

INT. NORTHOS BARRACKS HALLWAY - DAY

Soldiers hurry back and forth.

Lithia navigates the crowd. As she passes the door to Growlan's office, it opens. She runs head first into Cal.

CAL
Lithia? I thought you were on tower duty.

LITHIA
Just got off.

Lithia turns to leave, Cal blocks her

CAL
Where are you headed?

LITHIA
Courtyard.

CAL
I'll walk with you.

Cal follows Lithia down the hallway.

CAL (cont'd)
I tried to find you the other night.

LITHIA
Yeah. Congratulation on your promotion. You've come a long way.

CAL
We both have. I remember when I first met you. You were busking for coins in that run down tavern in Azelwrath. Do you still play?

Lithia forces a smile.

LITHIA
I don't perform.

CAL
Those were good times. I used to listen to the travelers tell their tales and dream that one day I would have stories of my own to share.

LITHIA
Get to the point Cal. What do you want?

CAL
You know of course, that I'll be leaving tomorrow. On a mission to hunt down and destroy the Witch Queen.

Lithia pauses, hopeful.

LITHIA
Yes.

CAL
I thought I'd take one of the new recruits. You've seen them train, which is the most promising in your opinion?

LITHIA
I can go.

CAL
That's kind of you to offer Lithia but I know you're busy enough with guard duty.

EXT. NORTHOS BARRACKS COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lithia and Cal stop just outside the courtyard. Behind them, a few soldiers practice on the training dummies.

LITHIA
Do you think I'm weak?

CAL
What?

LITHIA
Is that why you keep me in that guard tower all day?

CAL
You make an excellent tower guard.

LITHIA
But I didn't join the North Osem Alliance to be a tower guard. You know that better than anyone Cal.

Lithia bristles as Cal places a hand on her shoulder.

CAL
Lithia, I know you're frustrated but-

Lithia shoves Cal's hand away, then storms across the courtyard, grabbing a sword off the rack that's too heavy for her.

She brandishes the blade at Cal.

LITHIA
Come on then.

CAL
Don't make a fool of yourself.

LITHIA
If I win, you promote me.

Cal gives Lithia a patronizing smile. He casually draws his own blade.

The soldiers in the courtyard stop training to watch the two face off.

Lithia charges forward, gives it her all, but Cal sidesteps, knocking Lithia's feet out from under her. Cal's sword stops inches away from her throat.

Lithia gets to her feet and rips the Northos patch off the shoulder of her jacket.

LITHIA (cont'd)
I'm leaving.

She drops the heavy sword and leaves the courtyard.

Cal scowls, cleans the dust off his sword.