

CEPHELO

EXT. WOODS - BROOK - NIGHT

A trio of colorful tents is clustered by a brook. Cephelo and Eretria are seated by the campfire, eating.

ERETRIA

He said the Elfstones belonged to his father, but even he didn't believe they were magic.

CEPHELO

Maybe he was bluffing.

ERETRIA

You didn't meet him. He's the kind of person life kicks around for fun. He's probably halfway home by now.

CEPHELO

Where was this half-breed from?

ERETRIA

Someplace called Shady Vale.

Cephelo smiles as a dim memory suddenly burns brighter.

CEPHELO

There used to be stories about an Elf who lived in the Vale. Liked to frequent taverns. If you bought him a pint of cider, he'd gladly tell you his wild tale about how he single-handedly won the War of the Races with only a magic sword and three humble Elfstones to aid him.

She LAUGHS MOCKINGLY.

ERETRIA

There are many words I could use to describe you, Cephelo, but superstitious isn't one of them.

CEPHELO

You think just because those pointy-eared bastards tell us magic isn't real, that's the truth?

ERETRIA

My father taught me not to believe anything I didn't see with my own eyes.

He leans in and conspiratorially whispers.

CEPHELO

Who says I haven't seen it?
(swagger returning)
I'll do anything to improve my lot in life. I'm willing to improve yours too. Find that half-breed and I promise not to marry you off.

Eretria considers the offer.

ERETRIA

I find him, you grant me my freedom.

Cephelo scrutinizes her, his tone betraying genuine concern.

CEPHELO

How long do you think you'll last alone in the Four Lands?

The angry sparks of the fire are reflected in her eyes.

ERETRIA

I don't know, but I'm willing to take my chances. I may have been born a thief and a grifter, but that's not going to be my life.

CEPHELO

You abandon the clan, I guarantee you'll be turning tricks in a Borderland brothel within the month.

Eretria's determination never wavers.

ERETRIA

My freedom for the half-breed -- do we have a deal?

His face cracks into a grin, he holds out his hand and they perform an elaborate Rover handshake, sealing the oath.

ERETRIA

I'm going to miss our sweet little daddy/daughter talks.