

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Endless rows of corn sway under a cloudless blue sky.

The corn parts with a crash and a teenage girl, CORA, pelts through, a jumble of tanned arms and legs in a peasant dress.

She gasps and checks her surroundings before darting away.

But SOMETHING FOLLOWS from the corn...

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Cora stops in the farmyard and turns to face her pursuer. She grabs a BROOM and brandishes it, eyes fierce with excitement.

With a scrabble and a hiss, a DRAGON about the size of a weimaraner bursts out of the corn and stalks towards her.

The dragon nips at the broom and puffs smoke. The two spar until they are interrupted by a stern male voice - HOYLE.

HOYLE (O.S.)

You finish your chores before you started teasing the livestock?

Cora drops her stance with a huff. Hoyle, a wall of muscle in overalls with a salt-and-pepper beard, raises one eyebrow.

CORA

His name is Gladstone, and Jace is doing them right now.

HOYLE

Jace is doing your chores. I hear that right?

CORA

He loves chores so much, who am I to stand in the way?

HOYLE

Mm-hmm. You're gonna give that animal a conniption.

CORA

I was just... tell me what they were like. The big ones.

Hoyle grimaces and massages his arm. An old injury?

HOYLE

Never you mind. Wash up for dinner.