

Seed: Backstory for Skyrim character and an in-game troll lair.

UNBLOODED

FADE IN:

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

A forested mountain switchback trail. Sounds of wildlife and distant rushing water, the clank of armor. The voice belongs to BODHILD, a female Nord Stormcloak soldier.

BODHILD (VO)

My first scouting mission was supposed to be simple. Go out into the wilds, find out what had been attacking camps near the Darkwater River. Secure some favor with the locals. Show them the Stormcloaks are the ones to keep Skyrim safe.

Three Nords in Stormcloak armor mount the trail from a lower switchback. IRLDAN, a male, and MAEDI, a female, wear full helmets. Bodhild wears an open-faced hide helmet.

IRLDAN

This trail is for goats, Maedi, not merchants.

MAEDI

Orders say the river northwest of the Rift. This part of the Darkwater fits. We're doing what we were told.

BODHILD

He just misses Tormir back at the Crossing.

IRLDAN

Jealous?

MAEDI

Quiet, you two!

Maedi draws a warhammer in two hands from her back. She rolls aside as a troll crashes from the trees above the trail.

MAEDI

(standing and striking)

Troll! Circle around it!

IRLDAN
(drawing sword and unslinging shield)
Keep it confused!

BODHILD
(afraid)
By Ysmir!

The troll reels from Maedi's strike, then closes on Bodhild.

MAEDI
Bodhild!

Maedi and Irlidan slam into the troll. The monster and two warriors tumble into the woods below the trail.

Bodhild finally draws her axe and shield, following them. She arrives as Maedi and Irlidan are standing up. The troll ascends the slope toward the three.

MAEDI
Keep the high ground! Move!

IRLDAN
Damn it, Bodhild!

The three Stormcloaks strike in turns, keeping the troll from focusing, but it knocks off Maedi's helmet. As she falls, her retaliatory attack sends the troll rolling down the slope to a lower trail.

MAEDI
After it! Before it heals! We might be able to finish it off!

Bodhild and Irlidan slide-walk down the slope. The troll sprawls on the trail, but it's stirring.

IRLDAN
Why couldn't it have been a damned bear?

Bodhild brings her axe down on the troll's neck. Irlidan does the same with his sword. They're hacking away as Maedi arrives. She crushes the troll's skull with her hammer, spattering gore.

BODHILD
(surprised, disgusted)
We did it. We

MAEDI

Good work. Take a rest.

IRLDAN

We should burn it!

MAEDI

It's dead. Besides, I want Bodhild to get some of its fat.

BODHILD

Sorry . . . I . . .

IRLDAN

Nobody expected a troll, Bodhild. Just . . .
(opens helmet, sheathes sword, wipes face)

MAEDI

(to Bodhild)

You're not some unblooded recruit, now, are you?
Thank mighty Talos it was the three of us.

IRLDAN

Aye. We should get moving soon, though. We could make Ivarstead by dusk. Sleep in the Vilemyr instead of the ferns and thistles.

MAEDI

After that, a few strong ales sound good.

BODHILD

I'll buy.

IRLDAN

Damn right you will.

The three smile, leaning on their weapons.

MONTAGE - TO DARKWATER OVERHANG

-- The three sit beside a hollow stump, eating and talking.
Irlan reads a thick red-brown book (Chimarvamidium).

-- They pack up. Bodhild collects mushrooms from the stump. Mora Tapinella on the outer wood, Fly Amanita inside the hollow.

(MORE)

MONTAGE - TRAVEL TO DARKWATER OVERHANG (cont'd)

-- The three travel up switchbacks along a mountain river as the forest thins due to altitude.

-- They arrive at a flat trail along rapids to the right. A rise is to the left and ahead. An enormous peak is beyond.

EXT. TRAIL - LATE THE SAME DAY

The roaring of water pervades. The three talk loudly and walk.

IRLDAN
Ivarstead is just over that next ridge.

MAEDI
Good. We made good time.

IRLDAN
Hope you brought enough Septims, Bodhild.
I have a mighty thirst.

BODHILD
We'll see it quenched. I pay my debts.

MAEDI
Ho! Look there. A dead elk under that overhang.
The blood is still wet.

IRLDAN
Are there damn wolves up here, too?
I've had enough for one day.

MAEDI
We have to check. Hear that ringing sound?

BODHILD
That's nirnroot! One must be nearby.

The three move to the elk. Bodhild spots the nirnroot. A troll emerges above them on the overhang. It roars and pounces, crushing Maedi. Irl dan and Bodhild stagger back and prepare to fight. The troll claws Irl dan before he can raise his shield. He's badly wounded, and the troll is between Bodhild and the path to Ivarstead.

IRLDAN
Run, Bodhild! Run!
(falls to one knee, stabs the troll)

BODHILD
(fighting)
I can't! You'll die!

IRLDAN
Damn it, woman, someone has to make it!
(screams as claws hit him, stabs again)
Come back . . . kill this . . . bastard!

Bodhild withdraws and runs back down the trail.

BODHILD (VO)
I ran. I'd failed again. Then, within sight of
Darkwater Crossing, Imperials came at me from all
sides. I was out before I knew what was really
happening. Soon after, though, I found out.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Bodhild wakes on a horse-drawn wagon with a male IMPERIAL DRIVER. Ahead a male Imperial (GENERAL TULIUS) rides on horseback in front of another wagon (with driver and two STORMCLOAK PRISONERS). Behind, a male Nord (HADVAR) in Imperial garb rides a horse. Bodhild is bound among three other prisoners, one male Nord Stormcloak (RALOF), another gagged Nord male noble (ULFRIC STORMCLOAK), and a male Nord (LOKIR) in rags.

The prisoners area all dirty, some wounded.

BODHILD
(touches her wounded head)
Wha . . . Ugh.

RALOF
Hey. You! You're finally awake.