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Mythica: The Iron Crown

By Jason Faller

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- He's on the move,
everything's coming to a head now.

- I've sent a team.

- A team?

You mean that fledgling
magician and her mangy crew?

Did you know they're calling
themselves the Redthorns?

- Just like old times.

- The Darkspore wants to be whole,
and all the heroes put together,
the living and the dead ones,
couldnt keep it apart now.

- I have faith in Marek.

- You had faith in Szorlok once too.

What makes her any different?

Even if you had the
final piece, what then?

You haven't got any
plan what to do with it.

- I'll give it to the
gods, they can protect it.

- The gods.

How long before they toss that trinket?

Find a way to destroy
it, or you got nothing.

Until then, youre just buying time.

- I had a vision.

I saw Szorlok and his undead armies,
marching death across the
land, from East to West,
until the last living
cities ran into the sea.

I also saw a dwarf,
without a face, wearing an iron crown.

- What else did you see?

You know my mind.

I'm after that crown.

You help me get it, and Ill help you find
the Hammer of Tek.

The one weapon that could
destroy the Darkspore,
once and for all.

- The Happer of Tek is gone, no one knows where. And no mortal can wield it.

- Well, with the Iron Crown of the Dwarves, I could.

- Szorlok has the Iron Crown.

- That he does.

- You'd trade anything for that crown, wouldn't you? But not to find the Hammer, or fight against Szorlok. Your plan is to unite the dwarves again and rule as their king.

- You've had your chance. Your team gave three pieces to Szorlok already. I'll do what pleases me, just as you have. I've already taken steps.

- As have I.

- Cunning as a snake.

- Going into the woods.

- Caia-bekk, you're up. Let's have a look.

- Water, you wench! I'm so thirsty I could drink sand!

- Oh, I'm brewing a batch of my finest, when it's ready you can have all you like.

- You dare to touch me! My father is surely sending heroes after me, and he will have you flogged to death! I can't wait to see you bleed out in the square! I'll spit on your corpse, you bastard.

- What a lovely creature you are. Don't worry, soon enough, I'll tame you just like my other girls.

- Don't you dare compare me to those witless whores!

- Charming.

- If you want to live, drop your weapons and get away from the wagon.

- It's an ambush. Keep her alive, kill the others.

- Grab her boys.
- Ahh!
- Bah, kill them all!
- Get her, get her!
- Ahh!
- Amateurs.
- Do you care to wager?
- 20 if they even get inside.
Another 20 if they get the shard.
- I'll take it.
- That's the problem with
crossbows, gentlemen.
Slow reload time.
- Driver, run her down.
- Oh fyke!
- I'm gonna kill you, you bastard!
- Come on, Thane, keep up.
No, no, hey this is your stop, eh.
Come on Thane, come on.
Come on boy.
No!
- Amateurs.
- You might as well pay up now.
They're going to blow it.
- Welcome back.
- Keep up!
- What is it Thane?
- I have.
- Can you go help Marek up front?
You're no use to me back here.
- I have keys!
- Oh, why didn't you say so?
- That's enough from you.
Stay down.
- I'll take these, thank you.
- Right.
- Move.
He's almost in.
- Still got it.
- They're inside, pay up.
- Oh yes, you, you do know how to travel.
- Yes.
Have a set.
- I shall.

- Something to drink?
- Please.
- Ah.
- Give me the Darkspore.
- When you're dying,
and you're bleeding out
wishing you'd done things differently,
I want you to remember this moment,
when I gave you one last
chance to walk away.
- Hold on, hold on.
We're not here to kill you,
we just want the Darkspore.
- Yes, we will kill you,
unless you give us what we want.
- Yeah, like the lady says.
- Hm, you've mistakenly robbed
The infamous Admiral Borlund Hess.
This is my wagon, my women, my Darkspore,
and you squandered your one
last opportunity to walk away.
- Yes, we know, you're smart, powerful,
we're going to regret it,
but this is our wagon now,
and it's time for you to leave.
- Okay.
I'm gonna give you a choice.
We can fight this to the death,
or we can stop the wagon,
and I can walk out with
my last shreds of dignity.
Either way, I'm not stepping off
my own fyking war wagon at full speed.
- I'm good with the second option.
- Thane!
- At least the weather's nice.
Good day for a walk.
- I shouldn't have touched it.
- Nonsense, you were brilliant
sweetheart, we got it.
- It's not over yet.
- Your necromancer's touch
awakened the final piece.
I must thank you.

Without your aid, I may
never have found it.
To show you my gratitude,
I'll give you another chance.
Join me, and your friends may live.
You think you can defeat me?
Even with three pieces, I
command the denizens of the pit.
I call you forth from the grave,
assassins of old, Multu-gahnuken!
You once served the Lich King Vekru Nom,
and now you serve me.
The last piece.
I can sense its power.
Power over death.
Immortality is mine at last.
Bring me the Darkspore!
- Marek, take the Darkspore
where the Gods can protect it.
- She's not taking it anywhere.
All of you together are
still no match for me.
- Marek, I believe in you.
- No!
- Gojun, no!
- Obey me.
I am Marek, a true born necromancer.
Szorlok is gone, you are mine to command.
- Marek.
You have no authority.
The Darkspore speaks, and
it does not call you master.
- Worth a try.
- Thanks very much.
- This isn't going well.
- Do you have any ideas?
- Hold them off!
- We're leaving.
- Go Marek, go!
- What were those things?
- I'd rather not know.
- And that's the other half.
You know, I like this team.
They're full of surprises.

- The wind is against us, Admiral.
- Patience, the wind is ever changing.
- Well, aside from nightmarish demons,
from an entirely different dimension,
I'd say that went rather well.
Also, unless anyone can boast
a number higher than seven,
I do believe I'm the winner.
Marek, you owe me a kiss.
Thane, 40 silver will do just fine.
- You didn't kill seven.
I killed six, you killed
three, maybe four.
- You're serious?
Three on the side, three
on the back, that's six.
One off the roof makes seven.
40 silver please
- He wasn't dead.
- His head hit the road full in the face.
- I saw him get up.
- Then he was twitching from death throes.
Marek, you owe me that
kiss, Thane, 40 silver.
- Thane's always been a man of his word.
- Are you calling me a liar?
- No, of course not.
But you are a very good thief.
Not what you would call an honest trade.
- Be that as it may, I will
pretend I didn't hear that.
- Marek, where are we going?
- Gojun said to take the Darkspore,
someplace where the
gods can watch over it.
- Uh-huh, so where are we going?
- Well he couldn't say, because
Szorlok was right there listening.
- Oh, hello.
I am so very sorry.
Our deepest apologies.
We've been very preoccupied.
- Bastard!
Some rescue!

When my father finds out
how ill-treated I've been.
Don't just sit there!
Untie me, you half-breed.
Disgusting, pointed devil ears.
You, peasant wench, go
get me something to drink
before my mouth turns to dust.

- Pardon me?

- Oh, fyke, get out of my
way, I'll do it myself.
What does that depraved ogres have
for a lady to drink around here?

- I think, that maybe we
got off on the wrong foot.
Let's start over, I'm Dagen, and you must.

- Don't you dare touch me,
you are lower than a dog.

- I could use a drink myself.

- Ha, that black crystal
really gave it a nasty kick.

- Black crystal, Dagen!

- You impudent peasant!
I will see to it that you.

- I didn't swallow, I didn't swallow,
I didn't swallow, I didn't swallow!

- What's happened to her?

- She's brain-dead, like the others.

- Yes, well in her case,
it's quite an improvement, isn't it?
Uh, Marek, Marek, it's,
she's looking at me.
Marek?

No, no

- It's the Darkspore, she's drawn to it.
She likes you.

- Of course, I mean females of all races,
and states of mind, are drawn to.
I mean she's not immune to all of this.

- It's adorable.

- What's taking so long?
Marek kill her too?

- Um, no, no, she's still alive.
Sort of, I think.

- Sorry.
I'm not much of a healer.
Not like Teela.
- No one will ever be like Teela.
Even as you took her
life, she healed your leg.
- I'm here.
Thane, it's me.
- What was that?
- What was what?
- You.
Are you alright?
- Go South
to the Temple of the Owl.
You will find me there.
- How did you do that?
- What?
- It's not funny.
- What are you talking about?
- Go South, to the Temple o the Owl.
- What are you saying?
- You said it with Teela's voice.
- Thane, stop, you're scaring me.
- What exactly did you do to her?
- I channeled her life force.
It consumed here entirely.
- She's there.
Somehow she's inside of you.
She spoke to me.
- Thane, she's gone.
Don't do this to yourself.
- You did this to me!
You took her from me!
The Temple of the Owl, what is it?
- It's a place.
- Tell me!
- I read about it once.
A Temple of a Silver Owl.
In Gojun's library.
It's a holy site, a mythical place
between this world and
the Realm of the Gods.
A place where the gods can watch over it.
- Is it to the South?

- But it's just a myth,
it's not a real place.

- Is it to the South?!

- Beyond the White Waste, yes.

- That's where we're going.

- Thane, I,
I think that maybe.

- That's where Gojun
Pye meant for us to go.
Now Teela is guiding us there.

- Thane, I must have
just thought it out loud

- If there's a chance,
she's there.
That she's alive somehow.
There's nothing that will
keep me from reaching her.
Nothing.

- Gojun where are you?

- What is this place?

- We are banished to a
dimension of shadow and ash.
Where nothing has ever lived.
Nothing for you to feed on.

- You fool!
What have you done?

- You have no power here, necromancer.

- So this is your plan?
How long do you think
you can keep me here?

- I was planning on forever.
Though I'm not sure time
has any meaning in this particular realm.

- Clever,
so, what now?

- Well I thought maybe
we could sit and chat.
Reminisce about days gone by.

- Or I could just kill you.

- That depends how good
your channeling magic is.
Do you even carry components?

- Gojun, how soon you forget.
I am a master of all magics!

- Help me, please! Help!
I can't move.
I'm having trouble breathing.
- It's alright, it's alright.
I'm here to help you.
- Oh thank you.
I knew someone would come.
- Something's not right.
- You're my only hope.
Please.
- Degan, wait!
- Hey, it's alright.
It's alright.
- Thank you Degan.
You're truly my hero.
- I'm your hero.
- Degan!
- I'm her hero.
- You idiot!
Thane!
- Oh!
- Give us back the Darkspore,
and we'll let you live.
Never mind, I'd rather kill you.
- Wait!
- Rezzik?
- You know him?
- No.
- Two blades are no match
for shield and sword.
- Shields are for cowards who
need something to hide behind.
- They're for men in retreat!
- To kill a tortoise, you must simply find
his soft spot.
- Hey, listen, listen.
Not to start pointing fingers,
but she really is entirely to blame.
Wouldn't take no for an answer.
She's not even my type,
she's all skin and bones.
- Shut up, thief!
- Oh!
Listen, listen, if this is about

that silver horn I borrowed
I was going to give it back.

Not that!

Marek, switch!

- Your lover and I have
a powerful connection.

My charm has never worked so quickly.

- He's not my lover!

How's that for connection?

- Marek!

That was a dirty, dirty
trick to play, love.

- Why do you want the Darkspore?

- Your team has failed enough.

- My team is sent by Gojun Pye.

We have to stop Szorlok.

- Hammerhead told me you'd say that.

- Hammerhead?

- How many times are you
going to give another piece
to Szorlok before you bow out?

Just walk away, we'll take it from here.

- Not unless you can tell me
why Hammerhead wants the Darkspore.

- And you'll walk away?

- If it's a good reason.

- All right.

I'll tell you what I know.

He was drunk, I overheard
him muttering to himself,
something about an Iron Crown.

- That's it?

It's not much to go on.

I need to know his real intensions.

- Diplomacy's not my best attribute.

- Men are fools.

- I'm only half man.

And half elf.

A thief, by trade, or
didn't Rezzik tell you?

Very sticky fingers.

I have the Darkspore, let's move!

- Rezzik!

- Horses!

- Hurry up.
- Why didn't you do that?
- See, all fixed.
No harm done.
- There would have been nothing to fix,
if you could only keep your
animal urges under control.
- Animal urges?
- Never mind, drive.
- Managed to snag this, from her bosoms.
- Her bosom?
How did you manage?
- Well.
- Never mind, I don't,
I don't want to know.
White Dragon eggshells.
This is worth a fortune!
- Like I said, no harm done.
- You were saying?
- Uh.
- Anybody with range wanna get back here?
- Surrender! It's over!
- Are you gonna
shoot back at them?
- I'm out of batwing resin!
- What?
- On my staff!
- You're finished!
- Get up, get up!
- Is that all you've got?
- We're gonna spill your guts out!
- Woo-hoo!
- Ugh!
- What now?
- We take the long way around.
This isn't nearly over.
- Why do we hve so many enemies?
- Dagen, tell us about the ax men.
- The ax men is Rezzik,
a notorious mercenary.
- He mentioned a woman?
- Yes he did.
Well, she's nobody.
I mean she's not nobody,

she's wealthy daughter of a nobleman.
High society, very well endowed.
With gold, and nothing else.
Well you can't blame the girl
for taking a liking to me
over that barbarian.
He doesn't even bathe properly.
Sorry, she has good taste.
Ah, you're not blaming this on me?
- No, of course not,
you self obsessed libertine.
They're after the Darkspore.
- Oh.
Ah!
- And that is for
falling all over yourself
to rescue that magician
- Why do they want the Darkspore?
- They're working for Hammerhad.
- Well that's perfect.
It's all a big misunderstanding then.
- No.
Hammerhead hired them
because we keep failing.
- Well that's even more perfect.
We take the Darkspore to Hammerhead
and we get a big sack of gold.
- You're not suggesting
we hand over the Darkspore
to that snake of an innkeeper for money?
- Go on.
- He's more likely to sell it to Szorlok
than to hide it from him.
- I think Hammerhead wants to trade
the Darkspore for the Iron Crown.
- The Iron Crown.
- The Iron Crown that would
make him king of the dwarves.
- Well that's very lovely for Hammerhead,
but I don't see what it has
to do with the Darkspore.
- When the Golgotians
conquered and scattered
the dwarves centuries ago.

Golgotians?

- They captured the Iron Crown.
- Golgotians are Szorlok's people.
- No, not his people, allies.
- Oh.

- But in any case,
Szorlok may have the Iron Crown.

- You think Szorlok want's
to be king of the dwarves?

- Dagen, let me finish.
There's a legendary hammer.
The Hammer of Tek.

- The Hammer that forged the world?
- Legend has it that the Hammer of Tek
cannot be held by any mortal hands,
except one who wears the Iron Crown.
- It's a wonderful children's story.
- Yes, well assuming that it's real,
Tek's Hammer could destroy anything.

Which includes the Darkspore,
so maybe Hammerhead wants
to get the Iron Crown
so that he can get the Hammer,
and destroy the Darkspore
for once and for all.

Which on all accounts,
is a very real plan.

No more running and hiding.

- You're talking about
handing over the last piece
of the Darkspore.

Now unless I'm mistaken, that
makes Szorlok the Lich King.
The whole world becomes undead.

- Yes, even if we did have the Iron Crown,
and found the Hammer of Tek.

Destroying the Darkspore
may be impossible.

Just because you have a sword,
doesn't mean you can slay a dragon.

- Yes, but I still think we
should take it to Hammerhead,
and at least see what his intentions are.

- Gojun said to take the Darkspore

to where the gods can protect it.

- Look, Thane!

Gojun is not here right now!

- We're gonna go with Gojun's plan

- He's gone, he's probably dead.

- Teela will take us to the temple.

- - Alright I'm sorry Marek, but that's
how it is, I vote Hammerhead

- Enough!

Listen to you two.

This is not a vote!

Right now, we gonna follow the road.

This road, the only road.

I need time to rest and think.

Don't eat that.

- It's the right thing to.

Did you say Teela will guide us?

You're not worshiping her now?

Wait, you're not, right?

- Not now Thane.

- We need to speak to her.

- She's dead.

- Somehow she's inside of you.

I have to believe.

- You'll believe anything

that might bring Teela back.

But you don't know how necromancy works.

I remember it, every detail.

I killed her,

I sucked every drop of her life force
and used it to destroy.

- We have to get her out of you.

For your sake, and for hers.

- Get some sleep, Thane.

You need it.

- You and me both sweetheart.

We're not gonna let the
crazies get to us, right?

We're gonna keep it together.

Right?

Can you understand anything I'm saying?

Just raise your hand or
something if you can, yeah?

Okay.

Alright, look, one time Thane told me Marek was upstairs. I went there, it was Hammerhead's room instead. It was all very embarrassing, he was not impressed.

- Feels rather good.

You're an excellent listener. Come on, come here. That's alright, come on. There you are. Hey, no! Absolutely not, none of that! That's good, there you go, stay there.

- Thane.

Thane.

- Teela.

- Thane, it's your turn.

Oh.

- What are you doing? Get away from me!

- Let me out!

- I'm not her.

- Dagen.

- You don't need to say anything. Gods know I've been begging for a kiss from you, a little sign of affection, something, and it was Thane all along. It's fine, go back to him, have at it. I won't get in the way.

- You're impossible.

- I'm impossible?

Do what you want, I'm done with you, you crazy girl! We need to refuel.

- We're almost to the White Waste. The Temple of the Owl is somewhere out there.

- Well, keep that.

- Dagen.

- You little lovebirds, feel free to wander this barren wasteland. Me and Zombie Girl,

we're going back to town

for a couple of nice drinks.

- Dagen, it's not what you think.

- Your team is a failure, Marek.

- He needs to know.

- Know what?

- Teela is inside of her.

They're sharing the same body

- No, it's my body.

Somehow Teela controls me sometimes.

- Thane, this is weird,

and sick, and twisted,

and wrong, and Marek,

quite frankly I'm surprised

you're playing along with it.

- Stop holding her back.

- Listen, Thane, just shut up about it.

- Teela, it's me, Thane.

- What are you doing, stop!

- Marek.

- Hey! Stop it, leave her alone!

- Teela listen to me, we need you.

Follow my voice.

Teela, come!

- Time is running out.

Make haste, to the Temple.

They're coming.

Run for your lives.

Run, run.

- What have you done to her?

- It's Teela.

Her spirit is inside of her.

Run, why?

Why run?

- Death.

- I liked it better when she said run.

- Thane, now that you figured

out how to talk to Teela,

you think we could get Marek back?

- Hang on!

- What is it?

- Faster Thane!

Thane!

- Thane!

- Thane, they're coming, use the bottles!
- Are they gone?
Hang on!
- Thane!
Turn around, we lost Dagen!
- You are brilliant!
Come on!
Come on, come on that's it!
That's it, perfect, take my hand!
My hand, come one!
Thane, slow down!
Take my!
Thane!
Thane, stop!
We have to turn back!
- No Thane, keep going!
- Thane, you stop this thing!
Stop!
- There's nothing we can do.
- Stop.
- Accept your fate Szorlok,
we are both here forever.
Well, components are running low,
and channeling is depleted.
- Yes, soon there will
be no magical reserves
for you to draw upon,
and then you will die.
- Whether I live or die doesn't matter.
You and the Darkspore will
be stuck here forever.
- It's strange to me you seem so certain.
You cannot really be that stupid, can you?
- Keep talking Szorlok,
every moment that goes by,
Marek is further from your grasp.
- I need not grasp anything.
She will come to me.
Just as her mother did.
- She's stronger than her mother.
- Oh yes, I am counting on it.
- Dust storm away to the West.
It should just miss us.
- How far to the Temple?

- I don't know.
- Could go on forever.
We'll never find it, not
before we run out of fuel,
water, or both.
- Teela said she would take us there
- Don't say her name.
I'm sorry we couldn't go back.
It was too late to save her.
- Wait.
- Dagen's friends are back.
- I've never fully tested my range.
- Don't waste it, wait for a good shot.
- Never mind, fire away.
- Is everything under control up there.
- Don't listen to me, do whatever works.
- You're too big of a
target, go get Dagen.
- Good idea.
Don't lose my shield.
- How we doing?
- I just missed you, that's all.
- Ah.
- Caia, now!
- She has blackvine, very expensive.
- See, that's what I've always said.
We need more gold!
- Faster you fools!
- Come on.
- Is that good or bad?
- Based on past experience,
I'd say it's always bad.
Hey!
- I'm not falling for that old trick.
- Kill, kill, kill!
No survivors, boys!
Go!
- It's her, it's the bloody Admiral.
- Yes!
- Oh brilliant!
- Oh, fyke.
Step aside, time to die.
- Gotcha.
Sweet mother of vengeance.

- Admiral, Admiral.
- Fyke, boys!
- Tell me, if you're so convinced
we are stuck here to die,
then why is it you care
if your pitiful team
reaches their goal?
I am defeated, nothing else matters,
wouldn't you say?
- Even one piece of the Darkspore
has enough evil in it
to be worth protecting.
- No, no that's not it.
You know how this ends,
and yet you still chose this path.
Tell me, why?
- Even if I told you,
you could never understand my way.
That is why you will fail in the end.
- No, I can see now that I merely
overestimated your intellect.
Your plan is ill conceived.
Which you will soon discover.
- Then go on, what are you waiting for?
- Marek.
You still, you still owe me a kiss.
- Shh, hey don't say that.
You're not dying.
- Marek.
- No.
Dagen.
Dagen.
Degan!
Stop!
Dagen!
Teela!
Teela, help him!
Teela, heal him!
- Oh Marek, she can't bring him back.
- Teela help him,
or I'll hurt Thane!
Don't make me do it!
Dagen.
- What happened?

- She made Teela bring you back.
It may have been too much for her.

- I was dead, I was dead.

- We have to get Marek to that temple.
She can't go on with Teela inside of her.
It's going to kill her, or me.

- Marek, It's me, it's me, yes.

- Dagen.

- You managed to keep
me around a bit longer.

- Don't explain.

- Explain what?

- She's willing to sacrifice
anything to bring you back.
That's all.
It's probably just the wind.

- You don't think those demons could
run through that storm do you?

- They don't seem to stop
at much of anything else.

- Mind if we join you?
The artifact, let's have it.

- So that's what brings people
back from the dead, huh?
Is that how you got your thief back?

- It doesn't raise the dead to the living,
it turns them undead.

- Oh, well that sounds bad.
You know, that reminds
me of that one time.

- How do you use it?

- You don't, it uses you.
It's a piece of the Lich Kings heart,
and it's power can only
be used by a necromancer.
Like me.

- Hammerhead's no necromancer.

- He'll trade it to a necromancer,
for the Iron Crown of the Dwarves.

- I've known Hammerhead a
long time, he's no fool.

- He's no fool,
but he may not believe there's
any way to stop Szorlok,

so he'll profit any way he can.

- Yes, that is his way.

- Know this.

The Darkspore is a
weapon with one purpose.

Death.

If Szorlok gets that last piece,
nothing will matter.

Not your gold, not
Hammerhead's crown, nothing.

What's so funny?

- Your dedication to Gojun's crusade.

- We can't let Szorlok get the Darkspore.

We're all responsible for it.

- That's your quest, not ours.

- We're mercenaries, true enough,

but we never take work

we don't believe in.

Hammerhead's ways may not

be in line with yours,

but what would you do that's any better?

- We're taking it to a

temple to keep it safe.

Anything's better than
letting Szorlok have it.

- I'm done talking, it's settled.

- You're making a mistake.

- Our only mistake is letting you live.

If I had it my way, you'd all be dead

with a lot less discussion about it!

- We'll drop your weapons at a safe place,

but don't bother coming after us.

We ride much faster than

this contraption ever could.

You have too much doubt in yourself.

Make your own path.

If you do wrong, at least

you made a real choice.

Don't go wrong following someone else.

- Don't cry Redthorns.

You're lucky to be alive.

- We have to help them.

- What?

- Come on.

- Can't we just watch for a minute?
- Marek.
- Go on you fools.
You owe us nothing, get
away while you still can!
We can't win, not without
Thorsten and Caia!
- Dagen, switch!
- I will not switch!
I was dead, I have earned the right
to fight the thing that only has one arm!
Thane, Thane, switch!
- Are we really going to do this?
- What's the plan?
- I'm going to take the Darkspore
to the Temple of the Owl,
and you can either help me,
or you can die trying to stop me.
- That was some quick thinking,
but your team needs a leader,
and you keep waiting for
somebody to give you the answers.
Hammerhead, Gojun, they
won't lead your team.
Their time has past.
- Thank you.
- Ha, don't thank me.
We may all yet live to be enemies again.
Let's go.
- There's our guide!
I knew she wouldn't let us down.
- There's nothing left to channel.
Looks like we're down
to brute strength now.
- You always had me
out-matched physically,
but I never had too much
trouble outsmarting you.
- You always were a cheater.
- There are no cheaters, only
the victors and the dead.
- You all right?
- He was right, you know.
- About what?

- I'm not a leader.

- Really?

Why do I keep following you then?

Why does Thane keep following you?

- I don't know.

Maybe because you like pain and suffering?

- Don't jest.

Not like this.

We follow you for the same
reason Gojun Pye does.

- What?

- Heck, Gojun doesn't
see you as a follower.

He's looking to you for answers.

He believes that you can
succeed where he can't.

- Don't be stupid, Gojun is
more powerful than I ever.

- Do you really believe it's still
about being more powerful?

It's never been that way
with us, it never will be.

That's not how we're
going to defeat Szorlok.

- Then how?

What do we do?

- Don't honestly know.

But I do believe, that
when the time comes,
you'll have the answer.

You always do, that's why we follow you.

'Cause we believe in you.

- How are you so hopeful
all of the sudden?

- Well I died,
and I was brought back to life
by a beautiful girl
possessed by a goddess,
so the worst has to be behind me, right?

- Impossible.

What's the world coming to
when you can't kill a man
and be sure he'll stay dead?

- He's a reprobate, he's got no shame.

A downright disingenuous.

- Watch 'em.

- This is holy ground.

Leave the wagon here.

- Thane, stop the wagon.

This is it, we're here.

- That's it, fight me
with all your strength.

Good, now, let me show you
the error of your ways,
as I return to our world and
usher in a new age or order,
my order.

- There's no magic, you can't go back.

- Yes, because, how did yo put it?

There is no living
thing for me to feed on.

Well there is one living thing.

You're too tired, old friend.

You've already used the
last of your strength.

Now, give me your life
force, you cannot resist.

- No, it can't be gone.

No!

- The closer we get, the weaker I become.

- If it gets much worse,
we are turning back.

I don't care if you think.

- There!

We're coming, Teela!

- Admiral.

- What?

- They've disappeared.

They're gone.

- What are you talking about,
what are you talking about!?!

I told you to keep an eye on them,
and you can't find them from up here?!

I'll throw you overboard,
and you'll find them from down there!

- I know they were somewhere,
somewhere around here.

- There, there it is!

Teela, we're here.

Friend or foe?

- Let's ask him.

Hey, you there!

We're friends with Teela.

You know, Teela?

See how friendly he is?

Any ideas?

- Don't show fear.

- You should have said that first.

- Kill, kill, kill.

Ah, yes!

- I'll get him sir.

- Get me closer,

I want them to see my face,

as they die by my hand.

- Yes.

- Marek?

Marek, can you fight?

Markek?

Thane, tell your lady

we need our wizard back

or this is going to be over very quickly.

- Need a little help.

- Whoever you are, you need to help us,

or we are going to die!

- You!

- That's right, look up,

and see the end of your

insignificant little lives.

- Either way, you lose.

- Yes, all mine.

I feast on the soul of

the mighty Gojun Pye.

The sweet succulence of victory.

- Gojun.

- You served your purpose, old friend.

- No!

- Bloody warlock, again!

- He left me no choice.

In his last moments,

I looked into his mind.

You, were his final thought.

- If I have my way, I'll

be your dying thought too.

- You murder for pleasure.

- Only to fulfill my rightful purpose.

- Fyke him, he's pissin'

all over my party.

Make it a double.

- I'll take back what is mine.

Stolen from me by betrayal,

and finally returned to

its rightful possessor.

Yes, come to me.

- Fyke!

- Run!

- You cannot hide from me, Marek!

There is no escape!

- Teela?

- Touch me not.

- Teela?

- Teela is with me.

We are the goddess Ana-Sett,

reborn to dwell in the

world among mortals.

- What about the Darkspore?

How will you help us?

You lead us here, for what?

- You may impart the Darkspore to me.

- But can you keep it safe?

- Not here.

I will fly from the

temple, away from Szorlok.

- Szorlok, he'll break through.

More running and hiding.

- It's what Gojun Pye wanted us to do.

It's why we're here.

- It doesn't feel right.

It's what we've always done.

- We have no other choice.

- Unless, Ana-Sett, where

is the Hammer of Tek?

Is it real?

- The Hammer is real, but it is lost.

- You wouldn't give

Szorlok the last piece,

not for a faint hope on some magic hammer.

Gojun Pye wanted you to
give it to the goddess.
- We'll never beat Szorlok
unless we stop running.
Gojun is gone.
I can't follow his lead anymore.
- So, you would entrust
the Darkspore to Ana-Sett.
She cannot hide forever.
I will hunt her down.
I will make her suffer
as any goddess should.
- I didn't come here to
listen to more hollow mockery.
I'm here to make an offer.
You have the Iron Crown?
Yes, I know of Hammerhead's treachery,
but are you bold enough to
make the same trade, with me?
- You cannot fool me Marek.
You seek the Hammer of Tek,
and you would wish to destroy
the greatest magic of all time
and forsake your destiny as a necromancer.
- Call it what you will,
but I'm letting you
choose your own downfall.
Give me the crown, and you
can have the Darkspore now,
or you can chase Ana-Sett
the world over for it,
and keep the Crown.
Who knows, maybe you'd make
a good King of the Dwarves?
- It's fitting you would
bring me this piece.
Your mother once brought
me that same shard.
- You lie!
- You know what's true.
The Darkspore flows
through your very veins.
She clutched the Darkspore to her chest
as you grew in her belly.

Month, after month, you drew
in the Darkspore's power.
Swam in its shadow.
- Make your choice.
- At last.
- I am death!
I am the Lich King reborn!
Witness the birth of a god!
You foolish child.
You have sealed the fate of
everything that draws breath,
so begins the Age of Death.
- Doesn't look too bad so
far, this Age of Death.
- You have made
an unexpected choice, Marek.
The Lich King will not delay.
His armies will rise from
the graves of ancient battlefields.
They will march on the
lands of the living.
If you seek the Hammer,
you must make haste.
- We will, where do we start?
I only know the Hammer was
used by Tek, god of the forge.
- When Tek battled the
Lich King Vekru Nom,
he was stuck down at the
hill known as Battlegrave.
Tek fell to his death, swallowed
deep in the Underworld.
The realm of the dead.
He took the Hammer
there, and cannot return.
- There's a first time for everything.
- I'm staying.
- That's not exactly Teela, Thane.
- It is, and it isn't,
but I dedicate myself to her,
my life and my sword.
- Rise, Paladin.
- I haven't forgotten, I am here.
Thane, I am yours as long as you are mine.

- There she is, Teela my love.

That's Teela alright.

- Teela, I'm sorry for what I did.

- Oh, don't be sorry.

Yours is the hardest path and the darkest,
and it will grow darker
still before the end.

- Thane,

have a good time.

You deserve it.

- Watch out for her.

- You are my first, and truest friend.

- Marek, I have always believed in you.

If anyone will do it, you will.

- Thane and I will gather
resistance to slow Szorlok.

We will warn the people,
save as many lives as we can.

- Dagen and I will get that
Hammer, or we'll die trying.

I've made a terrible mistake.

I've traded the fate of the
world for this hunk of metal.

- Someone had to choose, Marek.

- Why me?

Why not someone else?

- Because you're the
only one crazy enough,
to choose the impossible.

- Just like that, Thane
and Teela, gone in a flash.

You know, they're probably
at some gloriously
seedy tavern by now, sipping drinks.

You've teleported before
Marek, what gives?

- Her magic's not like mine.

You have to be sanctified.

- Well in that case, you can keep it.
I'd rather walk.

How funny would it be, if we
died of thirst after all this.

- Stop.

- Stop what?

- Talking.

On the banks of the snowy river
my love and I were merrily wed
as we felt for a fleeting moment
that our joy would never end
for our hearts were bound together
stronger than an iron wall
but the sound of the distant battle
they all meant to hear the call
stranded between love and duty
stranded what is there for me
stranded between love and duty
stranded what is there for me
torn between my solemn beauty
and the one thing that mattered more
I could not forsake my beauty
but to face an ugly war
stranded
stranded
stranded
stranded
what is there for me
so we stowed away by starlight
and we sailed until we were free
but at times when I look at the mirror
a coward stares back at me
stranded between love and duty
stranded what is there for me
stranded between love and duty
stranded what is there for me
stranded between love and duty
stranded what is there for me
stranded between love and duty
stranded what is there for me