

The Boyhood Deeds of Fionn

By

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The Boyhood Deeds of Fionn - Irish myth

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1 EXT. WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - IRELAND - AFTERNOON

FIONN a 9 year old lad, spritely, messy hair, runs down a hill in a lush forest, after a hare speeding away. He clambers up a boulder, past which the hare dashes.

He jumps and sweeps the hare off its paws. He tucks and rolls, jumps up and looks over to a small cottage in a clearing some distance away.

Fionn starts back towards the dwelling he calls home.

2 EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Fionn arrives to the smiling face of LIA LAUCHRA, one of two guardians, a fair faced women, druid, warrior, red curly hair, a dagger strapped to her bicep. She sits on a stool polishing a armor chest plate. Behind her BOVMALL, his aunt, the second guardian, slightly older, but still dangerous, warrior woman, Fionn's aunt, pats her hands dry on her apron as she hustles out of the cottage.

Fionn walks over with the weight of his victory, smiling ear to ear.

LIA LAUCHRA
(Smiling cheerfully)
My-my, I see you've already
caught tomorrow's breakfast. Go
put that with the others.

Fionn grins as Lia tousles his hair. He saunters over to a pile of rabbits and various birds by the side of the cottage, drops the rabbit, turns and walks back.

As he returns to his guardians Bovmall gives him a once over and sighs and cracks a smile.

BOVMALL
Now go inside, dirty boy. Clean
up before dinner.

She pats his shoulder.

FIONN
(mock formally)
Ay.

Fionn strolls into the cottage. Bovmall looks to her right, at Lia, sighs and looks out into the darkening woods.

3 INT. BEDROOM - COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - NIGHT

Fionn trudges to his bed in his small room, walls covered in multicolored leaves, small animal toys made from clay on the floor under his bed.

He pulls away the covers and climbs in. Bovmall comes inside and sits next to him. She pulls up the covers over Fionn.

FIONN

Can I hear the story again? About my Father?

Bovmall raises her eyebrows in mock surprise.

BOVMALL

You ask every night, child. How about a different story?

Fionn folds his arms and scowls at her. Bovmall sighs, smiles and puts her hand on Fionn's shoulder.

BOVMALL

Fine. Stubborn as your father.

Fionn smiles and gets comfortable.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)

Well, long ago there were two brothers in arms. When they were children, they were told that they're paths are bound by blood.

Sounds of war start filling the air.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)

But, a war broke out between the clans that ravaged the ground beneath them. However, the bravest of all, your father negotiated a truce between the clans after defeating the Chief. So, he brought piece.

She pauses and runs her fingers through Fionn's hair.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)

Because of his bravery and wisdom, he was named Chief of the Fianna, under the High King. Soon after, he met a beautiful maiden, Muirne and they fell in love and had a son, you.

Fionn smiles brightly.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)

Unfortunately, his brother became envious and became a danger for the Chief and his family. Your parents then decided to send you away in hopes you could live in peace.

The Brother later, after many attempts, lured the Chief into a trap and murdered his life long friend after being blinded in one eye, to gain his position as Chief of the Fianna.

Fionn's eyes widen.

FIONN

(whispers)

Goll mac Morna.

Bovmall smiles warmly at him.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)

Fionn, you must forever be ready for battle, Goll knows of you, but for now, here you are safe, Lia and I will protect you with our lives. For one day, you could pull him from his pedestal and reclaim respect for your family.

She smiles as she tears up. Fionn gets up and embraces his adopted mother.

FIONN

(whispers in her ear)

Don't cry Bo.

She reciprocates with a tight squeeze before letting go. Fionn lies down.

BOVMALL

Tears of joy, child. Now you must rest.

Bovmall raises the covers over the boy and kisses his forehead and moves to the door, looks back at Fionn. His eyes already closed, fast asleep.

4 EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - MORNING

Fionn, now 14 and already growing into a man, chops a few logs for firewood. Axe in hand he looks up at the tree tops and notices a murmuration of birds breaking the forest roof and fleeing.

He lets the axe drop to the ground and starts toward the forest.

Bovmall comes around the corner carrying linen. She sees Fionn leaving and yells after him.

BOVMALL
Fionn, don't be too long and
don't go too far!

Fionn raises a hand and waves.

FIONN
Ay!

Bovmall takes a deep breath, stealing one more look at her ward. She turns and enters the cottage.

5 EXT. WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - IRELAND - LATE MORNING

Fionn appears from behind a shrub, looking in every direction. He comes to a large tree next to a slow, shallow stream. He hunches down and scoops some water with his hand and sips.

He looks up and notices a bush ruffling. He slowly advances towards the movement. He reaches the bush and it stops. He moves his hand forward, just before a small deer jumps out and Fionn falls backward.

Fionn gets up and dusts himself off, and smiles with the corner of his mouth as he watches the animal dashes away.

He turns to head off to the cottage, but stops as he hears the snap of a twig behind him. He turns quickly and sees a young boy spying from behind a tree.

FIONN
I can see you!

The peeper hides behind the tree.

FIONN(CONT'D)
I won't hurt you! No need to be
frightened.

He sits down on the ground as a peaceful gesture. The spy slowly reveals himself. A young boy(BOY #2) about Fionn's age. Behind the tree two more appear, a younger child(BOY #3) and a slightly older boy(BOY #1).

The older one approaches Fionn and sits infant of him. He peers deeply into Fionn's relaxed face.

BOY #1
(still staring)
Want to play with us?

Fionn brightens and nods excitedly.

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EXT. WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - IRELAND - AFTERNOON

Fionn in front and the others behind. The boys race through the woods, jumping, climbing dodging and rolling, trying to determine the more athletic of the group.

Fionn stops at a large mossy boulder, climbs it and sits cross-legged, and claims victory. The other stop, panting heavily. Fionn giggles and wipes his sweaty brow with relish in the exercise.

The others glare back up at him.

BOY #2
(irritated)
Don't look so pleased with yourself! It was close.

FIONN
(giggling innocently)
If close means by a mile, haha!
I'm just having fun is all.

Boy #1 climbs up the boulder and tries to push Fionn off, but Fionn dodges and the boy falls. Fionn jumps off and offers a hand, but is swiped away. The boy gets up, huffs.

Boy #2 walks up to his brother.

BOY #2
(pleads)
Come on brother, we should be leave.

Boy #1 gives Fionn one last glare, turns to his brother and nods. Boy #3 runs to Boy #1 and holds his hand as they all leave Fionn to himself. Boy #3 looks back and waves goodbye to Fionn, but is then stopped by his brother.

Fionn waves back, uncertain as to why the two boys became so mad. He takes a deep breath and leaves towards the cottage.

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EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Lia Lauchra exits the cottage and sees Fionn approach. She notices his slumped shoulders and downcast face. As Fionn reaches the cottage he passes Lia without even a look. She grabs his shoulder and turns him around.

Fionn looks at her seekingly. She frowns, worried.

LIA
Now what seems to burden you so today.

Fionn looks away, toward the forest, and exhales.

FIONN
(still looking)
I met a few boys today in the woods, they were nice. Then we had a race through the trees and I won.

Fionn frowns and looks down.

FIONN(CONT'D)
We were just having fun, but then they became very curt and left.

Lia takes his chin and turns his gaze towards her. She smiles softly.

LIA
Listen to me, people are strange creatures, they want you to be good and enjoy things, but not more than they. Once you surpass them, the chances are high that they will envy you for it. But there are also people who will encourage you to reach your potential, like I and Bo. You are different from other people. You have the blood of a wise and strong leader running through your veins. That is nothing to be ashamed of. If it helps, we can do some training tomorrow to get your mind off it.

Fionn looks at her intently, then wraps his arms around her. Lia gives him a tight squeeze. She then lets go and pitches his chin.

Bovmall stands in the doorway and sees this touching moment. She then smiles and calls over.

BOVMALL
Fionn! Could you come inside and help me with the pots?

Fionn turns his head and smiles. Lia pats him on the shoulder and watches him as he leaves. Bovmall pats Fionn on the back as he enters the cottage. She looks over to Lia, then past her into the woods. Lia follows her direction, as though the woods hide some dark secrets.

8 EXT. WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - IRELAND - EARLY AFTERNOON

Fionn, now a strong, confident, young man, stands on a the same mossy boulder as those many years ago and takes a deep breath and expertly throws a knife at target, carved into a large Birch tree, known for its density. The knife hits the target between two other knives - three bullseye's.

He leaps off the boulder and lands at the foot of the boulder with ease. He saunter over to his target and rips the knives from the bark and leaves behind a clear indication of his skill.

He leaves, on his way to the cottage.

9 EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - EARLY AFTERNOON

A few yards away from his shared home, Fionn's keen ears notice a familiar sound. The hairs on the back of his neck rise and swiftly turns and grabs at thin air, then produces an arrow.

He looks over at the cottage and sees Lia lower her bow and raise her hand against the sun. Fionn proceeds forward.

LIA

You were a little slow this time,
you caught it at the feathers.

Fionn smirks

FIONN

(pleased)
I caught it didn't I?

LIA(CONT'D)

(hand-on-hip)
Well, there is always room for
improvement.

Fionn smiles, head bowed as he passes his teacher and guardian and enters the cottage. Lia watches him.

10 INT. KITCHEN - COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - AFTERNOON

Bovmall stands at the table, cuts vegetables and hums a low melodic tune. Fionn drops his knives on the table and pulls up a chair.

Bovmall looks up from her cutting board as she lifts it and sweeps the diced vegetables into a pot.

BOVMALL

Anything interesting in the woods
today?

FIONN
 (sighs)
 Just two red squirrels conspiring
 by the stream. Nothing else to
 tell really.

She keeps her eyes on him as he wipes his examines a kitchen knife, then she turns and puts the cutting board down on a countertop.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)
 Well, no news is goo--

Fionn looks to the door.

LIA
 (from outside)
 You two! We have company!

Bovmall looks up, startled. She grabs a sword next to the table and rushes out after Fionn.

11 EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - AFTERNOON

Lia, arrow aimed at a man halted, hands up, a few yards away. Fionn calls out to him, half excited, half uncertain.

FIONN
 You there! Who are you!

The man opens his mouth to speak when he sees Bovmall exit the cottage, battle ready.

MAN
 (baffled)
 Bovsie?!

Lia and Fionn look back over their shoulders, mouths agape.

LIA & FIONN
 (in unison)
 Bovsie?

Bovmall stops dead in her tracks, her face turns red and her blood boils.

BOVMALL
 (seething)
 Fiaquil.

She storms past the two incredulous faces as their gaze flows her.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)
 (steaming)
 You bumbling oaf! What in the
 name of *Mag Mell* are you doing
 here.

She reaches him and grabs him by the shirt.

FIAQIUL
 (Startled)
 I came... to warn you!

BOVMALL(CONT'D)
 Of what?!

FIAQIUL
 Goll mac Morna.

Bovmall instantly lets go of his shirt and takes an uneasy step back and, shocked senseless, whips her head back to look at Fionn. Lia's eyes unfocus and she lowers her bow.

Fionn looks at Lia and then to Bovmall, unsure.

12 INT. KITCHEN - COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - LATE
 AFTERNOON

Fiaqiul, Bovmall's estranged husband, a large brute of a man with a heart of butter, nerves of steel and a face battered by years of fighting, sits at the kitchen table and inhales a cup of ale.

Fionn sit across Fiaqiul and eyes him curiously. Fiaqiul looks up and meets Fionn's eyes, intrigued.

FIAQIUL
 So, you're the famous Fionn Mac
 Cumhaill. Son of the late Chief
 Uail.

Fionn's eyes glint at the recognition.

FIONN
 Famous?

Fiaqiul huffs comically.

FIAQIUL(CONT'D)
 Don't get ahead of yourself, boy.
 Only by lineage are you known.

Fionn slumps into his chair.

Lia and Bovmall enters the room. Lia, a bindle in her hand, which she slams on the table and looks down at her hands. Bovmall leans on the counter, arms crossed, cheeks swelled.

LIA
 (exasperated)
 Fionn, the time has come for you
 to leave us. You must flee to
 protect your own life.

Fionn eyes them stubbornly.

FIONN
 I won't leave the two of of you
 here on your own.

BOVMALL
 I don't like it either, I don't
 want you going with that oaf.

Fiaqiul grunts.

BOVMALL(CONT'D)
 However, we can take care of
 ourselves.

LIA
 Besides, if He comes here and his
 prey is nowhere to be found, he
 will leave us be.

Fionn gives Fiaqiul a once over, sighs and gets up.

FIONN
 Sound logic is a stubborn man's
 worst enemy. I'll go get my
 steel.

He exits the dwelling.

Bovmall snaps her eyes onto Fiaqiul, who is startled by
 the gesture.

BOVMALL
 You're going to the High King
 correct?

FIAQIUL
 (nods)
 It was someone working in the
 castle that tipped me off about
 Goll. The High King must see the
 boy, see his quality, but we must
 still be cautious.

Fionn enters with his sword, bow and knives strapped on
 and ready for battle.

Lia's eyes glitter, she clasps her hands together, close
 to tears.

LIA

Oh darling, you look so handsome.

She hurries over and embraces him heartily, Bovmall's eyes, already swollen, hurries over and embraces both of her favorite warriors.

Fiaqiul tries to join in just before everyone scatters.

13 EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - EARLY EVENING

Fionn and Fiaqiul trek closer to the woods, by its edge Fionn stops, turns and waves farewell to his lifelong friends, mothers.

Bovmall and Lia stand outside the cottage, hands intertwined, and wave back to their ward, Bovmall bawls and Lia sheds but three tears.

Fionn and his new companion continue their new journey into the woods.

14 EXT. THE ROAD TO TARA - IRELAND - NIGHT

Fionn bends down to fill his hide canteen with water by a stream near the trodden road Fiaqiul put them on. He stands and takes a large gulp and wipes his mouth.

Fiaqiul surveys the surrounding area.

FIAQIUL

When daybreak comes we should
move just off the road and carry
on between the trees.

FIONN

To try and hide from our enemy,
right?

Fiaquil nods his approval and starts his way forward.
Fionn follows.

FIAQIUL

Lia has taught you well?

FIONN

Very well, I also ate a salmon of
knowledge once when I was a boy.

Fiaquil looks to Fionn incredulously. Fionn keeps his eyes forward.

FIONN(CONT'D)

I met with a poet in the woods
once. I went too deep that day
and got a bit lost. A greying man
found me, he was a traveller in

FIONN(CONT'D)

search of a Salmon of wisdom.
These were fish that ate the
chestnuts of wisdom that fell
from the eternal tree. After we
went fishing, I caught one. He
let me have it since I caught it.
After eating it I instantly knew
the best path home. But it comes
and goes.

Fiaquil turns his baffled gaze forward.

FIAQIUL

Bov must have been right cross
with you.

FIONN

(huffs sincerely)
Ay, she gave me the hardest
spanking of my life.

FIAQIUL

You haven't lived that long yet,
boy.

A silence enters which lasts only a few moments before
Fiaquil stops dead. He bends down and bows his head,
focuses and listens.

He jumps up and produces a coil of rope, hand one end to
Fionn, orders him to stand at the opposite side of the
road.

Fiaquil and Fionn wait, ready.

A few moments later Fiaquil holds up his hand and counts
down from 5. Fionn understands his plan and nods, ready.

The sounds of hoofs crashing down come muffled down the
road and grows more clear as they close in. As Fiaquil
counts down, the two ready themselves for what is to come.

Fiaquil clenches his hand and the two pull the rope taught
and hear a loud crash. They look out from behind their
cover and are confused by what they see before them.

A horse with no rider scrambles on the ground. Fionn,
eagerly, moves closer and holds out his hand.

FIONN

Hello there, don't be afraid, we
won't hurt you--

The horse gets itself up and whinnies violently. Fiaquil
notices a blood splatter on its saddle.

FIAQIUL

It's rider was killed. He's a runner.

Fionn only then notices the blood and looks unsure of what to do. Fiaquil moves closer to the horse.

FIAQIUL(CONT'D)

I'm sorry for your loss, friend, your master rests now.

The horse stops freaking and huffs in reply.

Fionn cranes his head to the side, curious as to what is happening.

FIAQIUL(CONT'D)

My companion and I are on our way to Tara, if you would be so kind as to give us a lift?

The horse takes a step back and whinnies defiantly. Fiaquil reaches into his bag and produces an apple and tries to bait the animal.

FIAQIUL(CONT'D)

We have food and water if you are so inclined?

The horse stops and takes a moment.

It then whinnies happily, clops closer and accepts the offering. Fiaquil strokes its nose and pats its neck happily. Fionn stares, baffled.

FIONN

How did you do that?

Fiaquil looks back over his shoulder and smirks.

FIAQIUL

Horses are very smart creatures. The sense things. I think I'll call you, Gale.

GALE bobs his head up and down in acceptance. Fionn shakes his head, astounded.

Fiaquil looks up at the night sky and sighs.

FIAQIUL

We should get some sleep.

Fionn looks to him, then to the sky and exhales.

15 INT. OLD TAVERN OUTSIDE TARA - NIGHT

GOLL MAC MORNA, a large, black mass of flesh sits gingerly by a table in the back of the tavern, covered by a dark, fleece overcoat and gulps down a large mug of ale.

The tavern strains slightly against the wind, howling outside. The door bursts open and the wind rushes inside.

A hooded figure enters with an aura of uncountable heat around him. As he closes the door an immediate rise in temperature is felt throughout the room, candles burn brighter and patrons shed their overcoats.

Goll watches this figure with intrigue and purpose. The figure closed the distance between him and Goll leisurely.

The man pulled up a chair and sat down striking perfect posture. He pulls his hood away and reveals a fair face and a tattooed scalp, yellow eyes and caramel skin. AILLEN MAC MIDNA, a fire mage of great power, from an unknown island off the western coast of Ireland

Goll sits back and takes in this strange looking man, and opens his mouth to speak, but Aillen gives Goll a quick once over and holds up a hand and starts.

AILLEN

I was sent here by a mutual acquaintance. I was told that you require my specific set of skills--

Goll wants to interrupt, but is stopped by another hand.

AILLEN(CONT'D)

-- that you require my specific set of skill for a specific task. I warn you that if you wish to employ me, the price is steep and once it is payed, I will do whatever is necessary to complete the given task. Even if you later decide to end our contract, your life will be forfeit and the task will still be completed.

A waitress brings two mugs of ale for the table. Aillen takes a sip, his face pulls slightly sour. He sets the cup down and folds his laces his fingers, leans forward on the table and looks Goll dead in the eyes.

AILLEN(CONT'D)

Do you accept.

Goll chuckles for a moment grabs the mug and takes another big gulp of ale and places it on the table patiently. He then casually eyes this mage.

GOLL
 (thick, burly voice)
 You're an odd fellow aren't you.
 Not fresh of the boat surely, but
 you've got a strange way about
 you.

Another gulp.

GOLL (CONT'D)
 I accept your terms, mage. I want
 that boy dead, burnt to a crisp,
 but try to save the head, I might
 want to hang it in my trophy
 room.

The mage nods solemnly.

Goll gets up and tosses a relatively bulging pouch of gold
 and a seal of his name to the mage, who catches and weighs
 it in his hand. He stands and bows his head to Goll.

AILLEN
 It will be done.

Goll holds his gaze for another moment then leaves, and
 disappears into the dark night.

16 EXT. THE ROAD TO TARA - IRELAND - MORNING

The chirping birds and cool air wake the two travellers.
 Fionn wakes first, looks over at Fiaqiul, struggling fully
 awake. The dying coals from their fire smoke weakly.

Gale, lead tied to a tree nearby, whinnies excitedly.
 Fionn catches the plea and get up, dusts himself off and
 produces another apple from Fiaqiul's bag.

He strolls toward their new friend and feeds him his
 breakfast snack happily, strokes his neck, then turns to
 Fiaqiul.

FIONN
 So, you think we could find
 another horse today?

Fiaqiul, groggy, gets up uneasily, steadies himself, then
 stretches.

FIAQIUL
 We're close to a village, should
 get there a bit after noon.

Fionn hears a rustle in a nearby bush. It stops. He keeps
 his eyes on it for another moment then brushes off the
 thought.

Fiaqiul starts packing up his things, Fionn follows suit. They saddle up Gale and set off to continue their journey.

17 EXT. THE ROAD TO TARA - IRELAND - MORNING

Fiaqiul on rides Gale and Fionn walks beside them. They come to a clearing where they see an inn a small distance away. They see smoke coming from the chimney and start their way toward it.

FIAQIUL

I think we've earned ourselves a drink, don't you think?

Fionn readjusts his bag on his back.

FIONN

Ay.

A few moments later they arrive and see a fork in the road, just past the inn. A sign stood at its split. Tara(left), Valley(right). Fionn studies the sign then turns to Fiaqiul to help secure Gale in the stable.

There were three other horse feeding on the hay bales provided.

Fionn and Fiaqiul notice a sign above the door of the inn, Dying Dickie's, then make their way inside.

18 INT. DYING DICKIE'S - CLOSE TO NOON

Dying Dickie's, a typical Irish inn/tavern, moderately built and relatively known among locals. Fiaqiul enters first with Fionn close-by. They walk past some of the patrons.

Most of the others turn their head to get a good look at the new-comers. Three of them look particularly interested in the pair.

Fionn and Fiaqiul sit down at the bar as the bartender, DICKIE a neat man, middle aged, friendly, approaches his new patrons.

DICKIE

(pleasant)

Two rounds for the new-comers?

Fiaqiul nods and drops two coins in Dickie's open hand. Dickie quickly grabs two mugs and goes to the cask and fills the mugs to the brim. He presents them their drinks and hangs his cloth over his shoulder.

DICKIE(CONT'D)

So, what brings you to these parts?

FIONN

(eager)

We have business in Tara. We want
to go see--

Fiaqiul, gives Fionn a smack from behind his head. Fionn gives Fiaqiul a "look" then sits patiently and sips his ale. Dickie squints curiously.

Fiaqiul takes a sip of ale.

FIAQIUL

(uninterested)

My Gran died, going for the
funeral.

Dickie accepts the explanation.

DICKIE

So you have fa--

A loud crash break his train of thought and he looks at the disturbance. Fionn and Fiaqiul follow his line of sight and see a large man standing behind a turned over table. He points at Fiaqiul.

Fiaqiul's eyes widen to the point of hurting. The man approaches him with murderous intent. One of the patrons yell after him.

PATRON

Eamon, sit down, before you get
yourself hurt!

EAMON, large, brutish, a little dim, Bovmall's brother.

EAMON

You swine! You left my sister
when she needed you!

Fiaqiul springs up, trying to flee, from his chair and backs up against the counter. Eamon grabs him by the neck, Fionn looks to his partner and pauses, then remembers the smack he got earlier and takes another sip of ale.

FIAQIUL

(choking)

Brother! Haven't... seen you...
in a while.

Eamon squints at him, incredulous. Fiaqiul searches on the counter for some sort of object.

EAMON

Brother?! You are no brother
after what you did you coward!

Fionn finishes his ale and hands it to Fiaqiul.

FIAQIUL

That's... in the past... too...
tight.

Eamon opens his mouth to speak just as Fiaqiul bashes his head with a mug. Eamon loses his grip and staggers to the side. Two of his friends get up and rush the Fiaqiul.

Fionn gets off his stool and quickly picks it up by its legs and slams it into one of the attackers who crumbles to the floor.

Fiaqiul dodges the other and grabs him from behind and pulls him off his feet. Fionn and Fiaqiul then make a dash for the door and exit the tavern.

The three men follow.

19 EXT DYING DICKIE'S - NOON

Outside, Fionn unties Gale and Fiaqiul unties the others aswell, then keeps one and climbs it as the other two horses run away. They then flee the site to the left, to Tara.

Their persuers see their horses running and cuss after them indistinctly.

Fionn looks back exhales and looks forward.

FIONN

You really have a knack for
pissing people off, even for such
a softy.

Fiaqiul looks back and then to Fionn.

FIAQIUL

I know, Your Father used to tell
me that too.

Fionn looks at him out of the corner of his eye.

20 EXT. JUST OFF THE ROAD TO TARA - NIGHT

Fiaqiul sits close to the fire while Fionn breaks a bread roll in half and pats Fiaqiul's shoulder with one of the halves. He takes it gratefully takes a bite.

Fionn sits down on the opposite side of the flames. He then looks up, over the flames to Fiaqiul.

FIONN

What was my father like?

Fiaqiul, taken aback, exhales and looks up at the stars.

FIAQIUL

Quite the loaded question.

Fionn crosses his legs and eagerly wait for more. Fiaqiul pauses to readjust his position. Sounds of the past loom through the air as he tells his story.

FIAQIUL

Your father was one of the greatest warriors I knew and the best leader we in the Fianna could have asked for. He cared about his people. He had a tenderness to him that I can only fail to describe. And as much tenderness was in his heart, there was strength in his limbs. He was much like you. Strong, bold, confident, loyal and caring. All great qualities.

Another pause. Fionn sits, listens and eats. His eyes not moving from their target.

FIAQIUL

However, he cared too much for Goll Mac Morna. This got him killed. After you were sent away with my wife and her... uh, companion, Goll made another attempt on the Chief's life. Your father should have won, but he had not the heart to kill his childhood friend. I always comfort myself by thinking, atlas he got one of Goll's eyes.

Fionn swallows hard and takes a sip of water from his canteen, still focused on Fiaqiul.

FIAQIUL

After the burial, your mother, then widowed, had to find another husband, lest she be taken by Goll himself. She married the King of Kerry, although it pained her to know that she would never see her own son ever again. She also was a fine woman.

Fiaqiul's eyes open wide and he jumps from his place and hurries to his satchel and produces a, half meter long, red spear tip, broken from its stem.

He then approaches Fionn and lowers himself onto his knees next to the young man.

FIAQIUL

I was waiting for the right moment to give this to you, but, I might well give it to you now. This was one of your father's more arcane weapons. When in battle, when needed, it burns as warm as the fire from the greatest blacksmith. I don't know how this may help you, but I hand down this gift from your father, to you.

Fionn's mouth hangs open, he reaches for the blade, but stops when a rustle in one of the bushes breaks the rhythm of their conversation.

Fiaqiul hurriedly puts the spear tip back into his bag. Fionn gets up to inspect the brush, as he gets closer, Fiaqiul warns him.

FIAQIUL

(whispers)

Are you daft, boy, don't go closer!

Fionn looks back at him and not a second later, two large men jump from between the bush and smack him, with a club upside the head. He crumbles to the ground, his vision blurry.

He can make out the muffled sounds of Fiaqiul as he is subdued.

Black

21 EXT. THE ROAD TO TARA - IRELAND - MORNING

Fionn wakes up, dazed. He looks around him and sees Fiaqiul hanging over the back of his horse, being led by an unknown man in front.

He looks to the side and sees another man leading Gale as he carries Fionn on his back. Fionn tries to move but is halted by a throbbing pain on the back of his head.

The man leading Fiaqiul looks back over his shoulder and notices that Fionn is awake.

MAN

Woa, lets rest here. Our prize has finally awoken from its slumber. Haha!

He chuckles as his accomplice stops Gale violently. Fionn tries to raise his head. The man leading him comes closer and, by his hair, pulls him up. Fionn cringes.

FIONN

Who are you?

The man laughs oafishly and looks over to the other.

MAN

Hey QUINN, this one doesn't even know who we are, what an idiot!

QUINN, tall, built for agility, intelligent, fair, walks over to his brother and smacks him upside the head and pushes him to the side.

He pulls Fionn's head up by his hair and bows mockingly.

QUINN

I apologize for my brother, he is as dimwitted as he is strong. My name is Quinn, and he--

He points with his thumb to his brother.

QUINN

--is CONAN. Our father wants you dead. Thus, we thought, "why not do it for him?".

Fionn's eyes widen as the realization hits him.

FIONN

You're Goll Mac Morna's sons?!

Quinn nods slowly.

CONAN

Brother, the other one is awake as well!

Quinn sigh's and turns to his brother.

QUINN

Can't you see that I am busy! You bumbling brute!

CONAN, a large brute with quite the pot belly and balding head, grabs Fiaqiul by his hair and pulls his face up to reveal a battered face, blue by the left of his jaw.

CONAN

He looks bad, ah well! Hehehe.

Quinn exhales dramatically and rubs his eyes with his index and thumb. He look down the road, both ways, then Conan.

QUINN

I think we can let these to lay here. You keep an eye on them while I go refill our canteens. You'd just loose the canteens all together.

Conan's face drops, he exhales and turns to Fiaqiul.

CONAN(CONT'D)

Yes brother.

Quinn takes another look at Fionn.

QUINN(CONT'D)

Now, don't you go anywhere my little trophy.

He sneers and pats Fionn's cheek then lets go of his hair. He then takes their canteens and walks off into the forest.

Conan picks Fiaqiul up, off the horse and drops him next to a tree by the road. He then goes over to Fionn and picks him up and takes him to a tree opposite the one where Fiaqiul is and drops him.

Fionn, by then is quite sobered and tries to formulate a plan.

FIONN

So, Conan, you seem not to like the way your brother talks to you right?

Conan looks over his shoulder from where he ties the horses to a nearby tree. He frowns and shakes his head then picks the bags off the horses and sets them down near Fiaqiul, still dazed. He then turns to Fionn

CONAN

(irritated)

He thinks I'm just the muscle, but I can be a thinker too.

He goes and sits in between his two prisoners and opens his satchel to produce an orange.

Fiaqiul starts coming to his senses and squints to focus on Fionn. Fionn notices. He motions with his head to Fiaqiul's right.

FIAQIUL

(mouths)

What?

Fionn repeats his motion and Fiaqiul slowly looks to his left and sees the bag. He starts to slowly scoot towards it. Conan notices the sound of movement and wants to look to Fiaqiul.

Fionn intersepts.

FIONN(CONT'D)
So, you say you want to kill me,
how so?

Conan snaps his gaze over to Fionn and frowns at the question.

CONAN
Well, Father Goll wants you dead,
and we want to see Father happy,
so we will kill you for him.

Fiaqiul inches closer and closer to the bag

FIONN
No, I asked why you want to kill
me?

Conan frowns. He scratches his head, confused.

CONAN
I want to see Father happy.

FIONN
Other than that, why does Conan
want to kill Fionn. I've never
even met you.

Conan shakes his head, closes his eyes and thinks.

Fiaqiul reaches the bag and turns his back on it to use his hands. He searches for his knife.

CONAN
(slowly)
I... don't know, I guess... I
don't. But brother wants and I
have to do what brother says.

Fionn sees his opportunity.

FIONN
Why?

Conan's eyes open. His eyebrows rise and he stands.

CONAN
Why... Why do I have to do what
brother says... I don't.

Conan looks at Fionn smiles sincerely and approaches him.

CONAN(CONT'D)

You are smart for a Cumhaill.

Fionn smiles back at him, looks just past him and lets out a quick chuckle. Conan frowns.

CONAN(CONT'D)

Why are you smiling?

FIONN

Because, listening to your brother and staying here, gave my friend over there the perfect chance to escape.

Conan's eyes widen almost unnaturally. He looks back and sees Fiaqiul rushing him. Fiaqiul reaches his mark and sinks his blade into Conan's side. Conan's face shows complete disbelief.

CONAN(CONT'D)

(strained)

No, you couldn't.

Fiaqiul hurries to Fionn and cuts through his bonds. The two then rush to the horses only to be stopped by a cry from Quinn. He emerges from the woods to find his brother bleeding out infant of him.

Fionn and Fiaqiul stop dead, next to them their bags. Quinn falls to his knees next to his brother and tears roll onto his dying sibling. He puts a hand on his brother's chest as he takes his last breath.

Fionn loads the bags onto the horses and then pulls out his sword and moves to defend when a hand on his shoulder stops him.

FIAQIUL

(determined, serious)

No. You are the son of my Chief Uail son of Baiscne and I am your defender.

Fionn is astonished by his determination and earnest. He starts to object.

FIONN

But, Fiaqiul, I can't just--

Just then Quinn lunges forward, sword in hand, for Fionn when Fiaqiul intercepts him with his own steel. The horses whinny nervously.

FIAQIUL

Get the horses ready. This will be quick.

Fionn halts for a split moment then dashes for the horses.
Quinn foams at the mouth.

QUINN
You killed my brother you pig!

Quinn tries another swing, but Fiaqiul parries elegantly.

FIAQIUL
What is it with people and
comparing me to pigs.

Fiaqiul feigns a swipe for Quinn's feet, then as he jumps
Fiaqiul kicks him right in the gut and sends him back.

Quinn gets up slowly and readies himself.

QUINN
You're pretty fast for an old
man, but you'll have to be much
faster to beat me in combat.

Fiaqiul gargles then spits at Quinn's feet.

FIAQIUL
You think that was fast? Come at
me again, *boy*.

Quinn's face goes red and he charges. Fiaqiul solidifies
his footing and dodges Quinn's rapid slicing expertly and
then turns, gets in close and sinks his dagger into
Quinn's neck.

He coughs blood.

QUINN
(choking)
Even if we did not... succeed, my
father made... other
arrangements. You have no idea
of.. what is to come.

Quinn falls to the floor. Lifeless.

Fiaqiul wipes his blade on the man's clothes, to leave
every drop of him right there.

Fionn stands awestruck by the horses, Gale whinnies and
nudges him forward.

FIONN
Fiaqiul, you are truly and
amazing fighter, and you kept him
off balance constantly!

Fiaqiul laughs.

FIAQIUL

Well I'd hope is was good. I
trained alongside Lady Lia
Lauchra. Never could beat her
though, Thats where I met Bovsie,
oh the days.

He feigns modesty as he reminisces and casually strolls to
the horses. Fionn dumbstruck follows him and they saddle
up and off they go, on the road to Tara

22 EXT. THE ROAD TO TARA - IRELAND -LATE AFTERNOON

Fionn and Fiaqiul, both exhausted, slump in their saddles
as the horses make their way down the road.

FIONN

How much further do we need to
go?!

Fiaqiul drags his head to the side to narrow his eyes at
him.

FIAQIUL

It is just another half day's
ride. I think we should find
somewhere to rest for the night.

Fionn's stomach growls.

FIONN

We also need to eat. I'm so
hungry.

He dramatically states.

23 EXT. FAR OUTSKIRTS OF THE TARA REGION - NIGHT

In the dead of night, Fionn leads his dozing partner and
his horse down the road, sleepily. In the distance he can
make out lights. One in particular looks fairly close and
he forges ahead.

24 EXT. UNNAMED HOUSE - FAR OUTSKIRTS OF THE TARA REGION -
NIGHT

They arrive at the origin of the light. An unnamed
two-story house looms over them as Fionn helps Fiaqiul off
his horse. he ties them down by a fence pole near the
entrance of the house and they try their luck by knocking
on the dark wooden door.

Fionn becomes desponded when he doesn't hear anything.
Then the door opens slightly.

Through the open slit, Fionn sees an greying man with wild
eyebrows peer through the opening.

MAN

Yes?

Fionn almost falls over his own words.

FIONN

Good evening sir, my name is Fionn and this is Fiaqiul, we are weary traveller seeking refuge. would you be so kind as to spare a bed and some food.

The man gives them a quick once over, then closes the door. Fionn then turns and leans on the door, ready to give up. Then the door swing open and the two men tumble into the house.

25 INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - FAR OUTSKIRTS OF THE TARA REGION - NIGHT

Fionn sits, in a hide chair, by the fireplace in the common room while the old man, RONAN, grey hair, wild eyebrows and a worn face, tends to his partner in one of the rooms.

Fionn stares into the fire slurping mutton stew. He dozes every few moments but is woken by a groan coming from upstairs. He worries about his partner.

Fionn turns when he hear Ronan come down the stairs, slowly but steadily. The old man looks down at Fionn's worried face.

RONAN

Don't look so worried, your friend will be fine in the morning. He just got a bad nick on his leg from that fight he had. He told me all about it. quite something to stand up to the sons of Goll Mac Morna and live to tell the tale.

The man nods in approval. Fionn breathes a sigh of relief. Ronan moves in next to him in a similar chair, picks up his own bowl and sips at the stew.

RONAN(CONT'D)

Hows the stew?

He looks over his bowl. Fionn looks to the old man with a face of satisfaction.

FIONN

It hits all the right spots, thank you.

Ronan smiles warmly. Fionn looks back at the fire.

RONAN

So what is it that you are
looking for in Tara?

FIONN

(over his stew)
Do you really need to ask?

He takes a big gulp and chews patiently.

RONAN

Goll mac Morna is a tough fellow,
he's going to be pretty mad when
he finds out that you killed two
of his sons. He killed the Chief
whose place he took, you know.

Fionn exhales tiredly.

FIONN

(yawn)
I know... that was my father.

Ronan stops, swallows hard and looks to the boy sitting
beside him, astonished. He wants to probe more, but can
see the young man fade in the chair.

RONAN

Why don't you go to bed. You and
your friend have to atlas be
awake enough to ride.

Fionn, already asleep in the chair. Ronan gets up and
takes the empty bowl from Fionn's lap and leaves him to
his slumber.

26 INT. GOLL'S PRIVATE QUARTERS - KING'S CASTLE - NIGHT

Goll sits at his desk, reads by candle light, a mug of ale
in hand. He exhales as he reads a document signed by him
and Fionn's father, Uail.

A knock on his door, he slowly looks up from his reading.

GOLL

Ay?!

Nothing. He gets up and strolls to the door, irritated. He
yanks the door open and infant of him stands the fire
mage, Aillen. Perfect posture, he nods at Goll

Goll, unfazed, turns and goes back to his seat, puts his
feet on the table and laces his fingers. Aillen follows
him inside.

AILLEN

I come bearing bad news.

Goll grunts, he sits and eyes Aillen expectedly.

AILLEN(CONT'D)

While tracking the boy, I
surmised that he is on his way to
Tara--

Goll's feet fall from the table and he raises his brow.

AILLEN(CONT'D)

-- however, I also found two
bodies. It seems that your sons,
Quinn and Conan took it upon
themselves to kill the boy, but
they were clearly outmatched.

Goll's face droops, but shows no shock, only
disappointment.

GOLL

Those two idiots--

He rubs the bridge of his nose with his index and thumb.

GOLL(CONT'D)

-- finally got themselves killed,
ey?

Goll gets up and saunters to his window and looks out
over the city.

GOLL(CONT'D)

Since they are come to Tara, lets
arrange a show for the good
people of the city.--

Aillen's face reveals mischievous interest.

GOLL(CONT'D)

--Some well needed *entertainment*.

27 INT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - FAR OUTSKIRTS OF THE TARA REGION -
MORNING

Fionn wakes up to the chirping of bird outside and the
sound of the man scooping the last of the stew out from
the cauldron above the fire.

Ronan hears Fionn's movement and turns.

RONAN

Morning. The other one is awake
as well.

Fionn now fully awake gets up and hastens upstairs to check on his friend.

28 INT. BEDROOM - OLD MAN'S HOUSE - FAR OUTSKIRTS OF THE TARA REGION - MORNING

Fionn enters the bedroom and sees Fiaqiul wincing as he tries to stand. Fionn rushes to him and wraps Fiaqiul's arm over his shoulder and helps him to a chair.

Fiaqiul sits with a grunts and looks up at Fionn, grateful, but irritated with his inability.

FIAQIUL
(lying)
Thank you, I thought it was just a scratch.

Fionn meets his eyes and laughs

FIONN
You're a bad liar, but you are still a good fighter. Once that leg heals up, you'll be right as rain.

Fionn helps him put on his shoes. Fiaqiul looks around the room.

FIAQIUL
That old man, was very kind to take us in.

FIONN
Ay, but this is just the peaceful morning before the war. We should get going before we bring our troubles here.

Fiaquil wipes his face with both hands and grunts.

29 EXT. OLD MAN'S HOUSE - FAR OUTSKIRTS OF THE TARA REGION - NOON

Bags already loaded, Fionn helps Fiaquil walk as he gets used to the makeshift crutch Ronan made for him out of wood. They reach the horses and Fiaqiul grasps his horse's saddle and strains to pull himself up using his good leg.

Fionn moves to help him.

FIAQIUL
(irritated)
Let me do this!

Fiaqiul looks at him out of the corner of his eye. Fionn backs away, but monitors him still. With a loud grunt and moan Fiaqiul manages to hoist himself up onto the saddle.

Fionn goes over to the man and pulls out a coin.

FIONN
Thank you for your hospitality
and tending to Fiaqiul's wounds.

The man takes Fionn's hand in his and closes it around the coin.

RONAN
No compensation needed, son. I
was like the two of you once.
Young, adventurous. It was good
to meet you.

Fionn smiles at him thankfully. He joins Fiaqiul on Gale.
the horses start on the path. Fionn looks back.

FIONN
(waves)
Until our paths cross again, old
man!

Ronan waves as he watches the two warriors leave their
refuge. He lets his arms drop. His face shows worry.

30 EXT. ENTRANCE GATE - TARA - LATE AFTERNOON.

As the pair enter the city they pass roads and alleys
filled with bakeries, flower shops, butchers, bankers
carrying rolls of Hyde and every other thing you could
expect from the City of Kings.

They pass grand statues of previous rulers immortalized in
marble in the open courtyards and market squares and
housing streets.

In the main square of the city they come to the steps that
lead up to the King's castle and halt as they spot three
guards approach. Fionn jumps off of Gale. The guards
approach cautiously.

GUARD #1
What is your business here?

Fionn stops and listens.

FIAQIUL
We seek an audience with the
King.

The guards all lay their hands in the hilts of their
swords. The front man chuckles, the rest look to serious
for such a chance meeting.

GUARD #1
And what makes you think you
will?

Fionn, suspicious, puts his hand on his knife in its back sheath and glances around the area attentively.

FIONN
I am Fionn--

Guard#1 raises his brow in mock interest.

FIONN(CONT'D)
--son of Uail, Former chief of
the Fianna.

Guard #1 grins from ear to ear.

GUARD #1
You heard him men. Lets take
these two to see the King!

Around them guard rush into the square and suddenly the pair is surrounded. Fionn tenses his body, looks back at Fiaqiul, who meets his eyes and gives one clear shake of his head.

Fionn gives every guard a quick glance and exhales. He lets go of his knife and puts his hands behind his head.

The swarm of armoured guards close in, spears pointed straight at him and his partner.

31 INT. THE DINING HALL - KING'S CASTLE - TARA - EARLY EVENING.

Fionn and Fiaqiul are escorted into the grand dining hall where they see the KING, a fair, confident, wise and respected man, eyes them from his guided seat at the head of a long table, occupied by Chiefs from all over the land.

The King stands and opens his arms. The others watch the pair stand at the opposite end of the table.

KING
Welcome to Tara, Fionn, son of my
late friend Uail and to your
companion as well.

Fionn and Fiaqiul look at each other, confused.

KING(CONT'D)
(chuckles)
I understand you confusion. I was
advised to take certain
precautions, you see any son of

KING(CONT'D)
 Uail will be of great resource
 and skill. One must be careful,
 right Goll?

Goll Mac Morna stands from his seat next to the King and bows his head with a watered down sneer, in mock-modesty to the pair.

Fionn's heart starts to race. Fiaqiul exhales his urge to attack.

The King eyes the silent exchange and takes his seat again, as does Goll.

KING(CONT'D)
 So, what is it you--

Just then a messenger rushes into the hall and kneels before his King and bows his head.

MESSENGER
 (out of breath)
 I am sorry for intruding, My
 Lord.

The boy looks up at The King, who nods.

MESSENGER(CONT'D)
 Word has come from the western
 quarter. A fire spitting man is
 burning down the area. He has
 already killed many citizens and
 50 guards.

The King's eyes widen in horror.

KING
 One man, did all that?

The messenger nods. The King rises slowly.

KING(CONT'D)
 Is there any of you brave enough
 to save our great city from this
 threat?

He meets each man at his table's eyes. Goll's mouth twitches.

Fionn looks around the room and sees his chance. He breaks the silence.

FIONN
 I accept your request, Sire.

Fiaqiul's eyes widen and he looks to his partner in shock. Everyone almost breaks their necks as they move their collective gaze to the man. The King meets Fionn's determined eyes.

Fiaqiul bows his head in a silent prayer.

FIAQIUL
(inaudible to the rest)
You idiot.

The King spreads his arms.

KING
You, brave enough to undertake
this perilous task, may choose
your compensation once the feat
is completed.

Fionn nods.

KING(CONT'D)
However, we will keep your
companion here as collateral.

Fiaqiul nods and moves in close to Fionn.

FIAQIUL
(whispers)
Take the spear from my bag and
don't die, you hear me?.

He meets Fionn's eyes as he guards take him by his arms and lead him away.

The King watches as the guards leave, then turns back to Fionn.

KING
Now, go ready yourself For the
coming battle.

Fionn nods solemnly. Goll watches him with a hungry eye and the rest of the table murmur amongst themselves.

32 EXT. COURTYARD GATE - KING'S CASTLE - NIGHT

Fionn, clad in armor, with his sword, knives and the magic spearhead sheathed and strapped to his leg.

He mounts Gale and stands ready as the Castle gate is opened. Once open he and Gale speed off towards the light of destruction to the western quarter of the city.

33

EXT. WESTERN QUARTER - TARA - NIGHT

The fires spread and lick around wildly. Fionn speeds through the streets and alleys. Gale dodges the fires jumps over obstacles. Bodies litter the ground, men, women, children.

Gale stops and whinnies nervously. Fionn strokes his neck to calm him. He disembarks his companion and send him off to safety.

Fionn, now completely alone, investigates his surroundings and listens intently. He picks up something. He looks to his right and sees a ball of fire zoom toward him and he dodges just in time. It crashes into a wall as though solid and destroys the structure.

He pulls one of his knives and waits.

Another attack. He turns to the side and throws his knife inn the same trajectory as the ball of flame come from.

Nothing. Fionn waits again. He hears a foot on gravel behind him. He turns just in time to kicked in the side. It sends him flying. He falls to the ground and scrambles to his feet to see the man responsible.

Aillin Mac Midna stands a few yards away and watches his prey scramble.

Fionn draws his sword and points it to the mage.

FIONN

Who might you be. Why do you
attack this city.

Aillen relaxes his arms and sways from side to side, calculating.

AILLEN

A predator needs not explain its
nature to its prey.

Fionn frowns.

FIONN

All these innocent people. You
killed them and you say you don't
need to explain yourself? That is
cowardice at its best!

Aillen laughs sinisterly.

AILLEN

We shall see which is the coward.

Fionn growls, irritated. He rushes the mage and swings his sword to kill.

Aillen knocks the swing aside with his bare hand and slaps across the face, pushes him in the chest and sends him back.

Fionn scrambles up and takes his stance, heaves. He spits out a tooth and some bloody spit, wipes his mouth. Aillen claps his hands together in mock admiration.

AILLEN

The great Fionn Mac Cumhaill, son
of the famous Uail Mac Cumhaill.
Truly you have shown me your
great power.

He laughs heartily. He smiles at Fionn and takes a deep breath. Fionn readjusts his footing.

Aillen then blows out a stream of blue flames toward Fionn who dashes to the side, but Aillen anticipates and turns his fire and follows Fionn.

Fionn exhales as the flames cease, but as he stops Aillen spits a ball of fire at Fionn and it intercepts his arm. It burns through his armor and leaves a nasty burn. Fionn cringes in pain. He focusses his strength on survival.

AILLEN(CONT'D)

I thought the great Fionn would
offer more of a challenge!

Fionn rakes his mind for a plan, but while in thought, Aillen spits again. Fionn dodges, but a second too late. The ball hits his leg, but flies off and hits a barrel to the left.

Fionn, sure he'd been hit checks his leg. Nothing. The fire had hit the spear. He pulls the spear from its sheath in wonder and understanding.

Aillen sees the spear and roars in anger.

AILLEN

Where did you get that spear boy!

Fionn throws his sword at Aillen.

FIONN

It was my father's.

Aillen smack the sword away and fire drips from his mouth.

AILLEN

(furious)

Your father stole that from me
many years ago. I will take it
back!

He spits another ball of fire and Fionn whacks it to the side. The spear blade begins to glow, white hot.

Aillen spits again, but Fionn whacks it right back at him. Aillen dodges, eyes wide, furious. He draws a knife and hisses at Fionn.

Fionn gets his footing and stands ready. The two fighters lunge at each other one with vicious animal fury, and the other with years of ingrained skill.

They slice, punch and kick in a flurry of movements.

Aillen stumbles, only for a split second, and Fionn seizes his opportunity and strikes the spear tip at his chest and Aillen blocks it, with his arm, just in time. There they stand motionless. in a stalemate.

AILLEN

You can't kill me!

Fionn chuckles for a slight moment then looks Aillen dead in the eyes.

FIONN

Watch me.

He pushes his foot between Aillen's legs, snags one of the and pulls it out from under him and he falls backward, Fionn going with him.

Aillen's face shows pure shock. his mouth starts to burn before he hits the ground and his own spear blade sinks into his chest with a his as it burns his flesh. The flames die out as he howls in pain and coughs boiling blood.

Fionn pulls the spear from Aillen's chest, with it, Aillen spits a small red flame as he breaths his last breath.

Fionn exhales sharply and breathes in the sweet breath of victory. He looks down at his fallen enemy and notices something hanging from his neck under his shirt.

He investigates and produces a seal. The seal of the current Chief of the Fianna.

34

INT. THE DINING HALL - KING'S CASTLE - TARA - NIGHT

The King and the other Chiefs and their sons mull about and nervously mutter amongst themselves. Fiaqiul sits, cuffed, in the corner of the room.

GOLL

That boy Fionn doesn't have the strength of the courage to take down such a monster. He probably

GOLL
 fled the moment he left the
 castle gate.

Fiaqiul shakes his head.

FIAQIUL
 At least he has bigger balls than
 you, you--

The King holds up a hand. Fiaqiul swallows and looks down at his feet. Goll looks at him impatiently.

KING
 Just give the boy a chance, Goll.
 You and the boy's father used to
 be friends. The boy just wants
 closure.

Goll huffs indignantly.

Just then the doors burst open. A battered and bruised Fionn marches into the hall and tosses the head of his opponent onto the table. It rolls on and stops close to the King and in front of Goll.

Goll swallows and looks over to Fionn, unsure. Fiaqiul's face brightens.

FIAQIUL
 Good grief, boy, you're alive!

Fionn calmly looks to his friend and holds his hand up slightly. Fiaqiul nods back.

The King, barely able to contain his excitement springs from his chair.

KING
 (loudly)
 Our champion, Fionn Mac Cumhaill,
 slayer of the fire spitter.

Fionn breathes deeply and holds up a hand. The King becomes silent. Fionn drops his hand and starts to slowly pace toward the king, past the other Chiefs.

FIONN
 I apologize for my rudeness your
 majesty, but something weighs on
 my heart.

The King turns his head slightly, curious.

KING
 And what is it which weighs on
 you so. You may speak honestly
 here.

The King gestures to everyone around the table. Goal shifts in his chair uncomfortably and eyes Fionn cautiously with intent.

FIONN

It was not odd to me that the killer of my father, the previous Chief of the Fianna, would have his reservations about me. That he would caution against me was no surprise. I *could* have had vengeance in my heart, but no.

The King frowns slightly and looks to Goll out of the corner of his eye, as does some of the others. Fiaqiul glances to the King, then locks his eyes back on Fionn.

Fionn stops and looks around the table.

FIONN(CONT'D)

All I sought by coming here, was refuge from Goll Mac Morna's wrath.

Fionn places his eyes on Goll for a moment, continues. The King keeps his eyes locked on Fionn.

FIONN(CONT'D)

Until now, I had never even met him. So why would he have such hate towards me that his own sons would attack my friend and I in the dead of night, on our journey here.--

Goal jumps up from his seat, furious. The King intercepts.

KING

Sit down and let the boy finish!

Goll looks to his King, back at Fionn, lets out a low growl. The other men look to one another. Fionn nods to the King, makes his way closer to him.

FIONN(CONT'D)

-- Now I shall finish my tale with a token, found on the body of the fire spitter.

Next to the King, he hands him the seal of Gold Mac Morna.

The King's eyes widen to the point of tearing. Goll jumps from his seat and lunges, hands like claws, for Fionn. He anticipates this and side steps the beast.

KING
 Restrain him!

The King rises from his seat as the guards rush to Goal and grab him collectively. As Goal thrashes, The King looks at him with disgust.

KING(CONT'D)
 You, Goll Mac Morna have done the unthinkable. You - willing to let some monster destroy this beautiful city, kill its citizens, just to get to a boy you yourself are too cowardly to face yourself - are sentenced to death.

Goal thrashes about, the guards hold him fast.

GOLL
 How dare you, you bastard! Kill me yourself!

Fionn gives him a blank stare.

FIONN
 (coldly)
 If I killed you myself, I'd be that I cared.

The hall erupts in clapping and cheers. The guards escort Goll out of the hall as he yells indistinct curses.

The King pats Fionn on the back.

KING
 Well done my boy. Ha! That was the greatest show I've seen in a while.

Fiaqiul stand up and hops up to Fionn. The King notices and frowns, looks around.

KING
 Why is this man still restrained, let him loose!

A guard comes up and undoes his bonds. Fiaqiul then embraces Fionn heartily. He then holds him by the shoulders.

FIAQIUL
 Lia and Boy are going to be so proud of you, boy.

Tears form but he hold them at bay.

A guard approaches with Goll's Chief's seal, hands it to the King.

KING

To you Fionn, I give the position
of Chief of the Fianna. Your
father would have been proud.

Fionn bows his head and the King lays the torc around his neck. Fionn straightens himself, the other Chiefs surround him and clap him on the back and congratulate him.

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EXT. COTTAGE - WOODS OF SLIEVE BLOOM - NOON

Bovmall dumps a few logs onto a pile next to the cottage, wipes her brow and looks to her left. She sees two figures approach. She gasps, trying to contain her excitement, but fails.

BOVMALL

(yells shakily)

Lia!

Lia rushes out from the cottage, sword in hand. She sees Bovmall's distressed face, follows her line of sight. She sees the two figures and instantly recognizes them. She drops her sword. She and Bovmall race across the green.

Fionn, his Chief's seal hanging from his neck, and Fiaqiul, leg healed, run toward the women, reach them and the two druids embrace Fionn together.

Bovmall lets go, sees Fiaqiul, grabs his face and kisses him on the mouth. Lia and Fionn look at the two, astonished. Bovmall lets go, looks at Lia, blushes and then punches Fiaqiul's shoulder.

They all stroll, towards the cottage. Bovmall, Lia and Fionn hold hands, Fiaqiul next to them.

FADE TO BLACK

END