

"The Inheritance Cycle, 1x02"

"Revelations"

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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 - CLEARING - EVENING

The jagged mountains of the Spine are covered in snow that reflects the setting sun. As night falls a small light is visible in a clearing. SAPHIRA is curled near the campfire watching ERAGON and BROM sit across from each other in uncomfortable silence.

ERAGON

(angrily)

If you knew who the Ra'zac were, why didn't you tell me when you saw the *Gedwey Ignasia*?

Brom sighs and stops stirring their stew.

BROM

I thought I could keep the Ra'zac away from you, but they outsmarted me. I was sneaking around their camp after dark when they surprised me. I managed to drive them away, not without this token of my stupidity.

He gestures to the wound on his head.

BROM (cont'd)

I didn't regain consciousness until the next day. By then, they'd already arrived at the farm. But I set out after them anyway.

(beat)

It's a mistake that I deeply regret, and one that cost you dearly. Your family didn't deserve this.

Eragon does not reply, and instead glares into the flickering fire. Brom studies him silently before grabbing his pack.

BROM (cont'd)

Here. If you mean to kill the Ra'zac, you're going to need this.

Eragon leans forward and watches as Brom unwraps ZAR'ROC, a beautifully crafted sword in a wine red sheath. The pommel is made of gold, containing a large ruby. Brom passes it to Eragon, who holds it carefully.

BROM (cont'd)

It's called Zar'roc, a Rider's blade. The elves would present a Rider with a sword after training. The blade's color should match the Rider's dragon, but I think we can make an exception in this case.

ERAGON

Where did you get it?

BROM

Let's just say that it took me many dangerous adventures to attain it.

Eragon gives Brom a frustrated glare and unsheathes Zar'roc. The blade is iridescent red and has the same symbol on it as the sheath. Eragon swings it a few times and it feels perfectly balanced in his hands.

BROM (cont'd)

Consider it yours. You have more of a claim to it than I do, and you certainly need it more.

ERAGON

Thank you.

Eragon slides Zar'roc back into its sheath and sets it next to Saphira.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Who did it belong to?

BROM

A powerful warrior, one feared in his time.

ERAGON

What was his name?

BROM

I'll not say.

Eragon glares again.

BROM (cont'd)

I don't want to keep you ignorant, but some knowledge will only prove dangerous and distracting to you now.

(beat)

I only wish to protect you from those who would use you for evil.

ERAGON

I think you just enjoy speaking in riddles. I've half a mind to leave you here so I don't have to be bothered with them.

BROM

You'll hear it all. In time.

ERAGON

You said the Ra'zac aren't human. What are they?

(beat)

Or is that too dangerous for me to know as well?

Brom takes a deep breath.

BROM

Not much is known. Whatever they are, they're Galbatorix's personal dragon hunters. He must have found them during his travels and enlisted them.

(beat)

All I know is, they aren't human. They're stronger than any man, but they have a strong aversion to sunlight.

(beat)

Don't underestimate them; they are determined, cunning, and full of guile.

(beat)

They're the king's servants. They'll be protected wherever they go and have limitless resources and servants. Nothing will be more important to Galbatorix than recruiting or killing you once the Ra'zac inform him of you.

ERAGON

How did they find us? No one had seen Saphira.

BROM

They must have informants outside the valley. The king uses them solely to investigate rumors of surviving dragons. A trail of death often follows them.

Eragon sighs and takes a bowl of soup from him. Brom stands to take watch.

FADE TO BLACK

The OPENING CREDITS ROLL.

FADE IN:

EXT. THERINSFORD - DAY

Eragon and Brom travel along the road to Therinsford, passing more and more farms as they approached the village. Therinsford is much larger than Carvahall and many people bustle about their business.

Eragon appears almost overwhelmed by the crowd.

ERAGON

Do you think Roran is still here? It doesn't feel right to run off without telling him why.

BROM

It's been taken care of. I left him a letter, explaining some things. I also cautioned him to be on guard for certain dangers.

Eragon sighs and nods. They continue to walk along the edge of the village until they come upon a large barn. Its large double doors are opened to show HABERTH, the stable master, is inside grooming a white stallion. Brom and Eragon approach him.

BROM (cont'd)

A beautiful horse.

HABERTH

Snowfire is his name, mine's Haberth.

Haberth shakes both of their hands and pauses as he waits for their names in return. When they don't he clears his throat.

HABERTH (cont'd)

Can I help you?

BROM

We need two horses with a full set of tack. They have to be fast and tough; we'll be doing a lot of traveling.

HABERTH

I don't have many animals like that,
and they aren't cheap.

BROM

Price is no object. I'll take the
best you have.

Haberth nods and walks further into the barn. He returns
leading two horses, a light bay and a roan with full tack,
and hands the bay to Brom.

HABERTH

He's a little spirited. Just give him
a firm hand.

Brom lets the bay sniff his hand but watches the roan
carefully.

BROM

We'll take him. The other one,
however, I'm not so sure of.

HABERTH

There are some good legs on him.

BROM

Mmm...What will you take for
Snowfire?

Haberth pats the stallion fondly.

HABERTH

I'd rather not sell him. I'm hoping
to sire a whole line from him.

BROM

If you were willing, how much would
all of this cost me?

Eragon attempts to pet the bay like Brom, but it shies away
nervously.

HABERTH

Two hundred crowns. No less.

Haberth's smile fades as Brom pulls out his coin purse and
counts out the money.

BROM

Will this do?

HABERTH
(defeated)
Just take good care of him.

Haberth takes Brom's coin and removes the tack from the roan to put it on Snowfire.

HABERTH (cont'd)
For Snowfire's sake, I hope that
misfortune does not befall you.

BROM
I'll take care of him. You have my
word.

Brom and Eragon lead the horses out of the barn and Brom hands Snowfire's reins to Eragon.

BROM (cont'd)
Here. Go to the far side of
Therinsford and wait for me.

ERAGON
Why?

Brom is already walking away by the time Eragon asks. He grumbles and leads the horses away out of town. A dark thunderstorm looms over the mountains, still some days away, while Eragon sits and waits.

Above him, Saphira circles above him high enough that she appears to be the size of a bird.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Can a horse carry you? It is so much
smaller than me.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Of course he can. I'm just worried
about my legs.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Perhaps Brom will not push you so
hard then.

Brom soon returns and joins Eragon, mounting Snowfire quickly.

BROM

The Ra'zac passed through. Someone described them with many shudders and said that they galloped out of Therinsford like demons fleeing a holy man.

ERAGON

Quite an impression then.

Eragon mounts his horse, nervously at first. They head off at a gentle pace, fields and farms yielding to wilderness as they travel along the road.

Brambles and jagged rocks begin to line the road, which begins to dwindle to a skinny gravel trail. With a thunderstorm brewing in the distance the land around them suddenly feels unfriendly.

EXT. UTGARD MOUNTAIN - EVENING

Eragon looks up to Utgard mountain looming above them. Perched atop the black peak is an ancient, crumbling tower.

ERAGON

What is that?

Brom does not look up as Eragon points at the mountain.

BROM

Where Vrael took refuge before Galbatorix ended him. Before then it was called Edoc'sil, 'Unconquerable'. So steep none may reach the top except by dragon.

(beat)

After Vrael's death, commoners called it Utgard. The surviving Riders called it Ristvak'baen, the Place of Sorrow, until they too were killed.

Eragon continues to stare at the mountain as they ride around it. Soon, they reach the breach in the mountains that forms the entrance to the valley and stop on a low rise to survey the plains. It is a uniform tan color and stretches to the distant horizon, with only the Anora River winding through it.

BROM (cont'd)
 Tomorrow we'll make the descent. That
 will take most of the day, then
 another two or three to cover the
 plains.

Eragon and Brom dismount their horses and set up camp by the
 river. Saphira lands and joins them.

ERAGON (V.O.)
 How are the plains?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
 Dull. Nothing but rabbits and scrub
 in every direction.

ERAGON (V.O.)
 At least you won't have to bother
 trying to stay out of sight. You can
 just fly above us.

BROM (O.S.)
 Catch!

Eragon turns just as a long stick is thrown at him and
 strikes him on the head. He picks it up off the ground and
 looks at Brom, standing across from him with his own stick.

BROM
 Let's see what you can do.

ERAGON
 (chuckling)
 If you want to play this game, old
 man, so be it.

They circle each other before Brom charges. Eragon is too
 slow to block and Brom hits him hard in the ribs. Eragon
 tries to strike back but Brom parries and strikes him on the
 head. Eragon stumbles and rubs his head.

ERAGON (cont'd)
 You didn't have to do that!

BROM
 Oh? A real enemy won't soften his
 blows. Should I pander to your
 incompetence?

Brom and Eragon continue to spar for a few minutes, Brom
 winning easily. After another rough beating Eragon throws
 his stick down.

ERAGON
I've had enough!

He turns to sit with Saphira, only for Brom to throw his stick at his back.

BROM
Never turn your back on an enemy!

Brom attacks as Eragon picks up his stick.

BROM (cont'd)
Pull your arms in! Keep your knees bent!

They continue to spar, Brom showing Eragon different forms and stances, until Eragon becomes exhausted. He stumbles over to Saphira and sits down, wincing. Saphira's teeth are bared as she makes a strange coughing growl.

ERAGON (V.O.)
What's wrong with you?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(laughing)
It's funny to see a hatchling beaten by the old one.

Eragon turns red as he realizes she is laughing. He continues to sulk as Brom tries to start the fire for dinner. He struggles, the branches refusing to catch.

BROM
(cursing)
Brisingr!

As Brom strikes the flint again the branches burst into flame.

BROM (cont'd)
Ah, there we go.

Eragon and Brom eat their meager dinner in peace, chatting quietly while Saphira watches over them.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. UTGARD MOUNTAIN - MORNING

Eragon wakes and groans, inspecting his many bruises from last night's sparring.

He hobbles over to Brom, who is making breakfast over the campfire. They sit and eat quickly.

ERAGON

If this keeps up, you're going to batter me to pieces.

BROM

I wouldn't be pushing you if I didn't think you could take it.

(beat)

Here, I picked this up in Therinsford.

Brom pulls three large ox hides out of his pack. He arranges the leather on the ground and starts to cut and shape it.

BROM (cont'd)

The Riders had two kinds of saddles. The first was hard and molded and the other was thin and lightly padded for speed and flexibility. We don't have the time or tools for the first, but I think we can make the latter.

ERAGON

Thank you.

BROM

I'd pay attention. You may have to do this yourself someday.

Saphira and Eragon watch attentively as Brom makes the saddle. He measures Saphira's neck and chest with leather straps and uses intricate knots in place of buckles. Eragon organizes their supplies while Brom works and in a few hours Brom is fitting the crude saddle to Saphira's back.

ERAGON

You did a good job.

BROM

I try my best. It should serve you well.

Saphira sniffs it and wiggles her body, adjusting to the sensation. Two straps wrap around her belly and tie underneath, while another strap come up between her front legs and splits around her neck.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Aren't you going to try it out?

ERAGON

(nervously)

Maybe tomorrow. We have to get moving.

Eragon and Brom mount their horses and begin the descent down the path. Saphira flies above them, though not as high as she has before. She makes the horses nervous, making the descent even more difficult.

The trail all but disappears and their footing became treacherous. In many places they had to lead the horses on foot. By midday they come to--

EXT. ANORA RIVER - AFTERNOON

The wind picks up across the plains, blowing dirt as the storm continues to approach. There are three trails and Brom examines them closely. He points to the middle, leading directly into the plains.

BROM

They've gone to Yazuac. A small village, by the Ninor River.

ERAGON

How far?

BROM

Four days east.

(beat)

We'll have to refill our skins here. There won't be another stream for days. We won't want for food though, Saphira can hunt for us.

Eragon and Brom fill their waterskins from the Anora River. Saphira and the horses also drink their fill before the group heads off down the trail into the plains.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE PLAINS - DAY

Eragon and Brom ride across the plains, battling the wind constantly. The tan grass stretches on and on seemingly forever, with the ever present storm front looming on the horizon. It grows closer with each day.

Eragon and Brom continue to spar each night and Eragon improves slightly, though Brom continues to beat him each time.

On the third day, Eragon awakes to find the wind has subsided. He smiles, though he looks at Brom to see the old man grimacing. Brom points at the storm front, now nearly upon them, and Eragon's smile fades.

BROM

Normally I wouldn't go into a storm like that, but we're in for a battering no matter what. We might as well get some distance covered.

Eragon nods and they mount up in silence. They set out, but before long Eragon stands up in his stirrups and points ahead.

ERAGON

Look!

Ahead of them, a giant ripple tears through the grass. The oncoming wind flattens the grass with its force and Brom hunches down in his saddle, preparing for the storm. Eragon begins to do the same before snapping his head up, looking for Saphira in the sky.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Saphira! Land now!

Brom looks up as well to see Saphira diving towards the ground as fast as she can.

The fierce wind slams into Brom and Eragon just as Saphira lands behind them and digs her claws into the earth. She can't fold her wings in time and as the wind hits her it flips her into the air and slams her onto the ground.

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

Saphira!

Eragon urges his horse into a gallop towards her. As he gets close his horse rears and throws him to the ground. The wind buffets him as he tries to stand, but he forces his way forward. Saphira continues flail in the wind and somersaults over Eragon as he gets to her.

The spines on her back narrowly miss Eragon's head, and when she lands again he throws himself at her left wing. His weight helps Saphira fold it and he vaults over her back to do the same with her other wing.

She grips the ground with her claws, trembling violently.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)
Are you alright?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I think so. Nothing is broken. I...I
was helpless.

ERAGON (V.O.)
You're safe now.

Eragon retrieves his horse and he and Saphira walk back to Brom.

BROM
(shouting)
Is she alright?

Eragon nods and looks ahead. A dark curtain of pouring rain is sweeping towards them. He shrugs helplessly.

ERAGON
(exhausted)
What else?

CUT TO:

Eragon and Brom continue to ride, Saphira walking beside them. They are completely drenched. Lightning arcs across the sky, breaking the darkness in bright flashes of blue and white. Lightning occasionally strikes the ground and ignites the grass, put out soon after by the rain. They trudge on through the night.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PLAINS - DAY

Eragon and Brom stop for a rest. The storm has passed and beams of light shine through the dissipating clouds. The Ninor River has begun to appear in the distance. Eragon takes a drink only to realize the waterskin is empty.

ERAGON
I hope we're going the right way.

BROM
I've traveled here before. Yazuac
will be in sight before dusk.

Saphira lands next to them suddenly.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I spotted it by the river.

ERAGON
(to Brom)
She'll be seen if she stays with us.
Is there somewhere she can hide?

BROM
There's a bend in the river, close
enough to Yazuac she won't be left
behind. You can wait there.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(frustrated)
Having to hide like a criminal; it
sickens me.

ERAGON (V.O.)
You know what'll happen if we're
discovered.

Saphira grumbles to herself but takes flight, heading off towards the river. Eragon and Brom continue on across the plains at a gallop and soon the endless plains give way to small farms.

EXT. YAZUAC - DUSK

Eragon and Brom approach the village, more a collection of small, ramshackle houses. There is smoke curling from a few chimneys, but the village is eerily quiet.

There is no sign of any animals or people. Eragon and Brom slow their horses to a walk, then to a complete stop.

ERAGON
Someone should have seen us by now.

BROM
Yes.

ERAGON
Then, why hasn't anyone come out?

BROM
Could be afraid.

ERAGON
Do you think it's a trap?

BROM

Perhaps. But, we still need provisions.

ERAGON

So, what do we do now?

BROM

We go in, but not like fools. If there's an ambush, it'll be along here. No one will expect us to arrive from a different direction.

Brom pulls out his sword and rests it across his saddle. Eragon strings his bow and prepares an arrow as he follows Brom around to the side of the village.

They enter the village slowly, passing by dark windows and doors hanging on broken hinges. Nothing makes a sound besides the occasional breeze making a door or shutter bang against a wall. Eragon and Brom enter the center of the village and stop dead in their tracks.

ERAGON

(horrified)

Gods above!

CUT TO:

EXT. YAZUAC - VILLAGE SQUARE - DUSK

A mountain of corpses fills the village center. The bodies of every person in Yazuac have been piled together, black arrows stuck out of them and their clothes soaked in blood.

The ground around the pile has been torn up by many tramping feet and soaked in blood as well. At the very top of the pile is a spear, impaling the body of an infant.

A crow lands atop the spear and contemplates the infant's body, but Eragon shoots it dead with an arrow. It topples to the ground with a puff of feathers.

ERAGON

Who could have-

Overcome by nausea, Eragon leans over and throws up over the side of his horse. Brom pats him on the back.

BROM

There is only one name for whoever did this. Evil.

(MORE)

BROM (cont'd)
No one can understand it. All we can
do is honor the victims.

Brom dismounts Snowfire and approaches the pile.

BROM (cont'd)
Stay close to me.

Eragon dismounts and follows Brom, averting his eyes from the dead faces of Yazuac's inhabitants. Brom kneels and inspects the torn up earth around the pile.

BROM (cont'd)
The Ra'zac passed this way, but this
wasn't their doing. That's an Urgal
spear and these are their tracks.
It's odd; I know of only a few
instances when they have gathered in
such numbers.

ERAGON
Did they order the Urgals to do this?

BROM
I doubt it. They seem to have come
upon the Urgals here in the village.
From the blood I'd say these poor
souls died this morning, maybe a day
ago at most.

Eragon nods, looking like he might be sick again. Saphira can sense his discomfort from where she is hidden.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(worried)
Eragon?

ERAGON (V.O.)
We're alright. The villagers have
been slaughtered. All of them.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I will come then.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Not yet, but be ready.

Brom sighs and stands. Eragon fiddles with his bow anxiously.

ERAGON
We should look for survivors. Or at
least bury these people.

Brom shakes his head.

BROM
We can't bury an entire village,
Eragon. We have to keep-

ERAGON
(yelling)
Please!

Brom looks taken aback by Eragon's shout.

ERAGON (cont'd)
I just want to see if anyone
survived. If they did I don't want to
leave them behind.

Brom sighs and thinks for a moment before nodding.

BROM
Fine. A quick look around. But stay
close to me.

Eragon and Brom begin to inspect the village and look inside the houses. Near the city center a small market has been torn apart and looted. Dogs and livestock have been killed and left in the streets. No human bodies are seen but there is blood and signs of struggle all around the village.

Eragon pushes open the door to a house and finds it ransacked. Blood is pooling on the floor and is sprayed across the walls. Eragon covers his mouth and closes the door.

Brom and Eragon head toward an alley between houses.

BROM (cont'd)
I don't think we'll find-

He stops and pushes Eragon back as they turn the corner. In the back of the alley, rummaging through a wagon, is an enormous Urgal. It turns and looks at them as soon as they come to the alley, its beady yellow eyes gleaming, and lets out a mighty bellow.

BROM (cont'd)
Back to the horses!

Brom holds his sword at the ready as Eragon sprints away and the Urgal charges. It roars and swings a crude falchion at Brom, who sidesteps and slashes at the Urgal.

Brom moves with more speed and strength than a man his age should. He strikes the Urgal several times, but the wounds don't seem to slow the hulking beast.

ERAGON (O.S.)

Brom?!

BROM

(shouting)

Stay back!

Brom snarls as he backpedals to get out of the alleyway. He blocks or dodges each of the Urgal's attacks until he is able to throw the Urgal's sword arm wide with a parry and slash it deep across its belly.

The beast howls in pain and stumbles to its knees as it clutches its belly. Brom quickly swings his sword at its neck, partially decapitating it. Black blood spurts as Brom pulls his sword out and runs back to find Eragon.

EXT. YAZUAC - VILLAGE SQUARE - DUSK

Eragon is sitting on his horse and holding Snowfire's reins. Both horses are fidgeting nervously and Eragon looks around frantically for Brom or more Urgals. He jumps, panicked, as Brom runs into the village square towards him.

ERAGON

Did you kill it?!

Brom runs up and jumps onto Snowfire.

BROM

Yes, but there may be more. We have to leave now!

Brom kicks Snowfire into a gallop and takes off. Eragon kicks and urges his horse to follow Brom. They weave through the houses back the way they came. As they reach the edge of the village Eragon sees movement to his right. He turns just in time to see another Urgal charge at him and attack.

Eragon is launched from his saddle and slams hard against the wall of a house. He gasps and forces himself to stand. Up ahead Brom is being attacked by a third Urgal.

BROM (cont'd)

Run, you fool!

Eragon yelps as the Urgal in front of him swings its sword, missing him narrowly as he dodges.

Eragon flees back towards the center of the village but the Urgal gains on him quickly.

ERAGON (V.O.)
(screaming)
Saphira, come quick! We need you!

Brom stands his ground with the third. On horseback, he has the advantage of being the same height as the Urgal and quickly gains the upper hand. The Urgal growls and lashes out with his foot, kicking Stormfire in the chest. The horse rears and throws Brom off balance.

There is a loud crack and Eragon spins around, loosing an arrow at the pursuing Urgal. It catches the projectile on its shield. Behind it, Brom is slumped in his saddle and the second Urgal raises its axe for the death blow.

ERAGON
(yelling)
Here! Come get me, you brutes!

The other Urgal bellows and charges towards him. Eragon turns and runs, leading both the Urgals away from Brom.

Eragon darts down an alley only to find it blocked. He spins around but both the Urgals are on his tail and blocking the exit. They advance on him, speaking to each other in their guttural language. Eragon searches for a way out, but sees none.

ERAGON (V.O.)
(screaming)
Saphira?!

Seeing no escape, Eragon draws his bow and aims. The Urgals chuckle and raise their shields.

INTER CUT IMAGE: THE PILE OF DESECRATED BODIES IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE. THEIR DEAD EYES STARE BLANKLY AHEAD.

ERAGON
(screaming)
BRISINGR!

As Eragon fires the arrow, it bursts into blue flame. It strikes the lead Urgal in the forehead and explodes, killing the second with the blue shock wave of energy.

Eragon braces for an impact but the wave passes harmlessly through him. Eragon pants and slumps against the wall, staring at the glowing gedwey ignasia on his hand.

FADE TO:

EXT. YAZUAC - DUSK

Eragon stumbles back to Brom, retrieving his own horse. Brom is bleeding profusely from a cut on his arm. Eragon is too weak to help Brom out of the saddle and the old man drops heavily to the ground.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Eragon!

Saphira roars as she dives out of the sky and lands. Her head whips around looking for enemies.

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

Are you-?

ERAGON (V.O.)

No, we're alright.

Eragon begins to wrap Brom's arm with a strip of cloth from their packs.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Who did this?! I will tear them apart!

ERAGON

Urgals, but only three. They're already dead.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

You killed them?

Eragon nods.

ERAGON (V.O.)

(confused)

I think I've...become some kind of sorcerer.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

You have grown.

(beat)

We need to leave. There'll be more than just three.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Can you carry Brom? You can protect him and your saddle will hold him in place.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
I'm not leaving you alone.

Eragon tries to lift Brom up to Saphira's shoulders, but he's still too weak to lift him.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Saphira, help.

Saphira reaches out and picks Brom up by his cloak like a kitten, depositing him on her back. Brom groans as Eragon begins strapping him into the saddle.

BROM
(confused)
Did Saphira get here in time?

ERAGON
No, I'll explain later. We need a safe place to rest.

Eragon hands Brom his sword.

ERAGON (cont'd)
Saphira's going to take you and follow me by air.

BROM
Are you sure? I can ride Snowfire.

ERAGON
Not with that arm.

BROM
Thank you.

Saphira snarls as she takes off. Eragon mounts his horse and leads Snowfire behind him as he makes his way towards the river. Saphira flies close above him, leading him to where she had been hiding.

CUT TO:

EXT. NINOR RIVER - NIGHT

Eragon approaches a secluded clearing. Saphira comes to greet him while Brom gets a fire going.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Are you sure you're not hurt?

ERAGON (V.O.)

Not on the outside. I'm not sure
about the rest of me.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

I'm sorry I wasn't there.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Don't feel bad. It's my mistake as
well. I should've stayed closer to
you.

Saphira hums as she affectionately rubs her head against Eragon's. They join Brom at the fire where he is boiling water for his wound.

ERAGON

(to Brom)

How's your arm?

BROM

Just a scratch, but it'll heal. I'll
need a fresh bandage.

Eragon retrieves another rag from their packs and washes Brom's wound.

BROM (cont'd)

Saphira told me what happened.

Eragon doesn't respond, waiting to be scolded.

BROM (cont'd)

It seems I'm indebted to you. You
should be proud, few escape unscathed
from slaying their first Urgal. But
the manner in which you did so was
very dangerous.

ERAGON

So, it was magic?

Brom nods.

BROM

You could have destroyed yourself and
the whole town.

ERAGON

It wasn't as if I had a choice!

BROM

You had no idea what you were doing!

ERAGON

Then tell me! How could I have possibly used magic? I've never used it before and I've never learned how to use spells!

BROM

You're not ready!

ERAGON

I might need it again! But, I won't be able to if you don't help me!

(beat)

Is it some secret I'm not supposed to learn until I'm old and wise?

(beat)

Or maybe you don't know anything about magic!

BROM

(shouting)

Boy!

Eragon shrinks back quickly.

BROM (cont'd)

Don't try me. You demand answers with an insolence rarely seen. You're demanding knowledge more complex than you know.

ERAGON

I've been thrust into a world with strange rules that I don't know!

Brom pulls out his pipe and puffs on it, his anger dissipating.

BROM

Then, I will tell you for your own sake, magic has rules. If broken, the penalty is death, without exception.

(beat)

Your deeds are limited by your strength, the words you know, and your imagination.

ERAGON

What do you mean "words"?

BROM

That word you said?

ERAGON

Brisingr.

The campfire flares suddenly and Eragon shivers.

BROM

I thought so. *Brisingr* is from an ancient language all living things knew. It was forgotten until the elves brought it back when they came from across the sea.

ERAGON

What does that have to do with magic?

BROM

Everything. It is the basis of magic! It describes the true nature of things.

(beat)

With enough strength and imagination, you can use a name or word to direct a thing to do whatever you want.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

You can use magic. You used it to light the fire before the plains.

Brom nods slowly and Eragon's eyes widen in shock.

ERAGON

Why don't you fight with it?

BROM

Simple reasons. I'm old and outlived my youth. And I am not a Rider, which means that I will never be as strong as you.

(beat)

A warning. Magic takes just as much energy as if you used your arms and back. If you use more energy than you have in your body, it will kill you.

ERAGON

How can I know how much energy a spell uses?

BROM

You don't. That's why you have to know your limits well. But, for now, we need rest.

Eragon nods and he and Brom spread out their blankets for sleep. Eragon settles back against Saphira's side.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
We are becoming more powerful,
Eragon. Both of us. Soon no one will
be able to stand in our way.

Eragon pats her leg and chuckles.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Yes, but which way will we choose?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Whichever one we want.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. NINOR RIVER - DAY

Eragon and Brom continue south along the Ninor river, following the Ra'zac's tracks. Saphira flies lazily overhead.

ERAGON
Where do you think they're leading
us?

BROM
Daret. It's just a few days away.
With any luck, it hasn't been
slaughtered as well.

ERAGON
Do you think it has been?

BROM
I can't say.
(beat)
The Ra'zac may or may not have caused
the attack, but regardless they
continued southward, so we will too.

Eragon nods and they continue on, with Eragon glancing occasionally at Brom.

BROM (cont'd)
You're still wondering about magic.

ERAGON
Only a little.

BROM
(chuckling)
The fact that you've discovered it on your own is a problem. Few know it but all Riders could use magic; an effect of being bound to the dragons. But, most take years of training to learn.

(beat)
You discovered it by instinct. No Rider your age ever used magic the way you did, but none were under the same pressure.

Eragon tries to hide his smile at the praise.

BROM (cont'd)
You'll have to amass this training on the run. You'll be at a disadvantage if you ever meet an enemy with traditional training.

ERAGON
So, you will teach me?

BROM
I will. First, you have to use the ancient language that describes your intent. I'll teach you the words I know. You need to know that it's impossible to lie in the ancient language.

ERAGON
People always lie, why would the sounds of ancient words stop them?

Brom looks around them and spots a bird sitting in a tree nearby. He holds out his hand to it.

BROM
*Fethrblaka, eka weohnata neiat haina
ono. Blaka eom iet lam.*

The bird cocks its head and quickly darts from the tree to Brom's hand. It sits there and chirps, watching them curiously.

BROM (cont'd)

Eitha.

The bird flutters away.

ERAGON

(amazed)

How did you do that?

BROM

I promised not to hurt him. When you speak in the true nature of all things, you cannot lie.

ERAGON

If everything has a name, do people? Do personal names give power over people?

Brom grins.

BROM

So much power, that a true name is shared with only trusted people. It's like putting your life in another's hands.

(beat)

Everyone has a hidden name, but few know what it is.

ERAGON

How do you know your true name?

BROM

Elves instinctively know theirs. The human Riders usually went on quests to discover them, or found an elf who would tell them.

ERAGON

I'd like to know mine someday.

BROM

(solemnly)

Be careful. It can be a terrible knowledge to know who you are without any delusions or sympathy. Some have been driven to madness, most try to forget it. But you may gain power over yourself, if the truth doesn't break you.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)(O.S.)
I'm sure that it would not, Eragon.

ERAGON
I'd still like to know someday.

BROM
Good. Only the resolute can find
their identity.

They continue along the river for a time. The landscape continues to be calm and peaceful as they travel. Brom points out various plants and animals that they pass, sharing their names in the ancient language and schooling them in their pronunciation.

EXT. NINOR RIVER - DUSK

Eragon and Brom stop to drink from the river and set up their camp. Brom grimaces as he dismounts.

ERAGON
Can you or I heal that with magic?

BROM
I'll live with it. Using magic to heal a wound takes just as much energy as it would to mend on its own.

ERAGON
If healing is possible, could I bring back the dead?

BROM
(firmly)
Remember what I said about projects that will kill you? That is one of them. There is an abyss between life and death. Reaching into it, your soul will fade into darkness.

ERAGON
What about the spirits that Shades use? Aren't they human souls?

BROM
No. They're beyond our comprehension.

Saphira rumbles quietly as she settles down.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(gently)
Eragon, put the idea from your mind.

Brom claps Eragon on the shoulder.

BROM
If you attempt something you don't
understand, you will die.

Brom bends down and picks up a pebble, dropping it into
Eragon's hand.

BROM (cont'd)
Here is your training.

ERAGON
(confused)
I don't understand.

BROM
That's why I'm teaching you and not
the other way around. Now, lift the
rock and hold it in the air. Use the
words *stenr reisa*.

ERAGON
Stenr reisa?

BROM
Good. Try it.

Eragon frowns and focuses on the pebble.

ERAGON
Stenr reisa!

Nothing happens. He takes a few deep breaths and closes his
eyes.

ERAGON (cont'd)
Stenr reisa!

Eragon's gedwey ignasia starts to glow as the pebble rises a
few inches into the air. It wobbles for a second before
falling back into his palm, which stops glowing. Brom nods.

BROM
Not bad for you first try.

ERAGON
Why does my hand do that?

BROM

No one knows. A Rider's power came through whichever hand bore the *ignasia*. I'll buy you some gloves when I can. Let's try again.

ERAGON

(weakly)

Again?

BROM

Yes! Faster this time.

DISSOLVE TO:

Inter cut images: Brom and Eragon continue to track the Ra'zac south along the river. Eragon trains with the pebble, learns more words, and spars with Brom at night. Soon the pebble no longer wobbles and Eragon is stronger and more confident in sparring. Several times he is able to land blows on Brom. Saphira also continues to grow as they travel.

FADE IN:

Eragon is standing in darkness. The pile of bodies from Yazuac lies in front of him, their eyes staring at him. They whisper to him, begging for help. He clenches his fists and shuts his eyes. When he opens them again he is standing in front of--

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The farmhouse is still destroyed, but Garrow and Roran sit at the kitchen table.

GARROW

Help us.

ERAGON

(crying)

I can't. I'm trying to find your killers.

GARROW

(angrily)

Do I look dead to you?

ERAGON

I'm sorry. I can't...

There is a loud roar, and Garrow is transformed into the Ra'zac.

RA'ZAC

Then die.

CUT TO:

EXT. NINOR RIVER - NIGHT

Eragon jolts awake, breathing hard. Brom is asleep and their fire has died, but Saphira is awake. She curls her body around him comfortingly.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

All will be well, little one.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. DARET - MORNING

Eragon and Brom approach Daret, a small and wild looking village. Saphira is nowhere in sight. They ride in slowly, weapons drawn. There are no people to be seen.

ERAGON (V.O.)

This doesn't look good.

Brom stops them before they reach the center of the village.

BROM

I don't like the feel of this. Let's get out of here.

They wheel their horses around, but before they can leave wagons are suddenly pushed into the roads out of town. The horses rear and Brom looks around for an exit.

TREVOR, a swarthy man with a bow in his hands, hops atop the wagon directly in front of them.

TREVOR

(shouting)

Halt! Put your weapons down! You're surrounded by sixty archers.

On that cue, rows of archers stand up on the roofs surrounded them.

ERAGON (V.O.)
Stay away, Saphira! They'll shoot you
out of the sky!

BROM
(to Trevor)
What do you want?

TREVOR
Why have you come here armed?

BROM
For supplies and to hear the news.
We're on the way to my cousin's home
in Dras-Leona, but these are
dangerous times.

TREVOR
True.

Trevor stops and thinks for a moment.

TREVOR (cont'd)
I don't think you mean us ill, but
we've encountered too many Urgals and
bandits for me to trust your word.

BROM
What then?

Eragon glances nervously at the archers around them.

TREVOR
You want supplies. Would you agree to
stay here while we bring you what you
need, pay us, and leave immediately?

BROM
Yes. Only food and some goods for
traveling. Also, a pair of gloves for
my nephew, if you have any.

Trevor nods and gestures at one of the archers near him, who
runs off to retrieve the goods.

TREVOR
I'm Trevor. I'd shake your hand, but
given the circumstances, I'll keep my
distance. Urgals and worse have
beleaguered us.

Brom nods.

BROM

We've come from the north. Passed through Yazuac and found it pillaged. We saw no survivors.

Trevor is taken aback and tears fill his eyes. The archers on the roofs look back and forth between each other, murmuring.

TREVOR

This is a dark day. The people there were good fighters. Some were my friends.

BROM

Two Urgals ambushed us before we could give them a proper burial. The whole company was likely no more than a hundred, no less than fifty. Either number would prove fatal to you.

Brom looks around to the archers.

BROM (cont'd)

You should consider leaving.

ARCHER 1

This is our home!

TREVOR

The people here refuse to even consider it. I fear that we'll all wake up one morning with our throats slashed.

The archer who ran off returns with a pile of goods. He approaches Brom cautiously and hands the pile to him, accepting a few coins in exchange, before running back to his post.

BROM

Are you not from Daret? Why did they choose you to defend the town?

TREVOR

I have only lived here a couple of years now. But I was in the king's army for some years.

Brom puts their supplies in their saddlebags and hands Eragon a pair of gloves.

BROM

As promised, we be on our way.

TREVOR

When you enter Dras-Leona, would you alert the Empire to our plight? I do not know whether the king is unaware or has chosen to do nothing.

BROM

We'll relay your message. May your swords stay sharp.

TREVOR

And yours.

Trevor hops down and the wagon is pulled out of their way. Eragon and Brom ride out of town quickly.

ERAGON (V.O.)

We're alright, Saphira. We're heading back now.

Saphira doesn't answer and Eragon frowns.

BROM

The Empire is in worse condition than I thought. I'd never have thought the unrest we heard of in Carvahall was this widespread.

ERAGON

And the king is doing nothing?

BROM

It appears so.

(beat)

Did you use any of your powers while we were in Daret?

ERAGON

No, there was no reason to.

BROM

Wrong. You'd have sensed Trevor's intentions. Even with my limited abilities, I could.

(beat)

That's why I was willing to speak with him. I sensed he was not bent on killing us.

ERAGON

How could I have done that?

BROM

The same way as with Saphira. Your bond with her will grow as well, but in time you'll be able to speak with more creatures and people than just her.

Eragon and Brom veer off and continue towards the river.

BROM (cont'd)

It's a simple thing that anyone with the right instruction can do, but use it sparingly. A person's mind is their last sanctuary. You must never violate it unless forced to.

ERAGON

(worried)

But, if I can get into someone's head, doesn't mean that others can do this to me? How can I stop them?

BROM

Saphira's never blocked you from her mind?

ERAGON

Once, when she took me from Carvahall. It was like there were walls around her mind.

BROM

You have an advantage. Because of your powers, you'll know if someone is trying to enter your mind.

(beat)

Keeping them out is a matter of training and practice. Concentrate on one thing and nothing else, and that is all your enemy will see.

CUT TO:

EXT. NINOR RIVER - LATER

Eragon and Brom approach the river to find Saphira waiting for them. She is snarling quietly, her tail whipping back and forth in agitation. The horses step back and whinny nervously.

ERAGON (V.O.)
What's wrong, Saphira?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
You! You are the problem.

Eragon dismounts his horse and steps towards her. Immediately her tail sweeps him off his feet and she pins him to the ground.

ERAGON
(yelling)
What the hell are you doing?!

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Every time you leave my sight you get into trouble! You're a new hatchling, sticking your nose into everything.
(beat)
What happens when you stick it into something that bites back?! I can't help you when I'm miles away!

ERAGON (V.O.)
I'm older than you and can take care of myself. You're the one who needs to be protected!

Saphira snarls and snaps her teeth.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Don't insult me! We will ride tomorrow, or I will carry you in my claws. Are you a Dragon Rider or not?
(beat)
Don't you care for me?

Eragon averts his eyes shamefully.

BROM
Well?

ERAGON
She wants me to ride her tomorrow.

Brom chuckles.

BROM
Well, you have the saddle. I suppose that if the two of you stay out of sight, it won't be a problem.

ERAGON

But what if you're attacked or there's an accident? I won't be able to get there in time and-

Eragon wheezes as Saphira puts more pressure on his chest, cutting him off.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Exactly my point, little one.

Brom struggles to hide a smile.

BROM

You have to learn. Think of it this way, fly ahead and scout out the trail for me.

Eragon looks back at Saphira.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Alright, I'll do it.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Give me your word.

ERAGON (V.O.)

Is that really necessary?

She blinks slowly and does not move.

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

Very well. I give you my word that we will go flying tomorrow.

Saphira lets him up and abruptly takes off into the sky, twisting through the sky. Eragon watches her nervously, glancing down at his legs.

BROM

Come on then. We need to pick up the trail again.

Eragon mounts his horse and follows after Brom. With a bit of searching he picks up the Ra'zac's trail again along the road. The farther they travel from Daret, the faster they urge their horses.

Eragon and Brom ride for most of the day before Brom suddenly slows Snowfire to a stop.

BROM (cont'd)

Wait, stop. I've lost the trail.

They backtrack and follow the tracks off the road and into a small clearing. Saphira lands nearby and watches closely as they dismount. The ground here is torn up with long, thick gouges and covered in overlapping tracks.

ERAGON

What could have...

Eragon looks at Saphira and his eyes widen.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Saphira makes these sorts of tracks.
Did the Ra'zac fly away on dragons?!
Tell me you have an explanation.

Brom shakes his head.

BROM

I've heard reports of the Ra'zac moving at great speeds, but a dragon would never consent to carry a Ra'zac.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Vile abominations.

ERAGON

What do we do now?

Brom shrugs helplessly.

BROM

With all the skills we have I still don't see how we can track the Ra'zac.

ERAGON

(desperate)

Saphira could show herself at some town. That would draw them to us.

BROM

The Ra'zac would bring soldiers. Worse, the king might take enough interest to come himself. That would be certain death.

Eragon throws his hands up in frustration.

ERAGON

So, what now?

BROM

That's up to you. This is your task.

Eragon snarls and stomps away. He paces back and forth, fuming, until his foot strikes something in the grass. He bends down and picks up a metal flask with a leather strap. Saphira comes over and sniffs it.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

It smells of the Ra'zac.

Eragon unscrews the cap and carefully pours out a drop onto his finger. He immediately yelps and flinches as it begins to burn into his flesh, wiping his finger off on the grass.

He inspects the wound, a burn similar to the ones on Garrow before he died. He looks at Saphira and jogs back to Brom.

ERAGON

Brom?

Brom takes the flask and inspects it, opening it to smell it.

ERAGON (cont'd)

Don't-

BROM

Let it touch my skin, I know. I suppose you went and poured it all over your hand already?

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Just his finger.

BROM

Well, at least you showed enough sense not to drink it. Only a puddle would be left of you.

ERAGON

What is it?

BROM

Seithr oil, from an island in the north sea.

(beat)

In its natural state, it keeps pearls strong. But with the right spell and a blood sacrifice, it gains the property to eat any flesh but leave all other material undamaged.

Brom passes the flask back to Eragon.

BROM (cont'd)
A useful tool for assassins.

ERAGON
Must be what they used on Garrow.

Brom nods.

BROM
They might have dropped it when they took off. It's very rare and expensive, they wouldn't have left it behind.

ERAGON
How rare exactly?

BROM
Like diamonds in a pig trough.
(beat)
Perhaps only one or two people trade in it.

ERAGON
And the cities along the coast keep shipping records, yes?

Brom grins.

BROM
Of course! If we get those records, they would tell us who bought and transported the oil, as well as which ones work for the Empire.
(beat)
Oh I wish I had thought of this years ago, it would have saved me many headaches.

ERAGON
Where do we start?

BROM
Teirm. I have an old friend that lives there. Jeod. We haven't seen each other for years, but he has access to those kinds of records. He could help us.

ERAGON
Teirm it is, then.

BROM

If we head southwest we can reach a high pass through the Spine and head up the coast on the other side.

ERAGON

Can we reach the pass within a week?

BROM

Easily. If we angle away from the Ninor and to our right, we might be able to see the mountains by tomorrow.

Eragon grins and looks at Saphira. She shuffles her wings excitedly. Eragon and Brom lead their horses toward the river, ready to rest for the day.

FADE OUT

PAN DOWN:

EXT. NINOR RIVER - NIGHT

Night has fallen and the sky is twinkling with stars. A fire is burning by the riverbank and Eragon and Brom spar around it.

Eragon strikes at Brom so hard he shatters both their sticks. Brom inspects his stick before tossing it into the fire.

BROM

It's time for you to use the real thing.

Eragon tosses his stick aside too as Brom retrieves their swords.

ERAGON

We'll cut each other to ribbons.

BROM

You forget.

Brom places a finger on either side of his blade and focuses.

BROM (cont'd)

Geuloth du knifr!

A red spark flares between his fingers. He runs his fingers down the length of the sword on both edges before letting the spark fade. He holds out his hand and slashes it with the sword, leaving no marks.

ERAGON

What did you do?

Eragon reaches out and touches the blade. There is an invisible barrier around the sharp blade.

BROM

Now, do the same. They won't cut, but they can still break bones. So don't flail like you do.

Eragon nods and after a few tries is able to guard his blade the same way. They resume their sparring and the clash of metal fills the camp. Eragon is slow and unused to the weight of a sword and they move through the forms slowly. By the time they stop they are both sporting large bruises.

CUT TO:

EXT. NINOR RIVER - MORNING

The sun has barely risen and Eragon nervously approaches Saphira with the saddle in his hands. Brom follows behind. Saphira crouches while Eragon ties the saddle.

BROM

Now remember, grip with your knees and stay as flat as you can. Nothing will go wrong if you don't panic.

Eragon nods and Brom boosts him into the saddle. He grips one of the spikes on her back, eyes closed as he tries to control his breathing, while Brom straps him in.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)

Are you ready?

ERAGON (V.O.)

(anxiously)

No, but let's do it!

As soon as Brom backs away Saphira spreads her wings and leaps into the sky. In a few flaps of her wings she climbs rapidly into the sky. She flies smoothly and easily, unlike the last time Eragon had ridden her. Eragon opens his eyes and see the plains spread out below them. Clouds surround them and Eragon looks around in wonder.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)
This is incredib-

Eragon yelps as Saphira tilts and rolls completely around. His eyes are closed again, trying not to throw up.

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

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
You'll have to get used to it. If I'm attacked in the air, this is the simplest maneuver I will do.

Eragon nods and opens his eyes again. The road and the river wind through the plains below them, and the faint outline of mountains appear far in the distance. Saphira tilts into a shallow dive and Eragon hangs on tightly.

Saphira continues to fly lazily through the clouds, helping Eragon become accustomed to the sensation. He relaxes as she glides smoothly through the air. He realizes she's slowly climbing and grips the saddle tightly.

SAPHIRA (V.O.) (cont'd)
Relax, and do not be afraid.

Saphira climbs higher before clasping her wings together and diving straight down, the wind forcing Eragon to lean back. He fights to lean forward as Brom said and grins, while Saphira roars in joy.

She plummets to the ground and snaps her wings open just in time. She shoots back up into a giant loop, Eragon whooping the whole time. She levels out and resumes gliding over the river.

ERAGON (V.O.)
This is incredible! How can you land?!

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
(laughing)
I have to eat. But I am glad you like it.

Eragon rubs her neck.

ERAGON (V.O.)
I'm sorry I haven't flown with you.

SAPHIRA (V.O.)
Will we fly together now?

ERAGON (V.O.)
Every chance we get.

Saphira hums happily.

Eragon grins and leans back, spreading his arms wide as he feels the wind on his face.

ERAGON (V.O.) (cont'd)
Now we really can be dragon and
Rider.

Saphira follows the river and begins to descend to find Brom, the sun rising in the sky behind her.

CUT TO BLACK.

CREDITS

END.