FADE IN:

INT. BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT

The royal bedchamber is dimly lit by the fireplace.

ETEL lazily lays on the couch in her gown, holding a glass of red liquid. The warm firelight dances on her exposed shoulder.

She is the picture of innocence.

Until she speaks.

ETEL
(annoyed)
Why must everything be so utterly dull? So... peaceful.

ETEL sighs then empties the glass in one gulp.

She looks up at the ceiling, pouting.

ETEL (CONT'D)
Autumn and winter used to be my favourite. Never a dry moment. And now...

The person Etel has been talking to finally speaks: he is THE HISTORIAN

The Historian is Etel's closest friend and more than a thousand years old. He is a scholar and has a similar personality to her.

CAMERA STAYS on Etel.

THE HISTORIAN
(he rolls his eyes)
Spare me. I have seen your new bedtime routine.

ETEL
(playfully)
Have you been *watching* me?

THE HISTORIAN
(he laughs)
An unlikely occurrence.

ETEL
It is *her*, then?

THE HISTORIAN
(amused)
Two pairs of eyes are better than one, no?

She grins. She makes sure her sharp teeth are visible.

She cannot help herself from getting slightly territorial.

But she remains calm. She must.

ETEL
I like to keep myself busy.

THE HISTORIAN
(he daunts her)
Well, she is certainly proving to be a handful.

Pause. She turns towards him, face now blank.

She knows he is trying to get under her skin. It is a game they play. She knows it.

Yet...

She stands and walks towards the open window to refill her glass. She needs to dull the emotions that making her mask slip.

Moonlight illuminates her, wrapping her in divine silver hue.

Unwanted feelings crackle in her eyes as she puts on a facade of nonchalance.

She looks out the window. The Marshland lays dormant in the calm of the night. Her land. Hers.

She refills her glass to the brim.

ETEL
(bluntly)
I trust there is no need to repeat the conditions of my generosity.

Etel turns around and leans on the window sill. Moonlight envelops her from behind. She looks ethereal.

She crosses her arms and looks directly at him.

ETEL (CONT'D)
(slightly biting)
Not to someone with your intelligence, surely.

She smiles.

ETEL (CONT'D)
(she trails off)
Or perhaps I am mistaken...

The Historian laughs. He knows he successfully got under her skin.

THE HISTORIAN
(amused)
Everything is perfectly clear.

She holds his gaze, chin held high.

THE HISTORIAN (CONT'D)
(playfully)
After all, I am but your humble servant, my Arkos.

Etel rolls her eyes at that.

ETEL
(amused)
When was that ever true...

The mood slightly shifts, but her thunderous feelings remain.

At least, The Historian is silenced.

She takes a sip of her drink.

Then another.

Etel feels her thoughts getting louder and louder.

She takes a big gulp from her glass and harshly places it on the window sill, causing the glass to CRACK.

She stares at it curiously.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Etel's gaze.

CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN ON the red liquid seeping through the cracks on the glass and ---

MUSIC swells and ---

CUT TO BLACK

GREAT SEAL STUDIOS LOGO APPEARS

FADES TO BLACK.