

The Elder Scrolls: Skyrim - Dragonborn

By Glenn Chrispeels

Based on The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim, by Bethesda Softworks

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PROLOGUE - EXT. KYNESGROVE/NIGHT

The night is dark and rainy. From afar, we can see the small town of Kynesgrove, just South of Windhelm - the Stormcloak capital. The starry sky is reflected in a big puddle, only to be fiercely disturbed by the gallop of a horse.

CUT TO KYNESGROVE TAVERN

A few bards in the corner of the tavern play 'A chance meeting'. Stormcloak soldiers and civilians sit at the tables, bragging and joking. At the bar, a Nord male -unshaven, long brown hair covering his face, scar under his left eye- drinks from his mead. He wears battered armor and still has some wounds with dried blood on them. A steel sword is strapped to his back, a dagger to his waist.

CIVILIAN 1

These Imperial bastards are getting too close for comfort, Gervan. I don't like the fact we haven't heard from Ulfric since he left for Solitude.

CIVILIAN 2

He is our True High King, Valerius. A proud and fierce warrior. He cannot be defeated by that so called "king" filling his days sitting a throne and writing amendments.

CIVILIAN 3

Besides, our army is far superior. Most of their soldiers are from Cyrodiil. They do not know these lands like we do; we are Nords, by Talos, born and raised in this land. We will not lose this war.

CIVILIAN 1

I hope so my friend...Toryyg is indeed no match for our great Jarl, but his guards aren't just mercenaries with a poking stick either. They may not know Skyrim like we do, but they're still a force to be reckoned with.

CIVILIAN 2

Let them come. I would like to see them try to overpower us. Don't forget that we have our own

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CIVILIAN 2 (cont'd)
army - Proud Sons of Skyrim, each
and every one of them willing to
die for our cause. If anything,
we're the force that needs
reckoning.

CIVILIAN 1
I hear you, Gervan. Though not all
of our men are shining examples of
vigour and virtue...

BANK TO STORMCLOAKS

SCS 1
You know anything about that troll
attack in Falkreath?

SCS 2
Yeah. For what I've heard, only a
few lived to tell the tale.

SCS 3
My cousin told me how he saw three
trolls raging through the woods
while he was travelling from
Rorikstead to Whiterun. Went to
visit his mother. Apparently she
got struck by Rattles. Poor woman.

SCS 1
Are you sure your cousin didn't
drink too much mead? You know
trolls hardly ever travel, let
alone in groups.

SCS 2
Aren't you the lads that were sent
to scout the area?

SCS 2 nods to his brethren.

SCS 4
We are, brother. Our orders were to
head for Falkreath and secure the
village, if attacked or in danger.
But when we arrived, the woods were
silent and the smell of death led
us to the center of the town. We
found houses destroyed and most of
the villagers killed. We spoke to
one of the survivors, a child, who
had hidden himself in a barrel next
to his house. He's the lucky one.

(CONTINUED)

SCS 1

Sounds like a nice little bedtime story. But can you get to the point? These trolls didn't kill themselves.

While the soldiers tells his story, we see the action through incoherent flashbacks.

SCS 5

By Talos, shut up and listen. The boy spoke of how three trolls came raging towards the village out of nowhere. His mom and dad had told him to hide in the barrels next to the house until it was over. The beasts went on a killing spree until suddenly, the boy heard what seemed to be a scream coming from one of the monsters. Then he went on to describe a sword cutting through butter, followed by an even louder scream. Finally, the kid heard, as he put it, a howling wind and few seconds later, nothing. The village was once again as quiet as it had been in the morning.

SCS 3

And what of the man wielding the blade? This hero? I doubt anyone would risk his own life in sole purpose to save others and then just leave without asking for coin?

SCS 4

The boy only heard the screams of the trolls. When he came out of the barrel a few minutes later, the man was already gone. Two trolls laid dead, with gaping wounds inflicted by a blade. The third one apparently tried to escape, but was caught by an arrow through the back of its head. So before we knew it, Haki and I were dragging troll bodies out to the woods. The smell still lingers in my nose.

The soldiers turn their attention towards the bar.

SCS 4

Speaking of which - you there! How did you come by those wounds? I can smell you from across the room!

OVER-THE-SHOULDER LOOK OF DRAGONBORN'S LEFT EYE AND SCAR.

DRAGONBORN remains silent.

SCS 1

Are you deaf, my man, because that sounds like a question?

DRAGONBORN does not move or talk. He sips from his mead. SCS 2 approaches and puts his hand on DRAGONBORN'S shoulder.

SCS 2

My comrade asked you a question son, better not to ignore him. He's got quite the temper.

DRAGONBORN slightly turns his head towards SCS 2.

SCS 1

That's it. I will make him talk.

The tavern door gets kicked open brutally. 4 patrols of Imperials enter.

IMPERIAL 1

Allright you Stormcloak scum, lay down your weapons and come with us. Nobody needs to get hurt if you cooperate.

SCS 2

Do we look like orcs to you, friend? Everybody here knows what you Imperials will do to us and I assure you, I will not be meeting Ysgramor today.

IMPERIAL 1

I take it that's your final answer?

SCS 1

Victory, or Sovngarde!

IMPERIAL 1

I was hoping you would say that.

(CONTINUED)

The tavern, right in the middle of Stormcloak territory, turns into a small battlefield. Our hero manages to stay out of sight for a moment, until one of the Imperial soldiers mistakes him for a Stormcloak hireling and attacks him from behind.

He blocks the attack with lightning fast reflexes. The young scout is no match for our hero and quickly finds himself on the ground. The Stormcloaks themselves discover that they are no match for the highly trained imperial squads and decide to surrender.

Our hero finds himself surrounded by a whole Imperial patrol. He fights like a wild animal without drawing his weapons and not killing anyone. Eventually he gets kicked in his back and falls to his knees. At that point, the leader of the squad enters the tavern.

LEADER

You there, stop messing around and state your business!

DRAGONBORN gives him a tired look.

LEADER

So be it.

The LEADER knocks him down with the butt of his warhammer.

FADE TO BLACK

AWAKE - EXT. ROAD TO HELGEN/LATE AFTERNOON

MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE. 3 HORSE CARRIAGES ON THE WAY TO HELGEN.

The DRAGONBORN wakes up in a prisoner convoy. Stripped of his armor and weapons - hands bound - and even more wounded and battered than he already was, he sits between two of the Stormcloaks from the tavern.

TITLE SCREEN

SCS 1

Shor's bones... where are they taking us?

SCS 2

I can see Bleak Falls Barrow from here. We must be travelling from Eastmarch to Whiterun hold.

(CONTINUED)

SCS 1

Isn't that neutral territory?

STRANGER

Some of it is. Last I heard,
Balgruuf didn't really get along
with Stormcloak.

SCS 2

So we're on our way to Imperial
territory then. Great.

SCS 1

Why would they come all the way
here? What are they going to do
with us ?

STRANGER

I can't read Imperial minds, but
one thing's for sure: Sovngarde
awaits.

SCS 1

Oh, no. They can't do this! Shor,
Mara, Dibella, Kynareth, Akatosh,
Divines, please help me!

The carriages reach the small, but heavily fortified town of Helgen. A few citizens wandering the road clear the path at the sight of the Imperial convoy. Once the carriages ride through the main street however, the town wakes up once again. The villagers peek out of their houses, and those with children tell them to get inside again as quickly as possible. The atmosphere is tense, and everybody but the DRAGONBORN appears visibly scared.

CHILD

Where are they taking those men,
daddy?

DAD

Get inside, son. You don't want to
see whatever they're going to do
with these poor sods.

SCS 2

Seems like they are taking us to
the block. Then again, how could I
expect any better from these
Imperials.

(CONTINUED)

STRANGER

I'm sort of attached to my head. I would appreciate if they left it in place.

SCS 1

This was not the plan when I left home, I'm too young to die !

SCS 2

Calm down. When you signed up for duty, you knew the risks. I, for one, am proud to die for the cause.

SCS 1

Yeah well, I didn't expect to face the gods so soon. I doubt Ulfric Stormcloak himself remembers why he started this war.

STRANGER

Then you shouldn't have signed up. I can't possibly win this conflict with cowards like you!

SCS 2

And who are you to speak in such manner?

ULFRIC

My name is Ulfric Stormcloak, Jarl of Windhelm and the true High King of Skyrim.

Everyone in the cart is visibly amazed. Even DRAGONBORN raises an eyebrow.

SCS 1

If they captured the leader of the rebellion, by Talos, what will they do to us ?

Silence ensues.

ULFRIC

And you, you haven't said anything since we left Eastmarch. What's your story?

DRAGONBORN does not answer.

(CONTINUED)

ULFRIC

Are you part of the rebellion?
Every Nord should fight for his
country and his God! The Empire
sold its very soul by signing the
White-Gold concordat, and by Talos,
I will not sit idle while all I
hold dear is being stripped away
from Skyrim!

SCS 2

(hesitantly)

Lord Stormcloak, did you manage to
defeat High King Toryyyg?

ULFRIC

Toryyyg was reluctant to get into a
fair fight with me, but at last he
honored the old ways and agreed. He
came to regret that decision. My
luck ran out shortly after, as I
got ambushed at Dragon Bridge
before I could make it back to
Windhelm, but my mission was
successful nonetheless.

ULFRIC's words fade with a slight breeze. Then, silence
again.

DRAGONBORN

That doesn't bode very well for us.

ULFRIC

Oh. So now you can talk, when your
head is about to be chopped off?

SCS 2

Sir, I mean no disrespect, but he
has got a point.

The convoy reaches the main square.

LEADER

Get out, all of you. And no sudden
moves. The first one to step out of
line won't even have to wait for
his turn.

SCS 1

Damn you, dogs! Is this how you
treat your prisoners? Have you got
no honor at all?

(CONTINUED)

LEADER

I assure you that we wouldn't have to do this under... different circumstances.

ULFRIC

I take full responsibility for my actions, Imperial. Leave my men out of it.

LEADER

Shut it, traitor, I will get to you in a moment. And you, you're not wearing the armor nor are you on my list. Do you follow this man in his rebellion?

DRAGONBORN

I don't care about this meaningless war of yours. I don't stand on either side.

ULFRIC

Any Nord who doesn't want to fight for his land is a disgrace to his kind!

LEADER

If you are not with us, nordling, then you are against us. You will face the block as well as this traitor. Some here in Helgen call you a hero, but a hero doesn't use a power like the Voice to murder his king and usurp his throne. You started this war, plunged Skyrim into chaos, and now the Empire is going to put you down and restore the peace.

IMPERIAL 1

Line up!

A priestess of Kynareth mumbles the last rites in the background. As the prisoners line up, the sound of colossal wings and a low, deep growl can be heard.

Nobody but the children pay much attention to it. And DRAGONBORN as well turns his gaze to the sky.

EXECUTIONER SHARPENING HIS WEAPON

The first one in line approaches the block. The EXECUTIONER grabs him by the neck and puts him into position.

(CONTINUED)

The head comes off with one powerful swing.

LEADER

Next, the Nord in the rags!

DRAGONBORN approaches the block with deafening silence. EXECUTIONER pushes him onto his knees. DB puts his head to rest on the block and closes his eyes.

CLOSE-UP ON DRAGONBORN

Only the sound of DRAGONBORN's heartbeat can be heard. Then the upwards swing of the EXECUTIONER's axe.

The heartbeat stops.

DRAGONBORN OPENS HIS EYES

DRAGONBORN rolls sideways and avoids the lethal swing. He grabs it. He smashes the EXECUTIONER's head with the butt of the axe. He cuts his handcuffs on the sharp end.

He overpowers two Imperials trying to constrain him, as if they are nothing. The Stormcloaks start cheering.

BANK TO THE SKY

A colossal growl shakes the village.

IMPERIAL 1

What in Oblivion was that?

A bronze dragon appears and starts attacking the village. DRAGONBORN sees his opportunity to escape.

He makes his way through panicking villagers. He enters the watchtower. He runs up the stairs. Then a fireball busts through the wall, knocking DRAGONBORN back.

VIEW THROUGH THE HOLE, THE DRAGON SPITS FIRE AND DESTRUCTION

He recovers and jumps through the hole onto a roof. He lands badly and slides down and crashes into an alley. Three Imperials hide for their lives in said alley. DRAGONBORN runs out of the alley, heading for the keep.

He evades fire and debris crashing down around him. Eventually he busts through the door to the keep. He collects a sword and Imperial light armor. He makes for a large corridor and starts running again.

An explosion collapses the roof and wall: DRAGONBORN gets thrown back and loses consciousness.

(CONTINUED)

FADES TO BLACK

When he wakes up, night has fallen. He exits through the hole. He walks through the destroyed village with a grimace. One man is still breathing: ULFRIC, sitting with his back against a wall and a heavy wooden beam on his leg.

ULFRIC

(some incomprehensible
mumbling)

Unbelievable. First I manage to escape about every guard in the Imperial capital. Next, my head is one second away from being cut off and then, a dragon appears and destroys this village leaving every single one but me dead.

DRAGONBORN

Don't give yourself too much credit for that.

ULFRIC

(sighs)

Of course. By Talos, the entire town gets blown to hell and the only one to walk away from it is this simpleton?

DRAGONBORN

(lifts wooden beam, helps
ULFRIC up)

I could just 'forget' to help you as well, you know.

ULFRIC

Yes yes, thanks bunches. Perhaps you could elaborate on what in the blazes put us in this predicament in the first place?

DRAGONBORN

Something I thought to exist only in legends.

ULFRIC

Legends don't burn down villages.

DRAGONBORN

Hard to argue with that. Enough bantering around Stormcloak, we need to move before it comes back to finish the job.

(CONTINUED)

ULFRIC

Argh, you're right. I need to head for Windhelm immediately. This dragon is the least of my concerns at the moment. Are you willing to join my cause now, then? Or is your outfit any indication?

DRAGONBORN

No, and no. And although I may not support everything you do, I know the people of Skyrim need you. You're as much a symbol as Talos himself. But this is where we part ways.

DRAGONBORN walks away.

ULFRIC

Stranger! I didn't get your name!

DRAGONBORN

Neither did I. Until we meet again, Ulfric.

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT, OVERLOOKING THE DESTROYED AREA.

FADE TO NEXT SCENE

THE MOUNTAIN - EXT. MOUNTAINSLOPE/EARLY MORNING

DRAGONBORN SCALING A MOUNTAIN. THE MORNING SUN RISES.

Wounded and tired, DRAGONBORN slowly makes his way to the peak of the mountain separating Helgen and Whiterun. He decides to sit on rock and admire the view.

MOUNTAIN RANGE-SMOKE STILL HANGING OVER HELGEN

Suddenly, he hears the rustling of snow and branches. A pair of blue eyes is staring at him from underneath a bush: a snow fox.

DRAGONBORN

I'm awfully hungry little guy.
Don't push your luck.

He gets up and climbs further. Fortunately, he finds a spring of water right below the peak. He gladly runs towards it and drinks. He also washes his face.

Then he climbs the last few feet up.

WHITERUN IN THE DISTANCE. MAGNIFICENT VIEW.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Now that's a view to a kill. Ah, there's Whiterun. I'd better inform the Jarl there's a dragon roaming about.

DRAGONBORN starts his descent. He jumps crevices, slides down slopes, etc. Halfway down, a plain riddled with goat corpses draws attention.

DRAGONBORN

Giant's camp. Owner probably went to fetch breakfast.... Let's risk it.

He makes for a large wooden chest standing underneath a big rock. He pulls a bobby pin out of his boot and fiddles with the lock.

DRAGONBORN

Let's see if I still got this.

The chest opens. It contains bread and a dagger. He takes a bite from the bread and straps the dagger to his waist.

DRAGONBORN

Remarkably fresh... giant must have collected this not long ago.

He then notices a body with battered armor lying further.

DRAGONBORN

I guess that clarifies the bread. What was he even doing this high up?

DRAGONBORN puts on the armor.

SCENERY IN BACKGROUND, BIG BLURRED SHAPE BLOCKING VIEW

The shape reveals itself to be the giant. It grunts angrily.

DRAGONBORN

Crap. Overstayed my welcome.

DRAGONBORN draws his sword.

The Giant charges and strikes a fierce blow, DRAGONBORN dodges. He lunges at its legs. The Giant becomes reckless. It swings its club around making it very difficult to dodge. DRAGONBORN times it just right and rolls through its legs, quickly stabbing it in the knee.

(CONTINUED)

The Giant roars furiously and charges. DRAGONBORN rolls sideways and deeply cuts its arm. The Giant drops its club.

The Giant leaps at him and they slide down the mountain, towards the treeline. DRAGONBORN is held by an iron grip, though he draws his dagger and stabs the Giant in the neck and shoulder repeatedly.

They ski-jump off off a 15 foot cliff. Both are dazed yet the Giant recovers first. It rips out a tree. DRAGONBORN comes to and searches for his opponent. Meanwhile the Giant prepares to deliver the final blow. DRAGONBORN can't get away in time.

A razor sharp arrow hits the giant in the head. It collapses. A woman, dressed like a savage hunter, appears with her bow drawn.

AELA

It's unwise to steal from a giant, stranger. As you can see, they don't like those who try to take what they have collected.

DRAGONBORN

(getting on his feet)

I was in need of breakfast and a decent piece of armor. I found this at its camp and took it from a Nord who apparently met the same fate as I would have, hadn't you shown up.

AELA

So you decided to sneak in, take the armor and leave, just like that? By the divines ... I thought the giant was the one with a peabrain.

DRAGONBORN

Desperate times call for desperate measures. Either way, I'm in your debt. Thanks for the help. And who is it exactly I should be thanking?

AELA

The name's Aela. I'm the expert archer from the Companions, the fiercest band of warriors in all of Skyrim. Although I'm currently hunting boar and elk. But don't thank me just yet, stranger. What is your purpose here?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

I'm on my way to Dragonsreach. The jarl needs to hear what I have to say.

AELA

Whiterun is sealed because of the mysterious attack in Helgen yesterday. I heard the entire village lies in ruins! No one gets in or out. So why exactly do you think Balgruuf would listen to you?

DRAGONBORN

Because I was at Helgen. I survived the attack as you call it.

AELA

(surprised)

Then there's no time to waste. We must depart for Whiterun immediately. You can fill me in on the details along the way.

DRAGONBORN

(hesitant)

It's a... long story.

AELA

It's a long walk.

WHITERUN - EXT/INT. WHITERUN/MIDDAY

The duo travels along the main road to Whiterun. Aela has got her stallion in hand, while Dragonborn tells her about recent events.

DRAGONBORN

... And that's why the Jarl needs to be informed of this. Whiterun and the surrounding cities are in great danger if that menace is still wandering around here somewhere.

AELA

Shor's bones... A dragon in Skyrim? Those beasts haven't been seen in hundreds of years!

DRAGONBORN

Exactly. I don't know if this one is alone or not. For all I know, it

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN (cont'd)
could have been in hiding. Or maybe
it's a survivor from the Dragon
War.

AELA
I doubt it. The Blades killed most
of the dragons. The few that
weren't surely didn't stick around
in Skyrim.

DRAGONBORN
Whatever happens, this needs to be
brought to the Jarl's attention.
Innocent lives are at stake.

AELA
Yeah, about that... I believe you
may need to refresh yourself if you
are to approach him. The Jarl is
proud warrior himself, but you
might look a little too much like a
bandit.

DRAGONBORN
(smiling)
Look who's talking. On a serious
note, I don't think there's time
for that. We should hurry.

The two reach the Gate to Whiterun. A guard approaches them.

GUARD
Halt! Hand in your weapons and
state your business!

AELA
Lokir, you dim-witted fool. Don't
you recognize me?

GUARD
Apologies, lady Aela. I don't
usually see you hunt with an
associate.

AELA
He's with me. Have the Jarl
informed that the city is in
danger. My... associate needs to
see him immediately.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

Of course. Right away, m'lady. You, come with me.

AELA

Come see me at Jorrvaskr when you're done.

DRAGONBORN

Thanks Aela. Impressive shooting, by the way.

AELA

(smiles)

Oh, please.

DRAGONBORN and Lokir the GUARD enter Whiterun. The city is full of life and as they approach the great marketplace blacksmiths, jewelers and other merchants from all over Tamriel can be heard praising their wares.

KHAJIITMERCH

Come and see, Flawless rubies from the deserts of Hammerfell! Diamonds from the mountains of Morrowind!

DARKELFMERCH

The finest textiles you can find, now for just 15 septims each!

BRETONMERCH

The latest fashion, imported straight from the Imperial city! Come, come!

ADRIANNEAVENICCI

The finest steel in all of Skyrim, made right here in Whiterun!

The GUARD Lokir leads him to the base of a great stairs, which leads up to the Jarl's palace, Dragonsreach. The DRAGONBORN is amazed by the size of it all, and the GUARD decides to give him a history lesson while they make their way up.

GUARD

This is Dragonsreach, stranger. The Jarl's palace. It is said that Olaf One-eye, High King of Skyrim in the First Era, held a dragon in captivity here. Numinex.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Dragons have names?

GUARD

Of course. It is rumoured their name holds some kind of power. But I'm just a guard, not a master of the Voice. Say, what's so important that the Jarl himself must know about it?

DRAGONBORN

Well, let's just say one of Numinex' brothers caused a bit of a stir around Helgen.

GUARD

What in the name of Talos' hairy...

DRAGONBORN

(quickly)

Thanks for the history lesson, Lokir.

DRAGONBORN enters the palace of Dragonsreach. He revels in the majestic sight of the great hall, with pillars of the finest wood finely engraved with tiny dragons. In the back of the hall, the jarl sits on his throne, directly under a huge skull: The head of Numinex. Jarl BALGRUUF is talking to his STEWARD on his left; on his right there is an empty chair. DB proceeds towards the throne, but two members of the companions, the warriors guarding the Jarl, approach him: FARKAS and VILKAS, twin brothers.

VILKAS

(haughty)

Hold it right there, stranger. The Jarl is in the middle of some very important business.

DRAGONBORN

I'm sure that what I have to say will get his attention in an instant. And I'm not just some stranger.

VILKAS

I would consider dropping that tone of yours, stranger. The last one who talked to me like that didn't get very far in life.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

And I'm not in the mood for games,
watchdog.

FARKAS

(interrupts)

That's enough. Back off, or you'll
have a serious fight on your hands.

BALGRUUF

What's going on back there? Can't
you see I'm kind of in the middle
of something?

VILKAS

Apologies my lord. This man was
about to leave.

DRAGONBORN

(shoves the twins aside)

My lord, forgive me for
interrupting. I have news from the
massacre at Helgen!

VILKAS tries to restrain DRAGONBORN.

BALGRUUF

Let him go, Vilkas! What are you
talking about? How is it I haven't
heard anything about your presence
earlier?

DRAGONBORN

Because I've only just arrived, I
was there! You might find this hard
to believe, my lord... but Helgen
was attacked by a Dragon.

The entirety of the Jarl's court is shocked, whereas some
start laughing. Including the Jarl's STEWARD.

STEWARD

Oh please. Have this man removed
from the palace, Farkas. Looks like
we got ourselves another skooma
addict.

BALGRUUF

Let him speak, Avenicci! What did
you say?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

A dragon, sir. It destroyed Helgen and the surrounding area. The beast came out of nowhere. Both the Stormcloaks and the Imperials failed to put an end to the menace.

BALGRUUF

And you? You look like a capable warrior that can do a fair amount of damage. Did you run away, while it was your duty to fight and protect citizens of Skyrim?

DRAGONBORN

If the Imperials hadn't tied me up, I would have been able to do... something at least.

BALGRUUF

So. A fugitive from the Empire. You're the last thing I need in my city.

DRAGONBORN

I assure you my lord, I was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

BALGRUUF

You do realize I can't let bygones be bygones. I cannot hold a fugitive in my city, not in this time of war! I don't even know your name!

Lokir the GUARD storms inside, with AELA in tow.

GUARD

A dragon, a real, living, breathing dragon! It was huge, but it flew so fast I could barely even see it!

BALGRUUF

Calm yourself man! Are you absolutely sure about what you saw?

GUARD

As certain as I was before jumping in that icy pool in Winterhold sir! Although I must admit that wasn't the smartest thing I've done in my life.

(CONTINUED)

BALGRUUF

Get to the point, Lokir. Where was this ... dragon headed?

GUARD

Last I saw it headed for the Western watchtower, my lord!

BALGRUUF

Allright, alright. Lokir, inform Kodlak Whitemane: I will be needing his council. You, stranger. You seem to be an expert on the matter at hand. Investigate this talk about dragons. Aela, Vilkas and Farkas: you shall accompany him.

While the jarl carries out his orders DRAGONBORN tries to interrupt, but doesn't.

DRAGONBORN

Excuse me, did you say I have to kill that thing?

BALGRUUF

I don't think I did. I very clearly stated you are to investigate. However, I will not allow a fugitive to undermine my authority. You will do as I say. Vilkas, you are to restrain this man should he make any attempt to escape.

VILKAS

Certainly, my lord. Gladly.

DRAGONBORN

I beg your pardon, but I think I will at least need a better sword if I am to fight a dragon.

BALGRUUF

By the nine. Fine, fine, take my sword. I do expect you to return it. It's probably worth more than you are. Avenicci, I said he could take my sword. This beast will taste skyforge steel if it thinks it can enter my hold and slaughter its inhabitants.

Avenicci the STEWARD reluctantly takes the sword leaning against the throne, and gives it to the DRAGONBORN.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

My Jarl, I suggest we get a move on. Let me handle this. I will take these three and make for the watchtower. You, come with me at once.

DRAGONBORN

This is not how I imagined spending the day.

The four leave the palace, with AELA up front. They open the doors and walk towards the camera.

MIRMULNIR - EXT. WHITERUN/PLAINS OF WHITERUN/MIDDAY

They backtrack through the marketplace. The atmosphere has changed remarkably: the merchants have gone silent and everyone keeps a close eye on their would-be saviors.

FARKAS

I can hardly believe it. Surely Lokir must be talking about a big bird or something.

DRAGONBORN

Not a chance. I only hope it's the same dragon that attacked Helgen. If anything, I got a score to settle with that bastard. Or die trying, at least.

VILKAS

I suggest you stay behind us. I doubt a lowly prisoner such as yourself can best a monster like that.

DRAGONBORN

We'll see about that. Besides, your sword arm must be getting rusty if you fill your days being the Jarl's lapdog.

FARKAS

Will you two please shut the hell up? We've got more important matters to discuss. Like, how in the world are we going to kill a dragon?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

We'll figure it out as we go along.
None of us know what we're up
against.

They start running. They rush through the city gates, and Lokir the GUARD quickly wishes them "Good luck."

The tower is on fire and the smoke can be seen all the way across the plains. Once they get close to the watchtower, they hide behind a big rock and discuss tactics.

FARKAS

Right. Looks clear to me. Put out
the fire and we're done for the
day.

VILKAS

Come on brother, this is our shot
at glory! Tales will be sung about
us in Sovngarde! Imagine the honor
that would come with killing a
dragon! *last three words spoken
with distinct pauses in between*

DRAGONBORN

Don't mean to interrupt, but
shouldn't we be looking for
survivors? There's lives at stake
and you're bickering about your
legacy.

AELA

He's right. You two stay here and
keep an eye out for the beast.

VILKAS

No way Aela. I have to keep an eye
on this vagrant.

AELA

By the eight! I'll do it in your
stead.

While the three others are arguing, DRAGONBORN quietly sneaks away and rushes into the flames. He can barely see there's smoke is all over the place. The ground is full of bricks and ashes.

There is no one to be seen on the ground floor, so he takes the winding stairs up. As he reaches the third floor, he hears a faint beg for help.

(CONTINUED)

SURVIVOR

By the gods, someone help!

The hero rushes up another stairs. The smoke clears for the most part. Up above, a guard is lying face down with rubble all over him. DRAGONBORN removes all the rubble lying on the man.

SURVIVOR

Oomph, thank you!

DRAGONBORN

Are there any more survivors?

SURVIVOR

I... I don't know. Last I remember is a deep voice speaking in some weird language I didn't understand... Next thing I know I got some piece o' wood lying on me back. It's all a little fuzzy.

DRAGONBORN

Best stay here and recover. And while you're at it, make sure the fire doesn't become a concern.

SURVIVOR

Words of wisdom, those.

Suddenly, sounds of battle can be heard outside. The battlecries of the three Companions fill the area. DB ascends to the final floor, the top of the tower.

DRAGONBORN

(to the SURVIVOR)

Keep your head down!

Once he's reached the peak of the tower, the DB stops and stares at the magnificent view of the city for a moment. The Throat of the World makes for an awesome background. When he turns around to look at the plains on the other side, a massive green dragon just barely misses him: It attempts to grab the DB, much like an eagle would pick up it's prey.

He dodges and notices a dead guard carrying a longbow and some arrows. He runs for it. Looking over the edge of the tower, the three Companions can be seen firing arrows at the beast.

DRAGONBORN

This poor bastard won't be needing it anymore.

(CONTINUED)

He equips the bow. The dragon makes a big circle. Using its wings to the fullest, it rushes towards the tower. Right before the dragon reaches him, DB manages to fire the arrow into the beast's neck. The arrow deflects on its thick scales. It flies overhead again, making a deafening noise as it passes.

DRAGONBORN

Aela! Attract its attention, it
mustn't reach the city!

AELA

What are you doing up there? I
thought you ran! Get down here and
help us!

The ground team fires arrows continuously, but the dragon is heading straight for the city in the distance.

DRAGONBORN

(firing a useless arrow)
No... gods damn it, no! Come back
here you abortive lizard, it's me
you want!

The dragon, although almost over the city at this point, turns around and makes for the tower again. It roars, and breathes a huge ball of fire hitting the tower right in the center. It starts to crumble.

DRAGONBORN

That worked? Well, that's not good.
Guess it's time for me to fly.

Our hero crouches, aims carefully, and waits for a shot. The dragon screams and starts flying faster.

DRAGONBORN

Come on, come closer...

And when it is so close you can count the teeth in its half-open mouth...

DRAGONBORN

Third time's a charm.

The camera focuses on the arrow. It leaves the bow with a tremendous velocity and it's heading straight for the dragon's eye. The dragon gets hit in the left eye, obviously knocking it out of balance. The dragon crashes into the side of the tower: the dragon goes straight through and tears it in half.

(CONTINUED)

The DRAGONBORN hopelessly tries to keep his balance, but eventually he has to go down with the top of his tower. Both the dragon and the tower crash down with a terrible noise.

DRAGONBORN jumps off, but makes a hard landing. The guard he rescued earlier climbs out of the rubble a few yards further, miraculously surviving the blow.

FARKAS

By the gods man, are you insane?

FARKAS helps DRAGONBORN up.

DRAGONBORN

I took my chances. Didn't think that far ahead.

FARKAS

Might want to consider doing that anyway. You'll live live longer.

DRAGONBORN

Thanks for the advice.

The dragon is down, but not out. It's had enough of flying, so the battle continues on the ground. Vilkas and Aela are the closest to it, and they manage to grab its attention.

MIRMULNIR

FO KRAH DIIN!

A huge wave of icy power emerges from the dragon's mouth: VILKAS takes the full blow, and gets thrown back several yards.

FARKAS

Vilkas! That's my brother, you piece of crap!

FARKAS charges at the dragon, drawing his steel greatsword. He lunges at the dragon's left wing with all his might, but the dragon jumps aside, dodging him with unexpected agility.

FARKAS

Impossible!

The dragon kicks him aside with his wing like he was an annoying bug. When AELA draws her bow, attempting to take the shot, DRAGONBORN does what he was born to do.

DRAGONBORN

No! Aela, don't even try to hit him! Its scales are too strong!

(CONTINUED)

He draws his sword, and charges at the beast. Since it has turned its back on the DB, he climbs up along the dragon's tail: he runs over its back, trying to maintain his balance, but the dragon twists furiously and shakes him off.

DRAGONBORN falls off, but he kept his balance. He swings his sword into its neck and makes a severely deep cut, right through the beast's armor.

AELA

Ysgramor's beard...

Now he has the beast's attention. The dragon attempts to bite him several times, but DRAGONBORN is way too fast: he dodges all of the attacks. He swings his sword right into the dragon's jaw, and catches it completely off guard.

The dragon's head gets thrown to his left by the power of the swing. It jumps away from our hero, roaring. Now, it attempts to take off. It leaps towards DB.

But the hero rolls to the side and readies his blade: aiming at the joint between the dragon's body and its left wing. He ducks and strikes with all his might and the top bone keeping the wing attached gets cut off clean.

The dragon screams in agony and slides further on its belly. It needs to recover from the damage. The DRAGONBORN realizes this is his chance and he runs after it. He jumps on the back of the dragon again, preparing to deliver the final blow: he sprints towards its head, jumps, and plants his sword right into the back of the dragon's skull.

MIRMULNIR delivers one more thundering roar, before resting his head and accepting his fate.

AELA

I can't believe it. You actually did it. You killed a dragon, all by yourself!

DRAGONBORN

This sword came in handy though. Never thought I could cut through that thing...

VILKAS

What you did here today was beyond imagination, stranger. As far as I know, only a few men were able to best a fully grown dragon single-handedly ... But that's not possible. You can't be.

FARKAS

Why not, Vilkas? It almost makes sense. Exactly on this day, when a dragon appears out of nowhere, a man like him shows up.

DRAGONBORN

What are you talking about?

All of a sudden, the dragon starts burning. The flesh is freeing itself of off its skeleton. Dragonborn absorbs the very soul of the dragon, and when all its skin has disappeared, all that's left is its carcass, still having a goldy shine.

FARKAS

By the nine...

As the dragon's soul merges with the hero his eyes start glowing in the brightest blue, and space and time seem to blend together.

He enters a dragon's point of view. He's flying over the vast land of Skyrim. To his left, the Throat of the world. To his right, the town of Helgen, and Riverwood a bit further down the road. He notices an old woman staring in his direction. She does not appear to know if she's dreaming or not. He can hear himself speak:

ALDUIN

Sahlo Joore. (Puny mortals.) I could crush them in the blink of an eye.

He flies onwards to Kynesgrove, to the ancient burial mound of Sahloknir. He dives, and gets extremely close to the ground. He makes some risky maneuvers around a forest, then ascends lightning quick when he's about to hit a massive cliff. He keeps on climbing, until he is above the clouds. He releases a massive roar, hearable across all of Skyrim. He folds his wings and dives once again, like a shell down its barrel. When he is under the clouds again, the town of Kynesgrove is directly below him. All townspeople run towards their houses, panicking and screaming. He laughs demonically. He lands on a huge ridge, overlooking the tomb of Sahloknir. The impacts of his landing can best be described as a small earthquake.

ALDUIN

Sahloknir, ziil gro dovah ulse!
(Sahloknir, your soul is forever bound to me for eternity!) SLEN
TIID VO!

(CONTINUED)

When the dragonborn absorbed Mirmulnir's souls, he stripped the very flesh of its bones. Now, exactly the opposite seems to be happening: the burial mound is ripped open, and a dragon's skeleton appears. It's moving, and still very much alive. From the Dragonborns point of view (through the eyes of ALDUIN) a huge power connection is established between the skeleton and himself. The skeleton starts to shine, in the brightest gold: dragon scales and flesh appear magically and literally reforge the dragon. When it has regained its long lost form, it speaks.

SAHLOKNIR

Alduin, thuri! Boaan tiid vokriiha suleyksejun kruziik? (Alduin, my overlord! An age past, did you not destroy the power of the ancient kings?)

ALDUIN

Geh, Sahloknir, kaali mir. (Yes, Sahloknir, my trusted ally.) **Bo nu, fahdon. Krii daar joorre.** (Go now, friend. Kill these mortals.) **Ofan must dez.** (Hand them their fate.)

SAHLOKNIR

At once, master.

ALDUIN

Daar Lein los dii. (This world is mine.)

The Dragonborn regains his senses. His companions are standing around him with worried expressions.

THE SONS OF SKYRIM - EXT./INT. WHITERUN/AFTERNOON

AELA

What... what just happened?

DRAGONBORN

I don't know. I mean, I don't remember much... I feel fine, really. Better than ever.

FARKAS

That's exactly what's got me worried right there. You spoke in some weird language, with a voice that wasn't yours. A menacing, terrifying voice.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

It didn't sound good at all. Are you sure you don't remember anything?

DRAGONBORN

I remember absorbing some kind of power from that dragon... I saw words I couldn't understand, letters I couldn't read. Then everything went really fast. I was flying... and then I saw another dragon. A dead one. Except, it's not dead anymore. I... resurrected it.

AELA

What?

DRAGONBORN

I know it sounds crazy. It was probably just a dream anyway.

VILKAS

That still doesn't explain you speaking a language you don't even recognize.

DRAGONBORN

I swear I've heard it before somewhere. If only I could remember...

FARKAS

Let's just forget about this madness for a moment. This man defended Whiterun from a dragon! He saved my brother! This is a time for celebration, not sorrow!

Then, a terrible shout emerges from the sky.

GREYBEARDS

DO VAH KIIN!

FARKAS

What in the name of oblivion was that?

DRAGONBORN

That's a question for Balgruuf.

(CONTINUED)

The company retreats to Whiterun. At the city gates, they are received as heroes: every guard and townsman congratulates them or wants to catch a glimpse of the men who bested a dragon. Lokir can clearly be heard.

GUARD

Unbelievable! Simply unbelievable!
Dragonborn!

And that word starts repeating itself: Dragonborn, dragonborn, dragonborn. Soon, the entire crowd is cheering for our hero.

DRAGONBORN

What are they calling me?

AELA

They seem to think you're Dragonborn. And to be honest, I'm starting to think the same.

DRAGONBORN

And... what's a Dragonborn then?

AELA

You don't know? You're a Nord and you don't know?

DRAGONBORN

No idea, sorry. I grew up in Hammerfell.

AELA

You have the soul of a dragon, stranger. The soul of a dragon, trapped inside a mortal body.

They manage to work their way through the crowd to the stairs leading to dragonsreach, only to find it equally crowded. Farkas and Vilkas attempt to calm the villagers, while Aela escorts DB up the stairs. Eventually they reach the palace.

DRAGONBORN

That was... unpleasant.

AELA

The people seem to like you. It's been ages since they had something to celebrate.

DRAGONBORN

I did what the Jarl told me to do.
If I hadn't, we wouldn't be having
this conversation right now.

AELA

(smiling)

Either way: I guess we're even now.

DRAGONBORN

You could say that.

The four approach Jarl BALGRUUF. KODLAK Whitemane is sitting on the chair to his right. Amazingly, the Jarl is still discussing business with his STEWARD and KODLAK. Albeit about a completely different matter...

KODLAK

I told you Proventus, these are
signs even the gods cannot deny!
The Greybeards themselves have
taken their interest in this man!

STEWARD

We cannot let this Nord nonsense
foul our relationship with the
Empire!

FARKAS

My lords. It is with great honor
and pride that I present to you:
the Slayer of Dragons.

VILKAS

Calm, Farkas. This man may have
defeated a dragon, but he's still a
fugitive from the Empire. Not to
mention the fact he's actually a
complete stranger.

BALGRUUF

I think this stranger has proven
his worth to me, Vilkas. For what
I've heard from the crowd, he even
saved your life.

VILKAS

And he has my gratitude for it. But
I think our friend here possesses a
power that no one should be allowed
to have. If he actually is what
half the city thinks he is, he
might be a great asset... or a
worthy opponent.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

I mean no harm to anyone. But even you should be well aware that whatever it is I can do, it can a lot of innocent lives.

BALGRUUF

Traveller. Step forward. My steward thinks I'm crazy...

STEWARD

My lord, I would never...

BALGRUUF

Silence, Proventus. As I was saying: I am under the impression you wield a power greater than any soldier in Skyrim, maybe even Nirn. But Vilkas has a point. If you are truly Dragonborn, your fate lies out of our hands. Any of our hands.

The Jarl silences his steward trying to interrupt.

BALGRUUF

The Greybeards have summoned you to High Hrothgar, as I'm sure you have noticed. A thing they haven't done in centuries. At least. It is against the will of the Gods, when I so much as attempt to hold you captive for your past crimes.

DRAGONBORN tries to say something, but stays silent.

BALGRUUF

On the contrary: you've done a great service to me and my city. I think it no more than reasonable...

The STEWARD is not pleased, but KODLAK gives an approving nod.

BALGRUUF

...that I award you the title "Thane of Whiterun" for acts of tremendous honor and bravery.

VILKAS

Thane? My lord, I would never doubt your authority, but I do not deem this wise! The Empire...

BALGRUUF interrupts VILKAS.

(CONTINUED)

BALGRUUF

By now, both the Empire and the Rebellion have undoubtedly heard about Helgen. It is only a matter of time that they will will also realize a Dragonborn has risen. And I bet the Greybeard's shout reached both Windhelm and Solitude, and possibly beyond.

VILKAS

Apologies, your mercy. I let my emotions get the better of me.

VILKAS

You're a fierce warrior Vilkas, and I would trust you with my life. But we cannot obstruct the fate that the gods have given this man.

DRAGONBORN

This... is a great honor my jarl. Here's your sword back sir. It's served me well.

DRAGONBORN kneels and places the sword at BALGRUUF's feet.

BALGRUUF

The people of Whiterun thank you, hero. As do I.

DRAGONBORN

Glad to be of service. What would you do now, were you in my stead?

BALGRUUF

I cannot command you, Dragonborn. I can only wish you safe travels and good luck. I think, wherever your endeavors might bring you... you're going to need it. However, I won't let you face your next dragon without some proper equipment. Visit Jorrvaskr, the home of the Companions. Kodlak, their leader, will be accompanying you. He will set you up with a proper blade of your own... and some extras.

DRAGONBORN

Gratitude, my lord.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

Your grace, if I may? If I remember correctly, a Thane needs a housecarl, and it would be my pleasure to accompany him on his journey.

BALGRUUF

I see no harm in it, but you will have to discuss the matter with Kodlak. Now then, get back to work everyone. I still got a city to keep. Until next time, Slayer of Dragons. Talos guard you.

DRAGONBORN bows.

Kodlak Whitemane, the leader of the Companions, leaves his seat and instructs Aela and DB to follow him. The crowd outside is still celebrating the fact they live to see another day. When they see the Hero and his two followers they yet again start cheering. The three are surrounded in a matter of seconds and by the time they reach Jorrvaskr, night has fallen.

KODLAK

Ysgramor's beard. It's been a long time since I've seen them like this. You have an invaluable gift, boy. You do not only have the power to slay dragons, but also the one to bring hope in a time of darkness. Remember to keep them both on equal footing, Dragonborn.

DRAGONBORN

I'm not sure what to think, honestly. When these people are looking at me, they see some kind of hero, while I can still bleed like any other. I'm not immortal, I can't fly and I certainly can't breath fire. What do they expect of me?

KODLAK

Those are questions to be answered by the Greybeards. Only they can supply you with the knowledge you seek. It's a tremendous honor to stand before them, you know. No one has seen or heard them in years. They never leave their mountain,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KODLAK (cont'd)
and hardly anyone goes there,
except for the merchants delivering
food and drink. Now, if my memory
does not abandon me, I had to
provide you with armor and weapons.
Follow me.

Kodlak proceeds towards a staircase leading down. They enter
a great hall underneath the common room above. Kodlak leads
them to the door in the middle: the armory.

KODLAK
I see you favor the blade. How
about a genuine Skyforge steel
sword of your own? Forged by
Eorlund Greymane himself. You won't
find a sharper blade anywhere in
Skyrim. Come on, give it a few
swings.

DB takes the blade out of its display case and swings it
around masterfully.

DRAGONBORN
It's remarkably light. Does every
Companion have one of these?

KODLAK
(nods)
Hmm. As the Jarl's protectors, we
need to be well equipped. And
unfortunately we need to use them
quite often lately.

DRAGONBORN
How come?

KODLAK
Skyrim is at war. Most of us don't
even remember why. It was decided
far above our heads. You might know
them as the Thalmor: High Elves
from Summerset Isle, wishing to
seize control over all of Tamriel.
Not that long ago, the Empire was
between a rock and a hard place: or
they succumbed to the Thalmor, or
they would lose Cyrodiil, the seat
of their power. So they were
offered the White-Gold Concordat: a
treaty banning the worship of Talos
in all of Tamriel, and giving the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KODLAK (cont'd)

Aldmeri Dominion the authority to hunt down and eliminate any worshippers not willing to abandon their God. Of course, no one liked the terms. Not even the Emperor himself, and certainly not the citizens of Skyrim. But they had no choice. Now, there are some who would have preferred an honorable death over the banning of Talos, and those men are now known as the Stormcloaks. They're led by Ulfric Stormcloak, Jarl of Windhelm. He thinks the Empire sold its very soul to the Aldmeri Dominion: he thinks the Empire has become a puppet in the hands of the elves. So he challenged High King Toryyyg of Skyrim to a duel, in the hopes of seizing control over Skyrim the ancient Nordic way. Some call it murder. Others call it justice. The matter of fact is that now the Empire has got a reason to crush this rebellion. And Whiterun is right in the middle of it. Balgruuf insists on his neutrality and refuses to pick a side.

DRAGONBORN

A sensitive situation, I understand.

KODLAK

Very. I don't know how long he will be able to keep both the Empire and Stormcloak at bay, but I do know that not a day goes by without him receiving a letter from either Solitude or Windhelm.

DRAGONBORN

And now he's got a slight problem with flying snakes. I can see why you need your blade pretty often.

KODLAK smiles and turns towards AELA.

KODLAK

Albeit some of us favor the bow. Are you sure about this, Aela?

(CONTINUED)

AELA

I am, my Harbinger. I swear I will be a loyal and valuable asset to the Dragonborn.

KODLAK

I never doubted your loyalty Aela. You're a lucky man, Dragonborn. She's the best shot I've ever seen. Bring her back in one piece, will you?

DRAGONBORN

I promise I will take good care of her, Sir.

KODLAK

Go then. But get some sleep first. A warm bed and a pair of listening ears shall always be present in Jorrvaskr. First thing in the morning, you can choose whatever piece of armor you want before you leave.

DRAGONBORN

Thanks for everything Kodlak. We'll return soon.

AELA

Harbringer.

COMPLICATIONS - INT. JORRVASKR/EVENING

AELA shows the DRAGONBORN to his room. They sit down for a moment: DB on his bed AELA on a chair in the corner of the room. DRAGONBORN looks rather grim.

AELA

Finally, we get to sit down. Something bothering you, Thane? You look troubled.

DRAGONBORN

No... no, it's just... Why am I doing this, Aela? Why am I being dragged into something that I barely understand?

AELA

What do you mean? If you mean to ask me for information I'm afraid I can't help you. I'm a hunter, not a scholar.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

No, not that. I mean why am I here? Why did I come here, to Whiterun, in the first place? I never planned on being captured by Imperial troops, let alone report a dragon attack to the nearest man of power. All of this...this isn't why I came to Skyrim.

AELA

I may not know you very well, Dragonborn. We've only just met. But I've seen my fair share of tragedies. Mothers burying their sons. Brother slaughtering brother. It all comes down the hardest on those left behind. Now, most people just move on from such things. Others learn to live with their secret. But sometimes they get consumed by it. They have no other purpose than to survive until the next sunrise. And when they do, they just rinse and repeat until they find what they seek.

DRAGONBORN

And what might that be?

AELA

Redemption. Answers. You have the look of a man searching for something, Dragonborn. I may not know what. But I do know you're not a bad person.

DRAGONBORN

You sure know a lot about me for someone who I've only just met.

AELA

Hmm, yeah well. I guess killing a dragon together counts as a strong bonding moment. Now to answer your question: why are you doing this? Because you care about people. I heard you scream at that dragon. That was the scream of a man fighting to protect something. A man fighting for the good in this world.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Convincing, as far as speeches go.
Might as well live up to the
expectations.

DRAGONBORN smiles.

AELA

So, where do we go from here, boss?

DRAGONBORN

Boss? I'm honored to have Lady Aela
talking to me like that.

AELA

(smiling)

Enjoy it while it lasts.

DRAGONBORN

I suspect everyone expects us to go
to High Hrothgar. That means we
need to head to Ivarstead. But
first I want to check on something
else. You remember that moment when
I absorbed the dragon's soul.?

AELA

(nodding)

Vividly.

DRAGONBORN

Well, it seems I didn't only absorb
his soul. I... somehow I absorbed
its knowledge as well.

AELA

So, what are you saying exactly?

DRAGONBORN

He was called Mirmulnir. He was
powerful compared to mortals like
us, but among his kind he was
considered a coward. He refused to
die for his kin during the Dragon
War, and that's why he was still
alive. He had been in hiding all
this time. Also, he was afraid of
something. Terrified, even.

AELA

How do you know all this?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

I don't know, it's more like some kind of awareness... and extremely vague. A dragon's mind is a lot more complicated than a human's'.

AELA

Well, if I ever want to know how a dragon feels about burning villages to ashes, I'll know who to ask.

DRAGONBORN

Anyway, the Greybeards might inform me about my hidden powers, but first I need to know what happened in Kynesgrove.

AELA

What are you talking about?

DRAGONBORN

There is... something else. For a moment I had some sort of dream. I was flying over the mountains, headed to the East. I could see people staring at me from below, and suddenly thoughts that weren't mine were all over my head. I couldn't help it. These thoughts were... well, for starters, they were not in our language. But I could understand them. And then, I reached a cliff overlooking Kynesgrove. I landed. Then, I resurrected a dragon.

AELA

You said that before... but how is such a thing possible?

DRAGONBORN

I don't know how it happened or why I know this in the first place. But I do know that town is in great danger.

AELA

By the Gods... we must leave at first light. If we follow the White river downstream we should reach Kynesgrove by the afternoon. I'll make sure we have horses and supplies. Come find me at the Gate when all is settled.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Thanks, Aela. But this isn't going to be your typical holiday.

AELA

I would not have it any other way.
Good night, Slayer of Dragons.

AELA leaves the room and smiles before closing the door.

THE JOURNEY BEGINS - EXT. WOODS, ROADS/EARLY MORNING/MIDDAY

We rejoin the action while the hero is putting on his signature armor. According to plan, the Slayer of Dragons meets AELA at the Gate early in the morning. They proceed to the Stables, where they find two horses loaded with all kinds of supplies (a tent, arrows, food and drink) waiting for them. Following the river, they pass under Valheim towers, through enormous mountain valleys and small settlements. The views and music accompanying this scene are formidable. Around midday, they reach Mixwater mill, which is about halfway to Kynesgrove.

DRAGONBORN

We should stop here for a moment.
Ask the locals if they haven't seen anything unusual.

AELA

Good plan. The horses need a rest as well.

They enter the local tavern and order a drink. Aela asks for a big barrel of water for the horses and exits the inn afterwards to feed them. Meanwhile, the DRAGONBORN starts talking to the bartender.

DRAGONBORN

Heard any rumours lately?

BARTENDER

Not only rumours I'm afraid.
Everyone in Skyrim is terrified.
With the Stormcloaks and Imperials wandering around on the road, the occasional thief robbing their homes and the killing of Grelod the Kind over in Riften, they're damn right to be afraid if you ask me.
And then of course, there's this talk of dragons breathing fire in the sky. Vampires brazenly attacking people in the streets.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER (cont'd)
It's the end of the world I tell
you.

CUSTOMER
Harolf, I told you the Dragonborn
would come and vanquish all evil in
these lands! Surely, you must have
heard the Greybeards' calling?

BARTENDER
Don't act like an idiot Tirin. You
don't believe in those petty ghost
stories do you?

CUSTOMER
You're an Elf. You wouldn't know.

BARTENDER
I'm not going to call it Nord
Nonsense, but even you have to
admit that magic is rare thing
these days.

CUSTOMER
We're talking about a man who has
the blood of a God, Harolf! A God!
Imagine the honor! Imagine the
power!

DRAGONBORN
(throws septim)
I should get going. Thanks for the
information.

DRAGONBORN exits the inn and sees AELA talking to a hooded
stranger wearing filthy robes. Somewhat surprised, DB
approaches.

???
Ah, you must be the one. Yes. Oh
yes, definitely.

DRAGONBORN
Who are you, old man? We are in
quite the hurry here, so make it
quick.

???
May I be so bold as to ask you
where you're going?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Look friend, if you don't...

AELA quickly interrupts.

AELA

Kynesgrove. We're headed for
Kynesgrove.

???

Oh. I see. Well, I will be going
then. Safe travels.

The strange man leaves.

DRAGONBORN

What was that all about?

AELA

I'm not sure. He looked extremely
excited about something... and then
he just left. I don't get it.

DRAGONBORN

As fascinating as his story may
have been, we have other business
to attend to.

Dragonborn climbs his horse and prepares to travel further. Aela takes one last look at the back of the hooded stranger in the distance, gets herself together and climbs her horse as well. They start riding again. Eventually they nearly reach Kynesgrove. It's around four in the afternoon.

DRAGONBORN

By the gods, no!

DRAGONBORN starts galloping.

The town can be seen from afar, as there is a giant cloud of smoke designating its location. They enter the town to find it crowded with Stormcloak guards and various people standing around the ruins of their burned houses. Further down the road, a few soldiers are digging a giant hole to bury the dead, of which there are far too many. An atmosphere of sadness and grief is ever present. DB and Aela look at each other with worried and sad faces. A guard walks towards them.

KYNESGUARD

Halt, travellers. If you don't need
to be here, then leave. The town
is... well, you have eyes as well

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KYNESGUARD (cont'd)
as mine. It's terrible. We don't
even know what happened. Not
really, anyway. These poor
villagers took their secret to the
grave.

DRAGONBORN
This is getting out of hand. How
many casualties are there?

KYNESGUARD
Far too many I'm afraid. Look, if
you know anything about this...
atrocity, please let me know.
Whoever did this must pay for his
crime.

DRAGONBORN
Damn right. My thoughts are with
these people. Let's go.

They move towards a big ridge overseeing the town, the same
ridge the DB saw in his vision. As they near the burial
site, it becomes clear that whatever was buried there
obviously isn't there anymore.

AELA
What is this place?

DRAGONBORN
A dragon used to be buried here.
But someth... someone resurrected
it.

AELA
Someone?

DRAGONBORN
This cannot be some ordinary dragon
Aela... As far as they can be
called ordinary. No spell can bring
back the dead. It must be a power
so ancient, so vicious and so
dreadful that 'something' simply
does not fit that description.

AELA
Talos guard us if what you say is
true. It seems we will be away from
home a bit longer than expected.

DRAGONBORN

I'm afraid so. We should set up camp for the night.

AELA

Agreed. Night is nearly upon us.

The duo sets up camp: DB is chopping down a small tree for a campfire while Aela unpacks the tent. When the tent's all set, Aela proposes something.

AELA

One needs to be well fed if one is hunting for dragons. Would you like some fresh meat?

DRAGONBORN

That would be outstanding. Just don't wander off too far.

AELA

(haughty)

I can handle myself, Slayer of Dragons. The troll that bests me is yet to be born.

DRAGONBORN

You know what I mean.

AELA

Don't worry. I'll be back in a few. With the lushest meat you will ever taste. You make sure that fire's burning bright by the time I return.

DRAGONBORN

It'd come in handy to breath fire now, don't you think?

AELA

Very true. But for now you'll have to make do with those twigs.

AELA disappears into the night. DRAGONBORN is left behind in the camp. He attempts to create some sparks for the fire, but fails miserably. He curses something inaudible. After a while he gets the hang of it, and after an even longer while he finally manages to make some fire.

AELA still hasn't returned to camp. DB sits back and waits, but then realizes something's wrong. He grabs his sword and helmet and sets off in pursuit of his friend. He wanders

(CONTINUED)

around the forest, not immediately knowing where to search. Then he sees a faint glowing of a burning fire, and hears laughter and quite a few voices.

DRAGONBORN

Bandits. Better to avoid them.

But the bandits (a Nord, an Orc and a Dark elf) keep laughing and howling like wolves, making a terrible noise resonating all across the forest. DRAGONBORN hides behind some bushes and decides to keep an eye on the camp.

JUNGAR

Hey boys! Look what we found spying on us!

The bandit comes in dragging AELA along. He's accompanied by his orc friend.

JOLGEIR

Shor's bones! Now what would a beautiful lady like yourself be doing here all alone at this inappropriate hour?

AELA

I don't think you need to teach me a lesson in what is appropriate and what isn't. You couldn't find your own dagger with both hands.

BUGDUL

And a map. Face it, she's got a point.

Everyone but JOLGEIR starts laughing.

JOLGEIR

Ha ha. We'll see if she's still that funny when her limbs don't work appropriately.

AELA

I would like to see you try, trollbrain.

BUGDUL

Look lady. We're bandits. Do we look like we would think twice about killing you? So don't go smart on us.

(CONTINUED)

AELA
How would you know?

The bandits aren't happy with that last statement. Then their leader, Alain Dufont, exits the tent. He's the second Nord.

DUFONT
What in the name of oblivion are you dumbasses doing out here?

JUNGAR
We found another one for the cage sir. But we got some trouble with this one.

DUFONT
Put her in with the rest. You know the drill.

And indeed, the bandits transport AELA to a makeshift cage in the back of the camp: three stormcloaks and two imperials are already occupying it.

JUNGAR
Hey boss! Our cage is getting a bit full.

DUFONT
We're gonna need 'em for the next job Jungar. Stop asking stupid questions.

JUNGAR
Alright, you heard him. In you go.

The bandit throws AELA into the cage.

BUGDUL
Shouldn't Velfred be back by now?

DUFONT
He's responsible for our supper. You can't rush such important business.

Meanwhile Aela is getting acquainted with her fellow prisoners.

AELA
How long have you been held captive?

(CONTINUED)

SCS 1

That must be around a week or two... I don't even remember the last time I tasted freedom.

SCS 2

We've been stripped of our Stormcloak armour. After that they decided this location must remain secret so they didn't let us go either.

AELA

You're soldiers from the war? Why would bandits need Stormcloak armour?

SCS 3

I've overheard them talking about some sort of plan... But they act very secretive about it.

AELA

Bandits with a plan... now that's a rare thing.

SCS 2

Their boss is no ordinary bandit. That scumbag is up to something. He mentioned something about Clan Shatter-Shield earlier.

AELA

Those nobles from Windhelm? That would make sense... maybe that's why they robbed you from your armour. To get into the city without attracting attention.

The DRAGONBORN sneaks up towards the cage, looking to free the prisoners and AELA. He hides behind a big tree, moving slowly, hoping to stay undetected.

SCS 1

Infiltrate into Windhelm? To what purpose?

AELA

The Shatter-Shields are one of the wealthiest families in all of Skyrim. I would expect these dimwitted fools are after their riches.

(CONTINUED)

SCS 2

Sounds plausible. I can't bear the thought of these lowlives fouling the streets of the Great City of Ysgramor.

AELA

Trust me, they won't.

AELA notices DRAGONBORN rolling between trees.

SCS 3

What is she talking about?

SCS2 shrugs. The camera then focuses on DRAGONBORN hiding behind a tree.

DRAGONBORN

Of course, Aela. I'll just storm in and kill the bad guys. How hard can that be.

Suddenly though, a branch breaks behind our hero. He turns around slowly and sees an orc with a boar on his back approach the camp. He turns around and starts following the bandit with the boar in his tracks.

He gets in close, steals his steel dagger and plants it in the side of his neck. He decides to take the dagger with him, so he takes the holster off of his dead body. He sneaks towards the cage in the back of the camp.

DRAGONBORN

Aela! How in oblivion did you end up in a cage? You were meant to find our supper!

SCS 1

Where'd he come from? This is turning out to be quite the night.

AELA

Maybe we should discuss this later. Quick, someone's coming!

DB rolls into the bushes, unseen. The approaching bandit is not convinced, however.

JUNGAR

Hey! Who were you talking to?

(CONTINUED)

AELA

To myself. I tend to do that when I find myself imprisoned by someone that will never be the man his mother is.

JUNGAR

Boss! This bitch is starting to annoy me. Can't we kill her yet?

DUFONT

How many times, Jungar. How many times do I need to say something before it penetrates that thick skull of yours. She knows where we hide out, so she can't leave. And killing her would be counterproductive... for now.

Behind DUFONT, the orc (BUGDUL) sitting around the campfire gets choked by DRAGONBORN, and he drags the lifeless body back into the woods.

JOLGEIR

(exiting tent)

Bugdul, don't you think Velfr...
Bugdul? Where is that damned Orc?

The bandit enters Bugduls tent. Camera focuses back to the conversation between JUNGAR and DUFONT.

DUFONT

Besides, she might have a potty mouth, but that doesn't mean she can't offer other... services.

JUNGAR

I never understood how Nords just accept their wives to be so... petulant.

DUFONT

In the end they all learn how to respect their superiors. After all, it's all about manners and decency. For example.

The bandit approaches the cage.

DUFONT

My lady. Forgive the behaviour of my colleague. I'm certain you can understand that, in these dark

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUFONT (cont'd)
times, one must be prudent. On the other hand, where would the world be going to if people stopped treating one another with the respect they deserve? My name is Alain Dufont. Pleased to meet you.

AELA
You seem to have an extraordinarily good image of yourself. Pity it won't get you anywhere in this world of yours.

At the same time, the bandit searching for the late Bugdul exits the tent. Right before he can call for the attention of his associates, the DRAGONBORN snaps his neck with a fluent move.

The Stormcloak soldiers in the cage now start noticing the DB's handiwork as well, and fail to hide their excitement from DUFONT. Unfortunately enough, he notices. The two bandits face the DRAGONBORN.

DUFONT
Now, who do we have here? The knight in shining armour, rescuing the damsel in distress? How romantic. I should have foreseen a woman like her wouldn't travel alone. Well, since there's no time to get better acquainted, I am forced to call upon my little band of travellers. Bugdul! Jolgeir!

DRAGONBORN
I'm afraid Bugdul and Jolgeir won't be joining us.

DUFONT
So, you think you can come here, rush into my camp, kill my men and meddle with my plans? By the gods boy, you must be either very brave or very stupid.

DRAGONBORN
Let's just say I'm a mixture of both.

DUFONT
You know what, I grow tired of this talking. Shall we get this over with?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

My pleasure.

The battle commences. The only thing separating the three remaining bandits and the Dragonborn is the big campfire in the center of the camp. DUFONT and JUNGAR attack together. DB draws his sword and newly acquired dagger.

He parries the charged attack of the elf with his blade, cutting him in the underbelly with his dagger. Turning, he clinches with DUFONT, stomping him in the stomach with his knee, hitting him in the head with his elbow and knocking down with the butt of his blade. He faces the elf alone now.

JUNGAR hasn't recovered from the blow yet and isn't eager for a fight. They cross blades anyway, and the elf is forced into defense. He can hold out for a few blows, but the DB's sheer force knocks his sword right out of his hands. JUNGAR starts running off into the forest, never to return. Then, DUFONT comes to and takes his hammer, Aegisbane, standing against the tent.

DUFONT

Must I do everything myself? Give
Ysgramor my regards, hero!

DUFONT charges at the DRAGONBORN. The latter forms a shield with his dagger and sword and blocks the attack. They start exchanging fierce blows. DB must dodge a reckless slam rolling backwards, giving Dufont a chance to kick him into the campfire. Sparks and loose pieces of burning wood scatter around the camp and lit the camp on fire. The hero loses his blade due to the kick, but manages to hold onto his dagger. Dufont kicks the sword into the woods.

DB gets up. They circle around each other for a moment, and eventually Dufont charges once more. He's no match however for the DB's agility, as he dodges every attack. The fire spreads in the meantime, threatening the lives of the prisoners in the cage.

They start calling for help. Dragonborn looks back at the cage, and realizes he needs finish the fight soon. DB parries the next slam of Aegisbane with his dagger, deflecting the blow. He slices Dufont's shoulder. The latter enters a berserker rage, charging a fierce blow: DB attempts to deflect it once more, but the weight of the attack is overwhelming.

The dagger falls to the ground and DB grabs onto Aegisbane. He manages to overpower Dufont and hits him subsequently with a knee to the stomach, the butt of Aegisbane to the

(CONTINUED)

head and finally with the hammer itself against Dufont's temple. This has quite the bloody effect, and can only be seen from afar.

The danger has not been averted though: the fire is still raging throughout the camp. DRAGONBORN drops the hammer, picks up his dagger and gets his blade back from some bush. He runs towards the cage and smashes the lock with a single blow of his sword.

AELA

What took you so long?

DRAGONBORN

You weren't really going anywhere, were you? Besides, I expected your female intuition was to keep you out of trouble?

AELA

The sneaky bastard got me while I was procuring our meal.

SCS 2

You know how to handle yourself in a fight. You would make a fine soldier, stranger!

DRAGONBORN

I get that a lot. Get back to Windhelm as soon as possible. The night can be harsh this side of River. We should go, Aela. And take that boar along. I'm not saving you twice tonight.

The duo headed back to their camp. Aela and DB sit around the fire, eating the cooked boar. After they're finished with their supper, they talk about recent events.

AELA

I... I might not have stressed it enough earlier but... thanks for saving me from those bandits. They weren't fooling around.

DRAGONBORN

It would have been nice not having to kill them all. I should have spared Dufont.

AELA

Well, at least you spared the elf.
Or rather, he spared himself.

DRAGONBORN

You know what I mean.

AELA

Look, the path you are bound to walk is tainted with blood, Dragonborn. There is no denying that you will take lives... that you will need to take lives to reach your goal. I don't know where your journey will take you... but wherever it may lead, you will find malevolent people and much, much darker creatures blocking your path. Besides, I'll be there too. When things go south, you can count on me.

DRAGONBORN

Thanks. It lifts the heart to know we're in this together. It's just that I've been on the run for so long now. I can't even remember what home looks like.

AELA

Where's that? Is that where you learned how to fight?

DRAGONBORN

I... would rather not talk about it. I shouldn't have brought it up in the first place.

AELA

Apologies if I reminded you of a bad memory. I meant no offense.

DRAGONBORN

It's nothing. Someday you'll hear the whole story. But tonight's not the night. I think it's about time we paid the Greybeards a visit. We'll make for Ivarstead in the morning. Let's get some sleep.

AELA

Good idea. I'm exhausted.

(CONTINUED)

The screen fades to another: the bandit camp is smoldering after the fire. Nothing is left standing. Suddenly, a dark figure appears in the distance. The figure scouts the camp, apparently looking for something. At Dufonts' body, he halts. He picks up Aegisbane, takes a closer look, and then lowers the hammer his thoughts visibly preoccupied.

THE GREYBEARDS - EXT. IVARSTEAD/THROAT/DAY

The next morning, AELA and The DRAGONBORN head for Ivarstead. It's a sunny day. They reach the town at noon. Looking up, one can barely distinguish the back of a huge castle: the home of the Greybeards, High Hrothgar.

DRAGONBORN

That's where we're going. And before you ask: yes, I think that's a long way up.

AELA

I figured. By Talos, I was a little girl last time I was here. I wonder if Wilhelm still holds the Inn.

DRAGONBORN

You've been here before?

AELA

I used to come here with my mother. She took me all the way up to that ridge over there. But I never managed to reach High Hrothgar itself.

DRAGONBORN

Well, first time for everything.

They move toward the bridge crossing the White River. A hooded man dressed in filthy robes is sitting on a rock laying by the side of the road. He calls for their attention.

???

So, you came here after all? A most intriguing development... One might wonder...

AELA

Are you following us, friend?

???

My good lady, no! Absolutely not. I'm just an old man living out the final days of his life.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

You must travel lightly. Merely a day has passed since we met you in Kynesgrove.

???

Oh well. Every man has his secrets, does he not. Good luck on the path. Talos be with you.

The stranger gets up with amazing vigor. He walks towards the town center and out of sight.

DRAGONBORN

Peculiar guy. We should get moving. It's a long way up.

They start their ascend. The Throat of the World towers above them. Progress is slow and tedious, and to make things worse, it starts snowing once they reach the first milestone. They leave the horses in a warm cave and continue on foot. Finally they reach the great facade of the castle which is a lot bigger than one would expect. The duo looks at each other. Aela is visibly worried.

AELA

You'll have to do this alone, Dragonborn. I'm not worthy to set foot inside this sacred castle.

DRAGONBORN

I don't think they will mind if you wait inside. It's kind of chilly, don't you think?

AELA

Thanks for being so considerate.

DRAGONBORN opens the gate with some sense of drama. They enter a huge hall, no one to be found or heard.

AELA

I'll wait here. Good luck.

DB walks towards the other end of the hall. Aela has seemingly disappeared. He looks around, waiting for something to happen.

???

Looking for someone?

DRAGONBORN draws his sword at lightning speed.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN
Don't... Do that again.

???
Certainly there's no lack of
enthusiasm...

DRAGONBORN
Wait...you again!

It is indeed the very same man, but this time he's not so filthy. He wears a magnificent robe and seems to be quite pleased with himself.

ARNGEIR
Ah! You noticed. I was wondering if
we would meet again.

DRAGONBORN
If?

DB sheathes his sword again.

ARNGEIR
The mountain can be... inhospitable
at times.

DRAGONBORN
So I've heard.

ARNGEIR
Oh, but where are my manners? I am
Master Arngeir, vicarious Leader of
the Greybeards. Welcome to High
Hrothgar. Now tell me young man,
what is it you seek?

DRAGONBORN
I was hoping you could enlighten me
with that knowledge.

ARNGEIR
Obviously you walk the right path.
It is indeed knowledge you seek.
Knowledge about the dragons and
their return.

DRAGONBORN
Good. What do you know about the
dragons?

(CONTINUED)

ARNGEIR

Hmm, a thing or two. And I have known for quite some time. But there is little we can do about them.

DRAGONBORN

Hold on, you knew this was going to happen? Dozens of innocent people have died already! If you warned the Jarls, the army, or anyone for Talos' sake, they might still be alive!

ARNGEIR

Even if you knew where and when they would strike, those people still would have died. And you would have been an addition to the body count. You're not ready.

DRAGONBORN

I wouldn't be so sure of that. I killed one of them. I can do it again.

ARNGEIR

Mirmulnir was no match for you, wanderer. I give you that much. But he was a coward and a deserter. He had nowhere left to hide. His defeat was only a matter of time... and fate.

DRAGONBORN

Listen up old man, if you know anything about the dragons that might save people's lives, you tell me right now!

ARNGEIR

Nobody can see into the future. However, I will not let you embark on your quest without the proper tools. Tell me. What did you see? Strange symbols? The whisper of words unknown to you?

DRAGONBORN

I... How do you know all this? And why do you refuse to act when you know damn well what's going on?

(CONTINUED)

ARNGEIR

All in good time. Now, what have you seen?

DRAGONBORN

Well, everything you just described. But there was something else...

ARNGEIR

Yes?

DRAGONBORN

I seemed like I read another dragons' mind. I could hear what he heard, see what he saw. I did what he did.

ARNGEIR

He did? Wise.

DRAGONBORN

Wise? What's wise?

ARNGEIR

No to underestimate your enemy. Mirmulnir obviously made that very mistake. But wisdom alone won't halt fate. You need knowledge. I can teach you an ancient art, known by many but mastered by few. I will teach you the Way of the Voice.

DRAGONBORN

The voice. You mean I need to become a diplomat?

ARNGEIR

Obviously you haven't heard about the true power of the voice. Probably because is it not a human art.

DRAGONBORN gives ARNGEIR a look of disbelief.

ARNGEIR

Dragons do not bite each other to death. They Shout .

DRAGONBORN

(haughty)
They...shout?

(CONTINUED)

ARNGEIR

You could even say a battle between the Dov is actually a debate. Albeit a very deadly one. Now, most of us need to practice for years before they can actually produce any Shout, but I heard rumours about the abilities of your... kind.

In the meantime, the other three Greybeards appear and take their places in the hall behind DB and ARNGEIR.

ARNGEIR

Though we will not simply assume you are worthy. You will need to prove yourself. You are to retrieve the Horn of Windcaller, the First Greybeard. Where and how you acquire it is completely up to you.

DRAGONBORN

Please tell me you have a clue about the Horn's' whereabouts.

ARNGEIR

Stay true to the Way of the Voice, and you shall find the knowledge you seek.

DRAGONBORN

I have no time for this, Arngeir! Skyrim is in great danger!

ARNGEIR

We are all in great danger, if you do not prevail. Maybe if you return with the horn... maybe then we can start. Although I doubt that even one such as yourself has the valor and perseverance to delay the end of days.

DRAGONBORN

(determined)

We'll see about that. Make sure the fires burn hot upon my return.

Dragonborn leaves Arngeir behind with a worried expression. Arngeir beckons at his fellow brothers, retreating to their quarters. DB meets Aela back in front of the castle.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

Back already? I expected you to be gone for longer.

DRAGONBORN

As did I. All they did was bestow me with an errand. We are to retrieve the Horn of Windcaller.

AELA

The Horn of... wait, I've heard that name before... but I can't put my finger on it. Then again, why would they send you to find some artifact?

DRAGONBORN

Seemingly it will guide me towards the knowledge I need to defeat the dragons. Any idea where to find it?

AELA

Well, if it is an ancient treasure, my best guess would be RIFTEN. The Thieves should know about an ancient treasure such as the horn.

DRAGONBORN

Thieves? I... of course. RIFTEN it is then.

AELA

Something wrong?

DRAGONBORN

(evasive)

No, it's just... nothing. They always remind me of...the... The Greybeards weren't so sure about me though.

AELA

Look, if there's anyone who can pull this off, it's you. Just don't go robbing any giants.

DRAGONBORN answers with a smile.

RIFTEN - EXT. RIFTEN/DAY

AELA and the DRAGONBORN arrive at the gates of Riften a few days later. The weather is cloudy and has a depressed feeling about it. They put their horses in the stables and approach the gate.

DRAGONBORN

... And I had hoped he would just sit down and drink his mead, but no...

AELA

(laughing)

Wonderful story. Lifts the spirits on such a sad day.

GATEGUARD

Hold it! Where do you think you're going?

AELA

We were going to enter the city of Riften. I suppose you have something else in mind.

GATEGUARD

I can't let you enter without paying the visitor's tax, lady. The same goes for that grunt of yours.

DRAGONBORN

(leaning against the wall)

A visitors tax? Maybe we should inform Laila her guards are robbing poor and helpless people.

GATEGUARD

Laila? Who in the name of Nocturnal is Laila?

DRAGONBORN

Jarl Laila Law-Giver of Riften, of course.

DRAGONBORN

You... you're here to see the Jarl? Alright, alright. Get out of my sight, you two.

(CONTINUED)

The gates are opened. The duo enters Riften. Riften used to be the commercial epicenter of Skyrim, and that past glory left its mark. There are still plenty of merchants on the marketplace, but you can obviously see people are struggling to get by.

AELA

Laila, huh?

DRAGONBORN

Worth a try. Arngeir was right:
knowledge is power.

Right after they enter, a heavily armored man standing against the pillar of a house calls for their attention.

MAUL

You're a pair of new faces. Here to
cause trouble?

DRAGONBORN

Not counting on it. Are you?

MAUL

(laughs)

Fair enough. Just keep your nose
out of the Black-Briar's business.

DRAGONBORN

Any particular reason for that?

MAUL

If you want to live long enough to
witness dusk, there are indeed
quite a few reasons for that.

DRAGONBORN

We'll keep it in mind. Say, do you
happen to know anything about the
Thieves?

MAUL

The Thieves huh? And you said you
were going to stay out of trouble.

DRAGONBORN

Trust me, I wouldn't be asking
anything if I wanted to avoid
trouble.

MAUL

(laughs even harder)

You've got guts, lad! Well, your
best bet would be the market. The

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAUL (cont'd)

Thieves live underneath Riften, down in the Ratway, but during daylight they might come up and broaden their territory. You'll see.

DRAGONBORN

Much appreciated.

AELA and DRAGONBORN proceed to the market. Merchants from all over Tamriel have come here to sell their wares. There are people everywhere, talking and bargaining with each other. If Whiterun was an organized chaos, this is just plain chaos.

PASSERBY 1

Have you heard? Kynesgrove lies in ruins! This talk of dragons is driving me insane!

PASSERBY 2

You know that's rubbish. Don't let it keep you awake at night. We got the thieves to worry about.

Only one man, dressed in neat robes and striking an overall wealthy appearance, seems to be looking for someone. When he sees the DRAGONBORN, his face changes drastically: from seemingly depressed and sad to glorious and hopeful.

BRYNJOLF

Traveller! What brings you to the fine city of Riften? An opportunity to fill your pockets? Or are you here to revel in the many pleasures the city has to offer?

DRAGONBORN

None of that I'm afraid.

BRYNJOLF

Ah, a mystery you are indeed! Tell me, you've never done an honest day's work in your life for all that coin you're carrying, eh lad?

DRAGONBORN

What makes you say that? Besides, I like to think of myself as an honorable man.

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

It's all about sizing up your mark.
The way they walk, what they're
wearing. It's a dead giveaway.

DRAGONBORN

Yeah well either way my wealth is
none of your business, friend.

BRYNJOLF

And that is where you are wrong,
lad. Wealth is my business!

DRAGONBORN

If you're looking to make a point,
out with it.

BRYNJOLF

Well: I, Brynjolf of Riften, may or
may not be able to provide you with
the means to whatever end you have
in mind. And all you have to do is
to steal a ring for me. Simple as
jack.

DRAGONBORN

Steal a ring. By the gods, why does
everyone want me to fetch their old
family heirlooms?

BRYNJOLF

Look. You're obviously in need of
something, and I'm in need of
something. Enlighten me.

AELA

We're looking for the Thieves
Guild. They have information that
will help us on our quest.

BRYNJOLF

The Thieves eh? How convenient.

AELA

You know them?

BRYNJOLF

I sure do. Look, get me that ring
and I assure you that I won't
disappoint.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

You had better. Now, whose ring am I fetching?

BRYNJOLF

See that Argonian over there? He's got the ring in the strongbox behind his stand. Here's a lockpick. I'll cause a distraction.

Brynjolf moves to the center of the market.

AELA

I'm sick of this errand. Already.

DRAGONBORN

Well, at least we're not killing anyone right now. Find yourself a bench or something. I'll be back before you know it.

AELA

Wait, how are you going to...?

Dragonborn disappears behind the many stands before Aela is able to finish her sentence.

BRYNJOLF

Gather round! No pushing, no shoving! This is a rare opportunity, ladies and gentlemen! I wouldn't want you to feel left out!

BRAND-SHEI

What is it now, Brynjolf? Stop wasting our time.

BRYNJOLF

Patience, Brand-Shei. A fine merchant such as yourself must know he can't miss out on any opportunity.

BRAND-SHEI

That's what you said last time about your so-called Wisp Essence. It turned out to be crushed nirnroot mixed with water!

BRYNJOLF

That was just a simple misunderstanding owing to a serious

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF (cont'd)
 miscommunication between honest
 merchants. No no, this is the real
 deal, good people of Riften! This
 item is precious! It is glorious!
 It contains untold powers capable
 of alchemical wonders known only by
 the ancient Nords!

The camera focuses on the Dragonborn again. He sneaks
 between the stands. Eventually he reaches Madesi's stand.

DRAGONBORN
 Never thought I'd be doing this
 again.

He opens the strongbox with remarkable ease. He takes the
 ring, leaves the money and other valuables, and closes the
 box. When he is about to sneak back out, he notices a child
 staring at him. DB puts his finger in front of his mouth and
 smiles, hoping the child would understand. The boy mimics
 our hero, and he smiles back.

BRYNJOLF
 No, you cannot compare Falmerblood
 elixir to Blisterwort extract,
 Merta. This belonged to mystical
 beings who now live on in our
 legends! They were masters of
 magic! Imagine the potential
 coursing through their veins! And
 I, good people, succeeded in
 bottling that potential!

DB rejoins AELA on the bench. He winks at BRYNJOLF. Brynjolf
 immediately drops the bottle on the ground, pretending to be
 clumsy.

BRYNJOLF
 Sweet breath of Arkay, how did that
 come to be?

BRAND-SHEI
 Just another waste of time folks.
 Face it Brynjolf, you're a good for
 nothing charlatan selling glorified
 junk.

BRYNJOLF
 (taking a deep bow)
 At your service, Brand-Shei. He who
 is without sin, cast the first
 stone. Gratitude for your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF (cont'd)
attention, everyone. My time as a
barter has come to an end.

BRYNJOLF approaches DRAGONBORN and AELA.

BRYNJOLF
That went faster than expected.
Smooth, too. Remarkable. Say, I
have one more task that will yield
you more than coin and information
alone. If you are willing, of
course.

AELA
We fulfilled our end of the
bargain. Now you do yours.

DRAGONBORN
She's right. However, a little
extra coin never hurts. What did
you have in mind?

AELA
Are you serious? We're not
criminals. And we have no time for
this!

DRAGONBORN
Trust me, Aela. We'll need all the
allies we can muster and this quest
of ours needs resolving fast. Even
if they are robbers and cutthroats.

AELA
And you believe our friend here is
such an ally?

DRAGONBORN
I'm certain of it. He's our man.
Aren't you, Brynjolf?

BRYNJOLF
I have no idea what you are talking
about and haven't understood a word
of what you just said.

DRAGONBORN
Down to business then.

AELA
You must turn from this path,
Slayer of Dragons! You're no
lowlife prowler!

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF is intrigued after that statement.

DRAGONBORN

Trust me, this is important. Now, Brynjolf. What is my task?

BRYNJOLF

For a man with skills such as yours, this should be easy enough. All you have to do plant is that ring you just stole on Brand-Shei.

DRAGONBORN

I see. That should take him out of business for a while.

BRYNJOLF

Exactly. You would be a valuable asset to the order, Slayer of Dragons.

DRAGONBORN

Consider it done.

DRAGONBORN disappears once again, becoming a part of the crowd. AELA sits down on her bench again, and so does BRYNJOLF.

BRYNJOLF

Slayer of Dragons?

AELA

It's none of your business, crook.

BRYNJOLF

Look, lady. I don't know what you two are after, but it is most certainly not something you'll find on the Riften market. If your partner here truly is the Dragonborn half of Skyrim is talking about, it is likely you are looking for an ancient artifact. That right there is the reason why you seek the Order. The reason why he is doing this errand at this very moment. You can either trust me or not, but I assure you it will make things a lot easier.

AELA

You're keen. But you're also someone who fills his pockets by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AELA (cont'd)
emptying the ones from another, and
I could never trust such a man. No
one could.

BRYNJOLF
Obviously, your friend does.

AELA
And I strongly advise against it.

DRAGONBORN rejoins them at the bench.

BRYNJOLF
The elf didn't give you too much
trouble, friend?

DRAGONBORN
He never even knew I was around.

BRYNJOLF
Excellent. It seems you have an
aptitude for our line of work. We
could certainly use someone like
you.

DRAGONBORN
I appreciate the offer, but I must
decline. I have other matters to
attend to. Now, is there someplace
we can talk freely?

BRYNJOLF
Of course. Follow me.

THE THIEVES GUILD - INT. SEWERS/RAGGED FLAGON/DAY

BRYNJOLF takes them to the lower part of Riften, near the
water. He enters through a heavy, old door leading into the
Ratway.

AELA
Your hideout is in the sewers?

BRYNJOLF
Show some respect, m'lady. There's
more to it than meets the eye.

They walk past dozens of little corridors, until BRYNJOLF
halts them. He grabs AELA and DRAGONBORN by the arm and
drags them into a small crevice.

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

Shht!

AELA

Are you trying to double-cross...?!

BRYNJOLF puts his hand on AELA's mouth.

Four Elves dressed in long robes pass, not noticing the three people in the crevice.

THALMOR 1

This sewer is getting the better of me, Rulindil. Unbearable itch down my spine.

THALMOR 2

If we don't find this old coot anytime soon the sewer will be getting the better of him. Which means we can get the hell out of here. I'm not complaining Talvano. Although I should be getting back to the embassy soon...

Brynjolf exits his hiding spot, sounding the all-clear for his friends.

DRAGONBORN

Who were they?

BRYNJOLF

Thalmor. Elves from the dominion. They have an issue with authority, these lads. Anyway, we're here. Follow me, if you please.

At the end of a blind corridor, Brynjolf turns the candle sticking out of the wall 180°. A chain lowers from the ceiling. Brynjolf pulls it, and the back wall of the alley rises up into the ceiling. The three enter and make a left turn. A door is visible at the end.

BRYNJOLF

My friends, I present to you: The Ragged Flagon.

He opens the door.

They enter a tavern, complete with bar and chairs. Only a handful of people are sitting in the tables and bar, and none of them has something interesting to tell, apparently. When the threesome enters however, everyone looks at them.

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

Brothers! May I introduce you to the Slayer of Dragons and his lady friend... what was your name again?

Everyone stands up or attempts to catch a glimpse. One old man in particular seems to be very interested in them.

AELA

Lady friend?

BRYNJOLF

Anyway, you get the picture. Our hero here fixed that job Black-Briar gave us. With impeccable accuracy, might I add.

DRAGONBORN

Brynjolf, I'm not joining this organisation. I told you before, I only want to know where...

BRYNJOLF

I know, I know, but didn't I hear you say Allies? The Thieves Guild is one of the most influential organisations in all of Skyrim. Having her at your side means you will always be one step ahead of the enemy.

DELVIN

What are you on about, Bryn? The Guild's influence has been declining for years. You can call us a lot of things, but influential ain't one of them. Besides, we don't need a hero to put us back on the map. We need cold, hard septims for that. The only thing he could do for us is getting rid of those damn elves outside the doorstep. And even then, with our luck... Meh.

BRYNJOLF

Our friend here has many talents I'm sure.

AELA

Didn't you hear him the first time on? The dragons have returned! If he doesn't stop them, your Guild

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AELA (cont'd)
won't even live to see the next
phase of the moon!

By now, everyone is looking at the DB and AELA.

ESBERN
The girl is right. The dragons
should be our priority. It should
be everyone's, since we'll all be
dead by Sun's dusk.

DELVIN
Now that's the first time you've
opened your mouth since you came
here to seek refuge. Trying to save
your hide, old man?

ESBERN
I don't care for my own hide,
Delvin. Do I need to elaborate on
what's at stake here? Fine. The
stars during the darkest night, the
aurora guiding you through the
thickest mist, the shadows
providing shelter when your skin is
close to burn. All you know,
everyone you've ever met and
everything you've ever touched is
at stake. You'd do well to remember
that next time your insolence gets
the better of you.

DRAGONBORN
You clearly gave it some thought.
Who are you?

ESBERN
I am Esbern, last remaining member
of the Blades.

A few people in the tavern seem to remember them too.

AELA
The Blades? The Dragonslayers of
old?

ESBERN
The very same. Although in the last
few centuries we've guarded more
Emperors than we killed dragons.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

And you're the last member?

ESBERN

Unfortunately, yes. But none of it matters. We're all doomed anyway. Alduin will continue to devour the souls of the dead in Sovngarde and proceed to accumulate enough power to resurrect every dragon that has ever roamed Nirn.

DRAGONBORN

Alduin? Who in the name of oblivion is that?

People in the tavern seem to grow desperate upon hearing this name.

AELA

(dazed)

The World Eater... You can't be serious, Esbern!

ESBERN

I am. He has returned, to fulfill his destiny as the destroyer of worlds. He will not, cannot be stopped. The gods have forsaken us. They left us unarmed in battle against the God of Destruction himself. The Firstborn of Akatosh. Alduin.

DRAGONBORN

(something dawns on him)

The gods have not forsaken us. They did give mankind a weapon against him.

ESBERN

I'm afraid we're going to need more than a man who killed one dragon. The only one able to face Alduin head-on would be a Dragonborn. But the gods seem reluctant to provide us with one.

DRAGONBORN

I beg to differ. Esbern, I am Dragonborn. I absorbed Mirmulnir's soul that day. I relived every memory, every thought and every

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN (cont'd)
feeling of his in a matter of
seconds. I'm looking for a way to
stop the dragons at this very
moment.

Now, the people in the tavern react euphoric and hopeful.

ESBERN
Forgive me if I do not provide the
excitement you expected. I must
admit I am a hard man to please,
but even then your attempt at
persuasion was feeble, to say the
least.

DRAGONBORN
Why does everyone need me to prove
myself?

AELA
Dragonborn, get the information we
need from Brynjolf and leave these
ignorant icebrains be.

The people react mostly offended, but one or two are
considerate.

DRAGONBORN
Agreed. Brynjolf. We are looking
for an item known only as The Horn
of Windcaller. Do you have any idea
of its whereabouts?

BRYNJOLF
The Horn of Windcaller? Been awhile
since I heard anything about that
one. Well, the legends all say the
same: the Horn was being worshipped
for having some kind of hidden
power by a reclusive few known as
the Greybeards. At one point in
history though, one of them became
greedy and stole the horn. That's
thousands of years ago of course,
so the details are scarce.

DRAGONBORN
A Greybeard took it? Why would a
man like him care for riches?

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

Every man cares about the contents of his purse... but not a Greybeard. No, he wanted to become all-powerful. Some say he sold his soul to an ancient dragon priest, embodying the very thing his philosophy was determined to suppress. He became a man using his power to destroy any who oppose him.

AELA

(thinking)

Where have I heard that before? Are you talking about the Tale of the Monk and the Warlord?

BRYNJOLF

Exactly. It's a bedtime story, anyone could tell you. Anyway, the geezer got away with it and moved the artifact to an old ruin called Bleak Falls Barrow. He wanted to exchange the horn for an even greater power. He never returned. Some say he's still there... but that's gibberish, of course. There have been hundreds of treasure hunters, fortune seekers and various individuals of lesser reputation raiding the tomb for centuries, though nobody actually managed to recover the Horn.

DRAGONBORN

Not even the Guild?

BRYNJOLF

(smiling)

Ah. I was wondering when you'd ask. Throughout the centuries, many have tried. Most have failed. Some never returned.

DRAGONBORN

So, we're looking for an item that exists only in a fairy tale. Great.

AELA

If someone could find a mythical piece of wood, i'd be you.

DRAGONBORN smiles at AELA.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Thanks for everything, Brynjolf.

BRYNJOLF

No thank you, Slayer of Dragons.
You've done us a favor. We always
return favors.

DRAGONBORN

Keep that in mind.

THE BARROW'S SECRETS - EXT./INT. BLEAK FALLS
BARROW/AFTERNOON

The journey back to Whiterun hold is accompanied by the fantastic music Skyrim is provided with. Breathtaking views of the duo riding towards far horizons, setting up camp in the middle of the wilds, and laughing at each other's stories and jokes summarize the days that follow.

At last, they reach their destination. They gaze upon Bleak Falls Barrow from afar, still on their horses.

AELA

Imagine living in the shadow of
that place... I mean, I've seen it
before, but it always manages to
send a shiver down my spine.

DRAGONBORN

(amused)

Aela the Huntress. Are you afraid
the Warlord will abandon the safety
of his grave to come after you?

AELA

Hilarious. No, I'm just being
cautious, that's all. We don't know
what we will find in there.

DRAGONBORN

Hopefully: an old horn.
Realistically: a bunch of dead
bodies. You truly believe we will
succeed where everyone else failed?

AELA

I do. And I told you why.

DRAGONBORN

What do you expect me to do?
Talking with the dead lies beyond
by ability. Let's just get this
over with.

(CONTINUED)

They move towards the entrance of Bleak Falls Barrow. As they approach, the size of the ruin can really be emphasized.

AELA

This used to be a city inside the mountain, you know. Then the dragon cult just dissapeared into thin air. No one knows what happened exactly.

DRAGONBORN

I can see why.

They stand before the huge gate of the ancient city. Engraved with draconic symbols and drawings, the ambient atmosphere is sinister and ominous. The massive arches overshadow the entire picture.

DRAGONBORN

Ladies first?

AELA

I appreciate your attempt at courtesy, though you can leave the niceties behind.

DRAGONBORN

Thought so. Stay close.

DRAGONBORN opens the door with one mighty push, revealing the great hall. Only a few arches and pillars are still standing, and most of the interior has decayed heavily. The lighting is feeble, as the sunlight can only enter through cracks in the ceiling and the walls. DB enters further into the hall. He grabs a torch from one of the pillars left standing, and lights it with a small fireball he creates out of thin air.

AELA

How in the world did you do that?

DRAGONBORN

I just... can. Ever since I was a little boy. I never learned how to control it, though.

AELA

That's a rare thing, Dragonborn. Magic is not as prominent as it used to be.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

I know. Although I must prove your statement wrong.

They delve deeper into the hall. At the end of it, they find the remains of an improvised camp. DRAGONBORN crouches and takes a closer look.

DRAGONBORN

It seems we're not the only ones looking for the secret of Bleak Falls Barrow.

AELA

That fire was put out recently. Or they left, or we'll find them deeper into the Barrow. Or whatever remains.

DRAGONBORN gets up, looks around, and continues down a great staircase, leading to some sort of common room. In the back of the room are three chairs, much like in Dragonsreach palace, and in the middle chair the engraving of a claw can be discerned.

DRAGONBORN

Mankind has always suffered from politics... whether it be at the hand of Man, Mer or dragon.

To both the left and right are doors. The left one has been opened. The DRAGONBORN chooses to go right.

AELA

Are you sure this is the way?

DRAGONBORN

Not at all. But the ones that went left obviously didn't return to close the door.

AELA

Good thinking.

They descend a staircase leading down in a spiral. As they delve deeper into the ground, it gets more and more moist.

AELA

It's sort of... moldy in here.

DRAGONBORN

Yeah... seems to leading into a cave of some sort.

(CONTINUED)

And indeed: when they reach the bottom of the stairs the path continues through a long, natural corridor. At the end, a bright light can be discerned. When they reach it, they stand on a platform about 50 feet from the ground.

AELA

This is amazing...

DRAGONBORN

Now that's something you don't see every day.

They gaze upon a huge crevice in the mountain above their heads. A walkway leads to the very top of the Barrow. The setting sun engulfs the picture into a very bright tint of orange.

DRAGONBORN

It seems our Warlord found himself a hollow mountain. I'm guessing his final resting place is up there.

AELA

Likely. What's that over there?

AELA points at a strange bent wall, standing at the bottom in a small puddle. It's engraved with draconic symbols. As DRAGONBORN looks at it, the signature tune can be heard.

DRAGONBORN

I don't know... let's check it out.

They descend the walkway. When they stand before the Word Wall, DRAGONBORN's eyes start to glow in the brightest blue. He absorbs some kind of power from it: a blue beam of light smashes its way into his chest, creating a small tremor.

DRAGONBORN

(whisper)

Fus...

AELA

By the divines, are you all right?

DRAGONBORN

I think so. Might have drawn some attention, though.

AELA

Fine, my arrows are getting blunt. But what happened?

DRAGONBORN

No clue. It reminds me of absorbing Mirmulnir's soul.

AELA

Did you see anything?

DRAGONBORN

No, not this time.

AELA

It'd better be worth the trouble.
Draw your sword, Dragonborn. You'll need it.

AELA draws her bow. Two frost trolls appear from behind the wall.

DRAGONBORN

They look angry. Maybe someone made a mess of their front yard.

AELA

How would you feel if someone came and broke into your home?

DRAGONBORN

I wouldn't like it one bit.

DRAGONBORN charges and draws his blade only, dropping the torch. He dodges an uppercut from one troll, and blocks a swipe from the other with his blade.

The troll is obviously surprised. He decapitates the troll in one swift swing. He rolls towards the other one, and cuts its leg clean off. He swings his sword and delivers the fatal blow. The battle took 6 seconds.

AELA

You are starting to scare me,
Slayer of Dragons.

AELA sheathes her bow.

DRAGONBORN

Let's just find that wretched horn.

AELA

(unsure)

Whatever you say, boss.

He scales the walkway after picking up the torch again. On the way up, AELA inclines to figure out what is bothering her friend.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

When are you going to tell me that story?

DRAGONBORN

What story?

AELA

The one you manage to avoid so swiftly.

DRAGONBORN

I don't... rather not. Not now, anyway.

AELA

I'm a good listener.

DRAGONBORN

(regretful)

I know, Aela. Apologies. You will hear it one day. I promise.

AELA

(nodding)

Hmm.

They go all the way up. The top is a relatively small platform compared to the sheer hugeness of the rest of the mountain. There's only one gate leading to the next room. Several skeletons lie on the ground before the gate. One of them is holding one of the bars.

DRAGONBORN

Got any ideas on this gate?

AELA

No. You're the one that seems to be the walking key to this place.

DRAGONBORN

Figured you would say that. Well, I don't know. Looks like these guys didn't either.

AELA

And I refuse to add to the pile as well. There must be something we're missing...

DRAGONBORN

I certainly hope so.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

Think, Slayer of Dragons. Our quest does not end here. It can't.

DRAGONBORN closes his eyes and sees nothing but a pitch black darkness at first. Seconds later, strange symbols appear: they form a word...

DRAGONBORN

(whispering)

Bex...

AELA

What? I didn't catch that.

DRAGONORN inhales heavily, and shouts the word.

DRAGONBORN

BEX!

He speaks with a voice not his own: it is much deeper, rawer, bolder. The gate starts to shake, and opens up.

AELA

How in oblivion did you pull that off?

DRAGONBORN

It seemed like the most logical thing to do.

AELA

(laughs)

Shouting at the gate seems like logic to you? Ysgramor's beard.

DRAGONBORN

(smiles back)W

When you come to think of it... Allright. Time to reveal the Barrow's secrets.

The enter the opened gate. The path delves deeper into the mountain, descending once again. They end up in a dark, unlit room. DRAGONBORN puts his torch back on with his fire magic.

DRAGONBORN

Cozy.

AELA

If this room is what I think it is, we're in for a surprise.

(CONTINUED)

The room is long and thin. The walls have been carved with strange symbols and markings. Every few feet, a coffin is leaning against the wall.

AELA

It's an ancient Nordic burial room... The ones buried here must be Dragon Cultists.

DRAGONBORN

Maybe we should have turned left after all.

AELA

No going back now... tread lightly, Dragonborn. We don't want to run into a trap at this point.

They proceed, cautiously watching their step and slowly progressing through the long room. Suddenly, a cry piercing through bone fills the room. The room seals itself: gates trap them inside. In the front of the room (where they came from) two coffins break open, revealing two draugrs.

AELA

Gods above! Walking dead?

Meanwhile, another 4 draugrs have appeared, storming at the Slayer of Dragons. DRAGONBORN draws his weapons.

DRAGONBORN

Get to the back of the room as quick as you can! I'll need some covering fire!

AELA

Sure thing, boss!

The Draugrs are nearing, and support is underway: all of the coffins are now cracking and wobbling.

DRAGONBORN

Time to put our skills to the test, Aela!

AELA

Hardly a challenge!

Her arrow hits a draugr right in the head, tipping him over and sending him on his way. DRAGONBORN assumes his battle stance, waiting for the front line to reach him. He hardens his face, and charges when the draugr are just ten feet off.

(CONTINUED)

He swings, blocks, rolls, stabs, cuts, decapitates and punches his way through, while AELA's arrows fly him around the ears, always hitting target. He carves his way through them all after a lengthy fight scene. Bloodied and tired, he sheaths his weapons. AELA scavenges her arrows back from the dead, while starting to boast.

DRAGONBORN

(out of breath)

Our warlord is very well guarded indeed. The tales are true then... The dragon cult is still very much alive.

AELA

We sent them on their way nonetheless. They were no match for us.

DRAGONBORN

Never underestimate your enemy, miss huntress. Greater warriors have fallen in the assumption the battle was over while it was not.

AELA

Now is not the time for modesty. Let's go and claim our treasure.

DRAGONBORN

(sighs and laughs)

You're right, I guess.

THE MONK AND THE WARLORD - EXT.MOUNTAIN PEAK/SUNSET

The duo lifts the gates, revealing the way forward. The path is dark and unlit. A stairs leads back up, to the very top of the Barrow: they stand on the peak of the mountain. The sun is just barely above the horizon.

AELA

Is that... gold?

They gaze upon a massive, golden tomb, face up. It is inscribed with draconic symbols and paintings of a central figure being worshipped by the rest of the people. Next to the path leading up to the tomb, there are four milestones with handles sticking out of them. Some kind of overarching rock towers over the tomb.

DRAGONBORN

It seems we found the treasured Tomb. Let's get a closer look.

(CONTINUED)

AELA

Be careful... We don't want to wake him up.

DRAGONBORN

Come on. You don't believe in ghost stories, do you?

AELA

(scared)

Even after our battle with the draugr, I don't. But this turns out to be more than just a story...

DRAGONBORN touches the tomb. He slides his fingers over a draconic word.

DRAGONBORN

Konahrik...

A dark and menacing voice speaking in the Dragon tongue protrudes from the tomb.

KONAHRIK

Wo mey wah dii vul junaar? (Who comes to my dark sanctuary?)

DRAGONBORN

Whoa, That's... unexpected.

KONAHRIK

Nivahriin muz fent siiv nid aaz het. (Cowardly men will find no mercy here...)

AELA

We must leave! This is not going to end well!

DRAGONBORN

Words mean no harm. Let's wake him up.

AELA

Are you...?!

KONAHRIK interrupts AELA.

KONAHRIK

You do not answer... Must I use this guttural language of yours?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Get yourself together, Aela. We need the horn, remember?

DRAGONBORN determinedly moves to the first milestone and turns the first handle. One of four pillars blocking the tomb retract into the sides.

KONAHRIK

Have you returned, Jorgen? My old friend?

AELA

I'm not sure we're ready for this.

DRAGONBORN

There is no other way, Aela. Besides, didn't your arrows need sharpening?

AELA turns the second handle. The second pillar retracts.

KONAHRIK

Do you seek to finish that which you could not? You only face failure once more...

DRAGONBORN turns the third handle. The third pillar retracts.

KONAHRIK

You... You are not Windcaller, are you? Has he sent you in his place? Did he warn you that your own power would be your undoing? That it would only serve to strengthen me?

DRAGONBORN moves to the last handle.

KONAHRIK

Come. Face your end.

DRAGONBORN and AELA look at each other, ready for battle. DB forcefully turns the final handle.

The last pillar retracts, leaving the tomb unguarded by its four supportive elements. The pure golden lid flies sky-high, and KONAHRIK hovers out of his tomb the typical dragon priest way. He wears his iconic golden mask with the two horns, intimidating as always. He wields a staff of fire in one hand and a wooden warhorn in the other.

(CONTINUED)

KONAHRIK

Before I kill you, enlighten me.
Who in the name of Alduin are you?
Why do you wake me?

DRAGONBORN

My name is not important. All you
need to know is that you have
something of mine. It is known as
the Horn of Windcaller. I need it.

KONAHRIK

You think I will just hand it over?

KONAHRIK makes the Horn disappear.

KONAHRIK

Meyye Joor. (Foolish mortal.) Almost
as foolish as that monk who
willingly gave it to me. No matter.
The glory of the World Eater is
soon be known to all! Those denying
it shall be put down mercilessly!

DRAGONBORN

Do not think me the fool, Konahrik.
That is a mistake you will come to
regret.

KONAHRIK

(laughing demonically)

Hun... (Hero) Let us end this.

DRAGONBORN

Agreed.

DRAGONBORN and AELA draw their weapons.

KONAHRIK laughs again and disappears into thin air.

AELA

Where did he go?

DRAGONBORN looks around, scanning the area.

KONAHRIK, appears some distance away, hovering over the
massive drop down, and launches a fireball at the duo.

DRAGONBORN

Get down!

(CONTINUED)

The fireball hits one of the milestones, causing it to explode. The two evade the blast by rolling. AELA fires an arrow at the dragon priest, but he manages to teleport before the arrow reaches him. He reappears right behind the DRAGONBORN and conjures a dagger.

DB turns around and blocks the stab. They exchange some fierce blows, but KONAHRİK gains the advantage. He knocks the DB's sword out of his hands with a massive strike, leaving him with his dagger only.

DB retaliates by turning around his axle, and stabbing the priest in the back several times. Konahrik flinches and teleports to his tomb again. Aela shoots an arrow right into his goldplated chest. He pulls it out and conjures the Horn of Windcaller.

KONAHRİK

Insolent mortals! You could never even conceive of the power I wield!
Sovngarde Saraan! (Sovngarde awaits!)

DRAGONBORN sprints towards the dragon priest, but the latter launches a fireball once again. DB must duck and weave not to get hit, and just before he reaches KONAHRİK, the Horn starts resonating with energy.

An impenetrable force seems to push back our hero and shield Konahrik from any attack. He starts to cloak himself in fire. All of AELA's arrows hit the barrier or burn in the flames. DB circles around the torrent. The flames start to spread and slowly burn the entire peak.

DRAGONBORN

I'm gonna try something Aela, get down!

AELA takes cover behind the sarcophagus. DRAGONBORN inhales and unleashes his mighty, iconic shout.

DRAGONBORN

FUS RO DAH!

KONAHRİK obviously did not expect this: the shield protecting him gets shattered and he himself thrown back several feet.

KONAHRİK

You... your Thuum is strong, mortal. But not as strong as mine!
YOL TOOR SHUL!

(CONTINUED)

KONAHRIK breathes fire and pushes the DRAGONBORN into cover, behind the sarcophagus.

AELA:

You shouted at him?

DRAGONBORN

Yeah. Turns out he shouts back.
Listen, I'll try to distract him
while you shoot!

DRAGONBORN rolls away and shouts with all his might.

DRAGONBORN

FUS RO DAH!

The priest is staggered. Our hero sees an opportunity: he grabs his sword from the floor and runs at him. He whirls, stabs, parries and then jumps backwards. AELA shoots an arrow at the fiend's mask, but it deflects.

KONAHRIK

I've had enough of this! **Dinokl**
Saraan! (Death awaits!)

The priest conjures an ethereal sword, lands, and engages a swordfight with DRAGONBORN. Of course, this is what our hero wanted. They cross blades. Both are formidable swordfighters and this is an epic battle of lightning fast fencing.

Dragonborn whirls, makes a semi-circle and makes a deep cut in the priest's back. He then fully charges into him and stabs through KONAHRIK's armor. They fall to the ground. He draws his dagger again and plants it firmly into the side of Konahrik's head. He pulls it out brutally and the golden mask goes flying.

The priest cries out in rage and pushes the hero away, sending him flying too. DB lands gracefully on his feet, and the priest starts hovering again: he conjures his staff and the Horn. AELA can now shoot KONAHRIK's face and does so with impeccable precision: almost like a machine gun she hits him in the head arrow after arrow. Needless to say the priest staggers and hovers in place for a moment.

DRAGONBORN decides to use this to his advantage: he shouts once more at the overhead rock: it crashes down on the priest. The latter makes a last, terrible gurgle. His golden mask, staff and the Horn lie next to his crushed body.

YSMIR, DRAGON OF THE NORTH - INT.HIGH HROTHGAR/NIGHT

The door to High Hrothgar opens with a loud bang. DRAGONBORN approaches the altar in the back of the great hall, AELA nods and waits outside. The four Greybeards come out of hiding and form a circle around the hero.

ARNGEIR

You have returned. Did you accomplish your mission?

DRAGONBORN

Did you stoke the fires?

ARNGEIR

Arrogance corrupts the heart of the righteous, my friend. I merely asked you a question.

DRAGONBORN

Maybe I'd be more polite if only you didn't just send me on a suicide mission!

ARNGEIR

I understand and I apologize. But it was a necessary evil. You took the first step in becoming one with the voice.

DRAGONBORN

Damn it Arngeir, I need weapons, allies, anything that can help me defeat these dragons! Gods, why am I even doing this?

ARNGEIR

Because you like this world. You don't want it to end. You're afraid the beauty of Akatosh's creation is facing its demise. And deep down, you know this to be true.

DRAGONBORN

I... Let's say you are right. How is the Voice going to help me?

ARNGEIR

In more ways than you can imagine, young one. Now, can you show me the Horn please?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN hands him the Horn. ARNGEIR holds it out in front of him and slowly walks towards the massive altar, placing it on a golden pedestal.

ARNGEIR

Akatosh be praised... Color me impressed. This artifact was lost for thousands of years, and now it has finally returned home. This can herald one thing only. The return of a great hero. The rise of a new protector. The coming of the last Dragonborn.

WULFGARTH, BORRI and EINARTH have taken their places around the hero.

ARNGEIR

Stand fast. Few can withstand the unbridled Voice of the Greybeards.

DRAGONBORN

Wait, what are you going...

The Greybeards shout at our hero. Their voices can be heard all over Skyrim, the sheer force of it making the giant castle of High Hrothgar tremble. Meanwhile, AELA hides behind a rock, covering her ears. People in the streets of Markarth, Whiterun, Windhelm, Solitude, Riften and a few other settlements look up to the sky in awe. Some also cover their ears. Others fall down on their knees and start praying.

GREYBEARDS

**Lingrah krosis saraan Strundu'ul,
voth nid balaan klov praan nau.
Naal Thu'umu, mu ofan nii nu,
Dovahkiin, naal suleyk do Kaan,
naal suleyk do Shor, ahrk naal
suleyk do Atmorasewuth. Meyz nu
Ysmir, Dovahsebrom. Dahmaan daar
rok.** (Long has the Storm Crown
languished with no worthy brow to
sit upon. By our breath we bestow
it now to you in the name of Kyne,
in the name of Shor, and in the
name of Atmora of old. You are
Ysmir now, the Dragon of the North.
Hearken to it.)

DRAGONBORN, kneeling, slowly gets up amidst the smoke and dust filling the room.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

What in oblivion was that supposed to be?

ARNGEIR

We have greeted you, formally, as Dragonborn. High Hrothgar is now open to you.

DRAGONBORN

Well, thanks. I guess. Do I get to sit on a throne now?

ARNGEIR

If that is your desire. However, I would recommend another course of action.

DRAGONBORN

For once, I agree with immediately. I ask again: will you help me fight the dragons or not?

ARNGEIR

You mistake us for masters of war. We are men of peace, Ysmir. There is solace to be found in silence. We merely exist to guide you, to show you the path. The Way of the Voice is seldom a straight one. Thus, we are here to offer you knowledge.

DRAGONBORN

Didn't answer my question.

ARNGEIR

We will not set you upon the path of violence. We cannot offer you that which you seek.

DRAGONBORN

So you mean to say I got you your horn for nothing? You mean to say to just give up on the world?

ARNGEIR

If the gods deem it is time to put an end to this place, who are we to question them? Let it end and be reborn.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

You can't be serious. Arngeir, this is madness! No! I refuse to sit idly when there are people dying out there!

ARNGEIR

Dragonborn, I will not be held responsible for corrupting you. You must walk the path of wisdom.

EINARTH

**Arngeir, rek los Dovahkiin,
strundu'ul. Rek fen tinvaak
Paarthurnax.**

DRAGONBORN

What did he say?

ARNGEIR

Master Einarth... reminded me of my duty. Forgive me. The decision whether or not to help you is not mine to make.

DRAGONBORN

Then who will?

ARNGEIR

The master of our order, Paarthurnax. He surpasses us all in the mastery of the Voice. It is a great privilege to stand before him.

DRAGONBORN

And where is he? Why haven't I met him yet?

ARNGEIR

Because he lives in seclusion. At the peak of the mountain. He rarely ever speaks to us, and never to outsiders.

DRAGONBORN

Well then, he'll have to make an exception for me. I'm not leaving this mountain without a way to fight Alduin.

(CONTINUED)

ARNGEIR

Your perseverance is commendable,
Ysmir. Follow me.

ARNGEIR takes the hero through the back doors of High Hrothgar into the courtyard. A snowstorm is raging.

ARNGEIR

Hmm. It seems the weather does not favor your endeavor. Maybe I can... yes. This ought to be interesting, Dragonborn. Stand aside, please.

ARNGEIR whispers a shout: on the ground snow, rabble and twigs form words in ancient dragonspeech.

ARNGEIR

Let the words of power flow through you. I've heard tales about a Dragonborn's abilities with the Voice, but it will be interesting to see for myself.

DRAGONBORN

What am I supposed to do?

ARNGEIR

Read them.

Reluctantly, DRAGONBORN crouches and observes the words. Suddenly, the twigs and rabble scatter.

DRAGONBORN

Did it work?

ARNGEIR

Only one way to find out. Shout, Ysmir. The sky will listen.

Dragonborn inhales, concentrates and...

DRAGONBORN

LOK VAH KOOR!

The skies open wide and the sun bursts through the clouds. The snow stops. The mountain is again as peaceful and tranquil as ever.

ARNGEIR

(laughs)

Extraordinary! My, to witness this for myself... I never thought I would see the day.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Come on. You can do this too,
right?

ARNGEIR

Correct. But I did have to meditate
on these words for 13 years to
finally understand them. You wield
the voice like a true master.

DRAGONBORN

I thought this was easy once you
know how.

ARNGEIR

(smiling)

Some learn faster than others. I
underestimated you, Ysmir. You have
the gift, no two ways about it. Now
go. Paarthurnax awaits. Give him my
regards.

DRAGONBORN

Thanks, Arngeir.

A magnificent shot of the sun drenching the mountaintop
accompanies the hero on his journey upwards.

THE THROAT OF THE WORLD - EXT.THROAT/MIDDAY

Our hero reaches the mountaintop. The view is unbelievable
in this weather.

DRAGONBORN

Damn, this is high up.

DRAGONBORN soldiers on and halts at a strange pulsating
force in the air. He can stand in it, but everything becomes
blurry. A slight breeze comes through. He's fascinated.

PAARTHURNAX

Drem yol lok, Fahdon. (Greetings,
friend.)

A big, menacing green dragon sits atop a word wall a bit
further away. DRAGONBORN draws his blade and dagger and
readies himself.

PAARTHURNAX

No need for **Nax**, (cruelty) friend.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Oh yeah? Then where's Paarthurnax?
Somewhere in your belly?

PAARTHURNAX

Forgive me. **Krosis**. (Sorry.) I has
been a long time since my last
Tinvaak. (Conversation) My common
tongue is a little... rusty. I am
Paarthurnax. The Greybeards see me
as their master... **Wuth, Onik**. Old
and wise. Indeed, I am old.

DRAGONBORN

Now I've seen it all... You are
their master? A dragon?

DRAGONBORN sheathes his weapons.

PAARTHURNAX

I am as my father Akatosh made me.
As are you...Dovahkiin.

DRAGONBORN

I see you already know who I am.

PAARTHURNAX

Vahzah. Yes. (True.) Now tell me,
Dovahkiin. What brings you to my
strunmah, my mountain?

DRAGONBORN

Arngeir said you could help me
defeat Alduin and his following.

PAARTHURNAX

Hmm. Perhaps. But first,
formalities must be observed. By
long tradition, the elder speaks
first. Hear my Thu'um! Feel it in
your bones! Match it, if you are
Dovahkiin!

PAARTHURNAX spreads his wings, jumps to the ground with
great ease, and shouts a terrible flame at the word wall.

PAARTHURNAX

YOL TOOR SHUL!

The words of power remain on the wall, forged in fiery
flames. DRAGONBORN approaches them, and after a brief moment
they disappear.

(CONTINUED)

PAARTHURNAX

Excellent... now, greet me not as mortal, but as dovah!

DRAGONBORN inhales, looks to the sky, and suddenly a great flame scorches all the snow in the area.

PAARTHURNAX

Yes... **Sossedov los mul**. The dragonblood runs strong in you. It is long since I had the pleasure of speech with one of my own kind.

PAARTHURNAX once again spread his wings and leaps onto the top of the wall again.

PAARTHURNAX

You made your way up here. Not an easy task for a **Joor**... a mortal.

DRAGONBORN

I assume the formalities have now been dealt with. Can we get to the point, Paarthurnax?

PAARTHURNAX

Naturally. I have expected you, Dovahkiin. **Prodah**. (It was foretold.) You seek your weapon against Alduin.

DRAGONBORN

I do. And now I hope you can finally help me in that regard.

PAARTHURNAX

Paak. (Shame) It is not that simple.

While PAARTHURNAX tells the prophecy, we see the Dragon war unfolding.

PAARTHURNAX

Long ago, when the Dov exerted their will onto the world, the people rebelled against their dragon overlords and their cult. Hakon OneEye, Gormlaith Goldenhilt and Felldir the Old, now remembered as heroes, led this **Kein**, this war. It was a time of strife. **Munax**. (Cruel). Thousands of people died fighting a much more powerful foe. Eventually, one dov had seen

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAARTHURNAX (cont'd)
 enough. He taught the ways of the
 Thu'um to **jul** ... mankind. Alduin
 was furious... but more betrayed
 him. The tide turned. The nord
 heroes started developing a **zun**, a
 weapon of their own against the
 dov. Then they managed to lure
 Alduin into battle. The Firstborn
 of Akatosh unleashed his **Nah**, his
 fury. Their weapon worked, albeit
 only temporarily. Felldir then used
 the power of the **Kel** to banish
 Alduin. Without their **Thur**
 (overlord), the regime came to an
 end.

The Dragonborn listens attentively, but he's not fully
 convinced.

DRAGONBORN
 What do mean, banished? He was
 beaten before?

PAARTHURNAX
 Beaten? No, not **Viik** ... defeat.
 Hakon, Gormlaith and Felldir only
 managed to delay the end. Alduin
 was sent forward in **Tiid**, in time.

DRAGONBORN
 So let me get this straight.
 Alduin's reign of power has, in his
 eyes, ended just a few weeks ago?
 And now he seeks to enslave us all
 again?

PAARTHURNAX
Vahzah. But now I'm afraid he's
 well beyond that. Now, he seeks to
 fulfill his destiny. The world
 eater wakes, and the wheel turns
 upon the Last Dragonborn.

DRAGONBORN
 I thought you would say that. Yet I
 still don't understand how this
 story is meant to help me.

PAARTHURNAX
 Now I will answer. Do you know why
 I live here, at the peak of the
Monahven, what you name the Throat
 of the World?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

I assume because you like mountains. Dragons like mountains, right?

PAARTHURNAX

True. But few now remember that this was the very spot where Alduin was defeated by the ancient tongues. **Vahrukt unslaad**. I am probably the only one who remembers. There, at the **Tiid-Ahraan**, the time wound.

PAARTHURNAX nods towards the strange force.

PAARTHURNAX

You must travel back in time, Dovahkiin. You must find **Kel**. Then you will find the weapon you seek.

DRAGONBORN

What's a Kel?

PAARTHURNAX

Hmm. How do I explain in your tongue? The dov have words for such things that joorre do not. It is... an artifact from outside time. It does not exist, but it has always existed. **Rah wahlaan**. (Created by gods) They are... hmm... fragments of creation. The **Kelle** have often been used for prophecy. But this is only a small part of their power. **Zofaas suleyk**. (Fearful power.) In your tongue, they are called Elder Scrolls.

DRAGONBORN

You have got to be kidding me.

PAARTHURNAX

Tiid krent. Time was shattered here because of what the ancient Nords did to Alduin. If you brought that **Kel**, that Elder Scroll back here... to the Time-Wound... With the Elder Scroll that was used to break Time, you may be able to... cast yourself back. To the other end of the break.

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Do you, by any chance, know where I can find the Elder Scroll?

PAARTHURNAX

Krosis. (Sorry) No. I know little of what has passed below in the long years I have lived here. You are likely better informed than I.

DRAGONBORN

Well, you've at least given me a lead... Thanks for the help, Paarthurnax. I know exactly whom I should ask about such a treasure.

VISIONS OF THE PAST - EXT.INT RIFTEN/RATWAY/MIDDAY

AELA and DRAGONBORN ride towards the city gates of Riften once again. Dragonborn tells her about the developments. It's snowing.

AELA

I still can't believe it. An Elder Scroll? I suppose I can add timetravel to the list of things of 'not so impossible as they would seem'.

DRAGONBORN

I can hardly believe it either. But then again, a week ago I would've never thought I was some kind of messiah.

AELA

Funny how things go. Greetings, guardsman. Do we need to pay the visitor's tax again?

GATEGUARD

Get out of my sight, you two.

The pair enters Riften, accompanied by a shot of the Riften skyline. A snowflake blocks the camera and then we see the door to The Ragged Flagon opening. AELA and DRAGONBORN enter. BRYNJOLF, ESBERN, DELVIN and the other members of the Guild are all present.

BRYNJOLF

Slayer of Dragons! Welcome back. Did you find your Horn?

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

Yes we did. Unfortunately, I've come to ask for help yet again.

BRYNJOLF

Well, as I recall we owe you a favor. What do you need?

DRAGONBORN

This may sound crazy, but hear me out. I need to find an Elder Scroll.

The tavern livens up. Chatter and awe rises where moments ago there was silence.

ESBERN

An Elder Scroll? That might actually make sense... As the scrolls have foretold, of black wings in the cold...

BRYNJOLF

Wa, Wait a minute. An Elder Scroll? Lad, if you manage to get your hands on one of them, the guild would flourish! That's an item of immense value!

ESBERN

The Scrolls are not just commodities to sell, Brynjolf!

BRYNJOLF

No, but if they could be sold...

ESBERN

Argh, shut it. My boy, where did you learn of this?

DRAGONBORN

The Greybeards told me that if I could find the Elder Scroll, I would find my weapon against Alduin.

ESBERN

Hmm, I see. Well then Brynjolf, do you know anything about an Elder Scroll?

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

If I did I wouldn't be sitting here, that's for sure. Still, I can ask Mercer. Maybe he can help you. He's in the back.

DRAGONBORN

Allright. Lead the way.

They open the back door of the tavern and enter a storage room. Brynjolf takes a book from the bookshelf and opens it. Inside, there's a diamond-shaped key. He removes a piece of wood from the side of the bookcase and places the key in a revealed socket. The bookcase swings open.

AELA

Hidden passage behind a bookcase. Classic.

BRYNJOLF

Welcome in the Cistern. The great epicentre of the Guild.

The cistern is best described as a hollow dome. In the back of the room, there is a massive steel door. In front of it stands a desk. Sitting behind that desk: Mercer Frey, reading a book.

BRYNJOLF

Mercer, remember the lad that took care of BrandShei? He's come to take us up on that favor.

MERCER

What's that got to do with me, Bryn? I don't owe the guy a thing.

MERCER does not look up from his book.

BRYNJOLF

Come now. The Guild would be nothing without it's clever use of favors.

MERCER

What does he want?

MERCER still doesn't look up.

DRAGONBORN

I'm looking for an Elder Scroll. Brynjolf said you might know where to find one.

(CONTINUED)

MERCER

Did he now...

He finally looks up. MERCER has a scar over his left eye, much like the one DRAGONBORN has. Dragonborn looks astonished and vaguely recognizes Mercer.

MERCER

I assume you know the subject of your interest is surrounded by myths and general malarkey?

DRAGONBORN

I... yes. Yes I do. Can you... help me or not?

MERCER

(closing book)

Look. I'm a businessman. I take, and I give. But I'm also a thief. Which means I take more than I give. Which means that if I could find an object that valuable I wouldn't even think about revealing its whereabouts to anyone. So throw me a bone. Educate me as to why you think I should help you.

AELA

I don't like this one.

DRAGONBORN

(quickly)

Because I will join your order when you do.

AELA didn't like that either.

MERCER

(disdainfully)

I think you are seriously overestimating your capabilities, Dragonborn.

DRAGONBORN

I firmly disagree. And I will prove it to you. Disclose the Elder Scroll's location to me, and I will use it to save the world first. No big deal, right? And then you can have it. Consider it a gift. I don't care for unlimited wealth and power. But you do look like the type.

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

Come on Mercer. The Guild would be as powerful as it ever was. Better, even. And believe me, the hero can be trusted. I vouch for him.

MERCER

What makes you think I know where to find it? Why in the name of Nocturnal would I, given I had this information, reveal it now, to a stranger, who waltzes in here claiming to be a god made man?

BRYNJOLF

Maybe because you don't believe in them?

MERCER

Of course I don't. I believe in solid golden ornaments and silver platters. Chests filled to the brim with septims. Art, sculptures, anything anyone stupid enough would offer a fortune for... That's what I believe in. It just so happens all these things are right behind me, in this vault.

BRYNJOLF

Please, ask your... source, Mercer.

MERCER

You're not gonna give up, are you? Fine. Wait right there. I'll see what I can find, but I won't find anything. After that, I want them out of the Cistern.

MERCER retreats to his quarters next to the vault.

AELA

I really don't like this one.

BRYNJOLF

Eh... our Guild Master can be a bit of work. Yet he's the greatest thief I've ever met. Smart, too. He'll come up with something.

DRAGONBORN

Who is he? Where does he come from?

(CONTINUED)

BRYNJOLF

Well, he rose to power after our last Guild Master was murdered. No one really know what happened, but Mercer insists the Dark Brotherhood had something to do with it.

DRAGONBORN

The Dark... Brynjolf, how did he get that scar?

BRYNJOLF

Don't rightly know. Never bothered to ask. Probably got jumped by an angry customer. What's it to you?

DRAGONBORN

I don't know... I've got a feeling I've seen him before.

MERCER exits his quarters.

MERCER

Well, well, it seems I should have become a religious man after all. My sources say there are plenty of Scrolls that have appeared and disappeared at various points in history. In Skyrim, the most recent one supposedly was in the hands of the Dwemer. One name came up: Blackreach.

AELA

Never heard of that.

MERCER

(interrupting)

Another interesting piece of information came in the form of two rubies, the size of horse's head. The Eyes of the Falmer. It would appear that our interests coincide, Dragonborn. Tell you what. Meet me at the city gate this time tomorrow and we'll go together. I know where to find Blackreach.

DRAGONBORN

That's a sudden change of heart, Mercer.

(CONTINUED)

MERCER

Like I said, I'm a businessman. You and your friend can stay in the Bee and Barb. Tell 'em Frey sent you. Now leave me to my work. There is much to be done.

BRYNJOLF, AELA and DRAGONBORN exit the cistern and enter the Flagon.

AELA

Who is his source anyway?

BRYNJOLF

The Daedric princess of Thieves. Nocturnal herself.

AELA

Sure. Why not. After all, I'm chasing after a piece of creation with my Dragonborn friend.

BRYNJOLF

You heard him though. Meet us there, same time tomorrow. You'll have quite the journey ahead of you, I'm sure.

DRAGONBORN

Thanks again, Bryn. See you tomorrow.

EPILOGUE - EXT.RIFTEN/MIDDAY

As the duo emerges from the sewers, a flock of crows caw incessantly.

AELA

Why they decided to make their hideout in the sewers is beyond me. Covert, sure, but there's an undeniable drawback manifesting itself through the smell.

DRAGONBORN

Then where would you make your secret Thieves' Den?

AELA

A few locations come to mind. The idyllic shores of Elsewyr, the Throat of the World,...

(CONTINUED)

DRAGONBORN

That one's occupied.

AELA

... and maybe even Summerset Isle.
I hear the weather there is
beautiful this time of year.

DRAGONBORN

(smiling)

I agree. I would definitely prefer
a beach to a sewer right about now.

Suddenly, two hooded figures emerge from the shadows.
They're wearing octopus-like masks under their hood.

AELA

They look like trouble. Weapons at
the ready, Slayer.

CULTIST 1

Halt. Are you the one they call
Dragonborn?

DRAGONBORN

It seems to have caught on, yes.
Who's asking?

CULTIST 2

You don't ask the questions here,
pretender. We have come to give you
what you deserve.

AELA

Flowers? A sweetroll? That'd be
nice.

CULTIST 1

Enough. You will foul his name no
longer. As you utter your last
breath, the glory of his return
will be known to all.

A deep roar resounds in the alleys. A child runs towards his
mother. A blind beggar looks up to the sky. A bale of hay in
the marketplace catches fire. Then, the bell tower starts to
ring. Guards, civilians, horses, everyone and everything
start running for their lives.

DRAGONBORN

What have you done?

(CONTINUED)

CULTIST 2

The inevitable. By fire this city
be purged.

DRAGONBORN

Aela, could you indulge the
gentleman's request for a fight?
I'll take care of... whatever's
coming.

CULTIST 2

(laughs)

Your confidence will soon make way
for fear.

DRAGONBORN

Wrong. I am the one they fear.

The DRAGONBORN's left eye comes into view. Then, he clenches his fists. He walks towards the danger, drawing his blade. He comes to a stop in the middle of the city.

A huge, bronze dragon -Ahbiilok, well known to us from Helgen-lands in front of him creating a small earthquake. It proudly lifts its head.

And roars as loud as it can at its Dov brother, DRAGONBORN.