

EXT. BEACH DAY

It's a sunny day and SOREN and COMPANY are walking up a crowded beach in a resort town. Elathil winks at a half-elf woman in a sarong.

SOREN

Who'd you say our contact was again?

THEODORA

Yolo Swaggins. He did a favor for me a while back, so I figure I owed him.

CIARAN

I went to his restaurant once. He's uh... He's a character alright.

THEODORA

Didn't figure you for a beach comber. When did you come out here?

CIARAN

Before we met and around the same time the city watch found all that contraband. Not saying it was mine, but...

Up ahead is a large restaurant with people coming and going. The party make their toward it.

INT. RESTAURANT DAY

The place is crowded with the wait staff moving quickly to serve everyone. A large aquarium on the far wall contains several colorful species of fish. Standing on a bar stool and laughing with the bartender is YOLO SWAGGINS, a halfling with messy hair with dyed-in highlights, a soul patch, and a loud shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest.

THEODORA

That's him.

The party approaches and upon seeing them, Yolo smiles broadly and waves them over.

YOLO

Theo! What it is? Yolo Swaggins, at your service.

THEODORA

Good to see you too. This is Celeste, Elathil, Ciaran and our boss Soren.

SOREN

You make it sound so formal.

YOLO

I'd love to catch up, red, but the reason I called you guys here is... kind of a big deal.

Yolo motions for them to follow him as he hops off his barstool and guides them to a private dining room.

INT. RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM DAY

Yolo shuts the door behind them and gestures for everyone to take a seat at the table. He takes a chair at the head of the table and stands rather than sits on it.

YOLO

So... We've got slavers.

ELATHIL

Big deal was an understatement. Shouldn't the local navy be aware of this?

YOLO

They are, but this is personal. Some friends of mine went missing last week. One guess where they went, brah.

SOREN

Are you sure it was slavers?

YOLO

A big old ship showed up two weeks ago with the Parethian flag. They still dig slavery that side of the sea. That sound like a coincidence to you?

SOREN

Just asking.

CELESTE

How many people are missing?

YOLO

Five so far, mocha honey.

CELESTE

Huh. I haven't been called that since that run-in with the Riders of Brohan.

YOLO

Anyway, I trust you adventurer types to get this done more than The Man. You free my friends, eighty-six the slavers, there's a purse in it for you plus you eat here free for life. Deal?

The party all look at one another before Soren extends his hand.

SOREN

Deal.

Soren and Yolo shake on their agreement.

THEODORA

We're going to need some leads. Somewhere to start looking.

YOLO

There's a small cove north of here. My friends were out that way when they disappeared.

The party exits.

EXT. COASTLINE DAY - CONT.

The party are sailing along in a small sailboat. The sandy beaches have given way to rocky shores but the waters remain peaceful. Theodora and Elathil are handling the rigging, while Soren mans the rudder. Ciaran and Celeste are navigating. Theodora keeps looking into the distance in thought.

ELATHIL

Your friend back there is, uh... Not big on authority, is he?

THEODORA

Yolo? Nope. Some would call it an independent streak.

ELATHIL

Reminds me of home.

THEODORA

How so?

ELATHIL

I grew up in a rural border town. People only live there because they think it's where the government can't get them.

Theodora leaves the rigging and she and Soren trade jobs. Ciaran comes up to Theodora.

CIARAN

Something eating you?

THEODORA

Sort of. Yolo said the ships were flying Parethian flags.

CIARAN

Makes sense. Parethia and Volgard are the only human nations that still practice slavery.

THEODORA

I know, but... You heard Yolo's opinions on the government and he just runs a restaurant. My family own several caravan companies and they trust you more than they do the authorities.

CIARAN

Merchants tend to be paranoid, yeah. So what?

THEODORA

So a business as high-risk as slave trafficking? Why attack Marinia, who have the most powerful navy in the region while flying their homeland's flag? They would have to know the Parethian king would sell them out in a heartbeat.

CIARAN

Now that you mention it, the risk/reward ratio does seem off. At the least they'd paint a target on themselves for every Chaotic Good rabble rouser from here to the Southern Marches.

THEODORA

Something about this doesn't add up.

CELESTE (O.C.)

There's the cove ahead!

They all turn to look. The cove and shores seem unremarkable. The party disembark and survey the shore, Ciaran leaving his lute behind.

They look around. Elathil kneels down to inspect the rocky sand and gravel. Celeste looks up at the gulls circling in the sky above, back to the ground, then back to the birds again.

ELATHIL

Somebody came through here recently.

SOREN

What did you find?

ELATHIL

Tracks. About a day old. Hard to tell how many, but my best guess would be... half a dozen.

CELESTE

There are no signs of animals.

Ciaran looks up at the gulls and lifts a brow.

CIARAN

You mean besides the flying rats, right?

CELESTE

No, not the animals themselves. There are no signs of them having been here. Even the gulls would leave droppings, yet there aren't any.

CIARAN

Do you always go around looking for-GAH!

Ciaran is cut off when an arrow that seemingly came out of nowhere lands in his shoulder. The party scramble to take cover as several more arrows come down around them. Celeste and Ciaran take cover behind a boulder. Celeste pulls the arrow out and immediately casts a healing spell. The wound knits itself and disappears in seconds.

Soren casts a spell and holds out his hands in the direction the arrows are coming from. A ripple distorts the air in a twenty-foot radius around one patch of land and a wooden guard tower dissolves into view. Two SLAVERS are standing in the tower, a third at the base wielding bows, swords at their hips. They all look like rough and tumble lowlifes.

SOREN

Damn it! Somebody buy me a few seconds, but don't close to melee.

Elathil nocks an arrow and stands up, facing the slavers. He fires and the arrow flies out, striking one of the slavers in the tower in the throat as he's drawing his bowstring back. As he collapses, he releases the string causing the arrow to careen off into the sky.

Soren holds a small, brown, muddy-looking ball with yellow speckles in it in his palm. It floats an inch up and ignites. He emerges from behind his cover and prepares to thrust his palm out at the slavers, but an arrow lands in his thigh and he drops to the ground in pain. The small, flaming ball incinerates itself and the spell is lost.

Theodora sneers and leaps out from cover with her rapier drawn. The slaver on the ground takes aim at her, but she springs out of the way and his arrow flies past her. She rebounds off of a boulder and uses the slaver's face as a springboard to leap up into the guard tower where she stabs the other remaining slaver in the arm before he can draw another arrow.

Elathil uses the opportunity to fire two arrows at once, both hitting the slaver on the ground in the chest.

Soren's words resonate with arcane power as he holds out his hand and four brilliant red bird-shaped missiles fly from his fingertips. They encircle the slaver Elathil just shot for one orbit before crashing into him at different points and he drops to the ground.

Theodora narrowly dodges a sword swing from the last slaver in the guard tower, taking a shallow cut across the cheek. She grabs hold of the frame of the roof of the tower and lifts herself up to kick him with both legs in the chest, knocking him out of the tower

She jumps down after him, parries another swing of his blade and kicks him hard in the knee. He drops into a painful kneeling position and she uses the opportunity to run him through. She wipes the blood off her cheek and sheathes her rapier.

The party regroup as Celeste removes the arrow from Soren's leg.

SOREN

Save the spell slot. My own fault, really.

Soren reaches into one of his pockets and takes out a dried strawberry. He pops it in his mouth and once he swallows it his wound heals just as Ciaran's did.

CELESTE

Don't rely on those too much. They still cost gold and XP to make. I can buy them from the Green Assembly temple if I have to, but...

SOREN

(smiling)

I promise not to make a habit of it. Anyway, good work everybody. Especially Theo and El. You really pulled our asses out of the fire.

ELATHIL

So what happened exactly? Invisibility spell?

CIARAN

Close. They cast illusions over the terrain. That's why Celeste didn't find signs of animals. They were covered up under the illusions.

SOREN

Good eye. A little sloppy, but they only have to be good enough to fool passing ships.

Elathil wanders off looking around. He stops in front of a particular spot near a rock face.

ELATHIL

Guys, over here. I feel a breeze.

Soren and Celeste both look to Elathil, staring at the space he's indicating then to each other and nod.

CELESTE

Another illusion.

Elathil tentatively reaches his hand out to touch the rock. Rather than stopping, his hand passes straight through it. As everyone watches the rock dissolves away to reveal the mouth of a cave.

SOREN

Ladies and gentlemen, I believe we've found our criminal hideout. Advantages of a high Will save. Shall we?

The party enters the cave with weapons drawn.

INT. CAVES DAY

The party skulk through the caverns slowly. Theodora is on point. Elathil has put away his bow and drawn a slender dagger instead. Around a bend there's a small torch lighting the way. Crude doors have been placed on several passageways to create rooms. The two closest are closed, but one remains open.

Theodora leads the party to the open door and peers around the corner. Her eyes widen.

THEODORA

Son of a bitch... Soren, come here.

Soren creeps up and looks inside.

SOREN

Oh... This is a problem.

CIARAN

Of what variety?

Soren enters the room and the others follow.

INT. CAVES - LAB DAY

The room is a fully stocked laboratory. By each table of equipment there are leg shackles bolted to the ground. Glassware and instruments cover the tables and shelves contain numerous jars of mysterious substances.

SOREN

Problem as in this is really dangerous stuff.

ELATHIL

What is all this?

SOREN

Alchemy, drug manufacturing, poisons.

Soren inspects one of the shelves and the jars therein.

SOREN (CONT.)

Ingredients here for alchemist's fire,  
thunderstones, greenblood oil, mushroom powder...

Soren picks up a SHEAF of papers on a nearby table and looks through them quickly.

SOREN (CONT.)

Here are the recipes... Some of this stuff I've  
never even seen before. What the hell is a  
screaming flask?

Soren folds up the papers and pockets them. Celeste is kneeling near a small mushroom garden.

CELESTE

I recognize these. These mushrooms induce a mild  
euphoria but they undermine free will. They're  
illegal in all but a few countries. You don't  
think... they're using them on prisoners do you?

CIARAN

Seems that way. This isn't a slave trading  
operation. The slave labor is being used to  
crank out the real merchandise.

THEODORA

Which they sell on the black market. Make it  
cheap, sell it at a mark-up.



CIARAN

You were right, Theo. The Parethian flags are just to keep the authorities off the scent.

THEODORA

We're shutting this place down. Hard.

EYE-PATCH (O.C.)

I don't think so, sweetheart.

The group turn to see a slaver with an EYE-PATCH and a sword drawn charge into the room and attack. Theo sidesteps his attack and trips him. He barrels forward and crashes into one of the tables, knocking around glassware that shatters on the floor.

SOREN

Careful! This place could go up in flames!

EYE-PATCH

That's why it's better to surrender.

Ciaran stabs Eye-patch in the back with a knife, causing him to howl in pain.

CIARAN

We graciously accept your surrender.

Eye-patch jerks his head back and headbutts Ciaran in the face, bloodying his nose. Eye-patch swings his sword and Soren narrowly ducks out of the way. Theodora moves in to strike, but her blow is parried.

Another two SLAVERS burst into the room. The first is carrying a mace, the other a sword. The one with a mace swings at Elathil who leaps backwards and up onto a table to dodge. The slaver takes an overhead swing and Elathil jumps aside as the table is split in twain. The slaver is about to take another swing when Celeste jabs him in the kneecap with her staff, dropping him.

The slaver with the sword grabs Celeste from behind and prepares to run her through when Ciaran throws one of his knives into the slaver's back. Celeste wrenches herself out of his grasp. She hits him in one side of the head with the end of her staff, then swings the opposite end around to hit him in the other side.

Soren ducks and rolls under a table to avoid a swing from Eye-patch. Theodora parries two of his blows. Soren's voice resonates as he casts a spell. His hand crackles with electricity as he reaches out from under the table and grabs Eye-patch's ankle. Arcs of lightning dance across his body and he howls in pain before dropping to the ground.

CARSTON (O.C.)

Everyone hold it!

The party all turn to look in the doorway where the leader of the slavers, the sorcerer Carston, is standing. He's wearing a hooded great coat and has a mustache like a pair of bull horns turned down. He has a woman dressed in dirty, tattered clothes with manacles on her wrists in his arms with a knife pressed to her throat. Tears stream down her face.

CARSTON

Throw down your weapons or she dies.

The party all look to one another. Finally Soren puts his hands behind his head with a frown. Celeste puts her staff down and her hands up. Ciaran removes the remaining knives on his person. Elathil drops his bow and dagger. Theodora snarls in frustration and throws her rapier down.

INT. CAVES - PRISON CAVERN DAY (CONT.)

The party are all thrown into individual cages in a large cavern with another dozen PRISONERS, each in their own cage. Their weapons have been taken and Soren's and Celeste's hands are bound together and their mouths gagged. Everyone else's hands are in manacles. Soren's coat has been taken from him and Celeste's holy symbol, a wooden amulet of a tree shaped like an out-stretched hand, is with their weapons. Carston is grinning as their possessions are searched.

CARSTON

I'll give you credit for finding this place.  
Now, who sent you? You're too well-armed to just  
be here by chance.

The party remain silent. Soren points to his gag and shrugs.

CARSTON (CONT.)

Nice try, but as one caster to another, I'd  
rather not take a chance on letting you talk.

Ciaran lifts a brow at that but says nothing. He discreetly reaches into his pocket. Carston walks over to Theodora's cage.

CARSTON

What about you, gorgeous? You want to tell me  
who sent you here?

THEODORA

I want to tell you to roast in the Nine Hells.  
Does that count?

CARSTON

Sense of humor, huh? I like that.

Carston goes over to Elathil's cage.

ELATHIL

Keep walking, mustache.

CARSTON

I can tell you're going to be difficult. How about your rogue here?

Carston turns to regard Ciaran, who smirks.

CIARAN

Pfft! Amateur. You gotta keep a prisoner waiting at least 3 hours before they're ready to do anything but question your parentage.

The other prisoners look on afraid for Ciaran. Several are visibly shocked at his attitude.

CARSTON

Considering you're a literal captive audience...

CIARAN

Oh, please. I've done harder time than this. I'll have this whole cave running on a pipe weed and shiv-based economy by sundown.

CARSTON

You know, it's bad luck to heckle a sorcerer.

CIARAN

Sorcerer? That's a relief. I thought for a second I was dealing with a real mage.

CARSTON

You've got balls, kid. But I can always just cut them off and feed them to you.

CIARAN

I don't know what's worse: the 1 you just rolled on your Intimidate check or your taste in facial hair.

Carston holds up a hand with his finger pointing at Ciaran. He speaks a single, resonant word and a blue ray shoots from his fingertip accompanied by the sound of tinkling ice that strikes Ciaran in his forehead. Ciaran recoils in pain. There's no blood, but the patch of skin struck turns pink and yellow with frostbite.

CARSTON

That was a cantrip. Piss me off again and I may feel like expending a higher level spell slot.

CIARAN

And I thought you didn't like me.

Carston sneers and turns to leave.

CARSTON

If they won't talk by nightfall, take them out and drown them. Trash their boat, make it look like an accident.

GUARD

Sure thing, Carston.

Carston turns to glare at the GUARD.

GUARD (CONT.)

Er... boss.

Carston exits with the other slavers leaving only the guard behind.

THEODORA

Ciaran, you know I love watching you wind people up like that. But don't you think that was...?

Ciaran gets up and leans against the door of his cage, resting his chin on a cross bar.

CIARAN

Just wanted to go out with a smile on my face.

THEODORA

What the hell does that mean?

Ciaran begins to sing, crooning a bluesy tune and waving his hands as if conducting.

GUARD

Usually they're stuck here a while before this starts.

Ciaran continues singing. Everyone is looking at him strangely.

As Ciaran continues to sing, his smile fades. A trickle of blood runs from his nose down his lip. He doesn't even seem to notice it as he continues the song.

THEODORA

Ciaran?

ELATHIL

You okay?

Ciaran wipes the blood away without halting the song. The blood trickles from his nose again. He wipes a hand over his face, smearing his chin, and blood starts to trickle from his ears.

Theodora shakes the door of her cage as the guard notices that something is up.

THEODORA

Ciaran, snap out of it! What's wrong with you?

Ciaran's voice begins to break as he sings as bloody tears run from his eyes and blood soon dribbles out of his mouth. The song stops when he staggers backward and slumps into the corner of his cage, staring blankly ahead.

The party are staring horrified. The guard comes over then looks at the others.

GUARD

What the hell happened to him?

THEODORA

How should we know?!

The guard takes out his keys and opens the cage. He takes a step in and looks at Ciaran's bloody face. He hesitantly reaches out to check for a pulse.

Ciaran's eyes suddenly snap back into focus and he kicks the guard hard in the stomach, knocking the wind out of him. He springs up and uses his chains to put the guard into a sleeper hold as the blood vanishes from sight.

The guard struggles a moment before finally passing out. Ciaran takes his keys and opens up the manacles before going to free the rest of the party. He hands Elathil the keys.

CIARAN

Get the prisoners out. Theo and I will help Soren and Celeste.

Elathil goes to open the cages and remove the manacles from the prisoners while Ciaran and Theo get the rope restraints and gags off of Soren and Celeste.

CELESTE

What happened there?

CIARAN

Disguise Spell is one of my feats. I can hide the casting in my Perform checks.

He holds out his hand to show a bit of fleece palmed in it.

CIARAN (CONT.)

They didn't know I was a bard, so I grabbed the spell focus and cast Silent Image to trick that witless stooge into opening the cage.

SOREN

Clever. But scare us like that again and it's coming out of your cut of the treasure.

THEODORA

And your hide.

CIARAN

Noted.

MONTAGE

Theodora dons her sword belt.

Ciaran replaces his knives in his boots.

Elathil draws back his bowstring.

Celeste rolls her staff over her shoulder and grips it.

Theodora slowly draws her rapier and rolls it in circles side-by-side.

Ciaran places two knives in his belt and hefts the final one.

Elathil sheathes his dagger and draws an arrow from the quiver in one fluid motion.

Celeste dons her holy symbol.

Soren dramatically dons his coat.

END MONTAGE

The party are fully outfitted again. They turn to address the prisoners.

SOREN

Everyone remain calm, stay behind us and we'll get you out of here. We're professionals and we're about to bust this place open.

THEODORA

Mugging for the NPCs, Soren?

SOREN

Glass houses, Theo.

INT. CAVES DAY

Theodora kicks the door open and the party charges into the hallway with the prisoners following behind them. Two slavers up ahead at an intersection of tunnels draw swords when they see the heroes coming.

SLAVER

Sound the alarm! Jailbreak!

One of them swings at Theodora who jumps out of the way. In mid-air she kicks him in the chest and uses the momentum to spin around and slash the other across the throat. Upon landing she grabs the first slaver's sword arm in her free hand, kicks him twice in the face and runs him through.

Another three slavers come racing down the tunnel. Celeste takes position around the corner. When the first two have passed her, she swings her staff right into the stomach of the third. He doubles over winded and Celeste brings the staff up into his face.

As Theodora and Ciaran engage the other two, Elathil can't get a clear shot at them. He fires an arrow at the ceiling and it ricochets down off the rock into the head of the one Theodora is fighting with. She quickly flanks the remaining slaver and stabs him in the leg. He turns to take a swing at her and Ciaran seizes the opportunity to stab him once, twice in the back and then draw the blade across his throat.

THEODORA

Combat Reflexes. Good choice.

One more slaver charges down the tunnel with a mace raised. Soren's voice resonates through the tunnels and a shimmering green arrow flies through the air into the slaver's chest before dissolving into bright green acid.

SOREN

Sorry, I was feeling left out.

The group continues to flee down the tunnels toward the exit. They come to an intersection where another slaver down the left tunnel sees them. Elathil shoots and dispatches him.

ELATHIL

Not that way.

The group heads down the right tunnel.

EXT. COAST DAY

The group emerges from the tunnels and find their boat still intact. Ciaran, Theodora and Celeste run up to the boat and start preparing the sails. Elathil guards the way they came while Soren hustles everyone out.

SOREN

Everyone onto the boat! Move, move, move!

With everyone loaded on, Soren and Elathil bring up the rear. Elathil fires two parting shots, taking out a pair of slavers chasing them. The two heroes leap from the shore onto the deck as Ciaran finishes unmooring it.

Soren stands behind the sails and holds his hands out to them. His voice resonates as he begins an incantation and his coat whips back as if propelled by a strong breeze. A blast of wind erupts from his hands and fills the sails, giving the boat a burst of speed and getting them moving away from the coast.

The now-free prisoners cheer. Soren takes a moment to catch his breath.

ELATHIL (O.C.)

Guys? Problem.

Everyone looks behind them and sees a much larger SHIP with a flag of a serpent devouring its own tail on a red field sailing towards them.

SOREN

Oh. Everybody who doesn't have PC class levels?  
Get down.

The prisoners all move to take cover. The party draw weapons. As the slave ship closes in, Elathil starts firing at any targets he can spot. Three arrows miss, but another three find their marks.

THEODORA

I don't see that Carston guy.

SOREN

Keep an eye out. He's easily the most dangerous-  
Uh oh.

Carston emerges at the bow of the ship and begins casting a spell. Soren scrambles for his spell component pouch.



A small burning ball flies from Carston's hands toward the sailboat. Soren calls up his own fireball spell and launches it out. The two spells collide in mid-air and burst into a small explosion that quickly implodes upon itself.

CIARAN

Nice!

SOREN

Yeah, but that was my last fireball. Concentrate all attacks on the sorcerer. Don't give him the chance to complete a spell.

Celeste holds her holy symbol and begins muttering a prayer. Her voice takes on a second and third octave and her braids are stirred as if by a wind coming up from beneath her. The clouds above darken.

Celeste points her staff at Carston and a lightning bolt strikes him, knocking him back.

THEODORA

I didn't know clerics got that spell.

CELESTE

Weather domain. Prepared it just in case.

SOREN

Do you think you can take out their sails?

CELESTE

I can try.

A volley of arrows come down. One strikes Celeste, another Soren, and two hit Theodora. Another fireball crashes into the stern of the boat. Elathil staggers back with his clothes singed and a shiny burn on the side of his face. The stern of the boat is in flames.

SOREN

Someone get that fire out!

Soren runs up to the side of the boat and watches the enemy ship closing in.

Celeste chants and heals her wounds. She points to the mast of the slave ship with her staff and calls down another lightning bolt. The top of the mast splinters but the sails remain.

Carston emerges again at the bow and prepares another spell.

SOREN

There you are!

Soren casts another spell and a ripple races through the air, faint currents of light within it like slashing blades. It collides with Carston's fireball spell, destroying it. The ripple warps through the air to strike Carston and he writhes in pain.

Theodora and Elathil are trying to smother and stamp out the flames while Ciaran gets the rudder back under control.

Celeste calls down another lightning bolt, this one totally destroying the slave ship mast. As the sails start to collapse, Soren casts one more spell. Two brilliant red and orange rays with burning coronas leap from his palms and set the sails ablaze. The slave ship is dead in the water and the fire is spreading fast.

Soren and Celeste rush over to help with the blaze. Celeste chants another prayer and with the wave of her staff, conjures water from thin air that splashes down on the flames and extinguishes them.

THEODORA

I think we're home free.

The prisoners stand up and cheer as the sailboat pulls further away from the burning slave ship.

TITLE: 2 DAYS LATER

INT. RESTAURANT - PRIVATE ROOM DAY

The party are sitting in a private dining room with full meals in front of them and two bottles of wine. Yolo is with them.

YOLO

Thanks again. You did my friends a solid. Oh, save room for desert. Imma go check how it's coming along.

Yolo exits.

CELESTE

Hey, Ciaran? Can I ask you something?

CIARAN

What's up?

CELESTE

I know you used to get up to some... less than legal stuff in the past. Did you really do time?

Ciaran smiles sadly and takes a drink.

CIARAN

I got busted for a con, went to jail. Figured if I didn't go straight, I'd spend the rest of my short life going in and out of a cell before ending with a sudden stop at the end of noose.

CELESTE

Sorry. It wasn't my place to ask.

CIARAN

It's okay. You guys are the first to think I could do anything besides conning rubes with more silver than sense. And Soren's a better boss than that buffoon at Lion Eyes.

SOREN

Kind of a low bar, but I appreciate the sentiment.

Soren raises a cup of wine and everyone follows suit.

SOREN (CONT.)

We're in this together. Ciaran's street smarts got us out of those cages. El and Theo ran circles around every mook they threw at us. And Celeste sank a damn slave ship by herself!

Celeste blushes with a smile.

SOREN (CONT.)

To our continued success.

They all drink.

ELATHIL

Speaking of success, how'd we do?

THEODORA

The gold take is about what we expected. The local authorities also gave us a reward for returning the missing persons. We had to pay the boat rental a fine for repairs, but still.

SOREN

And since we plundered those caves yesterday, I got free alchemy equipment. Bonus!

CIARAN

Something about that I want to bring up. You know the log book we found?

SOREN

Anything interesting in there?

CIARAN

The names. They're all fake. I don't know who their buyers are.

ELATHIL

So we can't track them down?

Ciaran shakes his head.

SOREN

Don't worry about it. They'll get theirs eventually.

Yolo enters the room with a large pie.

YOLO

Who's up for blackberry pie?

The group smile at one another as Yolo serves the dessert.

FADE OUT