

INT. THE FATTENED NYMPH BARROOM - NIGHT

A quiet, rustic-looking barroom lit by a few spare lanterns and some candles. The place is nearly empty but for the servers, some guests, and DOMINIC and EMILY in the corner.

DOMINIC is staring out a window. He looks contemplative, and angry.

DOMINIC

I could never match her. I worked as hard as she did - harder - studying and reading and practicing every hour of the day while she gadded about with her little harlots, not sleeping some nights until...

He stops, and rubs at his eyes as though he's about to cry. No tears come. He smiles.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I'm glad you told me. Saved me a lot of wasted time and effort.

EMILY

(struggling for words)

I don't remember...

DOMINIC

(cheerily)

I didn't expect you to; you were little more than an infant. Nonetheless, dear sister, whatever you think of that moment, however well you remember it: I thank you. Sincerely.

DOMINIC looks at his sister, grinning like Lucifer, waiting for a reply. EMILY stares stunned at the table.

EXT. BEHIND THE FATTENED NYPH – NIGHT

MURDA and YORICK are standing in the grass. MURDA is holding out one hand, offering something to the barkeep; YORICK is resolutely staring into the nearby woods. They both seem upset.

MURDA

Yorick, I–

YORICK

Are you just going to do it  
anyway? If I continue to say 'no';  
will you just push past me, poison  
a man yourself?

MURDA answers with silence. YORICK gives a bitter laugh.

YORICK (CONT'D)

Then why even ask? If what I say  
isn't worth a shit, why not just  
go ahead and be done with it?

MURDA

(Weakly)

Because I trust you.

YORICK starts to roll his eyes, but stops. Blood trickles down the side of MURDA's face, revealing a wound that had previously been hidden by the shadows.

YORICK

Does this... does this have  
something to do with that?

MURDA hesitates, then reaches up and unclasps her cloak. It falls, revealing a blood-covered dress and an array of gashes across her torso; the blood is dried, but the wounds are clearly recent.

YORICK

Eld... Eld's holy mercy... Murda, what  
happened?

MURDA

Yorick, come morning, you're going to get a great deal of news. People are going to tell you all about how the Castle Exaire was nearly rent apart, how a little boy was almost burnt alive so that he wouldn't kill everybody inside. A few days ago, you might have also gotten some news that my brother tried killing someone, the same someone that I came in with a few days ago.

YORICK

(breathlessly)

Kaios? He...?

MURDA

So, you hadn't heard. Either way, that man, in the back corner? The one dressed like a lord, the only person drinking Dikani red right now? All of it was him. This, Em, the castle: him. He has hurt... so many people, and he has no intention of stopping.

Once again, MURDA thrusts her hand forward. The light catches on a small, purple-ish vial of something in her palm.

MURDA (CONT'D)

No more, Yorick.

YORICK stares at the vial for several seconds, his eyes watery. He looks away again, wiping at his face and sighing.

YORICK

(pained)

How do you know... that it was him?

MURDA

Does that mean you'll do it?



YORICK

It means I don't want to kill an innocent man!

(pleading)

Murda: do you have any proof at all? Anything you can show me?

MURDA shakes her head.

MURDA

I don't, Yorick. Not with me.

Her hand jerks, urging YORICK to take the vial.

MURDA (CONT'D)

All you can do is trust me.

YORICK doesn't reply. He continues staring into MURDA's hand. Tears have begun to fall, for both of them.

EMILY (V.O.)

Are you...

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EMILY (CONT'D)

(with venom)

...fucking serious?

DOMINIC blinks. The smile has been wiped clean off his face.

EMILY

That is your fucking, Yiil-damned reasoning?

EMILY leaps to her feet, hands flat against the table. She's lost control of her volume, and quickly realizes it as the few other patrons turn to stare.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(dropping her voice)

Minerva taught you, loved you like one of her own children, and because I — because a child — told

you that she wouldn't ever... that  
you wouldn't... oh, Dominic...

She begins to shake, anger drifting back to sadness. She collapses into her chair, one hand over her mouth, and chokes back a sob.

DOMINIC

(awkwardly)

Yes. Well. When you put it that way, I suppose it might sound a little... drastic. But she was going to hold me back, Em. She was—

DOMINIC jumps as EMILY slams her fist into the table, knocking over his drink.

EMILY

After all this, you can't stop trying to square it away? You can't even own up to why you really did it, admit that you murdered her because you. Were just. Jealous?

She scoffs. She is fully weeping now, even as she speaks.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What about our parents? Were they also going to be better mages than you?

DOMINIC

They were the ones who brought her into our house. They—

EMILY

(cutting him off,  
shouting once more)

They loved you! There wasn't a thing in this world they wouldn't have done, didn't do, for us, and you... you self-centered, ungrateful piece of shit. Dominic: I spent years, an entire decade, hoping that I'd misunderstood, that there was a reason for what you'd done.

Even after what you did at the  
Exaire, I still hoped, even a  
little... I hoped that I'd talk to  
my brother and see the best of him  
again. Even with every vision  
saying otherwise, I wanted to be  
wrong. Dominic, tell me I'm wrong.

DOMINIC

(smiling, without  
the slightest trace  
of hesitation)

You're wrong.

EMILY blinks. Her anger clears in an instant, jaw dropping  
with the weight of realization. Even without using magic,  
she seems to see exactly what the future might hold if she  
continues to plead with her brother, and it is not a  
pleasant future. Quietly, she comes to her decision.

She stands, and wipes away her tears.

EMILY

You know what? Okay. Goodbye,  
Dominic.

(she hesitates)

Goodbye, brother.

EMILY walks to the entryway, and there is the sound of the  
outside door opening and closing. A serving girl passes her  
on the way out, making a beeline for DOMINIC's table.

SERVING GIRL

(with an admirable  
attempt to sound  
casual)

We'll be closing the bar soon,  
sir. Is there anything else we can  
get you?

DOMINIC, frustrated, picks up his spilled mug and sees if  
anything's left inside. He offers it to the girl.

DOMINIC

Yes, one more of these, please.  
Dikani red.





SERVING GIRL

(nodding, taking  
the mug and putting  
it on a tray)

Yes, of course, sir. Right away.

She hurries back to the bar, and hands the mug off to the  
man standing there.

SERVING GIRL

Another Dikani red for the  
stranger.

The barkeep — YORICK — nods his head; he seems distracted.

YORICK

Yes, love. Of course. Thank you.

The girl continues standing there for a moment, mystified,  
before being called to another table. As she walks off,  
YORICK sighs, and opens one closed fist. He takes a long,  
heavy look at the vial inside.

END SCENE