

Aragorn - A Lord of the Rings Story

By

Gerasimos Rozis

@2019, Gerasimos Rozis

mrozis@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - DAY

Forest groves, golden flowers, silver willows, topaz waters, jadeite fountains; a tree shadowed lake, on a small island at its center, suggests this is a heavenly place on earth.

No living creature can be seen at first sight, but it feels evident that many spirits dwell upon the gardens.

We focus on the island where a silver framed man-sized mirror stand tall, fixed to the ground. Before it, a white robe, male figure underneath, on his knees, with his back turned to us, long gray hair, never looks straight in the mirror, out of respect, even fear. He is GANDALF, also known as Olorin.

SUPER OVER NASCENT SILVER FIRE IN A MIRROR: THIRD AGE - 1000

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

A dominant, scary male VOICE coming from the fire inside the mirror breaks the silence. Every single word spoken has a different pitch, the flames in the mirror dance on their tone, even jump out of the mirror, almost kissing Olorin.

VOICE (V.O.)

The boy will come to life very soon
Olorin the wise, your quest is one
of the utmost secrecy, now it
begins. The most powerful among us
cannot march against evil, our mere
presence will be detected and send
a massive warning to him. The risk
is too high. The boy however, alert
him will not. Protect him at all
costs, his training you will
oversee. When the time comes,
everything will be revealed to him.

The flames inside the mirror wash away. A shiny longsword appears, Narsil, swiftly gives place to a blurred image of a warrior upon his white horse. The warrior moves forward, approaches the ugly and evil crystal clear figure of MOUTH OF SAURON. The words escaping his blackened lips and rotting teeth are heard clearly.

MOUTH OF SAURON

It takes more to make a King than a
broken blade.

The warrior sweeps out his Narsil, beheads the Mouth of Sauron in one movement.

VOICE (V.O.)

His hands are worthy to control the power jewel of men, lead them to victory.

The longsword breaks down in three colorful gems. The image transforms in a blurred view of three figures very close to each other, a male elf, a female elf, a male wizard, each one holding a ring with a colorful gem upon it.

The three figures bring the rings close to their face, stare them in amazement, stuff them into their palms, faces fill with hope.

VOICE (V.O.)

The wisdom of my people will escort you to your quest. Thus, choose wisely you must.

Gems transform into a fierce flaming dragon monster, Balrog, that looking defeated, falls down into a great chasm.

The sight in the mirror is seen clearly. Olorin himself goes down the chasm alongside Barlog, his ankle is locked by the dragon's whip.

VOICE (V.O.)

Even when the time ends for you, I'll be there, my beloved apprentice.

SUPER OVER FLICKERING BLUISH FIRE: SECOND AGE - 1587

INT. EREGION - BLACKSMITH - NIGHT

A fine silver blade dives into the hottest fire. Black smoke erupts, the powerful hands of the blacksmith meet the spirit of the sword leaving its body.

CELEBRIMBOR, a muscular elf, master craftsman, removes the blade from the heat, ends its torture, stares it, marvels.

Hidden in the dark, a few feet behind, a silver bearded wizard, eyes him the whole time. Besides his golden robe and his wooden staff with a sparkling sapphire on top, nothing else can be visually distinguished upon him. His VOICE, matches the mirror's.

VOICE (O.S.)

Your kind has forged numerous powerful rings, but not all of them are meant to divide and conquer. The three rings, are meant to preserve the piece and balance, through various ways. They will ward off the decays of time and postpone the weariness of the world. Narya, Nenya, Vilya, these are the names and you will craft them in the name of the Elven Kings under the sky.

Celebrimbor, caught by surprise, doesn't turn. Keeps on staring his blade. A single blink.

CELEBRIMBOR

Who approves of this?

VOICE(O.S.)

It is me who commands, the nihilum bearer.

Celebrimbor dares to turn. Respectful, lowers head, he avoids eye contact with the wizard.

CELEBRIMBOR

I fear, that gold might turn to coal. If Sauron ever learns about their existence.

With the serenest of voices, the wizard moves to the light. His back is turned to us.

VOICE

All that glitters is not gold. And all that's black is not coal. They will remain unsullied, free from Sauron's corrupting influence. I offer you cast-iron guarantees to this. This is why, you will forge them alone.

SUPER OVER RED RAGING FLAMES: THIRD AGE - 2933

EXT. RIVENDELL - ELROND'S DREAM - NIGHT

Burning inferno! The blazing, out of control, hot golden flames engulf the sheltered town in its path. Located at the edge of the narrow gorge of a river, well hidden in the foothill of the mountains, the sky-reaching trees around it, provide plenty of food for the hungry, merciless fire.

Nothing survives the crimson anger of the burning menace, not even the waterfalls, nor the golden sword that stands completely alone in the middle of the scenery, stabbing the ground, unable to change its destiny and perish; gold turns to charcoal, the blade collapses.

A veil of smoke and darkness shields the pale blue sky. It looks like a dream, yet feels so real.

EXT. RIVENDELL - MAIN CASTLE TURRET - NIGHT

A single male figure, eyes wide shut, hands crossed, stands like a God, motionless, on the edge of the middle castle turret, the highest of them all. His sterling silver crown, long impeccable hair, brown-golden robe give away his King status. He's ELROND, Lord of the Elves.

His eyelids explode upwards. His deep blue eyes betray his anxiety, while staring at his kingdom, peaceful and beautiful, just like in his dream, excluding the fire.

The sky is pregnant with rain.

A group of five men approach, war suits, faces fully covered. At first sight, it's hard to spot two more members in this group, a young boy around two years old and a female, who walk among them. Their pacing is precise, as they expertly surround the two humans, like protecting it.

Even Elrond's over powered vision cannot clearly see the two strangers.

EXT. RIVENDELL - GATES - NIGHT

CELEBRIAN, beauty beyond compare, silver ringlets, face untouched by the passage of time, glittering silk dress, awaits the arrival of the strangers, happy and intrigued. She is expecting them.

No guards escort her, no matter her queen status. She stands alone, her anxiety skyrockets.

The strangers make a beeline for her.

They stop a few feet away, they bow.

The group leader turns to the boy and the woman, gently nods them to follow. Both of them do not hesitate, keep on moving, get next to Celebrian.

We cannot see the man's face, but his elvish ears give away his origin; an elf. His two followers, humans.

Celebrian willingly extends her arm towards the boy.

The stranger's eyes smile. Lowers his head, bends the knee, nods the boy to follow the queen.

We see the boy's face clearly, fearless, confident, yes undoubtedly sorrowful.

Like some sort of a delivery ritual, a few whispered words in elvish, encrust the boy's arrival to the land of the Elves. He grabs Celebrian's hand tight, stares her in amazement.

With her eyes fixed on the boy, Celebrian bows back to the strangers, who leave in a hurry, disappear into the shadows.

A warm maternal smile, she already treats him like her own son. They turn, walk back in the castle.

The human lady, the boy's mother, follows them just a couple feet behind.

The gates lock behind.

EXT. RIVENDELL - MAIN CASTLE TURRET - NIGHT

Elrond, grave face, stares the boy. It's pretty clear to him now. Face remains worried, raises arm, his palm gets in his line of sight. Focuses on the ring. The sapphire stone withing glows strong.

He retires his stunning view, storms away, disappears.

EXT. RIVENDELL - TRAINING GROUNDS - FIVE YEARS LATER - DAY

Fifty colorless straw arrow targets; forty nine arrows sizzle through the air in a parabolic course in perfect symphony.

They land upon their wooden round targets, hit the center.

One more arrow, a bit too late, doesn't follow the same trajectory as the others, flies straight with much greater speed.

The arrow rocks the target, lands a few inches away the sweet spot.

We see those who launched the attacks, all of them boys, aged seven to ten, Elves. The boys turn, stare the one who fired up the last shot.

He's the young ESTEL/ARAGORN, a confident seven years old human that looks physically younger than his actual age. He pays no attention to the rest of his fellow trainees.

The elven prince ELLADAN, glowing red and gold chain hairband, watches over his training.

ELLADAN

Lower your bows!

ELROHIR, Elladan's twin brother, supervises the rest, nods in affirmation, orders his boys to stop and rest. Although an elf, his human-alike attitude cannot be overlooked.

The elven boys retire their bows, rest them to the ground in front them, in perfect order. Their moves are symmetrical, like a ritual.

Estel does not follow suit.

ESTEL

A few more master Elladan, please!

Elladan breaks his apathetic stance, moves to Estel's side, pets his shoulder. Nods an *alright*.

Two young elves, trade looks among them, whisper a couple of elvish words, stare Elrohir, like waiting for his call.

ELROHIR

(in elvish)

Sit!

A deep breath.

ELROHIR

(in elvish)

And wait for your brother!

The boys sit down, they don't seem willing to let Estel stay back and finish his training alone. Silence dominates the training grounds.

Estel draws five more arrows from his quiver, lines them down in front of him.

Loads the first one into his bow.

The bowstring feels the boy's power, the bow's limbs meet their breaking point. Estel stabilizes his fist, the grip suffocates. He looks ready.

Elladan leans forward, whispers.

ELLADAN

Take your time, relax your fist,
feel it, the bow is not your enemy.
Screen out your anger, your fear,
your anxiety.

Estel relaxes his fist, loosens his feelings.

ELLADAN

Now, shut your eyes son, you don't
need them to achieve what you're
destined for.

Estel obeys, he trusts Elladan after all.

INT./EXT. RIVENDELL - LIBRARY - DAY

A huge room dominated by paper and knowledge. The eye cannot see where the immense amount of colorful books ends.

There are two windows available in the library, both allow the training grounds' view.

Elrond is behind the first, skeptical and serious, rubs his Vilya ring.

Gandalf, stoic, glowing ruby on top of his oak staff, behind the second.

They both have their eyes locked on Estel.

ELROND

His body ages so slowly, like the
time upon him has no effect.

GANDALF

Yet, his soul and spirit grows by
leaps and bounds.

ELROND

He needs more time than his human
boundaries can provide.

GANDALF

He will come in full stature when
the time allows him to. His fate
will take care of it.

ELROND

You're confident that he is the
one? The successor to the throne of
men?

GANDALF

Long before his birth, it was prophesied that he will lead the Dunedain out of the shadows. This is why he will be trained as such and treated as one.

Elrond takes a deep breath.

EXT. RIVENDELL - TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Estel's underdeveloped tiny muscles flex, his fingers grapple with the string.

He releases the string, the arrow launches away.

Around him, unblinking eyes follow the arrow's trajectory in amazement and great expectation.

Its path is not the same as before, a tiny curve applies exactly like in the elven shots earlier on.

The arrow reaches his highest point. Like taking its time, locks on target.

INT./EXT. RIVENDELL - LIBRARY - DAY

The frowning Gandalf anticipates the shot's outcome.

His Narya glows strong, stealing a tiny piece of his focus.

Gandalf relaxes, compresses smile.

EXT. RIVENDELL - TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

On its way down, the arrow increases speed and power.

GANDALF (V.O.)

(elvish)

The Numenoreans have humbled him too many times. The heir of Elendil will do so too.

Bullseye! The arrowhead penetrates the target's body, half of the arrow's spine goes through the other side.

Elrohir explodes upwards. He smiles from ear to ear, like Estel's success was his own.

Elladan remains stoic.

The Elven boys cheer.

Elrohir eyes Elladan, who breaks face and smirks.

Elladan points to the other four arrows, turns to Estel, whispers in elvish.

ELLADAN

Spare them. Have some rest.

INT./EXT. RIVENDELL - LIBRARY - DAY

Elrond and Gandalf trade looks full of relief, amazement.

Gandalf bows, turns, walks away.

ELROND

When the time comes --

With his back turned on Elrond, Gandalf exits the room.

GANDALF (O.S.)

Not to worry my Lord, I will always
be there. Always watching.

EXT. RIVENDELL - YARD - FIVE YEARS LATER - NIGHT

The moonlight splashes down its watery silver glow onto the castle, illuminates everything in and out of it.

In the middle of the castle yard, young ARWEN, nearly the same age as a twenty five years female, stunning beauty, narrates a romantic story in a joyful fairytale manner, to the nine boys surrounding her.

ARWEN

And the fearless warrior raised his
blade, stabbed the sky --

Everything upon her verifies her origin and her noble status; her looks, her calm and passionate voice, the way she sways her seated body.

ARWEN

And brought it down like a hammer,
crashed the stone giant in front of
him --

The boys are excited, some of them even break their solid poker faces, laugh. Estel does not.

ARWEN

The stone giant broke into thousand pieces, revealing the warrior's beloved beauty, who opened her eyes after the ugly giant's death.

He is stunned by her beauty, stares at her straight into her eyes the whole time. Arwen trades look with Estel a couple of times, but she really pays no attention to Estel's moonstruck. He is just twelve years old, too young for her after all.

ARWEN

So, that's it! His love saved her!

The elven boys marvel, they look thrilled by the story's outcome, they applause.

The clapping sound makes Estel's snap out of his gaga.

Assisted by a sneaky elbow push by the boy next to him, Estel claps too. A smile from ear to ear follows.

ARWEN

Come here, all of you!

Arwen extends her arms, calls the kids for a big party hug.

The boys respond, spring up, jump on Arwen, crush her with their hugs.

TO THE DISTANCE

Hidden beneath the trees and the deep velvety sky, a silhouette of a tall and thin caped man with a wizard's hat wanders cautiously, eyes the campfire party. He doesn't look hostile but he tries hard not to get spotted. Succeeds.

TO THE CAMPFIRE

Arwen feels his presence. Her eyes dart right and left towards his location.

She sees nothing. The stranger isn't there anymore.

She focuses back to the boys.

EXT. RIVENDELL - TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Swords swinging, daggers clashing, looks like a usual training session for the young fighters.

A few teens practice on hand-eye coordination, thrust and strike randomly colorful moving bubbles that float right and left. Their precision and accuracy looks impeccable.

The older teens go one on one against older opponents. No matter their enthusiasm and their growing dexterity, their trainers' expert agility makes the latter utterly impossible to beat.

All of the above use wooden swords for training, however, Estel, at the far side of the training field, does not.

He is still so young, but he already swings his longsword like a pro. Even his opponent, Elladan, has a hard time against him; although the prince does not attack him at all, he struggles to cope with Estel's fighting spirit.

Estel attacks, rage and confidence dominate him, looks unwilling to hold back.

Elladan pauses from time to time, provides corrections to Estel's fighting technique and style.

Elrohir offers advice to young elves at the far side of the training grounds, however, his eyes dart left and right between Estel and his boys.

INT./EXT. RIVENDELL - LIBRARY - DAY

Elrond and Gandalf watch apprehensive, motionless behind the windows, as the last time we met them in the Library.

ELROND

He is stubborn.

GANDALF

It comes with his human nature.

ELROND

He gets reckless.

GANDALF

Just because your highly respected son is having a hard time against him?

EXT. RIVENDELL - TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

A perfectly timed swing by Estel, alerts Elladan's instincts, who senses the danger. That blow would have cost him his arm, if it wasn't for his expert agility.

Elladan parries the blow, bolts forward, knocks Estel down with a full body push.

Stunned by the boy's move, Elladan freezes for a moment like thinking how the hell he got caught by surprise.

Elrohir looks stunned!

Elladan snaps out of his thoughts, leans over Estel, extends his arm, helps him get up.

INT./EXT. RIVENDELL - LIBRARY - DAY

The two of them trade looks. Elrond is dead serious, Gandalf looks like he enjoys their intellectual duel.

ELROND

He is a mortal. He copes with danger unwisely, eyes death in the face, even mocks him.

GANDALF

Not everyone among us, chose the gift of men over the fate of the elves.

Elrond backs off.

GANDALF

The knowledge and wisdom of this world stands in front of me Lord Elrond. But no living, will be adequate for his sword. The best of the warriors needs to be summoned and train him.

Elrond and Gandalf focus their sights back to Estel.

EXT. RIVENDELL - TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Estel gets up, eyes Elladan, bends the knee.

ELLADAN

Confine your anger. Don't let it distract you my boy.

ESTEL

Yes master.

Elladan stares the Library's window, eyes Elrond, skepticism dominates both.

INT. RIVENDELL - LIBRARY - FIVE YEARS LATER - NIGHT

A candle's flickering light next to a stack of books, the eighteen years old Estel studies one of them, enchanted by its content.

Elrond paces around the table, mumbles in elvish. The spoken words sound like a poem into Estel's ears, he doesn't lose focus, he rather enjoys it.

The door opens, hands behind her back, Arwen enters.

She moves next to Elrond, whispers him a couple of words. Elrond drops an OK look.

Arwen shoots a glance upon the handsome young Estel, he answers back with a passionate look, their eyes meet.

Elrond notices, his brisk manner and stone cold voice forces Arwen to break the eye contact.

ELROND

(elvish)

Leave us.

Arwen storms away as Estel eyes the door closing behind her.

ELROND

(elvish)

She's not just a distraction but
the princess of the Elves as well.
Get back to your study immediately.

Estel gets back to his reading.

Elrond, frustrated, shuts his eyes, daydreams, stares a probable future.

INTO HIS DREAM

The wind shows no mercy at the autumn leaves swinging here and there, as they rain down enraged upon the very old Aragorn's dead body that turns to a monument of stone. Arwen stands before him, sad, alone, grieving, veiled in black.

As we move away, we see the city of the dead and forgotten, everything turns gray and black, matches perfectly with Arwen's dark dress color.

ELROND (V.O.)
There is nothing for you there my
daughter, only death.

BACK TO THE PRESENT

Elrond snaps out of his dream, annoyed, draws a dagger, cuts his palm, stares his royal blood dripping.

Turns to Estel, launches his hand forward.

ELROND
Heal it.

Estel retires his reading, explodes upwards, unconcerned, approaches Elrond.

Estel knows this is a test he cannot fail.

Estel focuses on the wound, his palm gently connects with Elrond's. Elrond remains stoic, watches carefully.

Estel mumbles in elvish, blood fades away until it solely disappears. A deep breath follows.

Estel removes his palm, the wound is gone. Elrond eyes his palm, it's completely healed, gazes Estel.

ELROND
Rest your strength tonight, your
spirit will need it tomorrow.

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

The first sunlight pervades the glass surface of the mirror, a featureless face shapes inside it.

VOICE
The necromancer is still unaware of
the heir of Elendil. Ready is he
yet?

The two rings, the blue ring of Vilya and the white ring of Narya, glow strong in the hands of Elrond and the radiant gold-silver haired GALADRIEL who sparkles inside her hair's matching royal dress. Gandalf's red ring of Narya, does not illuminate.

They stand motionless and stoic before the mirror.

ELROND

Not yet, my Lord. The deficiencies
of men still hold him back.

Gandalf's face remains lowered in front of the mirror.

GANDALF

Your Vilya, master Elrond, suggests
otherwise.

Elrond looks hesitant.

ELROND

The power to heal and preserve have
been imparted to him.

GALADRIEL

Evil, has no impingement upon him.
Even if Sauron himself confronts
him before the black gates, his
human side is the one not to choose
the obvious and flee, but stay
back, challenge him, and fight.

ELROND

The warrior in him, is not ready.
When things become unclear to him,
he only thinks of death.

GANDALF

All he is missing, is a cause. It's
time, to reveal myself to him.

A moment of silence, like the three of them await the
mirrors decision.

VOICE

The true warrior fights not because
he hates what is in front of him,
but because he loves what is behind
him. Elrond of the elves, isn't
this correct?

Elrond looks crestfallen, raises head, stares the mirror. He
gets the point of the question.

The surface of the ground transforms, mellow soil turns to
igneous rock, infests the ground around the mirror. A moment
later, yellow flowers, celandines, sprout up, the three ring
bearers, gaze in awe.

VOICE

The fire-drake slayer and the Ringil bearer, will hide their faces and complete his training. Not until then, Narya will intervene.

The face in the mirror disappears. Elrond's wariness does not share Gandalf's and Galadriel's vindicated looks.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

A featureless canopied stadium-sized arena, illuminated by million gems fixed upon the silver dome. Estel, weaponless, sits in the middle, eyes shut, meditates.

A young golden haired child around seven years old, elf, appears out of thin air, closes up slowly on Estel.

Estel feels his presence, opens his eyes, stares the child. There is nothing upon him to make him feel threatened.

The child stops a few feet away, gazes Estel. His baby face does not give away his next move.

A brisk move by the child, draws a dagger well hidden onto his back, darts it towards Estel.

Estel caught by surprise, rolls to the side, manages to survive the blade meeting his body. He bolts upright with a jolt, looks ready to fight, awaits the child's next move.

The child turns to a grown man. Tall and thin, long golden hair, GLORFINDEL of the Elves, marvels by Estel's readiness and dexterity.

GLORFINDEL

Some warriors look fierce, but are mild. Some seem timid, but are vicious. Look beyond appearances. Position yourself for the advantage.

Estel, surprised, meets his new trainer.

ESTEL

Who are you?

GLORFINDEL

I'm the dragon slayer.

Estel gains confidence.

ESTEL

(points the dagger)

Pass me one of those too, then
we'll see what's your real worth,
dragon slayer.

Glorfindel compresses smile, intrigued by Estel's attitude, does his magic; his elvish mumbling fills the ground with an insane amount of daggers.

Estel loses focus, retires Glorfindel of his sight, stares the ground.

Bends, grabs a dagger, looks skeptical. His confidence looks almost gone.

His fist keeps on applying more and more pressure, chokes the dagger.

He surges upwards, throws the dagger towards Glorfindel.

The dagger launches away, but what appears to be a powerful fast throw, for Glorfindel's skill, it actually looks like a sluggish attack.

Glorfindel smiles, slowly leans his head to the side, stares the dagger flying by his face, like traveling in slow motion. It looked so effortless.

Every single dagger on the ground disappears in the blink of an eye.

GLORFINDEL

It is useless to meet revenge with
revenge.

EXT. RIVENDELL - OUTSIDE THE ARENA - DAY

Elrond, grave, stands in front of the arena, stoic, gazes at the summer beauty of his surroundings.

Winter takes autumn's place, white replaces green.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

Estel looks nervous, this is a test he failed or he is just so inferior to his new master, he can't tell.

Glorfindel shape shifts into a huge brown haired animal that looks like a capybara.

At the same time, a longsword shapes to the ground in front of Estel.

The capybara bolts towards Estel, looks like attacking him.

Estel swiftly grabs the blade, prepares to defend his position against the incoming monster.

The capybara slows down in the sight of Estel's blade, like having second thoughts about the attack, it retreats.

GLORFINDEL (V.O.)

Do not draw your sword to kill a fly.

Rage and anger dominate Estel, his human nature forces him flip out. He is eager to fight, starts swinging his blade.

ESTEL

Show yourself, fight me!

The capybara dissolves into thin air.

EXT. RIVENDELL - OUTSIDE THE ARENA - DAY

Elrond, same expressionless face, hasn't moved an inch.

Green turns to brown, full blossomed colored flowers turn brown, swing on the trees like dancing off among each other. The whole season interchange looks like a ceremony that passes by Elrond's eyes in a matter of moments.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

Estel, anxious, awaits his next challenge.

GLORFINDEL (V.O.)

So, your blade wishes a real challenge?

ESTEL

Yes!

A dark scary flying shadow carves the arena's canopy.

Fear grows into Estel, blade stays up.

A fire-drake, a Balrog, bursts through the silver dome, like an eagle locked on its pray, dives down on Estel.

The steel on Estel's hand turns into an icy blade.

Estel looks unaware on how to deal with the Balrog. Remains frozen, in his defensive stance, his sword feels so heavy, his arms can't bear its weight. Dead scared, his arms drop. He looks like a battle he cannot win.

Balrog approaches fast, a thunderous roar follows, Estel accepts his defeat, shuts his eyes.

GLORFINDEL (V.O.)
A true warrior never worries about
his fear.

EXT. RIVENDELL - OUTSIDE THE ARENA - DAY

It's winter again.

The dragon's roar make Elrond snap out of oblivion, breaks focus. His head snaps upwards, eyes the dome.

He can see the flying shadow inside the arena, looks fretful, he knows what's in there.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

Glorfindel's tone turns angry.

GLORFINDEL (V.O.)
Competition must not scare you boy.
It should just make you better.

Estel opens his eyes, hope and determination overrun his spirit. He braves fear.

With all of his power, he stabs the sky, enraged, screams back to the dragon. No matter if he loses the encounter, he will fight nevertheless.

Estel bends his knees, kicks hard, launches high up into the air. There are no rules for time or gravity in that arena.

Balrog's mouth opens wide, a fireball conjures.

Estel's blade is just a few inches away the monster's head.

Time slows down, even pauses.

Glorfindel appears at the far side of the arena, eyes the encounter. His voice turns peaceful.

GLORFINDEL

When your temper rises, lower your
fists, and when your fists rise,
lower your temper. Think wisely!

Time has stopped, however Glorfindel's words reach Estel's ears clearly.

The fireball launches away, Estel looks like having a choice; block the fireball with his sword and fight fire with ice, or just parry it.

He chooses the latter.

He removes his icy blade from the fireball's path, parries it, goes for Balrog's neck.

Time runs back to normal, with a brisk move of his sword, Estel cuts the dragon's head in one movement.

Balrog crashes to the ground into two pieces.

Estel lands nearby a moment later.

EXT. RIVENDELL - OUTSIDE THE ARENA - DAY

Spring has arrived.

Elrond's anxiety fades away.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

Glorfindel, sword in hand, stands stoic on top of the dead Balrog's head.

GLORFINDEL

A warrior must only take care that
his spirit is never broken. Nothing
else.

Glorfindel closes the distance on Estel. He looks like going for the final encounter. One on one.

Estel eyes his master, he looks skeptical, he should raise his sword, or not?

Glorfindel is close, Estel needs to act fast.

He retires eye contact, bends the knee, his blade stabs the ground. Bows.

Glorfindel swings his sword upwards.

The blade doesn't come down. Strangely enough, the sword disappears into thin air.

Glorfindel, impressed, leans over Estel, the elf's palm rests upon the human's shoulder.

EXT. RIVENDELL - OUTSIDE THE ARENA - DAY

Autumn.

Elrond smiles in delight.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

GLORFINDEL

Years have been kind to you my
young friend. And you used them
expertly.

Both of them rise, their eyes meet.

GLORFINDEL

Now, standing at the edge of time,
how do you feel? Are you ready?

ESTEL

No man can match your skill master,
but I'm grateful..

Estel chooses his words carefully.

ESTEL

And willing to try!

Deep inside him, Glorfindel knows Estel is ready.

GLORFINDEL

Let's see.

A variety of different weapons, stacked in pairs, appear next to them. Bows, daggers, swords, spears --

Estel encourages Glorfindel to choose first the weapon of their encounter.

ESTEL

Weapons change, warriors don't.

Glorfindel smirks.

GLORFINDEL
You learned a lot.

He dives into Estel's danger zone, he chooses the longsword, knowing that Estel is an expert swordsman.

Every other weapon fades away, Estel grabs the other blade, which is identical to Glorfindel's sword.

A mexican standoff; the two of them bow, a sign of mutual respect. Tension grows.

Just before they start --

GLORFINDEL
Tell me Estel, what do you wish the most?

Estel takes his moment.

ESTEL
My prayer is that when I die, all of hell rejoices that I'm out of the fight.

GLORFINDEL
My young apprentice, hell is unaware of your mere existence. But I promise you this. When the time comes and your path unveils, hell will tremble upon your presence.

Glorfindel steps back twice, extends his blade backwards. Estel whirls his blade in a formal salute.

The fight is on!

Glorfindel lunges toward Estel.

Glorfindel's agility is off the charts. He flies right and left, rains down blows upon Estel, who blocks or parries every cut and thrust that his master throws at him. Nothing gets through.

Words are insufficient to describe the range and skill of Glorfindel's speed and swordplay, however his young opponent, all that spares, is patience and energy.

As the fight goes on, it quickly becomes clear that Glorfindel is the complete swordsman, elegant, graceful, unworried.

Estel is doing a good job so far defending, however it is evident, that there is something still missing to match the skill of his master.

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

Winter.

The mirror broadcasts the fight.

Elrond, Gandalf and Galadriel watch in anticipation the outcome of the battle.

ELROND

He wastes so much energy.

GANDALF

Patience my Lord, patience.

Galadriel's otherworldly eyes glow strong. They match the brightness of her Nenia.

With her lips sealed, she speaks of elvish words, her lips do not sway. Her eyes are locked on Elrond.

Gandalf can listen to her too.

GALADRIEL (V.O.)

The mortal who challenges God and
pours doubt in his mind, the
warrior who faces the white cloak,
the King who kneels before the
puniest of them all.

Elrond, shocked, daydreams, he has a vision.

TEASING SHOT

Flickering images of the blazing Sauron's Eye rocked by his deep scary voice. Strange words are spoken, the language is not of this world.

BACK TO SCENE

Elrond breaths rapidly, caught in the grip of his hideous vision. Daunted, he answers back in elvish.

ELROND

Long have you hunted me. Long have
I eluded you. No more.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

Estel takes a deep breath, gets a fresh grip of his blade, leads the attack for the first time. For a moment he drives Glorfindel back, but the latter's superior skill turns the tide.

Again and again Estel is bested.

The tempo of the attacks sky rises. Glorfindel presses the action, Estel is pushed to his limits to defend himself.

The movements of both warriors are both beautiful and deadly. Blind instinct and skill make this a death struggle.

A powerful savage attack by Glorfindel is blocked by Estel, however the power of the blow thrusts Estel a few too many feet backwards.

Estel grimaces, something weird rumbles his mind.

ESTEL

However, sometimes, I pray I could
go to the Undying Lands and rest,
for eternity.

For the first time, Glorfindel doesn't look eager to attack first, although an elf, he looks a bit tired, skeptical.

GLORFINDEL

You know, I went there once myself.
Got tired of its peace. Came back
to rejoin the fight!

A bit shocked for a moment, Estel's eyes fill with hope, eradicate his own exhaustion.

Estel trades looks with Glorfindel, charges against him, who smiles faintly, at the view of Estel attacking.

Estel swings, Glorfindel barely parries the attack.

Estel rolls all the way to the far side of the arena.

A long pause, both exhausted, they trade looks. Their eyes are as immobile as their limbs.

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

Summer.

VOICE

Fight against the light he
mastered, learn to fight the night,
now ready he is.

The three ring bearers bow before the mirror. Inside it, the view of the fight, fades out. It dissolves into a broken blade, it's the half sized Narsil.

INT. RIVENDELL - ARENA - DAY

Estel relaxes his muscles, his face turns calm, peaceful.

Estel attacks, his rage and fury are absent, Glorfindel deflects the blow, but everything looks different in Estel's movement.

Glorfindel acknowledges this change.

Estel swings again. Glorfindel blocks. Estel presses the action as Glorfindel counters every hit while retreating.

Estel won't relent, his swings look more and more effortless when compared to his master's blocks.

Glorfindel's energy looks depleted.

Finally both warriors strike at the same moment, their blades arrive simultaneously next to their opponents' bodies, one piece of metal next to Glorfindel's neck, the other next to Estel's belly.

Both blades come to a stop, the battle has ended.

Estel retreats his blade, stabs the ground, kneels in front of his master.

Glorfindel lowers his blade stunned, walks backwards, he pays no attention to Estel whatsoever.

He wipes his sweating forehead, curious, examines his fingers. It's not the first time he stares such a thing.

He smiles. His own quest has come to an end. Walks away, turns to a shadow, disappears.

GLORFINDEL (V.O.)
 (fading voice)
 Until we meet again.

EXT. RIVENDELL - YARD - T.A. 2950 - NIGHT

A peaceful warm night, the moonlight shines strong, the campfire is unable to strengthen its glow.

Arwen sits next to the fire, among a few too many young elves. The princes' age looks unchanged since the last time we met them, no matter the years passed.

Elladan and Elrohir listen to their sister's story, a few feet away.

Another fascinating story telling by Arwen.

ARWEN
 So, once again, the Gods made
 Kungen fight for his beloved and
 precious Sylvana, by hunting down
 the mighty Orc, Leoric, and kill
 him.

One of the young boys, ELF BOY, interrupts her.

ELF BOY
 But Leoric was their own son.
 Still, they wished him dead?

ARWEN
 Leoric had Godly blood, Valar
 blood, yes, and his own father
 cursed him for all eternity,
 transformed him into the greatest
 of orc warriors. His mother
 however, loved his so much, that
 she would do anything to save him
 from his orcish misery.

ELF BOY
 Yeah, better dead than Orc!

The boys cheer. Arwen breaks face, smiles.

ARWEN
 Exactly!

ELF BOY
 So, Kungen succeeded?

Most of the boys already know the story's ending. They start shouting, 'KUNGEN, KUNGEN'.

ARWEN

Surrounded by a million Orcs, with
the help of his two friends,
Drakedog the Elf and Tirion the
Dwarf, he fought his way through
the army of the dark, faced Leoric,
and killed him!

Another boy, ELF BOY TWO, joins the action.

ELF BOY TWO

Tell us about the wizards! They
fought too!

ARWEN

Yes! The wizards were also there,
they used all of their great spells
against the army of the Orcs, they
protected the armies of men, and
that was the first time that
humans, elves and dwarves fought
alongside, against the forces of
evil and hell.

The boys are excited, applause.

Elladan and Elrohir turn their heads, stare the male figure
that slowly approaches from the shadows.

He's Estel, shirtless and ripped, who paces slowly towards
them. He stops, stands stoic a few feet away the campfire,
his eyes lock on Arwen.

Elrohir notices him first, shouts.

ELROHIR

Estel!

Estel doesn't take his eyes off Arwen, paces towards
Elrohir, who looks stunned by his growth.

Estel gets next to Elrohir, lowers his head.

ESTEL

My prince.

Estel turns to Arwen.

ESTEL

Princess.

Arwen is speechless, Estel is not the child she once knew, but rather a handsome adult.

They lock eyes, hold the moment too long. Everyone can tell by their looks, that their attraction is mutual.

Another elbow punch from Elrohir, forces Estel to wake up from his oblivion.

ELROHIR

Hey! This is my sister! And she won't go down just because you got yourself some awesome pecs!

At the same time, Elladan jumps on Estel, hugs him tight, Estel dnaps out of his daydream.

ELLADAN

Where have you been? We were worried that the dragon slayer beat you to death!

Estel doesn't hold back, tightens his hug, smirks.

ESTEL

He almost did. He almost did.

ELLADAN

Tomorrow we fight, let's see what Glorfindel taught you!

ESTEL

Perhaps, but I'm a bit tired you know.

Elladan is shocked. He didn't expect a negative answer.

ELLADAN

You don't wish a fight? That's a first!

Arwen regains Estel's focus.

ARWEN

So. A man you have become. Come, sit with us!

Estel releases Elladan from his hug, they all sit down.

Arwen continues his story.

ARWEN

So Kungen won the encounter, but he was severely wounded. Leoric was a demigod after all.

ELF BOY

He died? What about Sylvana?

Arwen pets the boy's head.

ARWEN

No he didn't die. A few days after the battle, he woke up aboard the ship heading to the Undying Lands. Sylvana was there too, holding their son!

ELF BOY TWO

Yes! They made it!

ARWEN

Sylvana was free from the evil poison and Kungen had fully recovered from his wounds. But the child, the seed of their love, stayed behind, because as the legend suggests, another boy from his bloodline, will arrive some day and face the dark, and destroy it once and for all.

Arwen trades looks with Estel. Elladan notices.

ELLADAN

Come on sister, this is a fairytale, a myth! The nihilum does not really exist.

ARWEN

My dear brother, the legend of nihilum is true. It's up to you, whether to believe it or not!

ELROHIR

And who has the nihilum now Arwen?

Arwen stares at the fire. Turns serious.

ARWEN

Above all people, you should know brother!

INTO THE DISTANCE

Far away beneath the shadows of the trees, the stoic Elrond lurks. His Vilya glows strong.

NEXT TO THE CAMPFIRE

Estel's voice breaks Arwen's focus.

ESTEL

So, Drakedog was an elf, Tirion a dwarf, and Kungen, a human. What about Sylvana?

ARWEN

Sylvana was the elven princess.

Elladan looks unwilling to believe this.

ELLADAN

Oh, come on! A human and an elf? They fall in love? And they had a son?

Arwen blushes, takes her eyes off Estel, lowers head.

ARWEN

Everything is possible brother, even a great love among an elf and a human.

INTO THE DISTANCE

Elrond grinds teeth, looks more worried than angry. Turns, walks away.

INT. RIVENDELL - YARD - MORNING

The peaceful morning view is staggering. The trees, the birds, the flowers, the sun, everything works in perfect harmony around, suggesting this is a day to relax.

A table made of white marble, Estel, his mother and queen Celebrian, joyful faces, sit silent around it, trade happy looks. Their eyes speak more words than their mouth.

Elladan and Elrohir approach silently.

Elladan is eager to test Estel, he wastes no time, breaks the silence, challenges him.

ELLADAN

Come on, get up, show your old master what you have learned!

Estel is unwilling to fight.

ESTEL

My prince, forgive me, another day perhaps.

Elladan is amazed by Estel's denial. His manner and attitude change. Gets serious.

ELLADAN

Always so eager to fight against anyone and everything, that's the first time you say no! You have truly changed Estel of the humans.

Celebrian jumps in.

CELEBRIAN

Let him rest my son. Enough he has gone through.

ELROHIR

Yes, he doesn't have to prove anything to you, don't challenge his peace brother.

Elladan doesn't back down. One more try.

ELLADAN

You know, it's disrespectful saying no to your master, not to mention the prince.

Estel, halfhearted, accepts the challenge.

ESTEL

You are correct. I'm sorry my Lord.

The zestful prince, storms down to the open field, a couple swords already await there, like they had been placed since the beginning.

Estel gets up, a pat on his back from Elrohir follows.

ELROHIR

Make him sweat!

Estel compresses smile, Elrohir takes his place around the table.

Celebrian and Estel's mother turn to watch the fight.

Elladan offers Estel one of the two swords, stabs it to the ground, a couple steps backwards follows.

Estel grabs his sword, brings it close to his chest.

Eyes it, examines it.

The tiny pommel, its guard, the fuller, the blade point.

He registers its weight, sharpness, glow, killing power.

He grimaces, looks really unwilling to fight, but he has to.

Estel is ready, his grip tightens, his sword rises. His eyes stay down.

Elladan, charges against Estel, leaps forward with great speed, attacks.

His movement is flawless, straight and accurate. A double blow follows, first one on Estel's front and one on his back. Both swings are blocked by Estel's sword, effortless.

Elladan lands a few feet away Estel, pauses. Shocked by Estel's defensive skill, he turns, faces his opponent, who has his back turned on him still.

Elrohir jolts upright, amazed.

Estel slowly turns, blade comes forward, he doesn't attack back. It's obvious that he wants only to defend, nothing more, nothing less.

ELLADAN

No. Fucking. Way!

Estel remains stoic, awaits Elladan's next move.

Elladan wastes no time, attacks again.

Every single swing of his blade meets Estel's.

As the fight goes on, it's pretty obvious that Estel is just too skilled for the prince, even for a single blow of the latter to go through.

ELROHIR

(whispers to Celebrian in
elvish)

Slayed thousand of Orcs, but a
single strand of Estel's hair is
just too much for him. The human is
strong mother.

Celebrian fills with hope. Remains speechless nevertheless.

The noise of the clanging swords draws the attention of the elves nearby, who get closer closer, anxious about the outcome of the fight.

All of a sudden, Arwen appears, her eyes fix on Estel.

She remains unnoticed by Estel, who keeps blocking Elladan's attacks, utterly unworried.

The elves make way to the princess, part like the red sea as she approaches the battlescene.

Estel's eye connects with her figure.

Estel attacks for the first time, Elladan goes on the defensive. Elladan's expert agility meets its limits.

Celebrian trades looks with her daughter. A single moment is enough for a mother to know.

ELROHIR
(shouts aloud)
Finish this!

No one can tell who Elrohir supports but..

A powerful blow by Estel slices Elladan's sword in two.

The elves are stunned, Elladan is shocked too.

Estel stops, backs down, lowers his sword, kneels.

ESTEL
Master!

A huge smile follows Elladan's puffy breathing.

ELLADAN
Rise brother, rise!

Estel gets up.

ELLADAN
A master losing to his apprentice,
unalloyed pride is the only thing
he experiences.

A smile brakes Estel's face. Looks happy the fight ended.

Estel trades looks with Arwen, love cannot hide from both their stares.

TO THE DISTANCE

Elrond gazes the crowd around Estel. Galadriel stands next to him, emotionless, awaits Elrond's first words.

ELROND

It's time for him to learn how to
deal with the dark. Not much left
for him to master around the steel.

Elrond turns, walks away.

Galadriel gets it. She blinks quickly, repeatedly, like her eyes are bothering her.

EXT. RIVENDELL - ENCHANTING GARDENS - NEXT MORNING

Red and golden flowers lay scattered on the endless cow parsley field like frozen flames, bringing their cool blaze to the late spring morning.

With her back turned to us, Arwen walks among them, her palm touches their top, pets them, feels them.

She pauses. A red rose standing tall in front of her, steals her focus. She bends her knees, her fingers connect with the rose's petals.

TO THE DISTANCE

A few feet away, below a few too many white birches, Estel, motionless, unnoticed, stares Arwen's graceful movement.

TO ARWEN

Arwen grasps the rose's stem. She's ready to cut it off.

TO ESTEL

Estel closes the distance.

ESTEL

Please, spare its life. At least
it's trying.

Arwen, surprised, removes her hand from the rose.

ARWEN

It's trying?

ESTEL

To surpass your beauty my princess.

Arwen turns her head to the side to avert the gaze, but the sudden rosiness of her cheeks give her away.

ESTEL

I didn't know that Elves do blush!

A huge smile from ear to ear follows. For such a powerful elf, Arwen feels so vulnerable. She can't fight love.

ARWEN

My father..

ESTEL

Forbids.

They lock eyes. They start moving, their bodies close the distance.

GALADRIEL (V.O.)

She cast her fragrance and her radiance over the human.

They meet. Their palms connect, feel one another.

GALADRIEL (V.O.)

No matter his young age, he knew how to love her.

A rare moment without words. None of them can resist. Their lips almost connect. Passion, lust, even fear, everything blends together in perfect symphony.

GALADRIEL (V.O.)

Empower his purpose this will, or his oblivion of love will lead him to some uncharted territory?

A furious scream, comes from far away.

ELROND (V.O.)

Daughter!

Arwen's head explodes to the side. Did her father actually see them? She looks terrified.

So does Estel, however his eyes do not move. They stay locked upon Arwen's.

With a brisk move of her palm, the sterling silver evenstar cleavage necklace reveals, dangling shiny and unique.

Estel's eyes don't change focus.

Arwen wastes no time, she yanks it out of her neck, stuffs it inside Estel's palm.

ARWEN

Once my heart, now it's yours.

Arwen forcefully folds up Estel's palm.

ARWEN

Forever.

Estel is out of words.

Arwen bolts away, like running for her own life.

Estel gazes her running away, shocked, yet blissful beyond imagination. She's so far away, he cannot see her anymore.

He turns to his hand, opens his palm.

The evenstar shines strong; the blinding light emitting, forces his eyes to shut.

CUT TO:

INT. RIVENDELL - ESTEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Estel in bed, burns with fever, fights within his dream. His hair are much longer than the last time we met him.

He clenches his fists, increases power uncontrollably.

INTO ESTEL'S NIGHTMARE

Fed fat by mountain streams, the pale blue boiling with rage waters, pours down the river bank in extreme speed.

Arwen stands still in the middle of the river, her sword stabbing the sky, confronts the roaring terror of swift waters coming down upon her, waters split in half.

Fed up with fear and exhaustion, she tries hard to keep her blade up. The everlasting river flow shows no signs of decreasing its offensive wrath.

BACK TO SCENE

A piece of fabric clears his sweating forehead, Celebrian herself, take cares of his relief effort.

Agony dominates Estel's mother, who stands motionless next to the door. She doesn't dare to take the queen's place, even if that's her own son.

Celebrian turns to Estel's mother. Her voice and attitude is calm, peaceful.

CELEBRIAN
Please, leave us.

Estel's mother obeys, bends the knee, storms out.

INTO ESTEL'S NIGHTMARE

The river's swift undertow shapes into a ghostly male figure, a wraith. Closing the distance, like a cobra, it grows more and more.

Reaching three times Arwen's height, the wraith approaches her fast, enraged.

The wraith's sword rises.

Arwen feels helpless, loses hope.

Her blade comes down, slowly.

The water is the first to attack her discouraging face.

She is in pain. Screams for help.

ARWEN
Father!!

The wraith goes for the kill, its blade descends, targets Arwen's neck.

BACK TO SCENE

In the room, Celebrian is alone with Estel.

She shuts her eyes, mumbles in elvish. Her tone and manner change, peculiar words follow; words strong enough to confront the evil within Estel's sleep.

Celebrian looks so powerful, the result of her words is almost instant. Estel relaxes, the battle against his nightmare is over.

Celebrian exhales slowly at the sight of a calm Estel.

Estel's fists relax, one of them opens a bit, the shiny evenstar once hiding in there, now it's partially visible.

The evenstar's glow steals the queen's attention. She notices just a small part of the artifact, but it's more than enough to identify it.

She shuts her eyes, satisfied and full of joy, smiles.

INT. RIVENDELL - ESTEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Celebrian and Estel's mother stand stoic next to Estel's bed, speechless. Estel is awake but looks disoriented, as if locked in thought.

ESTEL

Yesterday, I saw Arwen. The river
attacked her.

The females trade worried looks.

Celebrian's face turns serious.

CELEBRIAN

A river, next to a waterfall?

ESTEL

No, there was no waterfall.

Celebrian exhales in relief.

CELEBRIAN

You don't have to worry my son. The
water is loyal to Arwen's voice,
would never turn against her.

ESTEL

Her blade was up. She was fighting.
Her face..

CELEBRIAN

The tricks of a human mind! Some
things are far beyond our power or
understanding. You should rest, do
not worry about those. It was just
a bad dream.

ESTEL

It's not the first time..

CELEBRIAN

What do you mean?

ESTEL

Sometimes I feel, I feel like there
are so many secrets around my own
existence. Why me?

Celebrian is speechless.

ESTEL

I'm a human, a mere mortal. Yet, I was trained by the dragon slayer, supervised by the prince himself, and King Elrond helped my master the secrets of healing. I don't even know my father's name!

CELEBRIAN

You will always be your mother's son, but at the same time, you're my own too. So I guess, it's fate, that brought the three of us together. Have patience, your training is about to complete. I have a strong feeling, that soon enough, everything will be revealed to you.

Estel seeks for a better answer, keeps on trying.

ESTEL

Why me? What for? All I want is leave in peace, have a family..

Estel's mouth shuts abruptly.

CELEBRIAN

With the one you love?

Estel retires eye contact with the queen, lowers his eyes.

ESTEL

Yes, mother.

With a sluggish move of her fingers, Estel's mother moves her son shirt, reveals the evenstar necklace resting upon his chest.

CELEBRIAN

I cannot see the future, but my heart says you will achieve what you wish the most.

Celebrian takes a deep breath.

CELEBRIAN

And her heart, wishes the same.

Happy faces fill the room.

A knock on the door interrupt the happiness of the moment.

Faces turn serious.

An elf GUARD opens the door, rushes inside. Bows.

GUARD
My queen, King Elrond requests
Estel's presence.

CELEBRIAN
Where is he?

GUARDIAN
Riverend your Grace.

Celebrian nearly leaps out of her skin.

CELEBRIAN
Go. We'll be there shortly.

The guard storms away.

Celebrian turns to Estel.

CELEBRIAN
This is your final challenge. Be
strong, and let nothing distract
you.

Estel gets up.

CELEBRIAN
And always remember. What makes you
unique and more powerful than any
of us, is your human nature. Trust
your heart, cause it will never
fail you.

Estel bends the knee, Celebrian responds with a kiss on his
forehead.

Estel moves to his mother, a hug follows.

EXT. RIVENDELL - RIVEREND - DAY

The peaceful waters flow slowly along the river beneath the
summer sun, the sound of it is almost nonexistent. At the
far side, the water, languid in pace, drains down to a
waterfall, so gently, that reminds of us a stately home
garden waterfall. Just the looks of the scenery is awkward,
considering the amount of pouring water.

Elrond, Galadriel and Gandalf, grave faces, stand motionless
like marble statues next to the river shore, await Estel's
arrival.

Before them, their weapons shine, fixed to the ground. Their battle outfits, suggest they're ready for a fight.

Behind them, on their knees, Elrond's three children. Eyes lowered, they look battle-ready too, their blades shine.

Estel approaches, his pace is lax, however it does not match his rising concern.

The closer he gets, the more curious he becomes at the sight of the only man he doesn't recognize; Gandalf.

Hesitant at first, Arwen moves her head to the side, her eye catches Estel's. Gandalf gets out of his picture.

The evenstar around Estel's neck glows strong.

Arwen smiles.

Estel gets next to the King, bows.

ESTEL

My King.

Elrond spares no time.

ELROND

Cross the river and face whatever
is beyond.

Elrond gazes at the smiling Arwen.

ELROND

If you succeed, the questions that
trouble you, will have their
answers. There will be no secrets
anymore.

Galadriel has her grinning eyes locked on Estel, while Gandalf avoids any kind of direct eye contact.

Estel focuses on the river, looks pretty easy to cross.

He steps in, a huge wall made of some sort of a northern lights alike complex, rises on the other side, expands fast, all the way up to the sky.

Estel pauses, stunned by the view, looks lost in thought.

The river remains calm, its gentle touch is enough to wake Estel from his daydream.

He reaches the wall, walks through it.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

The three ring bearers, stand respectful in front of the mirror. Their hands are crossed, their rings glow strong.

The face in the mirror is not there anymore.

VOICE (V.O.)

The course of the future has been set. Soon enough, face the one who doesn't share power, at last, ready he will be.

ELROND

He must still prove his worth at Riverend. We must wait.

VOICE (V.O.)

Time is running out. The boy's power won't remain unnoticed for much longer. When the winter sun arrives, his quest begins.

Elrond stares the mirror, chooses his words carefully.

ELROND

I'm uncertain how he will cope with desire. What if something so precious as powerful at the same time, lands into his hands? He's still a human after all.

GALADRIEL

Yes, the human souls are indeed the easiest to corrupt. So are their minds.

Elrond silently agrees.

GALADRIEL

Yet, once their heart fills with love, their minds have no control upon them. And Estel's heart has space available for nothing else, other than Arwen.

Galadriel compresses smile, trades looks with Gandalf.

GANDALF

King Elrond, you have seen most.
But wasn't it Kungen who came up
victorious against Gods himself for
the shake of her love? You truly
have no idea how powerful and
menacing humans can be in the name
of their most precious artifact,
called love.

Elrond is speechless, he knows that Galadriel and Gandalf
are correct.

The face in the mirror comes back to life. The voice's tone
sounds absolute.

VOICE (V.O.)

She will gladly exchange the gift
of the elves for what she can never
possess. Lord Elrond, this is my
decision, and it is absolute.

Elrond, confused, gets angry.

ELROND

I won't allow this. My daughter
will not sacrifice her immortality
over a human.

The ground trembles, mirror shakes.

A small crack.

VOICE

King of the elves, wisest of your
kind, challenge me not, neither
question my ruling!

The three ring bearers kneel.

EXT. RIVENDELL - RIVEREND - DAY

Like time had paused, Elrond, Galadriel and Gandalf, stand
in the exact same spot as we left them a few moments ago.
Besides Elrond's worried face, nothing has changed.

They watch Estel crossing the magic wall.

None of the rest shoot a single look toward Estel, as this
looks something utterly forbidden.

EXT. RIVENDELL - DRAGON BEACH - DAY

The sand is softly golden with just the right comforting warmth. Estel scrunches his toes, feels its softness.

He bestows his gaze to the far off horizon, the forever stretching beach amazes him.

Estel moves; with every step of his, the sand shifts. With every motion forward there is some backward and down.

The waves roll in, each of one them as strong and bold as the last. They come without fear of the beach, embracing their destiny upon the sparkling sand. Estel walks forward until the water soaks his naked feet, his shoes already dangle in his hand.

Despite the summer heat, Estel finds himself frozen in place the moment his eyes take in the ocean.

Sun is gone, dark clouds pregnant with rain take its place.

He stops.

TO THE DRAGON STONE

Not too far away, monstrous and deafening, raging waves lash down upon two huge rocks, with the shapes of dragon heads, hot lava flowing from their eyes, like everlasting tears.

On top of the one dragon stone to his left, a male figure, shiny blade in his hand, steel literally on fire, sword-plays, fights against a man sized water-wraith. His movement is nimble and beautiful, from the distance, it looks like he's just showing off.

The stranger swings, stabs the wraith in the heart.

The wraith screams in pain, backs off.

ON THE BEACH

Estel's curiosity turns into agony. Takes two steps backwards, gets his feet out of the sea.

TO THE DRAGON STONE

Estel's movement draws the attention of the wraith instantly. It moves around the dragon stone, storms towards Estel, it appears he is its new target.

ON THE BEACH

Waves become more powerful and violent than ever. Their roar echo across the sea to the land. The wind howls in a torrent of its own as if determined to strike greater fear into the land dweller.

Estel's pace increases. Continuous to shrink back.

The wraith is close. Estel feels desperate; he can't defend.

TO THE DRAGON STONE

FINGOLFIN of the Elves, powerful, arrogant, with a weird sense of humor, flicks glances at the wraith and the man that is after. He is struck by Estel's image, his eyes playing over.

He performs an impossible jump, stabs the sky with his flaming sword, targets the wraith from the distance.

ON THE BEACH

The wraith's sword locks its target. Estel freezes.

The wraith's blade descends.

Fingolfin's blade lands first upon the wraith's neck, head separates from the body.

Fingolfin lands on his knees. Shakes head.

The wraith dissolves into sand, sun shines strong again.

FINGOLFIN

You kill them, by either forcing
steel into their brains, or by just
chopping their heads off.

Fingolfin rises. Eyes Estel.

ESTEL

I was under the impression that all
creatures of the dark were afraid
of water.

FINGOLFIN

Not the sea. Just the river.

Estel mumbles.

FINGOLFIN

And you are?

ESTEL
Estel of the humans.

Fingolfin eyes Estel's ears.

FINGOLFIN
(sarcastic)
And why are you here, Estel of the
humans?

Estel's eyes dart left and right between the dragon stones
and Fingolfin. He can't latch on to whatever he just saw.

ESTEL
I don't know.

FINGOLFIN
Interesting.

Fingolfin rests his flaming sword, stabs it to the ground.
Flames become fumes.

FINGOLFIN
Last time someone was sent to me,
he knew exactly what he was here
for.

Fingolfin, enchanted by the evenstar, pauses, even frowns a
bit shocked, changes the subject.

FINGOLFIN
This is no ordinary artifact.
Neither it is supposed to be
carried by a human. Who gave it to
you?

ESTEL
It is a gift.

Fingolfin marvels.

FINGOLFIN
From a princess?

A single nod by Estel follows.

FINGOLFIN
How improbable. Yet, so very
interesting.

Estel gains confidence, gets back to normal.

ESTEL

So, can you tell me why am I here,
or you'll just stick to that
interesting thing of yours?

Fingolfin smiles, he actually likes the human. Bows,
introduces himself.

FINGOLFIN

I'm Fingolfin of the Elves, the
high King of Noldor, son of Finwe,
possessor of the Ringil and the one
to challenge and wound Morgoth
himself.

Estel is speechless. Fingolfin takes a deep breath.

FINGOLFIN

You are here, because you have been
chosen. It could be your bloodline,
your skill, or just your pretty
face, only the order knows.

ESTEL

Chosen for what?

Fingolfin looks curious.

FINGOLFIN

Let me ask you something. What do
you desire the most, for the rest
of your mortal life?

Estel takes his time, thinks of his answer. Fingolfin
interrupts his thoughts.

FINGOLFIN

And spare me the nonsense about
death and hell. Because I have some
bad news for you boy. That is not
going to happen. Hell, simply put,
does not care.

Estel looks shocked. How can Fingolfin possibly know?

ESTEL

No, not anymore. All I want, is to
have a normal life. A wife,
children, peace!

FINGOLFIN

Yeah. Unfortunately, peace, wants
nothing of you.

Estel flickers awake, disoriented.

Fingolfin points to the evenstar.

FINGOLFIN

So, tell me, what's her name?

Estel lowers his eyes.

ESTEL

Arwen.

Fingolfin tries hard to hide his smile. Fails miserably.

FINGOLFIN

Elrond's Arwen? Really?

Estel turns serious, there is not a single forgiving feature in his steel-face and dead eyes.

ESTEL

Do not mock me, second high King of Noldor, second eldest son of Finwe, Elf who failed to kill Morgoth.

Dazzling sparks fly around Fingolfin.

FINGOLFIN

You certainly know your history. But what about the future? What if the dark Lord comes after your precious Arwen? Would you fight?

Estel backs off. His sarcasm and anger are gone. A single nod follows, yes he will!

ESTEL

The wraiths..

FINGOLFIN

Yes..

ESTEL

Can you teach me how to fight them?

FINGOLFIN

Well, that's what you're here for!

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

Autumn. Trees change colors, from green to brown in just a few moments. Summer heat is fading, clouds look threatening, the area around the mirror is full of dead leaves.

No one is seen around the mirror.

The earth trembles, the crack in the mirror grows.

VOICE (V.O.)

Fear and fire you control, your
plans I roughly sense, my young
apprentice.

The eye of Sauron vaguely appears inside the mirror. It's pretty clear that the eye of Sauron looks pretty disoriented, unwilling to show itself, tries hard to cover its face. It cannot escape the mirror.

Another crack in the mirror follows, soon enough, it's one crack to many.

VOICE (V.O.)

Stay, your worst nightmare look
into his eyes.

The eye of Sauron screams in rage.

VOICE (V.O.)

Behold Aragorn, Kungen's
descendant, ruler of the Narsil,
heir of Elendil!

The eye of Sauron tries hard to vanish, fails.

The voice tone changes, sounds fearsome, absolute.

VOICE (V.O.)

Into your own fear and fire you
will burn!

To the distance, we see raging flames rising as a huge wall around the mirror, feast on the islands' natural resources, sending billows of black smoke into the sky.

EXT. RIVENDELL - DRAGON BEACH - DAY

Estel and Fingolfin, side by side, perform a artful swordplay against the wind. Their movement is identical, precise, gracious. The Ringil stands stoic a few feet behind them, they're using wooden sticks instead of swords.

Fingolfin pauses. Estel copies.

FINGOLFIN

Wraiths are the incarnation of the dark. You cannot fight them with anger, rage or anxiety. You will just make them even stronger.

Fingolfin restarts. A couple of swings follow, Estel follows suit.

A new pause. Fingolfin grimaces sarcastically.

FINGOLFIN

They say a mere mortal cannot kill them. So you either cannot too, or the legend needs rewriting.

Fingolfin attacks the emptiness ahead of him with much grater enthusiasm and passion than before. So does Estel.

Fingolfin stops.

FINGOLFIN

You don't attack a ghost made of dark and fire with steel. You use fire.

All of a sudden, both their wooden weapons light up like torches.

FINGOLFIN

They're much afraid of fire!

The moment Fingolfin restarts his fencing drill, a screaming sound, matching Sauron's eye voice, blasts the beach. For a moment, Estel's attention draws away his master.

Fingolfin notices.

FINGOLFIN

(furious)

Focus!

Estel gets back to his training procedure immediately.

FINGOLFIN

Let nothing distract you. If a Morgul blade feels your skin, you will roam the world as one of those ghosts, until the world itself ends.

The last sunbeams for the day. Night arrives.

Fingolfin stops, it's rest time.

FINGOLFIN

You should rest. Tomorrow, we get wet.

ESTEL

Yes master.

They both stuff their wooden weapons to the ground. Considering the absence of the moon, those burning sticks are the only source of light.

EXT. RIVENDELL - RIVEREND - NIGHT

Like a second sun, the moonlight dominates both the sky and the earth, illuminates everything the river.

Same picture of the six, Elrond, Galadriel, Gandalf and Elrond's children.

Narya, Nenya, Vilya have have lost their glow.

ELROND

A whole season has passed, yet he hasn't touch the water.

GALADRIEL

Patience, he still have time.

GANDALF

The winter sun, is near.

Elrond trades looks with Gandalf, looks like it's the first time both men agree.

GALADRIEL

Have faith my Lords.

We focus on the princes' faces. Their anxiety cannot hide from their eyes.

Arwen's eyes though, are true believers.

EXT. RIVENDELL - DRAGON BEACH - DAY

Estel, up on his feet, next to the water, stares the dragon stones. Fingolfin closes up on him.

FINGOLFIN

What do you think? Are you ready?

Estel, caught by surprise, turns. Fingolfin stands stoic next to his Ringil.

ESTEL

What am I supposed to do?

FINGOLFIN

Join the sea, get to the dragon stone, climb all the way to the top, light up your blade, kill whatever dares to challenge you. Simple as that.

That sounded easy, Estel feels ready. Points to the Ringil.

ESTEL

Can I have one too?

Fingolfin smirks. With a brisk move, draws his Ringil upwards, a second identical sword already flies high up to the air, like the Ringil copied itself somehow.

It lands upon Estel's hands. His grip is strong.

Couple of swings are just enough for Estel to show off his skill to his master.

Estel flashes his eyebrows.

FINGOLFIN

Yeah, whatever.

Fingolfin wears his serious look.

ESTEL

Sorry master.

FINGOLFIN

Spare me the apologies. Watch and learn. Human.

Fingolfin eyes the sea, sprints toward the water. Estel stays put.

The moment Fingolfin meets the water, sea waves rise as great mountains, anger in form of water, turbulent, unforgiving. Bolts of lightning strike near Fingolfin, his agility however is just too much for them.

He jumps right and left, slashes the water every now and then, parries the thunder strikes. With every swing of his sword, the water launches away, clearing his path toward the dragon stone. Not a single drop of water lands upon him.

He gets to the dragon stone. Like a free-climbing champion gets to the top in a few moments, stabbing the rock several times on his way up.

At the top, Fingolfin stretches. His blades swings, crosses the lava tears, lights up.

Fingolfin takes position, awaits for his enemy.

The weather up there is menacing. Fingolfin however, is not impressed. Brings his blade forward.

A medium sized wave targets him, transforms into a man-sized wraith, which attacks Fingolfin in no time.

Fingolfin blocks the strike, retaliates, chops the wraith's head off.

The water calms down. So does the wind and the sky.

Fingolfin turns to Estel, who watches him stunned.

FINGOLFIN
(screams in elvish)
Your turn!

TO THE SHORE

ESTEL
(to himself)
Piece of cake.

Estel storms to the water, the raging waves return, the lightning bolts too.

The attacks coming from the sky seem more dangerous than before, Estel focuses on avoiding them first. Succeeds.

Like being hit by a powerful punch to the body, a huge wave blasts his body back to the shore.

TO THE DRAGON STONE

Fingolfin chokes his frustration.

TO THE SHORE

Estel half unconscious, comes around, gets up, tries again.

He parries the bolts, blocks a wave, a couple of swings follow, but that's not enough. The sea sends him back to the shore, half unconscious.

Estel looks hurt, couple of scars join his face.

Estel is worked up like never before. Attacks again.

This time he moves a little further inside, but the result is the same. Knocked back, unconscious, back on the beach.

TO THE DRAGON STONE

Fingolfin shakes head, disheartened.

TO THE SHORE

Estel comes back to his senses, frustrated, eyes Fingolfin.

FINGOLFIN(V.O.)

Clear your mind, rule out your
fear, your anger.

Estel looks exhausted, the multiple scars on his face suggest that the blows he already received are painful, almost deadly.

Estel attacks once again, pretty exhausted, his moves are way slower this time around.

The very first thunderbolt that lands on his blade, blocked. Estel's energy looks depleted by the hit.

A second bolt follows, blasts Estel back to the beach.

EXT. RIVENDELL - RIVEREND - DAY

Snowflakes pet the puffed up river surface.

The winter sun sits on its throne.

ELROND

Time is up, for all of us. Have we
failed?

Elrond, Galadriel and Gandalf move, trade worried looks.

GALADRIEL

His mind is troubled. So many
secrets, so many questions. And
he's looking for the only thing he
can't have.

GANDALF

Answers.

Elladan dares to raise his sight.

ELLADAN

Maybe, we can help him.

Elrond, furious, gazes Elladan.

ELROND

Intervene not, you will dare again.

Elladan turns his eyes back to the ground.

Elrohir makes another try.

ELROHIR

Please father he..

With a rapid move, Elrond grasps his sword, extends it to the side. Raising a blade against his own son, is enough for Elrohir to shut it.

EXT. RIVENDELL - DRAGON BEACH - DAY

Estel sits on the beach, gazes the endless sea.

music on: Bruce Dickinson-Tears of The Dragon

In between the dragon stones, he tries hard to see where the sky ends and the water begins. The heavy clouds, the stormy air, the flowing lava on the rocks, all fail miserably on catching his attention. He daydreams.

For too long now, there were secrets in my mind

He shuts his eyes, head turns upwards, adjusts it, positions it in a straight line with the sun.

For too long now, there were things I should have said

His lips form a name. "Arwen".

In the darkness, I was stumbling for the door To find a reason, to find the time, the place, the hour

He stands up, his eyes dart back and forth between the dragon stones and the magic wall he went through the first time.

Waiting for the winter sun and the cold light of day

His eyes lock on his palms. He clenches his fists. Feels his strength, veins are ready to explode.

The misty ghost of childhood fears

Eyes back to the sea, beelines for it.

The pressure is building and I can't stay away.

Estel swiftly grasps his sword, jumps in the water.

(chorus) I throw myself into the sea Release the wave, let it wash over me

Monstrous waves form in front of Estel, hundreds of lightning bolts blast upon him.

Estel blocks half of them, parries the rest, advances a bit.

To face the fear I once believed

Estel's agility matches Fingolfin's. He spends a lot more energy than his master, but all of his swings are at least successful. He brilliantly defends everything.

The flowing lava on the dragon stones however does not get any brighter. He's not closing the distance fast enough. He wastes so much energy.

The tears of the dragon for you and for me

His eyes lock on the lava. He looks tired, he won't make it.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVENDELL - RIVEREND - DAY

The huge wall on the other side of the river becomes transparent. Everyone can now see Estel fighting.

Where I was, I had wings that couldn't fly

Where I was, I had tears I couldn't cry

The princess' head rises. Arwen, struck by the image of the battling Estel, feels desperate. Love calls.

My emotions, frozen in an icy lake

The river looks swollen, huge chunks of ice flow along.

I couldn't feel them until the ice began to break

Elrond and Gandalf, stare Estel. Galadriel does not. Her eyes move, she can feel Arwen's desperation.

I have no power over this, you know I'm afraid

Arwen, confident, decisive, eyes her father's blade.

Galadriel smiles.

The walls I built are crumbling, the water is moving

Arwen grasps her word, both her brothers are just too slow to stop whatever she's about to do.

I'm slipping away.

Arwen's knees flex.

Galadriel speaks a single word. Gandalf's eyes bulge.

GALADRIEL

(elvish)

Stop.

Time pauses for everyone, but Arwen.

I throw myself into the sea

Arwen leaps forward, jumps into the river. The water flow skyrockets in a glimpse of the eye.

Release the wave, let it wash over me

She brings her sword forward, blocks the river's incoming rage. Water splits in half like the red sea.

To face the fear, I once believed

She's getting wet nevertheless, she's under severe pressure, like powerful lashes torment her skin, her body feels the pain. Agony dominates her face.

The tears of the dragon, for you and for me

A tear. She gets pushed back, the waterfall edge is near. She's not willing to hop out of the river, she looks willing to stay there until the end.

EXT. RIVENDELL - DRAGON BEACH - DAY

guitar solo

Time has paused for Estel too. Not for Fingolfin though.

He stands stoic on top of his dragon stone, his eyes dart left and right between Arwen battling the river and Estel fighting the waves.

His face turns angry, enraged. Screams his guts out.

ESTEL
Hurry! Attack!

Fingolfin's voice draws the attention of Estel, who turns, stares Arwen. His sword stays up.

A furious scream ignites from his mouth.

ESTEL
No!

Estel looks like a changed man. Not once does he gazes downward at the water anymore, instead prefers to lock his eyes on the dragon stone ahead of him, feel the heat of the lava, hear the fire joining the water, taste the smoke erupt as much as smell it.

TO FINGOLFIN'S DRAGON STONE

A wraith shapes in front of Fingolfin, charges toward him, he's not paying attention.

Wraith raises sword; with a brisk move, Fingolfin takes its head off, without even looking.

A second swift move follows, he stabs the stone with his Ringil. The flowing lava from his dragon head stops its way down the sea.

TO ESTEL'S DRAGON STONE

The lava doubles it's flowing rate and pace.

Estel notices, time rolls back to normal.

Estel attacks the water, advances, gets to the stone.

His dexterity is off the charts. Going through the dragon's eyes, he climbs all the way to the top with ease.

guitar solo finishes.

Slowly I awake

Slowly I rise

Estel rises slowly, stretches out. His upper clothes are in a mess, his body looks like a tortured man's, his face is full of bleeding scars.

His eyes don't care.

The walls I built are crumbling away

The water is moving, I'm slipping away

Estel eyes Arwen one more time, then turns back again, gazes the raging sea ahead.

music off

The howling wind adds up to the sea-blizzard attacks. Estel is being rocked badly.

He manages to stand still, he braves everything.

Another wraith forms ahead, however it looks nothing like the ones Fingolfin faced in the past.

It's triple his own size, riding a Nazgul, wears a heavy plate armor and a full face metal mask, his form is crystal clear to his opponent.

TO FINGOLFIN'S DRAGON STONE

Fingolfin is shocked by the wraith's view. Mumbles.

FINGOLFIN

Far off yet is his doom, but by the
hand of man will he fall.

TO ESTEL'S DRAGON STONE

Estel swings, his blade crosses the flowing lava, lights up.

He brings his sword forward, eyes it, brings it close to his forehead. He leans over, shuts his eyes, calms his mind.

His hair clings to his head and around his face, but no matter how wet they are, they cannot not damp his spirit.

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

Fire has almost consumed the whole island. Just the cracked mirror stands still untouched by the fire's rage.

The cracks in the mirror expand, multiply.

The eye of Sauron in the mirror trembles upon the mirror's upcoming shatter.

A spooky laugh follows. It grows as the flames carve the mirror. The laugh sound grows exponentially.

A huge blast, mirror explodes into thousand pieces.

EXT. RIVENDELL - DRAGON BEACH - DAY

On the beach we see the figures of Elrond, Galadriel and Gandalf, their confident faces accompany their glittering rings. Their clenched fists rise, point to Estel.

music on: I throw myself into the sea

TO ESTEL'S DRAGON STONE

The Nazgul wave devours Estel's figure. The wraith swings his sword underneath him, like Estel is still alive under the water.

Release the wave, let it wash over me

An impossible jump, Estel explodes upwards like a ballistic missile coming off a submarine, his flaming blade slashes in half both the Nazgul and the wraith's figure, all the way up from their guts to their heads.

To face the fear I once believed

Estel lands back on the dragon stone, his sword collapses next to his unconscious body.

The tears of the dragon for you and for me

/music off.

TO FINGOLFIN'S DRAGON STONE

The sea calms down, all fear and anger vanish.

Fingolfin leaps over the water, lands on Estel's dragon stone. Grabs Estel's sword, stabs it deep to the ground. Lava disappears.

Leans over Estel, who tries hard to open his eyes. One of them succeeds.

Glorfindel whispers.

GLORFINDEL

He sent his best, and his best
failed miserably.

Glorfindel smiles, ear to ear.

GLORFINDEL

I still cannot fathom, how you
managed to jump that high, with
that enormous weight of your human
balls pulling you down.

EXT. RIVENDELL - RIVEREND - DAY

The river eases its wrath.

Arwen shuts her eyes, shoves her blade deep inside the riverbed, handles it as a walking stick, holds on to it for dear life, the waterfall is just a step away.

Elladan and Elrohir jump to her side, save her from the fall. Out of thin air, Elrond appears in front of her too, eyes her bleeding face, infested with scars, like someone rubbed a broken glass upon it.

Elrond wastes no time, mumbles in elvish.

His hands hide her face, caress her cheeks, forehead, chin. The deep scars turn superficial, cosmetic. A few words more, they completely disappear.

We see Arwen's radiant face, unlined, fresh, unmarked.

Arwen opens her eyes, back at full strength, embraces her father. She looks sorry.

ARWEN

Father, I'm sorry.

Stoic, he responds.

ELROND

You have nothing to be sorry about.
Afterall, it was love, who saved
you both.

INT. RIVENDELL - ESTEL'S BEDROOM - T.A. 2951 - DAY

Estel lies in bed, no marks or scars upon his peaceful face. Galadriel, on her knees, holds his hand.

Elrond stands by the window, his back is turned to Estel.

Estel's eyes move, open wide, scrunch tight in anticipation of something bad. Elrond senses it, already knows he's awake. However, he doesn't turn.

ELROND

You finally came across our worst fears. Our most powerful enemy. You stayed back and challenged him. You proved your worth.

GALADRIEL

This was the Witch-King of Angmar, leader of the Nazgul, commander of the Ringwraiths, Sauron's most powerful servant.

ELROND

(mumbles)

And for the first time, the dead suffered the living.

Elrond turns. Stares Estel.

ELROND

The King of the Elves is about to fulfill his word. What do you wish to know the most, Estel of the humans?

Estel thinks about his next words carefully.

ESTEL

Glorfindel told me, I'm the chosen one. What that means? Who am I?

Galadriel stands up, edges her way backwards, stands stoic against the wall. Elrond does not hesitate.

ELROND

You're Aragorn, son of Arathorn, the nine and thirtieth heir in the right line from Isildur, and yet more like Elendil than any before him.

Estel is speechless, looks like he missed all that info.

ELROND

You are the rightful heir to the throne of men.

At the back, Galadriel shoots a smile.

GALADRIEL

You're a King, Aragorn of the humans.

Estel's eyes dart left and right between Elrond and Galadriel. He cannot really believe this.

ARAGORN

Chosen one?

Galadriel shoots a worried look at Elrond.

GALADRIEL

A long time ago, a mighty wizard, once a fallen Maia, now a Dark Lord, induced us into forging nine rings of power, with the sole purpose to maintain peace and balance upon this world. The orders came initially from the nihilum bearer himself, we couldn't argue. But we were blind, his plans were different. He tricked us. Behind our back, he forged one more ring, even more powerful, with the ability to control all the rest.

ELROND

Corrupted by the power and dominance that those rings could provide, he turned against us. We had no other option, that meet him in battle. Humans and Elves, the first alliance of men.

Elrond looks sad, like he relives that battle in his mind.

GALADRIEL

The siege was long. Days and nights were spent, but most importantly, fathers, brothers, friends, all of them heroes, never forgotten.

Elrond nods Galadriel to stop.

ELROND

We finally won, the ring fled from his finger, but so did Sauron's spirit.

ARAGORN

And since then..

GALADRIEL

Since then, he's been looking for it, he's weak without it. But now, he's getting help.

ELROND

Legend says, that it will be you, that will reunite the armies of men, lead them to battle, and Sauron's defeat, once and for all.

Aragorn looks shocked, slowly gets out of bed. Stands. His voice tone sounds arrogant.

ARAGORN

Humans, will not follow the King of Elves himself, how are they supposed to follow me? No King of men will offer his throne to anyone, even if you convince them, that he is the heir of Elendil.

GALADRIEL

Wisest among most men, you have become. Yet, you ponder like one of them.

Aragorn swiftly bends the knee, his fists anchor to the ground. He avoids eye contact out of respect.

ARAGORN

Please forgive me.

Galadriel shoots a forgiving smile.

GALADRIEL

There is nothing to forgive. But tell me this. Is this truly the greatest of your concerns?

Aragorn's explosive move downwards made the evenstar swing, tickle his chest. He pauses.

FLASHBACK

The image of his beloved Arwen battling against the river-wraith. Her bleeding face. The waterfall just a step away. Her despair. Her scream.

ARWEN

Estel!

BACK TO SCENE

Aragorn's head stands bolt upright with a jolt, eyes filled with concern.

ARAGORN

Arwen! Where is she?

Galadriel shoots a happy, peaceful smile.

GALADRIEL

She is just fine.

Elrond does not share Galadriel's enthusiasm. Gazes the evenstar. Looks troubled.

ELROND

The moment she defied me and chose to intervene, she decided her own fate.

Elrond shakes head.

ELROND

I have seen her future Aragorn, she is a throneless queen, taking a bow before a wifeless crown.

Aragorn stands. His tone is absolute.

ARAGORN

You have seen wrong, my King!

ELROND

Regardless, darkness won't come for you until he gets her first. This is why you have to protect your feelings from his eyes.

Aragorn's gaze is suddenly cold.

ARAGORN

What do you mean?

Elrond flicks glances at Galadriel.

GALADRIEL

It has been predicted, that the defeat of the Witch-King, will undermine Sauron's confidence in the superiority of his own power, draw his attention away from the ring, give us more time to prepare, but also come for you first.

ELROND

But if he learns about your greatest weakness, he will come for Arwen first, weaken your spirit.

GALADRIEL

Rivendell can protect her, but if you stay along, he will arrive here in full force.

ELROND

Without his ring, victorious may we be, but she won't survive him.

Aragorn stares Elrond outboasted.

ARAGORN

What must I do?

ELROND

Follow your own path. Leave her.

Aragorn shuts his eyes in despair.

Elrond touches Aragorn on his shoulder.

ELROND

Thank you.

Galadriel reveals the silver ring of Barahir, hands it to Aragorn.

GALADRIEL

For the bravest of warriors and the one with the royal blood, the oldest crafted artifact upon this world and many others, and the one ring for you to certify your identity.

Elrond grabs a cherry wood sword display case, that rests to the back.

Opens it. A broken blade lies within.

Dazzling sparks fly around Aragorn.

ELROND

Passed down by the heirs to the throne of Arnor among the Dunedain of the North, the Narsil, sword of Elendil, is now yours to carry. May the power of his bearers give you strength to finish, what they started.

Aragorn accepts the gift, bows, extends his arms forward.

EXT. RIVENDELL - ENCHANTING GARDENS - NEXT DAY

Arwen, motionless, stares the endless horizon. She daydreams. Her face is peaceful, happy.

To the distance, among the trees, Aragorn, reins in hand, stands still next to his horse, bedazzled by Arwen's beauty.

The wind arrives all of a sudden, grows strong. The trees around Aragorn bow.

Arwen snaps out of her dream, turns, eyes Aragorn.

They start moving, close the distance. No matter the latter, their mutual attraction remains infinite.

Arwen offer her arms, Aragorn frees his hands from the reins, follows suit.

Their palms connect, their eyes lock.

They don't speak a word, like they don't know what to say.

Aragorn breaths heavily, his attitude is not the same as the last time they were like this.

Arwen's fingers feel Aragorn's ring. A worried gaze follows.

She turns to his horse, eyes the the wooden chest mounted on its side.

Her eyes focus back to Aragorn. She knows.

ARWEN

You're leaving?

ARAGORN

Soon, you'll become the queen of the Elves. And I'm just a human.

Aragorn speaks of no other words. Wraps his arms around Arwen in a single move. Arwen, stunned, lets her head rest upon his chest.

It looks like for just a single moment, their thoughts stopped, as if their hearts took over their heads, while beating loudly so close one to another.

Aragorn squeezes Arwen into his arms, as if need to check she is really there with him, really there, and really real...

Arwen shuts her eyes. A tear?

Aragorn releases his hug, wipes her tear off her face.

Smiles.

ARAGORN

Until we meet again, my princess.

Aragorn bends the knee, turns to his horse, jumps on it, rides away. He shoots no look backwards, as the horse increases pace and speed.

The horse gallops to the open field, disappears.

Arwen cannot see him anymore, her palms hide her face.

Lurking behind the trees, the queen pops out, approaches Arwen slowly.

Celebrian raises arms, hugs her tight. Her face does not share Arwen's sadness. With the serenest of voices and her halcyon eyes --

CELEBRIAN

I know what pain feels like. And I can feel that he's going through the same.

The two women's eyes drift up and hold.

CELEBRIAN

His torture however, is not physical. It's well hidden in there (points to Arwen's heart).

Arwen's face fills with hope.

ARWEN

So he still cares about me?

CELEBRIAN
Loves, you mean?

Celebrian wears her greatest smile, ear to ear.

CELEBRIAN
There's a reason true love is
invisible, some times undetectable,
even for the purest and wisest of
minds. I'm not aware of his reasons
going away, but within his heart, I
sense not a single doubt about his
devotion to you.

ARWEN
And father?

CELEBRIAN
No matter what your father
believes, or hopes, you both
deserve a chance at everlasting
love. You never know where it will
take you, but it worth the risk
nevertheless.

Arwen looks worried, lost in thought.

ARWEN
But..

CELEBRIAN
I know, daughter. An elf-maiden
with Maia blood, and a half-elven
with a human destiny. Not to worry
my child, the greatest among all of
the Numenorean kings, is
undoubtedly worthy of your
love. After all, what better
measure of a man's greatness is
there, other than his
marriageability?

Arwen marvels, hugs her mother tight.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - FIVE YEARS LATER - NIGHT

Aragorn, full body cape, face well hidden from the eyes of
the beggars around, walks in silence through the fading,
almost deserted village, resting on the outskirts of a
glorious snow coated hill.

The moonlight seems like the only source of light for miles around. Aragorn, stoic, stops in front of a structure that looks like a bar, the only place that carries life.

For a moment, appears willing to go in. Changes mind, walks away, disappears in the dark.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - INTO THE WILD - DAY

Into the middle of nowhere really, a mile away the village, isolated from the rest, a small cabin stands well hidden among some giant sequoias.

A few feet away, Aragorn wood chops some huge tree trunks, with a single swing of his axe. The evenstar glows strong upon his naked buffed upper body.

The endless snow and freezing wind, try their best to make Aragorn worry about the cold. Both of them fail, Aragorn is not impressed by them.

Aragorn pauses, puts on his dark parka, walks away the cabin, follows the path toward the village.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

The village's only street, reminds of us that this is no ghost town or such. However, everyone can tell, this is the land of the poor and the forgotten.

A wannabe greengrocer with a stand full of potatoes, a butcher with his bloody lumps of meat on display and naked chickens hanging up, some fish freezing to death; the people around, feed their eyes rather than their stomachs.

Tens of beggars ask for charity, some food. Others pray.

No matter the snow, the village's main street full of mud.

Aragorn approaches the chicken store.

A silver coin changes hands.

The butcher marvels, selects his best chicken, hands it to Aragorn. A few too many bows follow.

A woman, baby in arms, begs Aragorn for a coin. Down on her knees, prays for food, for the shake of her child.

Aragorn does not hesitate, leans over her, stuffs a coin into her hands.

All of a sudden a group of ten men, ugly faces, filthy, born bullies, storm to the market, harass everyone, forcefully steal the available products.

Aragorn turns, walks away. Not much he's willing to do.

By the time the bullies get to the butcher, Aragorn has disappeared. The strangers take away everything.

Cries and despair is all that remains behind.

INT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - NIGHT

A single candle's flickering light next to a clay jug. A pack of golden-spine books stuffed randomly on the wooden table. Aragorn, seated, smokes his pipe, reads a book, hums in elvish. Everything looks so peaceful, no matter the roaring snowstorm outside.

At the back, the fireplace tries hard to maintain its flame. A huge tree trunk stands alone in there.

A knock on the door.

Aragorn, taken by surprise, eyes the door.

Pipe and book return to the table.

At a slow pace, Aragorn gets to the door, opens it slightly.

INT./EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The WOMAN with her baby he met earlier, freezing and in despair, asks for shelter for the night. The woman pulls her coat tightly around her baby, shivers uncontrollably.

WOMAN

Please, your grace. I'll be out of here by the first sunlight. I promise.

Aragorn, speaks of no word, lets them in.

INT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - NIGHT

He paces to the only bed next to the fireplace, adds one more blanket, nods the woman to lie down.

The woman, hesitant at first, wastes no time, gets in bed with her baby, curls up.

Aragorn feeds the fire. Flames grow big, turns to a tiny sun for the evening. Flames curl and sway, send its warmth and light far into the room.

He turns back to his chair, a die grinder kills his smoke. Grabs his book, gets back to his reading.

The woman looks stunned by the amount of books infesting the cabin; they actually litter everything, floor, bookshelves, table, even the bed.

Her eyes focus on the book closest to her.

She lets the baby off her hands.

Her reluctant arm approaches the book.

She eyes Aragorn, like awaiting his approval.

Aragorn restarts his elvish hum.

She grabs the book, opens it, flips through the pages.

The page flip sound draws the attention of Aragorn. He doesn't turn nevertheless.

She cannot read it. The language looks unfamiliar to her.

WOMAN

What language is this?

Aragorn raises head, stares the ceiling.

ARAGORN

Quenya.

The woman closes the book, rests it down to the floor next to the bed, gets back to her sleep.

Aragorn pauses his reading, grabs his jag, checks it, it's empty. Looks like he needs a refill.

He stands up, heads to the door --

His shoots a glance at the duo sleeping.

The woman's leg seeking for anything else than warmth, hangs outside the bed, alluring, shouting aloud for a male palm to feel it.

This is not a leg of a beggar; oily-glowing skin, chiseled-toned calve, a mile-long of unmarked perfection, is just enough to draw Aragorn's attention.

His grave stare does not change, he moves toward the bed, his hand approaches her leg.

With a discreet move, moves the edge of the blanket above her leg, covers it.

Stoic, he paces away, returns to his reading spot. He wishes no drink anymore, lets the jug rest on the table, closes his book, sits deep into his chair, shuts his eyes.

EXT. RIVENDELL - ENCHANTING GARDENS - ARAGORN'S DREAM - NIGHT

Arwen, clad in a mantle of silver and blue, smiles wide, at the sound of the man in front of her, who sings a part of the Lay of Luthien. That man, is Aragorn.

She closes the distance, her arms extend forward. His, too.

Their arms meet, their bodies too.

They lock eyes, hold the moment too long.

A kiss is inevitable.

Faces come close, their lips are almost there.

To the distance, a ghastly orange grin, tears through the verdant woodland. Raging fire consumes everything alive, casts it to confetti into the sky, first glowing red before cooling to black.

Once again, the lips do not feel one another.

Aragorn turns, shocked by the view.

Arwen mumbles in elvish, her arms slip away.

Aragorn's eyes dart back and forth between the fire and Arwen. He tries hard not to let her go, but the force pulling her away is much greater than he can handle.

He speaks, but his words cannot be heard by Arwen.

Their hands slip apart.

Arwen paces backwards, her words are clear.

ARWEN

Do not forget of me.

Arwen horrified, runs away.

TO THE DISTANCE

From the fire, a pack of ghostly figures on their horses, gallop toward Aragorn.

He grabs his sword --

Not! His sword is not there.

A shock!

The enemies close the distance, fast.

Anger or fear remain absent upon Aragorn's face. Bends his knees a bit, stands like a boxer. His killer eyes are ready.

The horses are a just feet away, their riders raise swords.

Aragorn leaps forward --

INT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Aragorn's eyelids explode upwards.

Just another dream.

He turns, stares the bed.

The woman is no longer there, neither her baby.

It takes a moment to come to his senses, he wastes no other.

Gets up, heads to the door.

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAY

Everything is burned to the ground, no mirror, no nothing.

Galadriel, Elrond and Gandalf stand around in a circle, in the exact same spot where the mirror used to be.

ELROND

The world is moving. Orcs, Trolls, Wargs, Easterlings. Even men are willing to join his purpose.

GALADRIEL

Sauron exerted his will over middle-earth, in order to call upon all evil beings. The weak, already responded. He has succeeded. The

GALADRIEL
wicked crescent moon, the red eye,
the black serpent. Flags join under
his cause. His influence grows by
the moment.

GANDALF
However, they don't have Aragorn
alongside them, nor to lead them.

Elrond's voice turns absolute.

ELROND
Gandalf, the faith of the Elves in
you is absolute and indisputable.
The human is the one to question.

Gandalf turns worried.

ELROND
If we claim it first, the most
powerful among us will reject the
use of it, willingly. We cannot
control it, nor master it.

GALADRIEL
Supreme power is a lie, an
imagination, even for the most
powerful minds among us. We were
deceived once Gandalf, do not
forget.

GANDALF
What are you implying?

ELROND
Forged by a maiar, its power and
dominance can be only yielded by
one.

Gandalf, nearly leaps out of skin.

GANDALF
Even the very wise make mistakes,
Elrond of the Elves. If you cannot
see this end, I can see it. You
wish another Dark Lord in his
place?

GALADRIEL
And what if the one ring finds
Aragorn first? He's a human after
all. Would you rather --

A dark shadow grows behind Gandalf, his eyes flash.

Elrond and Galadriel look highly concerned.

Gandalf's shadow fills the entire island. His tone and manner change, sounds angry.

GANDALF

Do not tempt me masters of the
Elves.

Elrond and Galadriel trade worried looks.

Galadriel's ring glows strong, touches Gandalf on the shoulder. Her calm voice --

GALADRIEL

It was just a thought, my friend.

The shadow disappears.

GALADRIEL

(in elvish)

But you have to understand, we need
to be certain that the sins of men
are weak inside the most powerful
among them.

Gandalf looks skeptical.

GANDALF

Many have fallen from pride, more
from greed or envy, even more from
wrath. And not all of them were
humans.

A deep breath.

GANDALF

Aragorn does not share the
deficiencies of his kind, nor their
failures. His love for your
daughter dethrones each and every
one of the desires of the mortals,
thus it's highly improbable for him
to pursue anything else. However, I
will transfer your concerns to the
chief of my order, seek for his
guidance on this matter, entrust
his decision I will.

Both Galadriel and Elrond look a bit relieved, considering that one of their available options, is still on the table.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - BLACKSMITH - DAY

The fat, ugly, filthy SMITH, is one of the village's most respected men. You can tell, by the long line of people waiting their turn, standing silent in the freezing cold.

The blacksmith looks infested with all kinds of tools, however the smith's untidiness is astonishing. Littered to the ground, it looks hard, even for an expert, to find the right tool for the job.

It's Aragorn's turn; the Smith handles his whetstone gently, with precision, sharpens Aragorn's axe.

Aragorn stoically awaits for the Smith to finish.

TO THE DISTANCE

Two of the bullies we met the other day, short knives deployed, carry out another raid; they harass the beggars, steal all of their belongings worth something.

Kicks to their bodies follow.

No man dares to even turn and face the bullies.

TO THE BLACKSMITH

Scared to death, those in line, lower their heads, some of them, even hide their belongings.

Aragorn turns, eyes the bullies.

TO THE DISTANCE

The bullies stand before a curled up OLD MAN, a shriveled toothless creature, feeble, cane resting next to him. He must be more than ninety years old, but his thousand-yard stare, shouts aloud that he's not really afraid of them.

They can't see it.

TO THE BLACKSMITH

Aragorn however, can.

TO THE DISTANCE

Knife comes close to the old man's eye.

Kicks follow, rock his body.

The old man does not spare a word, nor a sound of pain.

He brings his clenched fists close to his body, like protecting something within.

Another kick to the face follows.

The first sign of blood is not enough for the old man to open his fists, nor surrender.

TO THE BLACKSMITH

Aragorn grabs a silver coin from his pocket, hands it to the smith. The axe is not ready yet, but Aragorn is unwilling to wait any longer.

The Smith hands him the axe, Aragorn bolts away.

The Smith's face turns excited, rather than curious. Follows him for a few feet, stops.

Yes, he is excited, awaits for a fight!

TO THE DISTANCE

The leader of the bullies, enraged, initiates his knife attack; he is ready to attack.

The knife travels the distance, all the way to the back.

Explodes forward, beelines for the old man's shoulder, maybe his neck.

Steel meets the skin; a naked palm gets on the knife's way just before it lands on its target.

You can't really tell who's more shocked, the people gazing the confrontation, or the bully himself.

Blood dripping from Aragorn's palm, his face does not care.

ARAGORN

Please, leave.

Angrier than ever, the bully draws back his knife, attacks Aragorn with a brisk, straight move.

Aragorn parries, takes a couple steps backwards.

The bully does not follow him; Aragorn grip choking his axe's handle, is just enough to turn him into a running chicken. He flees.

His friend runs after him, shoots glances at Aragorn every now and then.

The bullies disappear.

OLD MAN
Your hand is hurt.

Aragorn, grave, leans over the busted old man.

ARAGORN
Come with me, your wounds are worst
than mine.

Aragorn helps him up, they walk away.

TO THE BLACKSMITH

The smith wears his silliest grin, eyes the duo pacing away. What did he just see? A limping old man and a stranger started a fight against the village's bullies and won?

INT. RIVENDELL - ARWEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The princess bedroom boasts a gorgeous bed coronet in soft, muted tones. Although the colors are pretty neutral, the space definitely captures a dreamy quality.

Lots of flashing candles litter the floor, they do their best to outshine the stargazing princess' face, who sits on the bed, skeptical, a bit sorrowful.

Celebrian enters the room silently, approaches Arwen.

No words are spoken, Celebrian sits text to her daughter.

CELEBRIAN
Sadness is not a place for such a
face, especially for my daughter's,
princess of the Elves.

They trade weird looks; Arwen looks curious while Celebrian compresses smile.

CELEBRIAN
A kiss? Isn't this what you were
dreaming of?

Arwen lowers head, she's embarrassed.

ARWEN
I cannot hide the truth from you,
can't I?

Celebrian hugs her daughter tight. Whispers in her ear.

CELEBRIAN

I know where he is. Wizard told me.

Arwen looks shocked, yet a bit excited.

Celebrian releases her hug, turns to the door.

CELEBRIAN

Greenleaf!

A pair of grave eyes enters the room, his foot steps can barely be heard, bends the knee before the queen and the princess. Clad in full body cape, it's impossible to understand who he really is, but the way Celebrian called him, plus his long white knife hanging out, is enough for Arwen to recognize him. He is LEGOLAS.

ARWEN

Legolas Greenleaf?

LEGOLAS

That's correct, my Lady.

Both women stand. Celebrian nears Legolas.

CELEBRIAN

The son of Thranduil, King of Mirkwood, prince of the Woodland Realm, will escort you and keep you safe until you meet with him.

Legolas stands, removes his hood, reveals his face.

LEGOLAS

My Lady Arwen, our paths cross, I assure you, fortuitously. I seek for a young ranger, much different from the rest. It's my father's word, but honestly, also my own curiosity, that brought me here.

Arwen looks suspicious.

ARWEN

And how can you tell, we're after the same person?

LEGOLAS

The princess of peerless beauty among the Elves, in love with a human. He's no other.

Arwen is speechless, shoots a look at Celebrian.

Celebrian responds with another smile, yes she is the one that informed him relatively.

Celebrian turns serious.

CELEBRIAN

Legolas will escort you and by the third sunlight, you'll be back. Considering the duration of your journey, you will have just a single moment to spare with him. Spend it wisely.

Arwen's face shines with joy. She's anxious to leave.

CELEBRIAN

(to Legolas)

No one shall ever know about this. Promise me.

Legolas nods in affirmation.

CELEBRIAN

Stay unnoticed. And if anything happens..

Legolas interrupts Celebrian.

LEGOLAS

Nothing will happen. I give you my word.

Celebrian shakes head in relief.

ARWEN

So, where is he?

Celebrian responds apprehensive.

CELEBRIAN

(mumbles)

Where the stars are strange.

Legolas flicks a glance at Arwen.

LEGOLAS

(in elvish)

You must save your strength tonight princess, cause we will make no stops on our way. Fresh Mearas will be expecting us at the headwaters.

Legolas turns for the exit. Stops. Smirks devilish.

LEGOLAS
Have you ever ridden the Gladden,
princess?

INT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Old man hunched over in his piled chair, leans closer to the fire, edges his hands towards the flames to warm them from the bitter evening.

The light from the flames illuminates his tired, bruised face, however the blood from the wounds is no longer anywhere to be seen.

You can't really tell if his expression comes from his frustration and fatigue or curiosity about his savior.

Aragorn feeds a metal soup bowl into the fire.

The Old man eyes his formerly-wounded palm. He sees no scars at all.

Aragorn catches his look, clenches his fist, like hiding it.

The Old man changes focus, eyes one of the books resting on the floor near his chair.

OLD MAN
Can I?

Aragorn shoots an 'OK' look.

The Old man grabs the book, flips through the pages.

OLD MAN
Elvish.

Aragorn, stunned, shoots him a suspicious look.

ARAGORN
Can you read it?

The Old man chokes his frustration.

OLD MAN
I wish! But I know how beautiful
they look like!

Aragorn gets back to his bowl.

The Old man's eyes scan the entire room. Amazed by the quantity of the books around --

OLD MAN
So many books. What do you seek in
them?

ARAGORN
Wisdom.

A plate with hot soup, Aragorn hands it to the Old man.
With his hands full, the Old man keeps up the questions.

OLD MAN
During my ninety two years of age,
I've met thousands of men, many
soldiers and scholars among them.
However, I never met a man like
yourself.

ARAGORN
Like myself?

OLD MAN
A sword seeking knowledge.

Aragorn, feels uncomfortable by the man's talking.
The Old man tastes his soup. It's great.

OLD MAN
You could have killed that person
with just your stare. You didn't
even move your axe. That makes you
a great warrior.

Another spoon of soup interrupts his talking.

OLD MAN
(points to Aragorn's palm)
You have mastered healing. This is
a skill for the wisest of the
Elves, so I can safely assume, that
you have read many books in your
life, if not all of them!

Aragorn looks intrigued.

ARAGORN
Your words sound sensible old man.
What's your point?

The Old man gets back to his soup. Like he lost his tongue,
he looks unwilling to respond.

Aragorn sits next to the fire. His tone and manner turns importunate, eyes the Old man impatiently.

ARAGORN
What's your point?

OLD MAN
Well, I cannot help you if you
don't tell me what you really seek
in those books.

Time for his pipe; Aragorn lights it up, breaths passionately, exhales into the fireplace.

Dazzling sparks fly around the Old man. He wants a piece of it too. He asks for nothing nevertheless.

ARAGORN
I'm looking for an answer.

OLD MAN
Not all answers hide within books.
Some of them, are revealed upon us
through life experience.

Both men trade looks. They hold the moment too long.

Aragorn drops his question. Every single word comes out of his mouth slowly, like he studies it carefully.

ARAGORN
How do you cope with desire,
against something that is built for
that purpose alone?

The Old man breaks face.

OLD MAN
Are we talking, about a woman?

Aragorn shuts his eyes in despair, like he was expecting a serious answer, but all he got was a tease of some kind.

Aragorn, frustrated, stands.

ARAGORN
You can use my bed for the night.
It's pretty cold out there.

OLD MAN
Thank you for your kindness. I will
just sleep here.

The Old man shuts his eyes.

Aragorn feeds the fire with a couple of tree trunks, gets to bed. Before he shuts his eyes..

OLD MAN

You misconstrued my words, my Lord.
The only way for a human mind to
resist keen desire for something,
is to have that lust completely
devoted to something else.

The Old man curls up deep in his chair.

OLD MAN

(mumbles)

Tangible wish, always defeats
desire founded on deception.

Aragorn, skeptical, shuts his eyes.

The conversation has come to an end, just the crackling sound of the fireplace remains, as flames burn the dry wood.

EXT. GREY HAVENS - DAY

SARUMAN the wizard, white robe, long shiny beard, stands on the wharf's edge, gazes the gulls that fill the the air with beating wings and cries. His flouncy scepter standing next to him, like his bodyguard, can be seen from miles away.

Gandalf approaches slowly.

Saruman is aware of his presence.

A few feet away, Gandalf pauses, a bow follows.

SARUMAN

I can sense your concerns my young
friend.

GANDALF

I bring news from the Council,
rather disturbing I should say.

Saruman turns, grabs his scepter, eyes Gandalf.

SARUMAN

Walk with me.

They walk along the wharf, Gandalf lowers his head out of respect. Saruman shoots glances at Gandalf's Narya every now and then, his face remains expressionless nevertheless, the whole time. Gandalf does not pay attention to that.

GANDALF

The Council has high hopes for the human, he is considered the fulcrum of our quest. However their concern is great about a probable end.

SARUMAN

In case he fails, when he confronts the ring?

Gandalf amazed by Saruman's prediction, shakes his head.

GANDALF

Indeed.

SARUMAN

And what is their suggestion? None of them can carry it, neither control it.

GANDALF

Us.

Saruman is not surprised at all, he actually looks like considering such a proposal.

SARUMAN

At the very least, that means they're afraid of it. But I'm sure they didn't tell you how this ends, did they?

GANDALF

No.

SARUMAN

Of course they didn't. For even the very wise cannot see all ends.

Saruman takes a deep breath, stops walking.

SARUMAN

Sauron will never fear of anyone using the ring against him, even ourselves. It's his own creation, it will always fight under his will, strive to return into his own hands. Even myself carrying the ring, confronting Sauron alone, would result in absolute failure regarding his own existence, without killing the ring first.

Saruman's tone sounds absolute.

SARUMAN

We cannot destroy Sauron, without
destroying the ring.

Gandalf is relieved by Saruman's words. Silently agrees.

SARUMAN

Moreover, we wouldn't have enough
time to master it.

Gandalf shoots a worried look at Saruman.

GANDALF

Enough time?

SARUMAN

The ring is already inside a weird
palm. I can see it, feel it. You
must hurry Gandalf. You must find
the ring first. Imagine what will
happen if it lands in the hands of
an orc, or even a dwarf or a
hobbit!

Gandalf flicks a glance at Saruman who watches apprehensive.

SARUMAN

I will personally lead the Council
from now on. There is no room for
foolish ideas, nor false judgments
anymore.

GANDALF

With your permission, I'll take my
leave now.

Saruman nods Gandalf to leave.

Gandalf storms away.

A devilish smile shapes upon Saruman's face.

EXT. GLADDEN RIVER - HEADWATERS - DAY/AFTERNOON

The thundering of hooves split the silence, as two white
horses, Arwen and Legolas on top, gallop through the snowy
hill, which grow taller uncontrollably, turns to a mountain.

On top of the hill, a river deploys.

Another two white horses, magnificent Mearas, strong and
beautiful to watch, await the duo's arrival.

A few feet before he gets to the Mearas, Legolas jumps off his exhausted horse, grabs both the Mearas' reins.

Legolas eyes Arwen, who gets off her horse shortly after. Legolas smirks, nods Arwen to stare the river.

She responds with a quick glance.

The river climbs unnaturally the mountains ahead, reaches the top, disappears at the back. How is this possible?

Arwen is stunned by the river's unique characteristic.

LEGOLAS

Behold the Gladden my Lady.

ARWEN

I heard so many scary stories about the Misty Mountains, none compares to this passage. Are you sure about this?

LEGOLAS

Scary? No, not really. Unless you're a dwarf believing those stories! (points downwards)

Arwen doesn't seem to understand the joke.

Legolas sounds his horn.

Like an orchestrated performance, Elven warriors, dressed in green battle uniforms, fully armed, appear on each side of the river, balancing impossibly on every single edge of the mountains around it.

They bring their bows forward, ready to fight.

LEGOLAS

My people guard these waters. We need to move.

Arwen stares at the fading sun. Looks concerned.

ARWEN

Night is coming.

Legolas pets his horse, establishes eye contact.

LEGOLAS

We're not here to negotiate a trail in the dark my Lady. My two loyal friends, already done it.

Legolas jumps on his horse, Arwen swiftly gets on the other. The Mearas' powerful legs propel their riders forward, jump into the river, follow the stream upwards.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

The Old man on Aragorn's horse, Aragorn escorts him to his spot, across the blacksmith. The Old man dismounts.

Aragorn helps him sit down.

OLD MAN
Thank you, truly.

Aragorn, stone-cold face, moves away.

The woman with the baby that Aragorn provided shelter the other day, sits a few feet away. Aragorn shoots a look at them, the woman responds with an appreciation look.

Aragorn approaches her, hands her another coin.

Mounts his horse, rides back home.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Legolas, bow in hand, stands guard next to the front door. His expert vision allows him to see Aragorn approaching. He is excited, perhaps a bit nervous too.

Aragorn spots the two Mearas first, stunned by their view, dismounts, closes the distance on foot. Legolas remains still unnoticed.

He approaches the horses, looks one of them in the eye, extends his palm, ready to feel its face.

LEGOLAS
They usually react poorly at he touch of a human.

Aragorn eyes Legolas shocked. However, his move doesn't fall back. He pets the Meara gently.

The horse responds, it really enjoys the human touch.

ARAGORN
Who are you?

Legolas frowns, his horse didn't react as he expected.

LEGOLAS

I have a royal gift for you, human.

Legolas points to the cabin.

Aragorn, curious, walks toward his cabin. Slides in.

Shuts the door behind.

INT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Arwen, clad in a glowing white dress, her back turned to the door, reads a book, lost in thought.

Aragorn eyes the woman, he can't believe it's actually her.

ARAGORN

(hesitant)

My precious?

ARWEN

I've made a lot of mistakes in my life, but if every single one had to happen to make sure I was right here, right now, to meet you, then I forgive myself for all of them.

Arwen closes the book, rests it on the table.

Turns.

They run to each other, they hug passionately.

ARAGORN

If I could have anything in the world, it would still be you!

They kiss!

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

A pack of thugs, battle-ready, storm to the village. The bully we met the other day leads their way.

It's obvious that they're not here to steal once again, but to find the one who humiliated them a couple of days ago.

They punch and kick everyone on their way, looking for answers. Where is that stranger?

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

No matter the distance, Legolas can see them, even hear them. His grip tightens, his bow chokes upon the pressure.

His face looks willing to intervene, but something holds him back. He stands guard in front of the cabin.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

The thugs get to the Old man.

A punch in the face and a foot stamp.

The Old man collapses unconscious to the ground.

The thugs get to the woman, force the baby off her arms.

Crying and despair follows.

The Smith had enough of it. Bolts outside his blacksmith, begs for mercy. Points to Aragorn's cabin.

Like a rag doll, the baby is thrown to the ground, lands next to the Old man.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Legolas turns toward the cabin, gently opens the door.

The sight of the kissing duo inside changes his mind.

He bolts away, sprints toward the incoming threat.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

The thugs draw swords, sprint toward the cabin, like a bunch of crazed dogs. It looks like a fastest-man-wins challenge.

An arrow sizzles through the air, pierces through the first man's eyes. Everyone continues the race, besides the bully who pauses frightened.

Another arrow finds its target.

One more after that.

The thugs are dropping like flies.

TO LEGOLAS

Legolas shoots his arrows in breathtaking pace. None misses its target.

TO THE THUGS

Half of them still alive, manage to close the distance.

TO LEGOLAS

Legolas retires his bow, draws his dagger.

Jumping here and there, explodes through them, kicks ass and takes numbers. It is evident that he is on a killing league of his own.

TO THE DISTANCE

The bully flees, sprints away like a maniac.

He runs by the blacksmith, his eyes dart forth and back between survival and death.

The Old man comes back to his senses, grabs the baby, drags himself next to the woman.

TO LEGOLAS

Legolas is done with his enemies around him, eyes the one leaving. He grabs his bow, loads an arrow, targets him.

Stretches the string.

Resets the angle of attack.

He's ready to release the arrow.

An unearthly eagle screech makes Legolas halt his attack.

He relaxes his string, eyes bulge, head turns slowly toward the sound's source.

OVER THE CABIN

A huge eagle, Gandalf riding, storms through the sky, bomb-dives like locked on its prey.

TO LEGOLAS

Legolas is shocked, arrow rests back into his quiver, runs to the cabin.

INT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Aragorn's lips part from Arwen's. He heard the sound too.

Aragorn attacks his bed, removes the mattress, his sword reveals underneath. Grabs it, bolts outside.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

The eagle lands.

Aragorn eyes the eagle, their eyes meet. He is completely awe-struck by the eagle's beauty.

Legolas arrives, shoots a look at Gandalf who watches apprehensive. Gandalf jumps off the eagle.

GANDALF
 (to Legolas)
 Escort the princess back to
 Rivendell. She's in danger.

Legolas stares the dead enemies. Grins unworried.

LEGOLAS
 What danger? I handled them
 already!

Aragorn follows Legolas eyes, stares at the dead. Flickers awake, disoriented. How did he miss this?

ARAGORN
 What happened?

LEGOLAS
 Just some target practice, nothing
 to worry about.

Gandalf frowns, frustrated, enraged, gets in Legolas' face.

GANDALF
 You fool, he must not meet with her
 face!

Legolas is shocked by Gandalf's attitude. Points toward the running human.

LEGOLAS
 Him? He's just a..

To the distance, Legolas focus his vision upon the cloud of dust rising to the village.

The sound of a horn.

Aragorn identifies the sound of it.

ARAGORN
(mumbles)
Haradrim?

Gandalf screams his guts out to Legolas.

LEGOLAS
Take the princess out of here! Now!

Arwen, standing by the door, worried look, eyes Aragorn.

Legolas doesn't respond, tries hard to see what's coming.

Aragorn sprints to the Mearas, literally drags them next to Arwen. No words spoken, a goodbye kiss follows.

Arwen gets it, she must leave.

Arwen mounts her horse, she is ready to ride away.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

Out of the dust cloud, a standard of a black serpent on a scarlet field emerges.

A hundred humans follow. Swords and bows engage, attack randomly the people alongside their path.

Scream and despair, the poor villagers run for their lives.

An Orc in chains, handled by a bear of a man, leads the way. He is the LEADER of the group.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Legolas' gaze is suddenly cold.

LEGOLAS
Orc?

Aragorn, stunned, smacks the horse on the rear.

Arwen's Meara explodes toward the mountains.

GANDALF
A thousand years of Mirkwood
evolution, you still can't see it,
can you, Legolas Greenleaf?

Legolas doesn't back down.

LEGOLAS

See what?

Gandalf swiftly moves his scepter, a magic attack skyrockets Legolas' bow off his hands.

GANDALF

Do as I say.

Gandalf stabs the sky, a black dense fog shapes before Arwen, hides her path.

Legolas resists no more. His eyes dart back and forth between Arwen disappearing in the fog and Aragorn who watches apprehensive.

Legolas jumps on his horse.

LEGOLAS

(to Gandalf)

What about them?

Gandalf shoots a look at Aragorn.

GANDALF

They're no match for him.

Legolas, curious face, rides away.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

The Old man rises, gets in the Leader's way. Fearless, he looks like the only man around that he doesn't really care for what is about to come.

The Orc attacks the Old man, however the Leader drags his steel-leash violently, aborts the attack.

LEADER

You choose death instead of fleeing?

OLD MAN

The more you kill, the angrier he will get.

The Leader releases the chain, the Orc attacks the Old man with its teeth, feasts on his flesh on his way down to the ground. The Leader eyes the massacre the whole time.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Gandalf mounts his eagle, turns to Aragorn.

GANDALF

When you're done with them, come
and find me.

ARAGORN

Find you where?

GANDALF

Know the Bree?

Aragorn nods in affirmation.

ARAGORN

What about them?

Gandalf spares a moment, thinks.

GANDALF

You have been given the grace to go
at your own will, Aragorn of the
humans. But if I were you I would
leave nothing behind.

The eagle launches away, heads to the mountains.

Aragorn shoots a look at the village.

TO THE VILLAGE

The attackers butcher everyone and everything. Swords and
spears against unarmed peasants.

The Orc tears the Old man to shreds.

TO ARAGORN

Aragorn lowers his eyes, stares at Legolas' longbow.

He bends his knee slowly, grabs it.

Looks amazed by this unique weapon, much different than any
other bow he has ever grasped.

A single arrow rests down there, his hand nears it.

TO LEGOLAS

Legolas and Arwen race through the fog, they cannot see
anything, but the Mearas certainly can.

Once focused on the road ahead, Legolas turns his head to the side, like something got his attention. He tries hard to listen even better.

TO ARAGORN

Aragorn stretches the bowstring so far back, the bow limbs meet their cracking point.

TO LEGOLAS

Legolas can hear his bowstring stretch to the far back.

LEGOLAS
(mumbles)
Impossible!

Legolas focus his stare back to Arwen, increases pace.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - VILLAGE - DAY

The Leader lets the Orc loose, Orc attacks everyone on his path. The rest of his men, keep on killing.

An arrow sizzles through the air, goes for the the bully that started all this; he stands next to the Leader.

The arrow lands between his eyes, skull explodes.

The Leader is attacked by his man's brain fragments. Eyes the blood, then at the top of the hill, the stranger holding the bow.

We see the Smith running into his shop, he doesn't look like hiding, but searching for something.

The Leader signals a full attack.

The Haradrim army sprints toward Aragorn.

Leader and his Orc stay put.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

Aragorn rests the bow gently to the ground, draws his sword.

Brings it forward, eyes its blade.

His killer eyes indicate his decision.

He storms toward his enemies.

Aragorn's sword meets the first blade, then the first spear.

He evades or blocks everything, while chopping heads off, or cutting through guts.

Agile, precise and powerful, he moves right and left, sprinting through the enemy lines, leaving none alive.

His rage grows.

Every swing of his blade becomes deadlier and more violent by each kill, his determination too.

Some of the enemies look unwilling to confront Aragorn, they pause their attack, backpedal.

Aragorn leaves them no choice, attacks them too.

His steel meets legs, backs, necks. No one leaves alive.

A hundred dead, butchered, Aragorn looks around, covered in blood, not a single drop belongs to him.

A deep breath, the fight is over.

A woman's scream alerts his instincts, Leader releases the Orc, attacks the woman with the baby.

The Orc chops off her head, goes for the baby.

Aragorn, enraged, stretches his arm to the back, throws his sword toward the Orc.

The rolling blade flies the distance, stabs the Orc to the back, knocks him back a few feet.

The Leader is shocked; his most powerful weapon is down. He closes up on the Orc, cautiously.

Aragorn shoots him a devilish look.

The Orc rises, tries to reach for the sword, fails.

The Orc eyes Aragorn; with the blade deep into his back, the Orc attacks.

Aragorn answers, a sprint, a high jump, his fist lands brutally on the Orc's face. Another knock down.

As if Aragorn wishes to show off his combat superiority for the Leader to see, he shoots angry glances at him, while delivers pain to the Orc.

Again and again, the Orc is bested in a hand to hand combat against Aragorn. No matter the Orc's greater physic, Aragorn rag dolls the Orc with devastating punches and elbows, even a headbutt.

Leader, frozen from fear, doesn't engage.

The Orc gets back on his feet, looks reluctant to continue the fight without a weapon. Scans the ground around him, spots a blade next to a dead body, retrieves it.

Aragorn, weaponless, looks right and left for a weapon too, however, none appears nearby.

The Orc attacks, swings, Aragorn parries the blow.

Another identical attack, same result, Aragorn dives to the side, dodges the swing.

The Leader sees an opening, storms toward Aragorn, attacks with his blade too. A sluggish swing.

Aragorn flips his body to the side, evades the steel. With a brisk move, he stuffs his bicep below the Leader's armpit, yanks the shoulder out of place.

A punch to the face sends Leader almost unconscious, next to the Orc.

TO THE BLACKSMITH

The smith gets it; a huge shiny blade, unique, beautiful.

Runs outside.

Eyes the two-on-one fight.

SMITH

Ranger!

Smith shoots the blade to Aragorn.

TO ARAGORN

Without even looking, the sword lands into Aragorn's hands.

Aragorn eyes the sword, amazed, it's not like any other he has ever grasped. Looks lost in thought.

The Orc attacks, his blade rises.

Aragorn still stares at his sword.

Poised like a rattler the Orc's blade look ready to strike.

Aragorn still doesn't move, his face looks so peaceful.
The Orc's blade descends, goes for Aragorn's head.
Aragorn's eyes change focus, stares the Orc's neck.
The Orc's blade connects with Aragorn's hair --
Aragorn ducks masterfully to the side, evades the blade.
Retaliates, a full swing, attacks the back of the Orc's neck. Head farewells the body.
The Orc's lifeless headless body collapses to the ground.
Aragorn trades look with the Smith.
Aragorn lowers his head in appreciation.
The screaming despair of the grounded Leader draws his attention; a few steps, leans over him.

ARAGORN

What kind of man commands an Orc?

Leader tries to move his sword with his dislocated arm, a sneaky attack perhaps; Aragorn steps on his palm, crashes the fist with his boot.

LEADER

My master controls everyone and everything. And he..

The Leader's face turns purple, slowly black. He can't breath, chokes on his own blood.

Aragorn steps back, looks more curious than concerned.

The Leader flops around like a fish gasping for dear life on dry land; he tries to speak, the blood gushing from his mouth makes him fail.

Aragorn swings, a stab to the neck, puts an end to the Leader's suffering.

Aragorn walks away.

EXT. GARDENS OF LORIEN - MIRROR AREA - DAYS LATER - DAY

A few lilies take on the ashes.

Saruman stands where the mirror once was, like a king in his throne, stoic, holds his scepter.

His fist looks powerful, so does the multi-color ring in his finger, glowing strong.

SARUMAN

Something that is made to serve evil motives cannot be altered to obey anything else. No one can truly master the ring and alter its exclusive purpose. You cannot use his own creation against him, unless you want your house pulled down. I forbid this.

Elrond and Galadriel trade worried looks.

SARUMAN

I know what you're thinking, King of the Elves. But even Rivendell is not safe, if the ring lands into the wrong hands. And Gandalf's hands are among those.

GALADRIEL

Where is Gandalf now?

SARUMAN

On his quest.

Elrond eyes Saruman's ring. He's curious.

ELROND

And the ring?

SARUMAN

Still wandering into the hands of the weak. But not for much longer.

Saruman turns, looks ready to leave.

SARUMAN

We won't be meeting here again. The spirits are long gone. The Valar rest. It's time for me to meditate, and you to hide. War is coming, and the years prior to battle, won't be gentle for any of us.

EXT. WEST OF RHUN - ARAGORN'S CABIN - DAY

The cabin burns like a bonfire set with gasoline.

Aragorn, sad, on his horse, eyes the cabin.

Turns, stares to the mountain, launches forward.

FADE OUT.