

Oescienne

by

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Adapted from *The Finding: The Legend of Oescienne*

by Jenna Elizabeth Johnson

FADE IN:

1. EXT. FOREST ON THE BANKS OF THE SAEM RIVER - DAWN

We fly across the surface of the calm river towards a lush, green forest. As we near shore we look down at the water to see we're a small brown sparrow. Entering the trees we swoop and flit among the branches, finally settling upon a limb high in the canopy. Then we begin our heart song. As we sing we notice a copse of bushes and ferns below us, strangely mounded, and almost hidden by the low-lying forest mist. We peer closer until the bushes fill our vision.

Suddenly, they move! The green leaves become scales, first green then changing to an iridescent multicolor of greens that reflect the rays of the rising sun. We instantly stop singing to watch a massive dragon stand and shake the sleep and cold from his body. His scales, rough and glimmering like polished granite, gradually change from the green of the forest to shades of copper, rusty brown, deep green and turquoise. He unfurls his great wings, beats them once, and leaps into the sky, forcing the mist to swirl away and the trees and bushes to whip in protest.

We race to follow, eventually settling on his broad colorful back.

2. EXT. SKY - OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF CRIE - DAY

The dragon soars over the river and then the heavily forested lands, flat, with hills and mountains to the north and south. He dips down, gliding over the treetops to a village near the Saem river. A single road winds between the rounded stone and adobe homes sprawled across the land, their roofs dusted white from the frost of winter, smoke drifting from the chimneys. A low burning bonfire ringed in great round stones sits in the center of the town.

The dragon touches down outside the village, flapping his huge wings and balancing on a long tail to soften his heavy landing. We beat our wings and flutter above him until he settles.

A Resai elf, a bit smaller than human size, but of the same stature, rushes out of his home and calls to him.

AYDEHN

Raejaaxorix! You have come at
last! For such a large
creature you sure make a quiet
entrance!

The dragon gives a wide smile, revealing a row of white daggers.

JAAAX

I hear you've found a human child, Aydehn. Probably Nesnan, maybe even Resnai, or full blooded elf, but it can't possibly be what you claim it to be.

AYDEHN

It's still early in the day, would you like to see where the child was found?

The great dragon nods his head, and Aydehn, along with the gathering villagers, begins to walk towards the hills. Jaax follows. We sail above the group, keeping pace with their movement.

SLOW FADE TO:

3. EXT. SACRED OAK - DAY

As the group comes over the rise, we are flying above them, and see a great, ancient oak tree, magnificent and gnarled, spreading its enormous canopy across an expansive hilltop, one side to the other. The heartwood in the center is completely gone, leaving enough room for the dragon and villagers to enter the tree. We land and skitter in behind them, then circle the interior of the tree, landing in an alcove.

JAAAX

There was no mother?

AYDEHN

We found her here, completely naked, and only a few days old, according to our midwives. That must be significant, inside the Sacred Oak?

SLOW FADE TO:

4. EXT. VILLAGE HOME - DAY

THENYA, Aydehn's wife, stands before her house holding what looks like a clump of rags. Jaax stands before her, the villagers gathered behind. Boldly, we perch on the top of the dragon's head, looking down at what Jaax sees. It is a blonde, female child, with eyes a startling blue.

JAAAX

Your children, Aydehn? They're born with eyes white, except the pupils, is this not true?

AYDEHN

Why, of course! Any race containing elf blood, or dwarf blood, is born with white eyes and then the color comes in later. In fact, the only known race to be born with blue eyes is...

JAAAX (HISSES)

...human! And not just part human, full blooded human. A pure blooded human! Unbelievable! Impossible!

His voice is almost inaudible over the growing clamor of the shifting, murmuring throng.

JAAAX

Well, Aydehn, I'll definitely be taking this child off your hands.

The crowd suddenly hushes at the dragon's strong voice. Jaax notices Thenya's eyes fill with tears. He speaks to her.

JAAAX

Don't worry. She'll be well protected. I'll take her to the Korli dragon Hroombramantu in Oescienne. She'll be well secluded and protected there. So Ethoes willing, The Crimson King will never find her.

Slowly, with shaking hands, Thenya hands over the ragged bundle to Aydehn. A few villagers approach and help him strap her to Jaax's neck with many long cloths. We fly off a short distance.

JAAAX (SOFTLY)

What do you call her?

THENYA

We call her Drisihn, Little Oak.

JAAX

Then that shall be her elfin name.

THENYA (HOPEFULLY)

What shall we call her as a human, if she ever comes back this way?

Jaax pauses, looking back over the villagers and the town behind them. The bleats and clucks of goats and chickens can be heard in the distance, but every last towns person is silent.

JAAX

Jahrraneh, All's Hope. But I think she'll be called Jahrra.

We settle behind the baby bundle, unseen by the elves. Jaax gives a small grin to the group, hopefully to reassure them, takes one beat of his mighty wings and flies off into the clouds.

5. EXT. SKY - ABOVE THE CLOUDS - DAY

As we fly the sky changes from a brilliant day to star-filled night, from day to night again, and then to day once more as Jaax descends out of the clouds to a great sloping hill covered in a vast dark forest, the Wreing Florenn.

6. EXT. JAHARRA'S HOUSE - DAY

He gently lands on a dirt road, raising swirling dust and leaves, before a very small cottage. It's surrounded by orchard trees wedged between the house and the dark woods behind.

A very old dragon, HROOMBRA, stands before the cottage. He walks painfully towards Jaax as the younger dragon settles.

HROOMBRA

Jaax! It's been so long since I've seen you!

JAAAX

Master Hroombra, it's good to see you, too...out of your crumbling castle.

The elder dragon chuckles and shakes his great head. He is a palette of blues and grays, with a crest atop his head, surrounded by sagging skin. His eyes, cool chunks of amber, are full of wisdom, but betray his kind soul.

HROOMBRA

Well, I do get out as much as I can these days, especially this day. So, where is this human child you are supposed to have found?

Jaax shifts his folded wings, revealing the baby bundle above his shoulder. We immediately fly off, heading to an fruit tree a few feet away. Jaax grunts quizzically.

JAAAX

That bird has attached itself to me. The child is right here. And where are the foster parents who will care for her?

HROOMBRA

They are also here. I believe she will be absolutely safe with them. These people will be able to teach her the foundations of life.

Two elder elves, ABDHE and LYNHI, emerge from the cottage and stand hesitantly, reluctant to join the dragons. But then they come over, unwrap Jahrra from the dragon and hurry back to the door of the cottage.

Jaax suddenly seems distracted, glancing at the setting sun.

HROOMBRA (SADLY)

Already anxious to be off, are we?

JAAAX

If she's the final part of the prophecy I have much work to do. You know that.

HROOMBRA

I only hoped you might stay a few days until the little one gets settled.

JAAAX

Gets settled! She's an infant!
What could a dragon do to help
her settle in? Hroombra, I
can't waste any time. I must
be off to Felldreim today if
I'm to make any headway
securing our allies.

Jaax collects himself and begins again.

JAAAX

The human child has been
found. This changes
everything. I won't let
sentiment get in the way of a
plan 500 years in the making.
I've brought her safely to you
and her new family. I hardly
think she'll care what I do
now. She doesn't know me.
She's only a baby.

HROOMBRA

I can't stop you from being
you, Jaax, but I hope someday
you'll pause and put your past
grievances second, and life
first. Go if you must, but all
I ask is that you check in on
the child's progress as often
as possible.

JAAAX

Don't worry, I will. Her
progress is imperative to
everything.

Jaax turns and begins walking back to the dirt road, the
setting sun casting a long shadow behind him. Just before he
lifts his wings to fly off, Hroombra calls after him.

HROOMBRA

What's her name?

JAAAX

Jahrira Drisihn.

And he is gone in one mighty thrust of his wings.

We stay in the tree, rather than flying after Jaax. There is movement in the dark forest. We swoop up and head to the trees, flying towards a dark, ominous creature hiding on the edge of the woods. It's eyes are like an animal's, but not. They are opened ever so slightly to reveal a smoldering within, and they are intensely watching the baby that ABDHE and LYNHI hold close.