



BANG THE GONG
SOMARRIAN HUNT
EPISODE 4

V. 6/18/21

Written by
Steve Conard

The Roleplayers

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

Based on CHALDEA by
Peter Adkison

Copyright (c) 2021, Chaldea LLC

Scene 2 INT. THE LODGE - MEAD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Torgrum shadows Scathach a brooding storm, followed by the rest of the dog-tired Ballbarians (and their actual dogs).

9 SCATHACH
She was imprisoned.

10 TORGRUM
Why?

She rounds sharply on Torgrum.

11 SCATHACH
For being demanding. And insolent.
Greedy insistence on back rent.

12 TORGRUM
Her guards?

13 SCATHACH
Brighthwyna imprisoned them too.
Confiscated all their shit.

Scathach stops, motioning the Ballbarians close.

14 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
I need one of you to volunteer to
be interrogated.

15 CLAW
Interrogated?

16 CALSIMEER
Why?

17 SCATHACH
To determine if you were involved
in Rashidi's disappearance.

18 PANSY
We said we weren't.

19 SCATHACH
Tax'ix will go to the truth. Now,
must I choose?

Torgrum raises his hand.

20 TORGRUM
I'm your huckleberry.

Scene 3 INT. THE LODGE - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

A small STONE CELL with an iron bar door.

Torgrum sits strapped in a TORTURE CHAIR. Thick blood stained leather straps cinched tight around his head, arms, legs and waist.

He STRUGGLES MIGHTILY straining--

TAX'IX

21 I will only tell you this once.
The harder you resist, the harder
it will be for you.

TAX'IX, a Taxian psionic interrogator sits in a chair in front of Torgrum. On his back is a large c'tharki insect. Blue glow tubes connect insect and taxian.

22 Tax'ix puts his index finger on Torgrum's forehead. Blue diaphanous tendrils snake out from the Taxian's hand to Torgrum's temples.

TORGRUM FAINTS

Scene 4 INT. TORGRUM MENTAL FOYER

Torgrum wakes, shakes his head, blinking to push back the migraine pressure cracking his skull.

He stands next to Tax'ix in a ramshackle dwarven RATHSKELLER populated with half-dozen TORGRUM CLONES, eating, drinking and chatting.

TORGRUM

22 Where am I?

A STONE BAR contains a VAST DISPLAY OF ALCOHOL BOTTLES.

A KEG WALL is comprised of floor to ceiling cracked and leaking barrels, their contents pooling on the floor.

Tax'ix sniffs the foul air and spits disgusted.

TAX'IX

23 Welcome to the chaotic mess that is
your mind.

SULTRY TORGRUM in trench and fedora, casually leans back against the bar, downs the rest of his dirty martini.

ANGRY TORGRUM

30 That's auroch shit.

TAX'IX

31 If you had the mental discipline,
you could revisit your life with
perfect precision. Unfiltered by
your emotional immaturity.

Tax'ix shrugs.

TAX'IX (CONT'D)

32 Seems to be in working order.

He continues down the corridor followed by a column of Torgrums. Occasionally he stops to glance behind the memory blinds.

TORGRUM

33 What are you looking for?

TAX'IX

34 Truth.

He yanks hard on a string, revealing a MEMORY WINDOW and--
SALLY'S DUAL OF WORDS with Ballbarians.

SALLY

(ogre large)

35 COME NOW, BALLBARIANS. LET'S
BATTLE!

Tax'ix watches the encounter intently until Sagacious appears and kidnaps Rashidi.

ANGRY TORGRUM

36 See! No one godsdamn listens.

Taxi'ix swipes his hand, reversing the memory and watches it again, and then once more.

Finally satisfied, Tax'ix drops the curtain.

Scene 5 INT. THE LODGE - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Torgrum wakes in the Torture Chair to the most savage hangover in the history of hangovers.

TORGRUM

(screaming bloody murder)

37 Argghhhh!!!!

Tax'ix pushes back from Torgrum and stands.

Scathach puts a hand over Torgrum's mouth, to muffle his screams.

SCATHACH

38 Well?

TAX'IX

39 Story checks out. Sagacious took Rashidi as they claim.

SCATHACH

40 Right. Okay.
(releases Torgrum's
straps)

41 Get up, Torgrum. Time to count trophies.

Torgrum staggers to his feet.

TORGRUM

42 Next time, use lube or at least give a brother a proper reach around.

Scene 6 EXT. AESTUMO CHAMBER - LATER

The Ballbarians file into the AESTUMO CHAMBER, (otherwise known as the Hall of Reckoning).

A huge white PENTAGRAM dominates the floor. Above it floats a SILVER CUBE, (20-foot aside).

large INCENSE BURNERS in each corner belch thick fume.

PANSY

43 What is that, ewww, smell?

Pansy flees gagging. Followed by Claw and Armando.

SCATHACH

44 Sulfur. Demon feces. Burnt souls.

TORGRUM

45 Calsimeer's breath.
(shaking head)

46 Nuh-huh.

Torgrum escapes the morass of rank fume with the others.

Calsimeer shrugs, takes a drink from his wine skin.

Scathach tosses the BAG OF HOLDING into the silver cube.
It sticks and then slowly drifts to the gravity well center.

47 SCATHACH
Ars theurgia-goetia Valac.

The DEAD TUNNEL TERROR appears, in stasis within the cube.

Out of the floor below the cube rises a STEELYARD SCALE.

The spider comes to rest on the pan holder. A counterweight with illuminated numbers slides along an arm. As it moves the numbers increase until they stop on: 1800.

Scathach waves the tunnel terror off the scale and the process continues with the next trophy.

- Tunnel terror eggs
- Pierre de Clement and his four duelist comrades.
- Six atars
- and finally, two atars alive. Double points.

48 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
I'm keeping the gear. I've been too generous already allowing you the points for these trophies, we know, you did not properly earn.

49 CALSIMEER
The points are adequate. I'm not concerned about the spoils.

50 SCATHACH
You may keep the eggs.

BACK OUTSIDE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Scathach and Calsimeer join the rest of the Ballbarians in the fresh air.

51 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
I'm going to officially announce your score.

Next to The Lodge is a tall announcement tower.

She climbs the ladder to the top, followed by the rest of our heroes.

TOP OF TOWER

Scathach removes a mallet from a hook and hands it to Cal.

52 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
 You get the honor, bang the gong.

Hanging above their heads is a ten-foot diameter BRASS GONG.

Cal hammers it vigorously three-times. GONG! GONG! GONG!

ON GRAVERS DIG BELOW

Villagers stop whatever they're doing and gather around the tower, gazing skyward at Scathach who waves to the crowd.

53 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
 The Ballbarians have returned with
 a record of 27,600 points.

A silent spell descends upon Gravers Dig.

THEN--

Murmurs ripple through the onlookers: "What", "Is that right?", "Did she say 27 thousand?", "Them?".

54 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
 It's a new record for the graver
 bracket of the Somarrian Hunt.

She writes the score on a huge score board for all to see.

55 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
 I'm sad to report that Pierre de
 Clement and his entire party has
 been slain.

She writes a big bloody red TPK over his name.

56 SCATHACH (CONT'D)
 Team Invisible has been
 disqualified and are now enemies of
 the hunt. There is now a reward of
 20,000 torts for the head of
 Sagacious the wizard and 500 torts
 for the goblin, Sally.

A RED GEKKON appears, flies around the tower and lands.

It holds out a LETTER to Armando in it's little claws.

Armando takes the letter and opens it--a loud voice BOOMS:

COSMO

57 Armando, it is I, Cosmo the
Magnificent. I hear you are back
from the hunt. Come see me at once.

ARMANDO

58 It appears I have an engagement
with a wizard.

TORGRUM

59 Bardman, take me with you. I
require info.

LATER - AFTER THE OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

At the bottom of the Tower, Scathach hands Calsimeer a bag of
Casino Chips.

SCATHACH

60 No more mischief, Ballbarians.

The Hunt Official makes a hasty retreat, onto other duties.

The Ballbarians gather around Aggee, unloading a quarrel of
questions into him.

TORGRUM

61 Where's the bar?

ARMANDO

62 I want to schedule a singing gig.

CLAW

63 Where can I rent a nice bed?

PANSY

64 Let's throw a party.

Cal holds up a bulging bag of casino chips.

CALSIMEER

65 Here's our winnings: 2,760 torts.
552 each.

Aggee absorbs the requests calmly as everyone talks at once.

AGGEE

66 First you Pansy. The Arena is
available for private parties. It
costs 5,000 torts, but that's a
minimum bar tab. Alcohol sales
will offset the rental fee. In the
end, you'll pay nothing. Trust me.

PANSY

67 That's a great idea, let's do it.

AGGEE

68 We will gorilla market the party
with an Army of Guides that will
blanket Gravers Dig and Sheol.
*"Come and celebrate the Ballbarians
momentous victory"*.

Pansy hands Aggee 200 torts.

PANSY

69 Here. This is your commission.

AGGEE

(stunned/recovers)

70 I work triple hard for you.

PANSY

71 Spare no expense.

AGGEE

72 Armando, you want a singing job,
right? I suggest, Pansy's party.
Win-win!

Armando adores music and this is music to his ears.

ARMANDO

73 The merely magnificent Armando,
Bard to Kings and King of Bards
would be happy to perform at this
party.

PANSY

74 We need more entertainment.

AGGEE

75 The Flying Circus are on the hunt
and not available, but--
(holds up his finger)
76 There are more Fly Circus acrobats
available for hire.

Pansy squeals.

PANSY

77 Bees.

AGGEE

78 Acrobatic bees. Now, you need to
speak to Tofu.

PANSY

79 I love Tofu. Is he also a
halfling?

AGGEE

80 Oh, yes. They are all Halflings.

And for the next few minutes they make party arrangements.
In the end, it's settled, the party takes flight at 7pm.

Scene 7 INT. COSMO'S TOWER - DAY

Armando phases in like before, the golem sizing him up.

COSMO

81 Armando, I'm so glad you survived.
It's always a question when someone
goes on the hunt. I hear Pierre de
Clement did not make it.

ARMANDO

82 I witnessed his fall. It was--
(beat)
83 Terrible.

Cosmo pulls out a box and places it on the counter. Opens it
revealing--

THREE WEAPONS

COSMO

84 Regarding your singing sword.
(pulls out weapons case)
85 We have three options: masterwork,
enchanted, double-enchanted. 1,000,
5,000, and 12,000 torts,
respectively.

ARMANDO

86 Goodness. Seems like the enchanted
blades are outside my budget. Do
you have a *payment plan*.

COSMO

87 I do.

ARMANDO

88 I can play at events. Entertain
the crowds outside your tower.

COSMO

(shaking head)
89 I thought you said payment plan.

ARMANDO

90 I can pay 500 torts in advance and
I'm good for the rest. Remember, I
led my party through the great hunt
unscathed, against a tunnel terror,
Aimian duelists and atars. Clearly,
I'm not going to die soon. Right?

COSMO

91 Give me the 500 now and each month
you can pay 1,000 torts against the
balance and an additional 100 for
interest.

ARMANDO

92 Can we make the 20th of the month
the due date because most of my
bills come earlier in the month?

Cosmo takes notes.

COSMO

93 Pick up the blade.

Armando does so, admiring it's fine craftsmanship.

Cosmo SNAPS his fingers and the blade *magically* materializes
in the wizards hand.

COSMO (CONT'D)

94 See? It's a no risk loan.

ARMANDO

95 Bravo, Cosmo. You are salesman and
repo man. Truly wonderful and
innovative.

For the next 30-minutes Cosmo explains to Armando how the
Singing Blade functions.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

96 After consideration, I would like
to name the sword, Kara Oki.

COSMO

97 It does sing in your voice.

ARMANDO

98 Cosmo magnifico, you have done a
most magnificent thing.

99 COSMO
That's why they call me Cosmo the
Magnificent. For exactly that
reason.

100 ARMANDO
Now that our business is concluded
I have an acquaintance--

101 COSMO
You brought me more business?

102 ARMANDO
My friend and ally, fellow
Ballbarian, Torgrum.

103 COSMO
Send him in.

After Armando *whoosh* departs, Torgrum is permitted entrance.
Phasing in next to the Golem.

104 COSMO (CONT'D)
Welcome Master Torgrum. I am Cosmo
the Magnificent.

Torgrum lays the newly acquired great sword on the counter.

105 TORGRUM
I believe this to be enchanted.
Can you reveal it's secrets?

Cosmo pulls on white cotton gloves before handling it.

106 TORGRUM (CONT'D)
Never mind the tunnel terror goop.

Cosmo opens a box, removes brass GOGGLES and puts them on.
He inspects the sword, closely, delicately, romantically.

107 COSMO
You wish me to reveal its magical
properties.

108 TORGRUM
Yes, exactly the idea.

Cosmo points to the counter.

109 COSMO
100 torts here.

110 TORGRUM
Roger that.

He stacks a 100 torts worth of casino chips on the counter.

COSMO

111 Torgrum, this is Fang. Fang, this
is Torgrum. Torgrum is a
barbarian. Fang is a necromantic
construct that inflicts physical
and... what we'll call, *death harm*
to any living being it touches.

Torgrum leans closer as Cosmo deep-dives into Fang's special properties.

LATER

Cosmo finishes polishing Fang with wax and oil and hands it back to Torgrum.

COSMO (CONT'D)

112 You have other inquires?

TORGRUM

113 In Gravers Dig recently, I'm told
there was a confrontation between a
dwarven princess and, the person,
who controls the resort.

COSMO

114 Brighthwyna.
(leans close)
115 I say her name without invoking it.
(winks)
116 The rumors swirling is that this
argument got rather heated. Land
dispute. Taxes. I mean, you know,
how dwarves can be?

TORGRUM

117 No, not at all.

COSMO

118 All the dwarves were stripped. And
the Huntress had the whole lot
tossed in the Brighthwyna, erm,
brig.

TORGRUM

119 And where is this brig.

COSMO

120 Under the arena. Her typical M.O.
for these kinds of seizures is to
feature them in the arena.

121 TORGRUM
She's a gladiator?

Cosmo shakes his head.

122 COSMO
The scuttlebutt is that Brighthwyna
plans on ransoming the princess
back to her clan.

Torgrum chews on this information.

123 COSMO (CONT'D)
What can you tell me about the
developing Sagacious saga?

124 TORGRUM
I don't know much, other than he
stole one of them enchanted hunt
bags and kidnapped our referee.

125 COSMO
Sagacious is an enemy of
Brighthwyna. He might be the ally
you're looking for if you plan on
rescuing the princess, what was her
name?

126 TORGRUM
Serakka. My cousin.

Cosmo leans back pale, eyes wide.

127 COSMO
Ohhh.
(scratches chinny chin
chin)
128 I could get word to Sagacious, if
you are considering taking action.
I have a special, no eavesdropping,
room of silence I offer special
clientele.

129 TORGRUM
Really? I might just take you up
on that.

Scene 8 EXT. GRAVERS DIG - SHOPPING DISTRICT - AFTERNOON

Calsimeer and Claw approach the Gnome Trader where Brandi is
busy sweeping around her cart.

BRANDI
130 Oh, hey. You come for more
potions?

CALSIMEER
131 No brandy. No no no no no no.

BRANDI
132 They're not the most potent but
they're cheap.

CALSIMEER
133 Not potent? Cheap? Blasphemy.

Cal indicates Claw.

CALSIMEER (CONT'D)
134 This is my hunt confrère, Claw. We
were hoping we could work a trade.

Calsimeer has an ever-present grin placard on his face, his mad eyes barely containing the revenge he plots to employ.

BRANDI
135 Trade with me?

Brandi's face lights up, curious as a prairie dog.

CALSIMEER
136 In our Somarrian Hunt travels we
came across a terror wicked
monster. A huge mutated chicken
beast.

BRANDI
137 A chicken beast? Like a
werechicken?

Claw clucks, miming a wedding chicken dance.

CALSIMEER
138 A giant chicken beast.
(raises hand measuring)
139 Three or four Calsimeers tall.

BRANDI
140 That's a big chicken. I have never
seen a chicken like that.

CALSIMEER
141 We found its nest full of eggs and
discovered they have healing
properties.

142 BRANDI
Eggs that heal?

143 CLAW
Yes, we ate them.

144 BRANDI
You eat the eggs?

Cal's face falls flat.

145 CALSIMEER
What else do you do with eggs?

146 BRANDI
I don't know.

147 CLAW
One egg fed an entire party of
five.

148 CALSIMEER
Our health fully restored.

149 BRANDI
Sounds too good to be true.

150 CALSIMEER
Brandi, you have been so good to
me. So honest and professional.
Why would I lie? Huh?

151 BRANDI
Let me see one of those eggs. I
need to examine the goods.

Calsimeer rummages through the burlap sack looking for a
choice one that isn't obviously alive or wiggling.

152 CALSIMEER
(suppressing revulsion)
Here.

Cal hands Brandi the egg, doing his best to hide the fact
that he's casting a thaumaturgy spell.

The egg ignites in glorious blue-green phosphorus.

153 BRANDI
It glows.

The glowing sheen ripples over its slimy veined exterior,
pulsing around Brandi's fingers with radiant life energy.

154 BRANDI (CONT'D)
It's squishy.

155 CLAW
Didn't we say, it's fresh.

After Brandi hands over Casino Chips, the two revenge seeking conspirators make scarce before the spiders hatch.

156 CALSIMEER
Thank you so much, Brandi. You are
so beautiful.
(throws kiss)
157 I love you. Bye-bye.

Calsimeer and Claw run, LAUGHING.

AROUND THE CORNER

They stop and double over in fits of giggles.

158 CALSIMEER (CONT'D)
Now what?

159 CLAW
The other night, you fell asleep
mid-flirt, which I found incredibly
rude.

Cal gasps.

160 CALSIMEER
I apologize. That was not very
gentlemanly of me. Do continue.

Claw holds up a KEY, ringing it like a bell.

161 CLAW
Aggee arranged a house.

Cal arcs an eyebrow with a devilish half-grin.

162 CLAW (CONT'D)
It's not for sleeping.
(yanks him by the hand)
163 This human need to sleep is quite
beyond me.

TWO BLOCKS OVER - Claw and Cal walk briskly, past a row of TENEMENT HOUSES in mid conversation.

164 CALSIMEER
What is this Calatan Thatalo you
belong to?

165 CLAW
A druid lodge in the Garnon Forest
dedicated to the study of dragons.

166 CALSIMEER
Dragons. Truly?

167 CLAW
Truly, dragons. Magnificent
creatures.
(dreamy in thought)

168 I love a tome as much as any
scholar, but I've always wanted to
experience the *splendor* of the
world on my own terms, and not
those of the stodgy Elders. I was
raised to shun other species, can
you believe it? When the Empire
encouraged us to disperse, I did so
gladly.

They stop in front of CHAN GUILD HOUSE #4.

Claw checks the number on the key and find they match, mounts
the stairs and tests it. *CLICK!*

INSIDE CHAN GUILD HOUSE #4

It's country comfort clean with all the bare essentials
required.

A fire burns warmly in the hearth with a four poster feather
bed in the corner, its linens turned down.

ON KITCHEN TABLE - a small fruit basket and two bottles of
wine with a small note that reads: "Why fall asleep when you
can fall in love".

Claw opens a bottle and pours a deep burgundy into goblets.

They hand one to Cal.

169 CLAW (CONT'D)
What is your Calatan Thatalo?

Cal sits on a well-used leather chair by the hearth, closes
his eyes, nose over goblet drinking in the wine notes.

170 CALSIMEER
Growing up is difficult for any
child. A child misunderstood is
punishing. How do I put this? I
was not always in this form.
(MORE)

CALSIMEER (CONT'D)

I was painfully not the gender I
wished to be.

CLAW

171 You humans and this obsession with
binary gender.

CALSIMEER

172 My parents did not understand this
of course. Rather than frustrate
them further, I went abroad to seek
my fortune. Eventually my travels
brought me to the man who would
become my mentor: Scheherazade. It
did not take long for him to notice
that I wasn't comfortable being
myself. He took me under his wing
and together with divinity
Dionysus, they crafted a spell that
would permanently change my form...
AND IT WORKED.

CLAW

173 Your form is certainly divine from
where I stand.

They both laugh.

CLAW (CONT'D)

174 Are you bragging?
(lasciviously)
175 Or are you truly packing a bespoke
blessing of Dionysus down there?

CALSIMEER

176 I'll show you mine if you show me
yours.

Claw steps closer to the fire, muttering a Druidic charm--

THE FIRE extinguish, plunging the room into darkness.

CLAW (O.S.)

177 Praise Dionysus, indeed!

Scene 9 EXT. HIVE HAVEN - ESTABLISHING

Beyond Gravers Dig's north gates the flat plains turn to
hills and eventually the sea.

HIVE HAVEN is a tiny one-family plot with a HONEY COMB YELLOW
DOOR.

A couple of giant Bees buzz slowly around even larger, tree size sunflowers that picket the farms perimeter.

More of the giant bumbles buzz up and down the sea cliffs where their hive is hidden in sea caves.

Scene 10 EXT. HONEY HOLE - AFTERNOON

Pansy rocks nervously on her heels as she raps soundly on the honey comb shaped yellow door.

The Honey Hole door opens, revealing TOFU, the patriarch of the family. Basic and fundamental dressed in knee-length trousers and a yellow tunic.

TOFU

178 A distant relative, I'm sure ye be,
as we don't get visitors in these
parts often.

(steps back)

179 Come in lassie.

PANSY

180 I'm Pansy. Aggee gave me your
name. I've come to talk Flying
Circus business.

TOFU

181 Join us. We're just having
afternoon tea.

DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pansy sits at a FEAST LADEN table, packed in with fifteen tiny souls, (men, women, children, grans and elder grans).

A few matriarchs dart about like busy bees, delivering food and drink.

PANSY

182 It smells so good.

TOFU

183 Eat. Drink. Halflings unite in
food and fellowship.

For the next little while, Pansy feasts like a starving beggar on the bounty of Tofu's pantry.

TOFU (CONT'D)

184 So Pansy, what is your story?

185 PANSY
I'm with the Ballbarians, we just
finished the hunt.

186 TOFU
Smashed the record from what I
hear.

187 PANSY
We're throwing a celebration party
tonight in the Arena and wanted to
hire your troop.

One of the young halflings squeals with delight and others perk up. Tofu, however, remains stoic.

188 TOFU
I don't know if I could find
anybody on such short notice.

The energy in the room deflates like a limp balloon.

189 TOFU (CONT'D)
Still.

The balloon expands as eager hands shoot up to volunteer.

190 TOFU (CONT'D)
We are professionally trained
acrobats and what we do is not
without risk. Such entertainment
does not come cheap.

191 PANSY
I have one-thousand torts.

The room goes silent as all eyes shift to Tofu.

192 TOFU
For a thousand torts, we will bee-
dazzle the senses and bee-witch the
soul.

193 PANSY
Do I get to ride the bees?

Scene 11 EXT. GRAVERS DIG - ARENA - EVENING

Revelers flood through the main gate, open wide as barkers call everyone to celebration.

THE BAR, stocked with enough ale and spirits to drown a whale, is open and doing brisk business. Drinks flow fast as people are ravenous to get liquored and get their groove on.

MASTER and his pack of mutts, finish erecting a BONFIRE MONUMENT TO THE GODS.

He tosses a TORCH into a pool of oil at its base officially kickstarting the party.

A troop of troubadours, armed with lutes, recorders, and drums, play lively tunes prompting dancers to mingle.

OUR HEROES - Armando, Calsimeer, Claw, Pansy, and Torgrum, sit in plush velvet chairs in a VIP section, protected by large Arushan bouncers.

AGGEE

194 Did I not promise the greatest party ever.

CLAW

195 You delivered the goods.

Pansy shoots to her feet, pointing skyward.

PANSY

196 The bees are here.

Eyes quickly shift, following the finger.

A LONE BEE slowly rises up barely visible over the outer wall. It hovers for a beat and then drops out of sight.

The bee appears again, rising, this time... a pair.

Halflings climb from a hidden position under their bees onto saddles.

The Troubadours fiddle and rap a FAST PACED jaunty song.

The acrobats *stand* on their saddles as more acrobats climb from underneath and shoulder mount. And then more, and more, foot to shoulder until--

PANSY (CONT'D)

197 It's a pyramid scheme.

Indeed. The acrobats form a tri-level pyramid, ten halflings in all, suspended on two bees.

They hold for the applause and then the two bees holding up the pyramid, peel off, dropping the halflings tumbling.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

Love is more than just a game for
two; Two in love can make it, take
my heart and please don't break it;
Love was made for me and you.

Hajra leaps off the balcony--

FLIES -- slowly, drifting gracefully like a butterfly, lands
in front of Armando, so that he's singing directly to her.

She sways to the music, following along mouthing the words.

When Armando finishes, Hajra sweeps him into her arms and
they dance, pirouetting around the bonfire, as the musicians
pick up Armando's tune.

LATER THAT EVENING -- when everyone is, how does Calsimeer
say it? *"Like, very inebriated"*

Master marches solemnly across the arena floor.

ON MASTER -- He approaches a large BRASS GONG on the north
end of the arena. He swings a hammer three times.

GONG! GONG! G-O-N-G!

Scathach and Hajra appear on a high balcony, a nobles luxury
box at the northern end of the Arena.

SCATHACH

201 **S I L E N C E !**

A SILENCE SPELL radiates the Arena reducing it to gentle
peace--even the raging bonfire burns quiet.

Scathach waits, scans the arena, awkward silence building.

SCATHACH (CONT'D)

202 This place, Gravers Dig, is
 hallowed ground. Consecrated
 hunting grounds. No longer will
 dwarves or outsiders control us.
 Who has given us this freedom?

 (beat)

203 Brighthwyna, the Mistress of the
 Hunt.

BRIGHTHWYNA moves out of shadows on to the balcony.

The Fomorian demigoddess is tall with a wild primordial
beauty; her eyes shine luscious green, pools of quiet storm;
her sleek body moves with the grace of a stag, wrapped in hip
hugging bark, leaves, and soft forest loam; topping her regal
brow arcs a graceful red deer antler crown.

She looks at the upturned faces, like a loving mother enjoying her brood.

BRIGTHWYNA

204 Welcome my children. Tonight, we gather to celebrate the record-breaking Ballbarians performance. Not only did they achieve the biggest score in hunt history. They did it in record time.

The crowd nods, some clap, most remain enraptured.

BRIGTHWYNA (CONT'D)

205 I'll keep this short, for tonight is a hunt celebration. Well done, Ballbarians. I welcome you into my pack.

The Ballbarians stand as the revelers applaud.

BRIGTHWYNA (CONT'D)

206 I have one, special announcement. It has been too long since I've last lead a hunt. Therefore, in five days, I intend to do exactly that. Send forth messengers, by horse, by gekkon, by gnubble. Tell your friends, your family, colleagues and fellow citizens, tell anyone who will listen that I, Brighthwyna, divine Mistress of the Hunt is embarking on a primal chase that hasn't been witnessed since before the reign of the tyrant Kordaava cursed these lands.

Pandamonium and riotous cheers erupts on the arena floor to Brighthwyna adulation.

BRIGTHWYNA (CONT'D)

207 And the grand prize?

She snaps a finger and a dwarf wearing blazon mithril plate magically appears next to her.

BRIGTHWYNA (CONT'D)

208 This set of fine mithril plate will be the reward to whoever stands with me, *to the end.*

Master's PACK OF DOGS HOWL -- eerie soul rending howls.