

"THE INHERITANCE PROJECT, 1x05"

"Legacy"

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Based on the novel by

Christopher Paolini

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1st Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. VROENGARD - MIDDAY

Thick, misty clouds part slowly and reveal the island of Vroengard, on the northwestern coast of Alagaesia. The island is a rough and mountainous spot of green in a sea of blue. Looking closer, plumes of smoke rise from the center of the island.

EXT. DORU ARAEBA - MIDDAY

Doru Araeba, the Dragon Riders' city, is a smoking ruin. Most of the city has been destroyed by what appears to have been a massive explosion, leaving only an enormous crater. Nothing remains but a few scattered ruins of massive stone buildings.

Smoke curls off a barren battlefield outside the city ruins. The bodies of Riders and dragons lie broken on the ground and the sounds of mournful wailing grow louder and louder as friends and family discover the bodies of their loved ones.

One the outskirts of the field lies the body of a sparkling blue DRAGON. Her RIDER, a man in his late thirties, stands numbly over her head.

He does not move, looking down at her and the field around them in shock and disbelief. Broken pieces of armor and weapons are scattered across the ground. Bodies of Riders and dragons lay broken and twisted, staring with dead, empty eyes. The sounds around him begin to fade to nothing, leaving on a high pitched ringing in his ears.

The Rider's sword slips from his hands and he collapses on her body, screaming and sobbing silently.

FADE TO BLACK

The OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

FADE IN:

EXT. RA'ZAC CAMP - NIGHT

ERAGON comes to slowly, wincing as each breath makes his broken ribs sting.

His vision is still fuzzy as he opens his eyes and blinks, unsure of where he is. A campfire has been lit in front of him, illuminating the camp, but his hands are still bound.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)

Eragon?

Eragon rolls onto his back, groaning in pain, and sees SAPHIRA crouched protectively over him. Her wings are spread slightly, making her appear larger.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Are you hurt?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

No, but -

ERAGON (V.O.)

Brom!

Eragon tries to sit upright, but cries out in pain and struggles with his bound hands. He looks around frantically and freezes when he glances over at the fire.

MURTAGH, a young man a few years older than Eragon, sits by the fire with his bow in his hands. His clothes are weathered from travel, but his weapons and white hunting horn are finely and richly made. He is solemn and quiet as he watches Eragon.

Eragon looks to his side and gasps, seeing Brom laying on the ground by the fire on his back. His clothes had been cut away and the wound poorly bandaged.

ERAGON

(angrily)

Who are you?

MURTAGH

Murtagh.

Eragon grits his teeth through the pain as he adjust himself so his hands are in front of him. Murtagh's hands grip his bow tighter, but he does not move.

ERAGON

Why did you help us?

MURTAGH

You aren't the only enemies the Ra'zac have. I've been tracking them.

ERAGON
You know what they are?

MURTAGH
Yes.

Eragon pulls on the rope binding his hands.

MURTAGH (cont'd)
I would have helped you earlier, but
your dragon wouldn't let me near you.

ERAGON
She's Saphira. I'm Eragon.

Eragon tries again to free his hands, but growls in
frustration.

ERAGON (cont'd)
Jierda!

The ropes snap and Eragon rubs his wrists. He looks up at
Saphira.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Thank you. But we need his help.

Saphira grumbles and folds her wings, stepping back and
eyeing Murtagh suspiciously. Murtagh steps forward and helps
Eragon to his feet.

ERAGON
How is Brom?

MURTAGH
The knife went right through his
ribs. But, I'd be more worried about
you.

They carefully remove his shirt, revealing an enormous
bruise on his side. The skin is red and swollen and bleeding
in some places.

MURTAGH (cont'd)
You might have a some broken ribs.
Two, at least.

ERAGON
Wonderful.

Eragon grits his teeth and winces as Murtagh binds his chest
with strips of a cut up blanket. He tries to hold still,
though he trembles from the pain.

MURTAGH

You're lucky you're not coughing up blood.

ERAGON

A small wonder.

When Murtagh finishes, Eragon shuffles over to Brom and kneels at his side. He inspects the bandages grimly and Saphira hovers over his shoulder. Brom's breathing is shallow and his eyes are still shut. Eragon begins to slowly undo the bandages.

MURTAGH

What are you doing?

Murtagh moves to stop him, but freezes when Saphira growls at him.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

He'll bleed to death without that.

Eragon says nothing as he continues to unwrap the bandages. The wound is short and thin, but much deeper than it appeared to be. With the bandages gone, blood began to stream out of the wound. Eragon begins removing his gloves.

ERAGON

(to Murtagh)

A Ra'zac wound is slow to heal. I can't leave him like this.

ERAGON (V.O.)

(to Saphira)

I can't do this alone.

Saphira crouches lower, her hot breath ruffling Eragon's hair.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

I'm here.

Eragon takes a deep breath and closes his eyes, feeling her strength flowing into him. He holds his hand over Brom's wound and his gedwey ignasia begins to glow.

ERAGON

Waise heill!

Eragon begins to tremble as the spell draws on his strength. Brom's wound begins to heal and shut, the redness and bruising around it beginning to clear.

After a few minutes, it looks as if Brom had never been stabbed. Eragon sits back, exhausted.

MURTAGH

He's healed?

Eragon shakes his head.

ERAGON

I can't heal everything inside, but I've done what I can.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

You've never cast a spell like that before. Together, we can cast spells that are beyond either of us.

Eragon nods and pats her jaw, his head spinning.

ERAGON

I think my head's floating in the clouds.

MURTAGH

You probably need to eat. I started some soup before you woke up.

Murtagh stands and goes back to the fire, stirring the pot over it. Eragon sits by Brom, watching him nervously and holding his hand.

ERAGON

Did he wake up at all?

MURTAGH

He was still awake when I chased the Ra'zac off, but he passed out soon after.

Murtagh brings Eragon a bowl of stew.

ERAGON

How long has it been?

MURTAGH

A few hours.

Eragon eats a few spoonfuls of the soup.

ERAGON

We need to go before they return with reinforcements.

MURTAGH

You can travel, but Brom can't. You don't get up and ride away after being stabbed in the ribs.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

If you make a litter, we can do what we did with Garrow.

Eragon grimaces as the unpleasant comparison.

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

It'll be hard, but it can be done.

Eragon looks to Murtagh.

ERAGON

Saphira can carry him, but we need a litter. Can you make one?

Murtagh nods and leaves the light of the campfire. Eragon struggles to his feet and slowly gathers their belongings. Murtagh has picketed Eragon and Brom's horses near the fire, along with his own gray war-horse. He keeps glancing back to where Brom is laying, but Brom doesn't wake up or move.

Murtagh returns after a moment with two saplings he had cut down. He lays them down and lashes a blanket between the two saplings. He then gently maneuvers Brom onto it and secures him as tightly as he dares with more cloth strips.

MURTAGH

(to Saphira)

Can you manage it?

Saphira grabs the litter with her front paws and takes off as gently as she can, trying not to jostle Brom too badly. Murtagh watches her go, a wistful expression on his face.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

(softly)

I never thought I would see a sight like that.

Eragon doesn't reply, simply limping to Snowfire and struggling into his saddle. He bites back a pained groan as he pulls himself up and settles in the saddle.

ERAGON

Thank you for your help, but you need to leave. Get as far away as you can. The Empire will hunt you if they know about this.

(MORE)

ERAGON (cont'd)

(beat)

I wouldn't see harm come to you on our account.

Murtagh snorts and puts out the campfire.

MURTAGH

Inspiring, but do you have somewhere safe to go?

Eragon shakes his head.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

In that case, I'll go with you until you're safe. I've no better place to be. Besides, the Empire is searching for me as well. There will be blood over it eventually.

Eragon looks at him suspiciously and Murtagh returns his stare, unfazed.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

You really don't think I was hunting the Ra'zac for fun, do you?

Eragon fidgets in his saddle, unsure. He looks up to the direction where Saphira flew off, then shrugs wearily.

ERAGON

It's your wish.

Murtagh nods and mounts his horse. He and Eragon set out in the same direction Saphira had. They ride in silence for the most part, guided by moonlight. Eragon continues to grit his teeth through the pain as they ride away. They keep a constant watch for pursuing Ra'zac, but the land around them is empty.

FADE TO:

EXT. SANDSTONE HILLS - DAWN

The landscape begins to change from large boulders and wide open fields to large domed hills formed of sandstone.

MURTAGH

Why were the Ra'zac after you?

ERAGON

I've been tracking them since they killed my uncle.

(MORE)

ERAGON (cont'd)

After my mother left me in Carvahall, he and my aunt raised me as their own son.

(beat)

They were the only family I've ever had.

Murtagh nods solemnly.

MURTAGH

Killing the Ra'zac, that's ambitious. What about the old man?

ERAGON

Brom said he could help me. But, he keeps a lot of secrets.

(beat)

He's been a storyteller all my life, but I never really knew him. Sometimes I still don't.

Murtagh seems almost startled when Eragon says Brom's name, but he quickly hides it. Eragon watches him, studying his fine horse, possessions, and the way he carries himself. Though worn and dirtied by months of travel, he appeared to have come from wealth.

ERAGON (cont'd)

You said the Empire is looking for you, too?

Murtagh shifts in his saddle.

MURTAGH

I'm running away, like you are now. I'm loyal to no one but myself.

(beat)

As for my rescuing you, I'll admit that I've heard whispers of a new Rider and reasoned that following the Ra'zac would tell me if they were true.

Eragon sighs quietly and lets the matter go. They continue to ride in silence until the first rays of light begin to peek over the horizon.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)

I need rest. Brom needs attention. There's a safe place two miles from here.

IMAGE: A large sandstone hill, dotted with caves of varying sizes.

Eragon nods and spurs Snowfire a little faster.

ERAGON
(to Murtagh)
Saphira's found a place to rest.

Eragon and Murtagh find Saphira sitting at the base of the sandstone formation, looking pleased with herself. Brom is laying on the litter at her feet, still unconscious.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I found a cave that can't be seen
from the ground. It's large enough
for all of us, including the horses.

Saphira leads them up a steep climb, barely even a path. Her claws grip the sandstone easily, but the horses are unable to get their footing on the uneven rock and at several occasions refuse to go any further up the steep path.

Murtagh and Eragon have to pull and shove the three horses up the hill with great difficulty.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDSTONE CAVE - MORNING

The cave has a small enough entrance to hide them from prying eyes, and is so deep that the very back is pitch black.

MURTAGH
Impressive. I'll get some firewood.

Eragon nods and leads the horses into the cave. Saphira carries Brom's litter inside, gently laying him on a small rock ledge at the back of the cave. Eragon limps over to him and sits, clasping his hand. Saphira watches over him as he begins to unwrap Brom's bandages to change them. His magic keeps the wound from bleeding, but the old bandages are still soaked in old blood.

ERAGON (V.O.)
I don't know what we'll do without
him, Saphira. We aren't ready.

She nuzzles the top of his head gently.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
It will be alright, little one. Brom
is strong, he may live.

Eragon nods his head and glances back to the entrance of the cave.

ERAGON (V.O.)
What about Murtagh? Should we trust
him?

Saphira growls quietly.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
He saved us, and didn't try to hurt
us when we were at his mercy. He
might mean well.
(beat)
But, stay wary. If he proves to be
untrustworthy I can simply chase him
away.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Alright then.

Eragon goes quiet and continues to look after Brom in silence. Saphira watches for a time before she steps outside the cave.

EXT. SANDSTONE CAVE - MORNING

Saphira stretches her wings and surveys the area around the cave. The sandstone hills go on for several miles in all directions, each smooth hill dotted with caves of all shapes and sizes.

There is no sign of life that she can spot, until Murtagh comes trudging back up the path to the cave. He carries a bundle of firewood in his arms and drops it at the cave entrance.

He nods politely, but Saphira continues to watch him suspiciously. Murtagh sighs.

MURTAGH
Still not going to talk to me, then?

Saphira blinks slowly.

MURTAGH (cont'd)
Alright then.

Murtagh sifts through the pile of branches, picking a few of the smaller ones to start a fire inside.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

I'll get this fire started, then we all need some rest.

Murtagh heads inside the cave and Saphira soon follows, curling up in the mouth of the cave to keep watch.

As Eragon tries to unpack his horse, he sways and looks dazed.

FADE TO:

EXT. GIL'EAD - EVENING

Gil'ead is a military city, with a strong and imposing fortress at its center and military barracks all throughout the city. Alarm bells ring out across the large city and soldiers are running and shouting. No one seems to know the source of the chaos.

CUT TO:

INT. GIL'EAD FORTRESS - COURTYARD - EVENING

Inside the fortress courtyard lies the corpse of an enormous red dragon. Blood seeps from its wounds and smoke curls out from between its open jaws, its tongue lolling out limply. Near its head, stands Brom.

Brom stands completely still, staring at the dragon. He holds his sword in his hand, the downward pointed blade dripping with blood. He is not dressed like a storyteller, but as a warrior. He glances to his right where the body of MORZAN lies dead.

Morzan is dressed in bright armor and a cape, though damaged and scorched from a fierce battle. He is almost handsome, but even in death there is a cruelty in his face. His dull eyes, each a different color, stare up at the sky.

Silently, Brom walks over to his corpse and sheaths his own sword before ripping Zar'roc out of Morzan's stiff hand and setting it aside. He begins searching his body and, from a satchel on his side, pulls out a large bundle.

He unwraps it slowly and carefully, just enough to reveal the bright blue of Saphira's egg. He runs his thumb reverently across its smooth surface before re-wrapping it.

Brom places Saphira's egg in his own satchel and picks Zar'roc up again. He starts to leave and looks down at Morzan's body, as if to say something. But he grimaces and hurries out of the courtyard.

FADE TO:

INT. SANDSTONE CAVE - NIGHT

The sun has set and the moon is high in the sky, casting long shadows throughout the sandstone formations. The only movement for miles is from the grass rustling in the breeze.

Eragon tosses and turns in his sleep. Something is troubling him.

FADE IN:

INT. GIL'EAD CELL - NIGHT

The cell looks run down and dingy. The only source of light is the moon shining through the bars. We see ARYA, chained to her bed, writhing in pain and struggling to breathe.

DURZA watches her from across the cell. He paces impatiently.

DURZA

I grow tired of this, Elf. Tell me where you sent it and your pain will end.

Arya manages a small laugh through the pain.

ARYA

I refuse, Durza. You'd best tell the King how you failed.

Durza stalks towards Arya, drawing his thin sword. He runs the tip across her arm, all the while, muttering in an unknown language. She screams through gritted teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDSTONE CAVE - NIGHT

Saphira is still laying in the entrance of the cave. She is awake now, head resting on her front paws as she surveys the area.

There is rustling from inside the cave and she turns to look. A loud thump, and she jumps to her feet and heads inside.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)

Eragon!

INT. SANDSTONE CAVE

Eragon groans as he is woken up. He doesn't open his eyes at first.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)

(yelling)

Wake up, Eragon!

Eragon bolts upright, startled. He looks over and sees Saphira crouched over Brom, who has rolled off the ledge and is convulsing on the floor.

ERAGON

Brom!

He rushes over and tries to hold him still. Murtagh wakes up and runs over to help.

ERAGON (cont'd)

(to Murtagh)

He's going to hurt himself!

Murtagh and Eragon manage to keep Brom from rolling around too much. Eragon tries to calm him down and wake him up, calling his name, but Brom still doesn't wake up.

After a few minutes, Brom finally lies still. Eragon presses a hand to his sweaty forehead.

ERAGON (cont'd)

His skin is too hot. Can you get me water and a cloth?

Murtagh helps him lift Brom and set him back on the ledge before running to their packs. He brings Eragon a strip of cloth and a bowl of water. Eragon soaks the cloth and begins bathing Brom's face, trying to cool him down.

MURTAGH

What's happening to him?

ERAGON

I don't know. Might be a poisoned blade.

Eragon checks Brom's bandages again. His healing spell had done its job and the wound was still closed, though he is still badly bruised and bleeding internally.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

He was fine while you both slept. He only started thrashing a minute ago.

Eragon nods worriedly and begins wiping Brom's neck with the cloth. Murtagh moves back to the fire and starts rekindling it. When Eragon turns to look at him, Brom's hand clasps his shoulder suddenly and he starts. Brom's eyes have snapped open.

BROM

You! Bring me the wine skin!

Eragon shakes his head.

ERAGON

You shouldn't drink wine! It'll only make you worse.

Brom groans in pain.

BROM

Just bring it!

Brom's hand slips off his shoulder and Eragon dashes over to their packs. Murtagh watches him rummage through their belongings.

ERAGON

(desperate)

I can't find it!

MURTAGH

Use mine!

Murtagh tosses Eragon a wine skin and he runs back to Brom. Eragon kneels at Brom's side and holds the wine skin to his lips.

ERAGON

I have it.

Brom shakes his head.

BROM

No, my right hand. Wash my hand.

ERAGON

Brom, what-

BROM
(shouting)
No questions! There's no time.

Eragon nods and pours wine over Brom's right hand. He rubs it in, cleaning the skin.

BROM (cont'd)
More.

Eragon pours more, and a brown dye begins to run off Brom's hand. Encouraged, Eragon scrubs furiously. Finally he sits back, holding Brom's hand in his, stunned. A silver gedwey ignasia shimmers on Brom's palm.

ERAGON
(breathless)
Of course.

Saphira hums quietly and Brom smiles painfully.

BROM
Once upon a time. But no more.
(beat)
I was younger than you are now when I was chosen by my dragon. By my beautiful Saphira.

Eragon and Saphira share a look between them, shocked.

BROM (cont'd)
While the Riders trained me, I became friends with Morzan.
(beat)
I idolized him. But then he betrayed us to Galbatorix. In the fighting at Doru Araeba, the final battle on Vroengard, he killed my Saphira.

Eragon takes Brom's hand in his and holds it gently.

ERAGON
(softly)
Why didn't you tell me this before?

Brom chuckles, coughing. He struggles to breath, gasping for breath.

BROM
There was no need. There's much you don't know, Eragon, and so much you aren't ready to hear.

Brom groans and readjusts his position.

BROM (cont'd)
I am old, Eragon. After all this
time, I still grieve for my Saphira.
It's a pain unlike any other.

Brom sits up suddenly, grabbing Eragon's shoulders and
looking deep into Eragon's eyes.

BROM (cont'd)
(fiercely)
Don't let that happen to you! Don't!
Guard Saphira with your life. Without
her, your life won't be worth living.

ERAGON
You shouldn't talk like this!
Nothing's going to happen to her.

Brom groans and lays back down.

BROM
Perhaps I am rambling.

He turns his head and looks at Murtagh, who is still
watching him and Eragon intently. Brom's gaze turns back to
Eragon.

BROM (cont'd)
Eragon, this wound, I don't have the
energy to fight it. Before I go, will
you take my blessing?

Eragon wipes tears from his face before grabbing Brom's hand
again.

ERAGON
Everything will be alright. You don't
have to do this!

BROM
It is the way of things. Please, will
you take it?

Eragon sobs and nods, bowing his head. Brom places a shaky
hand on Eragon's head.

BROM (cont'd)
(softly)
Then I give it to you. May the coming
years bring you great happiness. That
is all I wish for you.

Brom lays back down and glances over at Saphira. She hums sadly and lays her head down. Brom smiles at her then looks up at the ceiling, his gaze becoming unfocused.

BROM (cont'd)
(whispering)
And now, for the greatest adventure
of all.

Eragon starts to cry uncontrollably, holding Brom's hand and trying to comfort him.

FADE TO:

EXT. SANDSTONE HILLS - EARLY MORNING

The sun is barely starting to rise now, its first rays peaking over the horizon.

INT. SANDSTONE CAVE - EARLY MORNING

Eragon is still kneeling by Brom's side. Brom's breathing had grown shallower and his eyes are starting to dim. He lets out a quiet gasp and suddenly stiffens. Eragon starts and shakes his hand.

ERAGON
Brom?

Saphira raises her head. Murtagh sits up, having fallen asleep. Brom reaches up, cupping Eragon's cheek in his hand, and smiles. He takes his last breath, and his hand falls limply to his side.

ERAGON (cont'd)
(sobbing)
Brom? Please, wake up!

Eragon starts crying again as he gently shakes Brom's shoulders. Murtagh comes over, laying a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

Beside them, Saphira sits up and walks to the cave entrance. She sits outside and lets out a mournful wail, roaring into the sky.

When Eragon can breath calmly again, he reaches up and closes Brom's eyes. He's still crying a little, wiping the tears from his face.

ERAGON (cont'd)
(hoarse)
We have to bury him.

MURTAGH
Where? We can't dig a grave out of
stone.

ERAGON
I can do it.

Murtagh nods and carefully carries Brom's body out of the cave. Eragon carries Brom's sword and staff, limping after Murtagh.

MURTAGH
Where to?

ERAGON
To the top.

Murtagh nods and starts up the trail. Eragon follows behind, Saphira walking alongside him and helping him walk. He struggles to climb with his broken ribs, but he grits his teeth and trudges on.

EXT. SANDSTONE PEAK - DAY

Murtagh, Eragon, and Saphira reach the peak of the sandstone hill. Murtagh lays Brom down gently on the stone and looks to Eragon. Eragon wipes his eyes again and takes a deep breath.

ERAGON
Moi stenr!

As Eragon holds his hand out and his gedwey ignasia glows, the stone starts to flow like water. It forms a slight depression under Brom's body and Eragon forms waist high walls with the stone.

He sets Brom's staff and sword at his side and watches as he commands the stone to flow over him, sealing him in a stone tomb. Before he ends the spell, Eragon constructs a tall, faceted spire over the tomb.

Eragon raises his hand and sets the words he speaks into the stone spire.

ERAGON (cont'd)
Here lies Brom, who was a Dragon
Rider and like a father to me. May
his name live on in glory.

The burial finished, Eragon stands and stares at Brom's tomb. Murtagh and Saphira come to stand beside him, Murtagh clasping him on the shoulder.

MURTAGH
I'm sorry. I'll leave you for a
moment.

Eragon nods and Murtagh goes back down the trail to the cave. Eragon looks up at Saphira, who is looking at the tomb.

ERAGON (V.O.)
I can't believe he's gone.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I'll miss him.

ERAGON (V.O.)
I'm not ready to be without him.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
We'll do fine. He said that, of all
the people in Alagaesia, he felt you
were the best suited to inherit the
Riders' legacy.

Eragon smiles sadly.

ERAGON (V.O.)
He finally makes sense.
(beat)
Everything he taught me, he learned
from the Riders themselves.

Saphira shifts slightly and looks down at Eragon.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I knew who he was the moment he
touched me at your farm.

ERAGON (V.O.)
And you didn't tell me?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
He asked me not to.

Eragon nods and rests his hand on her side.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Well, Brom kept many secrets. I'm sure there's more he didn't tell either of us.

Saphira nods her head.

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

Saphira, where do we go now? Murtagh seems honest enough, but I don't think we can take the Ra'zac ourselves.

(beat)

Should we go to the Varden now? Brom never told us how to find them.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

He told me.

ERAGON (V.O.)

(frustrated)

Why did he trust you, but not me?

Saphira huffs and shuffles her wings.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

After the Urgals attacked us outside Teirm, he told me many things, some of which I can't tell you until the right time. He was concerned what would happen to you.

(beat)

One fact he said to me was the name of a man, Dormnad, who lives in Gil'ead. He can help us find the Varden.

Eragon sighs.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Then, we go to Gil'ead.

He and Saphira stand solemnly at Brom's grave for a moment longer before Eragon turns to leave. As he does, Saphira snorts. She reaches out and touches the tip of her nose to the tomb, closing her eyes. She hummed low, her sides vibrating.

The sandstone starts to shimmer like a mirage, slowly turning clear. Eragon stares in awe as tendrils of white twist over the stone surface. The tomb turns to pure diamond, reflecting the bright sunlight as rainbow light.

Eragon laid his hand on the tomb, staring longingly at Brom. The old man seems like he is only sleeping.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
The only gift I can give. Now, time will not ravage him, and he can rest in peace.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Thank you.

FADE TO:

INT. SANDSTONE CAVE - DAY

Eragon and Saphira return to the cave, where Murtagh is rearranging their packs. Saphira curls up by the mouth of the cave and Eragon goes to Murtagh.

MURTAGH
Are you alright?

ERAGON
I don't know.

They sit in uncomfortable silence until Murtagh clears his throat.

MURTAGH
I hate asking at such a time, but I have to know. Was he the Brom who helped steal a dragon egg from the king and killed Morzan in a duel?
(beat)
Please.

Eragon frowns.

ERAGON
He was.
(beat)
How do you know this? These things are considered secret, and you were trailing the Ra'zac. Are you with the Varden?

Murtagh grimaces and drops his pack.

MURTAGH
I told you, I'm running. I belong to neither the Varden or the Empire.

Eragon nods and busies himself with his pack. He watches Murtagh out of the corner of his eye.

ERAGON (V.O.)
(to Saphira)
Brom would know whether or not to trust him.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Perhaps you could attempt to sense his mind, like Brom did in Daret.

Eragon takes a deep breath and closes his eyes, starting to focus. As he does, the cave around him begins to darken until it fades to pitch black. All sounds fade until it is completely silent. Eragon opens his eyes.

Eragon looks around, confused. He sees nothing but faint mist and a tall, fortified, iron wall in front of him. He blinks, and suddenly he is back in the cave.

ERAGON (V.O.)
(to Saphira)
He's been trained to keep others out of his mind. Who is this man?

Saphira rumbles quietly, and Eragon looks over to see Murtagh staring at him.

MURTAGH
(to Eragon)
So what now?

ERAGON
We're going to Gil'ead. There's a man there who can lead us to the Varden.

Murtagh's expression darkens.

MURTAGH
If you do find this man in Gil'ead and go with him, I will leave you. I have no interest in the Varden.

ERAGON
I wouldn't worry just yet. It's a long way to Gil'ead.

Murtagh nods.

MURTAGH
Your ribs will slow us down. It may take some months to get there.

Eragon is silent as Murtagh thinks for a moment.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

I will stay until Gil'ead, if you'll have me. You need a companion who can help, especially with the Ra'zac still hunting you.

ERAGON

I would be glad to have you along.

They both look to Saphira, who simply blinks and does not object.

MURTAGH

I must warn you again though, the Empire is searching for me.

ERAGON

You won't be any safer with me and Saphira. Galbatorix may very well send the entire army after us.

Murtagh chuckles.

MURTAGH

All the same, it won't stop me.

ERAGON

Good.

MURTAGH

We should leave soon. Brom's tomb will be like a beacon to the Ra'zac.

Eragon nods and stands, carrying his pack over to Snowfire.

ERAGON

I'll have to sell my horse along the way. Brom promised to take care of Snowfire, so I'll do it for him now.

As Eragon ties his packs onto Snowfire, he jumps when Murtagh is suddenly beside him, grabbing his pack. The hilt of Zar'roc peaks out from his bag. Murtagh's expression changes, staring intently at it.

MURTAGH

Where did you get that?

ERAGON

(nervously)

Brom gave it to me.

Murtagh snorts and pulls Zar'roc from Eragon's bag. He draws the sword, its red blade shining in the sun.

MURTAGH
He didn't tell you?

ERAGON
What?

MURTAGH
That's Morzan's sword. The weapon he used to kill Riders and dragons alike.

Murtagh stares at the sword. He passes it back to Eragon, his face in shock. Saphira digs her talons into the ground, growling lowly.

MURTAGH (cont'd)
Careful who sees you with that.

Eragon sheaths Zar'roc, studying it.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Get rid of it! It'd be an insult to carry a sword that murdered my kin.

ERAGON (V.O.)
(to Saphira)
Perhaps. But it is a Rider's blade. I am a Rider, fully and completely. Let the whole world see what I am.

ERAGON
(to Murtagh)
Until I can find my own, I'll use Zar'roc.

Murtagh shrugs and goes to his horse, not looking back at Eragon. Eragon buckles Zar'roc onto his belt.

MURTAGH
It's your choice.

Murtagh kicks his horse into a trot and leave the cave. Eragon struggles to mount Snowfire before following him, leading his horse behind him.

EXT. SANDSTONE CAVE - DAY

Eragon and Murtagh stand at the entrance to the cave, surveying the hills around them. When they see no signs of danger, Eragon turns to Saphira.

ERAGON (V.O.)

You should probably fly higher above us until we reach a town where I can sell my horse. After that we'll stick to the wilds.

Saphira snorts and rubs her snout against Eragon's head. She takes off, buffeting them with the wind from her wings, and Murtagh watches her climb into the sky with awe. He heads down the trail slowly and Eragon follows.

As they carefully reach the bottom of the hill, Eragon looks back. At the peak, Brom's tomb glitters and shines in the sun. Tears well in his eyes and he blinks them away.

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

Thank you, Brom. I will avenge you, I swear it.

Eragon urges Snowfire into a trot to catch up with Murtagh, who has noticed Eragon was no longer following and stopped to wait for him.

EXT. WILD LANDS - DAY

Eragon and Murtagh push themselves as fast as they dare, but can still hardly go faster than a trot. Riding is extremely painful for Eragon, but he refuses to stop and rest.

Above them, Saphira flies high enough to be mistaken for a bird. She soars easily, riding the wind, and surveys the area around them for the Ra'zac or other dangers. Below her, Eragon and Murtagh are careful to avoid the trade road from Dras-Leona by several leagues.

FADE TO:

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE - EVENING

Eragon and Murtagh arrive at a small village near dusk. They enter cautiously but are greeted by a few friendly inhabitants and are guided to a small stable.

The rugged looking woman who steps out of the house talks with Eragon for a moment before handing him some coins and he gives her the reins to his horse. Eragon watches her go, bouncing the coins in his palm before pocketing them.

He and Murtagh lead their horses out of the village and look for a place to make camp.

MURTAGH

You alright?

Eragon nods.

ERAGON

Yes. It feels strange to be giving him away like that. I've crossed half of Alagaesia and outraced Urgals on that horse.

MURTAGH

I understand. Still, Snowfire is a fine horse.

Eragon pats Snowfire's neck.

ERAGON

He is. Yours is quite beautiful too. What's his name?

MURTAGH

Tornac, after the man who taught me to fight.

Murtagh rubs the gray stallion's shoulder, and the animal gently tosses his head.

MURTAGH (cont'd)

He was given to me when he was just a foal. You'd be hard pressed to find a more courageous and intelligent animal in all of Alagaesia.

(beat)

Saphira excepted, of course.

ERAGON

He is magnificent. But don't let Saphira hear you comparing her to the horses.

Murtagh laughs and nods.

MURTAGH

Fair enough. I would hope she knows I mean no offense.

ERAGON

I'm sure she would know. That doesn't mean she wouldn't pretend.

FADE TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Murtagh strings his bow and heads off into the night, while Eragon sits and tends the fire. Saphira settles beside him and watches him break branches to toss into the fire. He looks over at Zar'roc, glinting in the firelight.

ERAGON (V.O.)

The countless Riders that sword has killed. And dragons.

Saphira growls.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

It is a traitor's weapon, like its master.

ERAGON (V.O.)

I see why Brom didn't mention it; I probably would've rejected the thing. Or run from him.

(beat)

But, maybe I can give it new life. Do some good with it.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Admirable. Though, it would take a lifetime to right those wrongs.

There is a rustling to their side and they look over to see Murtagh emerging from the darkness with a pair of rabbits he had killed. He sets them down on a stone near the fire and begins skinning one.

MURTAGH

(to Eragon)

Do you hunt?

ERAGON

I kept my family fed with game I hunted from the Spine.

Murtagh nods, impressed.

ERAGON (cont'd)

I'll join you when I recover. You seem to be a fine hunter as well.

Murtagh shrugs modestly.

MURTAGH

I can get by. I've always enjoyed archery.

ERAGON

You said you've been taught to fight. We could also do some sparring once I'm fully healed.

MURTAGH

With sharpened swords?

ERAGON

I'll guard the edges once I'm healed. They won't cut, but they could still break bone, so be mindful.

MURTAGH

I would like that.

Murtagh finishes skinning the first rabbit and starts cutting it up, tossing meat into the pot over the fire, while Eragon works on the second rabbit. They chat quietly as they work, their low burning fire the only spot of light in the wilderness.

FADE TO:

INT. GIL'EAD CELL - NIGHT

The bright silver moon shines brightly in the sky through the bars of the prison cell. Arya lays on her back in her bed, her breathing labored.

As she lays there, her body trembles and twitches of its own accord. She grits her teeth and tries to fight it, but her body won't obey.

She gasps and struggles to breath steadily through the pain. She lies mostly in shadow, but her hand hangs over the edge of her cot.

It appears bright white in the moonlight, and dark red blood, nearly black in this light, runs down her arm and drips off the tips of her fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Eragon's eyes snap open and he sits up with a gasp. His forehead is damp with sweat and he tries to slow his breathing.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)

Eragon?

Eragon looks over to Saphira, who is laying beside him. At six months old, her head is longer than Eragon's body now.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Are you alright?

Eragon puts his head in his hands.

ERAGON (V.O.)

I don't know. This woman...

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

How many times has it been now? Four?

ERAGON (V.O.)

I believe so. I don't know if it is a dream, or something else.

(beat)

I was able to scry her after the Urgal attack; does that mean she's real?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

You should have told Brom.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Maybe.

(beat)

What I saw this time disturbed me. I feel that time is running out for her. Something dreadful is going to happen soon.

(beat)

She's in mortal danger, I'm sure of it. But I don't know what to do.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
What does your heart say?

ERAGON (V.O.)
My heart died a while back.

Saphira whines softly and nudges him with her head. He pats her nose and sighs.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)
We should still go north, to Gil'ead.
With any luck, one of the towns or
cities is where this woman is being
held. I'm afraid that my next dream
will show her grave.
(beat)
I couldn't stand that.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
How can you be sure she's real?

ERAGON (V.O.)
I'm not. But, when I see her, I feel
as if she's precious and shouldn't be
lost.
(beat)
It's very strange.

Saphira hesitates, shuffling her wings anxiously.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Eragon, don't let your guilt drive
you to do anything rash.

ERAGON (V.O.)
(defensive)
What do you mean?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Searching every jail in every town
or city on the way to Gil'ead for a
woman you can't be sure is real?
(beat)
It seems to be an unnecessary risk. I
won't let you put yourself in danger
trying to save everyone.

Eragon starts to respond but stops, nodding his head. He rubs her nose gently and sighs.

ERAGON (V.O.)
I know. You're right. But still...

Saphira snorts, blowing up a puff of dirt from her breath, and leaves him be. Eragon gets to his knees and starts packing up his bedroll. Murtagh is doing the same on the other side of the campfire.

MURTAGH

Sleep well?

Eragon shrugs.

ERAGON

Well enough.

Murtagh gives Tornac a quick brushing before saddling him and setting his pack behind the saddle.

MURTAGH

We're well past Dras-Leona now, but the path north will take us dangerously close to Uru'baen. It's a few days to get around the capital.

Murtagh helps Eragon lift his saddle onto Snowfire and they mount their horses.

ERAGON

We'll find a way. After that, it will only be a month or so of traveling through the plains.

Murtagh nods.

MURTAGH

If they Ra'zac haven't found us by now, I think it's safe to say they've lost the trail.

(beat)

Or Galbatorix called them back for some other purpose.

ERAGON

Who can say. No matter. To Gil'ead then?

Murtagh nods, and Eragon looks to Saphira.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

To Gil'ead. And the Varden.

Eragon nods and gently spurs Snowfire into a trot, following after Murtagh. Behind them, Saphira takes off into the sky and begins to climb higher.

Ahead of them, the grassy expanse of the plains goes on,
unbroken, as far as the eye can see.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS

END.