

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MUSEUM - ARTIFACT STORAGE - DAY

A room with high, vaulted ceilings, lit by a combination of lantern light and a few bright beams coming through arrow slats high on the walls. Artifacts on shelves, paintings on the walls, a handful of important or bulky items on pedestals throughout the room.

A WAND, golden and jeweled, sits on a pedestal in a beam of light. Nearby, CURATOR, a middle-aged satyr, takes inventory.

CURATOR

Seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three...

He counts in the foreground. Behind him, CYPRESS, a young, mouse-like gnome with long ears and a tail, rappels down the wall towards the WAND.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

Seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy...

He pauses, thinking. He's found a discrepancy. CYPRESS snatches the wand from the pedestal with their tail and immediately begins to scramble back up the wall. CURATOR makes a note in his ledger.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

Hmm.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF

DEMEGARA, a young tiefling girl with short horns and wine-red skin, leans against the wall near one of the arrow slats. She is tapping her hoof anxiously, arms crossed, keeping a lookout. The rope is tied to a spur coming off the side of the roof near her feet.

CYPRESS's head appears in the arrow slat, startling DEMAGARA.

CYPRESS

(whispered)

What are you just standing there for? Get a move on!

DEMEGARA leaps over the edge and slides down the side of the roof. CYPRESS struggles to wiggle out of the tiny arrow slat, eventually popping free with enough force to launch themselves into the air.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)

Hup!

DEMAGARA lands gracefully on a lower roof. She holds out her hands confidently in what seems to be a familiar maneuver, and CYPRESS lands directly in her grasp.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)

Oof!

DEMAGARA sets off running. She sets CYPRESS on their feet without pausing, and they scramble to keep up.

DEMAGARA

You know, they're definitely gonna notice this time, right?

CYPRESS

Always a shame to lose an easy mark.

CYPRESS holds up the wand, and we see it in detail for the first time. It is highly ornate, its grip molded with golden wings and jewels that seem to glow from within.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)

But I'm sure this will get us through such a trying time, eh?

DEMAGARA takes the wand and considers it skeptically.

DEMAGARA

You sure it's the right one?

CYPRESS

'Course it is! Why wouldn't it be?

They jump a gap in the roofs.

DEMAGARA

It's just-

On the other side, they stop for a second to catch their breath.

DEMAGARA (CONT'D)

Isn't it supposed to be magic?

CYPRESS

It is magic!

CYPRESS snatches the wand back from her using their tail and walks away, taking off their backpack.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
You know, Miss Demagara - for a
tiefling, you're kind of terrible
at this.

DEMAGARA
(insulted)
What - I -

She stomps up to them as they rummage in their backpack.

DEMAGARA (CONT'D)
You know, for a gnome, you're -
you're not very nice!

CYPRESS
No kidding.

CYPRESS takes a waterskin from their bag.

DEMAGARA
So, what does it do, anyway?

CYPRESS
Observe.

CYPRESS sticks the wand into the mouth of the waterskin.
There isn't a lot of room for it. DEMAGARA watches
skeptically.

After a moment, they take the wand out and hand the waterskin
to DEMAGARA. Steam rises from the opening. She sniffs it.

DEMAGARA
...Tea?

CYPRESS
Bingo.

She hands the waterskin back to them, and they fasten it shut
again.

DEMAGARA
Can it turn water into anything
else?

CYPRESS
Nope.

DEMAGARA
That's... not very useful.

CYPRESS
Yep.

CYPRESS puts the waterskin back in their bag, and the two of them start walking again.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
Valuable part's the material
itself. The enchantment was just
commissioned by some old lady that
liked her hot beverages, I guess.

DEMAGARA
I'll never understand the wealthy.

CYPRESS
After you got everything you could
ever need, the only thing left to
do is get stuff you don't.

They stop at the edge of the roof.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
That's what I'd do if I had a bunch
of money.

DEMAGARA
Yeah, except you're an idiot.

They flinch as two big, clawed hands grasp the edge of the roof in front of them.

HILL (O.S.)
Hey, now, there you are.

HILL, a large, adult blue dragonborn, pulls herself up onto the roof. She is flanked by a scrawny male HUMAN and a mean-looking long-eared ELF.

HILL (CONT'D)
Was wonderin' when you kids'd be
back from this "big heist" I keep
hearin' about.

CYPRESS and DEMAGARA stand in her shadow as she looms over them. DEMAGARA looks terrified. CYPRESS is pretending to be unperturbed.

HILL (CONT'D)
Care to fill me in?

DEMAGARA
Uh - h-hi, Hill.

CYPRESS
Don't know what you're talking
about.

The ELF sneaks around behind them.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
We've been hustling in the square
all morning, and we've barely
managed to -

ELF grabs CYPRESS's tail and hauls them up by it, holding them upside down, and displaying the wand.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
Ow!

ELF
Sure, sure. What's this, then?

CYPRESS looks pointedly at DEMAGARA, gesturing with their eyes that she should move back a bit. She does so.

HILL
Looks pricey. That didn't come from
no market stall.

CYPRESS throws the wand to DEMAGARA with the tip of their tail.

HILL (CONT'D)
What-? Hey!

DEMAGARA hops back to the raised edge of the roof. The ELF drops CYPRESS unceremoniously on their shoulders, turning his attention fully to DEMAGARA.

ELF
Don't do anything stupid, now,
girl.

DEMAGARA runs along the edge of the roof to skirt the group. CYPRESS scrambles to their feet and makes a break in the opposite direction. The ELF flips a knife out of his belt and takes a swing at CYPRESS, but misses.

CYPRESS wheels around the other side of the roof and meets up with DEMAGARA in the middle, where a couple of old boards have been loosely propped over a large gap between two roofs.

DEMAGARA hands the wand back to CYPRESS, who cradles it affectionately.

CYPRESS
There's my baby.

CYPRESS grasps the wand in their tail again. The two of them run across the bridge, which CLATTERS.

The ELF raises his hands, starting to cast a spell.

HILL
Get that fancy stick!

A wall of magic flame roars to life in front of the teenagers, cutting off their path.

CYPRESS
Yikes!

DEMAGARA grabs CYPRESS's hand.

DEMAGARA
Hold on!

She throws them over the wall of flame with a mighty effort.

DEMAGARA (CONT'D)
Hup!

CYPRESS hits the upper wall of the adjacent building and latches onto handholds in the brick. They look back to see DEMAGARA leap through the fire unharmed.

CYPRESS
Tieflings. Pff.

DEMAGARA freezes, eyes wide. The fire behind her swirls and dissipates to reveal that HILL has grabbed her tail.

HILL
Can't we ever do this the easy way,
just once?

The HUMAN grabs hold of DEMAGARA, pressing his knife to her throat, and HILL lets go of her tail.

CYPRESS, for the first time, looks genuinely distressed, scared, and angry.

CYPRESS
You--! You can't--!

HILL puts her hand on DEMAGARA's shoulder, looking up at CYPRESS. She is pretending to be amiable now that she has the upper hand.

HILL
Come on, kid. You wouldn't even
know what to do with an artifact
like that.

DEMAGARA struggles under the adults' hands.

HILL (CONT'D)
You gotta disenchant it, melt it
down, pawn the jewels at different
shops... Let me take it off your
hands, eh?

DEMAGARA
Cypress-

The HUMAN presses his knife to her throat a bit harder, and
she stretches her neck to try to keep away from it.

DEMAGARA (CONT'D)
Run! I'll be fine!

HUMAN
Will you, now?

CYPRESS thinks frantically, weighing everything they can see
of the situation. Behind them, a river runs through the city,
sparkling in the sun. They turn to consider it. Then, they
sigh quietly, making up their mind.

They pull themselves up onto the roof above and look down at
the others.

CYPRESS
Alright, you got me. It's not like
me and Mag had to work that hard
for this dumb old thing, anyway.

They shield their eyes from the sun, looking around
theatrically as their tail comes up behind them.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
Let me just, uh... figure out how
to get down from here...

Their tail flicks, launching the wand into the distance, but
they continue looking down as if they didn't notice.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
She really threw me good, didn't
she?

HILL and the others immediately drop DEMAGARA and scramble
off in the direction of the wand.

HILL
Get it! Quick!

ELF
What's wrong with you, kid?

The three of them leap down from the roof and out of sight.

DEMAGARA kneels on the roof, massaging her throat and catching her breath. She is shaken, but unharmed. CYPRESS jumps down, landing with a loud THUMP in front of her.

They hold out a hand to help her to her feet.

CYPRESS
(gently)
Well, that could've gone a lot
better, huh?

DEMAGARA grabs CYPRESS by the collar of their shirt.

DEMAGARA
What'd you do that for? I would've
been fine! You just threw away a
fortune!

CYPRESS
Oh, yeah? And what exactly were you
gonna do against three armed
adults?

She lets go of them, huffing, and crosses her arms.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
Besides, it landed in the river.

DEMAGARA
River's not that deep, Ress.

CYPRESS
Yeah, but riddle me this:

They examine their nails nonchalantly, as YELLS OF PAIN erupt in the distance.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
What do you think's the temperature
of the perfect cup of tea?

MAG blinks, then bursts out laughing. CYPRESS shrugs, smirking.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)
I reckon they've got about thirty
seconds before the law's down to
figure what all the racket's about.

DEMAGARA punches CYPRESS's arm lightly a few times.

DEMAGARA

The whole river, though? The town's
gonna smell like oolong for weeks!

CYPRESS

Didn't you know that was my
nefarious plot the entire time?

She puts her arm around their shoulders, and they set off
across the roof the way they came.

CYPRESS (CONT'D)

You know, we might have lost a huge
score... But I know this place a
few blocks down that leaves their
kitchen's back door unlocked during
work hours.

DEMAGARA

Oh, my. Someone could accidentally
wander right in!

CYPRESS

I know. Abhorrently negligent,
isn't it?

FADE OUT.