

EXT. BURNING FIELDS - DAY

Scrubby, dry-looking fields catch fire, burning with a growing intensity as a nearby medieval village incinerates.

A young woman in rough clothes, BRONWYN, runs gasping from the flames, her soot-stained face streaked with tears.

At a hoarse shout, Bronwyn lurches into motion but stops short as a MAN IN UNIFORM steps forward, brandishing a sword.

The man is joined by more and more men in the same uniform, seemingly dozens, until she is SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES.

A tall LIEUTENANT saunters out of the crowd. Bronwyn tenses.

LIEUTENANT

My, what a pretty little rabbit
we've smoked out of her den.

BRONWYN

Come closer and I'll give you a
taste. All you hard men.

LIEUTENANT

Take her down, but don't break her.
The king has plans for this one.

A few men step forward, hands and weapons outstretched.

With a flick of her wrist, Bronwyn produces a KNIFE and SLASHES her palm. Blood sprays, splattering the lieutenant.

She digs her fingers into the cut, wincing, and then draws symbols in the air. The symbols hang there, GLOWING RED.

BRONWYN

Come to me, my love!

After a pause, the sky fills with the sound of BEATING WINGS.

The men cry out, but it's too late - a flock of RAVENS descends, their glossy black beaks slashing and stabbing.

It's over almost as soon as it begins. Bronwyn stands alone, still clutching the knife, flames crackling around her.

The ravens form themselves into the SHAPE OF A MAN, wings pulsing and flapping, and speak with a CROAKING VOICE.

CROAKING VOICE

Now you will be our queen.

Bronwyn nods, and the ravens envelop her in a storm of wings.