

EXT. THE DIAMOND GROVE - DAY

The trees here look like glittering spikes of glass.

A man, BOONE, lurches into the grove. He's hunched, disappearing into his cloak, dark-haired and barely twenty.

He reaches to steady himself on a branch and cuts his hand.

BOONE

Gah! Even the godforsaken trees!

He digs into his pack, pulls out a cloth, and wraps his hand.

That done, he unclips a rattling bag from his belt. He unpeels it and pours out a pile of TEETH.

He waves his hand over the teeth and they SWIRL up from the ground, forming into a loose floating mouth: DEXTER.

DEXTER

You look like hammered shit, boss!

BOONE

Look? You don't have eyes. How far are we from his lair?

DEXTER

I've had eyes. No flavor! Maybe three miles as the crow flies.

Boone winces and lifts up his shirt, revealing A BLACK HOLE dead center in his chest, absorbing light, pulsing slightly.

He gingerly touches one edge of the hole and his fingers start to get sucked in, stretching. He gasps and pulls back.

DEXTER (CONT'D)

You say a dragon can fix that?

BOONE

Dragons can travel by folding dimensions. I'm hoping he can unwind the anomaly. As long as he isn't still holding a grudge.

DEXTER

And how did you piss off a walking furnace the size of a building?

BOONE

Turns out dragons actually do count every piece of gold they own.