

THE WITCHER

Written by

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The Sorcerers Snare: A Witcher Spec

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - AFTERNOON

A thick, dense fog rises over a musty wood.

GERALT, our hero, rides through the woods at breakneck speed on his trusted horse, Roach.

A severed monster head is latched to the side of his saddle. It bounces to and fro as Roach pummels through the muddy path.

Up ahead in the distance, a clearing appears. A small glimmer of a tall castle can be seen on a cliff overlooking the ocean.

Geralt races ahead into the clearing.

EXT. KERACK - AFTERNOON

Geralt of Rivia arrives at Kerack, a bustling port city on the western coast. A base of operations for pirates and merchants.

A tall castle peeks above the smaller wooden buildings.

Geralt dismounts and unfastens his recent catch. He walks through the city streets as the busy merchants and townsfolk begin to take notice.

They peer at the white-haired man from a safe distance, as he walks through the city with a severed monster head in hand.

A baker in a nearby shop begins to cheer:

BAKER

He's done it! The beast is dead!

The crowd ERUPTS into a voracious cheer.

The townsfolk continue to clap and cheer as they follow Geralt to the castle gates.

Geralt lets out a gruff smirk as he enters.

EXT. KERACK CASTLE COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

Geralt walks alongside Roach into the castle courtyard. More commoners await inside with boisterous cheering and applause.

The crowd begins to chant his name.

Geralt walks to the center of the courtyard and raises the beast's head for all to see as the chanting continues.

Suddenly, soldiers enter from multiple entrances.

The crowd goes silent.

The soldiers surround Geralt and unsheathe their swords.

In a nearby tower, KING BELOHUN (72) appears. His old, curled body is adorned with beautiful green and blue merchant silk with an elegant cap with fur on the brim. His hands are covered in rings. He holds an elegant cane to help him walk.

KING BELOHUN  
Geralt of Rivia!

Geralt turns to face the king with an angry scowl.

KING BELOHUN  
By my order. You are hereby placed  
under arrest for embezzlement of  
funds from the royal purse.

The crowd turns toward Geralt in utter shock and betrayal. They slowly start to boo.

The soldiers cautiously close in.

Geralt drops his sword to the ground.

GERALT  
Fuck.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

Geralt of Rivia is brought into a long throne room adorned with silk, tapestries, and massive windows.

A long wooden table sits in the center with carved chalices and beautiful flatware.

Geralt approaches a massive throne with soldiers following close behind.

A soldier nudges Geralt forward.

SOLDIER  
Kneel before the king.

GERALT  
I kneel for no one.

Another soldier pulls his sword on Geralt and brings it to his throat.

Geralt stares him down, unafraid.

In a quick flash he spins away from the blade and head-butts the soldier with a loud SMASH. Knocking him out instantly.

The other soldiers unsheathe their swords.

KING BELOHUN  
(Annoyed)  
Enough. Bring him here.

Geralt approaches the king. The soldiers keep their hands on their hilts.

GERALT  
I destroyed your drowners nest for you. For good coin. Why the fuck would I steal from you?

KING BELOHUN  
Speak again, Witcher, and I'll have your tongue removed.

GERALT  
I don't have time for games, Belohun.

Belohun motions for a soldier to approach Geralt. The soldier brandishes a knife close to Geralt's lips.

In a flash, Geralt SWIPES the knife away, and holds it to the soldiers throat.

GERALT

How about you tell me which piece of filth in your court accused me?

KING BELOHUN

(chuckling)

Don't think me a fool, Geralt. I know your kind. I was alive and well when your little Kaer Morhen was sacked for treason.

GERALT

I was a boy, you arrogant shit.

KING BELOHUN

Enough. I cannot forgive what you've done, but for taking care of those pests, I'll lower your sentence. You may leave in three months time.

GERALT

I take it the coin is no longer mine?

KING BELOHUN

You'll get your coin. It'll be reduced from what you owe.

GERALT

And how much is that, exactly?

KING BELOHUN

(laughing hysterically)

You are better than my own jester, Geralt.

A jester is seen in the corner, grimacing at the comment.

KING BELOHUN

Sixty thousand Orens, returned to me after your sentence.

The soldiers grab Geralt and lead him towards the exit.

King Belohun raises a glass as Geralt is shoved out the door.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

The muddy streets of Kerack shimmer against the dim moonlight.

A CLOAKED FIGURE walks quietly through the mud.

Several less desirable types walk to and fro from the buildings. The type of people you only see late at night. Pirates, thieves, and vagabonds.

They watch the cloaked figure with suspicion.

The hooded figure slips down another street corner and swiftly moves through an alleyway.

EXT. CASTLE ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The hooded figure glides through the alley.

A stable of horses begin to stir and whimper as the figure passes.

They raise a delicate hand from their cloak, revealing an apple. The apple multiplies and floats to each pen.

The horses relax and quickly eat their apples.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

The hooded figure approaches a large door guarded by several soldiers.

SOLDIER

Halt!

The figure raises two hands, and slowly moves them from left to right.

The soldiers fall asleep. The mysterious figure enters the gate with ease.

INT. KERACK PRISON - NIGHT

The cloaked figure walks down a long stony spiral staircase.

INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Geralt sits quietly in his prison cell. His regular armor and swords removed. A tightly locked chest sits down the hallway.

He looks up, and sniffs. Someone's coming.

The hooded figure rounds the corner. They stand before Geralt at last.

GERALT

That smell. Lilac and Gooseberries.

Geralt stands and grasps the bars on the cell door.

CLOAKED FIGURE

Easy, Witcher. I am a friend. I  
hoped you'd recognize this scent.

The cloaked figure removes her hood to reveal: LYTTA NEYD, a beautiful sorceress with fiery red hair. She is tall, extremely intelligent and looks to be someone who doesn't back away from a fight. She smells of a seductive scent worn by Yennefer, Geralt's lover.

GERALT

Where's Yen? Is she alive?

LYTTA

I fought with her at Sodden. She's  
safe at Aretuza with Lady Tissaia.

GERALT

I heard she might have burned with  
the others.

LYTTA

I assure you, she's safe.

GERALT

Who are you?

LYTTA

Lytta Neyd. But I am better known  
as Coral.

GERALT

Hmm. Coral.

CORAL

Is there a problem?

GERALT

I've heard that name before. You're  
King Belohun's advisor.

CORAL

Very good.

GERALT

It would be, if you hadn't been pronounced dead at Sodden. I searched the battlefield for Yen's corpse. Whoever you are, I would suggest not fucking with a Witcher.

CORAL

Well that's a shame. I've heard Witcher's have a proclivity for fucking.

GERALT

Tell me who you really are.

CORAL

It's me, Geralt.

Coral pulls a long, black necklace from her neck. A dark crystal sits at its base. Purple flames swirl inside.

CORAL

Or, what's left of me.

Geralt peers closely at the object.

GERALT

I've heard of this curse before. Never thought it was real. So you're...

CORAL

Dead, Geralt. I've suspended my life and tethered my soul to this realm for just a bit longer. My work here is not finished. And I need your help.

GERALT

What's in it for me?

CORAL

I'll clear your name with Belohun, and you'll be paid.

A RATTLING sound of clanking armor bounces off the prison hallways.

CORAL

There's not much time.

Coral waves her hand and unlocks the door with magic. Then unlocks the chest with Geralt's belongings.

CORAL

There's a small town, east of here.  
Meet me there.

Geralt turns to grab his belongings. He turns again, Coral is nowhere to be found.

He exits.

EXT. KERACK PATH - NIGHT

Geralt rides on horseback into the woods.

EXT. TOWN - NIGHT

Geralt rides with Roach into a small, run-down town. A few onlookers stare and spit on the ground.

An older man with a crooked back limps by. Geralt looks at him with compassion.

GERALT

Need a lift?

OLD MAN

The Butcher of Blaviken. You can  
fuck right off back to Rivia.

The old man picks up a stone and THROWS. He PELTS Geralt in the side of the head with it.

Geralt doesn't retaliate, just stares down in the mud. He returns to Roach and gives him a nice pat.

GERALT

Well Roach, I suppose we better  
find out what she wants.

Roach pulls away in disapproval.

GERALT

I won't be long.

INT. INN - NIGHT

Geralt enters a dimly lit inn. A strumpet approaches Geralt in revealing clothing, propositioning him.

STRUMPET

You've got snake eyes. You got a  
snake's tongue too?

Geralt pays her no attention and walks up the stairway and into a long hallway.

He walks by each door and listens to sounds of moaning.

He sniffs, and recognizes a familiar scent. He enters the last door in the hallway.

INT. CORAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Geralt enters a room covered with candles. It's perfect for an intimate night.

A bed covered in beige silk blankets and pillows sits in front of him. And on it, Yennefer.

She lays seductively on the bed in a revealing silk dress.

YENNEFER

Hello, Geralt. It's been ages.

GERALT

Nice trick. Belohun ever buy that?

YENNEFER

Oh you're no fun.

Yennefer rises. She approaches Geralt slowly.

YENNEFER

What's the matter? The dress too much?

Yennefer slips off the dress. She's completely naked.

GERALT

Enough games, witch. Why am I here?

Yennefer takes a long pause. Then finally gives in.

YENNEFER

Fine.

Yennefer suddenly MORPHS into Coral. Her black hair shifts back to a fiery red, but she's still naked.

Geralt turns away out of respect.

Coral walks back to the bed and puts on the silk dress. Her dark necklace still dangles around her neck.

CORAL

I must admit. You're exactly the way she described. Rugged, handsome, and incredibly boring.

GERALT

Talk, or I leave.

CORAL

The Rissberg mages sent me to find you. Their most prized possession has gone missing.

GERALT

What now? Lost their balls to a noonwraith?

CORAL

Their blacksmith was taken, in the night.

GERALT

And?

CORAL

He's quite skilled with enchantments. Makes the best weapons north of Cintra. The mages have hidden him in this town for years.

GERALT

And they want me to find him.

CORAL

They'll pay you handsomely.

GERALT

Not enough coin in the world to sway me to work for those old piles of shit.

CORAL

They knew you'd say that.

GERALT

Well you can tell them to go fuck a goat. Slowly. I'm done here. Best of luck with your curse.

CORAL

Oh, they won't be paying you in coin.

GERALT  
What do you mean?

Coral waves her hand and snaps.

A beautiful sword appears from thin air. Its silver hilt is already adorned with Geralt's sign, the Wolf.

It shines brilliantly in the dimly lit room.

GERALT  
My swords work just fine.

Coral waves her hands again and the candles go out immediately. The room is pitch black.

Suddenly, the sword glows. Enchanted runes glow across it. The room is lit by its magical green hue.

CORAL  
Have you ever wished to hold your  
own in a battle with a mage? Go toe  
to toe with the Wild Hunt? Even  
deflect the most powerful spells?

Geralt's eyes flicker in the glow of the sword.

CORAL  
Help me find the blacksmith, and  
the sword is all yours. I'll even  
let you borrow it until the deed is  
done.

Geralt reaches out and grabs the sword. He turns it in his palm and stares at the hilt.

GERALT  
Lambert.

CORAL  
You know this sword?

GERALT  
Belonged to a friend. But it's  
different now.

Geralt stares at the sword for awhile. He thinks for a moment.

GERALT  
Why curse yourself for these men?  
Why stay alive to forward their  
wishes?

CORAL

There's a lot more at stake here than you realize. If this man falls into the wrong hands, he could be used as a tool to overthrow the most powerful beings in the continent. Mages and sorcerers alike. This sword was forged by his hand. A hundred of these, a thousand of these-

GERALT

In the wrong hands, another Sodden Hill.

CORAL

Only much worse. The war would be over in weeks.

Geralt turns the sword over and stares at the small engraving of the a wolf carved into the hilt.

GERALT

I accept.

END OF ACT 1

ACT TWO

EXT. INN - MORNING

Geralt wakes in the bed, his hair knotted from a long night's sleep.

Coral is nowhere to be found. Geralt's new sword gleams in the corner near his clothes.

EXT. TOWN - MORNING

Geralt walks through the muddy town. He looks around at the townspeople, sizing them up. Looking for clues.

He walks to a well. An untied rope dangles.

GERALT

Roach?

Geralt whistles for his horse. Nothing.

A man and woman squabble in front of a run down market.

A young BOY covered in dirt runs through the muddy path and plays with a mangy dog.

The strumpet from the night before who propositioned Geralt stares at him from the inn.

A THUMP behind Geralt.

BOY

OY! Watch it!

Geralt turns to look at the boy and stares intensely with his yellow eyes. The boy quickly becomes afraid.

BOY

S..sorry.

GERALT

Know anything about a missing Blacksmith?

BOY

Didn't know he was missing. He leaves quite often.

GERALT

Great.

The mangy dog annoyingly paws at Geralt. He whimpers and gives him a sad look, as if he's begging for food.

BOY

He was friends with Lars, the  
baker. Over there.

The boy points to the baker, Lars, a stout, simple man with a bushy mustache.

Geralt watches as Lars walks into the tavern on the opposite side of the town.

GERALT

Thanks.

Geralt flips the boy an oren. The boy grins sharply.

GERALT

Feed him. He'll be no good to you  
as a corpse.

The boy runs off with his dog. Geralt follows Lars into the tavern.

INT. TAVERN - MORNING

Geralt enters a tavern brimming full with people. It's quite crowded for such an early day.

Music is playing nearby. The townsfolk are singing and dancing along with beautiful music, and crowding around a musician. Geralt tries to peer through to see the musician, but can't quite make out who it is.

They clap and sing and suddenly, Geralt recognizes a familiar voice.

It's JASKIER, the bard. Geralt's boisterous and charming companion on many adventures.

JASKIER

(singing)

*Toss a coin to your Witcher, o'  
valley of plenty, oh valley of  
plenty.*

The townspeople join in on the song as Geralt slowly raises his hood so he won't be noticed by the bard. He approaches the baker, standing at the tavern bar. He leans on the bar table and turns to him.

GERALT  
Catchy tune. Look, I don't want any  
trouble. Just some information.

Before Lars can speak, Coral leans forward from the opposite  
side of Lars.

CORAL  
Good morning, Geralt.

Geralt grunts.

GERALT  
Where the fuck were you?

CORAL  
You slept in, thought I'd get a  
head start. Quite the song, by the  
way. Never took you for a lyricist.

GERALT  
It's a shite song. I'm busy, where  
have you been?

CORAL  
Right here, doing your job, of  
course.

GERALT  
Where the fuck is Roach?

The baker's cheeks turn a bright purple, he slowly ducks out  
of the conversation.

CORAL  
Do you name all of your horses  
after insects?

GERALT  
Well, yes. Actually. But they're  
all named Roach.

CORAL  
Wow, you really are boring. He's in  
the stable, where *horses* belong.

GERALT  
What did the baker say?

CORAL  
Said he hasn't seen his friend in  
weeks, said he's worried about him.

GERALT  
That's it?

CORAL  
Relax, Geralt.

Geralt stares her down until she finally gives in.

CORAL  
Fine...heavens. He saw a  
Nilfgaardian priest who passed  
through here a few weeks ago.  
Hasn't seen our blacksmith since  
then.

GERALT  
Shit.

CORAL  
Right. If Nilfgaard gets a hold of  
him, it would be absolute chaos.

GERALT  
There's a Nilfgaardian outpost  
nearby. Just north in the forest.  
I'd wager he's there, let's...

JASKIER  
Geralt!

Geralt freezes. Jaskier pushes through the crowd and  
approaches him.

JASKIER  
Geralt of Rivia. It has been too  
long my friend.

GERALT  
Not now, Jaskier.

JASKIER  
I just rode in to town this morning  
to deliver the news of your  
heroics. Tell me, does being a  
downright prick to every man,  
woman, child, and beast you come  
across really yield the glorious  
coin you've always hoped for?

CORAL  
Oh, I like him.

GERALT

Fuck off, bard. Now is not the time to settle your grievances.

JASKIER

I see. So it turns out you *do* need my help. Where would you be, without me singing the praises of the white wolf across the Continent? I don't know, maybe dead, in a rotten ditch somewhere with no coin, no food?

GERALT

You sing my song for women and coin, not from the kindness of your heart.

JASKIER

Ouch.

Geralt stands to leave.

GERALT

Let's go.

JASKIER

Where are we going?

GERALT

You're not coming.

CORAL

I don't know Geralt, he's a lot more fun than you are.

JASKIER

Oh yes, yes. I am *loads* of fun. By the way, I don't think you have properly introduced us, Geralt. Very rude.

GERALT

Enough, bard. Or I'll punch your balls all the way to your throat.

CORAL

I vote he joins us.

JASKIER

And I vote yes as well! That's two against three.

GERALT

You don't get a vote.

JASKIER

Really, Geralt do you think this is the best time to insult me in front of your admirers?

Geralt looks around the room. Everyone is staring with a look of admiration, a quick change from the scowls he received the day before.

GERALT

Fine. Let's go.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Geralt exits the tavern and heads towards the stables, with Coral and Jaskier quickly following.

JASKIER

And what beasts are we slaying this time my whitey wolffy friend? What damsels need saving? What will ail us on our perilous journey filled with danger lurking around every corner?

GERALT

(to Coral)

Can you cast a spell or something to shut him up?

JASKIER

Well I have to know, Geralt. I must be prepared so that I may craft the most beautiful poetry in your name.

CORAL

We're going to find a blacksmith.

Jaskier stops walking as the other two continue.

JASKIER

That's it?

He lingers there a moment.

JASKIER

Not much to go on but it'll do.

EXT. STABLES - MORNING

Geralt and Coral jump up on Roach's saddle. Coral straddles him tightly from behind.

Jaskier approaches. There's barely room left on the saddle.

He tries to hoist himself up clumsily as he slips around.

JASKIER

Ehh. Em...Can I? Could I get -

Jaskier keeps trying to mount Roach. Geralt looks on with utter contempt and annoyance.

JASKIER

Is there--uhh, maybe. In the middle? I could...

Coral laughs at the suggestion.

GERALT

If you want to join us bard, you'll have to pay for your own transport.

Geralt slowly trots Roach out of the stable.

JASKIER

Ohhh...youuuu...bastard. Fine. Excuse me!

Jaskier approaches the stableman.

The stableman points to the furthest stall. Jaskier jogs over to reveal:

A tiny, miniature horse, just barely large enough to carry him.

JASKIER

Oh, you have got to be joking.

GERALT

Let's go.

Geralt and Coral race off onto the path.

Jaskier follows as his little horse slowly trots behind.

JASKIER

Uh, Geralt? Could you maybe. Maybe slow down just a moment? Geralt? GERALT!

EXT. THE PATH - DAY

Geralt, Coral, and Jaskier trot along the path towards the forests of Kerack.

CORAL

We should speed up to catch ground.

GERALT

No, when we reach the forest, we'll need to approach quietly. The less noise, the better.

CORAL

This might be our only chance to catch them. If Nilfgaard -

GERALT

You asked for my help. We do it my way. We do it quietly.

CORAL

Fine.

A loud CRUNCHING noise starts behind them. Geralt and Coral turn to see Jaskier munching on a carrot.

JASKIER

(mouth full)

What? I'm hungry?

GERALT

Bard, if I had another djinn, I'd wish for it to shut you up all over again.

JASKIER

Well that's not very nice.

Geralt turns and scowls at Jaskier. He raises a finger to his lips, he means business.

JASKIER

(Under his breath)

Fine.

Jaskier makes a childish face at Geralt as soon as he turns back around.

EXT. FORESTS OUTSKIRTS - AFTERNOON

Geralt dismounts Roach. Coral leaps off.

GERALT

From here, we go on foot. Roach walks with us.

JASKIER

What about little Roach?

GERALT

Send him back. Too many creatures in these woods. He'll know the way.

Jaskier pets little roach with a sullen look.

JASKIER

And we were just starting to grow fond of one another.

Jaskier hits the miniature horse on the behind as it begins to trot back towards the town.

INT. FOREST - DUSK

Geralt, Jaskier, and Coral make their way quietly on the path.

Geralt takes out a familiar small vial from a pouch. It's filled with a green, toxic liquid, often used to heighten his senses. He uncorks it to drink.

CORAL

Wait.

She holds out her hand.

CORAL

May I?

Geralt hands her the potion. She waves her hand over the vial, quietly whispering an incantation.

She hands it back to him.

Geralt drinks the potion. His eyes turn black, the veins in his face turn black as well, a normal side effect. But suddenly, the black veins quickly vanish. His eyes burn an even brighter yellow than before. He steps back in astonishment.

GERALT

What did you do?

CORAL

I heightened the effects, but I removed the pain.

We see through Geralt's eyes and senses. Every tree is illuminated. Every sound at the furthest distance has a small ripple, as if he can see sound waves passing through the air.

He takes in a deep breath through his nose.

CORAL

What do you see? Er- smell?

GERALT

Everything. I have their scent. They're further north. Not far. But something else is coming.

JASKIER

What's coming?

Geralt unsheathes his sword. It glints a brilliant green. Jaskier gulps.

GERALT

Smells like a necrophage of some kind, maybe a ghoul. Hopefully just a ghoul.

JASKIER

Just...a ghoul?

GERALT

Better hope it's not an alghoul. They're much worse. But better for your songs, bard.

Coral unfastens her cape, revealing intricate leather armor.

She waves her arms and casts a protection spell around the area.

GERALT

Won't do any good. Only magic a ghoul responds to is a form of hypnosis.

CORAL

Lovely. Any other helpful tidbits before we're all ripped to shreds?

A long silence. Geralt senses more. We hear the growling snarls of several creatures.

GERALT

It's a pack. Jaskier. Stay close to  
Roach. Use these if you have to.  
They're made of silver.

Geralt hands Jaskier a pair of silver throwing knives from his utility belt. They're tiny in Geralt's hands, but in Jaskier's they nearly pass as swords.

The ghouls approach slowly. Their snarls increase louder and louder.

Small, purple orbs of light begin to appear around the forest as they begin to slowly inch closer to the group.

CORAL

These beasts...they're different.

The ghouls appear in the clearing. They glow a bright purple, their spines protrude from their back with sharp, mangled bones sharper than knives.

Their teeth gnash together as they growl louder and louder.

GERALT

Behind me.

The ghouls LEAP towards them. Geralt summons a blast of powerful magical air from his hand, knocking them back.

Coral conjures a whip from her hands. It glows the same color purple as the ghouls. She whips one of them, and it disappears in a purple flame, instantly.

CORAL

I knew it.

She floats into the air, twirling the whip as she begins to dispatch each of them, making each of them evaporate instantly.

More and more appear from thin air.

CORAL

They're not real, they've been  
conjured. GERALT! Your sword.

He tosses it towards her and she waves her hands around it. It turns the same color purple as the beasts.

Geralt tackles a ghoul as it nearly reaches Jaskier and Roach. It overpowers him and gnaws at his face as Geralt barely keeps it at bay. Coral tosses the sword back to Geralt.

He rolls away and SLASHES the ghoul, it disappears instantly into a ball of purple flame.

Coral and Geralt dash and spin as they quickly eliminate the remainder of the beasts.

Geralt kneels as he catches his breath. Jaskier faints.

GERALT

What was that?

CORAL

There's only one sorceress powerful enough to conjure a beast like that. This is the work of Fringilla. The advisor to the Nilfgaardian King.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Geralt kneels over a crackling fire. Jaskier slowly wakes and COUGHS loudly.

Coral approaches with a small vial in hand.

CORAL  
Here, drink this.

Jaskier drinks. He coughs wildly for a moment, then relaxes.

JASKIER  
Thank you.

CORAL  
Take a moment to rest.

Jaskier notices the necklace dangling around Coral's neck. He stares at it.

Coral stuffs it back underneath her leather armor.

JASKIER  
I've never seen a gemstone like that.

GERALT  
Careful, bard. Some things are better left alone.

JASKIER  
You look familiar to me.

CORAL  
Yes, bard. We met many years ago, in Cintra.

CUT TO:

EXT. CINTRA - NIGHT

A YOUNG JASKIER, ten years old, runs by a massive stable of horses. His little hands hold tightly onto a cittern (guitar).

A large EXPLOSION erupts outside of the castle, knocking Jaskier on the ground and sending his cittern FLYING.

The horses in the nearby stable SPOOK. They burst out of their pens and CHARGE toward Jaskier.

Jaskier DIVES downward and curls up on the ground as the horses TRAMPLE over him.

Jaskier opens his eyes, the hooves are hitting him, but they are passing through his body.

A younger Coral stands over him with her arms outstretched, murmuring a spell under her breath.

The horses calmly trot back to their stalls.

CORAL

Are you alright, little one?

Jaskier wipes tears from his face and nods. He looks over to see his cittern SHATTERED into tiny pieces.

His eyes well up again.

Coral waves her hand again, the splinters begin to SWIRL from the ground. They mend with broken strings as the cittern fastens itself together again.

A beautiful painted pattern of dandelions appear on the cittern, as Coral returns it to him.

CORAL

Here you are.

Jaskier smiles. He runs to Coral and hugs her around the knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Jaskier stares into the fire, then back at Coral.

JASKIER

I remember you. You saved my life.

Geralt looks at Coral with a newfound admiration.

CORAL

No trouble at all, Bard.

Jaskier pulls out his cittern, the same one from his childhood.

JASKIER  
It's held up quite nicely.

He goes to pluck a string.

GERALT  
Bard.

Jaskier looks up to see Geralt watching.

GERALT  
Another time.

Jaskier nods and puts the cittern away.

GERALT  
Going to look for a trail. Stay  
here.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Geralt and Roach walk quietly through the thick mud.

Roach GRUNTS.

GERALT  
What's got into you?

Geralt turns and strokes Roach's mane softly.

GERALT  
Yen left us, Roach. We have to move  
on.

Roach neighs adamantly.

GERALT  
It *might* have been my fault. What's  
done is done. She's gone. If she is  
our destiny, she will return to us.

Roach softens as Geralt continues to pet him. Roach looks outward into the trees and spots a torn garment blowing in a nearby bush. He NEIGHS.

GERALT  
What's that?

Geralt approaches. He grabs the garment. It's soiled with blood. He smells it, and closes his eyes.

When he opens them, a trail of blood is illuminated along the path.

GERALT  
 Heading North. To the western sea.

Geralt turns to pat Roach.

GERALT  
 And I thought I was a better  
 tracker.

Roach whinnies with amusement.

GERALT  
 Let's go.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Geralt returns to the campfire. Jaskier is fast asleep,  
 snoring loudly.

GERALT  
 They're headed-

CORAL  
 Northwest. I know.

GERALT  
 Hm.

CORAL  
 You really can't trust anyone to do  
 a better job than you, can you?

GERALT  
 The day I trust someone will be the  
 day I end up with a knife in my  
 back.

CORAL  
 I can't imagine that line working  
 well at royal parties.

Geralt walks over to Jaskier, who's snuggling his cittern in  
 a deep slumber.

GERALT  
 Jaskier?

CORAL  
 Let him rest.

GERALT  
 We need to catch them at night  
 while they rest. Set a trap.

CORAL  
I agree. What do you propose?

GERALT  
I'll use Yrden.

Geralt casts a small spell, creating a magical cylinder on the ground.

GERALT  
Anything that enters will be weakened and trapped for a moment.

CORAL  
Ah. Yes, that should work quite nicely.

GERALT  
Any way you can amplify the spell?

CORAL  
I think I can find something to help.

Jaskier wakes up.

GERALT  
Perfect timing, bard. We're going to trap the Nilfgaardians, and you're going to be the bait.

JASKIER  
Oh. Splendid.

They stand up. Geralt DOUSES the fire.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Geralt, Coral, and Jaskier sneak quietly through the forest. Up ahead, a clearing emerges. Fire CRACKLES. Loud, boisterous noises are heard from afar.

EXT. NILFGAARDIAN CAMP - NIGHT

Geralt signals Jaskier and Coral to stay put. He SNEAKS around a party of six NILFGAARDIAN SOLDIERS. They LAUGH and drink mead. A pig roasts over the fire.

The BLACKSMITH is sitting amongst them. He's gagged and tied with rope to one of the soldiers.

Geralt army crawls into the bushes.

He waves his hand and silently casts the spell of Yrden around the encampment.

He makes a signal to Jaskier. Who LEAPS OUT with his cittern cradled in his hands.

JASKIER

HELLO, my dear friends. Do not be alarmed, I was just passing by when I smelled the most delicious aroma and *knew* that you could all use a delightful sonnet or a beautiful ballad to go along with your feast. What say you?

Jaskier looks around. The soldiers are FROZEN in place.

JASKIER

Uh. Hello? Hello?

Jaskier walks toward one of the soldiers and pulls a pork-chop from one of their hands.

They're not moving. Not breathing. Not making a sound. Coral races in. Geralt follows.

GERALT

Nice work.

CORAL

This is not my doing.

A soft, unsettling laugh WISPS through the trees.

JASKIER

Ohhhhhhhhh fuck me, I'm getting out of here.

Jaskier sprints toward Roach.

SLAM

He runs face first into an invisible wall. Instantly knocking him out.

CORAL

Your trap. She reversed it.

The laugh grows. A portal emerges in their midst. FRINGILLA, an evil sorceress cloaked in dark Nilfgaardian attire, passes through and approaches. Her demeanor is calm, cold, and unsettling.

FRINGILLA

Hello Lytta.

CORAL

You have someone that belongs to me, Fringilla. Return him back to us, and no harm shall befall you.

FRINGILLA

I'm afraid I cannot. You chose treason in the battle of Sodden. I distinctly remember hearing they threw your lifeless corpse into a ditch. But somehow, you still stand before me.

CORAL

I suppose I'm not so easy to kill.

FRINGILLA

And you. The famous white wolf. I've heard so many stories. You could do a lot of good for your empire, if you surrender.

GERALT

I could do a lot of good cutting out your tongue and feeding it to my horse.

FRINGILLA

I do not wish to fight. I wish to make an exchange.

GERALT

You want the bard? Sure, you can have him.

FRINGILLA

You know who I want, Geralt.

GERALT

You'll have to be more specific.

FRINGILLA

Cirilla.

GERALT

Never heard of her.

FRINGILLA

She is your destiny, Geralt. If you reveal the girl's whereabouts to me, you'll be handsomely rewarded.

GERALT

Funny thing about destiny. Still  
don't give a shit about it. But  
I'll be happy to show you yours.

Geralt THROWS his magical sword at Fringilla. She tries to FREEZE it in the air, but nothing happens. She DODGES just in time, leaving a small cut on her cheek.

Geralt SPRINTS toward her, using a blast of air to knock Fringilla over. He slides and grabs his sword from the ground.

Fringilla waves her hand. The soldiers, blacksmith and fire disappear, as if they were an illusion all along. A cold, bitter darkness sets in around them.

Geralt picks up his glowing sword. Coral illuminates the area with a bright glowing orb of light.

Fringilla's cold laugh BOUNCES around the trees again.

Suddenly she LEAPS forward in a cloud of purple smoke, throwing a storm of knives at Geralt.

He crouches and casts Quen, a small protective barrier, around himself. The knives glance off briefly, but are too powerful and start to PIERCE through.

Coral SHOUTS an incantation and disintegrates the knives.

Coral conjures a ball of flame in her hands and HURLS it toward Fringilla. Fringilla dodges. Trees and shrubs catch fire.

Fringilla TWIRLS in her dark cloak, creating a BURST of air that blinds Coral and puts out the flames.

Fringilla cackles and disappears into the cold night.

Coral turns to Geralt. His body BLEEDS from the storm of knives.

CORAL

Geralt. Geralt. Stay with me.

Geralt slowly begins to fade. Coral's voice begins to muffle.

Through Geralt's eyes, we see Yennefer sitting over him. He stares at her, holding out his hand as the poison begins to affect his mind.

GERALT

Yen?

Coral races to her bag to pull out supplies as Geralt slowly loses consciousness.

Yennefer leans over Geralt, peering into his eyes.

YENNEFER

Geralt. Why did you leave me?

Geralt stretches out his hand again, trying to hold her.

GERALT

Yen. I will find you...I will find you again.

Geralt falls unconscious.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SMALL COTTAGE - MORNING

Geralt wakes on a bed far too small for his size. His body bandaged.

Coral sits at his side. Jaskier holds a giant slab of steak to his face.

An old HERMIT (78), hobbles over to Geralt with soup in hand.

HERMIT

Strong fellow. He should be just fine.

CORAL

Thank you. His wounds seem to be mending quickly. What herbs did you give him?

HERMIT

Oh, if I told anyone that, I'd be out of coin in a month's time. The best herbalists never reveal their secrets.

Coral smiles at him.

JASKIER

This steak would probably be much tastier inside of my mouth.

HERMIT

You're to keep it right there.

JASKIER

Why can't I have what he's having?

HERMIT

A knock on the old snout isn't the same as an enchanted blade, lad.

JASKIER

Fine.

GERALT

Hmmm.

Geralt starts to wake up slowly, grunting off the pain.

GERALT

Yennefer?

HERMIT

He keeps saying that name. Must've been quite the romp.

JASKIER

Yes. It was. I was there.

GERALT

Jaskier, is that you?

JASKIER

Would you look at that he remembered my name. What a miracle.

GERALT

(half awake)  
Fffffuck off.

JASKIER

Ah. There it is.

CORAL

Have you seen any soldiers pass through here recently?

HERMIT

Yes. I saw soldiers in a tower off the coast just last night. Had someone with them.

CORAL

Was he a captive?

HERMIT

Don't know about a captive. I did see a woman with them.

CORAL

Fringilla.

HERMIT

They were moving rather quickly.

CORAL

We need to catch them. Alright, Geralt.

Coral gets behind Geralt and sits him up on the table.

HERMIT

He needs another day's rest.

CORAL

Geralt?

Coral tries to SLAP him awake.

CORAL

Can you give him something?

HERMIT

Yes, but, it's strong.

CORAL

He's a Witcher, he can handle it.

The Hermit opens a CABINET. In it are various spices. He takes a vial. Opens it...and holds under Geralt's nose.

HERMIT

Breathe in.

Geralt breathes in. He coughs loudly. Jaskier comes behind and pats him on the back as HARD as he can.

JASKIER

There there, Geralt.

Geralt ELBOWS Jaskier in the crotch. He THUMPS to the ground.

Geralt turns to the Hermit, wide awake.

CORAL

Geralt, she mentioned Cirilla. What does she want with the princess?

GERALT

Something far worse than what she wants with the blacksmith?

CORAL

Is she safe?

GERALT

She's at Kaer Morhen, with Vesemir. She's safe for now.

Jaskier stumbles and slowly stands up, crouching from the pain.

GERALT

You'll survive, Bard.

JASKIER

You're a prick. If my instrument never works again I expect to be compensated.

GERALT

Enough.

Geralt turns to the old hermit.

GERALT

Now where is this tower?

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Geralt, Coral, and Jaskier ride swiftly on the path.

Up ahead, a small abandoned tower peaks ahead in the distance.

Geralt brings Roach to a stop.

GERALT

Alright Bard. This is where you get off.

JASKIER

You know Geralt, for once, I actually agree. What a marvelous-

GERALT

Take Roach back to the town with you. We'll meet you there.

Geralt and Coral dismount. Jaskier turns Roach around.

JASKIER

And if you don't make it?

GERALT

Sing a song about it or something. Go.

Jaskier starts to ride back to the forest.

CORAL

Jaskier, wait!

Coral runs after him.

CORAL

I'm afraid this might be the last time we see each other.

JASKIER

What?

CORAL

This necklace, it's keeping me alive.

JASKIER

I don't understand.

Jaskier and Coral look at each other fondly.

CORAL

I-I died at Sodden. I cast a curse...

JASKIER

Well, can't you lift it? Is there not something you can do?

CORAL

When my work is done, the curse will end. So will I.

JASKIER

I see.

CORAL

You're a good friend, Jaskier. Take care of him. He might not admit it, but he needs you.

JASKIER

Bless your heart, Lytta Neyd. I shall write the most beautiful ballad for you.

CORAL

I wish I could hear it.

JASKIER

Maybe you will, one day, maybe in the next life?

CORAL

I'd like that.

Jaskier dismounts from Roach and gives Coral a big hug.

Coral returns to Geralt.

CORAL  
You could at least show him a  
little affection, you know?

GERALT  
I'd never have a moment to myself  
again.

EXT. CASTLE RUINS - DAY

Geralt and Coral sneak their way toward the castle. They HIDE under rocks and bushes as they inch closer and closer.

Nilfgaardian soldiers are stationed at each opening of the tower for several stories.

GERALT  
Alright. What's your plan?

CORAL  
(astonished)  
What's *my* plan?

GERALT  
I'm waiting.

Coral waves her hand and ILLUMINATES an opening through the shrubbery, revealing the backside of the tower. No soldiers are posted there.

GERALT  
Good. Let's go.

I/E. CASTLE RUINS - DAY

Geralt and Coral sneak into the castle. Geralt moves quickly and silently like a leopard. SLICING each soldier's throat and carefully laying them on the ground.

One level after another, slitting throat after throat until they reach the TOP.

EXT. TOWER - DAY

Geralt and Coral hide behind the entry to a roofless tower.

Fringilla stands patiently with a KNIFE to the blacksmith's throat.

Several guards surround her, keeping the blacksmith well protected.

FRINGILLA  
Come out, Witcher.

Geralt looks at Coral. She nods. He enters through the doorway, slowly.

FRINGILLA  
You need a bath, I could smell you  
for miles.

GERALT  
Bet you'd like to see that.

Geralt slowly inches toward the guards with his sword raised.

FRINGILLA  
Not another step.

Geralt stands still.

FRINGILLA  
This is your last chance. Tell me  
the location of the girl, and I'll  
let him go.

GERALT  
Can't play with destiny, Fringilla.  
You know that.

FRINGILLA  
Yes, but I can rewrite it. Right  
here, right now.

GERALT  
Kill him then.

FRINGILLA  
You've been warned, Witcher.

GERALT  
Go ahead.

Fringilla's arm freezes. She tries to move it, but it's locked in place.

She looks up.

Coral is LEVITATING above her, whispering an incantation. The soldiers suddenly realize they're frozen, too.

Geralt waltzes through them. He pushes Fringilla's arm away and GRABS the blacksmith by the arm. Standing him up.

Geralt backs away with the blacksmith toward the exit.

Fringilla's body begins to vibrate, slowly. Then the soldiers. They BUZZ with a frequency that builds, louder and louder until.

BZHHH

A massive blast of sonic air ERUPTS from Fringilla's body, sending Geralt and the blacksmith tumbling over. Coral is LAUNCHED out of the air.

The soldiers close in on Geralt. He picks up the Blacksmith.

GERALT

Sorry about this.

He THROWS the blacksmith off of the tower into a massive hay-bail below.

Geralt ROLLS, TWISTS, and SLICES up the first two soldiers as they approach.

Another soldier leaps at Geralt from above. Geralt PUSHES him away with a blast of AARD (Air), and sends him FLYING from the castle.

He LURCHES toward the last three, bent on one knee, and SPINS 360 degrees with his sword, slicing their stomachs open. They FALL.

Fringilla BLASTS another flurry of knives at Geralt. This time he's ready.

He RAISES his enchanted sword and BLOCKS the incoming attack as the sword ABSORBS the knives like a sponge.

He SPRINTS toward Fringilla.

She DODGES and summons a vine that SPROUTS from the ground and whips toward Geralt. He hacks away at it.

More vines approach. One LATCHES on to his arm and WRENCHES the sword away.

The vines overwhelm Geralt and bring him to his knees.

Fringilla picks up the sword.

FRINGILLA

Such a pity.

She hoists it high in the air for a killing blow.

SLAM

Out of nowhere a Nilfgaardian soldier TACKLES Fringilla to the ground and SMOTHERS her.

The soldier's eyes are black with blood SEEPING from them. It GNASHES and GNAWS at Fringilla's face like an undead Zombie.

Fringilla puts her hand on the undead soldier's face and DISINTEGRATES it to ash.

She stands.

The other dead soldiers stand, slowly, with guts and bones hanging out. In the midst of them, stands CORAL.

CORAL

You were wondering what death feels like? How about I show you.

Coral sends the hoard of undead soldiers SPRINTING towards Fringilla.

Fringilla raises her arm and SNAPS. The bones of the soldiers SNAP simultaneously. Their limbs begin to fall as they continue to crawl toward her with their teeth gnashing.

Coral grabs the enchanted sword and CUTS Geralt free.

Fringilla waves her hand and sends a blast of ice onto the creatures. FREEZING them solid.

She closes her fist with a CRUNCH. The frozen soldiers SHATTER.

Geralt and Coral SPRINT toward her.

Fringilla summons a barrier. Geralt SLICES through it like butter.

She FALLS back in astonishment. She crawls up a set of crumbling stairs as the pair CLOSE in.

Geralt LEAPS.

Fringilla SUMMONS a portal and DISAPPEARS into thin air.

Geralt falls to his knees.

He breathes heavily and holds his side. Blood starts to seep through his bandages. Coral walks over to him and helps him stand up.

Geralt looks down to see the blacksmith hiding in the hay-bail below.

BLACKSMITH

Uh-hello? Is anyone up there?

CORAL

You should go to him.

Coral winces. Her dark necklace now glows a bright orange. She steps back from Geralt and sits on a ledge.

GERALT

The curse.

CORAL

It's over, Geralt. He's safe now.

Coral's skin begins to shimmer, her body turns opaque as she slowly starts to fade away.

CORAL

Yennefer was right. You are a hero.  
Maybe the last one in the  
Continent. Please give her my  
regards.

GERALT

I will.

Coral steps forward, and gives Geralt a small kiss on the cheek. He hugs her back as she finally dissipates from his arms.

The wind howls around Geralt. He limps down the castle stairs.

EXT. PATH - DAY

Geralt and the Blacksmith commandeer a deceased soldier's horse and ride slowly down the path towards Kerack.

Geralt holds his bloody side. The enchanted sword shines in a large bag draped around the horses saddle.

GERALT

It's a beautiful blade.

BLACKSMITH

It belonged to a friend of yours?

GERALT

Yes.

BLACKSMITH

You should keep it. It is for the good of the Continent that it stays in your hands.

GERALT

No man should ever wield a blade like this. I'll return it to the owner, and let him decide.

BLACKSMITH

You are very wise, Witcher.

GERALT

Then heed my advice. Leave Kerack. Get as far away from here as you can, and stick to steel and silver from now on.

The horse trots along the path into the sunset.

EXT. TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

Geralt and the blacksmith ride into the town on the outskirts of Kerack.

The blacksmith dismounts as two young boys and a beautiful wife RUN to him and embrace him.

BLACKSMITH

Thank you, Witcher.

He weeps and tosses a small bag of coin to him.

Geralt tosses the coin back.

GERALT

No need.

A loud neigh ERUPTS nearby as Roach trots over. He snuggles his snout into Geralt and starts licking him.

Geralt looks over at the inn. Festive music is playing.

INT. INN - NIGHT

Jaskier is singing and dancing merrily with the townspeople. Drinks slosh around and clank against one other.

Geralt's large physique appears near an open window.

Jaskier looks up to see his best friend. He smiles and stops playing.

JASKIER

Everyone! Let's give a warm welcome  
to our hero, Geralt of Rivia!

The townsfolk erupt with a cheer and begin to sing Geralt's song.

Geralt walks into the inn as the cheering continues. He approaches Jaskier, and puts his hand on his shoulder.

GERALT

Where to next, Bard?

FADE OUT.