

**The Belgariad Series**

**Pawn of Prophecy**

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## The Pawn of Prophecy

FADE IN

EXT. KINGDOMS OF THE WEST AND THE ANGARAK LANDS

The movie starts out with a panoramic view of the Angaraks lands of the East and the Kingdoms of the West. We take a wide view and then narrow down on the land of Murgos, punctuated by glimpses of the evil cities that lie about, such as Cthol Murgos and Rak Goska. We then move eastward to the land of Nissiya and Tolnedra, and then upward to Arendia, Sendaria, Algaria, The Cherek Bore, Cherek itself, and finally the Isle of Winds, Riva. Throughout we hear a narration of the Prophecy.

### Narration

When the world was new, the seven Gods dwelt in harmony, and the races of man were as one people. Over the millennia, the Gods wanted man to cherish Them. The Gods gathered peoples about them, and each God loved his own people. All except Aldur.

Aldur resided alone from both Gods and man, until a vagrant child appeared at his door step. Aldur accepted the child as His disciple and called him Belgarath. Belgarath learned the secret of the Will and the Word and became a powerful sorcerer.

Now it happened that Aldur took up a stone in the shape of a globe, no larger than a heart, and he turned the stone in his hand until it became a living soul. The power of the living jewel, which men called the Orb of Aldur, was very great, and He did many wondrous things with the Orb.

Of all the Gods, Torak was the most beautiful, and His people were the Angaraks. They burned sacrifices before him, calling him the Lord of Lords. Torak found this most sweet. The day came, however, when He heard of the Orb of Aldur, and from that moment on he knew no peace.

Torak smote his brother, Aldur, and stole the Orb. The other Gods beseeched him to give the living jewel back, but Torak refused. The nations of man gathered and did war upon the Angaraks.

FADE TO

## INT. RIVAN CASTLE LATE AT NIGHT

From the high overhead island view, we swoop down from the stark, looming mountain to the huge Rivan Castle, nestled in the side of the island mountain. We move toward the palace from this grand view, moving through walls. Inside, with wall torches burning, we can tell it is late night. Only a well armed guard or two can be seen walking the halls. We follow one GUARD near the palace throne room. He has a long, deadly pike resting on his shoulder as he paces down the corridor. As he walks by massive doors, we spot a HOODED FIGURE (in Gromlin clothing), who is so camouflaged that he melts into the wall, standing near the door. There is a smaller HOODED PERSON, a child, next to him. The taller man has a hand pushing the child back against the wall in a protective manner. The guard walks by as he does not see them because they literally meld into the wall. Once the guard has turned a corner, the hooded person reappears and carefully slides open one of the doors just enough for them to sneak inside. He takes the hand of the smaller person and pulls him into the throne room.

Once inside the throne room, we can see the throne Dias. Behind the Dais there hangs a finely carved, four foot long sword. On the pommel of the sword we see a wondrous gem the size of a fist. At first it is a dull grey, but then it translucently glows with blue, yellow and white light emanating from it. The gem sheds its light in blazing swaths of pulsating glory throughout the room. A beautiful and deeply satisfying musical sound swells our ears as well.

Hooded figure  
Come Errand, we have work to do.

## INT. RIVAN PALACE THRONE ROOM – MORNING

The RIVAN WARDER, acting king of Rivan, is walking toward the throne room doors with his ENTOURAGE. They are engaged in conversation. Suddenly, the throne room doors burst open and a GUARD emerges in a panic.

Guard  
The Orb of Aldur has been stolen!

The Rivan Warder and his entourage race into the room. On the far side of the throne room, we see the sword, but the wondrous gem is gone.

FADE TO

## INT. OLD HAY BARN LOFT – AUTUM DAY – INT

A TEENAGE BOY, GARION, and TEENAGE GIRL, ZUBRETTE, are nestled together in the hay loft. Her peasant blouse is pulled low enough to show some cleavage. Garion reaches to touch her long blonde hair. Zubrette smiles at Garion.

Zubrette

Well, did you bring any?

Garion reaches into his shirt and pulls out a small rucksack, shaking it just a little for her to hear small pieces of candy being jostled about.

Garion

I brought enough candy for both of us.

Zubrette

(Looking demure)

Did you bring chocolate? You know I love chocolate. Let me have one, Garion.

Garion

(Shaking his head no)

You still owe me a kiss from the last time, Zubrette, remember?

Zubrette

I do? I can't help it if you ran out of candy.

Before Garion can make a retort, Zubrette leans in and gives him a nice long kiss. Garion is momentarily caught off guard but quickly adjusts himself so that he can enjoy the kiss. In the middle of the kiss, we hear a rather loud cough from the nearby stairwell. Both of them jump and quickly spin around to see who it was that disturbed their game. AUNT POL stands with her fists on her side, glaring at them. The white streak of at the front of her long black hair seems to glow in the loft. Zubrette quickly reaches up to scratch her eye.

Zubrette

Thank you, Garion, for helping me get that piece of grass out of my eye.

Aunt Pol

Really? Is that what it was, Garion?

Garion

Umm, ahh, yes, ma'am.

Zubrette stands up, rushing for the stairwell. She quickly disappears down from the loft. Aunt Pol does not take her eyes off of Garion.

Aunt Pol

I think working in the barn is no longer an option for you, Garion. I need lots of help in the kitchen, where I can keep an eye on you.

Garion

But, Aunt Pol...

Aunt Pol

There is a whole stack of pots that need to be washed right now. I suggest you get to it before I start thinking of other things you could be doing as well.

Garion slowly stands up and walks over to the stairwell. He looks back at Aunt Pol to say something, but her angry glare withers any thought of speaking up. Garion heads down the stairs.

EXT. POND NEAR FALDOR'S FARM – AUTUMN LATE AFTERNOON

The pond is rather large, with steep banks. It is fall and cold. Rain clouds are on the horizon. A strong wind swirls the autumn leaves around on the ground. The surrounding trees are a multitude of colors. Zubrette is helping another YOUTH, DAROON, push a wooden raft into the pond. Garion rides on top of the raft with a pole, helping to push the make shift boat further out into the pond.

Zubrette

Garion, why can't I ride the raft with you?

She smiles at him and blows him a kiss. He responds with a smile of his own.

Zubrette

Are you sure you don't want me on the raft with you?

Garion

Not yet, Zubrette. We need to make sure it's sea worthy first.

Doroon

Be careful, Garion! It could tip over.

Garion

I know what I'm doing, Doroon...

Garion gives another push with his pole. As he does so, he looks up to the far outer bank above the others. He sees a MAN, ASHARAK, dressed in a dark hood and cape (Gromlin

style) upon an armored black steed. For a second we can see the evil, scarred countenance of Asharak, a Gromlin priest. He smiles evilly at Garion and makes a wave with his hand. At the same time, the ropes holding the eight logs together begin to unwind. Garion struggles mightily to stay afloat, winding up on the last log, but is finally thrown into the cold murky water and plunges downward. He frantically pushes up from the bottom to the surface and hits his head on a log. There is a blinding flash in his mind, and then blackness as he sinks toward the bottom of the pond. Suddenly, strong hands pull him out of the pond.

INT. FALDOR'S FARM KITCHEN – DAY

Aunt Pol stands next to a wooden stove in the middle of the kitchen. She is wearing a long gown suited for her efforts as head cook. There are SEVERAL COOKS working in the kitchen. A SECOND COOK has pulled out a large pan, while Aunt Pol samples the contents with a spoon. After tasting the food, she smiles at the other cook and nods her approval.

Aunt Pol  
That is perfect, Estelle, perfect

Estelle  
(Smiling)  
Why thank you, Mistress Pol.

DURNIK, a stout man in his late thirties and a blacksmith by trade, carries a wet and unconscious Garion through the back door of the large farm kitchen. There is a look of grave concern on his face, but he is not panicked.

Durnik  
Mistress, Pol! It's Garion!

Aunt Pol turns, quickly taking in the situation and points to a nearby table.

Aunt Pol  
Durnik, place him here. What happened?

Durnik  
He was rafting in the pond when the raft fell apart. He fell into the water and drowned. I pushed the water out of his lungs but he does not come to.

Aunt Pol  
Durnik, see that everyone leaves while I work on the boy.  
That includes you.

Durnik

You hear, Mistress Pol. Everyone out!

The kitchen quickly empties of helpers. As Aunt Pol places her hands on Garion's chest, there is a light that seems to emanate from her hands and the white lock of her hair. She pumps his chest using CPR.

Aunt Pol

Breathe, Garion, breathe.

After a number of compressions, Garion's chest lifts up and he gasps for air. He sits up and spits out a mouthful of water and then coughs several times before passing out again. Aunt Pol stares down at him.

INT. CABIN WHERE AUNT POL AND GARION LIVE – NIGHT

Aunt Pol is sitting in a chair beside the old wooden bed in the two room living quarters. Garion appears to be sleeping soundly, but then his eyes open. He smiles at Aunt Pol and she smiles back but her expression quickly turns to one of angst.

Aunt Pol

Boy, have you lost your senses?

Garion

Aunt Pol, I was doing fine. The raft just seemed to come apart by itself.

Aunt Pol

Rafting? Who gave you permission to go rafting?

Garion looks at her helplessly. He reaches up with his hand and touches the white lock of her hair. Instantly both of them freeze for moment as their eyes close. We hear a faint rushing sound, but then Aunt Pol pushes his hand away.

Aunt Pol

I told you, Garion. You aren't ready for that yet.

Garion

But I want to know...

Before his aunt can reply, the front door opens. It is raining outside and is now dark. BELGARATH enters the living room. He is old by any standard, but is in great shape. He is wearing a traveling cloak and is carrying a walking stick. We can see a rather large grey beard under the hood. The old man pulls his hood back and shakes off the rain water on his coat. Pol gives the man a disdainful stare.

Aunt Pol

Old Wolf, you've picked a bad time to come begging for food.

Belgarath

Pol, is he well?

Garion

(A smile on his face)

Mr. Wolf, it's been almost five years. I bet you've got some great new stories.

Belgarath

(Chuckling)

I see he's made it through the worst. (Then serious)  
Pol, we have to talk. He's stolen it.

Aunt Pol

(Turning to Garion)

Garion, in the back of the kitchen there are some potatoes that need to be scrubbed and cut up.

Garion

But, Aunt Pol...

Aunt Pol

(Sternly)

Garion, now.

Garion reluctantly walks to the kitchen. Shutting the door behind himself, he quickly puts his ear to the door. We can tell he hears everything. Aunt Pol turns to Belgarath.

Aunt Pol

What are you talking about? No one can steal it.

Belgarath

That's what we all thought, but now he's figured out a way to do it. We have to track him down, but I'll need your help. I can't do it alone.

Aunt Pol

But, I can't leave Garion here by himself. You saw what just happened.

Belgarath

It can't be helped. He'll be safe enough here.

Aunt Pol

No, even this place isn't safe. Last Erastide, a Murgo and five Thulls came here on the pretense of buying hams. They were seeking Garion, but I stopped them from seeing him.

Belgarath

Then it is worse than I thought.

Aunt Pol

And just this last summer I caught him with one of the farm girls. They were kissing.

Belgarath

(Smiling)

Well, he is growing up, Pol.

Aunt Pol

I don't care. He has to remain pure.

Belgarath

I know. I know. But I don't think a few kisses are going to taint him.

At that moment the door crashes in and a SINISTER LOOKING MAN, BRILL, enters the room. He's carrying a two foot long blade in one hand. He motions to Belgarath.

Brill

Move over old man. Where is he, Aunt Pol?

Aunt Pol

Brill, don't be stupid.

Garion sees through the crack of the door what is going on. He quickly searches for the longest kitchen knife he can find. He rushes to the door, throws it open and runs to put himself between Brill and his Aunt, before Aunt Pol or Belgarath can stop him.

Garion

You're not going to hurt my aunt!

Belgarath

Get back, Garion!

Brill

(An evil smile coming to his face)

It wasn't her I was after, boy. Now put that pig sticker down before I have to hurt you.

Before anyone can move, a dark figure, Durnik, appears in the doorway. He holds a rather large stick, almost a log, in his hand. It comes crashing down on the back of Brill's head, and the man tumbles forward. Durnik steps into the room, staring down at the now unconscious Brill. Aunt Pol grabs Garion and spins him around.

Aunt Pol

You foolish, boy!

Belgarath

Leave it be, Pol. He was just trying to protect you.

Aunt Pol

(Turning to Belgarath)

You know full well that I don't need protecting.

Belgarath

Well, this settles it. We'll have to take the boy with us.

Durnik

Mistress Pol? You're leaving?

Aunt Pol

It appears that way, Goodman Durnik. I would have liked to spend more time....

Durnik

I see things aren't the way they seem. What manner of people are you?

Belgarath

That's a long story my friend. One I don't have time to tell. Durnik, we will need someone to detain Brill so that our trail grows cold.

Durnik

Someone else will have to do that. I can see Mistress Pol is in danger. I will go with you to make sure you've gotten safely away from here.

Aunt Pol

(A startled laugh)

You, Durnik? You mean to protect us?

Durnik

I'm sorry, Mistress Pol, I will not permit you to go unescorted.

Aunt Pol

You won't permit???

Belgarath

Very well, Durnik, your company is welcome.

Aunt Pol

Have you totally taken a leave of your senses, old wolf?

Belgarath

Goodman Durnik has shown himself to be a useful man. At a minimum, he will at least give me someone to talk to.

Aunt Pol

I see you've finally slipped into your old dotage.

Belgarath

Durnik, tie up Brill and stuff him in a horse stall somewhere. After that gather a few items and we will leave.

Garion

We're leaving?

Belgarath

Afraid, boy?

Garion

Well... it's just I don't understand any of this.

Aunt Pol

(Gently grabbing Garion by the shoulders)

You will in time, Garion, but for now its best that you don't. Now go get a few clothes and I'll put together some food for us.

Belgarath

As soon as Durnik returns, we'll leave.

## EXT. A SMALL WAGON TRAIL AMONGST HILLS AND PASTURES - NIGHT

The four companions are walking along a thread bare wagon trail. The rain has stopped and the moon is out. We can see the silhouette of the foursome.

Belgarath

It's a good thing the storm past us by.

Garion.

We've been walking all night. My feet are killing me.

Belgarath

(Pointing to a small trail that leads into some thick woods)

You're in luck, my boy. We turn aside from the road here.

Durnik

Is that wise? I've heard there may be robbers hereabouts.

Belgarath

That won't be a problem, here.

They follow Belgarath down a narrow trail toward a stand of thick trees. As they work their way toward the middle, a small fire can be seen and then two horse-drawn covered wagons. Suddenly, the silhouette of A HUGE MAN, BARAK, appears in the trail right before them. The foursome comes to a stop. Garion panics and bolts sideways into the trees. A SMALLER MAN, SILK, sprints toward Garion.

Aunt Pol

Garion! Come back here!

Drasnian (Silk)

Not so fast, my fine Rabbit!

Before Garion can take more than a few steps, Silk tracks him down and grabs him by the scruff, bringing him back to the group.

Belgarath

No point in running Garion.

Garion  
 (Struggling)  
 They'll steal everything from us!

Barak is a huge red headed Cherek warrior, while Silk is a small, hooked nosed Drasnian.

Barak  
 (With a roaring laugh)  
 He thinks we're thieves!

Belgarath  
 They won't hurt us.

Aunt Pol walks over to Garion, putting an arm around him for comfort.

Aunt Pol  
 Garion, they're our friends.

Silk  
 (With a flourishing bow)  
 At your service, my Lord. My name is Silk, a juggler and an acrobat from Boktor, Drasnia. My rather large and red associate is Barak - a fearsome drunken warrior.

Barak  
 Watch your tongue, Silk.

Silk  
 And who would you be?

Garion  
 I'm Garion. This is my Aunt Pol, that's our friend Durnik, and I guess you know Mister Wolf.

Silk  
 (Feigning surprise)  
 Aunt Pol? Mister Wolf? What splendid names! Very fitting, indeed.

Belgarath  
 Let it go, Silk. I like the name, as the boy gave it to me. Garion, as you can see, Barak is not from around here. He is a Cherek from Val Alorn. He comes in handy on occasion.

Barak  
And Silk is a thief and a spy.

Silk  
(Shrugging dismissively)  
We all have our faults.

Wolf  
Enough with introductions. We have to get a move on,  
now.

Silk gestures toward the fire. They walk toward the covered wooden wagons.

Silk  
We can load up and be ready to go in no time at all.

Durnik  
(Walking toward the small fire)  
I'll put out the fire.

Garion  
But, but where are we going?

Belgarath  
To Darine.

#### EXT. ROAD TO DARINE - SUNRISE

Belgarath holds the reigns as his wagon with the other farm cart behind them. Barak rides a large war horse. Aunt Pol sits next to Belgarath. Garion rides in the back on top of a pile of turnips. He appears to be sound asleep when Pol looks back at him. But when her gaze moves forward again, we can see Garion open his eye for but a moment.

Aunt Pol  
How did he steal it?

Belgarath  
I don't know. But he found a way.

Aunt Pol  
What if it's not in Darine, Old Wolf?

Belgarath

Then we move on to Muros or even Cammar if we have to. We've got to stop him from getting to Cythol Murgos.

Aunt Pol

This is a poor disguise with Murgos all about. We should be a noble family on horseback. That would be much faster.

Belgarath

No one is looking for slow moving wagons full of turnips. Besides, it's only been three days, Pol.

Over the next hill appears the seaport of Darine. It is a rather large city with a barrier wall shaped in a half circle surrounding it to the large ocean bay. There are a good number of sailing ships moored in the bay. Silk pulls his wagon up to one side of Belgarath's wagon. Durnik sits next to Silk.

Silk

Should we camp outside the city?

Aunt Pol

I'm not sleeping under a wagon when there are good inns so nearby.

Belgarath

Honest Wagoner's would seek out an inn and a warm taproom.

Aunt Pol

I should have suspected...

Garion

Why are we hiding from the Murgos?

Aunt Pol

Garion, mind your own business.

Belgarath

Murgos aren't really merchants, Garion. They have a much sinister purpose.

Barak

They're like, Silk... thieves and spies.

Silk

But a much poorer breed and nowhere near is talented as myself.

Belgarath

Once inside the city, I'll look around for the stolen item.

Silk

May I suggest that Goodman Durnik, here, take our esteemed lady to the Dolphin Inn. It is one of the better establishments in Darine.

Aunt Pol

I want to inspect it first.

Silk

Barak can escort you in as well, great lady. I'm sure you will find it most suitable as it is the best inn in the port.

Belgarath

And what will you do, Silk

Silk

Me? I thought I would sell our turnips and find new cargo for us to take on our journey. It would look unusual for us to leave with the same load.

Belgarath

That would be keeping with our disguise I suppose. Make sure you get a good price.

Silk

Me?? I am offended, sir. You know my reputation!

Aunt Pol

Let it drop, Silk.

Silk

Hraggghmph... Well, if you don't mind I would like to take the boy with me. I need to have a porter as part of my image.

Belgarath

Sounds like we have a plan. Garion, you stay close to Silk, okay?

Garion  
(Smiling)

Yes, sir! I will!

EXT. STREETS OF DARINE NEAR THE WATERFRONT – DAY

Silk and Garion are walking down a busy street by the waterfront. While the city looked quite splendid from the hilltop, the actual streets by the wharfs are ugly and dank. The people look sullen as they move about their business. Silk is leaning toward Garion with a protective arm around the boy's shoulder as they walk. A bag of turnips is slung over his other shoulder. They stop in front of a merchant's house.

Silk

Now I'm going to say many things, Garion. Pay no attention to what I say.

Garion

You're going to lie?

Silk

Of course. I will lie. He will lie. It's all about the money. Whoever lies the best wins the better bargain.

Garion

It all seems terribly involved.

They walk inside the Merchant's house. Silk pushes on the back of Garion and they walk toward the counter. He dumps the bag of turnips on the counter.

Merchant

Ambar! Is that you? I thought you traded spices?

Silk

Ah, well... Hard times have fallen on the house of Ambar. My last venture lies at the bottom of the sea due to a surprise storm. I am reduced to two wagons for moving merchandise from one city to another.

Merchant

Well, we have all seen hard times.

A sinister looking man in a Murgo cape appears from a side isle in the store. Garion freezes for a moment and almost starts to back out of the room as he recognizes the Murgo as the same person that was at the pond.

Asharak

Ambar? Ambar of Kotu? Well we're truly fortunate to be in the presence of such a noble merchant.

Silk

Well, we all do what we can do. And with introductions only half complete, who are you, fine sir?

Asharak

I am Asharak, a Murgo merchant of Rak Goska.

Silk

Good day, sir.

Asharak

Your exploits are legendary in the East, Ambar. When last I left Cthol Murgos, there was a kingly price on your head.

Silk

Just a slight misunderstanding. I was unjustly blamed by a Tolnedran noble.

Asharak

King Taur Urgas turned his kingdom upside down looking for you. How did you ever escape?

Silk

I imposed myself upon a comely Thullish lady of high station. She smuggled me out.

Asharak

Very clever, Ambar.

Silk

Alas, it was harder escaping from her than King Taur Urgas. It took me six months to sneak away.

Asharak

And who is this you have with you?

Silk

My porter? Just a boy I graciously took under my wing for his parent's sake.

Garion looked down, avoiding Asharak's stare.

Asharak

Well, I must go. Perhaps we will meet again, Ambar.

Silk

Perhaps, my lord.

The Murgo walked out of the room. Silk turned his attention to the Merchant. Garion watch as their hands moved in intricate patterns of sign language as they spoke.

Merchant

What are you selling, Ambar?

Silk

Two wagons of turnips.

Merchant

Turnips are not selling very well these days.

Garion

Ah, master, don't forget we have to be back to the inn by lunch. You know her ladyship would be most displeased if we were late.

Silk

Heh? Perhaps, you're right boy. (Turning to the Merchant) What would I do without my porter? We must make time for our lady. I will return in no time to continue our negotiations, my good sir.

Merchant

Have it your way, friend Ambar. I await your return.

Silk leads Garion to the door. Garion is hesitant as he scans the street. But he does not see Brill where he had been standing before. Once outside, Silk addresses Garion.

Silk

Garion, I was about to recoup my money on the return trip. What has gotten into you?

Garion

I saw Brill.

Silk

Brill? Who is Brill?

Garion

He's the one who tried to kill us back at Faldor's farm.

Silk

We must alert Mister Wolf. Immediately.

INT. DOLPHIN INN - TAPROOM

Aunt Pol, Durnik, Barak, and Belgarath are sitting around a table. Barak and Belgarath have several tankards of ale (most empty) next to them. Barak is oiling his chain mail vest. Aunt Pol is sewing.

Belgarath

The trail is cold. It was never here.

Aunt Pol

Where to now, father?

Belgarath

We should head south toward Tolnedra. I don't think he'd risk going through Algaria. The Horse Clansmen would kill him on sight.

At this point, Silk and Garion enter the taproom and move quickly over to the table.

Garion

I saw Brill!

Barak

Brill?

Belgarath

A field hand at Faldor's farm who seems to be more than I suspected.

Silk

Much more it appears. Garion saw a Murgo hand this Brill a bag of money.

Belgarath

Hmmm. I don't like the fact that Brill is showing up right on our heels. I think we will need to leave as soon as possible.

Garion

How soon?

Belgarath

Tonight.

Garion

But where will we go?

Belgarath

Muros.

CUT TO