



LIGHTNING STRIKES
SOMARRIAN HUNT
EPISODE 3

V. 6/1/21

Written by
Steve Conard

The Roleplayers
Darrell Judd, Denise Robinson, Gabriel Mondo Vega
Patrick Keefe, XiaoWen Wu

Based on CHALDEA by
Peter Adkison

1 INT. TUNNEL TERROR NEST - ESTABLISHING - DAY

SEA OF DARKNESS - black within black.

2 INT. TUNNEL TERROR NEST - DAY

Darkness fades as a faint torch flicker illuminates--

THICK SPIDER WEBS. A HAND enters the frame, pulling back the web revealing--

SPIDER EGGS. Hundreds of silky, sinewy eggs.

CLAW (O.S.)

1 Kill it. Kill it. Kill it with
fire.

ECU ON TORGRUM - stern face wet with ichor and spider
gristle.

TORGRUM

2 No. Into the bag.

WIDE ON GROTTTO - the Tunnel Terror nest covered in thick
overlapping nightmarish webbing.

Torgrum, Claw, Calsimeer and Pansy gather close peering at
the clutch of eggs.

CALSIMEER

3 That's a great idea.

PANSY

4 Spider babies.

CALSIMEER

5 Can you imagine the chaos? Hunt
officials trying to count a hundred
starving Tunnel Terror babies.

CLAW

6 Count these, jerk face.

They all laugh.

TORGRUM

7 I wonder what else is in here.

He waves the torch with one hand and his sword with the
other, peering through shadow and web.

PANSY

8 Dead things. Lots of dead things.

Torgrum turns his attention and torch to Pansy.

They recoil.

Amongst the webbing and eggs hang human size COCOONS. Some smaller--halfling perhaps. Others larger--troll even?

TORGRUM

9 Poor suckers.

PANSY

10 Could they be alive?

TORGRUM

11 Drugged maybe, with spider venom.
Let's just put them in the bag.

CLAW

12 We should definitely loot them
first.

CALSIMEER

13 Check if any of them are alive.

Torgrum gives the cocoon a swift kick. Shrugs when it doesn't move.

He cut ferociously at the fibrous steel webbing with his sword, which seems all but resistant to bladed weapons.

The others join, digging until they reveal the form beneath--
Repulsed. They fell back stifling gags.

TORGRUM

14 (spit)
Orc.

There were more cocoons, about ten hours of digging deeper.

CALSIMEER

15 That's a lot of work.

TORGRUM

16 And likely older and deadier.
(to Rashidi, RE: Orc)
17 Does this guy count?

Rashidi gives a negative head shake.

RASHIDI

18 That is not a defeated trophy. If
it has something of value, of
course you may keep it.

CLAW

19 Personally, I'm in favor of getting
the heck out of here.

PANSY

20 And torching the place.

With oil, flint & steel, the companions set the webbing and
cocoon A BLAZE.

3 OUTSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Thick black smoke roils forth.

The Ballbarians wait patiently for the fire to do its job.

BACK INSIDE

It's like walking through an Asgardian size fireplace.

Torgrum kicks a skull. Nudges a pelvis. The others Dig
through piles of previous Tunnel Terror meals and gooey
cooked eggs.

A BLUE GLINT catches Torgrum's greedy eye.

A beat later he hoists up a DOUBLE-BLADED SWORD.

TORGRUM

21 Blessed be Thor, a great sword.

PANSY

22 It's taller than me.

Claw coughs on fume.

CLAW

23 You can claim that. I'm getting
out of this smoke.

(motions to Calsimeer)

24 Calsimeer?

OUTSIDE - IN THE FRESH AIR

CLAW (CONT'D)

25 Let's just sit and chill.

Pansy has hit the proverbial wall and deposits her tired ass
on her bed roll.

PANSY

26 The last time we saw Armando was
right here. Maybe, he'll return.

She closes her eyes.

The dogs likewise, are resting heads down in the tall grass.

Torgrum joins Pansy, cradling the sword to his chest, lovingly like a new born child.

27 CALSIMEER
 That looks quite handsome on you.

28 CLAW
 And dangerous.

29 PANSY
 (rolls over)
 Don't neuter yourself.

Claw looks at "Team Short" sleeping and then to Calsimeer.

30 CLAW
 I guess that means we're on first
 watch.

Calsimeer and Claw find a fallen tree to rest their weary backs, their eyes on the savannah to the east.

31 CLAW
 I will take a swig of that wine.
 Please and thank you.

32 CALSIMEER
 It's not the best but it does the
 job.

Claw takes a shallow pull and returns the skin to Cal, their hands touch momentarily and then their eyes.

33 CLAW
 I've never met a priest of
 Dionysus. How are you ordained,
 get really drunk?

34 CALSIMEER
 You are not too far off, actually.
 In the temple, as a fledgling
 acolyte, I was offered altar wine
 for which I drank much. Once I was
 inebriated.
 (levels stern gaze)
35 Like, *very inebriated*. Past the
 point of memory, Dionysus sent a
 vision. At least this is the way
 it happened for me.

36 CLAW
I'm drunk on nature.

37 CALSIMEER
Nature isn't divine, erm, deity?

38 CLAW
No. No. It's a presence. All-
encompassing presence.

He offers Claw the wine skin.

39 CALSIMEER
What are you in for? Prison I
mean.

40 CLAW
Framed.
(air quotes)
41 "For poaching".

42 CALSIMEER
I thought you said you worshipped
nature.

43 CLAW
Nature includes predators.
Carnivores. Despite the rumors,
not all elves are vegetarian. This
one certainly isn't. I might have
also, maybe killed a couple of
guards.
(sheepish shrug)
44 Self-defense. But enough about me.

Calsimeer takes another drink.

45 CALSIMEER
I was also a bit of a thief. I was
wayward in my youth and fell in
with a guild of thieves. Which I
think, overall, we were fairly
benevolent. We took from the rich
and gave to the poor. Which
happened to be us, most often.

46 CLAW
Poor and wayward.

47 CALSIMEER
We did many jobs. We were very
busy. We couldn't exactly go
looking for charity cases.

(MORE)

CALSIMEER (CONT'D)

We looked around at us and realized, we were all charity cases.

Claw snuggles close to Cal.

His back goes rigid as a gargoyle.

CLAW

48 I'm cold.

Cal takes a quick glance, checking to see if Pansy or Torgrum are watching.

Low snores come from the bedrolls. Definitely asleep.

He slowly adjusts his arm around Claw and pulls them tight.

CALSIMEER

(whispers)

49 It's Pansy we should be worried about, I think she's a bit of a kleptomaniac.

4 EXT. ARUSHA SERENGETI - GABOON GROVE - EVENING

Armando sits with his back to a tree in the middle of a shadow dark gaboon oasis.

His horse grazes nearby.

He watches nervously as Sun dips below the horizon conjuring shadows. Alien clicks and terrifying night calls rattle his nerves.

ARMANDO

50 Horse. There is nothing to worry. Our friends are searching for us.

Horse SNORTS.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

51 Worry wart.

FLASH, a brilliant blue bolt of lightning sizzles across the heavens, bathing tree and grass in azure brilliance.

BOOM! The trees shake from the force of the thunder clap.

A dark shadow against the night sky streaks low, with a rush of wind, propelled by the thrust of powerful wings.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

(sotto)

52 Gods. A dragon?

Armando is up on his feet, running after the creature toward where the lightning landed not far.

More lightning. Straight and narrow, like a dart of light hits near, nearly knocking Armando off his feet.

He takes refuge against a boulder, just as another powerful gust of wind from a low flying creature streaks overhead.

His gaze follows the creature to a GRAND PITCHED MELEE.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

53 Atars.

Eight ATARS, (half centaur and half pegasus with four wings) are fighting PIERRE DE CLEMENT and his duelist allies.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

54 It's going to be a slaughter.

Pierre and his allies are overwhelmed. On the ground, they fight five Atars with swords and shields, while above in the sky, three circle, hurling lightning.

HASTACIUS

(screaming)

55 You didn't think we'd find you.
Now you will pay, with your life.

To Pierre's right, one of the duelists loses an arm. He staggers screaming and then loses his head.

ARMANDO

56 O'boy.

Another duelist explodes under a direct lightning strike.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

57 Excuse me.

(steps into the open)

58 I'm lost and need directions. Can
you help.

The leader of the Atars, HASTACIUS, steals a glance at Armando.

HASTACIUS

59 I warn you, stay out of this. This
is a personal grudge.

ARMANDO

60 Perhaps, I could help. I like to help people.

HASTACIUS

61 We don't need help. We are capable of killing these men on our own.

The youngest of the duelists falls. His opponent finishes him with two brutal front hooves to the head, that ends his life with a sickening crunch.

Pierre and his remaining ally fight back-to-back.

HAJRA

62 Huh? I did not see this coming.

Armando raises his eyes up to find Pierre's referee floating above him.

HAJRA, (20-something Sommacian woman), dressed in Pentavalo black and silver robes.

ARMANDO

63 And I see it ending very soon.

HAJRA

64 Tough la caballería, these Atars. But you, you are a member of the Ballbarians?

ARMANDO

65 Yes, I am. I am Armando the Bard-barian.

Behind Armando and Hajra the Atar's sinister business climaxes.

The last of Pierre's comrades falls twitching, gagging on a javelin to the throat.

HAJRA

66 I think my group is done for.

The Bard-barian and the referee turn and watch, as Pierre is pin cushioned with swords and javelins.

Hastacius immediately tears Pierre apart, searching.

HASTACIUS

67 Where is it? WHERE IS IT?

Every second the object doesn't appear his fury increases like the winter north wind.

Exasperated, he turns his wrath upon Hajra and Armando.

He trots over to the boulders where Armando stands and Hajra hovers.

HASTACIUS (CONT'D)

68 You were with this group. And
 stood by and did nothing while we
 slaughtered them. You have no
 honor.

HAJRA

 (scoffs amused)
69 I am a referee of the hunt. It is
 not my business to get involved
 with the fighting. For which you
 should be thankful.

ARMANDO

70 I'm doing research on Atars. I
 will dedicate an entire chapter to
 your great leadership and prowess
 in battle.

HASTACIUS

71 You are a witness.

The statement is both an accusation and the continuation of hostilities.

Hajra motions to Armando.

HAJRA

72 I got this.

Hajra raises her fists, revealing PENTAVALO CONTROL BRACERS.

She snaps her fingers.

A column of black smoke almost liquid in appearance forms on the ground beneath her.

A GOLD BLADE two-foot wide appears with a seismic baritone rumble as its tip impacts ground.

Chaldea shudders at its bladed touch. Grass and vegetation withers and dies spreading like a plague upon the land.

A second blade sets down next to the first and from the smoke strides forth a BLADE DEMON.

A twelve-foot-tall demon, propelled on bladed legs.

ARMANDO

73 You guys are gonna get it so-bad.

Hastacius gallops, launching himself at Hajra, propelled quickly on powerful wings his sword raised to strike.

HAJRA

74 Kill the Atars.

The demon performs a reverse roundhouse kick, it's bladed leg catching Hastacius full in the chest, slicing him clean in two like a vorpal blade through neck tissue.

The Atar lightning cavalry in the sky see their leader die, hurl lightning at Hajra.

Hajra lifts fist and bracers. The bolts ground on forearm metal, drinking megawatts of juice and she disappears in blinding white intensity.

ON ARMANDO

a female Atar charges.

Armando takes a light sword slice to the ribs, drawing blood.

Armando leaps over a boulder, CASTS A SPELL: *Vicious mockery.*

ARMANDO

75 A knave; a rascal; nothing but the
 composition of a beggar, coward,
 pandar, and the son and heir of a
 mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat
 into clamorous whining.

The Atar smiles amused. If she feels anything stronger than that, it doesn't hinder her desire to see him dead.

She strikes at him again, but misses.

Armando casts another spell: *True strike.*

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

76 Things are seldom what they seem,
 skim milk masquerades as cream;
 highlows pass as patent leathers;
 Jackdaws strut in peacock's
 feathers.
 Very true, so they do.

Upon the final line and word, Armando strikes true with his long sword, cutting the Atar across the flank.

And then Hajra is there floating on the wind.

HAJRA

77 Stand back, further this time.
Please.

She dives at the Atar like a bird of prey but not with weapons, but with open hand and fists.

She grabs the Atar by the throat and squeezes with demonic strength and intensity snapping bones and crushing cartilage.

Atar dead. Hajra lets the neck slip from her limp grasp, allowing it to tumble with a loud crash to the ground.

WIDE ON BATTLE

Hajra's demons move through the Atars like farmers harvesting wheat, killing with mechanical precision.

Four lay mangled and dead.

Armando absorbs the unadulterated carnage like a sponge and shudders.

HAJRA (CONT'D)

78 Didn't I say, I'd take care of
this?

ARMANDO

79 Will you marry me?

She waves an *aw-shucks* dismissal.

HAJRA

80 You haven't met my family yet.

An infectious wry smirk plays on her sanguine lips.

HAJRA (CONT'D)

81 How sweet. We should at least have
dinner first. That was your plan
after all, was it not?

ARMANDO

82 It was.
(nodding like a
woodpecker)
83 You saw right through me.

HAJRA

84 I know a romantic little cafe in
Sheol, dinner and wine along the
river. But first, let us clean up
this mess.

The demons with grisly task complete, stand quietly at attention waiting their next orders.

Hajra snaps her fingers, returning them to the bracers.

And then she went about cleaning things. First, she stuffs Pierre and his dead friends into the bag of holding, followed by the Atars.

Task complete, she motions for Armando to follow.

HAJRA (CONT'D)

85 Let's get you to your friends.

5 EXT. ARUSHA SERENGETI - LATER

The Warrior constellation slowly shifts further east across the sky marking the passage of night.

Armando sat warily on his horse, Hajra floating casually alongside.

ARMANDO

86 Did the Atars travel here on lighting?

HAJRA

87 Atars are masters of that elemental force. It is fundamental to who they are.

PANSY (O.S.)

88 Armando?

Armando looks up and sees Pansy and Torgrum, running.

TORGRUM

89 Bard man, where the hell you been and what are you doing with lady angelic?

PANSY

90 We saw the lightning and decided to investigate.

Rashidi floats near and nods to Hajra.

TORGRUM

91 It's good to see you in one piece, friend. But I'm bloody damn tired.

PANSY

92 Let's get back to camp, I need my
 beauty sleep.

With no further adieu, the party double times it back to camp.

Following at a distance, Hajra quietly updates Rashidi on the Pierre-Atar debacle.

HAJRA

93 The whole hunting party was wiped
 out.

RASHIDI

94 That's odd indeed. I've never
 heard of Atars leaving Ata.
 Brighthwyna will want to hear about
 this.

HAJRA

95 I have their remains in the bag.

RASHIDI

96 Good. Now, regarding Armando, did
 he assist in the fight?

HAJRA

97 Yes. I suppose it could be
 construed as fighting.

RASHIDI

98 I'm not asking if he was effective.

HAJRA

99 He was brave and crossed swords if
 that's what you mean.

RASHIDI

100 Good. If he fought the Atars, the
 Ballbarians are awarded the
 trophies.

Hajra smirks and stifles a laugh before handing over the Bag to Rashidi.

HAJRA

101 Those are the rules.
 (she stops)

102 I'm heading back to The Lodge.

She turns to leave, stops and looks over her shoulder at Armando, who she catches in the act of staring at her backside.

HAJRA (CONT'D)

103 See you later Armando.
 (waving)
 104 It's a date, remember.

WHOOSH! She flies away faster than what is natural.

ARMANDO

(sotto)
 105 What a woman.

6 EXT. ARUSHA SERENGETI - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

The sun backlit thick cumulous clouds hanging on the horizon, bathing the savanna in soft diffused orange.

The Ballbarians tired from the previous days ordeal, have over slept.

Rashidi floats, watching just above the tree canopy.

7 EXT. TUNNEL TERROR BASE CAMP - MORNING

Calsimeer blinks and stretches. Then lurches awake--

A wizened elderly GOBLIN woman crouches over him.

SALLY

106 You guys are fugly. 'All y'all.

Calsimeer scampers hastily out of his bedroll, falling into Claw waking the elf.

CLAW

107 Sure Cal, I enjoy a morning roll.

Calsimeer points at the goblin.

CALSIMEER

108 Goblin--

SALLY

109 You guys wanna fight? I'll drop mine, if you drop yours.

She waves an orange SAFETY FLAG.

Pansy stretches, yawns, and rubs the sleep from her eyes.

110 SALLY (CONT'D)
If I had a crossbow, I would shoot
that halfling in the mouth and feel
nothing.

111 CALSIMEEER
Right.

112 SALLY
I don't tell halfling jokes very
often, but when I do, I keep 'em
short.

Calsimeer gives a patronizing slow clap.

The others rise and shift away from the goblin, searching the
area to see if there are others.

113 SALLY (CONT'D)
An outcast, huh. What did you do
to get kicked out of a society
built on greed?

Torgrum stands, sword raised to the ready.

114 TORGRUM
You callin' me greedy? Why your
wit is sharp as Thor's hammer.

115 SALLY
Greedy bastages.

116 TORGRUM
Wait. Wait. Let me help you.
Dwarves are also insular. Tunnel
digging. Gem snatching. Sterile.
Stateless. Aquaphobic troglodytes.

117 SALLY
Put greedy in front of them
adjectives.

118 TORGRUM
Maybe you should try a little
harder next time. Then saying a
halfling is short. A dwarf is
greedy. Because, you know, kinda
weak.

119 CLAW
I wasn't unaware combat through
words, was one of the Somarrian
hunt options.

120 ARMANDO
She's not exactly armed with a
weapon, in this battle of wits.

121 PANSY
You're right. We really shouldn't
attack an unarmed goblin.

122 SALLY
I rank this hunting party, inept,
very inept and Calsimeer.

123 CALSIMEER
 (twirls finger)
I don't think she's right.

Sally points her flag at Claw.

124 SALLY
This elf here, fanatically worships
dragons and changed their stupid
elf name to Claw Claw Bite. Life
is about kicking ass not licking
it.

Claw gives up on the goblin and packs her horse.

Pansy mounts her pony as does Torgrum.

125 SALLY (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's do this, the old
fashioned way.

The goblin throws down the flag and grabs the TORC around her
neck.

ENCHANTMENTS EXPLODE - The once diminutive frail goblin size
increases to that of an ogre with strength to match.

126 SALLY (CONT'D)
COME NOW, BALLBARIANS. LET'S
BATTLE!

Claw verifies their safety flag is still visible on top of
her staff.

127 TORGRUM
Why would we waste our time?

128 CALSIMEER
Why bother?

All on their horse, they head out.

129 CLAW
You coming Rashidi?

ON RASHIDI - Statue still. Rock hard.

130 CLAW (CONT'D)
Did she break our referee?

A WIZARD (Human, 30-something, rugged good looks) Appears.
Not the normal kind of appearance. Phasing corporeal out of
nothingness.

He takes the two Bags of Holding from Rashidi.

Torgrum leads the charge. All of 'em rushing at the man.

131 SAGACIOUS
Be still and remain calm. I am
not stealing these *from you*. I'm
stealing these *from him*.

132 TORGRUM
Like hell you are.

133 CLAW
That ain't gonna happen.

134 SAGACIOUS
I will return your trophies. If
you stand down.

He gestures at Sally.

135 SAGACIOUS (CONT'D)
Sally, you too. Stand down.

The enchantments that have her primed for battle dissipate,
returning her to her previously diminutive goblin self.

She passes out on her fat nose.

136 SAGACIOUS (CONT'D)
(rolls eyes)
Damn haste spell.

The wizard dumps the bag of holding.

137 SAGACIOUS (CONT'D)
I hope nothing is alive in here.

138 CALSIMEER
WAIT! Can you--

The contents of the bag, primarily in the form of a TUNNEL
TERROR hits the ground--

ALIVE, (mostly).

Torgrum leaps from his steed with his new barbarian blade
splitting the spiders abdomen in two, ending the fight before
it begins.

139 TORGRUM
Stay dead this team, bitch.
(point at Sagacious)
140 Your next.

The Wizard yanks the bag of holding over Rashidi's head.

Instantly their referee is GONE.

141 SAGACIOUS
This is all I want.
(flips other bag to Claw)
142 You may keep this.

143 CALSIMEER
Who are you?

144 SAGACIOUS
I am Sagacious. I too am
participating in the hunt, but
unlike you, I seek other quarry.

He grabs Sally and waves.

145 SAGACIOUS (CONT'D)
Toodaloo!

146 SALLY
It would have been a glorious
fight. Glorious I say. C'est la
vie, Ballbarians. Until next we
meet.

Sagacious casts: DIMENSION DOOR. In a snap, they're gone.

Sagacious and Sally appear five-hundred feet distance.

147 SAGACIOUS
(yells)
No offense.

148 CLAW
Offense taken.

149 CALSIMEER
Offense, very much taken.

They disappear... *invisible*.

ON BALLBARIANS -- All agitated.

150 ARMANDO
I get it. That's who team
invisibility is.

151 CLAW
He just stole our referee.

152 PANSY
What are we going to do?

153 CLAW
I think we need Armando's fiancée.

154 ARMANDO
We do have a connection. I felt
it. I will attempt a psychic
bridge.

Armando touched his temples, calling for Hajra.

155 CALSIMEER
If we go back to town, will they
interpret that as us returning--

156 TORGRUM
Early? Yeah. We'll be
disqualified.

157 PANSY
And lose the game.

158 CALSIMEER
We don't have a referee.

159 TORGRUM
We have the bag. We can always bag
anything else we, ahh, bag.

Something in the distance, caught Pansy's eye.

160 PANSY
What is that?

They all looked, eyes straining.

In the far distance, between horizon and sky, a mirage moves.

Is it Dire Rhinos? Tunnel Terrors? Atars? Madlib goblin matrons?

Whatever it was, help or trouble. In minutes it would be upon them.

TEN MINUTES LATER

Armando recognizes Hajra.

ARMANDO

161 It worked. It worked. My psychic
 bridge worked.

Accompanying Hajra is an athletic leggy Dorian woman, SCATHACH, a PRIEST OF ARAWN, in underworld vestments.

And behind them, the BLADE DEMON.

At fifty feet distance the trio land and survey the Ballbarians and surrounding territory.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

162 I didn't summon the demon. Just
 want to be on record.

The priest approaches, floating on air of authority.

SCATHACH

163 I am Scathach, the hunt official in
 charge of this tournament. Where
 is Rashidi?

CALSIMEER

164 Funny story.

Torgrum points at the bag in his hand.

Claw steps back, motions for Armando to advance.

CLAW

165 Bard you got this. Right, Mr.
 Charisma?

ARMANDO

166 We were waylaid, by an amazingly
 powerful adversary.

Hajra whispers to Scathach, points to Armando.

HAJRA

167 That's the charmer I told you
 about.

Scathach pushes Hajra irritably to the side.

168 SCATHACH
Finish what you were saying, bard.

ARMANDO
(gulps)
169 He just took him. And flew off.

SCATHACH
170 Who?

ARMANDO
171 Our referee.

SCATHACH
172 No, Rashidi. Who took him?

TORGRUM
173 Sagacious. A wizard I think. Him
and that gobshite goblin, Sally.

SCATHACH
174 Oh, yes. We know who they are.

Hajra nods.

ARMANDO
175 Sagacious was terribly polite.

TORGRUM
176 If you mean polite, by taking our
Rashidi?

SCATHACH
177 They kidnapped, Rashidi?

TORGRUM
178 Yes, that's what we're trying to
tell ya. He was frozen.
Paralyzed. Flesh to stone. Hell,
I don't know.

CLAW
179 He didn't resist.

PANSY
180 We tried to stop them. But none of
us can fly.

SCATHACH
181 How exactly did they manage this
kidnapping?

CALSIMEER

182 The wizard took the bag you gave
us. Dumped out all the shit in it,
kindly enough and just kind of...
(mimes yanking bag over
Rashidi's head)
183 And then they just bagged him up.

SCATHACH

184 They took his bag?

HAJRA

185 We had two bags, because the other
party got wiped out.

Scathach scratched her head hard, quite and obviously
frustrated.

SCATHACH

186 Sagacious took the bag off Rashidi
and captured Rashidi with that bag?

EVERYONE

187 YES!

SCATHACH

188 And where is the other bag?

PANSY

(points to Torgrum)
189 Right there.

Torgrum waves it like dirty underwear.

HAJRA

190 That's the bag my party had with
Pierre de Clement, and all the
duelists and dead Atars.

SCATHACH

191 What a day. First Brighthwyna goes
bat shit nuts on that dwarven
princess and now we're down a
referee. I haven't even had
breakfast yet.

She waves at the Ballbarians.

SCATHACH (CONT'D)

192 For you Ballbarians, the hunt is
over.

FADE OUT:

