



GEMMA GRANGE

Title: **Morrigan**

Date: 23/04/16

Version: 4.0

Genre: Historical Drama / Fantasy / Action

Log Line: When a Pagan Goddess is humanised, one boy must try to send her back to the spirit plane before she is used as a weapon by the enemy.

Paragraph: The Celts and the Romans have always been at each other's throats, but when one of their Pagan Goddesses is kidnapped by the Imperial Army and used as a weapon against them they have nowhere to turn. It appears fate rests on the shoulders of a young village boy named Leith who must rescue this Goddess and send her back to the spirit plane before it is too late.

Beat Outline:

Act-1:

Act-2:

Mid-point -

Act-3:

- PROLOGUE: The Romans exchange horror stories about what the Pagans are like. They reveal their plans to find and eradicate them.
• An introduction to the village. A boy, Leith, is sent to gather food in the forest where he accidentally enters a stone circle, the middle of which stands a fruit tree.
• He throws a rock and accidentally kills a raven - The raven transforms into a girl: Morrigan, the pagan Goddess of death. She is angry with him for humanising her. He takes her back to the village to visit the High Priestess.
• The High Priestess tells the pair about the legend of the Stone Circle and about a Hawthorne Vial that's hidden in the forest. In order to send her back, Leith must draw Morrigan's blood with her dagger and place it in the Vial.
• Morrigan's presence in the village causes much commotion, which frightens her and sends her running back into the forest. Leith finds her and the pair begin searching for the Vial. It starts off well but Leith gets more and more frustrated with his new responsibility.
• Faeries appear that tell her that in order to get back to the spirit plane, her mortal form must be killed the same way her familiar form was - It must be done by Leith. It all gets too much for the boy and he heads back to the village, stumbling across the Vial on the way.
• Morrigan is ambushed by strangers and kidnapped.
• Morrigan is taken to Camulodunon where she is to be sold as a slave. Her looks make her undesirable to most. A wealthy bathhouse owner purchases Morrigan but in an attempt to grope her, she runs him through with a dagger before passing out in the street.
• Leith lies to the High Priestess about sending Morrigan back. She tells him of the horrors that would happen if Morrigan was to die by the wrong hand.
• Morrigan awakes to find herself in custody of the Roman army. They say she must join them or she will die. Knowing that dying is not an option at the hands of the Romans, she reluctantly agrees.
• Leith visits his sick brother who is unable to die. He realises this is because of Morrigan not being in her rightful place to ferry the dead. When the High Priestess finds out he lied to her she scolds him. They worry for Morrigan and the fate of the village.
• When training with the army, Morrigan's skills outshine the others and she attracts the attention of a young general named Rufus. He develops feelings for her but these are not mutual.
• Leith realises he must go into the forest to search for Morrigan. As he sleeps, the Fairies protect him from the impending harm. The Romans attack the village and Leith runs back to protect it.
• Morrigan and Rufus are ransacking a house when Leith runs in. Rufus goes to kill him but he recognises Morrigan begs her to save him, apologising for his insolence. In a panic she turns on Rufus and kills him instead. Leith is badly hurt and Morrigan tries to help him. However, Marcus finds Rufus' dead body and apprehends the pair, sentencing Morrigan to death.
• Morrigan is to be burnt at the stake at the centre of the village. Her unlawful death releases a demon raven spirit that attacks the Romans and kills them.
• Amidst the chaos, Leith finds Morrigan. Once more she tries to heal him but, when she reaches out to him, he cuts her and bottles her blood. This causes the spirit to recede and sends her back, as well as the spirits of the dead being able to pass on. The village is destroyed with only a few survivors left, but Morrigan is free. A large raven flies off into the forest.
• EPILOGUE: Leith makes his way to the stone circle where he greets Morrigan as an old friend. The pair walk off together, Morrigan leading the boy to the next life.

Key Characters

Table with 3 columns: TYPE, NAME, ROLE. Rows include Main characters (Morrigan, Leith, High Priestess) and Supporting characters (Faeries, Rufus, Marcus).

Mission Statement

I wanted to write a film set in Ancient Britain as I feel it is a period of history that isn't often explored in films, other than comedy or parodies. I also wanted to make most of the baseline elements of the story historically accurate as I feel this is a unique setting for the fantasy genre - Studio Ghibli was a great inspiration of this film as they often create fantastical films placed in real-life historical settings, so I thought I would anglicise this as British history is of great interest to me. Also, animation is an area of writing I have yet to explore, so this is what I intend to do with this project.

Influences

(List of 'touchstone' films/tv shows of similar style, goal)

- Spirited Away
• Princess Mononoke
• Mulan
• Gladiator

MORRIGAN
FINAL DRAFT

By

Gemma Grange

i7219656@bournemouth.ac.uk
07955023295

PROLOGUE

INSERT: BLACK BACKGROUND. WHITE TEXT FADES ONTO THE SCREEN.

TEXT

395AD.

Great Britain is currently occupied
by the Romans ruling from their
Capital City, Camulodumun.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

Dark clouds hang in a purple sky as the sound of thunder
rolls across the horizon. A flash of white lightening
illuminates the sky and lights up the village below it.

INSERT: BLACK BACKGROUND. WHITE TEXT FADES ONTO THE SCREEN.

TEXT

The Capital is situated within the
territory of the Trinovantes - A
Celtic tribe that have often
clashed with their Roman invaders
due to spiritualistic and religious
differences.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

Crumbling wooden shacks litter the area, forming a circular
pattern - The roofs are battered from the weather and the
doors, most of them hanging from their hinges, are adorned
with alien symbols painted in a mysterious red liquid.

The place almost looks abandoned.

INSERT: BLACK BACKGROUND. WHITE TEXT FADES ONTO THE SCREEN.

TEXT

Tensions run high between the
co-habitats and the threat of
destruction constantly hangs over
the tribe.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

At the center of the circle stands a large crowd of men,
women and children. They look strange, almost like
undeveloped humans - Bent over and crooked with long, matted
locks of hair covering their faces.

(CONTINUED)

Mostly naked, only scraggly bits of cloth cover various parts of their bodies. The rest of their exposed skin is decorated with various tattoos and scars.

The crowd are in frenzy - Chanting, shouting and stamping, waving their arms in the air with some falling to the ground.

Another flash of lightening darts across the sky as the crowd gets louder and more ferocious.

INSERT: BLACK BACKGROUND. WHITE TEXT FADES ONTO THE SCREEN.

TEXT

All they can do is pray for their
safety...

THE WHITE TEXT FADES AWAY.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

On a wooden platform at the center of the crowd lies a stone bed, decorated with the same symbols that have been seen on the doors of the shacks.

Behind it stands a menacing creature dressed in a long brown robe - They too are covered in tattoos, more intricate than those seen on the villagers, with a horned headdress sitting atop their head.

Their face can barely be seen beneath a thick layer of mud and paint.

The chaos suddenly dies down and a rhythmic chant begins to form within the crowd as they all start stamping as one.

A single figure emerges from the crowd and steps up onto the platform - A YOUNG WOMAN, pale and scrawny, her body draped in a white robe. Her hair is well-kept and her skin is clear of marks.

With a blank expression on her face she makes her way over to the stone bed and lies down.

The beat of the crowd gets faster and louder.

The creature in the brown robe performs a series of swooping gestures before swiftly protruding a large dagger from beneath his sleeve. Holding it above their head the dagger glimmers as another lightning bolt rocks through the sky.

The chanting continues.

(CONTINUED)

Faster.

Louder.

The creature grasps the hilt of the dagger in both hands and brings it down in front of his face. The woman on the bed clenches her eyes shut, preparing for what is about to happen.

The frenzy reaches a climax as the crowd goes wild in anticipation.

Dagger raised, one final shock of lightening reflects from the blade in a blinding flash of WHITE LIGHT.

INT. ROMAN CAMP / GENERAL'S TENT. DAY.

A WHITE FLASH as a piece of metal armor reflects a ray of sun that has leaked in through the gap in the tent. The soldier who's armor it belongs to moves his arm out of the way.

Three men sit around a wooden table at the center of the tent.

At the head sits VARIUS, the General, noticeably so due to the red cape that he wears draped across his bronze armor. A large bronze helmet sits on the table in front of him, topped with the obligatory red hair.

He is older and much more burly than the other two - Muscular arms planted firmly on the table in front of him, his hardened face ponders over the papers that litter the surface.

The other two at his side, MARCUS and RUFUS, are reasonably similar in size - Still muscular but significantly leaner than VARIUS - Their main difference appears to be their hair colour; Marcus is brunette whilst Rufus is blond.

Their armor is that of a silvery colour, dressed with a smaller red cape, and their helmets also lie on the table in front of them, this time topped with black hair - They are Lieutenants.

A large map of Britain is spread across the table with a patch of land in the south east having been circled over and over again in red.

RUFUS

You are certain this is where they
are located?

(CONTINUED)

VARIUS

As far as one can tell but I'm not completely sure. We are going to need more information on their whereabouts before anything is arranged.

MARCUS

The sooner they have been dealt with, the better!

VARIUS

Indeed. The day I share our land with tribes of savages is the day the Empire falls.

RUFUS

But how do you know that they are savages?

VARIUS

It is common knowledge Lieutenant! Ever since us Romans first settled here they've been nothing but trouble.

MARCUS leans across the table so that his face is inches away from RUFUS.

MARCUS

Dare that question even need to be asked? Just imagine it - Tribes of filthy, degenerate half-beings sacrificing innocent humans in order to appease their ridiculous deities. They are nothing but violent, uneducated barbarians!

MARCUS sits back down. RUFUS blinks in disbelief.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Then they have the audacity to call us brutes for trying to civilise them!

VARIUS

This particular tribe is a strong one due to it being within close proximity of the capital; if it falls then we have a much better chance of capturing the rest of them.

(CONTINUED)

He takes a small knife that was lying on the table and stabs in into the map - Right in the center of the red circle.

VARIUS (CONT'D)

We must focus all of our efforts on finding and seizing their stronghold.

RUFUS looks down at the map before looking up at MARCUS who stares at him dead in the eye.

MARCUS

You cannot even begin to prepare yourself for what we are about to witness. All you can do is stay focused on the mission at hand. Trust me Rufus, it will not be pretty.

FADE OUT

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

FADE IN

The air is ripe with birdsong as the sun pushes its way through the gaps in the leafy canopy, decorating the forest floor with specks of light. Tiny insects dart from sunbeam to sunbeam.

The place looks warm, quiet and peaceful - The emerald leaves creating a haze that illuminates the beautiful forest.

A heard of goats comes tottering past, their pattering hooves making little noise on the grassy floor. They move swiftly through the trees, guided by a small girl holding a wooden stick in her hand.

The barefoot child lightly taps her stick on the back of the heard to keep them moving along - A large smile lighting up her innocent face as she does so.

Following the girl and her goats through the forest they eventually come to a clearing at the top of a small mound.

Tapping her stick harder this time she sends the heard galloping down the hill as she runs after them, giggling all the while.

INSERT TITLE: MORRIGAN

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

This is clearly the same village as before, yet it looks completely different to how it did previously.

Perfectly made shacks are dotted around the area - Sturdy, strong, well decorated with the roofs made out of fresh straw.

Washing lines hang out the front of several of these buildings, adorned with freshly washed clothes and beautiful fabrics.

The village is alive and bustling as people go about their everyday lives - Donkey drawn carts full of timber make their way through the main streets accompanied by their respective owners, children run around and play around the sides of the houses, groups of women sit together around large barrels of water and chat whilst they wash their belongings.

The wooden platform still stands in the center of the village, as it did before, yet on it sits a stone bowl filled to the brim with fresh fruit and glistening jewels. The bowl is decorated with intricate patterns and symbols.

Bleating and baa-ing the heard of goats comes galloping into the village, stopping to nibble on a fresh patch of grass. The playing children stop their games to come and pet the animals.

The little SHEPHERD GIRL runs toward her heard and the other children before she is swept up in the arms of a tall, bearded man.

He swings her around and she shrieks with joy, embracing her father and kissing him on the nose. He smiles and snuggles her in close.

Amidst the hubbub leaning against the door of one of the huts stands an awkwardly skinny teenager, huffing and blowing his floppy hair out of his face in impatience.

LEITH, 14, pulls at the loose strands of his brown tunic and scuffs the dirt with his leather sandals - Accidentally kicking a rock so far that it alarms the flock of goats standing across the path, sending them running in all directions. The children chase after them.

His boyish face grows frustrated as he turns around and pounds on the door with his fist. No answer. He knocks on it again.

(CONTINUED)

The door opens and out pops a very disheveled woman. Her brown hair is a mess and she looks frazzled and sleep deprived, her green eyes framed by dark circles on her pale face.

As she fully comes out of the door her swollen, pregnant belly becomes obvious.

ELVA looks down at LEITH as relief washes over her face. Patting him on the shoulder he gives her a faint smile.

Reaching to his side he brings round a small cotton bag which he gives to ELVA. She takes it and disappears back around the door. LEITH sighs and rolls his eyes.

At the door appears a man, ANWYLL. He is clearly very unwell - Face a sickly yellow colour, eyes puffy; only able to support himself on a single crutch. He coughs and shudders, wiping his hand on his tunic.

ANWYLL looks down at his little brother. LEITH looks back expressionless. The pair look very similar. ANWYLL greets him with a pat on the shoulder. LEITH gives him a faint smile.

LEITH
How you feeling?

ANWYLL
Can't complain I guess.

He smirks before coughing again, more violently this time.

LEITH
Well, it's all there. Been foraging all day. I'm shattered.

ANWYLL
Thanks brother. You know how much we appreciate all your help.

LEITH
Don't mention it.

ELVA (O/S)
Leith!

ELVA hurries to the door clutching the empty bag. She puts her arm around her sick husband and he places his hand on her pregnant belly in return. Looking desperately down at the boy she hands him the bag.

ELVA
You forgot the apples.

LEITH
You said you didn't need them!

ELVA
I'm so sorry but I've just checked
the remedy again and the seeds are
an important part.

ELVA rubs her forehead.

ELVA (CONT'D)
I've been so distracted recently
that I can't have looked at it
properly. Could you go now?

LEITH goes to protest but ANWYLL interrupts.

ANWYLL
Of course he will my love. It's not
your fault.

He kisses her on the cheek. LEITH screws up his face.

LEITH
But I've been out all day!

ANWYLL
It won't take long Leith.

ANWYLL takes the bag from his wife and holds it out to
LEITH.

ANWYLL
If you go now then you'll be back
before it gets dark.

LEITH huffs and snatches the bag from his brother before
storming off in the direction of the forest.

ELVA and ANWYLL watch after him. ANWYLL struggles to hold
himself up - With ELVA to support him the pair go back
inside their shack.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

LEITH slumps through the forest kicking various objects as
they cross his path. His sullen demeanor makes him stick out
like a sore thumb in the midst of this glorious setting.

(CONTINUED)

Not paying attention to his surroundings LEITH walks deeper and deeper into the forest.

The sun struggles to get through the dense canopy and so he is plunged into cold shadow.

A thicket of branches stands in his path. Without even a second thought he kicks and punches his way through the brush, wincing as the branches cut his bare arms and legs.

On a tree by the thicket an old wooden sign hangs from the bark. It is covered with unintelligible symbols that have faded greatly.

After much struggling LEITH finally pushes his way through the thicket, falling out of the other side onto his hands and knees. He grunts.

Standing up and brushing himself down, LEITH raises his head. His eyes catch something that make them widen in awe and his mouth drop open.

Before him stands a large stone circle - 10 gigantic slabs of bluestone stand 20ft tall, towering over tiny little LEITH.

Each slab is adorned with ancient symbols that have faded with the weather - The surfaces are battered and cracked, yet still remain strong.

The atmosphere in this part of the forest feels very different. Colder, darker and less beautiful. The only signs of life in this area appears to be a fruit tree that stands to the south of the monument.

Spotting it LEITH nods to himself before taking his first tentative steps into the stone circle.

First foot in - The wind picks up and LEITH shivers. With the tree in his sights he scurries across the circle.

Reaching the base he looks up to see branches upon branches of fresh apples. Picking up a pebble from the ground LEITH throws it in an attempt to knock down the fruit.

He misses.

He grabs a bigger stone and tries again.

LEITH misses and almost gets hit by the falling stone.

Frustrated, LEITH grabs hold of a large rock and throws it with all his might up into the tree. It lands and knocks several bits of fruit down along with a scattering of leaves.

A loud squawk resonates from the tree.

THUD.

Among the spoils lands the body of a dead raven - It lies in a bed of its own bedraggled feathers. Motionless. Lifeless.

LEITH freezes, staring down at the body, the wind rustling its once majestic feathers.

Pause.

Quick as a flash LEITH snatches up the body and stuffs it in his bag. Turning on his heels he sprints back across the stone circle and back through the thicket.

Just as LEITH reappears through the tangle of branches and leaves a powerful force knocks him sideways, clean off his feet.

He is thrown against a tree trunk and lands on the ground, hitting his head.

LEITH blacks out.

FADE TO BLACK

LEITH groans as he regains consciousness.

FADE BACK INTO SHOT

Opening his eyes and rubbing his head, LEITH analyses his surroundings. He is met by a pair of large brown boots - protected by metal shin guards - and the bottom of a torn up dress. He looks up.

A woman, looking at about 19 years of age, stands in front of the boy glaring down at him from her great height. Her dark eyes pierce through the tangled locks of black hair that cascade down from the top of her head.

She is dressed in a mixture of leather, feathers and fabric, embellished with metal armored detail that dress her up to look like some kind of ancient warrior. Her strong arms are decorated with tattoos and finished off with leather gloves on her slender hands.

A dagger hangs in a sheath by her side - The hilt decorated with more ancient symbols.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH scrambles to his feet to meet her eye. The woman continues to stare at him - Her eyes burning under a brilliant tattoo that dresses her forehead.

After a moment LEITH seems to come to a realisation - He knows who this woman is.

LEITH
It can't be!

Instantly he drops his knees by her feet. Her eyes never leave him.

LEITH (CONT'D)
Oh, Great Queen. The Morrigan!

She doesn't respond but her breathing becomes heavy. Sensing this, LEITH backs away slightly.

LEITH (CONT'D)
G-Great Queen. The Morrigan. W-What is your duty in this world?

Her breathing becomes ever the heavier.

LEITH (CONT'D)
I ask you, Great Queen. What is your duty in this world?

She places a gloved hand on the hilt of her dagger. LEITH grows frustrated.

LEITH (CONT'D)
Say something would you! I asked what duty you have in this world!

MORRIGAN
Buachaill... Tu... You. What have... YOU DONE?!
(Boy... You...)

MORRIGAN yells as she unsheathes her dagger. LEITH just about manages to roll out of the way before she drives it into the trunk of the tree, just where he was sitting.

She yells out again in anger and, with one swift motion, pulls out the lodged dagger.

Her anger suddenly turns to exhaustion as she drops the dagger on the ground and begins looking at her hands. She looks all over her body, becoming more and more panicked as she does so.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH slowly picks up the dagger whist she is distracted.
MORRIGAN notices him. LEITH holds it out in his hand.

LEITH
You dropped this.

She looks at him warily before snatching it out of his hand
and placing it back in its sheath.

There is an awkward silence as the pair look at each other.
Nobody really knows what to say.

LEITH
What are you doing here? How did
you get here?

MORRIGAN says nothing. She glances around, clearly looking
for something.

MORRIGAN notices the feathers that decorate her dress.
Plucking one free she holds it out to LEITH and it shimmers
in the light. Black. Glossy.

LEITH's eyes widen and he staggers backwards.

LEITH
That Raven... That was you?

MORRIGAN nods and lowers her arm. LEITH looks back towards
the thicket and the stone circle.

LEITH
Do you know how to get back to
where you came from?

MORRIGAN thinks for a moment. She shakes her head. LEITH
sighs and begins to pace.

LEITH
This can't be happening. Surely
this isn't possible! I mean...
You're a goddess! And you're real!
A real person!

MORRIGAN huffs and folds her arms, raising an eyebrow at the
boy as if to sarcastically say "thanks." LEITH rubs his
temples.

There is a pause for a moment as he ponders the situation.

LEITH

I think I know someone who might be able to help you. She's pretty good with other-worldly stuff.

LEITH goes to walk away back in the direction of the village. MORRIGAN doesn't follow him.

LEITH (CONT'D)

Come on!

He beckons to her but she still doesn't follow, guarded by her wariness. He stomps over to her.

LEITH

Look, clearly neither of us are happy about this but unless you want to stay here in this forest by yourself then you'd best come with me!

LEITH goes to grab her hand but she pulls it away, snarling at him. Her eyes light up with fire once more.

LEITH

Calm down would you, I'm just trying to help!
(Pause)
Come on, come with me.

He flashes her a faint smile and she relaxes slightly. LEITH turns to go and MORRIGAN reluctantly follows, keeping her distance the whole journey back.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

The day is drawing to a close as the golden sun begins to set behind the distant hills. The village is less busy than it was earlier, with only one or two people out and about finishing off their chores.

LEITH leads MORRIGAN through the main center of the village. Her eccentric appearance stands out against the simple setting and people start to notice her as they walk by.

The sound of whispering becomes increasingly more obvious as MORRIGAN passes through the village. Some stop mid-task to watch her as she goes, others run away.

LEITH stops in his tracks as MORRIGAN knocks into the back of him.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH

There!

He raises an arm to point at the structure in front of him.

LEITH has lead MORRIGAN to the north of the village where they are greeted by a majestic Pagan temple.

It's a large wooden building painted white topped with a straw roof. A small fence surrounds the area, leaving enough room in the grounds for several stone statues.

The pair enter the grounds.

MORRIGAN stops, noticing a statue that stands by the path. The weather-beaten stone is carved in the shape of a female with wild hair and a dagger at her side. A raven rests on her shoulder.

MORRIGAN stares at it quizzically. She is virtually identical to the statue, bar the large beak-like nose that protrudes from the face of the stone figure.

The Goddess frowns at this and puts her hand up to her own nose to feel it. She checks it over several times, never taking her eyes from the statue.

LEITH (O/S)

Hey!

MORRIGAN jumps and hurries over to LEITH. She glances back at the statue once more, sneering at it.

The pair make their way through the rest of the grounds and enter the temple.

INT. PAGAN TEMPLE. DAY.

The interior is fairly plain, lit only by flaming torches that hang on the wall. At the back of the temple sits a raised mound covered in a variety of ritualistic objects - Bowls, candles, leather bound books etc.

A figure stands over this mound, facing away from the pair. They approach.

LEITH

Excuse me?

(CONTINUED)

Turning around the HIGH PRIESTESS reveals herself. Standing smaller than both LEITH and MORRIGAN, the woman is draped in layers of coloured fabric that are adorned with feathers and other materials. Several chains and necklaces hang around her neck.

Thick, dark hair is pulled back from her pale face and a small headdress sits atop it.

HIGH PRIESTESS

May I help you?

Noticing MORRIGAN standing in front of her she stumbles back in amazement, knocking an unlit candle from the altar.

She hurries to pick it up but MORRIGAN leans down and grabs it, handing it back to her. The two women meet eyes and stare for a moment.

HIGH PRIESTESS

But... How? This can't be possible.

LEITH

It was an accident I swear! It wasn't my fault.

MORRIGAN sighs and rolls her eyes.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Explain yourself child! Surely something like this doesn't just come about by accident! What did you do?

LEITH

Well I brought some things back from the forest earlier this morning, but apparently I forgot to bring back the apples for Anwyll's remedy, so I had to go back and I looked for so long but couldn't find anything... Eventually I found an apple tree in the middle of this stone circle and-

The HIGH PRIESTESS gasps loudly, stopping LEITH mid-sentence. Her face has gone white. She stares at him with unblinking eyes.

HIGH PRIESTESS

You went... You went where? I... No. It can't possibly be. That place hasn't been seen in... How

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HIGH PRIESTESS (cont'd)
 did you find it? Tell me, how did
 you find it?!

LEITH
 I don't know, I just came across it
 I suppose.
 (Mumbling)
 It's Elva's fault. She didn't read
 the remedy right.

HIGH PRIESTESS
 I don't believe it.

The HIGH PRIESTESS shakes her head and ignores the boy's whingeing. Turning back to MORRIGAN she circles the goddess, examining her. MORRIGAN stands dead still, watching the PRIESTESS warily as she checks her over.

HIGH PRIESTESS
 What I don't understand is how she
 came to be a human? I've never
 heard of a goddess becoming a
 mortal before.

There is a pause as they think.

MORRIGAN
 Mharaigh sé m'fhoirm Puinte agus
 thóg mé amach as an áit.
 (He killed my raven form and
 took me out of the place.)

LEITH and the HIGH PRIESTESS stare at MORRIGAN as she talks.

LEITH
 Oh, so she can speak.

HIGH PRIESTESS
 Quiet boy!

She approaches MORRIGAN and looks her dead in the eye - The goddess tries to lean away but the HIGH PRIESTESS places a hand on her shoulder.

HIGH PRIESTESS
 (To LEITH)
 Her tongue is an ancient one, it
 has been long dead for at least an
 age. I don't know if I...
 (To MORRIGAN)
 D'fhoirm... P-Puinte?
 (The raven... F-form?)

MORRIGAN nods.

LEITH
What did you say?

The HIGH PRIESTESS ignores LEITH.

HIGH PRIESTESS
Cén... fáth go bhfuil tú... anseo?
(Why... Why are you... here?)

MORRIGAN
Mharaigh sé m'fhoirm Puinte agus
thóg mé amach as an áit. Ní féidir
liom a fhágáil, is é mo áit.
(He killed my raven form and
took me out of the place. I
cannot leave, it is my place.)

MORRIGAN points at LEITH.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)
Bhris sé an tordú nádúrtha! Ní
féidir liom a fhágáil!
(He broke the natural order! I
cannot leave!)

LEITH
What's she saying? I know she's
talking about me! Tell me what you
two are saying!

HIGH PRIESTESS
Would you be quiet child I am
trying to understand! She is
obviously very distressed.

The two women continue trying to communicate as LEITH wanders over to the altar. He notices a leather bound book - The front is decorated with the symbol that is tattooed on MORRIGAN's forehead.

HIGH PRIESTESS
Leith!

He slumps back over to the pair. The HIGH PRIESTESS holds a black feather in her hand - The same one MORRIGAN showed LEITH back in the forest.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)
I believe have been informed on
what has happened and it appears
that there is only one course of
action.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH

Good! So you'll take care of her?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Don't be stupid Leith. It's you that brought the Morrigan into this world, so it is up to you to send her back to where she came from.

LEITH

But-

HIGH PRIESTESS

Let me tell you child...

CUT TO:

STYALISED HAND DRAWN ANIMATION STYLE as the HIGH PRIESTESS's words come to life on screen. The animation is very fluid, it reacts and moves to the HIGH PRIESTESS telling the story.

HIGH PRIESTESS (V/O)

Legend has it that the stone circle was a sacred place in which the ashes of the dead were scattered in order to send them on to the next life. A transitional plane if you were.

Three dark figures make their way into the center of the stone circle. One of them holds an urn.

Taking off the lid, a cloud escapes the urn and flies away with the wind.

That tree you saw is where The Morrigan sat before she flew the dead to the afterlife.

The ashes meet with a Raven who glides alongside them. Flapping its wings it directs the cloud and they go off into the distance.

It held much significance to our Tribe, which is why it had to be protected.

Protected from them.

The animation changes from peaceful and fluid to dark and jagged. Hundreds and hundreds of what seem like soldiers march their way across the screen.

The first invasion happened many hundreds of years ago. These beasts, these brutes coming in and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HIGH PRIESTESS (V/O) (cont'd)
destroying our lives and everything
we held dear.

The screen tints red with blood.

Time was running short and only the most important things could be saved. Artifacts, relics, anything we knew that they would destroy. They were hidden deep in the forest where they could never find it.

But what were they to do with the precious Stone Circle? It could not be hidden like such other things. The Tribe prayed and prayed for an answer but before long, they were here.

Burning shacks and fleeing figures take over the screen. It is utter chaos. The ghostly army still march across.

They were getting closer and closer to this most sacred of places. They couldn't be stopped! All seemed lost before...

In fades a peaceful view of an empty clearing. The marching stops.

It had disappeared! Gone from plain sight! The tribe was relieved.

The screen slowly starts to fade to black.

However the disappearance of their most sacred of places lead to distrust within the tribe. Before long arguments broke out over its whereabouts... tensions in the Tribe still run high today and we haven't been the same ever since.

INT. PAGAN TEMPLE. DAY.

There is a pause as the HIGH PRIESTESS finishes her tale.

HIGH PRIESTESS

It appears we have reached an impasse yet again. The return of the circle will set things right within our Tribe but... With Morrigan not in her rightful place. I don't even know what that would entail.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH

So what exactly has this got to do
with me?

LEITH receives a sweeping blow around the back of the head.
He cries out.

LEITH (CONT'D)

Ow! That's not going to help!

HIGH PRIESTESS

Don't you see? Morrigan has to be
reinstated back into her position
or else the whole natural order as
we know it will be disrupted!

The HIGH PRIESTESS bustles over to the altar and picks up
the leather bound book. She examines it before turning it
over and reading what is inscribed on the back cover. She
squints, struggling to read.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

Here! Here we go. I can't quite...
Hang on...

The death of... Our queen wilt
beest true... By... the soul yond
bore her as mortal, else... Else...

Ugh. I am not fluent in this
ancient tongue of hers. As I said,
it has been dead for at least an
age. What I can gather from it
though is that is it of utmost
importance that you are the one to
send her back.

She rubs her temples, deep in thought.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

Still, it baffles me. How you were
able to find the Stone Circle in
the first place I'll never know.

The HIGH PRIESTESS snaps from her train of thought and
strides over to LEITH. Standing on her tiptoes she meets him
dead in the eye.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

This is YOUR fault boy, so you and
you alone must rectify it.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH

Natural order? What natural order?
How exactly am I supposed to do
that? Take her back to the circle?
Just throw her back up into the
tree? WHAT?!

MORRIGAN growls. The HIGH PRIESTESS turns her attention to the book once more. Flipping through it she stops at a page and brings it over to show LEITH.

HIGH PRIESTESS

It is said that deep in the forest
lies a Hawthorne Vial. The legend
states that it was one of the items
buried in the forest in order to
hide it from the invaders. In it
contained the blood of The Morrigan
that was used to adorn the faces of
the deceased.

LEITH and the HIGH PRIESTESS turn to MORRIGAN. She nods. The HIGH PRIESTESS goes back to her book.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Unfortunately, it is unknown if it
even still exists.

MORRIGAN drops her head.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

Leith, you must find the Vial. It
is the only way to send her back.

LEITH

But I-

HIGH PRIESTESS

For once, don't argue with me boy!
You must get going as soon as
possible.

Much to his protest LEITH is heckled out of the door as MORRIGAN follows.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

As MORRIGAN and LEITH exit the temple they are met by a huge crowd of villagers all eager to meet the Goddess.

They scream and call her name, stampeding forward in order to get a better view or touch her hair.

(CONTINUED)

The pair are mobbed and can hardly move. LEITH is shoved around from side to side as the crowd fall upon them.

LEITH
Morrigan? MORRIGAN!

Panicked, MORRIGAN draws out her dagger but this does not stop the crowd. They pack in tighter, trying to get a feel or even just a look of the precious blade.

She screams and pushes her way through the hoard of people with her almighty strength. MORRIGAN flies back through the village, towards the forest and away into the darkness.

LEITH, having managed to escape, watches her as she goes and reluctantly runs after her.

The HIGH PRIESTESS is left to calm the manic crowd.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

MORRIGAN sprints through the woods at an almighty speed before suddenly screeching to a halt near the thicket.

LEITH (O/S)
Morrigan! Morrigan stop!

LEITH bumbles in behind her, sweating and panting, before collapsing at her feet. Breathing heavily he looks up at the Goddess.

LEITH
Don't... Do... That! You're supposed... To stay with me... Okay?

MORRIGAN huffs and folds her arms. LEITH stands up.

LEITH
So... You've heard of this Vial then?

Slowly looking up at him, MORRIGAN nods. LEITH sighs in relief.

LEITH
Right. Well it has to be around here somewhere. Somewhere in this... Gigantic forest... This tiny little bottle... Damn.

LEITH begins to wander away into the trees. MORRIGAN follows him tentatively.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

The pair slowly make their way through the dense trees. Bright light from the moon can occasionally be seen illuminating patches on the floor, lighting up their faces as they pass through.

MORRIGAN is ahead now, searching high and low every nook and cranny that can be seen. LEITH follows behind - Occasionally he kicks a stone or twig to look underneath. He has become reluctant and is doing a terrible job of looking.

Every so often MORRIGAN looks back at the boy. She rolls her eyes at him and continues her searching.

LEITH
This is hopeless!

Plonking himself down on a log LEITH puts his head in his hands. MORRIGAN stops and looks back at him.

LEITH (CONT'D)
What I don't understand is how this is supposed to send you back. Even if we do end up finding it, I don't know how it works!

MORRIGAN looks at him, for the first time with an air of sympathy. She wanders over and sits next to him on the log. Pulling her dagger from its sheath LEITH shuffles backwards.

LEITH
Give me a chance at least!

MORRIGAN smiles and shakes her head.

MORRIGAN
Watch.

She pulls the dagger up to her hand and slices the skin, a trickle of dark blood oozes from the wound.

LEITH
What are you doing?!

MORRIGAN touches the blood until her fingers are covered. She holds them up to LEITH. He leans away in disgust.

MORRIGAN
This...

She holds out her arm and points into the forest.

(CONTINUED)

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

... In there!

MORRIGAN mimics the gesture of putting a lid back on a bottle. LEITH's eyes widen as he nods in realisation.

The pair sit in silence for a moment, contemplating their mission.

Trying to stop the bleeding MORRIGAN dabs at her palm with her fingers. This does nothing. LEITH shakes his head before standing up and walking to a plant that stands opposite them.

Plucking some leaves from the plant he comes back over to MORRIGAN. He places the leaves over her cut and it seems to subside. She looks up at him.

LEITH

Can't have you bleeding to death
before we find the stupid thing.

MORRIGAN smirks and raises her eyebrows at the boy. Standing back up she wanders off once more into the forest, continuing her search. LEITH follows.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

It is much later now and the forest is even darker, almost pitch black. All the sounds have died away and nothing can be heard but the occasional crunching of twigs and rustle of leaves.

Pushing their way through the trees, MORRIGAN and LEITH somehow find themselves back by the thicket.

LEITH grunts.

LEITH

We're going around in circles! I
told you that ages ago!

MORRIGAN brushes this off and continues looking around the clearing. She goes to wander off again in a different direction.

LEITH (CONT'D)

Stop would you! There's no point
carrying on now, it's too dark.

LEITH goes to head back in the direction of the village.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH (CONT'D)

We'll come back in the morning and try again.

MORRIGAN (O/S)

No!

LEITH turns back around to see her standing there, a look of disbelief on her face.

LEITH

Look, I know these parts of the forest better than anyone and I know that we have no hope trying to find anything in the dark. So come on, lets go!

MORRIGAN sits on the ground, arms and legs crossed.

MORRIGAN

No. We search.

LEITH

You've got to be joking. Trust me I know, it's no use!

She pulls out her dagger and begins playing with the blade. She looks at him sarcastically before gesturing at him - An "off you go" sort of wave.

MORRIGAN

Look.

LEITH

Excuse me?

MORRIGAN

Vial. Look. You know... You look...

LEITH

Not a chance! Gahhh, you're like talking to a stubborn child.

MORRIGAN scoffs. Pot calling the kettle black.

LEITH (CONT'D)

I'm tired of you being so hostile to me, I'm only trying to help you know!

She ignores him and carries on playing with the blade of her dagger. LEITH throws his arms up in exasperation and turns to go.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH (CONT'D)

That's it, I'm done! I'd rather be
anywhere else but here right now!
Good luck finding your precious
Vial by yourself oh *great* Morrigan.
I'm going home.

As he goes to walk away a small ball of light appears in front of LEITH's face. It dances around him and he follows it, spinning around in circles until he becomes dizzy.

MORRIGAN is also met with two balls of light that dance around her - She plays along, tracing them with her hands as they flutter past.

The three balls of light group together in front of the pair who can only watch with amazement.

The lights pulse and grow letting of a bright light that almost blinds the pair - When they look back, three creatures stand in their wake.

FAERIES - Gangly and twisted beings engulfed in pale silver light. Their faces pointed, their wings tattered they appear more menacing than magical.

Upon seeing MORRIGAN the trio rush to her and surround her, squealing and squeaking in excitement. MORRIGAN appears to recognise them, cracking even a faint smile.

FAERIE #1

Our queen! Our Morrigan! We hast
found thee!

FAERIE #2

Thy disappearance from our world
hath caus'd much upset and worry.

FAERIE #3

We were sent to looketh for thou.
All ov'r the diff'rent worlds we
look'd and yet here ye are in this
one!

FAERIE #2

Thy folly visit is ov'r anon. Hark!
We wilt return betimes!

The FAERIES pull at MORRIGAN's arms. She resists and shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

FAERIE #1

Whatev'r is the matt'r oh queen?
Doth thou not wisheth to return
with us?

MORRIGAN shakes her head again in despair. She gestures the FAERIES to surround her and begins explaining.

LEITH stands away from the conversation, still in awe of what he has just seen. He looks over the detail of the FAERIES - Their slender arms, pointed hands, concave torsos.

They are beautifully horrifying creatures.

Mid conversation, MORRIGAN turns and points at LEITH, knocking him out of his trance. He frowns at her.

The FAERIES suddenly turn their attention onto the boy, scaring him slightly and causing him to fall to the ground. They hover over to him, staring with their white eyes.

FAERIE #2

Aha. So this is the sirrah that
stole our queen and brought h'r
into this world?

LEITH nods.

FAERIE #3

He admits it! Punishment wilt be
given!

FAERIE #1

Retribution!

Surrounding him their light switches from silver to red and their eyes become pitch black. Opening their drooling mouths they lean in.

LEITH yelps and scurries away, hiding himself behind his hands.

LEITH

Stop! Please! This... This isn't my
fault I swear! NOOOOOOOOOOO!

The squirming boy is met with whispering chuckles. Looking up, the FAERIES have changed back to their original form and are laughing along with MORRIGAN.

Shrinking themselves down to a much smaller size, the FAERIES whisk around LEITH's head.

(CONTINUED)

FAERIE #1

Silly sirrah! Thinking we'd harm
the only soul that couldst sendeth
back The Morrigan?

FAERIE #3

We wouldst never int'rf're with
such a significant purpose!

FAERIE #2

We art h'r guardians, thus we art
also yours.

LEITH stands, brushing himself down.

LEITH

Her guardians? So that means you
can help me send her back!

FAERIE #3

Alas, nay. As ye are the one that
made her mortal, so it must be that
ye are the one to doeth it.

LEITH

But you can at least help us. We're
looking for a Vial that's hidden in
these woods. The High Priestess of
my village told me that might be
thing to do it.

The FAERIES regrow in their size and converse with each
other quietly. LEITH looks at MORRIGAN who ignores him.

FAERIE #1

We knoweth as dram about this world
as our goddess - This Vial thou
speaketh of is unknown to us.

FAERIE #2

Our powers on this plane holdeth
dram significance. All we may do is
watch to make sure thou stayeth
safe.

LEITH rubs his face with his hands trying to keep his
composure.

Finally he snaps and cries out in anguish.

LEITH

I never wanted this! This whole
situation was an accident and now

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LEITH (cont'd)

I'm stuck with it. I'm stuck with her!

He points at MORRIGAN who snarls at him, placing her hand on the hilt of her dagger.

LEITH turns to go - The FAERIES stand in his path but he is able to walk through them like they weren't even there.

LEITH (CONT'D)

I refuse to believe that I am the only one that can send her back! If she is as powerful as is said, then she can find her own way back to where she came from.

FAERIE #1

Child, thou cannot do this!

LEITH

Watch me!

LEITH sprints away into the dark forest as the others watch, speechless at what just happened.

After a few moments of silence the FAERIES turn to MORRIGAN.

FAERIE #2

Fear not our queen, the sirrah shall fulfill his task and thou shalt be reunite'd with us anon.

FAERIE #3

I shall follow!

FAERIE #3 transforms back into a little ball of light zips after LEITH, lighting up the forest as it goes.

MORRIGAN

Stupid child.

FAERIE #1

Aye, but he is young. Soon he will learn the weight of his responsibility to thee.

FAERIE #2

For now our queen we may doeth nothing but wait for your swift demise. Feareth not as we shall meet again anon.

(CONTINUED)

The two remaining FAERIES transform back into specks of light.

FAERIE #1
Our eyes shall always be on thee
Morrigan. Stay safe.

FAERIE #1, #2
A'dh mo'r.

Gone!

The light fades and MORRIGAN is left alone in the dark. All is silent except the occasional hooting of an owl.

MORRIGAN's breathing gets steadily heavier and heavier before she lets out an almighty scream that echos through the forest, sending birds flying out from their nests into the night sky.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

LEITH slows his pace to a walk as he continues his journey back to the village. He grunts and murmurs to himself as he walks, wiping his nose and eyes with the back of his sleeve.

In front of him appears the same ball of light - FAERIE #3 - It speeds around his head and face, occasionally knocking into him on purpose.

LEITH
Ow! Stop it!

LEITH swats at the FAERIE but it is too fast for him. He twists and moves his body in an attempt to get away from it but to no prevail.

LEITH (CONT'D)
Leave me alone!

He starts to run, eyes closed with his arms flailing in the air trying to bat away the ball of light.

Eventually he smacks the FAERIE with his hand and it disappears. Still with his eyes shut LEITH trips over a tree root and lands face first onto the ground with a THUD.

Opening his eyes he moans and stretches out his body feeling for any aches and pains.

As he lifts his head, LEITH notices something in front of him.

A rock - Not like any other ordinary rock, it seems as if it has no natural place in being there. It is surrounded by a circle of grass and leaves, strategically placed, with a symbol is carved onto the surface.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

In a fit of almighty rage and frustration, MORRIGAN has taken to destroying the forest around her.

She rips branches from trees and snaps them in half as if they were mere twigs.

Pulling rocks from the ground she hurls them into the distance causing more animals to scatter.

She huffs and grunts as she does so, angrier and angrier as each moment passes.

At one point she pulls out her dagger and starts wildly swinging it around, catching various things at the end of it. She cries. She yells.

The forest remains quiet around her.

Until... CRUNCH.

Between the trees two almighty shadows approach the goddess. They remain hidden in the darkness, watching her as she rampages on.

MORRIGAN doesn't notice the pair amidst her destruction.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

LEITH reaches for the rock and tries to lift it - It's much heavier than it looks. With all the might in his skinny arms he slowly manages to shift it one inch at a time.

After one almighty pull the rock moves completely, revealing what is sitting underneath it.

The Hawthorne Vial.

LEITH's eyes widen as, with a shaky hand, he reaches for the object. Holding it close to his chest for safekeeping, LEITH shuts his eyes and sighs.

Slowly he begins to wander back the way he came.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH
Morrigan? Morrigan!

No response.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

MORRIGAN stands in the center of her frenzy, panting heavily as a loose branch falls from a tree and comes crashing into the ground.

She exhales and drops to her knees, sheathing the dagger back under her cloak.

Squinting in pain she puffs and pants in exhaustion - Her human form is clearly taking its toll on her. Examining her body once again she struggles to keep conscious.

MORRIGAN tries to stand but it is too much for her and she slumps back onto the ground. She balls her hands up into fists and places them over her face, shaking as she does so.

Alone and confused, MORRIGAN stares up into the clear sky. The moon shines down on her as she kneels there. Lowering her head she looks towards the path that LEITH took back to the village and sighs.

MORRIGAN's vision suddenly goes black!

She tries to cry out but something is covering her mouth.

The two large figures that were lurking in the shadows have pounced upon the unsuspecting goddess, apprehending her and covering her face with a cotton bag.

A length of rope appears and is wrapped around MORRIGAN's wrists but she manages to snap it, leaving her more exhausted. Muscular arms grab her and she struggles, trying to put up a fight.

She just about manages to break free and, just as she is about to reach for her dagger, is tackled to the ground by one of the creatures.

MORRIGAN punches, strangles, scratches and kicks and eventually she is able to wriggle free. They land on the ground with a deep grunt.

Pulling the bag from her head MORRIGAN growls and hisses at the figure. Her legs shake and almost buckle beneath her but she goes to pounce before...

CRACK.

(CONTINUED)

MORRIGAN falls to the ground, a slight trickle of blood oozing through her raven locks and large rock is dropped by the side of her unconscious body.

The figure on the ground stands up and spits out some blood and loose teeth. Pulling out another length of rope, MORRIGAN is tied up and thrown over a shoulder.

Quietly as they entered the pair leave with MORRIGAN in their possession.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

LEITH has quickened his pace now. Face lit up with excitement he calls out into the night.

LEITH
Morrigan? Morrigan where are you?

Following his paces back he eventually arrives back at the scene where he left her.

LEITH is stunned at the destruction that surrounds him.

LEITH
M-Morrigan?

His calls prove nothing as there is no response. She isn't there to answer him.

For the first time, LEITH looks genuinely worried.

EXT. CAMULODUMUN. DAY.

Camulodumun - The capital. Large stone walls surround the city, framing the beautifully structured buildings that lie within. Long roads, busy with many travelers, bring people in and out of the great walls.

The city is incredibly busy and somewhat cramped. Whilst it looks magnificent it is dirty and polluted, very different from the spacious village hidden in the emerald forest.

Horse drawn carts hurry through the streets as pedestrians jump to avoid them.

Large crowds stand on street corners, talking loudly and playing games.

Women hang fabrics from their high-rise windows as their children run around in the streets below.

(CONTINUED)

The whole place feels claustrophobic and foreign. It doesn't belong here.

EXT. MARKET PLACE / CAMULODUNUM. DAY.

In the center of the city is a gigantic marketplace - Rows and rows of wooden stalls topped with canvas line up next to each other.

Each one is selling something different from the last: Fruits, fabrics, animals, weapons, raw materials etc. The keepers shout their wares at the public as they pass.

People push past one another to get a closer look at what is being sold, brimming handfuls of glittering coins waving in the air.

At a large stall in the heart of the market stands a feeble looking MORRIGAN, chained up with other weary looking prisoners. They are all of a similar look yet MORRIGAN's clothing sticks out against the others.

A seller stands behind the prisoners on a podium. He shouts and yells at the busy market.

SELLER

Slaves! Slaves for sale! Good, hard workers straight from the fields themselves! True working Celts that will be made to do your every bidding! Honest slaves for honest prices! Slaves! Slaves for sale!...

Several prospective buyers stop by the stand and analyse the prisoners. Most just stand there gloomily as they are looked over by the wealthy Romans.

All except MORRIGAN.

A couple come close to the goddess and she snarls, snapping her teeth at them. They shriek and hurry away.

Another man tries to approach her but she kicks out at him with her metal boots, catching him on the shin. He hobbles away muttering to himself.

SELLER

Ho-oh! We have ourselves a feisty one here ladies and gentlemen! Strong limbs mean a strong worker! A prize slave if I do say so myself!

(CONTINUED)

The other slaves are sold off in quick procession, leaving only MORRIGAN on the stand by herself. She has drawn a small crowd who have come to ogle at her, whispering things between themselves.

MORRIGAN lurches forward, chains tightening. The crowd jump and move away from her. This exhausts her once more and she staggers back to where she was standing.

SELLER

Now now ladies and gentlemen there is no need to be afraid of a mere Celt! Their inferior intellect means that they might be slightly aggressive to begin with, but its nothing that can't be fixed with a little manual labour!

VOICE

I shall take her!

The crowd gasp and part, leaving a MAN standing alone in the middle. MORRIGAN lurches for him, snarling and spitting. He does nothing but laugh.

An incredibly tall and burly man, he wears a short white tunic and a pair of worn sandals on his feet. A dark beard frames his ugly face, his head covered with shaggy, unkempt hair.

His beady eyes light up as he smiles, revealing a row of brown crooked teeth.

MAN

Ha ha, a feisty one indeed! She will make a fine addition to the staff at my bath house.

He reaches into his pocket.

MAN (CONT'D)

I shall give you three gold coins for you and nothing more. That's more than a fair price for one of these Pagan Celts.

The SELLER is gobsmacked at his offer. Walking over, the MAN drops the gold coins into his hand. He picks up the piece of rope that MORRIGAN is attached to and begins to walk out of the square.

As they walk MORRIGAN struggles against the rope but it restricts her movement too much. The MAN yanks the rope and MORRIGAN stumbles forward, right next to him.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

(Whispering)

Don't worry girl, I know what you want. I'm here to help you.

MORRIGAN relaxes slightly, still keeping her eye on the man.

The pair pass through the busy market. Spotting an empty alleyway the MAN darts down it, pulling MORRIGAN with him.

The alley is dark and dirty, floor littered with waste and polluted water. The stone walls leak and drip into the puddles.

The noise of the city has died down and all that can be heard is the gentle dripping of the water. MORRIGAN is wary.

Checking that the coast is clear, the MAN unties MORRIGAN's hands. She rubs her wrists, frowning her brow at the kind stranger.

MORRIGAN turns to leave when suddenly a large hand appears around her waist, pulling her back. The MAN has a hold of her and he's breathing on her neck, face buried in her hair.

MAN

Why do you think I paid such a fair price for a Celt? You're mine now, girl.

MORRIGAN struggles, trying to break free but his hand holds her still, pulling her in closer to the MAN. The more she fights, the more aggressive he gets.

MAN (CONT'D)

Come come, its too late for any of that now. I want my three coins worth!

The hand around MORRIGAN's waist slowly starts to move upwards.

That's it. Too far. MORRIGAN's eyes grow red with fire she screams.

Quick as a flash she breaks free from the MAN, unsheathes the dagger from her side and stabs him right in the chest. It takes a moment for the man to comprehend what has happened before...

THUD. The lifeless body of the MAN lies slumped on the floor, blood oozing from his chest into the dirty puddles. MORRIGAN dislodges her dagger.

(CONTINUED)

Footsteps can be heard at the edge of the alley. Three Roman Soldiers stand there, behind them a large crowd of spectators.

MORRIGAN can do nothing but stand over her victim. She is trapped. She stumbles, her legs buckling, exhausted.

Soldiers approaching, MORRIGAN faints, landing straight on top of the lifeless body of the MAN.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

The bright sun rises in the east as morning approaches. The village is quiet as LEITH sneaks his way back through the houses from the forest.

In his hand he still clutches the vial, holding onto it for dear life.

His face looks gaunt and somewhat worried. It's clear he hasn't slept.

HIGH PRIESTESS (O/S)

Leith my boy!

LEITH jumps, almost dropping the vial. He just about manages to hold onto it as he sees the HIGH PRIESTESS outside of the temple.

LEITH

Oh... Hello!

HIGH PRIESTESS

Did it work? Is The Morrigan free?

Sheepishly, LEITH looks down at the vial in his hands. He quickly puts it in his cotton bag so that it is out of sight.

Putting on a large false smile, he responds.

LEITH

That she is!

HIGH PRIESTESS

Oh thank goodness!

(Pause)

And it was definitely you that performed the ritual, right boy?

(CONTINUED)

LEITH

Yes of course it was! Who else would have done it?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Just making sure! I spent all of the night reading and managed to find some interesting things about these rare occurrences of gods turning mortal, you see!

Apparently, if a god or spirit becomes mortal of their own free will then they may go between planes as they choose. However, if they are turned mortal by a HUMAN then their mortal self must be sent back by the same human!

LEITH

You told me this earlier, I know I was the one that had to do it!

HIGH PRIESTESS

And I'm glad you did! I read that if said god or spirit was killed or attempted to be sent back by the wrong person, then their soul is released onto to world.

She chuckles.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

I am just glad that Morrigan was sent back by you in the nick of time! Her soul is the worst of them all so it says!

LEITH gulps, his voice shaky.

LEITH

Oh... Oh really?

HIGH PRIESTESS

Well it seems likely! What else do you expect from the Goddess of Death? Perhaps it was a good thing she was hidden away for all those years after all.

But its all just legend I suppose. Not that it matters now anyway!

(CONTINUED)

Smiling, she ruffles LEITH's hair and heads back inside of the temple.

LEITH is left awkwardly standing there, fumbling with the vial in his bag. His face has gone completely white.

A bead of sweat trickles its way down LEITH's face.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

LEITH hurries through the waking village, trying hard to avoid anybody else. He keeps the vial in the cotton bag pressed close to his chest.

He eventually reaches ANWYLL and ELVA's shack. Making sure to keep a distance from the front door he darts around the back.

Leaning against the wall he slides down it, panting hard from running. He keeps the bag close to his chest as he regains his breath. His face still as white as a sheet.

Checking that the coast is clear, LEITH takes the vial from his bag and studies it.

A small wooden thing, the base is decorated with symbols and patterns that have been carved into the wood. It is sealed with a small stone that fits into it perfectly.

Taking off the lid LEITH inspects the inside. Empty.

A sudden flash of anger appears on his face - He holds the vial as if he is about to throw it away. Gritting his teeth he tries with all of his might to get rid of it.

But he can't. Calming himself down he holds the vial close to him once more and closes his eyes, head rested against the wall of the shack.

The village has gotten busier now with more and more villagers waking up. LEITH quickly stuffs the vial back in his cotton bag and ties it around his waist.

He stands up and, as if nothing has ever happened, walks back into the center of the village.

EXT. ROMAN CAMP / CAMULODUMUN. DAY.

SPLASH!

A large bucket of water is thrown from a great height and lands straight on MORRIGAN's head, waking her from her unconscious sleep.

MORRIGAN has awoken in an open courtyard.

The Roman Camp is surrounded by tall wooden walls. Watch towers stand high at the entrance to the camp, a soldier guarding in each.

A row of small brown tents line the back of the camp, filled with various weapons and other supplies. A larger tent sits in the middle of the row - This belongs to the General. The flaps are currently closed.

An open field towards the back is dotted with soldiers sparring with each other, training and practicing their formations.

MORRIGAN goes to wipe her face with her hand but is unable to do so - Looking down, both her arms are chained to a thick post that is hammered into the ground. She pulls several times but to no prevail.

Moving around, she notices that she is missing something - Her dagger! She starts to panic, looking all around trying to catch a glimpse of it. Nothing.

She whimpers and thrashes around. Several soldiers stop to ogle her as they pass. She spits at them.

Across the yard stand VARIUS, MARCUS and RUFUS. They watch MORRIGAN as more and more soldiers stop to look at her. As the crowd gets larger they are no longer able to see her.

The three men turn to each other.

VARIUS

She is a strong fighter, none like I've ever seen. Fearless too. Her little performance in the market proved that.

RUFUS has MORRIGAN's dagger in his hands. He holds it up to the others.

RUFUS

This was found on her possession when she was apprehended.

(CONTINUED)

VARIUS

Is it worth anything?

RUFUS

I doubt it. More than likely it just has sentimental worth. How she was able to kill a man with something so small is beyond me.

VARIUS waves his hand.

VARIUS

Get rid of it then. She won't be needing it now.

Furrowing his brow, RUFUS sneakily attaches the dagger to his sheath. He pulls his cape around him to hide it.

MARCUS

How could you even consider letting one of... them join the Imperial Army? She'll be after our heads!

VARIUS

Because with her co-operation we'll be able to track down this hidden village within the Trinovantum much easier and eradicate them much quicker.

Look at her, look at the way she's dressed. It's clear that she's from around here somewhere. Apparently she was found wandering around deep in the forest. Possibly a rouge. Better for us.

MARCUS

Who says she'll fight for us anyway?

VARIUS turns to RUFUS who has been watching over where MORRIGAN is. Noticing the General's gaze he snaps back.

VARIUS

That's up to you to convince her. I'm sure an army lifestyle will be considered luxury after the filthy squalor she is used to. Treat her the same as any other soldier and before we know it she'll be leading the march single handed!

RUFUS and VARIUS laugh, MARCUS stands there stony faced.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

I still don't like it. What if she refuses?

VARIUS

What use to us is she then? We kill her of course!

RUFUS stops laughing immediately.

MARCUS and VARIUS enter a deep conversation as RUFUS' attention is drawn back to the crowd around MORRIGAN.

He frowns. The soldiers are laughing, jeering, kicking. Screams and yelps from behind them can be heard. Placing a firm hand on his sword RUFUS storms over.

MORRIGAN ducks and dives, trying to avoid the dirt and stones that are being kicked at her from all directions. Her menacing looks prove no help as it only spurs the crowd on.

RUFUS

Men! What is the meaning of this chaos?!

The soldiers quickly stop what they are doing and stand to attention as RUFUS walks through them. Making his way to the front of the crowd, RUFUS sets eyes on MORRIGAN for the first time.

She looks up at him - For the first time she actually looks scared. Desperate even. RUFUS softens upon seeing her, it is clear to see that he finds her attractive.

Looking back at him MORRIGAN notices something attached to his waist. HER DAGGER! She shifts her gaze between his face and the blade.

He leans down slightly to catch her eye but she looks away. Clearing his throat he turns back to his men.

RUFUS

Listen up soldiers, I will have no more tormenting of this woman while she is with us. If I see anything of the sort, then you shall be reported to the General and punished. Do you understand?

The soldiers nod, confused.

(CONTINUED)

RUFUS (CONTD)

I am fully aware that you've all been trained to hate her and her people, but you're going to have to learn to live and work with her. By word of the General, she is now part of our ranks.

The crowd begin to kick up a fuss, asking questions and becoming increasingly.

MORRIGAN lifts her head, completely stunned. She tugs at her chains once more.

RUFUS attempts to calm the soldiers, shouting over them until he has their attention.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Her assistance will help us greatly with the hunting down and eradication of Celtic villages in the surrounding area. This is a good thing, men!

MORRIGAN notices the soldier standing nearest to her. Lurching forward she sinks her sharp teeth into his exposed ankle.

The soldier cries out in anguish.

MARCUS (O/S)

What is going on?!

MARCUS pushes his way through the crowd, sword drawn. He comes across the man with the bleeding ankle, seeing MORRIGAN with it all around her mouth. Unsheathing his sword he points it directly at her.

MARCUS

Listen here you filthy, disgusting barbarian. If you DARE step a foot out of line and I'll make sure you-

RUFUS knocks MARCUS' sword away and stands between him and MORRIGAN.

RUFUS

Marcus, violence is not going to help in a time like this! Save it for the battlefield.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

It's the only way to communicate with these people, it's all they know!

MARCUS kneels down, inches away from MORRIGAN's blood spattered face. He stares into her dark eyes.

MARCUS

Listen up you. Either you fight for us, or you die. You tell us where your tribe is located and we let you go, if not, then it's you that going to get it.

What's it going to be?

MORRIGAN snarls before spitting out a large mouthful of blood onto the ground in front of his feet. MARCUS smirks before standing up.

MARCUS

She has made her decision! We kill her at dawn.

MARCUS and the crowd disperse, the chatter of the men sounding more positive than before. MORRIGAN can do nothing but sit there, back straight, chest puffed out she stares into the distance.

RUFUS turns to go but cannot seem to leave her. Instead he kneels down in front of her, keeping his distance all the while. MORRIGAN ignores him.

RUFUS

You know cannibalism is usually frowned upon in these parts, don't you?

He chuckles at his own little joke. MORRIGAN continues to ignore him.

RUFUS

But honestly, you would really rather die?

Silence.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

An army lifestyle really isn't so bad. You'd be treated well here, better than where you came from.

MORRIGAN glares at him, still saying nothing.

(CONTINUED)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Plus you would be heralded as a hero afterward! Your contributions to the army would not go unrecognised.

Do you really want to throw all that away?

MORRIGAN snarls, shakes her head and looks away once more. RUFUS stands, his face turning sour at the stubborn goddess. Turning on his heels he walks away.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Marcus was right, there really is no way to get through to these people!

As he faces away from her his face drops. He bites his finger, anxious of what is to happen.

RUFUS walks away and disappears behind the row of tents. Once out of sight, MORRIGAN drops her demeanor and slumps to the ground.

Jaw clenched, her dark eyes begin to water.

EXT. ROMAN CAMP / CAMULODUMUN. NIGHT.

As the dark sky fills itself with twinkling stars, MORRIGAN is still sat in the same position as before.

Her eyes are framed by dark circles and she can barely move. Occasionally she closes her eyes and her head bobs forward, but she manages to snap herself awake before she drifts off.

She looks at the post and feebly attempts to pull her chains, but she is too weak to move them.

MORRIGAN pulls them one more time but exhaustion takes over her body and she lies down on the cold ground, her heavy eyelids falling over her pupils.

She relaxes, she cannot resist sleep any longer.

FADE TO BLACK:

INSERT: The dark figure of a woman dances onto the screen. She twirls and spins, leaping from one side to the other. As she dances, little white puffs of what looks like clouds arise from the ground and float up into the air. The figure guides them as she dances.

(CONTINUED)

The figure stops. She wavers, her legs buckling underneath her. Raising her arms to look at them, grey smoke begins to float upwards from her limbs.

She panics - As the smoke rises so she dissolves. The woman scampers around trying to make it stop but she is unable. Before long the woman has completely disappeared and the smoke has taken over the entire screen.

A gigantic black raven suddenly cuts through the smoke with an almighty screech. Its eyes are blood red, menacing and terrifying, with flames dancing out the side of them.

The raven swoops forward, its pointed beak wide open getting closer and closer. With one final scream, the raven's beak engulfs the screen and it is black once more.

EXT. ROMAN CAMP / CAMULODUMUN. NIGHT.

MORRIGAN sits up sharply, panting and sweating. She looks around her. Noticing she is still in the camp she calms herself.

Tears stream from her eyes but she does not notice this.

She thinks to herself - MORRIGAN knows that there is only one course of action she can take.

MORRIGAN

Ní féidir liom a betray iad ach...
Cad atá le déanamh? Níl mé ag
iarraidh go bás ... Ní féidir liom
bás.

(I cannot betray them but...
What to do? I do not want to
die... I cannot die.)

Sighing she looks up at sky but there is no moon to be seen, hidden behind a haze of smog and pollution from the city.

Moving her hands she fiddles with the empty sheath by her side as she continues to look up at the sky.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

LEITH wanders through the empty village in the dark. All is completely quiet bar the sound of the wind rustling through the trees in the forest.

The boy wanders aimlessly around eyes fixed permanently on the ground in front of him. His face is completely blank.

(CONTINUED)

His shin comes into contact with a small wooden fence, causing him to draw to a halt. Looking up, LEITH has arrived at the Temple. There are no lights in the windows making it look very dark and menacing.

LEITH enters the grounds, looking at all the different statues of the dieties that litter it. Some are beautiful, others outrageously ugly. These ones make LEITH smile.

Right in front of him on the path sits the statue of The Morrigan. Her wild hair flows behind her away from her face, causing the beak-like nose to stick out even more.

LEITH sits on the ground in front of it, studying its detail. He runs his hand along the beak.

LEITH

It would have been a lot funnier if she had actually looked like that.

LEITH pulls away and rests his head on his hand.

LEITH (CONT'D)

I'm sure she's fine, wherever she is. Yeah... Yeah of course she is. She's strong enough to look after herself!

He lifts his head up, a determined look upon his face.

LEITH (CONT'D)

Without a doubt she'll be back here before we know it! I'm sure no one will miss her for just a few more days.

LEITH looks at the statue once more towards the raven on her shoulder. His face drops slightly.

LEITH (CONT'D)

Then again, anyone could have found her. She could be captured or hurt or in danger or...

He cuts himself off. Standing up he strides away from the statue and out of the grounds. He makes sure not to look back at it.

LEITH (CONT'D)

She's fine. She'll be back soon. Who would she have come across in those woods anyway?

EXT. ROMAN CAMP / CAMULODUMUN. DAY.

MORRIGAN is awoken by the sound of clanging chains. She sits up, noticing that her cuffs have been unlocked. She is free to move around again.

Before her stand VARIUS, MARCUS, RUFUS. All of them have a firm grip on their swords except RUFUS. The other soldiers form a circle around the four of them, watching intently.

As MORRIGAN slowly stands up, VARIUS and MARCUS unsheathe theirs fully, the morning sun glistening from the shining blades.

For the first time MORRIGAN looks weak, tired and helpless. She looks towards RUFUS who stares back, expressionless.

MARCUS goes to raise his sword.

Dropping her head, MORRIGAN shuts her eyes tightly.

The sword is raised further. The courtyard falls silent.

MORRIGAN

I... I will fight.

MARCUS stops dead. RUFUS' face lights up, he even cracks a small smile. VARIUS smirks and sheathes his sword.

VARIUS

Good decision, Celt. It will most definitely be worth your while.

VARIUS and the other soldiers disperse. Grunting, MARCUS shoves his sword back in it's sheath and storms off.

Still with her head hanging low, MORRIGAN falls to her knees. RUFUS rushes over to her. He touches her shoulder and she flinches away from him.

RUFUS

Tell me your name.

MORRIGAN remains silent, looking at the ground.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Surely you no longer wish to be referred to as 'Celt.' Tell me your name.

MORRIGAN thinks for a moment - It is obvious that she still doesn't trust him.

(CONTINUED)

MORRIGAN

Is... ainm dom... Leith.
(My... Name is... Leith.)

She quickly looks away from him. RUFUS looked confused.

RUFUS

Leith?

She nods.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

An odd name I'm sure I can work
with it. Now lets get you to your
tent. Some food and a good rest
should do you well-

He grabs her around the wrist and she flinches again, this time from the bruises that the chains have left. Slowly and gently, RUFUS holds out his hand to her.

RUFUS

It's okay, trust me. Come on, come
with me.

As he lifts her from the ground, MORRIGAN once again notices her dagger tied to his waist. As the pair of them walk out of the courtyard she never takes her eyes from it.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

LEITH hurries through the village, knocking past people as he goes. His face is stern, straight. He keeps on running.

Eventually he makes it to the front door of a shack - The same shack we saw him leaning up against earlier. He knocks frantically on the door.

The same woman as before, ELVA, opens it. She looks even more disheveled now. Her eyes red from crying.

LEITH

What's happening? I was told it was
urgent.

ELVA

Oh Leith, I don't know what's going
on! Your brother seems to have
gotten worse.

She ushers him inside the hut and closes the door behind her.

INT. ELVA AND ANWYLL'S HUT. DAY.

LEITH hurries in and is greeted by the HIGH PRIESTESS who stands over a bed in the corner.

On the bed lies ANWYLL; yellow-ish skin drenched in his own sweat, tears streaming from his puffy eyes. His body writhes in pain, yet he seems neither conscious or unconscious.

ELVA and LEITH can do nothing but stand there as the HIGH PRIESTESS bares down on him, muttering incantations and mopping his brow with a piece of cloth.

After a few moments he seems to calm down to a docile state. The HIGH PRIESTESS exhales deeply and turns to the other two.

HIGH PRIESTESS

(To ELVA)

Your husband has been ill for quite some time now, correct?

ELVA sniffs and nods to the question.

HIGH PRIESTESS

I see. I'm afraid to say that I've seen many people in this village suffer from the same illness and it doesn't look likely that he's going to make a recovery.

Covering her mouth with her hand, ELVA turns away and begins sobbing. Without moving his gaze away from ANWYLL, LEITH rubs her on the back. His face holds no expression.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

However, there appear to be further complications.

ELVA turns back around. LEITH's eyes widen.

HIGH PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

This illness that he possesses works its way through the body incredibly quickly. When did you say he started feeling unwell?

ELVA

A few days ago, that's when it got really bad. I thought it was only a fever or something, so I sent Leith to go and fetch some more things from the forest. Only it's only seemed to have gotten worse!

(CONTINUED)

HIGH PRIESTESS

Yes, it's definitely more than a fever, and judging by previous sufferers this stage of the disease kills within a matter of hours. I'm just surprised as to why he is still alive.

The HIGH PRIESTESS begins muttering to herself. Pulling a flint from beneath her robe she kneels and lights a circle of candles and a stick of incense that have been placed on a small table next to the bed.

Smoke arises from the incense and the HIGH PRIESTESS breathes it in deeply. Halfway through her breath she pauses and the muttering stops. Confusion.

She stands, turning her attention back to ELVA and LEITH.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Something isn't right here. His soul appears not to be able to leave his body and move on into the next life. It's as if he were... trapped, with no way of knowing where to go.

LEITH swallows. Uh-oh.

He darts his eyes around the room, trying his best not to look at his brother writhing in pain. He knows why this is happening and it's all his fault.

The HIGH PRIESTESS goes back to her rituals as ELVA watches on.

A sweat breaks out on LEITH's forehead and he begins to tug at his tunic. Breathing heavily he looks towards the door.

LEITH

I need some air.

He runs towards it, face green with nausea. In his panic he knocks into the table, sending the candles and incense flying.

The HIGH PRIESTESS breaks her ritual and attempts to tidy up the mess. ELVA assists.

LEITH's rush has caused the vial to fall out of his bag and roll across the floor. He stares at it with his hand on the door, unable to move.

(CONTINUED)

The tiny wooden bottle rolls over and lands directly in front of the HIGH PRIESTESS. She stops what she is doing.

HIGH PRIESTESS

What is this?

The HIGH PRIESTESS stares at the empty vial lying on the ground. LEITH fiddles with his tunic nervously.

Leaving ELVA tending to the mess, the HIGH PRIESTESS drags LEITH outside, quietly shutting the door behind them.

She turns on him.

HIGH PRIESTESS

You swore to me that what had to be done had been done. This Vial should be filled with the blood of The Morrigan and it's EMPTY?!

LEITH bursts out into tears.

LEITH

It's all my fault! I didn't believe that it was all up to me to send her back so I walked away and left her in the forest.

HIGH PRIESTESS

You did what? You stupid, STUPID boy!

Where is she now? WHERE IS MORRIGAN?

LEITH

I don't know!

HIGH PRIESTESS

You don't know?!

LEITH

No! After I stormed off I stumbled across the vial. I went back to the spot where I'd left her but she'd disappeared!

HIGH PRIESTESS

So she's still out there all by herself? Leith this is terrible!

LEITH

I know! I'm so sorry!

HIGH PRIESTESS

Sorry? Sorry will not solve this, child! It is YOUR fault that she is here and you thought it smart to just abandon her!

Look at your brother, Leith! He is gravely ill and because of you he is in even more pain than he should be! Without Morrigan in her rightful place, he is unable to pass onto the next life. Until she is back he will forever be stuck in this purgatory state and it's all because of your selfish ways!

LEITH

But... But I don't know what to do! I don't know where she's gone! She could be anywhere.

HIGH PRIESTESS

She could. I pray for everyone's sake that she is still alone in the forest. If she has been found by someone, if she has been found by them-

The HIGH PRIESTESS cuts herself off mid sentence, clearly upset at this thought. LEITH can do nothing but stand there, sobbing like a little child. She recomposes herself and looks back at him, expressionless.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Leith. I am afraid that I cannot give you any more help in this matter. I must stay here and attend to Anwyll and anyone else who befalls this hell.

I'm not sure you quite understand what's at stake here child. If she is not found and returned as quickly as possible then those who need her most may be lost and wandering forever.

She heads to the door and opens it, turning back to LEITH before she enters.

(CONTINUED)

HIGH PRIESTESS

Find her. Find her before it's too late.

The door shuts firmly behind her. LEITH is left alone, whimpering and wiping his nose on the back of his sleeve.

EXT. TRAINING GROUND / ROMAN CAMP. DAY.

The field is once again filled with soldiers, practicing their drills and sparring with one another.

A group at one end of the field go through their formation routine - The famous "Roman Tortoise."

Several MILITARY TRIBUNES stand around the field, barking their orders at the soldiers who work relentlessly. Each soldier is strong, muscular, built like a brick wall. All together they make up a terrifying force.

MORRIGAN sits at the side of the field. She is not interested in watching the men and instead is toying with the strands on her dress.

VOICE (O/S)

You there, Celt!

She looks up. One of the Tribunes has diverted his gaze and is yelling at her across the field.

TRIBUNE (CONT'D)

This is as much your practice as it is theirs!

He tosses a sword to her and it lands upright in the ground mere inches from her leg. She is not phased by this.

TRIBUNE (CONT'D)

You fight with the Imperial Army, then you train with the Imperial Army.

MORRIGAN rolls her eyes and stands. Grabbing the hilt of the sword, she struggles to pull it from the ground. Some of the soldiers laugh and jeer at her.

Eventually she wriggles it free and drags the heavy blade over onto the field. She stands toe to toe with the Tribune, looking at him dead in the eye. He smirks.

(CONTINUED)

TRIBUNE
Sparring rules. You fight until you
fall. Winner stays on.

He turns away.

TRIBUNE (CONT'D)
(To the soldiers)
This shouldn't take long.

They chortle again. A gigantic soldier steps forward from the crowd, swinging his sword around his shoulders. He is much taller than MORRIGAN, covering her in his shadow. She tilts her head up to look at him, her face blank.

TRIBUNE
Begin!

With an almighty roar the soldier swings his sword and brings it down on top of the goddess with all of his might. To his surprise, he is met with the clang of metal on metal.

MORRIGAN has blocked him perfectly. She smirks at him and he gulps.

With a few swift moves MORRIGAN overthrows her opponent, leaving him battered and bruised. He slumps back to the crowd. Everyone is flabbergasted.

TRIBUNE
Next!

Another soldier steps forward but the same thing happens again and he is sent whimpering back. The TRIBUNE grows frustrated.

TRIBUNE
NEXT!

A precession of soldiers charge their way at MORRIGAN one at a time, each one being defeated very quickly.

Growing with anger, the TRIBUNE waves his arm at the rest of the group. With full force, they all attack MORRIGAN at once. She sees them coming and braces herself.

MORRIGAN stands her ground on the field, parrying every blow that is sent her way.

Left and right she dodges the blades, faster and more agile than any other soldier - They simply cannot keep up with her.

(CONTINUED)

With one last swoop she blocks the last sword, sending it and its owner cascading backwards. MORRIGAN stands alone in the field - She hasn't even broken a sweat on her pale face.

She glances up to see RUFUS watching her atop a small hill that looks over the field. He lifts his arm to wave to her but she ignores this, instead simply rolling her shoulders and making her way back to her tent.

RUFUS chuckles to himself.

RUFUS

You'd think that after three days
of trying they'd just give up.

RUFUS stands there for a second before he is pulled backwards by a mysterious hand. Turning around he sees MARCUS standing there, brow furrowed, glaring at him.

MARCUS

You don't think we can all see
what's going on?

RUFUS

I have no idea what you're talking
about. She's a special tool in this
Company and must be treated as
such. I am only doing what the
General said.

MARCUS

I don't think the General said
ANYTHING about becoming *this* close
with her. She's not one of us,
Rufus, I hope you remember that.
She won't seem as attractive when
she's slitting your throat in your
sleep!

RUFUS is just about to respond when VARIUS appears from behind them. He pats MARCUS on the shoulder who manages to feign a fake smile.

VARIUS

Plans are set to march tomorrow.
How are the men looking?

VARIUS looks down upon the field to the hoards of bruised and battered men picking their swords and shields up from the ground. The General chuckles.

VARIUS (CONT'D)

I suppose I can guess who is responsible for that! Well, it's her we need the most I suppose.

RUFUS

Aye General. Is there anything we can do before the morning?

VARIUS

Just make sure the men are well rested and prepared... Oh, and tell our guest of honour to ready herself. She will be joining you at the front of the march tomorrow.

VARIUS makes his way down the hill to the field. RUFUS adjusts his armor before trying to leave - He is stopped by MARCUS' arm.

MARCUS

I will go and tell her. You stay here. You cannot be trusted.

MARCUS flashes him a dirty look before jogging off down the other side of the hill. RUFUS is left alone.

INT. MORRIGAN'S TENT / ROMAN CAMP. NIGHT.

MORRIGAN sits on the floor of her tent, surrounded by her armor and weapons. Cross legged, she holds her sword in her lap, shining the blade.

She inspects it, looking at herself in the reflection.

It's like looking at a stranger; her hair is neater, pulled back into a ponytail, her clothes have changed etc. The tattoo on her forehead has even faded slightly. Noticing this she rubs it with her hand.

Her face drops. What has she become?

In the reflection behind her she notices three specks of light by the entrance to her tent. MORRIGAN focuses on them as they dance around. Her eyes light up.

Quickly dropping the sword she whips her head around.

The flaps of her tent suddenly fly open, revealing MARCUS standing there. MORRIGAN notices that it's him and goes back to shining her sword, pretending to ignore him.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

The General said you'll be fronting the march tomorrow with us, so you'd better be ready. You got that?

MORRIGAN nods and continues buffing the sword.

Checking the coast is clear, MARCUS fully enters the tent, letting the flap fall behind him. He approaches MORRIGAN and she whips her head around to glare at him - He doesn't come any closer.

MARCUS

Listen here, you. The entire army is counting on you to lead us to that village tomorrow and I will not have you going all renegade on us at the last second. The General and your lover might see you as the guest of honour here, but I know what your kind are like. If so much as one of my men get purposefully harmed because of you, I'll kill you right where you stand.

Looking at him, MORRIGAN notices his left hand under his cape. Both the index and middle finger have been cut off at the knuckle.

She stared at it for a moment before MARCUS hides his hand beneath his back.

MORRIGAN glares directly at him and nods. MARCUS, keeping a watchful eye on her, goes to leave the tent.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Now go to sleep, Celt. We leave at dawn.

He exits.

MORRIGAN exhales heavily in relief, covering her face with her hands.

Walking over to the entrance to her tent she sticks her head out. MARCUS has gone and there are only a couple of soldiers ambling around the camp. MORRIGAN exits.

From around the corner of the tent appear the three specks of light once more. Floating over to the entrance they hang there for a while before following her.

EXT. ROMAN CAMP / CAMULODUMUN. DAY.

She walks through the camp, managing to avoid any other soldiers. Quickly and quietly she goes to make her way to the entrance to the camp.

MORRIGAN ducks and dodges in between the tents making sure to avoid detection.

The entrance is in her sights now. She quickens her pace, getting closer and closer to her freedom.

In front of her appear the specks of light. MORRIGAN notices and she smiles, relieved. They fly right up close to her face and she covers them with her hands.

MORRIGAN

Saviours!

FAERIE #2

Alas, nay.

FAERIE #1

Hark our Goddess, for we haven't much time.

FAERIE #3

Thou must obey. Follow their orders.

MORRIGAN is taken aback. She goes to protest but is interrupted.

FAERIE #3

Prithee! Hark! We has't seen what is to becometh of thee if those men choose to kill you.

FAERIE #2

Certes thee know?

The Goddess furrows her brow and shakes her head.

FAERIE #1

Trust us, oh Morrigan. Prithee.

FAERIE #3

We has't to wend. Valorous luck.

The FAERIES disappear as quickly as they came. MORRIGAN is left alone - She clutches at the dark in a panic.

She stops. They're not coming back.

(CONTINUED)

MORRIGAN slumps to the ground, staring at the entrance way.

Just then, a guard on the watch tower appears out of the shadows. He carries a crossbow in his strong arm. MORRIGAN notices this and breathes a small sigh of relief.

The moon is bright once more and shines down upon her as she sits. MORRIGAN sighs and closes her eyes and tilts her head towards the heavens.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. NIGHT.

The moon shines down on LEITH as he stares up into the sky. He stands alone in the center of the village - There is no one else around.

Checking that the coast is clear he begins to walk through the village towards the forest.

His face is straight, determined.

Marching through the dark he makes his way to the edge of the trees.

INT. PAGAN TEMPLE. NIGHT.

From the dark window the HIGH PRIESTESS watches LEITH as he goes.

She sighs, clutching onto a pendant around her neck.

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT.

The forest is pitch black - LEITH can hardly be seen through the thick trees. He is clearly struggling but he presses on.

He moves slowly, occasionally stopping upon hearing a strange noise. The noises only come from animals so he moves on.

Further and further he goes.

LEITH
Morrigan?

He calls as he walks, his voice echoing in the empty forest.

LEITH (CONT'D)
Morrigan?

(CONTINUED)

Eventually he reaches the spot where he abandoned the goddess. Looking around there is absolutely no sign of her - No clues, no tracks. Nothing.

LEITH (CONT'D)
Morrigan? It's Leith!

No response.

A ball of light gently fades in, breaking the darkness. Two more dim lights join it. LEITH notices.

The FAERIES hang there, not saying a word.

His voice hoarse, LEITH addresses the FAERIES.

LEITH
Please. I beg you please help me. I need to find her. Do you know where she is?

The FAERIES say nothing. LEITH hangs his head in shame and despair.

Slowly the balls of light start to make their way through the trees. LEITH sees them go and begins to follow.

LEITH
Hey! Hey wait! Don't go!

They keep going as he keeps following. Deeper and deeper into the forest they go. LEITH continues to cry out for MORRIGAN but to no prevail.

The FAERIES lead LEITH through the thicket and out the other side. Making his way through the branches, LEITH knows exactly where he is.

The stone circle.

He enters the ring, the tree still standing proud on the other side. There is no breeze this time. All is quiet and still.

Quick as a flash the FAERIES disappear into the night, leaving LEITH alone with only the moon as his source of light.

LEITH
Where did you go? Don't leave me!
Please, don't leave me!

He looks around but they are gone.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH makes his way over to the tree and lies beneath it. Pulling his tunic tighter around him he closes his eyes and tries to sleep. Eventually he drifts off.

The FAERIES reappear once LEITH is asleep. They separate and fly from stone to stone. As they touch each one the carvings light up white. They continue to do this until all is done.

Stones lit, a hazy mist of white light forms a dome over the stone circle, engulfing the tree in with it. LEITH continues to sleep as this happens, unaware of the magic around him.

The FAERIES regroup at the top of the dome and look down on the sleeping boy.

FAERIE #1

He shouldst remain safe in th're.

FAERIE #2

How longeth until sunrise?

FAERIE #1

Only a few hours. We wilt keepeth him away from what is to befall.

FAERIE #3

The poor issue. He knoweth not what he doest.

The FAERIES look at each other before shrinking back into balls of light and disappearing into the night.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

The sun rises in the murky sky but no birds can be heard singing. Things seem off, not right. Ominous even.

The sound of trudging footsteps gradually get louder and louder through the forest. Flashes of sliver, red and gold can be seen in between the trees.

Animals scurry into hiding places, keeping themselves a safe distance away from this enemy.

The ROMAN ARMY make their way through the woods - A large formation of men, fronted by MARCUS and RUFUS on horses. MORRIGAN walks beside them, a helmet covering her head and face.

Plants and bushes fall to make way for the marching feet.

An odd silence encapsulates the crowd. They are focused,

(CONTINUED)

determined. Not one soldier is out of line or gets distracted from their task at hand.

In a way, it's utterly terrifying.

MARCUS turns on his horse and calls to the army.

MARCUS

Remember men; anyone who
co-operates we take back and sell.
Anyone who resists, we kill.
Understand?

A murmur of agreement ripples through the group.

RUFUS looks down at MORRIGAN. She ignores him, keeping her eyes firmly planted in front of her.

MARCUS

Hey! Focus!

RUFUS snaps his vision back to the path. MARCUS shoots him a look.

EXT. FOREST / STONE CIRCLE. DAY.

LEITH awakens from his sleep and stretches his arms. Rubbing his eyes he looks around him.

Standing up he walks over to the edge of the stone circle. The stones are still glowing slightly. He touches one of them, inspecting it. Running his fingers along the glowing lines.

The sound of trudging footsteps suddenly come within earshot.

A few meters away from the circle march the ROMAN ARMY, straight past LEITH. He can do nothing but stop and stare.

He watches as they go - The two men on horses, the one on foot and the rest of the soldiers behind him.

LEITH goes to hide behind a rock keeping the army in his sights.

They stop right in front of him. He cowers behind the rock breathing heavily into his hand.

He waits for a few moments before curiously peeping his head around the side of the rock.

(CONTINUED)

The army ignore him, almost as if they have no idea he is there. LEITH runs his hand along the stone that is still glowing gently.

LEITH slowly comes out from behind the rock, almost face to face with the army standing dead in front of him.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

MARCUS reigns in his horse, drawing the army to a stop. They are in a heavily wooded area.

All eyes fall on MORRIGAN who gulps silently.

They watch her intently. She doesn't move. This is it, they're counting on her now.

Her eyes dart around, looking for an escape but she is trapped, surrounded.

EXT. FOREST / STONE CIRCLE. DAY.

LEITH stands motionless. He is mere feet from the soldiers.

He can do nothing but watch.

From behind him appear the FAERIES. They float there silently.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

Stepping forward she analyses the surroundings.

MORRIGAN turns her head, looking directly towards LEITH and the Stone Circle. She stares at it, glassy eyed. Its as if she knows something is there. Something familiar.

EXT. FOREST / STONE CIRCLE. DAY.

LEITH is taken aback. A strange soldier is staring directly at him.

He holds his breath.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

A few moments have passed.

After a while the sound of a sword unsheathing can be heard - It's MARCUS. RUFUS places his hand on it trying to get him to stop, but MARCUS just shrugs him off. The pair glare at each other.

MARCUS

Well?

The loud squawk of a crow can be heard from overhead. MORRIGAN snaps out of her trance. The sound makes her jump. MARCUS becomes frustrated.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

WELL?!

MORRIGAN gulps again. Expressionless she turns around. Slowly raising her arm she points them in the direction they should go.

Smirking, MARCUS kicks the army back into action.

MORRIGAN keeps her eyes on the ground as they walk.

EXT. FOREST / STONE CIRCLE. DAY.

LEITH watches as the army marches on. He is dumbstruck and cannot move.

Finally he gets his breath back, panting heavily in panic. His eyes water as he doubles over.

Regaining his composure he stands, wiping his eyes.

LEITH

How... How did they not see me?

FAERIE #1 (O/S)

Dost thou not remember, sirrah?

LEITH turns around to see the three FAERIES floating behind him. Their light has faded slightly - They look glum, unwell even.

FAERIE #2

This wast our doing.

(CONTINUED)

FAERIE #1
 You were told of how this place
 hath disappeared all those
 centuries ago? Aye?

LEITH nods.

FAERIE #3
 Twas our duties as guardians to
 protecteth the Morrigan...

CUT TO:

STYALISED HAND DRAWN ANIMATION STYLE. As before the
 animation is beautiful and fluid, moving along with the
 story as it is told.

FAERIE #3 (V/O)
 We hath heard the villagers prayeth
 for the protection of their sacr'd
 Stone Circle... So we did oblige.

Amidst the chaos shown before appears an image of the Stone
 Circle. Three dots of light appear above it.

From them, a cloud of white light begins to trickle down
 over the stones. It slowly fades until it becomes invisible.

FAERIE #1 (V/O)
 We hath used our pow'rs to
 protecteth the circle and our
 Goddess.

FAERIE #2 (V/O)
 Howev'r, we didn't know that we
 wouldst has't to protect her for so
 long.

FAERIE #3 (V/O)
 Morrigan still hadst to perform her
 duties of guiding the dead onto the
 next life.

FAERIE #1 (V/O)
 Yet the many centuries of s'rching
 for souls across this land hath
 left her exhausted.

A Raven flies across the screen. It struggles to keep itself
 upwards. Eventually it lands on a branch of the tree and
 closes its eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FAERIE #2 (V/O)

We couldst not alloweth her to
continue in this way. The
protection hadst to beest broken so
the circle couldst once again be
used.

FAERIE #1 (V/O)

Yet something did occur yond we
couldst not predict...

LEITH appears from behind one of the large stones. Poking
his head around he sprints across the circle.

Fade to black.

EXT. FOREST / STONE CIRCLE. DAY.

LEITH is transfixed by their story.

FAERIE #1

The rest, thee knoweth.

FAERIE #3

The breaking of the spell did
supposed to aid her, yet the lady
is anon in more danger than before.

FAERIE #2

We dare not bid thee what wouldst
befall if she w're to beest taken
by the wrong souls.

Pause.

FAERIE #1, #2, #3

The w'rld shall groweth dark under
her reign and not one shall be
saved from h'r wake.

Pause. LEITH tries to understand this sentiment.

FAERIE #2

There hast only ever been one
person who couldst help her.

The FAERIES all look at LEITH.

His lip begins to quiver and he drops his head.

(CONTINUED)

LEITH

Its only now that I realise how
terrible I have truly been. I don't
even know where she is.

He turns away from the FAERIES.

LEITH (CONT'D)

Why didn't you just let them take
me?

FAERIE #2

We art h'r guardians, thus we art
also yours.

LEITH turns back around to face them. Their light is
stronger again now. They look more powerful than ever.

FAERIE #1

We did protect thee with the same
spell so that the invaders did not
find thee here.

FAERIE #2

Silly sirrah! Thinking we'd let
harm come to the only soul that
couldst sendeth back The Morrigan?

FAERIE #3

We wouldst never int'rf're with
such a significant purpose!

The boy feigns a smile towards these twisted creatures. They
glow even brighter now.

FAERIE #2

However, thou must stayeth hence
from thy village.

FAERIE #1

Most wondrous terrors are in store.

LEITH

But why...?

FAERIE #3

We cannot bid thee issue, but once
thou art out of this circle we
cannot use our spells to protecteth
thee.

(CONTINUED)

FAERIE #2

There art things down there that
thee wonneth't want to see!

LEITH wonders for a moment before jumping in panic.

LEITH

Oh god... That's where they were
headed, aren't they? That's where
they're going! They're after the
village!

FAERIE #2

Leith, nay! Thou must protect
thyself.

FAERIE #1

Thou art too important!

LEITH

No! I can't just let them take it!

Let me go!

FAERIE #3

What about Morrigan?

LEITH stops for a moment. He is conflicted, face screwed up
in frustration. With clenched fists he turns back to the
FAERIES.

LEITH

You don't understand. I can't just
let them take it.

The FAERIES go to stand in LEITH's way but he is able to
push straight through them with ease. As he passes through
the stones they begin to lose their glow and the white haze
slowly fades away.

Breaking into a sprint LEITH flies through the forest making
his way towards the village. Towards the army.

The FAERIES can do nothing but watch him as he goes.

FAERIE #3

Hmm. His will is stout.

FAERIE #2

Stout enow to beat an army?

The three FAERIES shrink down into their tiny balls of light
and follow LEITH as he cascades through the forest.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

All is calm and peaceful as the villagers go about their daily business.

Some carry crops back from their fields and others are tend to their animals. Women still sit by their huts washing their fabrics and chatting to each other.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

The shining boots of the Roman Army trudge through the forest. Their marching perfectly in sync with one another.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

The HIGH PRIESTESS can be seen in the grounds of the temple along with the little SHEPHERD GIRL. She bends down to the child and hands her a small parcel wrapped up in cloth.

The girl smiles at the HIGH PRIESTESS before scampering out of the grounds.

The sun in the sky is covered by thin clouds - Its light is dimmer and hazier.

The little SHEPHERD GIRL runs over to her FATHER who is waiting for her by the entrance of the temple and hands him a wrapped up parcel. He kneels down and hugs her, brushing the hair out of her face.

Taking his daughter by the hand, the FATHER walks with her back up the path through the village. The HIGH PRIESTESS turns and goes to head back into the temple.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

LEITH runs as fast as his legs will carry him. He leaps over fallen branches and rocks, pushing his way through the forest at full speed.

He pants loudly. Sweat dripping down his face.

EXT. FOREST / . DAY.

The boots keep coming. Together in unison.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

The sound of marching can be heard very faintly in the distance.

Stopping in her tracks, the HIGH PRIESTESS turns around to face the village. Her face is blank, eyes stretched open wide.

HIGH PRIESTESS
Something is coming...

The marching boots get ever closer.

Closer.

CLOSER.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

LEITH stumbles over the root of the tree but this does not stop him.

In the far distance he can see the village. But he can also see something else. Something big...

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

As the FATHER and the SHEPHERD GIRL in the middle of the path several of the villagers come sprinting past them, their faces locked in a state of utter terror. The FATHER picks up his daughter and holds her tight to him and looks to where they have just come from.

More villagers fly past the pair as the man squints into the distance.

All that can be seen is a solid clump of red, gold and silver at the edge of the forest - It doesn't appear to be moving. The man squints further at the shape. The LITTLE SHEPHERD GIRL looks at her him.

LITTLE SHEPHERD GIRL
Father..?

The shape suddenly breaks apart to reveal that it was made up of individuals. The shining uniform can only mean one thing - The invaders! Roman Soldiers!

En mass, they begin to jog towards the village picking up the pace as they go.

(CONTINUED)

Realising this the man comes to his senses. He holds his daughter tightly into his chest and heads in the same direction that the other villagers ran.

The Roman get closer and closer to the edge of the village.

The HIGH PRIESTESS stumbles backwards on the path, mouth hanging open in fear. Quick as a flash she runs back into the temple, shutting the door behind her.

Loud screams can be heard in the distance as the invaders descend.

The sounds of smashing, crashing and metal-on-metal fill the hazy air. The army have begun their attack.

More villagers fly down the path, this time followed by soldiers who catch up with them quickly. The flash of a sword and they fall to the wayside, bloody and limp.

ROMAN SOLDIER

What in the hell is this?!

The villager who has been fatally wounded by the soldier lies on the ground, moaning and groaning in pain. He can still move. He can still breathe.

ROMAN SOLDIER (O/S)

This is unholy!

ROMAN SOLDIER (O/S)

I can't look!

ROMAN SOLDIER (O/S)

What kind of twisted place is this?!

Attacking soldiers cower away from their victims as they lie slumped, crying and yelling.

The bodies toss and turn, eyes clamped shut they grasp at thin air. One manages to grab hold of a soldiers ankle. The man yelps and slices the hand of with his sword.

ROMAN SOLDIER

Why won't they die?!

Amidst the chaos appears MORRIGAN. Upon seeing these undead villagers she stops jogging with the pack. Turning on her heels she goes to run to them before she is caught up in another wave of soldiers.

She can only watch at the victims writhe in pain as she is swept away. She cannot help them here. Not now.

(CONTINUED)

More and more soldiers enter the village, outnumbering the villagers three to one. They crowd the streets attacking anyone and everyone. Out of the commotion steps RUFUS, yelling his commands.

RUFUS

Head to the Temple, it must be destroyed. Flank Tribus, make your way to the south of the village and round up everyone - Those who do not wish to come quietly, kill them. Raiders, hold your positions.

One group of soldiers heads down the path where the villagers ran - The other breaks off and enters the Temple.

MORRIGAN appears next to RUFUS. She is clearly distressed and overwhelmed by this whole attack, unable to take her eyes away from where those undead bodies lie.

RUFUS

Ready?

MORRIGAN looks at him from under her helmet.

P.O.V SHOT:

The only sound MORRIGAN can here is the insistent ringing in her ears. The battle has fallen silent to her.

She watches the action in slow motion as it happens around her. Soldiers maiming innocent villagers. People in pain at they are unable to die. Crying children. Women running for their lives. Homes raided and ripped apart.

RUFUS (O/S)

Hey... Hey... Hey...

From behind her MORRIGAN hears something. She turns to face RUFUS once more - His figure blurred in her eyesight. He lifts an arm and places it on her shoulder.

END P.O.V SHOT:

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

RUFUS has a firm hand on MORRIGAN's shoulder. She shakes her head, snapping from her trance. He smiles at her.

RUFUS

Hey. Stay with me here, Leith. We need you now more than ever.

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him blankly.

Behind him she notices MARCUS directing a fleet of soldiers. For a split second he flashes her a menacing look. MORRIGAN jumps and looks back at RUFUS. She exhales and nods her head.

The two stare at each other for a moment.

Pause.

The Temple bursts into flames and the soldiers that entered all frantically run out.

The orange flames climb rapidly up the side of the wooden building, engulfing it almost immediately. From the inside the screams of the HIGH PRIESTESS can be heard.

MORRIGAN looks towards the burning temple. She gasps.

The place goes into frenzy - The villagers come running from their houses and various hiding places and surround the Temple.

Sounds of their wails and moans are drowned out by the roaring fire. Some attempt to put it out, but it is already out of control.

RUFUS diverts his gaze away from MORRIGAN.

RUFUS

Go, go, go!

The rest of the soldiers divide into pairs and enter the houses of the villagers. Noticing this the villagers try to stop them, but the group have already been surrounded by the soldiers that burnt the Temple.

RUFUS flies away across the village. MORRIGAN can do nothing but stare at the temple. The light flickering in her eyes.

She is in shock - Unable to move, unable to speak. Everything is happening around her as she stands there flabbergasted.

She lead them here. This is her fault.

RUFUS (O/S)

Hey! Lets go!

MORRIGAN turns to see RUFUS frantically beckoning to her from a distance. With a pained look on her face she tears away her gaze from the temple and follows RUFUS.

RUFUS kicks down the door to a shack and the pair enter just as another blaze of fire rises from the Temple.

The village is in ruins.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

LEITH pants and slows his pace. Stopping in his tracks he looks up - The sky is full of black smoke pouring from the burning Temple. Mouth agape, he stares.

Looking towards the village he notices the door to his brother's house has been kicked in. Picking up his pace again he runs toward it.

From a safe distance away, LEITH is pursued by the three balls of light.

INT. ELVA AND ANWYLL'S HUT. DAY.

RUFUS leaves no stone unturned as he destroys the interior of the shack - Breaking pots, upturning tables, searching for anything valuable.

MORRIGAN stands behind him. She does not follow suit. Turning her gaze she looks towards the couple cowering in the corner.

ELVA and her sick husband hide by the bed, keeping out of the way of the destruction. ELVA shrieks as each of her things get destroyed.

MORRIGAN looks at them sympathetically but does nothing.

RUFUS (O/S)

Hey!

MORRIGAN turns around and notices RUFUS glaring at LEITH who is standing frozen in the doorway.

Pause.

LEITH tries to dart away but RUFUS is too quick for him, grabbing him by his shirt and pulling him to the ground. He places a heavy foot in the top of his back.

RUFUS

Think you could get away from me,
could you? Maggot. You ought to be
killed like the rest of your
disgusting people!

(CONTINUED)

LEITH struggles under his foot. He is trapped. ELVA cries out.

ELVA
Leave him alone!

RUFUS
Shut up!

RUFUS pulls a terracotta pot from a shelf and hurls it at ELVA. She shrieks and ducks, the pot smashing on the wall above her head.

LEITH becomes angry. He struggles with all his might.

LEITH
Elva get out of here!

She hesitates, looking at her husband.

LEITH (CONT'D)
GO!

In a stream of tears ELVA runs from the shack, leaving ANWYLL alone on the bed. LEITH turns back to RUFUS.

LEITH (CONT'D)
Don't you dare or I'll-

RUFUS
You'll what? Hmm?

He pulls out his MORRIGAN's dagger from the sheath on his leg. Its blade dazzles in the light, attracting MORRIGAN's attention.

RUFUS cuts Leith across the back. He screams in pain. MORRIGAN gasps.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
You dare think you can stand up to us? To the Imperial Army? Are you deranged child?

RUFUS cuts him again and LEITH yelps. MORRIGAN winces.

RUFUS
By the time we are finished here there won't be any of you left to stand up to us!

You are nothing but a plague infesting our land. Do you hear me, a plague!

(CONTINUED)

He cuts him again, blood oozing through the boys tunic.

Again and again. Cut after cut.

MORRIGAN can hold herself in no longer.

MORRIGAN
Stop! Leith!

RUFUS looks up.

RUFUS
Leith?

The boy recognises that voice instantly. He stretches his arm up toward her.

LEITH
Morrigan!

RUFUS
Morrigan?!

MORRIGAN takes off her helmet, revealing her face. Her long black hair falling past her shoulders as she shakes her head free.

RUFUS growls and turns his attention back to LEITH, pressing his foot down on his cuts.

RUFUS
What is this name you speak of?
Answer me!

RUFUS is met with nothing but more screams in pain as he presses his foot down harder.

Grunting, RUFUS looks at MORRIGAN and tosses her the dagger.

RUFUS
Finish this.

MORRIGAN holds the dagger shakily in her hands. LEITH reaches for her again, calling out to her.

LEITH
Please, please no! I beg you,
please no! Don't do it Morrigan,
you can't do this to us!

Looking at her dagger once more, her eyes they seemed to have regained the spark that was there before. Her hair seems more vibrant and her skin glows with a kind of dark radiance.

She stands there holding the sword still and looks back towards RUFUS. He lifts his foot and slams it down on LEITH'S scars once more - The boy cries out in pain as RUFUS laughs maniacally.

MORRIGAN walks over to the pair.

LEITH

I'm sorry! I'm sorry for everything
Morrigan!

RUFUS

Who is this Morrigan? Stop saying
that name!

RUFUS looks up at MORRIGAN, face suddenly fledged with a look of confusion, but before he can say anything MORRIGAN is standing right in front of him.

RUFUS

What is he talking about?

Who are you?

She looks at him quizzically before lifting a hand and stroking down the side of his face. He smiles and leans in toward her. MORRIGAN leans in so her mouth is next to his ear.

MORRIGAN

I... Am... DEATH.

She jerks her arm and RUFUS freezes, his mouth wide open. Looking down he sees the dagger thrust into his abdomen, blood rapidly pouring from the wound.

His hold on LEITH loosens and the boy manages to scurry out of the way.

RUFUS turns his gaze back up to Morrigan who looks upon him with a stony expression. His face has gone completely white. With a shaking hand he goes to touch MORRIGAN'S face but she steps away from him.

RUFUS stumbles forward and lands face down at MORRIGAN'S feet, the blood from his wound seeping into the mud. LEITH and MORRIGAN divert their stares from the body to each other.

Pause.

LEITH

How... How could you?

MORRIGAN'S face drops and she hangs her head. Stumbling over to her, clearly in pain from his wounds, LEITH pushes her on the shoulder.

LEITH

Traitor! This was all your doing, wasn't it? You lead them here! How else would they have known?!

...How could you do this, Morrigan. After everything we've done to help you. After everything I've done!

She snaps her head up and glares at him.

LEITH glares back before the pain from his wounds take over him. He buckles under his own weight and falls. MORRIGAN just manages to catch him before he hits the ground.

He looks up at her. Her eyes watery. LEITH sighs and drops his head.

LEITH

I'm sorry, alright? I'm so, so sorry.

I can't imagine what you've been through.

MORRIGAN

They... Made me. I did not want... War. Siad... They... Going to kill... Me.

They... Cannot. They cannot!

Her face is dead serious as she looks directly into his eyes. LEITH nods - He knows she means it.

LEITH

I understand.

MORRIGAN sniffs and helps LEITH back to his feet.

MORRIGAN

Tá brón orm.

LEITH looks up at her, confused.

MORRIGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

LEITH flashes her a faint smile before stumbling once again. MORRIGAN catches him.

MORRIGAN

I help!

LEITH

No time. We must get you back.
They'll certainly want to kill you
after they've seen this.

With a shaky hand he pulls the vial out from his cotton bag and takes the dagger out of MORRIGAN's possession. MORRIGAN holds out her arm to him.

LEITH

Are you ready?

She nods.

Just before they can do anything, the sound of angry voices at the front door cause the pair to whip around. A flank of soldiers, headed by MARCUS, stand there gaping at RUFUS' lifeless body. They look up at the pair.

MARCUS

You!

MORRIGAN steps in front of him defensively.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You did this!

Grab her.

The soldiers hesitate.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I never did trust you, you
filthy Celt. I knew you would
be nothing but trouble!
Grab her! I'll take care of
this degenerate.

Two soldiers fly forward and restrain MORRIGAN from either side. She puts up a fight but this time the soldiers are too strong for her. They drag her, kicking and yelling from the hut.

(CONTINUED)

ROMAN SOLDIER

Can't overthrow us this time, can you?

MORRIGAN

You cannot! You cannot!

LEITH

Stop! You don't understand!

The soldiers lead her out the door.

MARCUS makes his way through the door into the shack. Bending down he pulls the dagger from the torso of his fallen comrade. He wipes it on the ground before standing up.

LEITH stands there, scared and alone, looking after MORRIGAN as she goes. MARCUS steps forward and with one swift punch, knocks LEITH to the ground.

EXT. CELTIC VILLAGE. DAY.

In the center of the destroyed village stands a weary crowd. The wooden platform has been torn down to make way for a stake. Black smoke from the burnt temple still pours into the sky, hiding the sun.

MORRIGAN is tied to the post, surrounded by kindling. Her face in a state of panic. She tries to cry out but she cannot make a noise.

Soldiers stand around watching her. Several villagers, including LEITH and ELVA, are tied up together by the neck at the edge of the crowd.

LEITH looks very ill. He is bleeding profusely from his back and he is struggling to stay conscious.

Next to the stake stands MARCUS, holding a flaming torch in one hand. In the other he holds LEITH's cotton bag containing the dagger and the vial. The bag is stained with blood from the dagger and it drips onto the ground by his feet.

MARCUS

For the crimes of treason and murder, we hereby sentence this woman to burn at the stake until dead.

May her execution be a lesson to the rest of this Tribe, and others,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (cont'd)
that resisting the expansion of the
Roman Empire will only end in one
way.

MARCUS drops the torch to light the kindling - It starts to smoke before a roaring fire ignites and quickly spreads.

MARCUS turns to MORRIGAN and sneers.

MARCUS
I've been wanting to do this for so
long. Filthy Celt.

LEITH tries to lurch forward but is too weak. ELVA holds him up.

LEITH
No... No they can't!

The flames spread wider and higher, steadily reaching MORRIGAN as she stands there. She shuts her eyes tight, embracing the flames as they envelop her.

The crowd of soldiers and villagers watch on in silence. The flames spit and crackle as they crawl closer and closer to the Goddess.

MORRIGAN lets out an almighty, deafening scream that shakes the land, sending large flocks of birds flying from the forest.

She screams and wails. These are not cries of pain - They are cries of fear and anguish. MORRIGAN struggles against her ties before...

Gone.

Her body disappears behind a wall of orange flames.

Pleased with this, MARCUS nods toward the other soldiers who begin harassing the villagers, trying to get them to move.

LEITH refuses to move, still struggling to get at MORRIGAN. ELVA keeps him upright. The boys face is twisted with fear as he looks upon the burning stake.

ROMAN SOLDIER
Move it!

LEITH
You have to stop this! Please, you
have to stop!

(CONTINUED)

The soldier grabs LEITH with his gigantic hands and lifts him up, plonking him on his feet. LEITH struggles to stand and falls back to his knees.

The soldier calls to the others.

ROMAN SOLDIER

This one is injured. He is no use
to us.

LEITH is untied from the others and thrown away to the side. The boy lies face down in the dirt.

With the rest of the village gathered up, MARCUS and the soldiers go to make their exit, heading back in the direction of the forest.

Slowly LEITH raises his head from the ground. He looks at the burning stake. The flames are big - Unusually big. Large billows of black smoke is pouring out from the base.

The fire almost looks as if it is breathing.

With what little energy LEITH has left he cries out to the soldiers.

LEITH

Look what you've done! You've
doomed us all!

The soldiers draw the villagers to a halt and look back towards LEITH. MARCUS pushes his way to the front of the group.

MARCUS

What the hell are you talking
about-

The fire gives one final ROAR before it is completely engulfed in thick black smoke.

The smoke twists and turns, creating strange shapes as it rises towards the dark sky. It pulses, shifting itself into a large creature. Larger than anything ever seen before.

An almighty squawk erupts from the creature, scaring the soldiers and the villagers. MARCUS looks horrified.

A gigantic black Raven appears from the smoke in front of them. Its eyes glow blood red, smokey wings stretched out at its side.

Opening its razor sharp beak it squawks once more before descending upon the crowd of terrified soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

The army barely have enough time to move before they are attacked by the Raven, drowning them in its black smoke. In one swoop it takes out over half of the soldiers, leaving the others to scamper off in all directions.

Not one soldier is spared. The Raven rising and falling in the sky, taking down each and every Roman in its path.

MARCUS is frozen to the spot, too scared to move.

MARCUS

Retreat, men! Retreat!

MARCUS turns to run but is met by the burning eyes of the Raven. They stand there face to face, the Lieutenant cowering under the stare of the monster.

It cries out - The force of this knocking MARCUS to the ground. The Raven looks down on him, mouth slowly opening.

With a stony expression MARCUS takes his sword from his holster and tosses it to the side.

The beak of the Raven opens further and further until, finally, it pounces.

Gone! MARCUS is swallowed whole by the gigantic creature. There is nothing but smoke left where he once was.

The black fog spreads quietly over the ground. The Roman army is no more.

Amidst the chaos the villagers have managed to free themselves from their shackles. ELVA rushes over to LEITH to help him up - He turns to her, face white as a sheet.

LEITH

You have to leave, you have to get out of here now!

ELVA

I'm not leaving you.

The smoke from the ground begins to rise into the sky once more making it almost impossible to see. A breeze picks up. It gains pace quickly, becoming nothing short of a gale in a few moments.

LEITH

Its not safe. Go! Now!

ELVA

Leith...

LEITH

Elva please, for once just trust
me. I can handle this.

Watery eyed, ELVA looks at LEITH once more before running away to join the other villagers in safety.

From the black smoke and the wind, an almighty tornado has formed. It reaches high into the sky and spreads wide across the land.

As the tornado becomes more and more powerful, several shacks are destroyed by its force. Larger and larger it grows, taking out everything in its path.

The villagers are left running towards the edge of the forest as their entire village is engulfed in this swirling mass of black smoke.

Left in the eye of the storm is LEITH. The inside of the tornado is calm and quiet - Strangely quiet. He lies on the ground, too weak from his injuries to stand.

LEITH

M... Morrigan...

He reaches out in front of him. By his hand out of nowhere appear the three balls of light - The FAERIES! Transforming into their full selves, the FAERIES gently lift LEITH from the ground and help him stumble through the eye of the storm.

LEITH makes his way through the chaos in the search for MORRIGAN. The center of the tornado is gigantic and he struggles to make his way across.

He spots something out of the corner of his eye - LEITH stumbles over to it. As he gets closer he realises what it is he is looking at.

Silvery armor. An empty shell that once belong to a Lieutenant. It lies perfectly still - There is no sign of the body anywhere.

Next to the discarded armor lies LEITH's small cotton bag. The boy reaches for it, checking to see what is inside. The dagger and the vial are still there! Holding it close to his chest, LEITH soldiers on.

(CONTINUED)

The tornado grows ever larger. Lightening appears in the dark sky, illuminating the terrified expressions of the villagers.

Pushing his way deeper and deeper into the tornado, LEITH eventually catches sight of the stake upon which MORRIGAN was burnt. The wood stands intact but the explosion of the fire has left scorch marks on its surface.

LEITH
Morrigan! Morrigan!

With the last of his energy LEITH makes his way over to the stake, collapsing just in front of it. The FAERIES shrink back down into their balls of light and fly away into the smoke.

Resting himself up on a piece of the kindling he looks upwards. The dark sky can just about be seen.

LEITH
Morrigan, please, you have to stop this! You're going to kill us all!

They're gone now, they're dead.
They can't force you to do anything anymore. I'm sorry for what they did to you, but right now it is you who are doing wrong to us, your people! They have done nothing to deserve this. If there is someone who...

He cuts himself off. Its difficult to say.

LEITH (CONT'D)
If there is someone who deserves it, it is me.

Oh Great Queen, The Morrigan. End this torment and me with it, for I have shown you nothing but disrespect during your time in this world.

MORRIGAN (O/S)
(Laughing)
Stupid boy.

From the smoke appears MORRIGAN, accompanied by the three FAERIES. She is back in her warrior clothes now and looks more vibrant than ever - Her wild hair blowing across her face. The tattoo on her head glows brightly.

(CONTINUED)

She is unusually calm, her face breaking into a smirk when she sees LEITH. He looks over to her, eyes widening he gasps in relief.

LEITH
Morrigan!

The goddess strides over to him and crouches by his side. The pair stare at each other.

MORRIGAN's eyes begin to water, a single tear running down her pale face. She drops her head. LEITH places his hand on hers.

LEITH (CONT'D)
How... How have you done this?

FAERIE #1
An unlawful killing, sirrah.

FAERIE #2
The Morrigan knoweth not what she does. H'r spirit is too wild for even her to control.

FAERIE #3
She must be senteth back to our world by the same person yond hath brought her into this one.

As the FAERIES recite the scripture, MORRIGAN places her other hand on top of LEITH's.

FAERIE #1, #2, #3
The death of our queen wilt beest true, by the soul yond bore her as mortal, else the w'rld shall groweth dark under her reign and not one shall be saved from h'r wake.

Pause.

LEITH comes to a realisation, finally understanding what it all means.

LEITH
So what you're saying is... Its too late?

FAERIE #2
Nay, sirrah.

FAERIE #3

't appears she doesn't want to
leaveth thee just yet.

MORRIGAN raises her head, looking at the bloody scars on LEITH's back. She lifts her head and gently places it on the cuts. LEITH winces and moans in pain. MORRIGAN quickly withdraws her hand.

MORRIGAN

Help?

LEITH

There's... Aghh... No time.

MORRIGAN

Help!

She reaches her arm out to him once again. A sympathetic look across her face.

MORRIGAN

Ahh, cac!

MORRIGAN pulls her arm toward her to look at it.

A deep cut spreads itself across her forearm. Before long, a trickle of warm blood begins to seep from the wound.

MORRIGAN looks up - He mouth open, her eyes wide.

A drop of blood makes it way along her skin and drips from her wrist. The drop is caught in the small vial, after which the lid is screwed on tight.

LEITH looks up at MORRIGAN, holding the vial in one hand and the dagger in the other. He gives her a painful smile.

MORRIGAN panics. She clutches at LEITH but is it too late - Some invisible force is drawing her upwards along with the smoke. She struggles to stay on the ground.

MORRIGAN

No... No, no, no, no!

Her skin begins to disappear, being drawn up into the sky.

MORRIGAN

Leith!

Piece by piece MORRIGAN becomes fainter and fainter.

LEITH manages to catch her eye one last time before... Gone! MORRIGAN has completely disappeared into the sky.

(CONTINUED)

The hoards of black smoke follow suit as they climb higher and higher into the sky.

With the wind and the smoke gone, the land is peaceful once again.

LEITH sighs in relief and rolls over to look up at the sky. The sun appears once again, lighting up the shattered remains of the village.

As he lies there something catches his eye. Hundreds of white, wispy clouds are floating upwards from the ground towards the sky.

Amidst the rising souls the three FAERIES can be seen, guiding and helping them on their way.

After a few moments the souls and the FAERIES disappear. LEITH cracks a smile - He has done it.

The pattering sound of feet can be heard getting closer and closer toward LEITH. ELVA rushes over to him as fast as she can. She crouches next to him, supporting his head on her lap.

The others villagers cautiously make their way back to their ruined homes. They inspect their things and talk to each other. Scratching their heads in confusion they try to comprehend what has just happened.

LEITH looks up and smiles at ELVA and she gives a faint smile in return. He closes his eyes.

He is finally at peace.

A squawking sound causes LEITH to jump and open his eyes once more. With the help of ELVA he moves himself around to see where this familiar noise came from.

Atop the wooden stake sits a large, black Raven.

Its jet black feathers glisten in the sunlight. Ruffling itself it catches eyes with LEITH and cocks its head.

Taking his head from ELVA's lap, LEITH tries to lift himself up and crawl towards the Raven.

Just as he moves, however, the Raven opens its wings and flies high into the sky. It stretches out wide and glides away in the direction of the forest.

The sun dances on its back as it goes. LEITH and ELVA watch it until it is out of sight, disappearing into the tall trees.

The pair sit there for a moment taking it all in.

Slowly and carefully, ELVA manages to help LEITH to his feet. Supporting him all the way, the pair make their way over to the other villagers.

They surround LEITH, asking him question after question about what has just happened.

LEITH ignores them. He can do nothing but stare off into the distance at the forest. The boy gives one more sigh of relief before turning back to the curious villagers.

EPILOGUE

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

LEITH ambles his way through the trees once more - His back looks healed and his face as regained colour. He looks back to normal.

Taking a small detour from his path, he comes across the rock under which he found the vial. Removing it, he hides it once more and carries on his way.

Before long, LEITH has reached the thicket that stands between him and the stone circle. He passes through it with ease, emerging on the other side to be faced with the monument.

At the center of the circle stands MORRIGAN in her human form. She raises a hand to LEITH, greeting him, and he walks over to her.

LEITH smiles when he sees her - The pair hug, like old friends and MORRIGAN pats him on the back.

LEITH reaches into his cotton bag and produces her dagger, which he hands back to her. MORRIGAN smiles at him and slides it back into its holder.

Putting her strong arm around his shoulder, the pair walk towards the tree at the north of the circle. They appear to be chatting, laughing even.

They walk and walk until they've almost reached the edge of the circle.

The sun shines bright once again in the clear sky and the sound of birds can be heard echoing through the forest.

MORRIGAN and LEITH are gone. The circle is empty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

91.

The world is as it should be once more.

THE END.