

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

UNBLOODED

BLACK

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 a woman named BODHILD, a 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 Nord man, and MAEDI, a Nord woman, 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.

CONTINUED:

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 Irl dan 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 Irl dan 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 Irl dan 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?

CONTINUED:

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

- A) The three sit beside a hollow stump, eating and talking. Irlan reads a thick red-brown book (Chimarvamidium).
- B) They pack up. Bodhild collects mushrooms from the stump. Mora Tapinella on the outer wood, Fly Amanita inside the hollow.
- C) The three travel up switchbacks along a mountain river as the forest thins due to altitude.
- D) 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.

CONTINUED:

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 TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. WAGON - DAY

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

RALOF
(to Bodhild)
Hey, you. You're finally awake . . .