

The Witcher: A Lesser Evil Script

Written by

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Based on The Witcher Series by Andrzej Sapkowski

EXT. BLAVIKEN - HUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

WIDE SHOT OF THE HUT

A dog pacing is chained to the post, pacing and pulling the chain taut. Behind, closer to the hut a man is scraping at the meager garden trying to clear it out of weeds.

UPWARDS ANGLE SHOT OF THE VILLAGER, FROM THE GROUND

(SFX: Pulling roots out)

The VILLAGER pulls out a weed, ripping out its roots and baring his gnarled teeth tightly clenched together. It's everyday work, neither fulfilling nor damning. The sky is grey, the VILLAGER's skin is grey, their clothes are grey.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BLAVIKEN - SWAMP

CLOSE-UP SHOT OF GERALT FROM BEHIND

GERALT is poised over the quiet surface of the water. Arms raised above the surface of the water holding the point of the sword towards the swamp. A quiet moment passes. GERALT has yet to move.

EXT. BLAVIKEN - HUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

CLOSE-UP OF THE PACING DOG

The dog is agitated. Not quite aggressive, but frustrated by its chains. Its curiosity carries it elsewhere, makes it restless. In the background, the sound of roots being ripped out continue.

SHOT FROM BEHIND THE VILLAGER

He is perched over the ground, pulling out weeds and putting them to one side. Pulling out radishes and putting them on the other side.

(SFX: The sniffing and panting of
the dog)

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BLAVIKEN - SWAMP

GERALT still hasn't moved. Frighteningly still. The water fears disturbing his concentration. Moments pass, the silence dragging each one out. Cutting the silence, two pincers screech out of the water reaching towards GERALT.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLAVIKEN - HUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

LOW ANGLED SHOT//TILTED LOOKING UP AT THE VILLAGER

The VILLAGER gets up and the dirt falls from his hands as he walks towards the hut. Before he walks in he looks over to his right and pauses, squinting.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BLAVIKEN - SWAMP

GERALT is under the water, his face pale as bone and his eyes pitch black, drowning in the swamp. Bubbles escape his mouth as he grabs the pincers holding him underwater with his available hand.

EXT. BLAVIKEN - HUT AT THE EDGE OF TOWN

ANOTHER TILTED ANGLE, LOOKING DOWNWARDS AT THE CHAIN

The chain is taut and is being jostled at the other end by the dog.

(SFX: Dog sniffs, barking
cautiously)

BACK TO THE PREVIOUS SHOT OF THE VILLAGER, IT PANS OVER TO A DOUBLE SHOT

The villager walks over to a window where his wife and daughter look outwards from the darkness of the hut. Something is walking by.

SHOT FROM BEHIND ROACH, LEVEL WITH THE DANGLING Pincer OF THE KIKIMORA

Thin, broken stakes create the boundary between the hut and the road. The dog lunges at the pincer, held back only by the chain.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BLAVIKEN - SWAMP

WIDE SHOT

The KIKIMORA holds GERALT underneath the water, kneading GERALT underneath the water with small but rapid movements. At this perspective, the full violence of the exchange is muted. The KIKIMORA is savage but professional, efficient. Only the quiet ripples in the water give any clue to the drowning beneath the swampy waters. A shriek breaks the quiet, and a sword rises out of the back of the KIKIMORA. The sword retreats and appears again at a different spot. A third lunge of the sword is higher than the rest, sending the last

twitches of the KIKIMORA's life into the sky. The swamp is silent once more.

EXT. BLAVIKEN - TOWN MARKET

Fish are laid out on the table of the market, attracting even the frailest of flies who pick at their glassy eyes.

SHOT OF THE DANGLING PINCER FROM BEHIND, LEVEL WITH THE PINCER

The horse walks through the market. On its rear, the covered kikimora carcass jostles with the movements of the horse over the uneven dirt path.

STATIC WIDE SHOT OF GERALT ON HORSEBACK FROM BEHIND THE STALLS

GERALT's face is obscured by the tattered linen covering the stalls, passing the three stall owners who only look at GERALT after he's passed one after the other.

SAME STATIC SHOT AS BEFORE, BUT LOOKING BEHIND THE HORSE

Out of focus people are staring and beginning to follow behind GERALT.

WIDE SHOT OF THE HUT AT THE END OF THE MARKET, TRACKING UPWARDS

CAPTION: BLAVIKEN

GERALT hops off his horse, and walks in between the several carts towards CALDEMEYN's house, the alderman, larger and busier than the house at the edge of town. As the track pans out, the Great Sea can be seen and the sound of seagulls cawing cuts through the quiet of the town alongside the shouts of CALDEMEYN.

INT. CALDEMEYN'S HOUSE

CLOSE-UP SHOT OF CALDEMEYN, THE ALDERMAN

He's red in the face, steaming. A layer of sweat covers his balding head.

CALDEMEYN

I won't allow it! Are you deaf? Take that creature and leave you scoundrel!

FULL SHOT

A villager stands before him with a goose in his hands, and the goose honks once as the goose tries to wrangle itself out of the villager's grip.

(SFX: Honk)

VILLAGER

But...I had been told that something must be given to his lordship so that...

CALDEMEYN

(OC)

So that you may make a fool of yourself?

MEDIUM SHOT OF CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

There will be no bribery in this house, nor in this town. Away with you!

FULL SHOT AGAIN

The villager's disappointment runs wild on their face. Behind them, GERALT enters the house silently like a specter. Covered in swamp detritus, the effects of the potions still not worn off.

TIGHT MEDIUM SHOT FROM THE SIDE OF THE VILLAGER

GERALT silently walks up to the villager, and waits for a moment. The villager turns around, head sullen and not seeing GERALT walk up to them. Though GERALT does not tower over them, GERALT's stature is menacing. His wolf school armor is battle worn, and the sword on his back makes him appear much taller.

LOW ANGLE LOOSE CLOSE-UP OF GERALT (VILLAGER'S POV)

(SFX: Honk)

CLOSE-UP OF CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

A witcher.

(PAUSE)

Suddenly CALDEMEYN becomes irritated.

CALDEMEYN

What did I say? OUT SCOUNDREL!

MEDIUM WIDE SHOT OF CALDEMEYN'S POV

The villager turns around to face CALDEMEYN with a face of fear while GERALT stands in a statuesque manner.

CALDEMEYN

(OC)

And take that damned fucking goose
with you as you leave!

(SFX: Honk, honk, honk)

TRACKING SHOT FROM THE SIDE OF CALDEMEYN GETTING UP, PUSHING OUT THE VILLAGER AND THEN GREETING GERALT

CALDEMEYN gets up from his chair and pushes the villager out of the house.

CALDEMEYN

The witcher finally brings some quiet
to this village and you would spoil it
with your damned fowl!

CALDEMEYN looks up at GERALT and claps him on the shoulder, beaming.

CALDEMEYN

It's been two years since this village
has been this quiet. Greetings Geralt,
welcome back.

GERALT

Greetings Caldemeyn.

Upon seeing the grime on his hand he ushers somebody over, and they bring him a rag.

CALDEMEYN

What's this? Beer! You think the swamp
will kill me? Sit, please Geralt!
Let's drink, to hell with these sots
and their geese!

SIDE SHOT OF THEM SITTING ACROSS THE TABLE FROM ONE ANOTHER

Off-camera, somebody places a tankard in front of CALDEMEYN who wipes his hands furtively on a rag, and then places a tankard in front of GERALT. CALDEMEYN points at the off-screen hand and throws his rag at them.

CALDEMEYN

Last week we had a donkey get stuck in
the mud and devoured by dogs that are

half-ghouls. You look like you crawled out its asshole. Those potions squeeze the life out of you yet?

TILTED LOOSE CLOSE-UP SHOT OF GERALT

GERALT

I'm looking for a reward.

REVERSE SHOT OF CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

Oh yeah, aren't ya. I like you Geralt but witchers are a predictable group. Where are you coming from? How have you been? Better than you look I hope. Do you plan on staying here in Blaviken?

GERALT

No. Like I said, looking for a reward. Found a Kikimora on the dyke, not four miles from here. I figured people must have disappeared. Children.

CALDEMEYN

Do you have the beast with you Geralt? Come! Let's have a look why don't we.

EXT. BLAVIKEN - OUTSIDE OF CALDEMEYN'S HOUSE

FULL SHOT OF GERALT AND CALDEMEYN, WITH THE KIKIMORA OUT OF FOCUS AS CALDEMEYN REACTS IN HORROR

A crowd has formed around the horse, as well as flies.

WIDE SHOT FROM ABOVE OF A COMPLETE SEMI-CIRCLE OF PEOPLE STANDING AROUND THE HORSE.

The horse blanket that had been on the kikimora had been thrown to the ground and the bleeding lifeless carcass draws gasps and whispers from the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. CALDEMEYN'S HOUSE

LOOSE MEDIUM SHOT OF CALDEMEYN SITTING

CALDEMEYN is shaken. He lifts the tankard to drink but he forgot that he already finished it.

CALDEMEYN

Townsfolk are too curious for their own good. You're right, people disappear here and there in these parts. But nobody was spending time loitering around that dyke. Who would have thought...Thank you for putting the cover over that, and for killing it...well it's only fitting I thank you. Because as for paying you, I can't.

GERALT

(OC)

That's a shame. I'm headed further north before the snow makes it impossible to travel.

REVERSE SHOT OF GERALT

GERALT

Could use a small sum for the winter.

CALDEMEYN

(OC)

I'd ask you to stay in Blaviken but I don't think I'd convince you if I was more beautiful than the Queen of Redania.

REVERSE SHOT OF CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

Fine then! Stay with me, there's an empty room in the attic. Don't waste your times on innkeepers. Thieves by another word! Come let us eat and talk, I want to hear about the world.

REVERSE SHOT OF GERALT

GERALT

I accept. But Libushe will surely take issue with my staying, no matter how brief it will be.

DOUBLE SHOT OF CALDEMEYN AND GERALT FROM THE SIDE

CALDEMEYN flashes a childish grin.

CALDEMEYN
 Women have not a say in my house
 Geralt. However I...

LOOSE MEDIUM SHOT OF CALDEMEYN

He then takes another swig, forgetting again that he already drank it all.

CALDEMEYN
 Oh to hell with it. I must ask you to
 behave yourself in front of her at
 supper. She hasn't forgotten the last
 time.

GERALT
 When I threw my fork at the rat?

SHOT OF A RAT IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM, RUMMAGING THROUGH A
 WOVEN BASKET WITH GERALT AND CALDEMEYN OUT OF FOCUS IN THE
 BACKGROUND

CALDEMEYN
 When you hit the rat with your fork
 while it ran in the shadows!

GERALT
 I thought it would be amusing.

CALDEMEYN
 Perhaps...but not in front her.

LOOSE MEDIUM SHOT OF CALDEMEYN

And one more thing...the monster...the
 kik-ki...

SIDE MEDIUM CLOSE-UP OF GERALT

GERALT
 Kikimora.

CAMERA PANS RIGHT TO CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN
 Right. I can't give you nothing for
 it. Times are tough when winter is on
 our heels.

LOOSE MEDIUM SHOT OF GERALT

CALDEMEYN

(OC)

But Master Irion may have use for it;
might even give you some coin for it.

GERALT

I don't believe Kikimora's are used
for any elixirs. I'm sure your wizard
will just insult me. Witchers and
wizards have never been agreeable.

EXT. BLAVIKEN - MASTER IRION'S TOWER

LOW ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UPWARDS AT MASTER IRION'S TOWER

CAPTION: MASTER IRION'S TOWER, BLAVIKEN

CALDEMEYN

(OC)

He's a powerful magus Geralt but a
good fellow. He helps people out. I
can't promise he'll pay, but it's the
best I can do for you. Come, let me
show you where he lives. No harm in
asking.

The tower is starkly different from the rest of the town.
Smooth granite stones demarcate a clear boundary between the
straight lines of the tower and the dirt road lined with
homesteads of thatched roofs and mud stains. It feels
otherworldly, uncanny.

MEDIUM DOUBLE SHOT FROM THE SIDE OF GERALT AND CALDEMEYN

GERALT and CALDEMEYN walk up to the tower with GERALT pulling
ROACH along behind him. CALDEMEYN is slightly ahead of
GERALT.

GERALT

(OC)

Magic, is it not? I doubt Master Irion
had you working this.

CALDEMEYN

Why piss us off with more work when
they can show off? Come.

CALDEMEYN steps forward towards the door. The knocker is the
head of a fish holding a brass ring in its jaws. CALDEMEYN
begins to speak, but the fish speaks first.

FISH

Master Irion is not receiving. Leave good people.

DOUBLE SHOT OF CALDEMEYN WITH GERALT BEHIND HIM

CALDEMEYN steps back, unsettled. He looks at GERALT who stares intently at the fish. In the background a small crowd as formed once again.

SHOT OF THE FISH, SHOWN IN A DARKER LIGHT

FISH

Master Irion is not receiving. Leave good people.

GERALT STEPS INTO FOCUS OF A CLOSE-UP

GERALT

I'm not a good person. I am a witcher and I come bringing a Kikimora. It is the duty of every resident wizard to ensure the safety of their town. Master Irion does not have to honour me with...

SHOT OF THE FISH

FISH

Geralt? Is that you?

DOUBLE SHOT OF GERALT WITH CALDEMEYN BEHIND HIM

The fish's tone has changed from metallic and mysterious to the voice of an older man. CALDEMEYN is stunned yet again, but GERALT is irritated. The crowd behind them has grown larger yet. GERALT glances behind him.

GERALT

Yes, I am Geralt.

SHOT OF THE FISH

FISH

Marvelous. You must come in. Alone. We must speak. Immediately.

CLOSE-UP OF GERALT'S EYES

GERALT

And the Kikimora?

FISH

(OC)

To hell with it. Dump it in the cesspool. I want to talk to you Geralt.

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP OF GERALT, CAMERA PANS AS HE LOOKS AT CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

Let me handle things out here Geralt.
I'll see you for supper.

CALDEMEYN turns around and begins to order people around.

CALDEMEYN

(OC)

WITH ALL THIS STANDING AROUND WE'LL
STARVE TWO WEEKS INTO WINTER!
CARRY PEBBLE, INTO THE CESSPOOL WITH
THE MONSTER!

GERALT turns towards the door.

CLOSE-UP SIDE SHOT

GERALT walks towards the fish which is close to eye level with GERALT. He reaches forward to push the door but the fish blows a cloud of steam in his face.

WIDE SHOT IN THE DARKNESS, STRAIGHT SHOT OF GERALT

The doors open with a loud creak and the light from outside lighting up the darkness of the tower. GERALT's eyes glow in the shadow of his silhouette.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. BLAVIKEN - MASTER IRION'S TOWER

The light tap of footsteps ring in the darkness, singing with the jingle from GERALT's armour and sword.

TRACKING SHOT IN FRONT OF GERALT

Hardly anything can be seen but GERALT's eyes, quietly glowing in the dark. Dark hallways, sharp corners, he navigates it quietly. While he's on guard he knows it's no trap. Not one that will threaten his life in any case. The FISH speaks from nowhere.

FISH

I'll be just a minute. It has been a long time Geralt.

GERALT ignores the voice, instead looking around in the darkness.

CAMERA SHIFTS TO A SIDE SHOT, MEDIUM CLOSE-UP

Walking up to a door he quietly presses against it, feeling the wood and listening for sounds. A door opens, but it's not the one that GERALT is pressed against. A blinding light shines through a door to GERALT's left. His head jerks to his left, a moment of surprise, and his pupils shrink into knives slicing a line into his orange eyes. As his pupils adjust to the light, he remains cautious, but no longer surprised.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF GERALT'S EYES, THE NEXT SHOTS SHOW WHAT HE SEES

An orchard of magnolia trees in full bloom, with pink petals blooming against the azure sky. Below one of the trees is a wooden bench covered in white magnolia flowers with green ivy woven around its back. Cutting through the sky is a crescent moon.

A small house sits behind divisions of hollyhocks gently swaying in a modest breeze. The hollyhocks are organized from hot to white to cool colours, left to right. Smoke meanders out of the chimney, and a nearby branch holds a swing that sways with the plants. The tiles on top of the house are a semi-glossy brick red, with a gradient going from light on the top to dark at the bottom.

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP TRACKING THE GIRL

A topless girl walks around the orchard. She walks underneath one of the trees and giggles as she plays with one of the flowers. She reaches up and picks an apple, putting it in her basket (which she's holding off-camera). She looks at GERALT with a flirtatious smile before walking behind the trunk of a tree. On the trunk are ornate markings carved into the wood.

CAMERA PANS TO FOLLOW STREGOBOR

A man walked out from behind the trunk alarming quickly after she disappeared behind the tree.

EXTREME LOW ANGLE SHOT LOOKING UP, SHOWING STREGOBOR UNDERNEATH THE CRESCENT IN THE SKY

STREGOBOR is gracious and smug. Old and spry. Kind and shrewd. His robe is traditionally ornate while his closely trimmed beard gives him an air of (relative) modernity. Revealing himself to GERALT has given him immense joy.

MEDIUM SHOT OF STREGOBOR SMILING

STREGOBOR

At last. Greetings, witcher.

GERALT is surprised. And pissed. But he would never give STREGOBOR the satisfaction of showing it.

SHOT OF A MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM NEXT TO THE MOON

GERALT

(OC)

Stregobor.

WIDE SHOT OF STREGOBOR SITTING ON THE BENCH WHILE GERALT STANDS NEARBY

GERALT

Last I was aware you were living in Kovir. In a tower not too different from this one.

STREGOBOR

Much has changed. Yet I see you have not. Still killing every species of monster until they cease to exist. Attracting the fear and ire of townsfolk as you go from town to town selling your...wares. The destiny of a witcher would fill a parchment no bigger than my hand. But the destiny of Geralt of Rivia, the white wolf, is of a different order.

(Pause)

Or did you think our meeting is mere chance?

The girl walks up to the witcher, and she offers him an apple. GERALT pretends she's not there. She leans her hand delicately against his arm. But to him, she's not there.

GERALT

Illusions? A paltry offering to a town where money is a concern, Master Irion.

STREGOBOR

Oh the first Master Irion died 200 years ago, but surely the familiar name would help the townspeople come to trust me sooner so that I may help. And I feed them more than illusions, Geralt do not insult my craft. Aside from illusions I conjure...

GERALT

Weather. The air here feels different than it did two years ago. Under a new master it seems.

STREGOBOR's pride beams, but it disappears quicker than GERALT might've thought. A dramatic monologue is brewing.

STREGOBOR

I would conjure storms, make them disappear, guide schools of cod closer to the shore so that Blaviken may eat. But now I cannot. I remain locked here out of fear.

He's expecting GERALT to respond but GERALT doesn't bite.

STREGOBOR

Destiny has many faces. Mine is beautiful on the outside and hideous on the inside. She has stretched her bloody talons toward me...

GERALT

Speak normally.

STREGOBOR doesn't pretend to be surprised by the witcher's frankness.

STREGOBOR

My life is in danger. I cannot leave this tower for...for fear that I will be killed by a monster. One that has stalked me from Kovir.

GERALT remains unphased.

STREGOBOR

I have heard witcher's emotions are suppressed during the trials; the mutations sterilize your basic human traits. No wonder you show no care, no

ounce of remorse for the danger to my life.

GERALT remains unphased. He looks over to the girl, who is in the orchard again looking for apples in the magnolia trees.

GERALT

Two peasants would kill each other over a field which, the following day, will be trampled flat by two counts trying to kill each other off. Men hang from trees at the roadside for crimes groups of people decided that they committed. Corpses in the gutters of towns pile up so you trip over them as you cross the street. In palaces they stab each other with daggers, and somebody falls under the table at a banquet every minute, blue from being poisoned. The reason your illusions are nothing more than tricks is because they have none of the bricks of violence that the real world has been built with.

(Pause)

Look at me, speaking like a wizard after a few goblets. I should take my own advice. The last time I was in Kovir was the first and last time I met you, serving under King Idi with Zavist as his two magical advisors. I had taken a contract to kill a an amphisboena, a snake with two heads. When it was killed, contract fulfilled, I returned to the king for my reward. And yet the snake with two heads I should have killed, yourself and Zavist, managed to convince the King that I was a charlatan and I was given twelve hours to leave Kovir. The king's hourglass was broken, so I was given far less than that. You'll have a hard time finding sympathy in that pile of shit.

The girl appears from behind GERALT and places her hand delicately on his arm again.

GERALT

Have no fear Stregobor. I'm not petty and will listen to your offer. But

spare me the pleads for the value of
your life.

STREGOBOR remains proud in the face of GERALT's monologue. He stands with dignity.

STREGOBOR

Very well. I've never known you to be
so garrulous. I'm impressed Geralt.

STREGOBOR walks by GERALT, who looks ahead as he does so.

STREGOBOR

Have you ever heard of the Curse of
the Black Sun?

STREGOBOR circles GERALT. GERALT looks straight ahead. The girl walks up to GERALT offering another apple. Tattooed on one breast is the sun, the other is the moon. A line connects them and in the middle, lower on her sternum, is an eclipse; a dark circle in the middle of a hot orange ring of fire. GERALT is looking. Lower still on her belly is a child with the eclipse in its belly, with the flames of the eclipse appearing more like tiny claws reaching outwards.

GERALT

A prophecy created by Mad Eltibald to
scare people, even nobles into
murdering and imprisoning their
daughters for fear that they were born
mutated under a normal eclipse.

STREGOBOR

You can have your reservations about
Eltibald's theories, about how the
predictions were interpreted. But you
can't challenge the fact that there
have been horrendous mutations among
girls born just after the eclipse.

GERALT

You took advantage of a madman's
ravings to strengthen your own
authority. To break up alliances, ruin
marriage allegiances, stir up
dynasties.

STREGOBOR presses.

STREGOBOR

I was present for an autopsy of one of

the girls. Her body had been knitted together by a different god. A red sponge in the cavity of her skull. Her organs had been mismatched, others missing entirely.

STREGOBOR stops in front of him. He's engaging GERALT as a man of science.

STREGOBOR

Her heart had six chambers. You've spent your entire witcher training understanding the physiology of monsters and mutations to know their weaknesses. You know these mutations are comparable to your own if not greater in their distortions.

GERALT

It's not for me to decide which mutations warrant a death sentence. Many would have me killed for my eyes alone.

STREGOBOR

How many mutants have you killed for coin? The whole vocation of witchers isn't to choose, it's to be paid. You are specialized mercenaries for those who are mutated, to hunt those like yourselves.

GERALT

You ask me about how many mutants I've killed. What about how many people I've freed from curses? How many ghosts I've exorcised, spells I've extricated. What have you done for these girls other than kill them to study them.

STREGOBOR

Whatever power had mutated them...it was a stronger magic than I...too powerful a curse it was. Every attempt to cure the girls ended in their deaths.

GERALT

That speaks badly of you. Not the girls.

STREGOBOR walks past GERALT and takes the arm of the girl, who drops her apple basket to take his. She looks at him with charming indifference.

DOUBLE SHOT OF STREGOBOR AND THE GIRL

STREGOBOR

Mutations, as I have observed, are no cause of evil by themselves. One can have a wolf's fangs and go no further than baring them at the trollops in taverns. However, one can have a wolf's nature, too, and attack children. And that's just how it was with the girls who were born after the eclipse.

GERALT

Girls with wolves fangs can be used. Assassins, guards, mercenaries. These girls are monsters not because of their mutations. Because they would defy the plans of wizards and kings.

STREGOBOR

We made a mistake. I will admit. We underestimated them. Instead of hunting them we chose to isolate them. They were too hard to pick out; putting them in the towers was easier.

From behind STREGOBOR, a mother figure emerges with another basket in her hands filled with dolls.

STREGOBOR

And far more humane.

MEDIUM SHOT OF GERALT

Now the mother and the girl are next to GERALT, the mother looking into the distance and the girl looking up at GERALT as she did STREGOBOR. The illusion behind GERALT turns to black.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON GERALT

STREGOBOR

(OC)

I also made a mistake. In a small principality in the north, Creyden, there was a prince named Fredefalk.

His second wife, Aedira...

GERALT

Do these names really matter? They're dead aren't they. Killed by your mutant child I'm sure.

(Pause)

STREGOBOR

(OC)

You're right witcher. Only one name matters. Renfri. Aedira looked into one of Nehalania's Mirrors and saw only the destruction of her kingdom by the hand of Fredefalk's daughter from his first marriage.

GERALT

All of Nehalania's Mirrors are either polite or wrong.

The mother turns to GERALT. She and the girl lean their faces closer to his, stopping a breath away.

STREGOBOR

(OC)

I was sent to keep an eye on this child, alerted by Aedira. During this period of observation, she managed to torture a canary and two puppies. She also gouged out a servant's eye with the handle of a comb that had been sharpened into the shape of an eagle's talon. I wanted to isolate her. Give her a life where she would be loved, yet could not hurt those who loved her. But the queen...she sent Renfri out with a trapper, a hired thug. Hours later we found him dead in the undergrowth, trousers missing. Brooch in his temple.

STREGOBOR stands in the darkness now. He looks up at GERALT briefly, a show of embarrassment.

WIDE SHOT OF STREGOBOR AGAINST THE BLACK BACKGROUND

STREGOBOR

It wasn't hard to recreate what had happened. And so Renfri was free. Went to Mahakam and forged a group of bandits with gnomes. She was known as

Shrike, for her preference to impale people on a sharp pole while they still breathed.

CLOSE-UP OF STREGOBOR

STREGOBOR

Killed every assassin that Aridea had sent. Aridea died, but some allege it was Fredefolk himself had arranged her death upon finding a younger mistress. But then Fredefolk died, hunting accident. And Aedira's eldest son died next.

He walks up to GERALT. A moment of drama, of feeling. His personal plea is taking character, his fight for his life being grounded in the terror of his experience.

DOUBLE CLOSE-UP OF GERALT AND STREGOBOR

STREGOBOR

Geralt, I saw her in Mahakam. As I later found out, it was the same day her band of rogues had all slaughtered one another over loot or some nonsense. Leaving only Shrike. And when our eyes met, I could tell she knew the part I played in Creyden. Her eyes made my hands tremble with such force her blade was less than an arm's length away from me by the time I managed to cast a spell. I cast her into a crystal slab. While it stopped her, all I did was make her resistant to magic.

GERALT

Humans don't become resistant to magic.

STREGOBOR

Witchers do. And what are they but humans who have been mutated? Some prince found her and spent money that could have bought a small kingdom on counter-curses. He's dead, so is his family. And she's hunted me ever since. Five times she's tried to take my life, and every time I've fled. I

know she's here, I've seen it in my crystal ball. And her arriving the same day as you is fate, no mere coincidence. This tower is a small cage witcher and I fear she already has the key. When she comes in, I am no more.

GERALT

What's on your mind?

STREGOBOR

Isn't it obvious? You're going to kill her.

GERALT

I'm not a hired thug Stregobor. I kill monsters that endanger people, and spells cast by people like you that conjure horrors.

STREGOBOR

She's worse than a monster. A mutant, a cursed one. A kikimora kills because it is hungry. She kills because it gives her pleasure. I will pay whatever you ask.

GERALT

I've already told you. I consider the story about mutations and the Black Sun curse to be nonsense. The girl has her reasons for settling her account with you. I'm not going to get mixed up in it.

STREGOBOR knows he has no other option. Yet he's unaccustomed to such frank demands. Demands from the heart. Demands made from fear.

STREGOBOR

Please Geralt.

GERALT

No, Stregobor.

STREGOBOR

Geralt when we were listening to Eltibald, many of us had doubts. But we decided to accept the lesser evil. Now I ask you to make a similar

choice.

GERALT

Evil is evil, Stregobor. Lesser, greater, middling, it's all the same. Proportions are negotiated, boundaries blurred. If I'm to choose between one evil and another, then I prefer not to choose at all.

GERALT has said his piece. But STREGOBOR is not finished. Much to GERALT's surprise, the wizard loses his temper. But in a childish way, the primal fear reaching through his throat to grab GERALT and force the witcher to concede to his demands. A great light from below them fills the space, blinding GERALT and casting STREGOBOR's shadow into the heavens.

LOW ANGLE-SHOT OF STREGOBOR, OFF-CENTRE

STREGOBOR

You scorn the lesser evil, yet what are witchers but the lesser evil? Humanity must choose between death by monsters, or the robbing of their coffers by witchers.

HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF GERALT LOOKING AROUND WITH UNCERTAINTY

STREGOBOR

(OC)

Witchers are famed for using the law of surprise to steal more children so that they may create more of their kind. A small price to live? Hardly! Both prices are steep. Your existence forces people to choose the lesser evil, do not be so arrogant as to think you are above such a decision.

This catches GERALT off guard. STREGOBOR wants his pleas to be met with emotion, and he is cleverer than most at weaving the needle where the skin is the thinnest. But GERALT has been guarding his emotions for longer than STREGOBOR has been alive. GERALT has had his eyes closed, but he opens them and they adjust to the rays of light by with only a sliver of pupil visible.

GERALT

You spoke of destiny. Perhaps it was destiny to have hope enter your life,

only to fade like the innocence of the child condemned to death for being born. But I don't believe in destiny. I do believe in choice though. I choose to not be involved.

DOUBLE SHOT OF GERALT AND STREGOBOR

The light recedes into the ground and the arcadian dream resumes. It's a face-off now, both having seen the truth of each others' intentions and beliefs.

STREGOBOR

Unfortunately for you, abstaining from making a decision remains, in the eyes of destiny, a decision. Your passivity does not keep you hands clean. You deny destiny because it is hidden from you.

CLOSE-UP OF GERALT

(Pause)

Think of how many would pay their life's wages for the smallest sliver of their destiny to be revealed to them. I offer such a sliver without any pay. An offer more generous than you have ever seen before.

GERALT moves away from him, knowing STREGOBOR will force him to see lies. Turning he sees the girl who in her hand has the crystal ball. A glance is enough.

In front of a city embalmed in flames is a rider with a winged helmet rearing up on his horse. Black shadows reach outwards from his shadow towards GERALT. The heat of the flames distorts the shadows.

A rush of winter takes over the scene, washing the flames in a sea of snow. A flash of lighting reveals the shadow of a horse rearing, hidden in the blizzard. Another flash reveals an army in the distance all on horseback. A single slash of the sword from the swordsman cuts the blizzard in half, but this swordsman is different. Tar soaked bones cover the frosty ivory chain link armour. Baked into the depths of the hollow eye holes is a lifeless darkness. But it turns, and begins to gallop as we follow. Looking to the right, GERALT sees a line of calvary next to him, galloping behind the leader. Looking ahead the white sheet of the blizzard darkens and slowly takes the form of a town. From the sky they

charge.

The charge is torn away from the middle, and all that remains is a lion cub playing on the rocks, jumping from rock to rock. She turns, showing sharp green eyes that glint in the light. It jumps from rock to rock before returning to flat ground, and walking towards a white tail. Laying on the ground, a white wolf lies asleep. The cub paws the wolf as it sleeps, with increasing urgency. From the shadows behind the wolf, a huge creature with a hunch lumbers towards the wolf. The cub doesn't see it and continues to paw the wolf. The wolf awakes, and snarls as it sees the lion cub. From behind, the bear raises its paw above the wolf. But it places it gently on the wolf and leans its face forward. The wolf meets it halfway and noses the bear. As the bear turns to the cub we see its purple eyes. The cub licks the nose of the bear, who, now having greeted them, lies behind the wolf. As they place its head on the wolf's, the wolf reacts. The cub jumps around, and then curls up next to the wolf. The bear moves its head back behind the wolf, and the wolf licks the bear's face mid-movement. In the shadow and the fog, the three animals sleep.

GERALT's eyes cut away the dream, his pupils shrinking as he comes to. STREGOBOR is behind him, also out of it. A shock rocks GERALT as he sees STREGOBOR, and as much as GERALT controls himself he can only manage to speak with a snarl.

GERALT

You think I would trust a man whose specializes in illusions to show me my destiny? Goodbye Stregobor. As much as I hope Renfri finds her revenge, I also hope that you never leave this tower again to save others from the rot of your existence.

He storms out past STREGOBOR, leaving the naked girl with her arms outstretched.

CLOSE-UP OF THE GIRL

Her eyes are now green as the lion cub's. And tears begin to fall.

EXT. BLAVIKEN- OUTSIDE OF THE GOLDEN COURT

UPWARDS SHOT, FROM INSIDE THE BUCKET

GERALT aggressively washes the horse blanket in a large bucket; monster blood clouds the camera.

FULL SHOT OF GERALT, TRACKING HIS MOVEMENTS

GERALT scrubs the blanket wearing a long shirt with the sleeves rolled up. He's coping with his emotions. Taking the horse blanket, he wrings out the blanket and hands it up on the top of one of the walls of the stable near Roach, whom he turns to pat.

CAMERA PANS TO AND THEN ZOOMS TO CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN comes out of the inn, irritated that GERALT is not drinking.

CALDEMEYN

It's been long enough Geralt. Come wait inside, drink! You won't wash all of your laundry before the sun goes down.

CAMERA PANS BACK TO GERALT WHO KNOWS WHAT HE'S GETTING INTO

INT. THE GOLDEN COURT

GERALT is bored, but a stack of coins is next to him. Somebody sits down in front of the camera.

BLACKSMITH

Witchers move like dancers when they fight...so I've heard. You think a dancer can beat a blacksmith?

MEDIUM SIDE SHOT

They lock arms, the BLACKSMITH's eagerness is matched only by the witcher's apathy. As soon as they clasp the witcher brings down the blacksmith's arm in a slow pained descent, slamming his hand down on the wooden table coldly. The BLACKSMITH, in a flash of embarrassment stands up and points at GERALT to instigate a fight. Even quicker is GERALT, who smacks him on the side of his face, sending him to the ground. He then takes the coins the BLACKSMITH had set on the table.

SIDE SHOT OF THE BLACKSMITH ON THE GROUND, ABOUT TO GET UP

He wipes the side of his head and he's ready. The witcher has given him his excuse. But as he gets to his feet, he's kicked in the back. The large man falls over the table right in front of the unflinching witcher.

CLOSE-UP OF GERALT LOOKING AT THE KICKER

DOUBLE SHOT OF GERALT AND CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN leans over to speak to GERALT.

CALDEMEYN

Six men and a wench, dressed in
Novigradian style. Black leather and
the sorts.

CLOSE-UP OF GERALT AGAIN

RENFRI

(OC)

Taking payment for monster slaying not
enough?

GERALT

I got bored.

RENFRI

(OC)

You wanted to talk?

GERALT

Not here.

SHOT FROM GERALT'S POV

Two of RENFRI's thugs block her face as they lean over
GERALT.

GERALT

How about a round before we speak.
There's some coin to win.

CLOSE-UP OF RENFRI, HER FACE STILL OBSCURED BY HER
MERCENARIES EXCEPT FOR HER LIPS.

A patronizing smile leaves her lips. Surely he knows the
answer, and yet she's amused he asked. She turns around and
walks to the right.

DOUBLE SHOT OF GERALT AND CALDEMEYN, CLOSER THAN BEFORE

CALDEMEYN

They're going towards the kitchen,
I'll bring them to a bedroom Geralt.

INT. THE GOLDEN COURT - THE SMALL ROOM

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP OF GERALT, CAN'T SEE ANYBODY COMING IN

GERALT leans against the wall of the room next to the door as RENFRI and her gang walk into the small room. RENFRI sits herself down on the bed making herself comfortable while her group take place around her. CALDEMEYN stops in the doorway, and puffs his chest to deliver what he needs to say.

DOUBLE SHOT

CALDEMEYN

Listen young lady. I hear from this witcher of Rivia, Geralt, that you come to kill our wizard. I fear it's from a grudge which you bear.

RENFRI

Rivia?

SHOT OF RENFRI

She turns to face GERALT in the corner with an amused smile on her lips. Her demeanour was lax to the point of disrespect. A challenge to anyone who would dare say something. Her dark hair was uneven, chewed away without growing back. She placed her broken back seax on the bed with surprising poise as she questions the witcher. Her gang stands around her, giving her a wide breadth in the small room.

RENFRI

Now, if I recall, witchers don't often remember where they were born. Which means you chose Rivia, and even adopted the accent from what I can tell. Rivians are hated by humans from the more powerful nations further north, yet they deeply hate non-humans whom they live among. They wield the spite held against them like the whips they use to beat those who they deem beneath them. Humbling but self-righteous...is it not?

SINGLE CLOSE-UP OF CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

Young lady. You have your right to bear your grudge. But those who choose steel to settle scores in Blaviken are nothing but thieves. If you and your black companions are not out by morning I will throw you in the prison

pre-pr...How do you say it Geralt?

GERALT

Preventatively, provided of course they haven't done the deed before then.

CALDEMEYN

Exactly. Provided.

Without looking at CALDEMEYN, she pulls out a slip which she gives to one of her thugs. He walks over, towers over CALDEMEYN for a moment before giving it to him.

RENFRI

Read this Alderman, if you're literate. And don't call me young lady.

FOLLOW THE NOTE AS IT PASSES HANDS

The note is given one by one to the bandits and finally it arrives to CALDEMEYN. He's snappy when he receives it, and takes it out to read it with authority.

HIGH ANGLE DOUBLE SHOT FROM GERALT'S LEFT

CALDEMEYN's expression becomes more serious

CALDEMEYN

Maltreat is spelled wrong but...it's a letter from King Audoen proclaiming that...

CLOSE-UP STRAIGHT SHOT OF RENFRI

RENFRI

It's a letter from the king saying that I, Princess of Creyden, am in the king's service. I am not going to be put in prison, honourable Alderman. I have infringed upon no law.

DOUBLE SHOT OF GERALT AND CALDEMEYN

CALDEMEYN

If you infringe by even an inch, I'll throw you in the dungeon together with this piece of paper. I swear on all the gods, young lady. Come on, Geralt.

RENFRI

(OC)

I'd like a quick word with the
witcher, if that pleases you.

It does not please GERALT, but he expects nothing less. Unlike CALDEMEYN who's feathers are ruffled, he's studying her. Trying to verify STREGOBOR's account, in spite of himself.

DOUBLE MEDIUM/CLOSE-UP SHOT OF THEM FROM CALDEMEYN'S RIGHT,
WITH GERALT OUT OF FOCUS AND BEING PUT INTO FOCUS WHEN HE
SPEAKS

CALDEMEYN

Don't be late for supper, Libushe will
be furious.

GERALT

I won't.

TILTED LOW ANGLE SHOT OF GERALT

RENFRI's voice is less cocky than she had been with
CALDEMEYN, less

RENFRI

(OC)

Geralt, the white-haired witcher from
Rivia. Are you a friend of Stregobor.

GERALT

No.

RENFRI

That makes this easier.

CLOSE-UP OF THE WITCHER

GERALT

Don't assume.

CLOSE-UP OF RENFRI

RENFRI

Stregobor dies tomorrow. It would
benefit us all if he is alone as he
does.

MEDIUM SIDE SHOTS OF THEM BOTH, EACH TAKING UP HALF THE FRAME

GERALT

If he was alone. But before he dies
several other people will die too. No
way around it.

RENFRI

We both know Stregobor well enough to
know that several is putting it
lightly witcher.

GERALT

You need more than words to frighten
me shrike.

RENFRI gets up and walks towards the door. Her hand reaches
out to touch GERALT's shoulder briefly, prompting no response
from him. She's grown bored of her own act, vying instead for
some honesty. Sedated. A quiet knocking can be heard faintly.

(SFX: Knocking)

DOUBLE SHOT, MEDIUM CLOSE-UP

RENFRI

Don't call me shrike, I don't like it.
I see other possibilities worth
talking over, but you shouldn't be
late for supper.

GERALT

Is that all you had to say to me?

RENFRI

You're such a good negotiator, what
more can I say?

GERALT grimaces.

REVERSE SHOTS OF THEM LOOKING AT ONE ANOTHER

RENFRI

Now, now. Libushe is waiting.
(Sfx: Knocking intensifies)

INT. CALDEMEYN'S HOUSE - ATTIC

MEDIUM/WIDE SHOT OF CALDEMEYN'S ATTIC

A full moon is out, illuminating the cramped attic space with
a solid beam of light. Outside, the leaves rattle in the
wind. A long-eared owl vocalizes. The knocking continues.
Silently, almost imperceptibly the door opens.

MEDIUM/CLOSE-UP OF THE DOOR, STRAIGHT SHOT

As the door opens, RENFRI can be seen ascending the staircase in complete quiet. Behind the door is GERALT, who's orange eyes can be seen in the dark.

CUT TO:

DOUBLE SHOT FROM THE SIDE

GERALT pushes RENFRI against the wall with a knife to her throat. They're quiet for a moment. Then RENFRI speaks with an amicable flat tone. To their right is a large window, through which the moon shines through.

RENFRI

Take your hand off of my throat
please.

GERALT is frozen in place, unmoving. They wait together for a moment until GERALT takes the knife away from her throat, standing in front of her with his guard still up.

RENFRI

Light the candle. I can't see in the
dark unlike you and I like to see who
I'm talking to.

GERALT walks off-screen and does so, lighting the candle so that the room is modestly lit. Behind him, RENFRI brings out a leather canteen.

RENFRI

I brought something to facilitate a
rapport.

GERALT

(OC)
You speak like Stregobor, shrike.
Fancy.

This upsets RENFRI.

RENFRI

My name is Renfri!

She pauses, finding her own emotions amusing. Instead of getting upset she decides to be a little flirty.

CAMERA TRACKS RENFRI AS SHE WALKS TOWARDS GERALT

RENFRI

I permit you to omit my royal title
but don't call me shrike.

GERALT is facing the candle, blocking the light from reaching RENFRI. Every thought that lingers in his mind makes him uncomfortable. But a curiosity stews beneath keeping his mind warm and open.

GERALT

Did you come to propose a compromise?
Or did you just seek the company of
another mutant?

RENFRI

It's polite to look at somebody when
they speak.

GERALT knows better, but he felt more guarded facing away. Of course, revealing that would be to make himself vulnerable. He obliges.

RENFRI

I want to save Blaviken from
slaughter. I crept into the room of a
witcher to parlay. Appreciate my
efforts.

GERALT

If you weren't here, the threat of
slaughter wouldn't be here either. Or
am I mistaken?

CLOSE-UP OF GERALT WITH RENFRI OFFERING THE CANTEEN

RENFRI

Nothing will stop us. A small town
against a group of swordsmen each
worth five men?

GERALT

Do you imagine I would stand by and
watch? Caldemeyn would stand against
you, and I with him.

(pause)

This is his attic we're in.

RENFRI walks over to the window, the light cuts half of her face.

MEDIUM SHOT

Playfully, she opens the window.

RENFRI

A night promenade to discuss my terms?
Let us not disrespect the Alderman by
speaking of such things in his home.

EXT. BLAVIKEN - NIGHT

The dark medieval town's quiet streets are lit softly by the sound of waves in the distance.

SHOT OF THE COBBLESTONES

The moonlight reflects off of the still layer of dew on the cobblestones.

This sequence is just shots of Blaviken.

RENFRI

(OC)

Lock your arm in mine, I cannot see in
the darkness.

GERALT

(OC)

I thought you liked to see who you're
talking to?

RENFRI

(OC)

It's enough for me to feel you there.

GERALT

(OC)

Are you using me?

RENFRI

(OC)

To walk in the darkness? Yes.

A small sound disrupts the darkness, and a lamp above GERALT and RENFRI is lit. GERALT has stepped away from RENFRI, having been near her previously. Despite the warmth of the lamp the town appears cold and blue, lit shamefully by the dull light of the moon. RENFRI smiles at GERALT.

TRACKING SHOT STARTING FROM HER ARM TAKING OUT THE WATERSKIN AND BRINGING IT TO HER MOUTH INTO A MEDIUM SIDE SHOT

RENFRI
I thought you could see in the
darkness.

GERALT
(OC)
Renfri. Your conditions.

RENFRI
How did you do that? A spell? I
thought spells were for wizards.

GERALT
(OC)
Renfri.

RENFRI
Geralt.

GERALT
(sighs/OC)
They're called signs. They are to
magic what bread knives are to
swords...if you were to ask a wizard.

RENFRI
They have one job, and they do it
well.

GERALT
(OC)
Renfri.

RENFRI
Fine.
(Pause)
When you stand by the alderman you'll
be alone. No warrior in the world
could match seven swordsmen, white
wolf. But the slaughter and bloodshed
can be avoided by two people.

(Pause)
One, is Stregobor. If he leaves his
tower, I'll take him to a deserted
spot and Blaviken can sink into
blissful apathy, forgetting every
character in this story.

TRACKING SHOT OF GERALT REACHING FOR THE WATERSKIN, STOPPING
AT A MEDIUM STRAIGHT SHOT OF GERALT FACING THE CAMERA

GERALT

Stregobor is crazy, but he's not that crazy.

RENFRI

(OC)

Some ultimatums shouldn't be denied. It's not up to him to decide how he should reconcile. And I've chosen.

GERALT

Well, let me guess who the second person is.

RENFRI

Wait. Not here. I want to see how sharp you are white wolf, but in the moonlight. Near the water.

DOUBLE SHOT OF THEM FROM THEIR CHEST-UP

GERALT

Have you always been so restless?

RENFRI

It's kept me alive this long.

(PAUSE)

GERALT makes the Igni sign, and the fire disappears washing the screen in darkness. Slowly the sound of waves rolls in, ushered by the wind. On the beach, the moon casts a more intense light. But few details can be made out, except for GERALT's orange eyes, barely visible over his enlarged pupils. RENFRI and him have locked arms, yet she is barely visible; GERALT protects her from the purple light of the moon. In silence, they stand, arm in arm, in front of a small pier. Boats rock in the water, and the moon's eye is large and intrusive.

RENFRI

A white moon for the white wolf.

GERALT

Or perhaps a white sun for the daughter of the black sun.

Another pause. Another breath. Another moment.

RENFRI

So?

(Pause)

GERALT

It's you Renfri. Something buried in your heart, a bud buried in your heart, having never seen the sunlight will find a way to bloom, moving you to renouncing your revenge. A royal renunciation if you will.

RENFRI begins to lose her temper. She walks out onto the pier, turning away from the moonlight next to the rocking boats. Her face is obscured from the light.

WIDE SHOT OF RENFRI ON THE PIER

RENFRI

You're worse than Stregobor. You would have me turn into a flower and turn the other cheek?

(Pause)

I used to be a princess. I had everything I could dream of. Servants at my beck and call, dresses, shoes. Jewels and trinkets, ponies, goldfish in a pond. That was my life until Stregobor and that whore Aridea ordered a huntsman to murder me in the forest.

PANNING SHOT TO GERALT FROM THE SIDE

GERALT

I'm pleased you escaped the huntsmen. You foiled Aridea's plans.

PAN BACK TO RENFRI

RENFRI

Her plans? If she wanted me dead she wouldn't have sent a coin-starved ogre that had squeezed its sweaty, piss reeking body into human skin to kill me. No, she wanted me to be broken and then pitied. There would have been no greater pleasure than for her to have seen me in court the following day, a stone idol in the royal mural carrying within me not just the cracks from my memories, but knowing that she could see into my heart and know the pain I hid. So she sent a man she knew would rape me.

PAN TO CLOSE-UP OF GERALT, FACE LIT BY THE MOON

(Pause)

It was the end of a princess. Perfume, marbled steaks and silk pillows were replaced with dirt, hunger and abuse. I sold myself to any old bum for a bowl of soup or a roof over my head. I was locked in prisons which stank of urine, never knowing if they would hang me in the morning, or just flog me and release me. And through it all, my stepmother and your sorcerer were hard on my heels, with their poisons and assassins and spells. And you want me to forgive him royally?

PAN BACK TO RENFRI, TO A CLOSE-UP FROM THE SIDE WITH THE MOON BEHIND HER HEAD

RENFRI

In the face of such indignities, a royal would rip off his head, preserve its features and parade it from east to west every day so that his face can be seen by all in the full light of the sun until it too becomes too ashamed to stare into his smug, lifeless eyes.

She takes a moment. Anything GERALT might say would likely piss her off. Even agreement. It would probably be fake.

RENFRI

Do you think he deserves to die?

GERALT

(OC)

I'm no judge. I'm a witcher.

RENFRI

You're an executioner. Like the Kikimora you killed looking for coin you don't decide why they die. Just that when they do you get paid.

GERALT

This isn't about me Renfri.

TRACKING SHOT OF RENFRI FROM BEHIND

RENFRI storms over to GERALT and stands in front of him, staring upwards. Fearless.

RENFRI

Of course it is. After all, the second person who can stop the bloodshed is you Geralt. Stregobor will let you into his tower.

GERALT

Did you fall on your head before you snuck into my room?

PAN TO MEDIUM/CLOSE-UP SIDE SHOT

RENFRI

You killed a Kikimora, but Stregobor is worse. A kikimora would struggle to convince a woman to have her step-daughter raped and killed, compelled by some superstition. A kikimo...

GERALT

I get it. I'm not a hired thug.

ZOOM INTO A CLOSE-UP

RENFRI

You're not. You defend people from evil. The evil in my story is clear like a full moon on a clear night sky. While he is fully evil, killing Stregobor is clearly the lesser evil. If he dies nobody else will have to.

GERALT

...

RENFRI

I understand your hesitation, but I need an answer now.
(Pause)

CIRCLE AROUND GERALT AND RENFRI

GERALT

Do you know why Stregobor and Aedira wanted you dead?

RENFRI

I no longer care. I've spent too many sleepless nights trying to dream up

reasons for why I've been wronged since birth. No reason suffices. I was a cub and my father's new whore abhorred the smell of a former mistress. I was born a mutant under a black sun, a monster. All their reasons would do is silence my pain.
(Pause)

GERALT

Are you a monster?

SLOW DOWN THE CIRCLING

RENFRI

I don't know. It was not that I was born and then became one, or I was born and it was decided I was one. I came out of my mother's womb a monster. There was no argument, no discussion.

(Pause)

Enough of this witcher. I need your answer.

GERALT

Renfri. It's no.

RENFRI

Knowing the consequences of your decision, I cannot believe you have given this enough thought.

GERALT

I've thought it over. My suggestion was serious. Renounce your revenge.

RENFRI

Geralt, did Stregobor ask you to kill me?

GERALT

Yes. He believed it was the lesser evil.

RENFRI

Can I believe you refused him, as you have me?

GERALT

Yes.

RENFRI

Why?

GERALT

Because I don't believe in the lesser evil.

RENFRI scoffs.

RENFRI

Do you like Stregobor?

STOP ROTATION AT GERALT

GERALT

No. In general I don't like wizards and I have personal reasons to dislike him.

RENFRI

(OC)

So...

GERALT cuts her off.

GERALT

But that doesn't give me the power to judge whether he lives or die. There is no lesser evil, just one evil effacing another.

ROTATE AROUND TO RENFRI

RENFRI

No lesser evil. Only true evils. No decision ever needs to be made because the face of true evil will always bring about action. Ha! You know that to be nonsense. You are not without flaws, mistakes, evils of your own. Abstaining is choosing Geralt. Too many find Stregobor to be on the side of justice which means there is only one way of removing him from his esteemed post. You are privileged enough to have a choice Geralt, but are condemned to be judged for what you choose to do. Do the right thing so that you may hold your head high as

they stone you, for you may be stoned
either way.

ROTATE TO A SIDE SHOT, WITH GERALT ON THE LEFT

They stare at each other. Even though she can't see. GERALT's been thrown out of his comfort zone, and he can't unsheathe his sword to fight his way out.

GERALT

What's your goal here Renfri?

RENFRI relaxes a little, takes in the night sky. She pivots, if slightly. She's tired. Tired of explaining herself. Her fingers are bloody from fighting for every square inch of justifying her existence. In spite of GERALT's stubbornness, she wants to enjoy her time with him.

RENFRI

Nothing...I've had a bit to drink and I'm philosophizing and...I'm enjoying your company. Somehow.

GERALT sighs. He's at his wits end, literally. He's usually able to fight, flee or deflect such conversations.

ROTATE TO CLOSE-UP OF RENFRI

GERALT

(OC)

Renfri. We're all condemned to make choices. Yours will not end with Stregobor. It will just embolden those who already despise you for being born to pursue you harder, feeling more justified in their pursuit. You can turn away from the violence that traps you. Death doesn't have to be the only escape.

The moon begins to fade behind clouds in the background.

RENFRI

Geralt I'm tired. And in my exhaustion I fear I have no clarity. I've had things in my life that people have searched for their entire miserable existences. Power, sex, lavish goods. But justice escapes me.

GERALT

(OC)

Justice only matters if you live. If you kill Stregobor tomorrow you'll have to kill me first. I won't let you kill Stregobor tomorrow. Renounce your revenge, prove to him, and to everyone, that you're not an inhuman and bloodthirsty monster.

Moments of silence.

RENFRI

Oh, witcher. Fine, Geralt. You've won. I admit, anonymity is a fantasy I find myself often lost within. Maybe if I become nobody, I can be considered human.

(Pause)

I pity you. No matter how much you abstain you will always be involved.

The sun begins to rise on the horizon.

PAN TO THE OTHER SIDE OF RENFRI TO SHOW THE RISING SUN

RENFRI

I was interested in sharing your bed. But your convincing took so long, morning has already begun.

GERALT

(OC)

I've never been with a mutant before.

RENFRI

Neither have I. And I believe I've missed my chance.

DOLLY CAMERA TOWARDS THE SUNSET

GERALT

(OC)

Shall I walk you back?

RENFRI

(OC)

No, there's just enough sun for me to see. Goodbye, Geralt. Your sleep should come easy, with your great victory underneath the moonlit sky.

CUT TO:

INT. CALDEMEYN'S HOUSE - ATTIC

ZOOM IN ON CALDEMEYN OPENING THE DOOR

(Sfx: Feet running up stairs)

CALDEMEYN opens the door in a frenzy.

CALDEMEYN
Geralt! It's Renfri!

ZOOM IN ON GERALT WAKING UP

GERALT knows and throws the blankets off of the bed,
obscuring the camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLAVIKEN - TOWN MARKET - MORNING

INDIVIDUAL SHOTS OF EACH OF THE GROUP OF BANDITS, CLOSE-UP

WIDE SHOT OF ALL SEVEN OF THEM

The group is occupying the central road running through the
market, with one of the men pulling the string back of a
crossbow.

GERALT
(OC)
Where's Renfri?

NOHORN
She left a message for you.

GERALT
(OC)
Speak!

NOHORN
I am what I am. Choose. Either me, or
a lesser.

PAN TO GERALT

He's trying hard to be disappointed but his cynicism runs too
close to his skin. Instead, he sees the situation at hand.
Six swordsman, one crossbow, thirty paces out, cocky and
wary, might be coaxed into attacking one at a time...GERALT
draws his sword, immediately taking a defensive stance.

PAN BACK TO GROUP

They draw their swords, but they stand there with their guard down. Instead, the man with the crossbow raises it to point it at GERALT.

NOHORN

Can't say we're disappointed, we were hoping to...

To the surprise of the group, GERALT raises his voice.

PAN BACK TO GERALT

GERALT

Shoot!

The crossbowman, out of fear, immediately shoots offscreen. GERALT deflects the bolt to the ground. Offscreen, you can hear gasps from the group.

NOHORN

Don't disperse!

PAN BACK TO TRACK GERALT FROM BEHIND

GERALT doesn't run at the group, but circles it to the right. One of the swordsmen takes the bait, running at GERALT directly. The first swordsman twirls from left to right to avoid a head on slash from GERALT and slash at him from above, but GERALT lunging his sword into the man's throat from the side, and ripped it out savagely. He slowed down his gait to a prowl, his side to us, inviting the twins to attack him from in front of him and behind him. The twin coming from behind was one step in front of the other, and GERALT pirouettes to his left to dodge the sword and slash him across the face. GERALT then turns to his right, dodges the sword swung at his head by the other twin, pivots around the first twin and slashes the second twins ankle. Kneeling close to the ground, he grabs that twin's head and moves it in the way of an incoming arrow.

FOR THE ARROW PART, HAVE THE CAMERA PAN TO A SIDE SHOT TO SHOW HOW CLOSE THE ARROW IS TO GERALT'S HEAD

GERALT shoves the other twin's body away and backs up defensively as another swordsman rushes him. Knowing surprise won't work, he posts up in front of GERALT in a defensive posture. To GERALT's left, another swordsman rushes him. He casts Aard on the swordsman rushing him, which knocks him off balance causing him to fall. Seeing GERALT cast Aard, the

defensive swordsman takes his opportunity to step forward but GERALT ducks, pirouetting to his right towards the stumbling swordsman and slashes him in the neck. The stumbling swordsman falls into the defensive one as he readied his second attack and GERALT slashes savagely at his head. The last swordsman comes at him from in between the two previous, spinning into his attack with his sword aimed at GERALT's head. GERALT catches his sword arm with his hand and impales the last swordsman's head with his sword. Another bolt shoots by, which GERALT dodges by spinning to the other side of the swordsman. Now he dashes at the crossbowman, who is struggling to reload as the witcher sprints. Sword carried low, as the witcher gets close he raises it over his head. Right before he brings it down the crossbowman, in shock, jumps backwards onto his ass cowering. GERALT brings down his sword onto the crossbow, smashing it to pieces. But GERALT turns, he senses something nearby. Renfri. Behind GERALT, the crossbowman crawls away not looking behind him, and from off-screen a villager runs at the spared man with a pitchfork and a mob devours him. GERALT walks towards the camera, through the death he had bestowed upon the village.

RENFRI

(OC)

You made your choice.

GERALT

You made yours. I had no choice.

CAMERA PANS TO SHOW RENFRI AND GERALT CIRCLING ONE ANOTHER

RENFRI

But you did. Stregobor laughed in my face. He said I could butcher Blaviken, every nearby village and he still would not leave his tower. You could have killed him.

CAMERA CIRCLES TO SHOW GERALT'S FACE

RENFRI

(OC)

Why are you looking at me like that? Deceit is my mother tongue. Why should you be so special as to never hear it spoken?

GERALT

Leave Renfri.

FIGHT STARTS BEHIND GERALT'S BACK

RENFRI draws her sword but GERALT already knew. She lunges at him, slashing at him diagonally from above, and then jabbing it forward. GERALT ducks and then spins out of the way. He leans back as she slashes again at his head, and he brings his palm out to juts it against her chest moving her back.

GERALT

If we cross blades, I won't be able to stop.

RENFRI

Good.

She lunges at him again with a high slash, but this time when he dodges she brings out a dirk and jabs it into his abdomen. As he staggers slightly she slashes once again at his head, which he dodges and then he blocks he second jab with her dirk with his sword. She tries to swing at his legs, but he hits her again, this time in the nose causing her to stagger. Slowly he steps forward and swings at her arm which she blocks, but the power of the swing staggers her backwards one again. He swings again at her head but this time she dodges, and when she counter swings he blocks it with his sword. While locked together she stabs her dirk into his leg. Unexpectedly, she tries to push off of him to rip out her dirk from his leg. But he grabs her hand, keeping it in his leg. He then headbutts her, and as she slashes at his head defensively, he ducks and slashes her in the leg with an upward slash. The force of the slash causes her to spin, landing on the ground disorientated, her swords falling away from her. Defenseless. She coughs, but barely winces.

RENFRI

Why aren't you smiling for me Geralt?
I'm meeting my destiny.

GERALT stands over her, a giant silhouette standing front of the climbing midday sun. His eyes glow as he stares at her.

RENFRI

(OC)

My destiny has always been to die, it was my choice to make it on my terms. The crimes committed against me will never be tried in court for the court. So to find justice, I had no choice. Come down here fool.

He leans down, as close as he can to her while still on his feet.

ALTERNATING SIDE SHOTS BETWEEN RENFRI LAYING DOWN AND GERALT
LOOKING OVER HER

RENFRI

We may both be mutants but our
destinies were never to be the same.
What is your destiny, Geralt? Go find
it, you coward.

GERALT desperately wants to say something. He wants to leap,
but he can't see the other side. And he's scared. But she's
gone.

STREGOBOR

(OC)

What slaughter! Ah, Geralt. After so
long, I can't believe she's dead.

Upon hearing STREGOBOR's voice, GERALT's uncertainty
vanishes. Anger fills him, filling the levees in his mind to
the brim.

GERALT looks up, to see STREGOBOR closer than he had imagined
he would get to him. They get up together.

STREGOBOR

Right, fetch a cart so that we can
take her to the tower for the autopsy.

Geralt's black silhouette showed only his orange eyes which
appeared closer to red. After waiting for a response,
STREGOBOR leans over again to examine RENFRI.

CLOSE-UP OF STREGOBOR LEANING DOWN

A sword appears next to STREGOBOR's head.

GERALT

Touch a hair on her head and I send
yours flying.

STREGOBOR doesn't raise his head, and indignantly lowers his
head to get a closer look.

CUT TO:

The sound of a slash, and STREGOBOR reels backwards, stunned,
holding the fresh slash on his face. GERALT's voice is
usually gravel-y, but dripping in anger it sounds like tar.

GERALT

Don't touch her.

STREGOBOR pauses, he too is angry. But he's strategic, and it would be unwise to force this issue.

STREGOBOR

All right, witcher. I understand. It's important to stand by your kind. Well let me show you grace neither you nor her is capable of. I'm going back to Kovir, Geralt. I'm not staying in this hole another day. Come with me. Don't rot here. These people have only seen you kill, like a butcher. And as you see, you are too gifted.

As STREGOBOR gestures to the scene of the carnage, which now has a crowd forming around it. GERALT looks at the crowd and puts away his sword. But when he looks back, STREGOBOR isn't there. When the camera pans back to the crowd GERALT is already walking towards the crowd.

STRAIGHT SHOT TRACKING GERALT

A shadow hangs over GERALT's body as he walks through the market. As he walks into the crowd they part giving him a wide breadth. The first thrown is stone. And the second one is thrown. But he doesn't seem to be bothered. He brings up his hand and casts a sign, which wraps him in an embrace of orange energy sending ripples of gasps throughout the crowd. There's a small commotion behind him, and CALDEMEYN runs up from behind.

CALDEMEYN

Stop! Enough of that!

GERALT turns slowly to face the alderman. While he dispels the sign, the shadow hanging over him remains.

CALDEMEYN

Are your wounds serious?

GERALT

No.

CALDEMEYN

In that case, get out of here. I'll have someone bring you your horse at the edge of town.

GERALT
Thank you Caldemeyn.

GERALT turns slowly to walk away. He doesn't turn as he hears Caldemeyn's goodbye.

CALDEMEYN
Geralt...Don't come back.

CUT TO BLACK:

RENFRI
(VO)
What is your destiny Geralt? Go find it, coward.

GERALT
(VO)
I saw a lion cub with green eyes, and a bear with purple eyes. I felt an odd way, like milk curdling in my stomach. It felt like, family.

The sound of flames slowly fills the black screen.

FADE INTO:

A city under siege, with flames rising higher than the buildings. At the end of a long empty street, a rider with a winged helmet rears up on their horse. Their shadow reaches out, covering the entire street.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP

Witnessing the event, a pair of green eyes stares terrified at the rider whose reflection can be seen in their pupils. In the distance, a woman can be heard shouting.

VOICE
CIRI!