

FADE IN:

INT. BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

The royal bedchamber is dimly lit by the fireplace.

ETEL lazily lays on the couch in her gown, holding a glass of red liquid. The warm firelight dances on her exposed shoulder.

She is the picture of innocence.

Until she speaks.

ETEL  
(she groans, she's  
annoyed)  
Why must everything be so utterly  
dull? So... peaceful.

ETEL sighs then empties the glass in one gulp.

She looks up at the ceiling, pouting.

ETEL (CONT'D)  
Autumn and winter used to be my  
favourite. Never a dry moment. And  
now...

The person Etel has been talking to finally speaks: he is  
THE HISTORIAN

The Historian is Etel's closest friend and more than a  
thousand years old. He is a scholar and similar to  
personality to her.

CAMERA STAYS on Etel.

THE HISTORIAN  
(he rolls his eyes)  
Spare me the theatrics. I have seen  
your new bedtime routine.

ETEL  
(playfully)  
Have you been *watching* me?

THE HISTORIAN  
(he laughs)  
An unlikely occurrence.

ETEL  
Hmm... It is *her*, then?

THE HISTORIAN  
(amused)  
Two pairs of eyes are better than  
one, no?

She grins. She makes sure her sharp teeth are visible.

She cannot help herself from getting slightly territorial.

But she remains calm.

ETEL  
I like to keep myself busy.

THE HISTORIAN  
(he daunts her)  
Well, she is certainly proving to  
be a handful.

Pause. She turns towards him, face now blank.

She knows he is trying to get under her skin. It is a game  
they play. She knows it.

Yet...

She stands and walks towards the open window to refill her  
glass. She needs to dull these emotions.

Moonlight illuminates her, wrapping her in divine silver  
hue.

Unwanted feelings crackle in her eyes as she puts on a  
facade of nonchalance.

She looks out the window. The Marshland lays dormant in the  
calm of the night. Her land. Hers.

She refills her glass to the brim.

ETEL  
(bluntly)  
I trust there is no need to repeat  
the conditions of my generosity.

Etel turns around and leans on the window sill. Moonlight  
envelops her from behind.

She crosses her arms and looks directly at him.

ETEL (CONT'D)  
(innocently)  
Not to someone with your  
intelligence, surely...

She smiles.

ETEL (CONT'D)  
(she trails off)  
Or perhaps I am mistaken...

The Historian laughs. He knows he successfully got under her  
skin.

THE HISTORIAN  
(amused)  
Everything is perfectly clear.

She holds his gaze, chin held high.

THE HISTORIAN (CONT'D)  
(playfully)  
After all, I am but your humble  
servant, my Arkos.

Etel rolls her eyes at that.

ETEL  
(amused)  
When was that ever true...

The mood shifts, but her thunderous feelings remain.

She takes a sip of her drink.

Then another.

Etel feels her thoughts getting louder and louder.

She takes a big gulp from her glass and harshly places it on the window sill, causing the glass to CRACK.

She stares at it curiously.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Etel's gaze.

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN ON the red liquid seeping through the cracks on the glass and ---

MUSIC swells and ---

CUT TO BLACK

GREAT SEAL STUDIOS LOGO APPEARS

FADES TO BLACK.