

"The Inheritance Cycle, 1x01"

"Fate's Gift"

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Based on the novel by

Christopher Paolini

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1st Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. DU WELDENVARDEN - NIGHT

The forest is calm and silent until a slight breeze rustles the leaves. Pan across to DURZA, mid-30s, a pale man with red hair and eyes, lifts his head and sniffs the air. He carries a THIN BLADED SWORD with a scratch down the length of it.

He cocks his head thoughtfully as he catches a scent.

DURZA
(whispering)
Spread out and hide. Stop whoever is
coming...or die.

Twelve URGALS spread out and hide in the trees around him. They are large, muscular humanoids with a pair of curled horns on their heads. Durza regards them with disdain and continues to watch the road. Another breeze and Durza snarls.

DURZA (cont'd)
(whispering)
Get ready.

Appearing from the darkness are ARYA, 20s, raven haired and her guards, FAOLIN and GLENWING, cantering down the forest road on white horses. The trio are clearly elves, well-armed, and Arya rides between the two men.

She glances frequently at a pouch in her lap while her guards survey the forest around them. The elves begin to enter the ambush, passing where Durza and a few of the Urgals hide. The wind suddenly shifts and the horses rear and snort.

The elves look at each other and wheel their horses around and gallop away, Arya taking the lead. Durza jumps out of hiding.

DURZA (cont'd)
Garjzla!

A red bolt of light flashes from his palm and strikes Arya's horse. It plows into the ground as she leaps off gracefully.

The Urgals shoot down her guards and move towards their bodies.

DURZA (cont'd)
(yelling)
Her! She is the one I want!

Arya turns as she lands and sees her dead guards. She cries in horror, steps toward them, but turns and runs.

The Urgals chase her through the woods. Arya weaves through the trees, killing any Urgal that comes close.

Durza climbs up a large slab of rock to see the surrounding forest. He raises his hand.

DURZA (cont'd)
Istalri boetk!

A quarter mile section of the forest burst into flames. He methodically burns one section after another around the original ambush site, narrowing the area for the Urgals to search. He watches it carefully until he hears the Urgals scream.

Arya kills three Urgals with her sword. She flees, but runs toward Durza's vantage point. Durza jumps down and lands in front of her, causing her to skid and turn around.

Black blood drips from her sword and the pouch she is carrying is clutched tightly to her chest.

DURZA (cont'd)
Get her!

Urgals burst from the trees as Durza stalks towards Arya, cutting her off. She glances around and seeing no escape, stands tall and sneers at Durza. Durza approaches her, hand raised to hold off the urgals.

DURZA (cont'd)
Give it to me.

Arya quickly opens the pouch and drops it to the ground, now holding a large sapphire stone.

She raises it over her head as Durza screams and the urgals charge. Her lips move frantically and soundlessly, the stone beginning to glow green.

DURZA (cont'd)
Garjzla!

A ball of red flame flies from his hand but he is too late. It strikes her as a flash of emerald light illuminates the forest and the stone is gone.

Arya collapses to the ground and Durza screams again. He curses and throws his sword at a tree, burying it halfway through the trunk.

DURZA (cont'd)

Useless!

Durza shoots bolts of fire from his hand and strikes the remaining Urgals dead. He rips his sword free and stomps towards Arya, cursing under his breath.

He stares down at her, his lips curling in disgust. He searches for the stone on her person before looking up at the stars, fires burning around him. Pan up to the stars twinkling above him.

PAN DOWN:

EXT. THE SPINE - NIGHT

The forest is quiet again, clearly a different location. A herd of deer grazes calmly in an empty glen, many sleeping. ERAGON, 16, dressed in poor and weathered clothing, stalks around the edge of the glen, singling out an injured doe on the edge of the herd.

He raises his bow, moving slowly and methodically, and takes a deep breath. As he takes his shot a loud crack and flash of green light in the center of the clearing breaks the silence and the deer bolt. His shot misses.

ERAGON

Damn!

Eragon runs forward after the deer, loosing another arrow that barely misses. He reaches for another arrow and spins to face the glen.

The glen has been turned into a smoldering crater. The pine trees are bare and smoke curls over the blue stone in the center of the clearing.

Eragon stays still, eyes glancing around for danger. Finally, he lowers his bow and creeps towards the stone. He nudges it with an arrow then jumps back.

When nothing happens, he carefully picks it up. It is impossibly smooth, dark blue with white veins. He grimaces and glances around him. Nothing moves; the forest is silent and still again.

ERAGON (cont'd)
(displeased)

Magic...

He almost sets it down, clearly distrustful of it, but he contemplates it in his hands for a while. He finally shrugs and stuffs it into his pack. He shoulders his pack and heads off into the dark woods, leaving the smoking crater behind.

FADE TO BLACK

The OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

FADE IN:

EXT. THE SPINE - DAY

Eragon hikes through the thick forest, using his bow as leverage on a hill. The sound of a waterfall nearby. He runs to the edge of the cliffs and looks out over the valley. The Iqualda Falls plummets down the cliffs into the river in the valley.

Near the falls is a small and isolated village, smoke rising from some chimneys. The river continues to wind past the village and into the distance where the enormous solitary mountain, Utgard, looms. Eragon begins to climb the trail down, grimacing unhappily at the steep descent.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL - EVENING

The stout log buildings have thatched roofs and large porches for people to gather.

It is dusk and people are heading home, casually greeting Eragon as he makes his way through the village.

Eragon hesitates in front of a large shop before pushing open the door to---

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - EVENING

The room is warm, lit by a fire, straw is strewn around the floor, and a bare counter is on the far side of the room. SLOAN, the butcher, obsessively cleans the counter with a rag. He is a small man, wearing a bloodstained apron and many knives on his belt.

He looks up at Eragon, sneering.

SLOAN
How many did you bag this time?

ERAGON
None.

Sloan sets his knives aside.

SLOAN
Let's see the coin, then.

ERAGON
I don't have any, but-

SLOAN
So, are the other merchants giving
away their wares? Come back tomorrow!

Eragon opens his pack.

ERAGON
I can't, Sloan! But, I do have
something to trade.

Eragon sets the stone on the counter. Sloan picks it up,
examining it.

SLOAN
It's pretty.
(beat)
Three crowns.

ERAGON
Has to be ten times that!

SLOAN
Then wait for the traders!

Beat. Eragon nods, reluctant.

SLOAN (cont'd)
Good. Where did you find this? Or did
you steal it?

ERAGON
I found it in the Spine-

Sloan curses and shoves the stone away from him.

SLOAN

Get out! Take your sorcerer's stone with you! I won't have anything to do with those mountains!

The door behind the two slams open. Eragon spins around and sees HORST enter the shop. Muscular and hairy man, wearing a scarred leather apron and loose-fitting shirt.

Behind him is KATRINA. Coppery red hair, slightly older than Eragon.

HORST

Sloan, what have you done now?

SLOAN

Nothing! This boy came in here and started badgering me!

Sloan is clearly intimidated by the large smith. Horst looks down at Eragon.

HORST

Is that true?

ERAGON

No! He accepted this stone as payment, but refused when he learned it was from the Spine! What difference does it make?

Horst looks at the stone then back to Sloan.

HORST

Why not trade with him, Sloan? If it's a question of the stone's worth, I'll back it with my own money.

SLOAN

(weakly)

It's my own store. I can do what I like.

Katrina steps forward.

KATRINA

Father, deal with him and come have supper.

SLOAN

Back to the house with you! This none of your business!

Katrina's expression hardens and she marches out of the shop. Horst watches her go, frowning, before pulling out his coin purse.

HORST
Fine, deal with me then. Your best roasts and steaks. Enough to fill Eragon's pack.

SLOAN
I don't-

HORST
(slowly)
Not selling to me would be a bad idea.

Sloan glares and slips into the back room. The sounds of chopping, wrapping, and cursing fill the shop before he emerges with an armful of wrapped meat that he places on the counter.

Once done he goes back to cleaning the counter. Horst sets his coins down and leaves with the meat in his arms. Eragon trails behind him.

EXT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

Eragon follows Horst outside, stone in hand.

ERAGON
Thank you, Horst.

HORST
I've wanted to humble that troublemaker for a long time. Katrina heard the commotion and ran to fetch me.

(beat)
But, I doubt he'll serve you or your family next time, even if you do have coin.

ERAGON
I don't understand. He's never been friendly, but he's always been willing to trade. He's never been hard on Katrina, either.

Eragon opens his pack and Horst helps stuff the meat into it.

HORST

Your uncle would know more than I.

ERAGON

Then, I'd better go home. Here, this is yours now.

HORST

Keep it. But, Albriech is leaving for Feinster next spring, and I'm going to need an assistant at the forge with me and Baldor.

ERAGON

Thank you! Oh, before I leave, Roran wanted me to give Katrina a message. Could you get it to her? And my thanks as well?

Horst nods. Eragon moves in closer, uncomfortable.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Roran said he'll come to town as soon as the traders arrive and that he'll see her then.

HORST

That all?

ERAGON

(embarrassed)

And that she's the most beautiful girl he's ever seen and he can think of nothing else.

HORST

Getting serious, isn't he?

ERAGON

Yes, he is. Again, thank you! I'd best be off.

Eragon shoulders his pack and waves goodbye as he heads down the road. He leaves the warmth and light of the village, following the road in the moonlight. After miles he leaves the road and follows a path through waist high grass to a knoll hidden by trees. He comes over the hill and sees---

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house has a shingled roof and brick chimney. The farm is cluttered with tools and away from the house is a barn with two horses and a cow. Eragon reaches the porch and knocks on the door.

ERAGON

Uncle, it's me. Let me in.

The door swings open to reveal GARROW, a gaunt and starved looking man.

GARROW

Quiet. Roran's sleeping.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house is bare and worn, clearly very old. A wood stove burns against the wall. Eragon hangs up his bow and sets his pack on the table, pulling out the meat.

GARROW

You bought meat? Where did you get the money?

ERAGON

Horst bought it for me.

GARROW

You let him?! We don't take charity, Eragon! If we have to do that, might as well move into town. Next thing you know they'll be sending us used clothes and asking if we'll be able to get through the winter.

ERAGON

It wasn't charity! I'm going to work off the debt this spring, when Albriech goes away to train.

GARROW

And where will you get the time? What about all the things that need to be done here?

ERAGON

I don't know! Besides, I found something that might be worth some money.

Eragon sets the stone on the table and Garrow looks over it suspiciously.

GARROW

From the Spine?

ERAGON

Yes. It just...appeared in the woods.
I lost my best arrow too; I'll need
to make more.

They sit at the table as the stove burns lower and lower,
the egg between them.

GARROW

How was the weather?

ERAGON

Cold.

GARROW

Tomorrow you'll have to help Roran
harvest the barley then. If we can
get the squash picked too the frost
won't bother us.

(re: the stone)

As for this...once the traders come
we'll see how much we can sell it
for. The less we're involved with
magic the better.

ERAGON

Uncle, Sloan refused the stone when
he knew it was from the Spine. Why
does he hate the woods?

GARROW

His wife fell to her death over the
Iqualda Falls a year before your
mother left you with us. He hasn't
been near the Spine since.

Garrow steps forward and embraces his nephew. Eragon returns
the hug.

GARROW (cont'd)

Welcome home.

ERAGON

Good to be back.

Eragon stumbles into his room, pushes the stone under his
bed, and collapses on his mattress.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ERAGON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Eragon wakes as the sun rises and stretches as he stands. He pulls the egg out from under his bed, inspects it, and sets it on a shelf across from his bed, beside several other keepsakes. He leaves to--

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

RORAN, 20 years old, and Garrow are eating breakfast. When Eragon enters, Roran grins and greets him with a strong hug.

RORAN

It's good to have you back. How was the trip?

ERAGON

Hard. Did Uncle tell you what happened?

INT. ERAGON'S BEDROOM - DAY

Eragon pulls the stone off the shelf and passes it to Roran. He admires the stone then hands it back to Eragon.

RORAN

Did you see Katrina?

ERAGON

Not after what happened with Sloan. Horst will tell her.

RORAN

That was private, you idiot! I'd use smoke signals if I wanted everyone to know!

ERAGON

We can trust him. He won't let Sloan bully anyone.

GARROW (O.S.)

Boys, time to work!

Eragon and Roran look out of Eragon's doorway.

RORAN

After you.

ERAGON

Please. Age before beauty.

The two head out. They and Garrow go to work in the field, spending the day harvesting their crops and preserving their food for the winter.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

A blizzard sweeps through the valley, blanketing it in thick snow. The wind howls incessantly and shakes the ancient farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Eragon, Roran, and Garrow huddle around the stove as the shutters shake and rattle.

GARROW

I'm afraid the traders may not come to Carvahall in this storm. They're late as it is. If they don't show soon, we'll have to buy any spare supplies from the townspeople.

RORAN

I'll walk the road when the weather clears. I'm sure they'll come.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Eragon, Roran, and Garrow gather supplies and salable items. The wind has died down but thick snow still covers the house. As evening falls, Eragon paces nervously.

ERAGON

Should I look again?

RORAN

You're welcome to, but there was nothing this morning.

Eragon leaves the house and trudges through the snow to—

EXT. CARVAHALL ROAD - EVENING

Deep ruts in the snow and many hoof prints mark the passing of a large caravan. Eragon turns and runs back to the house, shouting excitedly.

ERAGON

Roran! Uncle!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL ROAD - MORNING

Garrow drives their wagon along the road, following in the caravan's tracks. Eragon and Roran ride in the back with their spare supplies, chatting excitedly.

PAN TO:

EXT. PALANCAR VALLEY - DAY

The valley is covered in snow. As the wagon approaches Carvahall the village is more lively than the evening Eragon arrived.

The traders set up their brightly colored tents on the outskirts of town and a steady stream of villagers travel between the camp and town. Garrow parks the wagon and horses and hands Roran some coins.

GARROW

Get some treats. Roran, make sure you're at Horst's in time for supper. Eragon, bring that stone.

Roran heads off and Garrow leads Eragon into the crowd of people. Children run through the camp, yelling and playing, while the villagers buy and trade necessary goods.

A wide variety of wares are on display at tents and wagons and villagers and traders haggle over their prices. Eragon watches the traders, who are unusually wary and guarded this year. Garrow leads him to--

EXT. JEWELRY BOOTH - DAY

MERLOCK, a jewelry merchant, displays brooches to a group of women. The group of excited women keep Garrow and Eragon from getting close as Merlock shows off his wares, so they wait. Eventually the women move away and Garrow approaches.

MERLOCK

And what are you sirs searching for today? An amulet or trinket for a fine lady?

Merlock produces a silver rose trinket with a flourish.

MERLOCK (cont'd)

Not even three crowns, and it has come all the way from the craftsmen of Belatona.

GARROW

We aren't looking to buy, but to sell.

Merlock returns the trinket to the table.

MERLOCK

I see. You did bring the object of consideration, yes?

GARROW

We would rather show it to you elsewhere.

Merlock nods and locks his goods in a chest. He ushers them away from his booth and into--

INT. MERLOCK'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

The tent is filled with a bed, jeweler's tools, and even more trinkets. Merlock gestures to a small table and they all sit.

MERLOCK

Now, let me see why we are meeting in private.

Eragon produces the stone from its wrapping and sets it on the table. Merlock picks it up after Garrow nods. He weighs and examines it with several instruments, even tapping it with a mallet. Finally, he sets it back down.

MERLOCK (cont'd)

Do you know what it is worth?

GARROW

No.

MERLOCK

Unfortunately, neither do I. Nor can I say what it's made of, except that it's harder than any rock I know. Whoever shaped it used tools I've never seen. Or magic. It's hollow as well.

ERAGON

(surprised)

What?

Merlock slaps the stone with the flat of his dagger. The stone rings loudly like a bell. Eragon inspects it for damage but finds none.

GARROW

But what's it worth? Will you take it?

MERLOCK

I can't say. I'm sure I could find a buyer in the southern cities, but even if I took it, you wouldn't be paid until next year. If I may ask, why did you insist on speaking privately over a stone?

ERAGON

Because I found it in the Spine.

Merlock stands, pours himself a drink.

MERLOCK

Do you know why we were late?

No response.

MERLOCK (cont'd)

Plagued with the worst luck. Galbatorix has been demanding more soldiers with the Varden's attacks.

(beat)

Urgals have been migrating toward the Hadarac Desert, destroying entire villages along the way. Worst of all are reports of a Shade.

GARROW

Nonsense. We haven't seen any Urgals, and the only one around here has his horns mounted in Morn's tavern.

ERAGON

Why haven't we heard any of this?

MERLOCK

It only began a few months ago. Such a small village, it's not surprising you've escaped notice. However, I wouldn't expect that to last.

EXT. MERLOCK'S TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Garrow and Eragon bid Merlock farewell and head back towards Carvahall.

ERAGON

What do you think?

GARROW

I'm going to talk to more traders before I make up my mind. Take that stone back to the wagon, then do what you want. I'll meet you and Roran for dinner at Horst's.

Eragon dodges through the crowd and back to the wagon, where he hides the stone. He passes the day browsing the booths and talking with the merchants, buying a few candied treats.

As evening falls, he spots Sloan and avoids him by slipping into--

INT. MORN'S TAVERN - EVENING

The tavern is hot, noisy, and full of smoke. Shiny black urgal horns hang over the door, as long as Eragon's outstretched arms.

A pair of rowdy traders are drawing a growing crowd. MORN, the owner, tends the bar and looks up when Eragon enters.

ERAGON

Morn!

MORN

Eragon! Good to see you. Where's Garrow?

ERAGON

Out buying. Roran's here this year as well.

MORN

Good, good.

Eragon gestures at the traders.

ERAGON

Who are they?

MORN

(disdainfully)

Grain buyers. Bought everyone's seed for almost nothing and now they're telling wild stories, expecting us to believe that the King's to thank for no Urgals.

Eragon approached the growing crowd and tried to see over the villagers' shoulders. The two traders were drinking more and more and growing louder as the crowd shouted and argued.

TRADER ONE

The king's efforts on your behalf is why you can argue with us in safety! If he were to withdraw that support, woe unto you!

TRADER TWO

The Empire can't care for us personally, but at least the Urgals and Varden are away from... this place.

VILLAGER ONE

The Varden are trying to help!

VILLAGER TWO

They've never stopped us from starving either, fool!

TRADER ONE

The Varden have no interest in helping you! All they want is to possess and control our land. They have spies everywhere!

Eragon approaches them, sitting at their table.

ERAGON

Can you prove this?

TRADER ONE

Where is your respect, boy?! Or do the villagers let children challenge men?

VILLAGER THREE

Answer the question!

TRADER TWO

It's common sense.

ERAGON

The Empire never helped us when we nearly starved, yet its tax collectors took everything!

TRADER TWO

The Varden seek to divide us!

The crowd dissolves into loud arguing and angry shouting. Eragon scoffs and leaves the tavern, kicking at the snow.

He passes an alley and sees Roran and Katrina speaking quietly to each other, holding hands. He coughs loudly and the couple look up. Katrina kisses Roran quickly before running off and Roran joins Eragon.

ERAGON

Enjoying yourself, cousin?

Roran jabs Eragon's shoulder, as they head to Horst's house.

CUT TO:

INT. HORST'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is well lit, with a friendly atmosphere. Music and comradely fill the room.

Later on, with small candles, enter BROM, 50s. He pulls out his pipe and steps into the middle of the room.

BROM

The sands of time cannot be stopped...but we can remember. I give you a memory that has been forgotten, imperfect and fragmented, yet treasure it. It is all that remains. Before your grandfathers' fathers were born, and even before them, the Dragon Riders were formed.

(MORE)

BROM (cont'd)

To protect and guard was their mission, their prowess in battle unmatched, bonded for life through magic to the ancient and mighty dragons.

While he smokes, the smoke begins to take shape; visually demonstrating his story.

BROM (cont'd)

For thousands of years tall cities and towers were built out of the living stone and Alagaesia flourished. The elves were our allies, the dwarves our friends, and wealth flowed into our cities. It was a golden time, but weep!

(beat)

But, it could not last. At the height of their power, Galbatorix was trained by the Riders and quickly rose in their ranks. The Riders had grown arrogant in their power and ignored this danger.

(beat)

Alas, sorrow was conceived the day that Galbatorix took a reckless trip north with two friends into Urgal territory. Ambushed in their sleep, his friends and their dragons were butchered and a stray arrow pierced his dragon's heart. Without the arts to save her, she died in his arms and the seeds of madness were planted.

Brom smokes smoking for a moment, overtaken with grief. He starts smoking again. The smoke again visually demonstrating the story.

BROM (cont'd)

Driven by the hope of another dragon, he journeyed through the Spine and was found, brought back to the Riders close to death.

(beat)

BROM (cont'd)

Upon awakening he was brought before a council and his desperation revealed his fevered mind.

(MORE)

BROM (cont'd)

Denied his hope, Galbatorix came to believe it was the Riders' fault his dragon was slain, and night after night he brooded on that and planned his revenge.

(beat)

After slaughtering an elder in vengeance, he left and could not be found. Ill fortune brought a Rider by the name of Morzan to him. Weak in mind, Morzan left a gate in what is now Uru'Baen unlocked and Galbatorix stole an egg, killing its Rider. Using dark magic, Galbatorix grew the dragon known as Shruikan and twisted him to his will.

(beat)

Twelve other Riders joined Galbatorix and Morzan, becoming the Forsworn. Unprepared, the Riders fell beneath the onslaught and the elves and dwarves fled into their secret places, overthrown.

(beat)

Only Vrael, leader of the Riders, could resist them. He struggled to save what he could and in the last battle, before the gates of the Rider's city Doru Areaba, he defeated Galbatorix. He hesitated with the final blow, and Galbatorix seized the opportunity to strike him.

(beat)

Vrael fled to Utgard Mountain, here in Palancar Valley, and was discovered by Galbatorix. Vrael could not defeat him and Galbatorix removed his head with a blazing sword. And from that day, he has ruled us.

Brom shuffles away, leaving the room eerily quiet. The guests begin to depart, murmuring quietly among themselves. Garrow whispers to Roran and Eragon as they leave.

GARROW

Consider yourselves fortunate. I have heard this tale only twice in my life. If the Empire knew Brom had recited it, he would not live to see a new day.

They exit the house into the dark night.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL ROAD - NIGHT

Garrow, Roran, and Eragon ride back to the farm in silence. Eragon lays his hand on the wrapped stone and watches it, uncertain. He sighs and looks up at the clear sky and twinkling stars.

CUT TO:

INT. ERAGON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The shutters are rattling and shaking from the storm. Eragon is startled awake by a clap of thunder that fades as he sits up. There is only the sound of the rushing wind and pouring rain. His gaze sweeps slowly over his room.

Just as Eragon is about to lay back down, there is a loud squeak and the stone rocks sharply. Eragon gasps and grabs a dagger from under his bed. It rocks harder and harder, squeaking, and cracks began to form across its surface.

The movement is made even stranger by the irregular flashes of lightning coming through the shutters. Eragon clutches his dagger and watches as it rocks itself off the shelf and lands on the floor with a thud.

Eragon stares straight ahead, afraid to look down. Another clap of thunder, and he slowly crawls out of his bed with the dagger in his hand.

There are shards of the stone scattered around the floor. Eragon sees movement and gasps, backing away. As another bolt of lightning illuminates the room, a BLUE DRAGON scurries out from under the bed, leaving Eragon speechless.

He watches her as she explores and sniffs around his bedroom, chirping and squeaking softly. The sound of the thunderstorm seems to fade as Eragon watches the dragon stumble around the room. Lightning still flashes and thunder rumbles faintly, but Eragon doesn't hear it as the dragon looks at him.

The dragon flaps its wings gently and scurries towards him. Eragon stays still as she approaches and rubs against him like a cat. He reaches out to touch her and lays his hand on the dragon's head.

He recoils, clenching his hand in pain. A ringing sound fills his ears and he shivers as it slowly fades.

Looking down, a SILVER OVAL forms on his palm where he touched the dragon.

Eragon jumps as the dragon nuzzles his hand again, but there is no pain. With a resolute sigh, he scoops her up and returns to bed. He sleeps with her cradled against him.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The door creaks open and Eragon sneaks carefully out of the house with the dragon and his pack. He hurries across the fields and into the woods near the farm.

He searches around the woods before nodding as he selects a tree. He sets the dragon and his pack down, pulling out some leather strips and rags.

ERAGON

I can't keep you in the house. This will be your new home for now.

As Eragon tries to attach a harness to the dragon, she struggles against it. Once on, Eragon climbs the nearby tree.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Stay here.

The dragon chirps. Eragon finds a fork in the branches and builds a small hut, lining it with rags.

When he climbs down, he pulls some dried meat out of his pack and feeds it to the dragon. As she is occupied eating it, he scoops her up and climbs the tree, depositing her in the hut.

ERAGON (cont'd)

You'll be safe up here. But you have to stay, alright?

The dragon finishes its meal and looks at him, cocking its head.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Stay here.

His words echo, as if multiple voices are speaking at once. The dragon chirps and rests on its hind legs.

ERAGON (cont'd)
 Good. I'll be back soon.

Eragon climbs down the tree, heading back to the farm.

Inter cut images: Eragon sneaking food to the dragon, playing with it, talking with the dragon, trying to keep it from following him back to the house.

Her size grows in each shot.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL - DAY

Eragon and Roran walk up the road to Carvahall and separate once they reach the city. Eragon walks through town until he reaches a house. He knocks on the door.

BROM (O.S.)
 What do you want, boy?

Eragon whirls around and sees Brom standing behind him.

ERAGON
 Roran's getting a chisel fixed, so I came to ask some questions.

Brom grunts and shoulders past Eragon, opening his door and walking inside.

BROM
 You might as well come in. Your questions never seem to end.

INT. BROM'S HOUSE - LATER

The house is dark until Brom lights some candles. Books and scrolls are piled around and on furniture. Brom puts a kettle on and sits in a chair by the fire. He tries to light it but curses.

BROM
 (muttering)
 Brisingr.

The fireplace roars to life and Brom settles into his chair.

BROM (cont'd)
 Nothing like sitting by a fire for conversation. Now, what do you want?

ERAGON

Your story when the traders were in town. The Dragon Riders. I never knew how they were formed.

Brom pulls out his pipe and begins to smoke.

BROM

They were formed after a long and bloody war between the elves and dragons. After the elves arrived in Alagaesia, one hunted and killed a dragon, believing it a mindless animal.

ERAGON

What of the elves? Where did they come from?

BROM

Another time. The war lasted five years, till the elf Eragon came across a dragon egg and raised it.

Eragon stumbles in his chair.

BROM (cont'd)

You didn't know your namesake?

Eragon shakes his head, shocked. Brom puffs on his pipe.

BROM (cont'd)

Eragon cared for his dragon until it was grown. They traveled together among both races and convinced them to live in peace. Humans didn't become Riders until three hundred years later, once we arrived in Alagaesia.

(beat)

The Riders were formed as a means to communicate, but they were given more authority over time. They made their home on the island Vroengard, which was destroyed when Galbatorix came to power.

ERAGON

Are all the dragons truly dead?

BROM

That's the great question. Other than Shruikan and Galbatorix, no one knows.

The teapot starts to whistle and Brom pours them both a cup. They drink before Eragon sets his cup down, impatient.

ERAGON

How big would a dragon grow?

BROM

Limitless. They never stopped growing, but maturity came at five or six months; when they could breath fire. They could live forever, if not slain.

ERAGON

How, if humans are lucky to reach sixty?

Brom sips his tea and stares into the fire for a time.

BROM

Sorry, my mind wandered. The bond between a Dragon and Rider is a magical thing. As such, they were exposed to this magic the most; extended life, greater speed and strength. Human even grew pointed ears over time.

(beat)

Our King has ruled us for nearly a hundred years. Though, most attribute this as his dark magic.

ERAGON

Can you remember any names?

Brom puffs on his pipe again, thinking.

BROM

Let's see. There was...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL ROAD - EVENING

Eragon and Roran leave Carvahall and walk slowly back home. Roran is bigger and clears a path through the snow for Eragon.

RORAN

There was a stranger from Therinsford at Horst's today. Dempton, having sockets forged for his mill. He said he's expanding and he offered me a job.

ERAGON

(chuckling)

Don't tell Garrow. You know what he thinks about us going away.

RORAN

I'm going to take it.

Eragon jumps in front of Roran and stops him.

ERAGON

Money's hard to come by, but we always manage.

RORAN

I need it for myself. I want to marry.

Eragon is stunned.

ERAGON

Katrina?

RORAN

Who else?

ERAGON

Have you asked her?

RORAN

Not yet. Come spring, when I have the money, I will.

When Eragon doesn't move, Roran shoves him playfully.

RORAN (cont'd)

Let's get home.

CUT TO:

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Roran, Garrow, and Eragon sit and eat dinner at the table. They are all silent, though Roran has clearly just told Garrow his plans and waits for his response. Garrow finishes his meal slowly and sets his fork down.

GARROW
I see. When do you leave?

RORAN
What?

ERAGON
(unhappy)
Uncle!

Garrow's lips turn in a slight smile.

GARROW
Did you think I would stop you? I'd hoped you'd marry soon. Katrina will be lucky to have you.

ERAGON
But there's too much work for him to leave in the spring!

GARROW
And if all goes well he'll be back and working with a wife. When do you leave?

RORAN
Two weeks.

GARROW
Good. That will give us time to prepare.

ERAGON
It's madness.

GARROW
It's life's course, Eragon. You'll see this one day.

Eragon stabs unhappily at his dinner while Roran and Garrow continue to talk.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Eragon trudges to the dragon's hiding place, still angry. As he approaches, she glides down from the sky. She has grown and her shoulders are now higher than Eragon's. As he approaches she hums.

DRAGON (V.O.)

Eragon.

Eragon stared at her in surprise. Her voice echoes like Eragon's did before and it is difficult to determine her gender by its tone at this age. She approaches him.

DRAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)

Eragon?

ERAGON

Is that all you can say?

DRAGON (V.O.)

Yes.

ERAGON

(muttering)

Now you have a sense of humor. What next?

The dragon cocks its head questioningly.

ERAGON (cont'd)

I just don't want Roran to leave! I'm not mad at you.

It bumps its nose against his head to comfort him and he pushes the dragon away, smiling.

ERAGON (cont'd)

You need a name, and I heard some interesting ones yesterday. Maybe you'll like them. How about Vanilor or his successor, Eridor?

DRAGON (V.O.)

(chuckling)

No. Eragon.

ERAGON

That's my name! You can't have it. Well, I have more. There's Fundor, he fought a great sea snake.

DRAGON (V.O.)

No.

ERAGON

What about Ingothold, he slew the...
Wait! You're a she!

DRAGON (V.O.)

Yes.

The dragon folds her wings and sits. Eragon shakes his head, laughing.

ERAGON

Well, Brom didn't give me that many females. There's Miramel, but she was a brown dragon. Ophelia?

DRAGON (V.O.)

No.

ERAGON

How about Saphira? That was the last one, I almost didn't hear it.

Saphira hums loudly and Eragon grins.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Yes.

Eragon smiles as he climbs onto her back and sits, rubbing her neck as he talks to her.

FADE TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL - MORNING

Roran and Eragon walk up the road to Carvahall in silence.

GARROW (V.O.)

Roran, I've nothing else to give you, except a father's blessing. Now, go in peace. And don't worry about us.

RORAN (V.O.)

Thank you, Father. I will return as soon as I can.

Eragon and Roran continue to walk in uncomfortable silence.

EXT. HORST'S SMITHY - MORNING

DEMPTON, a friendly man with red hair, is talking to Horst. They turn to the approaching boys.

DEMPTON

Roran! I'm glad you're here, there's going to be more work than I can handle. Are you ready?

RORAN

More than.

DEMPTON

Good. We'll leave in the hour. Eragon! I would offer you a job, but Roran got the only one. Maybe in a year eh?

Eragon nods curtly before shaking Dempton's hand.

HORST

Everything's ready. You can take them when you're ready. Eragon, a word?

Horst leads Eragon away.

HORST (cont'd)

Lad, remember your fight with Sloan?

ERAGON

I haven't forgotten your payment for the meat. Times have been-

HORST

No, I trust you. But get rid of that stone. Two men arrived yesterday; made my skin crawl just to look at them. They started asking about your stone, but no one with any sense has said anything.

ERAGON

(nervous)

Thank you. Do you know where they are?

HORST

I didn't warn you so you could meet them! Leave. Go home.

Eragon nods and runs back to Roran. They face each other, awkward until they clasp each others arms.

RORAN

I guess this is the last time we'll see each other for a few months.

ERAGON

I'm sure it won't be that long. Take care, and come back soon.

They hug and Eragon heads down the road back to the farm. Once out of sight, he changes course and runs back into the village. He sneaks carefully between the buildings.

RAZ'AC 1 (O.S.)

When did this happen?

Eragon freezes and presses close to a building, peering into the alley where the voice came from. Two RAZ'AC, black hooded and oddly humped figures, are speaking with Sloan. The voices are not human and have a strange hiss to them.

SLOAN

Three months ago.

RAZ'AC 2

Are you sure? We would hate to think you were mistaken. That would be... unpleasant.

SLOAN

I'm sure. He might still have it. He lives on a farm down the road, the farthest out of the village.

The Raz'ac make a few clicking sounds between them.

RAZ'AC 1

Your information has been helpful. We will not forget you.

Sloan hurries away and the Raz'ac mutter to each other. Suddenly they both turn to face Eragon and he freezes in horror.

They stalk towards him and he tries to run, but his body won't move. They come closer and closer as Eragon fights to regain control of his body.

BROM (O.S.)

Eragon!

The Raz'ac look and move away, disappearing between the houses. Eragon can move again and he turns to see Brom hurrying towards him from behind.

BROM
Are you alright? You look sick.

ERAGON
I just...got dizzy all of a sudden.
It's passed.

BROM
Perhaps you should go home.

ERAGON
Yeah, you're right.

BROM
Here, let me escort you to the road.

Brom takes Eragon's arm and they walk back to the road. As Eragon begins to pull away, Brom doesn't let go of his hand.

His glove is pulled off and Brom sharply twists his wrist to expose the silver oval mark on Eragon's palm before Eragon can pull away.

ERAGON
(defensive)
I'll go now.

Eragon quickly grabs his mitt and jogs down the road. Behind him Brom walks away whistling happily. Once out of the village Eragon begins to run.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARVAHALL ROAD - DAY

Eragon runs down the road as fast as he can. He sees the house, pauses, and changes direction into--

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Eragon runs through the forest, stumbling over fallen logs hidden in the snow.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Saphira!

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I'm coming.

Eragon continues running until Saphira lands in front of him. He quickly jumps up onto her shoulders, pressing his forehead against her neck as he catches his breath.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (cont'd)
What happened?

ERAGON
Two men in Carvahall. There was something about them. When they came towards me, I couldn't move-

Saphira roars and rears up, her tail thrashing. Eragon catches himself before he falls.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Death! Murderers!

ERAGON
Stop! Garrow will hear you!

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Oaths betrayed! Eggs shattered! Blood everywhere! Murderers!

Saphira crouches and leaps into the sky. She is clearly struggling to lift them both at first but flies off into the mountains. Eragon screams and clings to her.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Take me back! We have to warn Garrow!

Saphira doesn't respond and Eragon can only cling to her. She flies through the mountains, over jagged ravines, and into--

EXT. THE SPINE - EVENING

Saphira lands in a clearing and Eragon roughly dismounts. He collapses when he touches the ground and looks down at his legs. His pants are torn and bloody, his skin rubbed raw by Saphira's scales.

ERAGON
The sun is setting and you've scaled me as easily as a fish! And now Garrow is in danger! Is this what you wanted?

Saphira does not answer, only growling.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Do you want me to freeze as well?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Here, the fire inside me will stay
the cold.

Saphira scrapes the snow away and curls around him, draping her wing over him to form a tent. Eragon begins to shiver less.

ERAGON
(whispering)
What have I done?

EXT. THE SPINE - MORNING

Eragon wakes and pounds his fist against Saphira's side.

ERAGON
Hey! Wake up!

Saphira uncurls and Eragon nervously stretches his legs as he looks around to see where they are. He is still badly hurt but has no choice but to push through it.

Looking around it is obvious they are in the same clearing where he found Saphira's egg.

ERAGON (V.O.)
We have to go home.

Saphira growls and Eragon hobbles towards her.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)
I know you don't want to, but he's my
uncle! He raised me and you, through
me! You owe him! Are you afraid?

Saphira hisses at him.

ERAGON
(yelling)
What will people talk about in the
years to come? That we hid like
cowards?! You are a dragon! Yet here
you crouch like a frightened rabbit!

Saphira bares her fangs and growls in his face.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I will fight. But this is foolish.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Thank you. We have to hurry.

Saphira helps Eragon climb onto her back again and takes off, flying gently this time. Eragon is in pain but grits his teeth as they fly back to--

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Eragon cries out as a huge plume of smoke rises from what was the house. The entire area looks like it had been blasted apart.

Saphira lands and Eragon slides down, running to the house while she follows him.

ERAGON
Uncle?! Uncle?!

Eragon digs through the rubble searching for Garrow. He is weak and struggling and Saphira has to help him with larger debris. Soon a thin hand emerges from a pile of rubble.

ERAGON (cont'd)
Uncle!

There is no response. Saphira lifts a large beam and exposes Garrow's badly wounded body. He is barely breathing and covered in deep burns. Eragon pulls him out of the house.

ERAGON (V.O.)
I can't carry him back to Carvahall!
Can you carry us both?

Saphira carries Garrow in her claws and Eragon on her back as she flies along the road. She begins to struggle and can go no further.

EXT. CARVAHALL ROAD - DAY

Saphira lands and Eragon begins to drag Garrow down the road to Carvahall.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Find a safe place to hide. I don't
know how long I'll be gone, please be
careful.

Saphira flies off to the woods and Eragon continues to drag Garrow. The village is still far in the distance and Eragon begins to tire. His vision starts to fade.

ERAGON
(screaming)
I can't do this!

Eragon continues to try until he collapses in the snow next to Garrow. He looks up as he passes out and sees Brom running down the road, the side of his head caked in blood.

DISSOLVE TO:

A hazy vision of a group of people approach a ship. Two figures, a man and woman, board the ship and face the shore as it departs.

The man left on the shore lets out a mournful cry as the ship glides down the river, and two dragons are seen in the sky.

INT. HORST'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Eragon wakes up in a bed in Horst's house. He struggles to get up but finds he is too weak to stand up.

ERAGON
Uncle?!

The door bursts open and Horst enters Eragon's room. He sits in a chair next to Eragon's bed.

HORST
It's alright, lad. He's in the next room.

ERAGON
Is he...?

HORST
Gertrude's been treating him for two days. His fever won't break and his burns haven't been healing. Be hopeful. Garrow's a tough man.

There is a knock at the door. ELAIN, Horst's wife, enters with a plate of food. She sets it on the end of his bed and stands next to Horst.

ELAIN
You don't have to eat, but it's here if you want it.

ERAGON
Thank you.

Eragon barely touches his food as Elain and Horst sit with him.

HORST

I know this isn't the best time, but we need to know. What happened at the farm?

ERAGON

I don't remember.

HORST

Eragon, I went out to look. Something tore the house to pieces, and it was surrounded by tracks I've never seen nor heard of. I'm not the only one who saw them. If there's a monster or a Shade roaming around, we have to know.

Eragon sets his food down.

ERAGON

(nervous)

When I left Carvahall, after you told me about the strangers, I hurried home. Nothing...nothing happened that night. Next morning, I finished my chores and went walking in the forest. I heard an explosion and ran back as fast as I could, but whoever did it was already gone. I dug Garrow out and dragged him to Carvahall.

HORST

And your legs? Did you injure them there?

ERAGON

I think so. I didn't notice till blood was running down my legs.

ELAIN

Horst, they can't get away with this!

HORST

Elain, we don't want to get in their way. After what they did to the house? Besides, the stone wasn't at the house.

Elain doesn't look convinced, but she doesn't argue.

ERAGON
Roran doesn't know?

HORST
It's been too cold to send a messenger to Therinsford. I sent Baldor and Albriech just a few hours ago. They'll bring him back home.

Elain pats Horst's shoulder.

ELAIN
Get some rest. Later you can go sit with Garrow.

Eragon nods and they both leave his room. He lays back in bed and tries to go to sleep but tosses and turns in bed.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(faintly)
Eragon! Eragon!

ERAGON
(mumbling)
Just be quiet.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(yelling)
Eragon!

Eragon jolts and looks around in alarm before he realizes Saphira is speaking to him.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Saphira?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Yes, stone ears. I tried to contact you many times, but you were beyond reach.

ERAGON
I was sick, but I'm better now. Are you safe?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I'm in the forest.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Good. I won't be able to see you for at least a couple of days. You might as well make yourself comfortable.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Don't take too long.

Saphira's voice fades and Eragon relaxes again, his eyes slowly drifting shut.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HORST'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eragon jolts upright from his sleep, breathing hard. The room is pitch black and eerily silent. This time Eragon is able to get up and limp to the door and leave his room.

INT. HORST'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eragon shuffles to the door next to him and freezes when he sees GERTRUDE, the village healer, slowly drape a white cloth over Garrow's face. Katrina is sitting at his bedside, crying.

Eragon starts to sob and Elain helps him back to his room. She holds him and tries to comfort him as he continues to cry until he exhausts himself and falls asleep.

FADE TO:

INT. HORST'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Eragon wakes slowly, but when he remembers where he is, he closes his eyes and begins to cry again, sobbing quietly.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Eragon...

ERAGON
(whispering)
What do I do now? Garrow's gone.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(gently)
Whatever you choose, the deeds will give you new hope and purpose.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Are you telling me to go after them?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Remember what you said in the Spine?
I thought long and deep the past few
days about what it means to be dragon
and Rider. Our destiny is to
accomplish great things, regardless
of fear.

Eragon sits up and wipes the tears from his face.

ERAGON (V.O.)

What about Roran? He-

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Has a right to know how and why his
father died. But, you'd have to tell
the truth. My tracks have been seen
and people know of me. Eventually I
will be exposed. What might Roran do
once he knows of me?

ERAGON (V.O.)

Am I strong enough for this?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

You have me.

Eragon nods slowly. He clenches his fists and forces himself
to stand.

INT. HORST'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - MORNING

Eragon makes his way quietly down and out of Horst's house,
moving with more strength and determination than the day
before.

He neither sees or hears anyone in the house until he
reaches the downstairs hallway, near the kitchen. He pauses,
listening.

HORST (O.S.)

-what Eragon said. I'm not sure he
told us everything.

ELAIN (O.S.)

What do you mean?

HORST (O.S.)

Those tracks, his legs, or how he
managed to drag Garrow so far without
leaving any tracks.

(MORE)

HORST (O.S.) (cont'd)
I didn't want to push him for answers
earlier, but now I think I will.

Eragon's face pales and he hurries quietly out of Horst's house.

EXT. CARVAHALL - DAY

There are few people on the streets at this time of the day, but Eragon still tries to avoid the main roads as he sneaks away from Horst's house.

ERAGON (V.O.)
You were right, Saphira. Meet me back
at the house.

As Eragon makes his way through the alleys, he can hear Horst calling his name in the distance. He begins to hurry to the main road out of town and back to the farm.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Eragon reaches the remains of his farm, already beginning to be reclaimed by nature. Snow and dirt were beginning to pile inside the house and the outline of the barn is nothing more than a sooty patch.

As Eragon comes up to the house he freezes as he sees Brom waiting for him. The old man has a pack on the ground at his feet, a sword at his belt, and a gruesome wound on the side of his head. He sits on what was once a beam of the house, his staff in his hands.

BROM
Going before Garrow is even buried?

ERAGON
Why are you here?

BROM
That mark on your hand. The gedewy
ignasia. The Riders live again.

Eragon's face pales, beginning to panic.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Saphira, I need you!

ERAGON
(to Brom)
How did you find out?

BROM
You're a terrible liar. Tell me, how
is your dragon?

ERAGON
Fine. We weren't here when the
strangers came.

Eragon starts to look around frantically for Saphira and
sees her circling far above them, high enough to be mistaken
for a bird.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Saphira?!

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I'll watch the sky for a while.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Why?!

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Because of the slaughter at Doru
Araeba.

Eragon is at a loss and looks to Brom.

BROM
She agreed to stay above us while we
negotiate.

ERAGON
Who are you?! How can you talk with
Saphira?

Brom's face twists in a peculiar expression, and he grips
his staff with such force his knuckles turned white. A
second later he has regained his composure.

BROM
Is that her name?

ERAGON
It was the only one she liked.

Beat.

BROM

You still haven't said where you're going.

Defeated, Eragon sighs.

ERAGON

To hunt down these murderers and kill them.

BROM

A big task for a young boy. But, a worthy endeavor. Seems to me that help would be advisable.

Brom looks up at Saphira. Eragon follows his gaze and they watch as Saphira dives toward the farm, buffeting them with the air from her wings as she lands gracefully in front of them.

She does not approach, instead Brom steps forward. There are tears in his eyes as he mutters under his breath.

BROM (cont'd)

(whispering)

So...it starts again. But how and where will it end? My sight is veiled. I cannot tell if this be tragedy or farce...

Eragon pretends not to hear him as he approaches Saphira, rubbing her neck as she studies Brom closely.

BROM (cont'd)

It's an honour to meet you, Saphira.

Brom bows before extending a hand towards her.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

I like him. Though you humans are queer creatures.

Saphira sniffs Brom slowly before bowing her head and letting him touch her. As he does, she snorts and jerks her head back to stare at him again.

Eragon returns to the ruins of the house and rummages through the wreckage for supplies. He scrapes together a few supplies, recovers his bow. He returns to Brom and Saphira.

ERAGON

Why do you care what I'm doing?

BROM

Let's just say my interest is in keeping you alive. I'm a storyteller; you will make a fine story. The first Rider for over a hundred years.

(beat)

What will happen? What will you do? I will be there to see every bit of it, no matter what I have to do.

ERAGON

All I want is justice for my uncle. Do you know who the strangers are?

BROM

Raz'ac, the king's assassins he sends when he hears of a surviving dragon. They aren't human, so if you mean to avenge your uncle, you're going to need my help.

ERAGON

From the village storyteller?

BROM

I have lived most of my life outside of Palancar Valley, and have been many things to many people. But, I'm here to help you. Don't scorn those words. They are the truest I've ever spoken.

ERAGON

You'll have much to answer for if you intend to travel with us.

BROM

Perhaps. Perhaps you'll learn that I don't hand out details of my life to anyone who asks!

Eragon scowls at the old man before looking to the woods.

ERAGON

We need a place to hide for the night. My legs are still weak.

BROM

Where do you have in mind?

ERAGON

There's a place I know of.

BROM

Very well. Lead the way, Dragon
Rider.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

I will follow in the air. My tracks
are too easily followed.

Saphira spreads her wings and flew off towards the Spine,
already knowing where Eragon had in mind.

He watches her go, fiddling with his bow, before steeling
himself and setting out into the forest.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS

END.