

EVA
Who is this now, Joan of Arc?

Eva CACKLES again.

INT. BARRACKS LOUNGE - NIGHT

Daphne and Eva career through the barracks door.

The Wolfhound trots over to them, seeing what all the fuss is about.

Eva bends down to him in delight.

EVA
Hector, my boy! My big boy--

She collapses to the floor, holds Hector's shaggy head in her hands, rubs behind his ears.

EVA
I have returned to you, Hector!

The dog LICKS her face in big salty swabs. Daphne stares down at them, at a loss.

DAPHNE
Is it right to keep the dog?

EVA
Why not? He's on our side.

Eva stops rubbing the dog -- closes her eyes, holds her stomach with one hand. She GROWLS from somewhere deep within her throat.

Looks up at Daphne, suddenly serious.

EVA
Joan. I may yet become an Admiral
of the narrow seas, and the hound
deserves to stay dry.

Daphne nods, not quite understanding, but grasping the gist -- she helps Eva to her feet, leads her away.

INT. BARRACKS BEDROOM - DAY

Hazy dawn light filters through the windows.

Eva comes to on a wooden-frame single bed, her jacket draped across her.

She squints her one eye against the light -- a hollow socket and a mass of scar tissue where her left eye should be.

She pulls the jacket off, sits up. Her peg leg THUNKS against the floor. She brings a hand to her head, momentarily stunned with pain.

DAPHNE (O.S)

Bonjour.

Eva squints across the room -- Daphne sits on a single bed opposite. A STEAMING COFFEE POT and two cups beside her.

EVA

This isn't France, you jade.
Speak Irish, or English, if we
must. Name.

DAPHNE

Daphne Delacroix. It's an honour
to meet you. Again.

Eva looks at her for a long moment. Daphne stares back, waiting for a flicker of recognition --

EVA

Your name's prettier than your
face, Daphne Delacroix.

Daphne glances down. Eva winces, GRUNTS.

EVA

Christ's blood, I was mauled last
night. Returning to Irish soil
has that effect on me.

She reaches for her eyepatch, pulls it over her head.

EVA

Did I flay the fox?

DAPHNE

(pause)
Flay who?

EVA

Flay the fox. Vomit. *Le voimite.*

DAPHNE

Oh. No. Not that I witnessed.

EVA

Then there are foxes in dire need
of flaying.

She rises, staggers to the wooden, primitive bathroom next door. She leaves the door open, bends over the bowl.

Daphne busies herself pouring coffee into the metal mugs.

EVA (O.S.)
I've never had need of a partner.

Sounds of RETCHING. Daphne focuses hard on the coffee.

DAPHNE
Neither have I.

A final RETCH. A SWIG of water. A hearty SPIT.

EVA (O.S.)
And how long have you been
hunting, two weeks? You have the
face of a twelve-year-old.

DAPHNE
Ten years.

Eva reappears. Daphne holds out a mug to her. Eva takes it, SNIFFS the contents. Slumps back on the bed.

EVA
What's this concoction?

Daphne measures three spoons of sugar into her mug.

DAPHNE
Coffee.

EVA
Never heard of it. Some form of
French-fangled shit, I'd wager.

Eva SIPS. Her eyes light up. She looks across at Daphne.

EVA
Did you invent this?

DAPHNE
No. But I assure you that the
French do it better than the rest
of the world.

EVA
This is quite something, Daphne
Delacroix.

DAPHNE
Merci beaucoup. I travel with my
own equipment, the pot, the mugs,
a grinder for the beans. I enjoy
partaking in--what are you doing?

Eva pours a generous measure of rum into the cup from a small bootleg glass bottle.

EVA

The French may do it well, but
the Irish just perfected it.

(she grins)

Don't look so irked, it's just a
nipperkin of rum. *Sláinte*.

Eva holds the cup up. Daphne, resigned, raises hers. As
they both sip their coffee, Daphne gauges Eva.

DAPHNE

Do you recall Gévaudan, by any
chance?

EVA

You're asking the Red Angel of
Gédauvan if she recalls Gédauvan?
Are you paper-skulled?

DAPHNE

Gévaudan.

EVA

I remember it well, girl, don't
get prim with me. The Beast, damn
its blood.

(pause)

I lost the leg that night. You
don't forget a thing like that.

She THUNKS her peg leg off the ground. Daphne stares at
her a moment -- then looks away.

EVA

Do you hail from that kip of a
place?

DAPHNE

No. Somewhere nearby.

EVA

How unfortunate for you.

(pause)

I never cared for that bloody
nickname either, I'll have you
know. It does me the disservice
of implying I'm from France.

Daphne takes a sip of coffee, still not looking at her.

DAPHNE

I hear there are three werewolves
ravaging this town.

EVA

Why do you think they sent two of
us?

DAPHNE

You saw the corpses in the trees.

EVA

I'm not blind.

(pause)

Only half.

DAPHNE

Have you ever heard of three
wolves working together as one?

EVA

There were two wolf brothers
making clean shit of some village
in Norway about five years ago,
'til I cut their hearts out.
That's it. It's always been one.

Eva swigs the last of her coffee.

EVA

Makes no difference. I'll be
cutting out three hearts this
time instead. But I did not come
here to mother some unlicked
whelp like you.

Daphne looks sharply at her.

EVA

Keep creating this delightful
concoction and I'll have some
minor use for you. Beyond that,
this is my homeland. So tread
lightly around me if you know
what's good for your mopey little
face.

Daphne FLINGS her mug against the wall, stands.

DAPHNE

I am not some newborn cub, I am
the third-ranked hunter in the
Daughters of Red. You are number
five. Barely. So I advise you to
tread lightly around me, because
from what I've seen thus far, you
will prove a heavy weight around
my neck.

(in French)

*You shameful one-legged,
one-eyed, drunken bitch.*

Eva SNORTS a laugh.

EVA
 Quick to rise and off like a
 cannon. You'll do well in
 Ireland, Frencheen.

Daphne doesn't return the smile.

EXT. BARRACKS YARD - DAY

A large, ragged CROW perches on a branch overlooking the barracks building.

It CAWS in laborious, croaking monotone.

SUPER: II - THE SIEGE OF WINDGAP

Below the crow, Eva BOOTS open the barracks back door. She's only wearing a wraparound piece of fabric on her top-half, and nothing on her feet.

She carries her musket -- Hector trails behind her.

She FLICKS the hammer back -- aims the gun up into the trees in one easy arc, staring along the barrel with her good eye.

CRACK. A thunderclap.

The crow evaporates in blood.

A flurry of birds EXPLODE from the surrounding trees, startled by the gunshot.

EVA
 Split my head and I'll split
 yours, wind-fucker.

She rubs the front of Hector's neck -- then begins to reload the gun, acting on instinct.

Daphne watches her from the upstairs window.

Eva turns to head back inside -- notices Daphne, salutes her with the musket's ramrod.

Daphne doesn't salute back.

INT. UNDERTAKER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Stacks of WOODEN COFFINS adorn the gritty workshop.

Daphne paces slowly and inspects the coffins as Eva engages LORCAN, fifty, grey and rather limp.