

ALLANON

INT. DRUIDS KEEP - ARCHIVE - DAY

Piles of books, their pages ravaged by fire and damp, lie scattered among overturned tables and mildewed corpses. A chandelier forlornly CREAKS overhead, shrouded in cobwebs.

WIL

I don't know what you're hoping to find, there's not much left.

ALLANON

The Codex of Paranor is here.

WIL

What exactly does a Codex look like?

ALLANON

It's a book that contains the magical history of the Four Lands. If there's a way to save the Ellcrys, the answer will be found within its pages.

WIL

Why don't you just call it a book of magic? Is it a Druid requirement that everything has to sound so mysterious?

Allanon ignores him, studies the walls for clues.

ALLANON

My mentor told me that he hid it in this room before the Keep fell.

WIL

When was that?

ALLANON

300 years ago.

WIL

Wait, that would make you... way too old to be alive.

Frustrated, Allanon faces him.

ALLANON

This is going to require the Elfstones. They can seek out anything lost, hidden or cloaked.

WIL
How do you know about those?

ALLANON
Who do you think gave them to your
father?

Wil shuffles, embarrassed.

WIL
One small problem -- I don't have
them anymore.

Allanon's brow furrows with puzzlement.

ALLANON
Flick assured me you had the
Elfstones when you left Shady Vale.

WIL
I did, then I met this Rover girl
and she kind of stole them.

ALLANON
You were seduced by a Rover?

WIL
That makes it sound a lot more fun
than it was.

ALLANON
Why didn't you tell me before?

WIL
Because you showed up out of
nowhere, told me it was my destiny
to save the Four Lands, and scared
the living hell out of me.

ALLANON
Your foolishness has put our quest
in jeopardy.

Wil's had enough.

WIL
I told you I wasn't the guy for the
job! Did you listen? No. I
should never have come with you.
What was I thinking? I don't even
believe in magic.

He turns to go. Allanon softens his tone.

ALLANON

Wil. Wait.

Wil stops, looks at the Druid.

ALLANON

Don't talk. Don't move. Let your
eyes bear witness.

Allanon lifts his right hand and recites an ANCIENT
INCANTATION. The Druid's face strains with effort. A fierce
WIND WHIPS through the space. A SPINNING BALL OF LIGHT grows
in Allanon's outstretched palm. THE ORB starts viciously
pinballing off the walls. As the light show fades, Allanon
rubs his hand, which is welted and trembling and leads Wil to
the wall where the comet has revealed a triangular nook. A
thick, folio-sized book, sits within the cavity.

ALLANON

Now do you believe?

OFF Wil, uncharacteristically lost for words...