

"THE INHERITANCE PROJECT, 1x03"

*"Of Reading and Plots"*

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Based on the novel by

Christopher Paolini

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1st Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE SPINE - DAY

The snow capped peaks of the Spine are fading into the distance, while fertile green plains and foothills spread out to the horizon. In the distance the river winds towards the faint outline of the sea and a white city on the coast.

SAPHIRA is soaring lazily through the air, sparkling in the sunlight. Riding on her back is ERAGON. Weeks of hard travel and training have made him leaner and more muscular now. He is calm and relaxed, leaning back with his eyes closed as the wind ruffles his hair.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)  
Everything is so green here.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
And wet. Do they even have winter here?

Saphira chuckles. Eragon adjusts his position when a quiet humming starts to fill his ears. He shakes his head, but the humming grows louder.

Panicked, he focuses on one of Saphira's neck spikes in front of him with all his might as the humming continues to grow louder. It fades briefly, then returns even louder.

A gust of wind makes Saphira swerve suddenly and Eragon loses concentration.

BROM (V.O.) (O.S.)  
A good effort, but you need to land.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
What is it?

BROM (V.O.)(O.S.)  
The trade road's coming up. An old man traveling alone will raise suspicion.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
We'll be right down.

Eragon pats Saphira's neck as she begins to slowly descend. She spirals down into the forest to Woadark Lake where BROM is waiting with the horses.



Eragon slides off Saphira's back and mounts his horse, following behind Brom as Saphira takes off again.

BROM

The road winds between Teirm and Uru'baen. The Toark River flows to the sea. We'll follow it all the way to Teirm.

ERAGON

Have you've been there?

BROM

I have.

ERAGON

What's it like? And the ocean?

Brom's eyes grow hazy, reliving memories.

BROM

The sea is emotion incarnate. You can't capture it with words. I told you how the elves came over the sea?

Eragon nods.

BROM (cont'd)

They retain a great passion for it, though they live far from the coast. It's inspired many of their loveliest songs.

(beat)

Some say Teirm is where the elves first landed. The citadel has never fallen, nor its warriors ever been defeated.

ERAGON

Now it can help us find the Ra'zac.

Brom nods and the pair continue on towards the road.

FADE TO BLACK

The OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

FADE IN:



EXT. TEIRM - MORNING

The merchant's road is full of passing travelers and wagons as they approach Teirm. Eragon and Brom stop on the side of the road to take in the sight of the city. Teirm sits right on the coast, with a dock full of mighty ships.

The sound of the surf pounding on the shore can be heard in the distance. Near the city are seaside cliffs. The city itself is surrounded by a hundred foot tall white wall with two iron portcullis. Only a huge citadel with a lighthouse is visible over the walls.

BROM

Here is our first test. Let's hope the Empire hasn't reported us. Whatever happens, don't panic.

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

(frustrated)

Sticking your nose where it doesn't belong. Again.

ERAGON (V.O.)

I know. But we'll be alright. You just find a safe place to hide.

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

If anything happens, I'm pinning you to my back and never letting you off.

Eragon chuckles and smiles.

ERAGON (V.O.)

I love you too.

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

Then I will bind you all the tighter.

Eragon and Brom ride towards the city gates, where two guards armed with pikes stand guard. They stand up straight and block the gate with their pikes.

GUARD ONE

What's yer name?

Brom slouches in his saddle and grins foolishly, adopting the same accent.

BROM

Neal.



GUARD TWO  
And who's th' other one?

BROM  
This'ed be m'nephew Evan. He's  
m'sister's boy, not a-

GUARD ONE  
(irritated)  
Wha's yer business here?

Eragon leans forward, changing his accent.

ERAGON  
Visitin' an old friend. I'm along t'  
make sure he don't get lost. He ain't  
as young as he used to be. Touch o'  
the brain fever, y'know.

Brom continues to sway in his saddle and grin. The first  
guard waves his hand and they remove their pikes.

GUARD ONE  
Right. Go on through. Make sure he  
don't cause any trouble!

Eragon and Brom urge their horses through the gate and away  
from the guards. Brom sits up and glares at Eragon.

BROM  
Touch of brain fever, eh?

ERAGON  
I couldn't let you have all the fun.

INT. TEIRM - MAIN ROAD - DAY

The houses of Teirm are flat roofed and covered in slate  
shingles, while the street is cobblestone rather than dirt.  
The houses are built progressively taller the closer they  
are to the city center.

The citadel looms over the entire city. No children are  
playing in the street and the people passing by are grim  
faced and carry weapons on their belts.

ERAGON  
This place looks ready for war.



BROM

Teirm has a history of being attacked; pirates and Urgals, among other things. Conflict happens where riches gather in abundance.

(beat)

After the city was nearly burned down, archers were posted at the rooftops. Enemies would capture the smaller houses and be easily shot down.

Eragon and Brom continue up the street. Not many people pay them any attention and Eragon looks around in wonder at the enormous city. Brom remains focused and on guard.

EXT. THE GREEN CHESTNUT - DAY

Brom and Eragon approach a battered looking tavern and tie their horses to the hitching post. A sign hangs above the doorway, reading The Green Chestnut.

INT. THE GREEN CHESTNUT - DAY

The tavern is dingy and filled with smoke. The fire is dying in the fireplace and a few people drink in silence. GARETH, the sour looking bartender, stands behind the bar polishing a broken glass. Brom approaches him, Eragon following close on his heel.

BROM

Do you know where we can find Jeod?

GARETH

(loudly)

Do you think I keep track of the many louts in this forsaken place?

Eragon looks around nervously as the tavern patrons look at them. Brom slides some coins to Gareth.

BROM

Could you be enticed to remember?

Gareth nods and begins to reach for the coins.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Gareth! What in th' blazes do you think you're doing? Anyone on the street could tell them where Jeod lives.



Brom takes his coins back and Eragon looks to see who spoke. MARTIN, a grim looking man missing two fingers, is sitting in the corner. Gareth glares at him before turning away to polish more glasses. Brom and Eragon go sit with Martin.

BROM

Thanks for saving me a few crowns.

MARTIN

Martin, and of course, you met Gareth. Can't blame him, though. Business hasn't been doing so well.

(beat)

Jeod's on the west side of town, right next to the herbalist. Do you have business with him?

BROM

Of a sort.

MARTIN

Well, let me tell you, he won't be interested in buying anything. He just lost another ship a few days ago.

Brom leans forward, interested.

BROM

Urgals?

Martin shakes his head.

MARTIN

Haven't seen one in almost a year. Someone started attacking our ships, but only ones carrying certain merchants' goods. Jeod's one of them.

BROM

There must be witnesses.

MARTIN

No one survives the attacks. Ships go out, they disappear, and they're never seen again. Some say it's magic.

BROM

(worried)

What do you think?



MARTIN

I don't know. And I don't think I will unless I'm unfortunate enough to be on one of those ships.

ERAGON

Are you a sailor?

Martin scoffs.

MARTIN

Do I look like a sailor? I protect the ships against pirates. And those thieving scum haven't been very active lately.

BROM

A dangerous job. I hope luck is on your side.

Martin salutes him with his cup and finishes his beer. Brom and Eragon stand and exit the tavern.

CUT TO:

INT. TEIRM - WESTERN SIDE - NOON

Eragon and Brom ride their horses through the western section of Teirm. The houses are cleaner and more ornate and the people in the street are dressed in expensive clothes.

Eragon avoids looking directly at them, feeling out of place. He and Brom stop and dismount in front of two houses situated on either side of--

EXT. ANGELA'S SHOP - NOON

The herbalist's shop has a cheery and brightly colored sign by the door. ANGELA, a short and curly haired woman, is sitting on the porch writing with one hand and holding a frog in the other.

ERAGON

(to Brom)

Which one's his house?

BROM

Let's find out.

Brom dismounts and approaches Angela.



BROM (cont'd)  
Could you tell us which house Jeod  
lives in?

ANGELA  
I could.

BROM  
Will you tell us?

ANGELA  
Yes.

Angela doesn't say anything. Brom and Eragon look awkwardly at each other. The frog croaks and Angela finally looks up at Brom.

ANGELA (cont'd)  
Of course I'll tell you! All you have to do is ask. Your first question was if I could tell you, your second was if I would. But you never actually put the question to me.

Brom grins.

BROM  
Then let me ask properly. Which house is Jeod's? And why are you holding a frog?

ANGELA  
Jeod is on the right. And this isn't a frog, it's a toad. I'm trying to prove that toads don't exist.

ERAGON  
How can toads not exist if you're holding one? Besides, what good will it do?

Angela shakes her head.

ANGELA  
No, no, you don't understand. If I prove toads don't exist, then this is a frog and never was a toad. Therefore the toad you see now doesn't exist.

Angela holds out the toad and shakes it gently. It croaks sadly.



ANGELA (cont'd)

If I can prove there are only frogs,  
then toads won't be able to do  
anything bad.

BROM

I see. It sounds interesting, and I  
would like to hear more, but we have  
to meet Jeod.

Angela waves her hand dismissively and goes back to writing.  
Eragon and Brom move to the house on the right.

ERAGON

(whispering)

She's crazy!

BROM

It's possible, but you never know.  
She might discover something useful.  
Who knows, toads might really be  
frogs!

Eragon scoffs and follows Brom up to Jeod's door. Brom  
knocks but there is no answer.

ERAGON

Maybe this is the wrong house.

Brom ignores him and knocks again. Footsteps shuffle towards  
the door inside and it cracks open. HELEN, a pale blond  
woman, peeks out. Her eyes look like she's been crying.

HELEN

Yes, what do you want?

BROM

Does Jeod live here?

Helen nods.

HELEN

He is my husband. Is he expecting  
you?

BROM

No, but we need to talk to him.

HELEN

He is very busy.



BROM  
We've traveled far. It's very  
important we see him.

HELEN  
(angry)  
He is busy!

Brom puts on a strained smile.

BROM  
Since he is unavailable, would you  
please give him a message? Tell him a  
friend from Gil'ead is waiting  
outside.

Helen slams the door shut abruptly.

ERAGON  
That was rude.

BROM  
(snapping)  
Keep your opinions to yourself, boy.  
Let me do the talking.

Eragon clamps his mouth shut and looks away, glaring.

Suddenly the door flies open and JEOD, a tall man with  
expensive clothes and a scar on his face, is standing in the  
doorway. At the sight of Brom he slumps against the doorway,  
stunned.

JEOD  
(quietly)  
Brom?

Brom steps up and clasps Jeod's arm.

BROM  
Good to see you, Jeod. I see your  
memory hasn't failed you, but don't  
use that name.

JEOD  
I thought you were dead! Why didn't  
you contact me?

BROM  
I'll explain everything. Do you have  
a place where we can talk safely?

Jeod looks between Brom and Eragon.



JEOD  
Give me a moment.

Jeod closes the door and Brom waits patiently. Eragon is staring at Brom, confused and suspicious. When Jeod reappears he is carrying a rapier and wearing a plumed hat. Brom coughs and looks pointedly at the hat, but Jeod looks away.

JEOD (cont'd)  
Follow me.

Eragon and Brom lead their horses on foot as Jeod takes them toward the citadel.

JEOD (cont'd)  
Risthart, the lord of Teirm, has all merchants' headquarters in his castle. At least we're free of eavesdroppers.

INT. TEIRM CITADEL - DAY

Jeod leads Eragon and Brom through the citadel's torch lit hallways. He stops at one of the wooden doors lining the hallway and unlocks it, ushering them inside.

INT. JEOD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jeod's office is full of bookshelves stuffed with books. Stuffed chairs are arranged around the fireplace. Jeod lights a fire in the fireplace and whirls around to face Brom.

JEOD  
You, have some explaining to do, old man.

Brom grins widely.

BROM  
Who are you calling an old man?  
You've the graying hair of a corpse now.

JEOD  
And you've not changed in twenty years. Time's preserved you just to torment each new generation.



Jeod winks at Eragon, who is too baffled to react. Brom relaxes into one of the stuffed chairs and pulls out his pipe.

BROM

Do you remember what we were doing in Gil'ead?

JEOD

It's hard to forget.

BROM

When we were...separated, I couldn't find you. But I found what we were searching for.

Jeod's eyes widen and Eragon looks between the two of them, hoping for some explanation.

BROM (cont'd)

I couldn't wait. I might have been discovered and all lost. I fled the city and ran to the...

Brom glances at Eragon.

BROM (cont'd)

...our friends. They stored it, made me promise to care for whoever received it.

(beat)

I'm sorry I hurt you, but no one could know that I was alive.

Eragon glares at Brom.

JEOD

I assume, that you're fulfilling that duty?

BROM

It's not that simple. It was stolen, at least that's what I presumed. Eragon happened to be traveling in the same direction as I.

JEOD

(confused)

But how could you have known it was-

BROM

(interrupting)

(MORE)



BROM (cont'd)

Eragon's uncle was killed by the Ra'zac. He deserves revenge, but they have left us without a trail to follow and we need help.

JEOD

I don't know where they are, Brom.

Brom looks at Eragon and nods. Eragon pulls the flask of Seithr oil out of his bag and hands it to Jeod.

BROM

There's Seithr oil in there, the dangerous kind. We need Teirm's shipping records. Hopefully, we can trace the Empire's purchase and find a lead.

Jeod inspects the flask and returns it to Eragon. He points at his bookshelves.

JEOD

(incredulous)

All these records are my business. One business! What you're asking for could take months!

(beat)

We merchants can't handle them, lest we cheat the Empire of its precious taxes.

BROM

I can deal with that when the time comes. But, we could use some rest before anything else.

Jeod sighs and smiles.

JEOD

Looks like it's my turn to help you. My house is yours. You have another name while you're here?

BROM

Neal. The boy is Evan.

Jeod looks at Eragon and shakes his hand.

JEOD

Only three people I've heard of were named after the first Rider.

Eragon appears startled and simply shakes Jeod's hand.



BROM

(to Eragon)

Could you check the horses? I don't think I tied Snowfire tightly enough.

Eragon glares at Brom but leaves the room, closing the door firmly. He huffs and paces outside the door, before coming to a realization. He kneels in front of the door and concentrates.

ERAGON

(whispering)

*Thverr stenr un atra eka horna.*

Nothing happens at first. Soon, he hears Jeod's voice.

JEOD (O.S.)

-and I've been doing that eight years now.

BROM (O.S.)

After all the time you spent in books, I never thought you'd become a merchant.

JEOD (O.S.)

After Gil'ead, I didn't have much taste for sitting and reading scrolls. I wanted to help Ajihad, so I took over the business for my father.

(beat)

The bulk of the business is a front, trying to get goods into Surda.

BROM (O.S.)

I heard it's not going so well.

JEOD (O.S.)

None of the shipments have gotten through. Tronjheim's running low. Maybe the Empire discovered who's been supporting them.

(beat)

I know what you're thinking, but I cannot bear the thought of a traitor with that much power. If there is one, we're all in jeopardy.

(beat)

You should go back.



BROM (O.S.)

(scoffing)

And take Eragon there? They'd tear him apart. Maybe in a few months, or even a year, once I can get them through *tuatha du orothrim*.

(beat)

How do you think the dwarves would react? Or Islanzadi? Everyone will want influence over him. Those two won't be safe there.

Eragon sits back and simply stares at the door, stunned. By the time he comes to his senses and leans back in, he's missed a large part of the conversation.

JEOD (O.S.)

How can my messenger convince Ajihad?

BROM (O.S.)

Give him my ring. And tell him if he loses it, I'll tear his liver out. The queen gave me that herself.

JEOD (O.S.)

Aren't you cheery?

There is a long pause.

BROM (O.S.)

We'd better go find Eragon. That boy has an unnatural talent for being wherever trouble is.

JEOD (O.S.)

That surprises you?

BROM (O.S.)

Not really.

There is the scrape of chairs against the stone and Eragon throws himself backwards, pretending he was standing against the opposite wall the entire time. Brom and Jeod come out into the hallway.

BROM

Were the horses alright?

ERAGON

Yes. Are we done?

JEOD

For now. Come back with me.



EXT. TEIRM CITADEL - MOMENTS LATER

Jeod, Eragon, and Brom retrieve the horses from the courtyard and begin walking back to Jeod's house.

BROM  
(teasingly)  
You finally got married.  
Congratulations.

Jeod sighs and shrugs.

JEOD  
That's debatable right now. Helen  
isn't happy.

BROM  
What does she want?

JEOD  
What I promised her; a good home,  
happy children, pleasant company.  
(beat)  
If I keep suffering these losses,  
there won't be enough money for her  
to live how she's used to.

Jeod takes a breath and smiles.

JEOD (cont'd)  
My troubles aren't yours to bear.  
While you are in my house, nothing  
more than an over-full stomach will  
disturb you.

As they get closer to Jeod's house Eragon steps away from the men.

ERAGON  
You two go ahead, I just want to  
check something.

Brom nods.

BROM  
Just be careful.

JEOD  
If you're going beyond Teirm, make  
sure you're inside the walls before  
dark. The guards won't let you back  
in.



ERAGON  
I won't be late.

JEOD  
Meet us back at my house for dinner  
then. I'll leave your horses in my  
stable.

Eragon hands his horse to Brom and takes off down the road. Most people are on their way inside the city and Eragon has to dodge through the crowd.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
Saphira?! Where are you?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)  
Here.

Image: the seaside cliffs outside Teirm.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
I'm coming!

EXT. TEIRM - SEASIDE CLIFFS - EVENING

Seagulls squawk as they circle overhead while the waves crash against the base of the cliffs. Eragon stops and looks up from the ground, trees growing thickly around the base. Above him, Saphira pokes her head out over the edge of the cliffs.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)  
If you find a clearing, I'll come  
down and get you.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
No, I'll just climb up.

Saphira growls disapprovingly.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
You worry too much. Let me have some  
fun.

Eragon pulls off his gloves and starts climbing up the cliffs. He finds handholds easily and soon climbs above the trees.

He stops to catch his breath, and when he reaches up he finds he cannot reach another handhold. His foot can't reach his last step either.



ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
(embarrassed)  
I could use some help.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)  
If I weren't around, you'd be in a  
bad situation.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
You don't have to tell me.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)  
(sarcastic)  
You're right. How can a mere dragon  
tell a man like yourself what to do?  
Everyone should be in awe of your  
brilliance.  
(beat)  
If you had started a few feet in  
either direction, the path to the top  
would have been clear.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
Alright! Now can you please get me  
out of here?

There is silence as Saphira pulls her head back and  
disappears from sight.

ERAGON  
(shouting)  
Saphira?!

There is a crash as Saphira leaps off the cliff and spirals  
down to where Eragon is. She hovers there, reaching out and  
grabbing him in her claws. He lets go and she carries him up  
to the top of the cliffs.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
Thank you.

Eragon and Saphira settle down to watch the sun slowly begin  
to set over the ocean as they talk.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)  
Can we trust this friend?

ERAGON (V.O.)  
I don't know. He and Brom wouldn't  
tell me anything.  
(MORE)



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

(beat)

I overheard them talking about their mysterious 'friends', someone called Ajihad.

(beat)

Everyone seems to have secrets.

Saphira hums and rests her head on the ground next to him.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

It's the way of the world. Trust the nature of each person. Brom means us no harm. There's no need to fear his plan.

ERAGON (V.O.)

I hope so.

A flock of seagulls flies past, screaming loudly, and Eragon and Saphira watch them go.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Finding the Ra'zac through writing is a strange way of tracking. There must be a way to use magic to see the records?

ERAGON (V.O.)

I'm not sure.

(beat)

I'll ask Brom.

Eragon pauses and lays his hand on Saphira's head.

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

We may have to stay here a while.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

(unhappily)

And as always, I have to wait outside.

ERAGON (V.O.)

I don't like it either. We'll travel together again.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Let's hope that day comes quickly.

They fall silent again and watch as the sun slowly drifts toward the horizon.

FADE TO:



## INT. JEOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A butler leads Eragon through Jeod's candlelit house. It is a fine house and decorated with elaborate rugs, tapestries, and gold filigree. The butler leads Eragon to--

## INT. JEOD'S STUDY - NIGHT

Brom and Jeod are sitting in front of the roaring fireplace, chatting and laughing. The walls are covered with bookcases filled with books of all shapes and sizes.

BROM

Ah, Eragon. We were getting worried about you. How was your walk?

ERAGON

(gruffly)

Good, but the guards almost locked me out. I had trouble finding your house. Teirm is so large.

JEOD

(chuckling)

When you've seen Dras-Leona, Gil'ead, or even Kuasta, you won't be so impressed with this small city.

ERAGON

(to Brom)

How long do you think we'll be here?

Brom shrugs.

BROM

Depends on whether we can get to the records and how long it will take us to find what we're searching for.

(beat)

I'm going to talk to the trade administrator tomorrow. Just hope we have luck on our side.

Eragon nods and wanders around the study while Jeod and Brom continue their conversation quietly. He runs his fingers up and down the spines of the books, pulling them off the shelves to inspect them. He stops and pulls down a large book bound in black leather.

ERAGON

What is this?



Jeod stands up and walks over to him.

JEOD

Ah, the *Domia abr Wyrda*. The  
Dominance of Fate.

BROM

You've expanded your collection.  
Where did you get it?

JEOD

A man tried so sell it down by the  
wharves. Fortunately I happened to be  
there and save both him and the book.  
He didn't have a clue what it was.

ERAGON

What are you talking about?

Jeod takes the book and opens it, flipping through it idly.

JEOD

This is a complete history of  
Alagaesia, starting before the elves  
landed here and ending a few decades  
ago. Of course, Galbatorix declared  
it blasphemy and burned the author.

(beat)

This lettering is from the ancient  
language.

Jeod points out a section of script with graceful lines and  
sharp points.

JEOD (cont'd)

It's an elven poem about one of their  
kings, Ceranthor, when he rode into  
battle against the dragons. It takes  
three days to recite it properly, and  
they tell it often to avoid repeating  
the mistakes of the past.

Eragon runs his fingers over the script in amazement.

ERAGON

His ideas live as long as this book  
survives.

Jeod smiles, nods, and puts the book back on the shelf.

JEOD

There's much you can learn from  
books.

(MORE)



JEOD (cont'd)

I consider books as my friends. They make me laugh, cry, and find meaning in life.

BROM

Always the scholar, aren't you?

JEOD

(to Brom)

I've degenerated into a bibliophile these days.

Eragon can't help but yawn and Jeod claps him on the shoulder.

JEOD (cont'd)

You've had a long journey. I'll have the butler show you to your rooms.

ERAGON

Thank you.

FADE TO:

INT. JEOD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brom and Eragon are lead to their rooms on the second floor and Eragon stops Brom before he enters his room.

ERAGON

Can I talk to you?

BROM

You just did, but come in anyway.

INT. BROM'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brom closes the door behind him.

ERAGON

(hushed)

Saphira and I were wondering, is it was possible to conjure an image of the record?

BROM

You're talking about scrying, but that only works with things you've already seen.



ERAGON  
(frustrated)  
So it wouldn't help us.

BROM  
Unfortunately. You have to know what you're looking at and where to direct your power.  
(beat)  
You could scry the Ra'zac, but you wouldn't be able to see their surroundings.

ERAGON  
How? Does the image just appear in thin air?

BROM  
No, it's usually done on a reflective surface.  
(beat)  
Some Riders used to travel everywhere they could to see as much as possible. When war or some other calamity broke out, they could scry events throughout Alagaesia.

Eragon gestures at a small washbasin in the corner of Brom's room.

ERAGON  
Can I try it?

BROM  
Not now. Scrying takes a lot of strength, so you need to rest. I'll teach you later, using the words *draumr kopa*.

Eragon nods, committing them to memory.

ERAGON  
I'd like to scry Roran when I get the chance. I'm afraid the Ra'zac might go after him.

BROM  
I'm sure they asked questions about him, they may have even met him in Therinsford.

(MORE)



BROM (cont'd)

(beat)

The king may be threatening them if they can't find you. So, they might go back for him.

ERAGON

Then the only way to keep Roran safe is to let the Ra'zac know where I am! They'll come after me instead!

Brom shakes his head and lays his hand on Eragon's shoulder.

BROM

You're not thinking. If you can't understand your enemies, you can't anticipate them. Even if you exposed your location, the Ra'zac would still chase Roran. Why?

Eragon thinks carefully before answering.

ERAGON

They might torture him for information, or kill him just to hurt me! I can't let him be killed!

BROM

(gently)

Roran will have to learn how to defend himself. It may sound cold, but I did leave him a warning letter.

(beat)

If he has any sense, he'd take my advice and flee.

Eragon scowls and shakes his head.

ERAGON

I don't like this.

BROM

There is some good in all of this. The king won't have a neutral Rider in the world. He will offer you the chance to serve him before he kills you, Saphira, or Roran.

(beat)

Unfortunately, if he's ever close enough to make that offer, it will be far too late for you to refuse and live.



ERAGON  
That's a good thing?!

BROM  
It's all that's protecting Roran. As long as Galbatorix doesn't know which side you've chosen, he won't risk harming him.

ERAGON  
(angrily)  
The Ra'zac killed Garrow!

BROM  
An ill-considered action on their part. If I know Galbatorix, he wouldn't have approved it unless he gained something.

Brom sighs and walks over to the washbasin, dipping his hands in the water.

BROM (cont'd)  
(solemnly)  
He wants you to side with him. Without that, you're worse than useless to him.  
(beat)  
So the question is, if you're faced with this choice, are you willing to die for what you believe in? That is the only way you can defy him.

Eragon's face pales and he looks down, avoiding Brom's gaze.

BROM (cont'd)  
It's not a question you can answer. Not until you're faced with it. Many people have died for their beliefs.  
(beat)  
True courage is in living and suffering for what you believe.

FADE TO:

INT. ERAGON'S ROOM - MORNING

Eragon wakes to the sound of someone knocking at his door. He opens it and the butler is standing in the hallway.



BUTLER

Sir, Neal left with my master for the castle. He said he will not return until later.

ERAGON

Thank you.

Eragon closes the door and sighs, rubbing his eyes. He dresses slowly, leaving his bow in his room.

EXT. JEOD'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Eragon steps out onto the street, stretching and looking around. His gaze stops at the herbalist's shop next to the house and he wanders over. He tries to look in the windows, but they are covered with a thick layer of leafy vines on the inside. He pushes open the door to the shop.

INT. ANGELA'S SHOP - LATE MORNING

The shop is dimly lit and filled with an eccentric collection of goods. A colorful bird sits in a cage near the window, crates and piles of scrolls dominate the space, a large crystal ball sits on the counter directly across from the door, and there are plants growing everywhere.

Eragon walks up to the counter, observing the wall behind it. The entire wall is covered in drawers of all sizes. There is a large cubbyhole near the top, and suddenly a pair of glowing red eyes appear in the darkness.

SOLEMBUM, a large and shaggy cat with long fangs, jumps down from the cubbyhole and lands on the counter. It surveys Eragon with aloofness, and when Eragon recovers from the surprise he holds his hand out for the cat to sniff. It does nothing.

ERAGON

Alright, then.

Eragon leans against the counter and reaches to grab what looks like a long wooden rod laying on the counter.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)

That wouldn't be wise.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Saphira?



Eragon looks around for the source of the voice out of habit.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Saphira, stop playing games.

Eragon reaches for the rod and immediately begins to seize and shake as it electrifies him. He lets go and collapses to the floor. The cat jumps down and sits on his chest.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)  
For a Dragon Rider, you're not very smart.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
You said that!

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)  
Who else?

ERAGON (V.O.)  
You're a cat!

Solembum yowls and digs his claws into Eragon's shirt.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)  
Do I look like other cats?

Eragon shakes his head.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Then what makes you think I am one?

Before Eragon can answer, Solembum twitches his tail and leaps back up onto the counter.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Obviously, your education was neglected. Though, I think even a farm boy should have heard of my kind.

Eragon stands back up.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
I didn't know. I thought werecats were a myth.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)  
Knowing is independent from being. I didn't know you existed before you ruined my nap, but that doesn't mean you weren't real.



Solembum licks his paws before jumping back up to the cubbyhole and curling his legs under him, purring.

ERAGON (V.O.)

What's your name?

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)

If you want my proper one, you'll have to look elsewhere. For now, you can call me Solembum.

Eragon bows, unable to stop from grinning. Suddenly the door to the shop swings open and Angela comes inside, her arms full with a cloth bag filled with plants. She looks at Solembum, then at Eragon.

ANGELA

He says you talked with him.

ERAGON

You can talk with him too?

ANGELA

(scoffing)

Of course. That doesn't mean he'll say anything back.

Angela goes behind the counter and sets her plants down.

ANGELA (cont'd)

He likes you, that's unusual. In fact, he says that you have promise, given a few years of work.

ERAGON

Thanks, Ma'am?

ANGELA

Please, Angela.

(beat)

You're only the third person who has been able to speak with him. A woman, many years ago, and a blind beggar. Now you.

(beat)

But I don't run a store just so I can prattle on. Is there anything you want? Or did you only come in to look?

ERAGON

Just to look. Besides, I don't need any herbs.



Angela waggles her eyebrows playfully and grins.

ANGELA

That's not all I do. The fool lords pay me for love potions and the like, but I don't think you need those chicaneries. Would you like your fortune told?

ERAGON

(laughing)

I'm afraid my fortune is pretty much unreadable. And I don't have any money.

Angela looks back at Solembum.

ANGELA

(to Eragon)

Wait here.

ERAGON

Is it not...

Eragon gestures at the crystal ball and Angela waves her hand dismissively.

ANGELA

That doesn't do anything.

She disappears into the back room for a moment and returns holding a leather pouch in her hands.

ANGELA (cont'd)

I haven't used these in so long I almost forgot. Now, take a seat.

Eragon pulls up a stool and sits across from her. Angela lays a thick cloth on the counter and pours out a handful of smooth bones inscribed with symbols.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Knucklebones of a dragon. They don't lie, but understanding what they say is...complicated. If you wish, I will cast and read them for you.

Eragon hesitates, inspecting the dragon bones with unease.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Knowing one's fate can be a terrible thing. You must be sure of your decision.



ERAGON

Why me?

ANGELA

Solembum speaking to you makes you special. He spoke to the other two people as well, but only the woman agreed to it.

(beat)

Ah, she regretted it too. A bleak and painful fortune. Poor Selena.

Eragon reels back as if Angela slapped him.

ERAGON

Do you remember her fortune?

Angela sighs and shakes her head.

ANGELA

It was so long ago. Besides, I'll not tell you what I do remember. That was for her and her alone.

Eragon closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. He nods solemnly.

ERAGON

Cast the bones for me.

Angela grabs the bones in her hands, eyes closing and her lips moving in a chant.

ANGELA

(shouting)

*Manin! Wyrda! Hugin!*

She tosses the bones onto the cloth and Eragon shivers at the words of power. Angela studies them closely for many silent minutes before leaning back and wiping her brow.

ANGELA (cont'd)

This might be the hardest reading I've done. You were right, your future is nigh impossible to see. I've never known anyone's fate being so tangled and clouded.

Solembum jumps down onto the counter and settles there to watch. Angela points to one of the bones.



ANGELA (cont'd)  
Infinity or long life. This is the first time I have ever seen it in a person's future.

Eragon nods, unnerved but not surprised. Angela points to a jumble of bones.

ANGELA (cont'd)  
This is harder to read. The wandering path, lightning bolt, and sailing ship all lie together.

(beat)  
The wandering path shows there are many choices in your future, all of them filled with blood and conflict. Mighty powers of this land struggling to control your will and destiny.

Angela sighs and points specifically to a bone with the lightning bolt.

ANGELA (cont'd)  
A terrible omen. There is a doom upon you, possibly a death. But the rest of it awaits in a great journey. Its end rests on that of the sailing ship. Your fate will be to leave this land forever. This is inescapable.

Angela takes a drink from a wineskin under the counter and offers some to Eragon, who shakes his head.

ANGELA (cont'd)  
Perhaps the next will be more pleasant. The rose blossom in the crescent moon. An epic romance, extraordinary as the moon indicates, with a love of noble birth. I cannot say if this passion ends happily however.

ERAGON  
(nervously)  
I have no more standing than the poorest farmer.

Angela shrugs.

ANGELA  
The bones do not lie.  
(MORE)



ANGELA (cont'd)

(beat)

Now the next two, the tree and hawthorn root, cross each other strongly. It can only mean more trouble. A betrayal, from within your family.

Angela reaches over and pats his shoulder. She offers him a drink and he accepts this time.

ERAGON

After all that, death might be welcome.

ANGELA

Don't fret about what has yet to happen. The only way the future can harm us is causing worry. You'll feel better once you're out in the sun.

ERAGON

You used words of power.

Angela grins wickedly.

ANGELA

What I wouldn't give to see how the rest of your life plays out. Speaking to werecats, knowing the Ancient Language, and love from a noblewoman. Who are you?

Eragon starts to answer, then stops himself.

ERAGON

I am Eragon.

Angela drums her fingers on the counter, her grin widening.

ANGELA

Is that who you are or your name?

ERAGON

Both.

Angela nods her head slowly.

ANGELA

I see. Who was the ragged man with you yesterday?

Eragon hesitates for a second before shrugging.



ERAGON

His name is Brom.

There is a split second of silence before Angela bursts into raucous laughter.

ANGELA

Oh that one! I had no idea!

ERAGON

(angrily)

What is it?

ANGELA

No, don't be upset. It's only...well, he is known by those in my profession. I'm afraid that poor man's doom is something of a joke with us.

Eragon jumps to his feet.

ERAGON

Don't insult him! He's a better man than any you could find!

Angela reaches across the counter and pats Eragon's hands.

ANGELA

Peace, peace. I know. If we meet again, I'll be sure to tell you about it. But in the meantime-

She stops as Solembum walks between them and stares into Eragon's eyes unblinkingly.

ERAGON (V.O.)

(irritated)

Yes?

SOLEMBUM

When the times comes and you need a weapon, look under the roots of the Menoa tree.

(beat)

Then, when all seems lost and your power insufficient, go to the rock of Kuthian and speak your name to open the Vault of Souls.

Immediately after he finishes, Solembum waves his tail and walks away.



The werecat disappears into the dark shop and Eragon and Angela watch him go. Eragon looks to Angela for an explanation.

ANGELA

He spoke to you and only you. Don't tell anyone else.

Eragon nods uneasily.

ERAGON

I think I have to go.

ANGELA

If you want to. I'm sure that we've given you enough to ponder.

ERAGON

You have.

Eragon walks back to the door and opens it, but hesitates before leaving.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Thank you.

He steps out of the shop.

EXT. ANGELA'S SHOP - MIDDAY

Eragon blinks in the sunlight and sighs as he runs a shaky hand through his hair. As he's calming himself, he looks down the street and sees Brom returning to Jeod's house. He is clearly angry and mumbling to himself under his breath when Eragon approaches him.

ERAGON

How did it go with the administrator?

BROM

Bloody awful! He's the worst sort of bureaucrat! He abides by every rule and delights in making his own whenever it can inconvenience someone!

ERAGON

So he won't let us look at the records.



BROM  
(frustrated)  
He even refused bribes! Substantial ones too. I didn't think I would ever meet a noble who wasn't corrupt. Now I think I prefer them whenever they're greedy bastards.

Brom and Eragon enter Jeod's house.

INT. JEOD'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

ERAGON  
So what now?

BROM  
We'll get the records, don't worry. Tonight, after dinner. Jeod's at the citadel, arranging a few things.

Eragon nods.

BROM (cont'd)  
Go upstairs and get your things. We may end up having to flee Teirm. See if you can contact Saphira.

CUT TO:

INT. ERAGON'S ROOM

Eragon closes the door behind him and sighs. He closes his eyes and focuses on opening his mind as he paces slowly around his room.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
Saphira? Can you hear me?

There is a moment of silence.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
(faintly)  
I do. Are you alright?

ERAGON (V.O.)  
Yes, we're fine. We're making our move tonight. Brom said we may have to flee Teirm if it goes wrong.

Saphira grumbles.



ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I'm sure it'll be alright.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
I'll be ready.

Eragon nods and groans as he collapses on his bed.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.) (cont'd)  
You seem troubled.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
The herbalist read my fortune. That was unsettling enough but...I think she did the same for my mother years ago.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
How do you know?

ERAGON (V.O.)  
I don't. It was just her name, but I can't help but wonder.

(beat)  
If it was her, was her fate so terrible she had to abandon me?

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
(gently)  
Eragon... believe that what she did, she did because she loved you. Don't ever doubt like this.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
I know.

Eragon snuffles and buries his face in his pillow as Saphira contemplates his memories.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
These names, Kuthian and Menoa. They feel powerful. And I do not know what the Vault of Souls could be.

(beat)  
No, don't forget what this werecat said.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
Should I ask Brom?

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
It's your choice. But he'll want to know where you learned these words.



ERAGON (V.O.)  
Maybe I won't say anything. I'll  
think about it.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (O.S.)  
Another time. For now, rest and  
prepare.

FADE TO:

EXT. JEOD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brom and Eragon wait on Jeod's doorstep. Eragon has his bow and quiver but not Zar'roc. Jeod steps out of his home, a rapier on his belt. Brom eyes the weapon as they walk to the citadel.

BROM  
(to Jeod)  
That toad sticker is too thin for a  
real fight. What if one of the guards  
has a flamberge or a broadsword?

JEOD  
None of the guards have those. Be  
realistic. Besides, this is faster.

Brom shrugs.

BROM  
It's your neck.

They avoid the main road up to the citadel, avoiding watchmen and passing soldiers.

EXT. TEIRM CITADEL - NIGHT

Jeod approaches the gate and knocks. A small grille opens and a GUARD looks through.

GUARD  
(gruffly)  
Ya?

JEOD  
I need to get into my office.

GUARD  
What for?

Jeod grabs Eragon roughly by the arm and yanks him forward.



JEOD

The boy left something very valuable in there. I need to retrieve it immediately.

Eragon bows his head, pretending to be ashamed.

GUARD

Wha'ever. Jus' make sure 'n give 'im a good beating.

JEOD

I'll do that.

The door is unbolted and the guard, clearly drunk, lets them inside. Brom slips him a few coins and the guard resumes his post.

Jeod leads them towards his office until the guards are out of sight, then veers down a different hallway. He glances around frequently, looking for passing guards, as they sneak to the higher levels of the citadel. Jeod leads them to a thick, iron barred wooden door.

JEOD (cont'd)

(whispering)

The records room.

Brom tries the door and finds it locked. He lays his hand on the handle and whispers a few words. It clicks and swings open. The group hurries inside and locks the door.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

The room is full of wooden racks and shelves holding carefully organized scrolls. A medium sized window set in the far wall overlooks the harbor. Brom and Eragon follow Brom deeper into the room.

JEOD

Here, the shipping records for the past five years. The date is on the wax seals in the corner.

ERAGON

Where do we start?

JEOD

Go from the top and work down. It's safe to ignore anything that doesn't mention Seithr oil.



Jeod sets out a scroll and ink on a nearby table.

JEOD (cont'd)  
We'll note any we find.

Brom and Eragon begin pulling scrolls down and laying them out.

BROM  
Some cities we can eliminate.  
Anywhere too isolated or without  
large trade routes won't be likely  
hiding places.

Eragon positions himself where he can glance up and see the door as they work. They record any entries and carefully place the scrolls back where they belong when they finish.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - HOURS LATER

The moon, now high in the sky, shines on the water in the harbor. Inside, Eragon rubs his eyes and set his quill down.

SOLEMBUM (V.O) (O.S.)  
Do you need help?

Eragon jumps and looks over to the window. Solembum, now in the form of a young boy, is sitting on the windowsill.

ERAGON  
(incredulous)  
Solembum? Is that you?

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)  
Am I someone else?

Eragon looks back down at his scroll to avoid drawing Brom and Jeod's attention.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
If my eyes don't deceive me, you are.

Solembum smiles, revealing pointed teeth.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)  
You didn't think I was called a  
werecat for nothing, did you?

ERAGON (V.O.)  
What are you doing here?



SOLEMBUM (V.O.)

That depends. If you're reading those scrolls for entertainment, then I'm here for no reason.

(beat)

But if what you're doing is unlawful, I may want to warn you that the guard you bribed told his replacement about you.

(beat)

Soldiers are coming.

Eragon hurriedly rolls up his scroll.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Thank you for telling me.

SOLEMBUM (V.O.)

I suggest you make use of it.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Wait-

Solembum disappears out the window before Eragon can stop him. Eragon shakes his head and goes back to Brom and Jeod.

ERAGON

We have to go. The guards probably realized Jeod's office is empty.

Brom scribbles a few more entries on his parchment.

BROM

No matter. We have to finish this now!

Eragon waits nervously, glancing frequently at the door, while Brom writes. Jeod frantically replaces the scrolls as he does.

BROM (cont'd)

Got it!

Brom tosses his last scroll back on its rack and they hurry to the door.

INT. TEIRM CITADEL - NIGHT

Eragon, Jeod, and Brom hurry away from the door as the sound of heavy footsteps grow louder.



BROM  
Damn! It's not locked!

Brom turns back and rushes to the door, placing his hand on it and whispering.

GUARD ONE (O.S.)  
Get away from that door!

A trio of armed soldiers marches up to Brom, who steps away with his hands up.

GUARD ONE  
(demanding)  
Why are you trying to get into the records?

JEOD  
(nervously)  
I'm afraid we lost our way.

The lead guard nods and the other two force Brom farther away from the door. The lead guard tries to open the door, banging on it when it doesn't open. He appears puzzled.

GUARD ONE  
Well, as long as the door's locked, no harm done. We'll escort you from the building.

The guards roughly corral them and lead them away, hands on their weapons. Eragon glances between the guards and Brom, not sure what to think.

ERAGON (V.O.)  
(to Brom)  
We did it!

BROM (V.O.)  
(angrily)  
Focus! You can celebrate back at the house.

Eragon bows his head, chastised, as they let the guards remove them from the citadel grounds.

CUT TO:

INT. JEOD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jeod sighs in relief as he slams his office door closed, leaning back against it.



JEOD  
(relieved)  
I haven't done anything like that  
since Gil'ead.

BROM  
That hardly compares.

Brom spreads a large map across Jeod's desk.

BROM (cont'd)  
Now we have to figure out if it was  
worth the trouble.

Eragon stands between the two men as they inspect the map,  
rolling out the list they made in the records room. He  
points at Uru'baen in the center of the Empire.

ERAGON  
The Ra'zac must have a hideout there.

BROM  
You better hope that isn't their only  
sanctuary, or you'll never get near  
them.

Jeod sets his list down.

JEOD  
From what I see, there have been  
shipments of Seithr oil to every  
major city in the Empire.

BROM  
They'll need a place they can easily  
travel from, as well as somewhere  
with enough trade to sustain them.

JEOD  
Then we can ignore most cities in the  
north. The only one big or populated  
enough is Gil'ead.

BROM  
That would have a certain irony.

ERAGON  
What about the south? Belatona and  
Dras-Leona are large and both centers  
of trade.



BROM

Nearly all the goods that the Empire trade in pass through Dras-Leona. It's the more likely of the two.

Jeod checks the list and nods.

JEOD

Three shipments were sent this year, only two weeks apart and by the same merchant.

(beat)

The same thing happened last year, and the year before that. No single jeweler, or even a group, has the money for that much oil.

BROM

What about Gil'ead?

JEOD

They've only received the oil twice in recent years. Besides, I think you forgot something. Helgrind.

Brom takes a breath and nods.

BROM

Ah, the Dark Gates. That would make Dras-Leona perfect for the Ra'zac.

ERAGON

So, Dras-Leona then?

Brom and Jeod nod. Eragon collapses into Jeod's desk chair, staring at the map.

FADE TO:

EXT. JEOD'S HOUSE - MORNING

Eragon and Brom stand with their horses in front of Jeod's house. Helen is standing in the doorway, while Jeod is outside.

BROM

(to Helen)

Thank you for your hospitality.

Helen's face reddens as he bows.



BROM (cont'd)

You have a good husband, there are few men as brave and as determined as him. But, even he cannot weather difficult times without support from those he loves.

(beat)

Only a suggestion, dear lady.

Helen scowls as she abruptly closes the door. Jeod sighs and turns to his friend.

JEOD

I'll miss you, old man. It doesn't feel right; you leaving without me. My heart expects to go along.

Brom claps him on the shoulder.

BROM

You've done your part. It's time for the next generation to take up the standard.

Jeod sighs and smiles.

JEOD

(to Eragon)

Good luck, Eragon. I hope you get the chance to avenge your uncle.

ERAGON

I appreciate your help. It means more to me than you know.

Eragon and Brom mount their horses and start away. On the porch of Angela's shop, Solembum sits in his cat form and watches Eragon depart. Jeod stands on his doorstep, watching them go until he fades into the distance.

FADE TO:

EXT. TEIRM - DAY

Eragon and Brom continue on the road out of Teirm. When they are a distance away and no one is on the road around them, Eragon pulls his horse to a sudden stop. Brom turns around, confused.



ERAGON

I trust you with my life, but you've kept me and Saphira in the dark all this time. I cannot live my life in ignorance.

(beat)

What did you steal in Gil'ead, and who are these friends of yours?

Brom scowls.

BROM

You eavesdropped on us.

Eragon nods.

BROM (cont'd)

I see that you've yet to learn proper manners. What makes you think that it concerns you?

ERAGON

Only the odd coincidence that you happened to be hiding in Carvahall when I found Saphira's egg, and that you know more than any plain storyteller should.

Brom crosses his hands over the horn of Snowfire's saddle.

BROM

You won't wait?

ERAGON

No.

BROM

Fine. But you have to understand, I can't reveal everything. Some of these secrets aren't mine to give away.

ERAGON

I just want to know what you can tell me.

Brom takes a deep breath and glances up at the sky. Saphira circles above them, so high she appears to be a bird.

BROM

A war is raging in Alagaesia between the Varden and the Empire. Centered around you.



ERAGON

(scoffing)

I don't have anything to do with them.

BROM

You think they're fighting to control this land or its people? No. This fight is for control over the next Riders.

Eragon says nothing, looking at Brom in confusion.

BROM (cont'd)

Galbatorix salvaged three dragon eggs during his last battle. The last three dragons in Alagaesia.

(beat)

He's desperate for them to hatch, and the Varden are doing everything they can to steal them or kill his candidates.

ERAGON

Was...Saphira's egg stolen?

Brom nods.

BROM

I hated the Empire and wanted to damage it any way I could. Jeod had discovered a secret passage into Galbatorix's castle, and I brought him to the Varden. My friends.

(beat)

They arranged to steal it, but something went wrong and the thief only retrieved one egg and fled.

Brom turned Snowfire back to the road and gestured for Eragon to follow. They walk along the road away from Teirm.

BROM (cont'd)

Jeod and I went to retrieve her egg before the Ra'zac and Morzan could. When we tracked it to Gil'ead, I fought and killed Morzan for it.

ERAGON

(shocked)

You?!



BROM

He was the king's first and strongest follower. A terrible duel.

Brom appears lost in thought before he sighs and shakes his head.

BROM (cont'd)

I couldn't wait for Jeod. So, I took the egg to the Varden and hid in Carvahall until they summoned me again. They never did.

ERAGON

Do you think someone stole it from the Varden?

BROM

I do. Its guardian must have tried to send it to me, and I believe the Varden's messengers were intercepted by the Ra'zac.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

And now you've told the Varden of us.

BROM

I have. I'm sure they'll want me to bring you to them as soon as possible, but I don't intend to.

ERAGON

Why not? That is their goal, isn't it?

Brom looks over to Eragon, a fond yet concerned expression on his face.

BROM

The Varden are dangerous people. If you go, you will be tangled in politics and machinations. I want to prepare you before you go anywhere near them.

(beat)

I will help you find and kill the Ra'zac. For your uncle, and because they are as much my enemies as yours. After that, you'll have a choice.

ERAGON

And that is?



BROM

If you kill the Ra'zac, there will  
only be two ways to escape  
Galbatorix's wrath. Flee to Surda and  
join the Varden.

(beat)

Or you could plead for the king's  
mercy and allow him to enslave you  
and Saphira for the rest of your  
lives.

Brom's mood turns grim and he urges Snowfire into a canter.  
Eragon doesn't follow right away, looking up at Saphira as  
she circles lower.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

I think we will have to make that  
choice whether we kill the Ra'zac or  
not.

Eragon shudders and gallops down the road after Brom.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS

END.