choice. Together. Now we must make the best of it.

The baby full-on cries now.

ARLENE **SNIFFS.**

ARLENE

("Ew.")

As if on cue. Come. Let us see if we can't find some fresh linens for him.

14 EXT. NEARBY - SIMULTANEOUS

14

We're now in the middle of the morning hubbub, and we're walking through it, footsteps crunching beneath us.

NARRATOR

Bryce Riverfell did not know why Brennen had requested his presence so urgently in the nondescript tent on the outskirts of his camp.

FREEHOLD SOLDIER

(panned as we walk past him)

Bryyyyyyyyyyyce.

BRYCE
As you were, Private.

NARRATOR
But given the substance of the previous night's conversation with Brennen, he assumed it was not for small talk.

15 INT. TENT NEAR FREEHOLD - CONTINUOUS

15

Bryce opens the tent and walks inside.

NARRATOR
And as you know by now, there was much to fill him in on. Brennen and Regan did so as quickly as they could.

BRYCE
Okay, so...you're the High Queen?

REGAN
Damn right.

BRYCE
On account of a bloodline back to Gunther, that he planned to acknowledge before Ardel had him killed.

BRENNEN
Just so.

BRYCE
("Fuck it.")
All right.

Armor creaks.

NARRATOR
Bryce knelt, and bowed his head to Regan.

REGAN
You seem...easily convinced and not convinced enough, at the same time. Somehow.

BRYCE
All due respect, Your Grace, it sounds fucking daffy to me. But Sir Brennen would not lie about this.

REGAN
I'll take it, for now.

BRYCE

And the Knights of the Wood are coming to kill you, because you know that Orc babies are just like our babies.

REGAN

That's right.

BRYCE

Shit. We gotta get you outta here.

REGAN

You got a fortress, an army, and you claim to believe us, and the best you got is we gotta leave?

BRYCE

I'd do more if I could.

REGAN

If you wanted to and had any guts, you mean.

BRYCE

Listen, I've got a ruined fortress and half an army. And to be perfectly honest, you can wave that baby in front of whoever you want. Everyone here, to a man, owes his life to Ry'y lo-Th'yyt in that last battle. Could they be persuaded? Some maybe. But enough to make the difference? In the next two hours? I wouldn't bet your life on it, that's for damn sure.

REGAN

Okay, maybe you're right. But that leaves me right back where I started.

BRENNEN

I understand the imposition, Bryce. But if there's anything you can--

*

BRYCE

--I've got some gold socked away. It's yours. Should be enough for passage on a ship, and to keep the captain from asking too many questions.

BRENNEN

That's...exceptionally generous of you.

BRYCE

Consider us even. Besides, with the jewels we got from the battle I doubt I'll miss it much anyway.

REGAN

That's appreciated, General. Unfortunately, I ain't seen too many sea captains out here in the middle of the fucking flood plains.

BRYCE

No. But...
(*thinking aloud*)
...Supplies go back and forth to Seahold every day by river barge.

NARRATOR

Meanwhile...

16 INT. DIFFERENT TENT - SIMULTANEOUS

16

Same general location as prev. for ambiance, but changed up just a little to convey different location.

NARRATOR

...In another tent nearby...

NELSON

You guys know how I feel.

BILLY

Yeah, we got it, Malcolm X.

JEN

Billy, not helping.

NELSON

This isn't a fucking joke.

JEN

Nelson, the Elves are on their way here, right now. We're not giving up if we live to fight another day.

NIA

Jen is correct there, but I doubt fleeing right now will do you much good. The Th'ar lo-Hyyl know you were with us, I'm afraid. There is nowhere you could get before they arrive where they will not find you all the more easily.

JEN

So what then?

NIA

That is what Her Majesty and Sir Brennen are trying to decide.

BILLY

Don't we get a say in it?

BRENNEN
(panned, through tent)
 Nia!

NIA
 Not this time, it seems.

17 INT. REGAN'S TENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

17

Back to where we were in the previous scene.

NARRATOR
 Brennen returned to his Queen's quarters with Nia and the three Pennsylvanians in tow.

The tent opens and five people walk in.

REGAN
 Thanks Brennen. Take care of the other thing?

BRENNEN
 Your will be done.

Then Brennen leaves again.

REGAN
 Here's the plan. We're borrowing a river barge.

NELSON
 And by "borrow," you mean...

REGAN
 So little faith. Riverfell knows.
(stage wisper)
 If we were stealing it, I'd say we're relieving him of it.
(back to the announcement)
 We'll take the barge east to the coast.

NIA
 That will leave us near Seahold.

REGAN
 Yeah I can read a map.

NIA
 No, it's only...I'm known in Seahold. I grew up there. It may be wise for me to disguise myself.

REGAN
 Hang on, I'll get to that part. But from Seahold, it's north to Armstrungard by sea.

NARRATOR

At the mention of Armstrungard, Jen flicked her eyes towards Nia, hoping to catch her attention. But Nia was lost in her own thoughts.

JEN

What's in Armstrungard?

REGAN

Ain't you been there? Sewer rats, horse shit, and cum mostly, but it's where I know how to hide. And we need to hide. This should go without saying but you don't tell a fucking soul where we're headed. As soon as it's safe to poke our heads out just a little bit, we start finding some rough-and-tumble, Elf-hating sonsabitches whose swords are for sale, and we surround ourselves with as many of them as we can.

BILLY

I didn't know we were so loaded.

REGAN

Loaded?

JEN

He means this all sounds expensive.

REGAN

We got the coin for the ship. The sellswords...we'll figure it out once we're in Armstrungard.

NIA

(not thrilled)

I imagine we'll be "relieving" a few people of their possessions.

REGAN

I'm open to suggestions. Here's the thing though. Anywhere we go on this river, the barge'll be pretty easy to see from the banks. Especially for Elves. So we gotta hide while we're on the barge.

JEN

("Go on...")
Okay.

REGAN

It's...not gonna be the comfiest trip you've ever taken.

18 EXT. RIVER BANK - SIMULTANEOUS

18

*There's a not-too-fast-not-too-slow river
right next to us.*

NARRATOR

Just then, on the banks of the river, Sir Brennen was busy hoisting a blindfolded Yllowyn into a barrel, which had until recently held overripe cheese.

BRENNEN

(straining to lift)
I'm sorry for the indignity, Yllowyn.

Yllowyn

(winces)
Mind the shoulder, mind the shoulder.

BRENNEN

Right, sorry.

*Some wood gets kicked as Yllowyn is lowered
into the barrel.*

BRENNEN

We'll find you a proper physician soon as we can. I hope you understand why this all is necessary.

Yllowyn

(inside a barrel with the top open)
Do I even dare ask where we're headed? In case I fall out and need to swim?

BRENNEN

Ah...

*
*

REGAN

(reverb-y flashback)
Tell him he's going over fuck yourself falls, and if he complains I'll kill his ass with a wine cork.

BRENNEN

Ah, Her Majesty declines to share that with you, per the agreed upon terms of your surrender.

Brennen slides the lid onto the barrel.

Yllowyn

(muffled through lid)
Very well.

Brennen hammers the lid shut.

Two pairs of footsteps.

ARLENE

We're ready, Sir Brennen. Have you gotten the milk?

BRENNEN

Nia is fetching it as we speak.

ARLENE

Then we've all we need.

BRENNEN

I am sorry about this, my lady. It is for your own safety.

ARLENE

I understand.

BRENNEN

Here, let me help you.

As Arlene climbs into her barrel, the baby bawls.

BRENNEN

The wee thing is terrified. But there's naught for it, I'm afraid.

ARLENE

(in an open barrel)
It's all right. Give him to me.

Brennen lowers the still-bawling baby into the open barrel.

ARLENE

*Young ladies be warned, hear what I tell *
*Go not into the woods to the Wishing Well. *
*Stay close to the path and do not stray *
For if you'll return I cannot say.

As Arlene continues to sing, the baby calms, even as Brennen slides on the lid and hammers it shut.

19 INT. REGAN'S TENT - SIMULTANEOUS

19

Same setting as before

NARRATOR

Back in Regan's tent...

JEN

(not awesome)
Barrels. Awesome.

BILLY

Come on, really?

NELSON

The river barrels are maybe the best scene in *The Hobbit* and maybe the worst scene in *The Hobbit* movie, so there's a real range of how this can go.

REGAN

We will need someone to steer the barge though.

JEN

Nose goes?

NELSON

(one nostril shut)
Shot-not-it!

REGAN

It's not too complicated. If we're about to hit a rock or something you just turn the rudder the other way. It'll need to be someone pretty strong though. And there's not much mistaking Brennen, even if we put a hood over him.

NIA

So then...

20 EXT. RIVER BARGE - DAY

20

We're right in the middle of a medium-speed river.

BILLY

*I'm on a barge motherfucker
take a look at me, /
My friends hiding in barrels
next to me. /
Can't go fast but I'm livin
large. /
Can't stop me motherfucker
cause I'm on a barge!*

NARRATOR

(hams it up)
Now dear listeners: When a party of adventurers is crammed into barrels aboard an essentially oversized raft, on a quickening river, helmed only by their most cocksure member, any number of calamities might befall them.

BILLY WORDLESSLY HUMS THE FAST PART OF "COME SAIL AWAY."
THIS CONTINUES THROUGH THE END OF THE SCENE.

NARRATOR

But none did, as it turns out. In fact, in spite of his so-called singing, Billy did quite admirably, his athlete's instincts serving him well. So we may safely turn our attention from that river, and back to Redmoor-occupied Castle Guernatal.

FADE TO:

21 INT. ARDEL'S CHAMBERS - AFTER NOON

21

We're inside a musty, dusty room in the early afternoon - want to capture that feeling when you're hung over and you slept in too long and now it's too late to do stuff and you feel like shit.

NARRATOR

The sun had already begun its slow and inevitable descent by the time the Bishop of the Castle came to the chambers currently occupied by Lord Ardel Redmoor.

Door creaks open very gently.

HEAD PRIEST
Milord?

ARDEL
GAH!

HEAD PRIEST
AHHH!

The Priest farts.

NARRATOR

Ardel and the Head Priest managed to startle one another as Ardel awoke from a dazed stupor.

HEAD PRIEST
My...my apologies, milord. I fright easily.

ARDEL
Curse you, you buffoon! Why would you rouse me in the dead of night?

HEAD PRIEST
But, 'tis past noon, milord.

ARDEL
What? You...

NARRATOR

And yet, sure enough, Ardel quelled his insults for the old man after he glanced towards the window. The noontime sun shone through the curtains.

ARDEL **GROANS**.

NARRATOR

Ardel tried to arise, but disturbed the several days' worth of papers strewn over his bed and person.

Dozens of messy papers flutter to the ground.

NARRATOR

I take a certain pleasure, I must admit, in telling you that Ardel had not been having an easy time of it in his new leadership position. I know of course that the best storytellers are those who can maintain a personal distance. That said...well, have you met Ardel Redmoor?

HEAD PRIEST

Milord, your subjects gather in the Great Hall for you.

ARDEL

What? Are they rioting? I'll have every one of their heads on a pike!

HEAD PRIEST

Oh goodness, no, milord.

ARDEL

Have they sided with the treacherous Mooncrests?!

HEAD PRIEST

With the Mooncrests, milord?

ARDEL

(frantic)
You doddering idiot. Of course! I have had reports of troop movements mustering on their end. There can be little doubt they are preparing to march, and biding their time until they can foment more chaos!

(whispers)

Indeed I've no doubt their spies are listening to us even now. Have been since my ascension.

HEAD PRIEST

How would they--

ARDEL

--Prior to my ascension in fact.

HEAD PRIEST

That...would be vanishingly difficult for them to achieve, milord.

ARDEL

Well...when I said "listening" I made quote marks in the air with my fingers, didn't you see the quote marks I made in the air with my fingers?

HEAD PRIEST

Apologies milord, my eyesight oft fails me. I must have not seen the quote marks you made in the air with your fingers.

ARDEL

Why do the rabble claim they are here?

HEAD PRIEST

Milord, it is customary for the lord of this keep to hear petitions from his subjects, one day each month. It is a tradition stretching back to days of yore, when I had only turned three score and--

ARDEL

--No no no no no, you blithering idiot. An audience? In public? The insurgents clearly wish to lure me out and attack. Undoubtedly Julius Mooncrest has paid all these *subjects* - air quotes! - to appear.

HEAD PRIEST

Milord, with respect these folk have worked this land for many years. There's not one among them not known by sight and name to at least one other among them.

ARDEL

Can't you treat with them? These peasants love their holy symbols after all.

HEAD PRIEST

Respectfully, milord, what with the recent death of their King, peaceful be Gunther's rest...

NARRATOR

The Bishop signed a circle around his heart with great earnestness. Ardel rolled his eyes.

HEAD PRIEST

...And then the tumult of the wedding...

NARRATOR

But a cold, sickly pit opened in Ardel's stomach at the thought of his sister.

HEAD PRIEST

...and now the looming threat of war, the populace is uneasy.

ARDEL

What do I care if they are uneasy?

HEAD PRIEST

Well, milord, I have found that the peasantry must feel as if the world around them is well-ordered and under control, if they are to do their work as normal.

ARDEL

If they are not doing their work then we shall flog them until they do.

HEAD PRIEST

If you wish to catch bees, milord, you may use honey or vinegar. Vinegar costs time and wastes good wine.
(on a tangent)
Honey needs bees, and...I forgot where I was headed with this.

ARDEL

Of course you did. Anyway why would I want to catch bees? Leave me alone.

HEAD PRIEST

Come now, milord, just one day this month. Then you may make sport or whatever our wish while the weather is still fair. I've already sorted the petitioners for you.

ARDEL

Agh! Very well. If it means you'll badger me with such pedestrian chores no longer. Summon the guards to escort me downstairs

*
*

22 INT. CASTLE GUERNATAL GREAT HALL - A LITTLE LATER

22

We're in a huge, torch-lit stone hall in a gothic castle.

NARRATOR

It was yet another half hour before Lord Ardel managed to drag himself down to the Great Hall of the Castle. And another half hour still before the Bishop completed the benediction that opened meetings of the court. You know, the one we've heard Nia say in about twenty seconds.

*

HEAD PRIEST

Show us the path that should be.

Long pause.

ARDEL
...Is that--

HEAD PRIEST
--And grant us courage.

Slightly longer pause.

ARDEL
...Are you--

HEAD PRIEST
--To walk it. Now.

A longer pause yet.

ARDEL
I--

HEAD PRIEST
--And at the hour of our deaths. Amen.

ARDEL
(*relieved*)
Amen.

GATHERED CROWD
(*murmurs; barely attentive*)
Amen.

HEAD PRIEST
The court is now in session. Let those with grievances or petitions come before the Honorable Ardel of House Redmoor, Lord Regent of this keep and of all the Human Realms.

NARRATOR
But Lord Redmoor clearly had no interest in appearing receptive. He sat with his arms crossed and made little effort to conceal his nervous fidgeting and darting eyes during the lengthy prayer.

HEAD PRIEST
Let John Butcher, the baker, step forwards!

ARDEL
(*aside, to the priest*)
The baker's called Butcher?

HEAD PRIEST
Yes, milord, his father was a butcher but his uncle was a baker. It was a whole to-do.

ARDEL
 Bit dodgy of him, don't you think?
(impatient)
 Very well, come forward.

Two timid footsteps.

Silence.

ARDEL
 Well?

BAKER
 My Lord, a fire has consumed my bakeshop. I am penniless.

ARDEL
 Well then I suggest you sell more toast and stop
 wasting our time. Next!

Amidst a few unhappy murmurs--

BAKER
(hopeless)
 Thank you, my Lord.

HEAD PRIEST
 Let the two mothers step forwards.

MOTHER 1
 My Lord Ardel, this woman claims to be the mother of my
 child.

MOTHER 2
 'Tis not so, my Lord Ardel! The babe is mine. And she
 is a lying harlot!

MOTHER 1
 She is the liar!

ARDEL
(sarcastic)
 I don't suppose you've ever tried splitting the baby
 with an axe or saw, have you?

*
 *

MOTHER 1
 'Tis a fair judgment. I will accept those terms.

MOTHER 2
 What? Never, milord! I would rather let this woman have
 the whole child than to tear my babe asunder.

HEAD PRIEST

(whispers to Ardel)

Methinks the tall one dost lie, milord.

ARDEL

Yes of course she's lying, you idiot! The child is the short one's.

MOTHER 2

Thank you for your wisdom, milord.

ARDEL

(flabbergasted)

I have to ask, why would you ever agree to that? I know you're lying and all and don't care about the child, but what even was your end game? What would you ever hope to gain with half a child?

MOTHER 1

...Well...I--

ARDEL

--You fascinate me. Put her in the stocks for a week.

MOTHER 1

You'll pay for this, Helga, you will.

MOTHER 2

The stocks? For trying to steal my child? With respect, milord, she should hang.

ARDEL

Two weeks in the stocks for the tall one for trying to steal the baby. One week for the short one for questioning my judgment.

The crowd grumbles at this blatantly unfair sentence.

MOTHER 2

What?

ARDEL

And one hour for the baby for causing such a nuisance. Out of my sight. Next!

HEAD PRIEST

Let the spokeswoman of the farmers step forward!

FARMER

My Lord, there is a shortage in our grain stores. We understand, of course, that the taxes have to be more in wartime. And we gave every ounce, never late. You can ask your collectors. Only...we lost a few fields to the rains last spring. And if this winter's as bad as the astronomers predict, our families mightn't have enough to eat themselves.

*
*

HEAD PRIEST

(aside, tries to encourage Ardel)
The proverbial game fowl with clipped wings, don't you think, milord? You may leave this day a hero to the peasantry yet.

ARDEL

(actually encouraged)
Yes. Yes, indeed, you're right.

NARRATOR

Ardel sat up straight and did his best to look regal.

ARDEL

Well. This castle keeps its stores well provisioned for just such cases. Sergeant-at-Arms, go with this woman and fetch however much grain she thinks she needs.

NARRATOR

And yet, nobody moved. The guards shot glances at one another.

ARDEL

What are you waiting for?

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

My Lord...

ARDEL

Yes, speak up.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

The surplus grain is in the Eastern storehouse, my Lord.

Spare murmurs.

NARRATOR

This prompted a few concerned murmurs from the handful of servants truly in the know.

ARDEL

I don't care where it is. Go and get it.

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

No one really goes there anymore, my Lord.

ARDEL

Well if you don't start by the time I count five, you'll be hanged for insubordination. One--

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

--My Lord, it is haunted!

Murmurs of fear throughout the hall.

ARDEL

What did you say?

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Everyone who's been there of late speaks of a phantom, a spectre, my Lord.

ARDEL

Is this some sort of joke? There are no such things as phantoms or spectres! There are only spies and saboteurs, and soldiers who are too afraid of their own shadows to keep this castle secure! Guards, take this man away and hang him for cowardice. *

SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

But, my Lord!

ARDEL

Hear me well, all of you! House Redmoor is a proud and a mighty house! We will not suffer soldiers who refuse to protect our subjects because they are afraid of the dark. Nor will we be made to look ridiculous by enemy agents and spies. Men-at-arms, assemble a team to inspect the granary immediately, or suffer the same fate as your sergeant.

HEAD PRIEST

(whispered aside)

Milord, perhaps you should lead--

ARDEL

(evasive)

--I'll be in my chambers awaiting a report!

NARRATOR

And with that, Ardel Redmoor beat a hasty retreat.

Footsteps walk out quickly.

HEAD PRIEST

(trying to cover)

These hearings are now concluded for--

ARDEL

(from a distance)

--Oh, shut up!

23 EXT. RIVERBLOOD - DAY

23

We're at another river crossing. Water rushes past us. A dozen or so horses canter.

NARRATOR

It was a significant detour for Ry'y lo-Th'yyt and her retainers all the way back west to Riverblood lands. Yet the storm in the mountains had made the rivers impassable anywhere nearer.

The horses come to a stop.

NARRATOR

And though I am loathe to ascribe anything resembling heroism to the cruel Elf General, it was valiant how she rode through excruciating pain, legs splinted and tied to her horse, as she staved off shock through practiced meditation.

The dialogue here is shouted until noted otherwise, and Ry'y struggles through intense pain for all of her dialogue.

RY'Y

Hail up there!

No answer.

RY'Y

I say, hail up there!

YOUNG GUARD

Who...who goes there?

RY'Y

Do you not know our banners, you idiot? We are the Knights of the Wood.

YOUNG GUARD

My lord's not taking visitors at present.

RY'Y

We're not here to visit, you imbecile. We need to cross the river. Now lower the drawbridge, in the name of the Concordat.

YOUNG GUARD

My Lord keeps the gatehouse key with him at all times.

RY'Y

Well go and fetch him quickly!

Wings flutter and a pigeon coos, landing, panned left a little.

D'AYV

(also panned left)
Oh, hello!

D'ayv, still on our left, unties a string.

Quick beat.

D'ayv trots over to center.

Amongst themselves, the Elves now speak at a conversational volume.

D'AYV

Message for you, Th'ayyd.

RY'Y

Message?

D'AYV

Has the seal of the High Council on it.

RY'Y

(scolding)
Well give it here, then.

A scroll of paper unfurls.

We'll now hear the voice of Ba'at Lo-Yl, reading his own letter as voiceover narration. Should have a bit of reverb on it.

BA'AT (V.O.)

To Ry'y lo-Th'yyt, Lord Commander of the Th'ar lo-Hyyl,

You are owed congratulations for your skillful destruction of the latest Orcish invasion.

(MORE)

BA'AT (V.O.) (cont'd)

However, we have also become aware of some very troubling oversights in the wake of said battle. Given your exemplary service record, we're confident there is some palatable explanation for these mishappenings. But I'm afraid the Council must hear this explanation from you, in person, as soon as you are able to return to the White Forest.

RY'Y

(under her breath)
Oh grant me strength.

BA'AT (V.O.)

I'm sure you'll agree that maintaining our control over critical assets must be of the utmost priority.

Yours very sincerely,
Ba'at lo-Yl, trustee of the High Council of the
White Forest

RY'Y

(sotto voce)
Gods damn it all. Bureaucratic buffoons will be the ruin of us all.
(quiet but simmering)
Major Zyka'ad.

One more horse trots up to us.

MAJOR ZYKA'AD

Yes, Th'ayyd?

RY'Y

It seems I must return to the White Forest at once. Use this boy's pigeons and summon the rest of the battalion.

D'AYV

Ooooooh, this is just like *Ash That Sings*, when--

RY'Y

--Shut up. Major, as soon as these slack jawed yokels lower this bridge you're to take a small detachment to Freehold. Question General Riverfell, find out what he's seen and heard. Have the Lieutenants lead patrols around Freehold, and search for this accursed traveling party. Set up checkpoints along the rivers downstream of Freehold - as many as you can without spreading the patrols too thin.

MAJOR ZYKA'AD

Yes, Th'ayyd. And if Riverfell has heard aught he shouldn't have?

RY'Y

(very furtive)

You must learn who knows what. Any Memyet who've seen or heard of that Orcling child must be quarantined as though they've a deadly fever. Do you understand?

MAJOR ZYKA'AD

It shall be done, Th'ayyd.

RY'Y

You, you, you, and you. On me. Keep up. Hyah!

Five horses gallop away furiously.

D'AYV

(so into this)

You know, Major, this is just like in *Gale of Wards* when Jan Winters is bitten by a warg on the full moon.

Beat.

MAJOR ZYKA'AD

I was gonna read that, you little sh--

--Theme music.

END OF PART THREE.