

WARCRAFT

Screenplay by

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Based on Blizzard Entertainment's
interactive game franchise

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THE COSMOS

We are moving through an immense starfield, staggering in its scope and depth. Passing by strange and unfamiliar planets. This universe as alien to us as it is serenely hypnotic.

The voice we hear is female. Dignified and soothing.

JAINA (V.O.)

At the beginning, the immortal
Titans created the cosmos. Seeding
it with light and with life.
Bringing order to chaos.

We're aware of a STRANGE ENERGY moving with us among the planets and stars. Like a shadow, dark ribbons of energy unlike any cosmic phenomenon we recognize.

JAINA (V.O.)

But even among immortals, there is discord. The great Titan champion Sargeras, once charged with protecting the worlds they had created from the powers of darkness, fell from grace and was cast out from their pantheon. Left to wander the Great Dark, alone.

As we follow the ribbons of energy, they begin to take on darkly malevolent shapes. Almost as though sentient, alive.

JAINA (V.O.)

Embittered and vengeful, Sargeras vowed to destroy all that the Titans had created. He marshalled the very forces that he had once fought against to create the Burning Legion - a vast army of the demonic, the infernal, the corrupt.

The ribbons of energy pass by vibrant, life-filled planets. And as they do so the planets become discolored and dark, as though a WAVE OF CORRUPTION is passing over them.

JAINA (V.O.)

The Legion travelled to world after world, spreading their corruption. Turning peace into war. Love into hate. Order back into chaos.

We move ahead of the ribbons' path to find a NEW WORLD, one as yet untouched by the Legion's corruption. Moving closer, into the planet's orbit. A dark, featureless sphere.

JAINA (V.O.)

Only one world remains unclaimed by
the Legion. One crafted by the
hands of the Titans themselves,
their most ancient and precious
jewel. And Sargeras's final, most
coveted prize.

The SUN RISES over the horizon, bathing the planet in light.
Revealing vast oceans and continents teeming with life.

JAINA (V.O.)

Azeroth.

As we move over the world, we get a sense of its geography.
Three continents separated by an ocean with a whirling
maelstrom at its center. On one side, the EASTERN KINGDOMS.
To the west, the great land mass of KALIMDOR. And to the
north, the frozen wastes of NORTHBREND.

We move closer, passing over the Eastern Kingdoms, soaring
over great snow-capped mountain ranges and lush forests. As
we pass through swirling clouds, we are BLINDED by a glimpse
of the rising sun beyond... and as the light dissipates:

THE CLASH OF STEEL. SWORD AGAINST SWORD.

The sun now blazing high overhead. TWO WARRIORS square off
against one another on a dusty, barren battlefield. One is a
TAUREN - a mighty humanoid with cloven hooves and horned,
bovine features. The other a TROLL - tall, muscular and blue-
skinned with fearsome tusks and a shock of fiery red hair.

The Tauren and Troll fight with sword and shield. Parrying
and lunging in a brutal battle to the death. Evenly matched.
But after a furious flurry of blows the Tauren WOUNDS THE
TROLL, who staggers backward, dropping his sword.

The Tauren capitalizes on the opening, CHARGING THE TROLL and
knocking him to the ground, defenseless. The great horned
beast stands over his helpless opponent, raises his sword and
PLUNGES IT THROUGH THE TROLL'S CHEST. He pulls out the bloody
sword, raises it aloft and emits a BELLOWING WAR CRY...

...joined now by the ROAR OF AN TUMULTUOUS CROWD. As we ANGLE
UP to reveal that this is not a battlefield but a VAST
COLISEUM. THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS CHEERING WILDLY.

This is GURUBASHI ARENA.

We move over the crowd - an eclectic mish-mash of Azeroth's
many exotic races. HUMANS. DWARVES. GOBLINS. GNOMES. And many
more, all crowded into the amphitheater's cheap seats.

GOBLIN VENDORS move along the aisles, selling exotic snacks.

GOBLIN VENDOR
Peanuts! Get your peanuts! Salted
Murloc eyes, ten copper a bag!

Above the cheap seats are tiers of VIP PRIVATE BALCONIES. The best seats in the house. One such box adorned with ROYAL BLUE STANDARDS EMBLAZONED WITH A GOLDEN LION'S HEAD. What we will come to recognize as the INSIGNIA OF THE ALLIANCE.

TWO SENIOR MILITARY OFFICERS in full dress regalia are ushered into the box. One is ADMIRAL DAELIN PROUDMOORE - Human, late 50s, gray-haired. Tall and distinguished. The other is a stocky, grizzled DWARF sporting a bright orange beard. As they settle into their luxurious seats, an ATTRACTIVE HUMAN WAITRESS delivers a tray of foaming beers.

STORMPIKE
I'll say this for the Alliance.
Membership has its privileges.

He takes a beer and chugs it down in one pull, wipes the foam from his beard and delivers a hearty BURP. He leafs through a PROGRAM, the cover of which reads:

GURUBASHI ARENA - ONE DAY ONLY!
DIRECT FROM KALIMDOR - LEGENDARY HUMAN CHAMPION LO'GOSH
BATTLING EASTERN KINGDOMS CHAMPION TARGORR THE DREAD!
ADMISSION: ADULTS 5 GOLD/CHILDREN AND GNOMES 2.50
FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY! TWO DRINK MINIMUM

STORMPIKE
So d'ye reckon he's real, this lad?

PROUDMOORE
We'll find out soon enough.
(beat)
Do you?

STORMPIKE
A Human? Champion of all Kalimdor?
Nah. It's a stunt, something to
bring in the crowds. They probably
painted an Orc pink.

Stormpike continues paging through the program. Stops at a crude illustration of a FEARSOME-LOOKING HUMAN GLADIATOR. The caption reads: "LO'GOSH - THE ORC SLAYER!"

STORMPIKE
"Lo'Gosh?"

PROUDMOORE

That's what the Orcs call him. It means Ghost Wolf. The only Human they've ever deemed worthy of an Orcish name.

Proudmoore looks down at the arena floor. A pair of GIANT OGRES are fighting against a pack of Humanoid-Hyena GNOLLS.

PROUDMOORE

Oh, I think he's real all right. And I think he's going to be exactly what we need...

The battle below comes to an end, the chattering, sharp-toothed Gnolls victorious. As the bodies of the dead Ogres are hauled away, the ARENA MASTER OF CEREMONIES walks to the center of the arena and a hush falls over the crowd.

GURUBASHI M.C.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, what you've all been waiting for - the main event! Many of you have heard the stories. Of a feral Human child found by a tribe of Orcs in the wilds of darkest Kalimdor. Raised by them as one of their own, taught to live like them, fight like them! Yes, a Human man - but with the savage heart of an Orc!

You could hear a pin drop in the arena right now.

GURUBASHI M.C.

Many of you believed he was but a legend. But he is real - and now he is here, for the first time in the Eastern Kingdoms! And so without further ado I give you the undisputed champion of Dire Maul and of all Kalimdor - the Ghost Wolf! Lo'Gosh!

The crowd GOES INSANE as the heavy wooden doors to the arena floor grind slowly open. Everyone on their feet, straining to peer inside as from the darkness within, he emerges.

LO'GOSH. Stripped to the waist, his sun-burnished body ripped with muscles. Straggly, matted hair obscuring his features. But we see that his face is daubed with CRUDE WAR PAINT.

He walks out to the center of the arena. There's a feral, animalistic quality to the way he moves.

But unlike the gladiators who preceded him, Lo'Gosh does not play to the crowd, nor even acknowledge them. The roaring of the crowd dies down. This isn't quite what they expected.

GURUBASHI M.C.

And who better to challenge him than the Eastern Kingdoms' very own champion? Once the most feared of the Orcs' dreaded Blackrock clan. Bane of the Alliance during the bloody First and Second Wars! Leader of the infamous Stormwind Stockade riots! Undefeated in fifty-nine battles to the death! I give you... Targorr the Dread!

The gates at the other end of the arena creak open. A mixed chorus of CHEERS AND BOOS erupts from the crowd as TARGORR emerges. A towering, muscular ORC with obsidian-black skin, yellowing tusks and burning, savage eyes, he is led out by FOUR HUMAN HANDLERS using metal poles hooked to an AN IRON COLLAR around his neck. Corralled like a dangerous beast.

Targorr's handlers unhook their poles and retreat hurriedly back inside the arena doors. Targorr steps up to Lo'Gosh and looks him up and down with a contemptuous GRUNT. The giant Orc is easily twice the Human's size and weight. To look at them, it is simply no contest.

STORMPIKE

Bloody hell. He's gonna get murdered.

Proudmoore says nothing. Just watches, rapt.

WEAPONS are tossed into the arena before the two combatants. A battle-axe, a sword and a couple of battered shields. Targorr looks around the arena, soaking in the sights and sounds of the crowd. Then glares murderously at Lo'Gosh.

TARGORR (SUBTITLED ORCISH)

*Ka'thak gul-cholar, Kil. Zug-kra
thk'shek la-tar.*
(Enjoy this moment, Human. It will
be your among your last.)

Lo'Gosh responds in Orcish. Speaking it like a native:

LO'GOSH

Grul'dar mosh-taka thek.
(Only if you fight a whole lot
better than you smell.)

BEAT. Targorr a little thrown to hear this Human speaking Orcish so fluently. He picks up the axe and a shield. Lo'Gosh does not move. He seems almost meditative in his stillness.

Targorr hefts the axe and, lumbering forward, SWINGS IT AT LO'GOSH. Lo'Gosh SPRINGS INTO ACTION, tumbling out of the axe's path and grabbing up the weapons on the ground before him. All in one single incredibly agile, fluid movement that draws a collective GASP from the crowd.

Targorr turns to face Lo'Gosh with an annoyed grunt. The Orc comes at him again, a powerful side-swipe that Lo'Gosh deflects with his shield, almost knocking him off his feet.

Targorr rains down blows that take all of Lo'Gosh's strength to deflect. His shield BUCKLES under the relentless barrage.

Up in the Alliance box, Stormpike checks his pocket watch.

STORMPIKE

This is what we came all this way
to see? C'mon, if we leave now we
can beat the traffic.

But Proudmoore doesn't take his eyes off Lo'Gosh. Watching intently, as though waiting for something he knows will come.

PROUDMOORE

It's not over yet...

And as we go back to the arena floor, we see that each heavy, lumbering swing of Targorr's axe is taking more and more out of him. And still this irritating little Human will not go down. The Orc puffs and pants, short on breath.

As Lo'Gosh deflects yet another blow, we catch a glimpse of his eyes behind the matted hair and the war paint. Sharp and laser-focused. Cunning. The eyes of a predator.

And then comes the opening he's been waiting for. As a tired Targorr makes another big swing, he over-reaches, dropping his shield for a fraction of a moment - but it's enough.

LO'GOSH LUNGES AT TARGORR, summoning energy he had merely been conserving. SLASHING THE ORC'S UNPROTECTED CHEST with his sword. Targorr ROARS WITH PAIN as he staggers backward.

The audience is on its feet, watching in amazement as Lo'Gosh PRESSES THE ATTACK, wailing at Targorr with a furious savagery that almost seems more Orc-like than Human.

Targorr fights back desperately but Lo'Gosh is just too fast, feinting with incredible speed and agility to avoid every blow then countering with another withering attack.

Targorr finally manages to break free and the two fighters separate. Circling each other. Targorr is wounded and bleeding. Exhausted. Lo'Gosh hasn't even broken a sweat.

Enraged, Targorr summons his remaining energy and RUSHES LO'GOSH, whirling his axe. Bringing it down with a ROAR...

...as Lo'Gosh SLIDES BETWEEN TARGORR'S LEGS, rolling back to his feet behind him. Targorr's axe BURIES IN THE EARTH where Lo'Gosh was just a split-second ago. He blinks, confused...

...and then his eyes WIDEN in shock. A sudden, sharp intake of breath. The crowd looks on in silent astonishment.

A rivulet of blood trickles from Targorr's mouth. As he looks down to find THE BLADE OF LO'GOSH'S SWORD protruding from his chest. Driven clean through him from behind.

Lo'Gosh puts his foot to Targorr's back and YANKS THE BLOODY SWORD FREE. Targorr slumps to his knees and topples forward like a felled oak, hitting the ground with an almighty CRASH.

Lo'Gosh stands over the mortally wounded Targorr as the Orc rolls over onto his back, gasping. Defeated. And from somewhere at the back of the crowd comes the cry:

GURUBASHI AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)
Finish him!

ANOTHER CROWD MEMBER picks up the cry. It quickly spreads to a chant among the entire audience. "Finish him! Finish him!"

In every other movie, this is the moment where the heroic gladiator throws down his sword in defiance, nobly refusing to take the beaten man's life. But this is not that movie.

Without hesitation Lo'Gosh CHOPS OFF TARGORR'S HEAD with a executioner's swing of his sword. On an adrenaline-fueled high, he raises his fists aloft and emits a BLOOD-CURDLING ORCISH WAR CRY that echoes to the far reaches of the arena:

LO'GOSH
Lok'tar ogar!

Victory or death. The crowd ERUPTS IN CHEERS AND APPLAUSE.

In the Alliance box, Stormpike turns to Proudmoore.

STORMPIKE
All right - I'm impressed. So now what?

PROUDMOORE
Now we meet him.

INT. GURUBASHI ARENA - GLADIATOR HOLDING PEN

Dark, lit only by sputtering torchlight. Dank stone walls, straw strewn across the floor. A dungeon-like feel.

Proudmoore, Stormpike and a callow young ALLIANCE AIDE look on as Lo'Gosh is brought in by SLAVE HANDLERS. His skin caked with dirt and dried blood. He does not resist as the handlers clap his wrists in manacles chained to the wall.

PROUDMOORE

Leave us.

GURUBASHI SLAVE HANDLER

He's dangerous.

PROUDMOORE

We'll be fine.

The handlers file out the door. We don't fully see Lo'Gosh in his dark corner where he is shackled, just the sound of his slow, metered breathing from the shadows.

Lo'Gosh does not acknowledge the presence of his visitors. He turns his back on them, takes a wet cloth from a nearby wash bowl and begins to wash off the blood and dirt.

PROUDMOORE

(to his aide)

Introduce us.

The aide clears his throat and speaks in stilted ORCISH:

ALLIANCE AIDE

Throm-Ka. Go'rek Lash'kaga-

Lo'Gosh cuts him off, speaking in SUBTITLED ORCISH:

LO'GOSH

Your Orcish is terrible, boy.

Lo'Gosh steps out of the shadows as he cleans the war paint from his face. And we get our first good look at him. Strikingly handsome, piercing eyes. Two CRISS-CROSS SCARS etched across his face. Difficult to tell his age. Late 30s?

LO'GOSH

If you're going to speak it that poorly, you'll have to come closer. So I can hear you.

The aide nervously takes a step forward. Lo'Gosh moves closer, his chains scraping the floor behind him. He looks the aide up and down, sensing his fear...

...and LURCHES FORWARD, chains pulling taut as he BARKS at the aide like a wild dog. The startled aide stumbles backward and falls on his backside. Lo'Gosh laughs, amused.

Stormpike draws a FLINTLOCK PISTOL from his belt, cocks it.

STORMPIKE

Back in your corner, laddy.

BEAT. Lo'Gosh stares Stormpike down, unafraid. Then steps back. Proudmoore motions to Stormpike to lower the pistol.

Lo'Gosh turns to Proudmoore. And speaks in PERFECT ENGLISH.

LO'GOSH

Who are you?

BEAT. Proudmoore taken by surprise.

PROUDMOORE

We were told that you only spoke Orcish.

LO'GOSH

I know your language. But in Kalimdor I have little use for it.

Proudmoore motions to the Alliance aide to leave. He bows and exits, happy to be out of Lo'Gosh's company.

PROUDMOORE

I am Admiral Proudmoore of the Alliance. This is Colonel Stormpike. We come here in the name of the King himself to offer-

LO'GOSH

The King of what?

PROUDMOORE

The King of Stormwind, what else?

LO'GOSH

Never heard of it.

A BOWL OF FOOD is dumped through a slot near the foot of the door. Some vile, discolored gruel. Proudmoore watches in fascination as Lo'Gosh grabs it and wolfs it down hungrily, eating messily with his hands. Like an animal.

PROUDMOORE

So then, the stories are true? You really were raised by Orcs?

LO'GOSH

I've lived among them for as long as I can remember.

PROUDMOORE

What happened to your family?

LO'GOSH

I have no memory of my family. My earliest memory is of an Orcish trainer putting a wooden sword in my hand and teaching me to fight.

PROUDMOORE

Well, I commend him. That was an impressive display out there. You fight like no warrior I've ever seen. Swift and calculating like a Human, powerful and merciless like an Orc. The best of both worlds.

LO'GOSH

I'm not a soldier. If this King of yours wants me to fight in a war-

PROUDMOORE

On the contrary, we were hoping you might help us prevent one. What do you know of the Orcish/Human wars?

LO'GOSH

I am a gladiator. The world I know begins and ends in the arena.

PROUDMOORE

Well, I'm sure you don't need any education in Orcish savagery. In the First War they invaded our lands and burned our cities to the ground. Nearly destroyed all of Humankind. But we survived.

STORMPIKE

In the Second War, we drove the bastards back. Those we didn't kill or take prisoner fled back across the sea to Kalimdor. Since then there's been peace - or what passes for it.

PROUDMOORE

But now the Orcs are rising once again, regrouping under the banner of a new warlord named... Vanndar?

STORMPIKE
They call him Thrall, sir.

A brief glimmer of recognition from Lo'Gosh.

PROUDMOORE
You know of him?

LO'GOSH
I've heard the name.

PROUDMOORE
Under his rule the Orcs are aggressively expanding their territory. Last week a patrol from our outpost in Theramore was hit by one of their raiding parties. Six of our men butchered like animals.

(beat)
Our ambassador there has been trying to establish diplomatic contact. Naturally the Alliance Council is skeptical, given our history. We are to sail to Kalimdor to evaluate the situation and, if possible, forestall an escalation that could lead to another war. I'd like you to come with us.

LO'GOSH
Why?

PROUDMOORE
Frankly, the Orcs are still largely a mystery to us. We know very little of them, other than as a primitive, war-like culture. But you've lived among them. You know how they operate, how they think. You could be very useful to us as an advisor.

LO'GOSH
The affairs of nations are no concern of mine. And if Humans were foolish enough to settle on Orcish lands, they deserve everything they have coming to them.

STORMPIKE
I find it interesting that you speak about Humans in the third person. Like you don't consider yourself one of them.

LO'GOSH

First rule of survival in the arena
- protect your own ass first. My
loyalty is to myself. Not to any
race...

(off Proudmoore's uniform)

...nor any flag.

PROUDMOORE

So you won't help us?

LO'GOSH

Sometimes back home I hear the
slave owners discussing politics.
It's never sounded appealing to me.
At least in the arena I know who my
enemies are.

PROUDMOORE

What about freedom? Might that
sound appealing to you?

Lo'Gosh reacts. It's not a word he hears often.

PROUDMOORE

The Alliance has authorized me to
buy you out of bondage. Serve your
King faithfully on this mission and
when it is done, he will sign
papers granting you free passage
throughout the Eastern Kingdoms. No
more living among the Orcs. You'll
be Human again.

Lo'Gosh turns away, darkening a little.

LO'GOSH

I don't what it means to be Human.
I never have.

PROUDMOORE

I'm offering you the chance to find
out. If you want it.

BEAT. Lo'Gosh turns back. Considering it thoughtfully.

LO'GOSH

Krazzik will never allow it.

PROUDMOORE

Who's Krazzik?

LO'GOSH

My owner.

INT. GURUBASHI ARENA - OFFICE - DAY

The Goblin KRAZZIK sits at a desk, poring over the box-office takings. Green-skinned and diminutive with long pointy ears and teeth as sharp as his wits, Krazzik has a wild shock of hair and is dripping with gaudy jewelry. A Goblin Don King.

Proudmoore and Stormpike stand before him. Krazzik looks flustered, he speaks with a grating HIGH-PITCHED SCREECH.

KRAZZIK

No, no, no! Everybody always wants a piece of my star attraction! But you can't have him! End of the week he's on a boat back to Kalimdor.

PROUDMOORE

The Alliance would of course be willing to compensate you.

KRAZZIK

Hello! Are you deaf? Read my lips! Not! Interested!

Stormpike gets in Krazzik's face, growls menacingly.

STORMPIKE

We're trying to be nice here, big-ears. We could just take him. Ever hear of eminent domain?

KRAZZIK

Big-ears, he calls me! Look at that nose! Like an over-ripe beetroot! Get that thing out of my face!

(to Proudmoore)

I know my rights. I'm a citizen of Kalimdor here on business - the Alliance has no jurisdiction over me or my property.

PROUDMOORE

You refuse to even negotiate?

KRAZZIK

Do you have any idea how much that Human brings in at Dire Maul each week? The crowds love him! And he never loses! I'd be a fool to sell him at any price.

Proudmoore motions to two ALLIANCE SOLDIERS who bring in a CHEST and set it down on the floor. Proudmoore opens it up - it's HEAVING WITH GOLD PIECES. Krazzik's eyes widen.

KRAZZIK
Well, of course... everything's
negotiable.

Krazzik jumps down from his desk to examine the gold. An absolute fortune. He sifts his hands through it, drooling.

KRAZZIK
One hour. I'll have him delivered
to you at the service entrance.

PROUDMOORE
The Alliance thanks you.

As Proudmoore and Stormpike turn to leave:

KRAZZIK
Word to the wise. Don't ever turn
your back on him. He's only Human
on the outside. Deep down, he's one
of them. An animal. And he'll turn
on you first chance he gets.

BEAT as Proudmoore and Stormpike let the advice sink in.

EXT. BOOTY BAY - DAY

A MOUNTED ALLIANCE CONVOY moves through the streets of BOOTY BAY - the bustling trading port that is home to Gurubashi Arena. Proudmoore, riding alongside Stormpike, notices the Dwarf's furrowed brow.

PROUDMOORE
Something bothering you, Vanndar?

STORMPIKE
How do we know we can trust him? He
said himself he has no loyalty to
us. If we get out there and find
ourselves toe-to-toe with the Orcs
and he has to choose a side... like
the slaver said, he's only Human on
the outside. I don't like it.

PROUDMOORE
You worry too much. I think he's
going to be a great asset. There's
something about this man. I can't
quite place it...

Farther back along the Alliance caravan, MOUNTED GUARDS ride alongside a REINFORCED CARRIAGE with barred windows.

INT. REINFORCED CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

Lo'Gosh sits alone in the darkened carriage, the only light the beams of sunlight that shaft through the barred window onto his face. He gazes blankly ahead, inscrutable.

PROUDMOORE (V.O.)
 ...but I think he has a lot of
 potential.

EXT. ELWYNN FOREST - DAY

A lush woodland. Birds chirp in the treetops as we soar overhead, passing a busy LOGGING CAMP, a SHIMMERING LAKE and a SMALL HUMAN VILLAGE. It's pastoral, peaceful.

CRANE UP to reveal in the distance a breathtaking site:

STORMWIND CITY

A sprawling metropolis of stone and iron. Great towers and spires reach for the clouds. The entire city surrounded by a PERIMETER WALL fortified with guard towers. A fortress.

Inside, Stormwind's many bustling districts and tree-lined parks are connected by bridges criss-crossing a great canal system. Architecturally stunning, Stormwind is the center of Human civilization and the Alliance's capital.

GUARDS posted at the main gates salute as the Alliance convoy enters the city. Passing through the gates and into:

THE VALLEY OF HEROES

A broad promenade lined by TOWERING STATUES of heroic figures from Azerothian history. Titanic warriors in armor who hold their swords aloft in victorious poses. Lo'Gosh peers out from his carriage window as they pass by, looming over him.

INT. STORMWIND - BARRACKS - DAY

The convoy pulls up outside a MILITARY BARRACKS where Alliance troops wait to receive them. As Proudmoore and Stormpike disembark, the guards unlock Lo'Gosh's carriage and bring him out under close watch. Lo'Gosh still looking back at the statues in the Valley of Heroes.

LO'GOSH
 Who are they?

PROUDMOORE
 Heroes of the Alliance. They gave
 their lives in the Orcish Wars so
 that we might be free.
 (MORE)

PROUDMOORE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Who knows, perhaps one day you'll do something worthy of a statue in your name.

STORMPIKE

(snorts)

Not bloody likely.

(to the guards)

Get him cleaned up. He might think like an Orc but he doesn't have to smell like one. And stay with him at all times. If he has to piss, so do you.

PROUDMOORE

It's been a long trip, get some rest. Big day tomorrow.

LO'GOSH

What happens tomorrow?

STORMPIKE

You meet the King.

INT. STORMWIND BARRACKS - SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Lo'Gosh, stripped naked, is shoved into a tile room by a group of Alliance guards. A bar of soap is tossed at his feet. Lo'Gosh sniffs it, puzzled. The guards look amused.

Lo'Gosh is BLASTED with cold water from a hose as the guards heckle and laugh. When all the dirt is blasted from his body, a guard throws a scoop of LIME POWDER over him.

STORMWIND GUARD

Can't have you bringing any Orc diseases in here, can we? Who knows what you might've caught off 'em?

The guard makes the mistake of getting a little too close to Lo'Gosh as he sneers. Lo'Gosh HEAD-BUTTS him, sending him to the ground with a bloody nose. The other guards RUSH HIM, wrestling him to the ground, fists flying.

INT. STORMWIND BARRACKS - LO'GOSH'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Lo'Gosh, cleaned-up and sporting fresh bruises, is shoved inside by a pair of guards who bolt the door behind him.

Lo'Gosh looks around. Stone walls, a simple bed and table. An adjoining WASH ROOM with a toilet. Lo'Gosh lifts the wooden lid and peers into the bowl, not sure what to make of it. He pulls the chain and jumps back, startled, when it FLUSHES.

The only window is barred. Lo'Gosh looks down at the city streets below. Tugs on the bars to test them. They're bolted fast into the stone wall; no chance of escape. He sighs.

EXT. STORMWIND CITY - DAWN

The sun rises over the great city, casting its cathedral spire and other great monuments in its lambent glow.

INT. STORMWIND BARRACKS - LO'GOSH'S QUARTERS - MORNING

The morning sunlight shafts through the barred window. Two guards unlock the door and step inside, surprised to see:

Lo'Gosh ASLEEP ON THE FLOOR, curled up in sheets and covers pulled from the bed. The guards look down at him, amused.

STORMWIND GUARD #3

Oi! Wake up!

The guard nudges Lo'Gosh with his foot. As he stirs the other guard tosses clothes at him. A simple jerkin, pants, boots.

STORMWIND GUARD #3

Get your arse dressed. Don't want to be late for the King now, do we?

EXT. STORMWIND KEEP - DAY

The seat of power in Stormwind, a great castle at the heart of the city. To establish:

INT. STORMWIND KEEP - WAR ROOM - DAY

A large oak table is the centerpiece of this grand military council chamber. Campaign maps and shields adorn the walls. The torchlight is low - a serious, "situation room" feel.

Proudmoore and Stormpike talk with other ALLIANCE OFFICERS as Lo'Gosh is escorted in under guard, dressed in his new civilian clothes. Hair tied neatly back.

STORMPIKE

By the Titans. He looks almost Human.

Proudmoore walks over to greet him. As the other Alliance officers approach, he leans in close and whispers:

PROUDMOORE

These are very important people. Do not embarrass me in front of them.

As the other officers arrive, regarding him curiously.

PROUDMOORE

Allow me to introduce Lo'Gosh. This is Admiral Jes-Tereth of Alliance Naval Command. Marcus Jonathan, High Commander of Stormwind Defense. Marshal Windsor, our Chief of Military Staff.

Guards snap to attention as a TALL, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sweeps into the room. Dressed in elegant, flowing robes, there is a regal splendor to the way she carries herself. The Alliance officers genuflect as she approaches.

PROUDMOORE

Lady Prestor.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

Admiral.

There is a sense of acute, icy-cold intelligence about Prestor. No-nonsense. Her attention quickly turns to Lo'Gosh.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

So, this is the famous Orc expert we've all heard so much about?

PROUDMOORE

Lo'Gosh, this is Lady Katrana Prestor, council chair and senior advisor to the King.

Lo'Gosh just stares at her. Stormpike kicks him in the ankle. He shifts awkwardly, not practiced at polite conversation.

LO'GOSH

I am Lo'Gosh.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

Yes, I'd gathered that. Well. I'm afraid the King's been detained, we'll have to proceed without him.

STORMPIKE

Are we sure that's-

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

Shall we?

Prestor motions to the table. Everybody sits.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

So Admiral, your forces are ready to depart?

PROUDMOORE

They are, my Lady. I leave for Ironforge today to oversee the final preparations.

ADMIRAL JES-TERETH

The plan is still for three armored divisions? Artillery, cavalry?

PROUDMOORE

And the fourth, eleventh and eighty-second light infantry battalions. We'll be ready for any-

Proudmoore is cut off as a TRUMPET SOUNDS A FANFARE.

ALLIANCE PAGE (O.S.)

All rise for the King!

Surprised, everyone quickly rises to their feet. All except Lo'Gosh, not familiar with royal custom. Stormpike grabs him by the collar and hauls him up out of his chair.

The guards stand to attention as ANDUIN WRYNN enters the hall. King of Stormwind. Crown Defender of the Alliance.

And all of SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

Lo'Gosh looks at the young King, startled. Anduin Wrynn is small for his age, not a commanding physical presence. Still learning how to carry himself as King, not comfortable with the crown he wears on his head. A boy in a world of men.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

Your majesty. We were not expecting you, I thought you were at study.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

I dismissed my tutor for the day. I wouldn't want to miss such an important meeting of the council.

Anduin takes his seat at the head of the table.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Please, continue.

Everyone sits back down.

PROUDMOORE

...As I was saying, the fleet will set sail tomorrow evening and be in Theramore by week's end. If we-

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Excuse me, Admiral - the fleet? I was under the impression this was a diplomatic mission. Why are you sailing with a force of arms?

PROUDMOORE

Sire, our first priority is of course to prevent an outbreak of hostilities. But should we fail, we must be prepared for the worst. Theramore is our only foothold in Kalimdor - if it fell to the Orcs, it could pave the way for another invasion of the Eastern Kingdoms.

MARCUS JONATHAN

Indeed. This new Orc nation grows more powerful by the day. And now we hear that they may have formed a pact with the Tauren. If they're allowed to continue this expansion unchecked, we could face a new war not just against the Orcs... but an entire horde of hostile races.

Anduin looks unsure. Notices that Stormpike seems so, too.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Colonel?

STORMPIKE

Sire, my concern is that to arrive with such a force may only inflame an already delicate situation. The Orcs have never exactly been difficult to provoke.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

My people have endured two wars in as many decades. They have no appetite for another. If there is any chance of a lasting peace I will not squandered it by rushing headlong into confrontation.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

With all respect, your majesty - your father also believed in peace with the Orcs. He believed in appeasement. And that belief got him killed. You simply cannot afford to be as naive as he was. Too many lives depend upon it.

BEAT. An uncomfortable moment as we see the mention of his father touches a personal - and painful - nerve with Anduin.

ADMIRAL JES-TERETH
 ...perhaps our new expert on the
 Orcs could lend us some insight?

Suddenly, all eyes at the table are on Lo'Gosh, who finds himself hesitant to speak. Proudmoore raises his eyebrows at him expectantly. Lo'Gosh shifts in his chair, uncomfortable.

LO'GOSH
 Orcs understand strength. They respect it. For weakness they have only contempt. If you try to negotiate with them out of fear, they will smell it on you. And attack without hesitation.

PROUDMOORE
 Precisely! If we are to achieve peace, it must be through strength.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR
 Sire, you do have it in your power to prevent another war. You can succeed where your father failed, by learning from his mistakes. We must not shrink from this threat, but confront it, and confront it now. Before it is too late.

Anduin looks around the table. The eyes of his senior officers are on him, waiting for a decision. More than ever, the young King feels the weight of the crown upon his head.

Lo'Gosh observes the boy as he wrestles with his conscience. Clearly uncomfortable with this course of action, but not strong enough to go against the will of the council.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN
 I've always trusted your advice, Katrana. We must do what you think is right, of course.
 (uncertain)
 Peace... through strength.

And with that, he stands and walks away.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR
 A wise decision, your majesty.

Lo'Gosh watches Anduin as he exits the room. Noticing the defeated look on his face.

INT. STORMWIND CITY - DEEPRUN TRAM TERMINAL

Proudmooore, Stormpike and Lo'Gosh descend a flight of stone steps to enter Stormwind's DEEPRUN TRAM TERMINAL. Lo'Gosh is shackled and closely watched by his GUARD DETAIL.

If the New York Subway had existed during the Renaissance, this is what it might have looked like. Two cobblestone platforms lined with ornate masonry columns and passenger benches of mahogany and brass. The dark entrance to the subway tunnel surrounded by elaborate neo-gothic archways.

But there is evidence of technology here, too. PHOSPHORENT STRIP LIGHTS glow overhead. A DEPARTURE BOARD illuminated with a strange, pulsating energy updates arrival/departure times. The overall feel a "Steampunk" hybrid of old and new.

LO'GOSH

What is this?

PROUDMOORE

Fastest way to Ironforge.
Underground. We can thank the
Gnomes for their ingenuity.

As A WHOOSH OF AIR rushes over the platform:

GNOMISH VOICE (P.A.)

Tram now arriving at platform one!

We see LIGHTS inside the tunnel. Approaching fast. And a GNOMISH TRAM CAR thunders into the station. LEVITATING on a field of magnetic energy. As it comes to a halt, the passenger guard rail retracts with a hydraulic HISS.

GNOMISH TRAM DRIVER

All aboard! Mind the gap!

Everyone embarks and the guard rail raises behind them.

GNOMISH TRAM DRIVER

Buckle up! Next stop Ironforge!

Lo'Gosh's guards strap him into his seat and buckle up beside him as Proudmooore and Stormpike take their seats opposite. The Gnome driver throws a lever and the tram moves out of the station with the low hum of its magnetic propulsion system.

INT. DEEPRUN TRAM TUNNEL

The tram races through the tunnel at high speed, lights whizzing by in the darkness.

Lo'Gosh watches in amazement as the tram passes through a GLASS SECTION OF TUNNEL, MARINE LIFE teeming in the blue sea beyond. Like racing through a vast, wondrous aquarium.

A rush of air and the glare of headlights in the tunnel ahead precede ANOTHER TRAM hurtling past on the adjacent rail, headed in the opposite direction toward Stormwind.

Under cover of the tunnel's darkness, Lo'Gosh inches a hand toward his seatbelt buckle... and quietly releases it. He remains still, like a snake poised to strike. Waiting.

ANOTHER SET OF HEADLIGHTS appears in the tunnel ahead as a tram approaches from the opposite direction. Lo'Gosh waits another moment, timing it carefully...

...and then ELBOWS THE GUARDS SEATED BESIDE HIM IN THE FACE AND POUNCES FROM HIS SEAT. Rushing to the guard rail. Stormpike releases his seatbelt and lunges forward to grab Lo'Gosh - just as he LEAPS OVER THE RAIL...

...AND ONTO THE OTHER TRAM AS IT HURTLES PAST. Rolling expertly to cushion the fall, coming to a stop at the feet of a dozen startled Human and Dwarf passengers.

Proudmoore and Stormpike look back in dismay as Lo'Gosh's tram speeds away from them in the opposite direction.

PROUDMOORE
Stop the tram! Now!

The driver HITS THE EMERGENCY BRAKE, bringing the tram to a screeching halt.

PROUDMOORE
Turn us around!

GNOMISH TRAM DRIVER
I can't! There's safety regulations-

PROUDMOORE
I said turn around!

Reluctantly the driver works the controls and the tram begins to move back in the other direction. Picking up speed.

Lo'Gosh gets to his feet, looks back to see Proudmoore's tram in pursuit. He turns to the tram's driver.

LO'GOSH
Make this thing go faster.

GNOMISH TRAM DRIVER #2
I... I can't-

Lo'Gosh lifts the Gnome out of his seat and dumps him on his butt behind him. Pushes on a lever and the tram ACCELERATES TO HIGH SPEED. The hapless passengers hold on for dear life.

Proudmoore sees Lo'Gosh's tram moving away up ahead.

PROUDMOORE
He's getting away. Faster!

The Gnome driver accelerates to keep pace. Both trams now hurtling along the rails at breakneck speed.

Proudmoore's tram gains until it's alongside Lo'Gosh's. Two of Proudmoore's men JUMP THE RAILS onto Lo'Gosh's tram. The first draws his sword but with his shackled fists Lo'Gosh KNOCKS THE SWORD FROM HIS HANDS, sending it pinwheeling away into the tunnel, then FLOORS HIM WITH A HEAD-BUTT.

The second man rushes Lo'Gosh and the two men GRAPPLE HAND-TO-HAND. Though shackled, Lo'Gosh is more than a match for the soldier, twisting his arm in a crippling hold and THROWING HIM FACE-FIRST INTO THE GUARD RAIL, knocking him out cold.

Lo'Gosh goes back to the tram controls and pushes the throttle to maximum, accelerating away. Stormpike grabs a FLINTLOCK RIFLE and takes aim at Lo'Gosh's tram.

PROUDMOORE
He's no good to us dead!

STORMPIKE
I'm not aiming for him.

Stormpike sights down the rifle... and FIRES. The shot glances off a metal plate partially obscuring a spaghetti-like mass of CABLES AND HOSES on the tram's underside.

GNOMISH TRAM DRIVER
Shoot the power line! The red one!

Stormpike FIRES AGAIN. The bullet slicing clean through a GREEN HOSE. The severed hose SNAKES WILDLY, VENTING STEAM.

GNOMISH TRAM DRIVER
No, that's the regulator! You hit the velocity regulator!

Lo'Gosh's tram SURGES FORWARD. Lo'Gosh pulls back on the throttle but it has no effect. The passengers SCREAM.

Lo'Gosh braces for impact as the lights from the STORMWIND TRAM STATION appear up ahead. Coming up fast.

INT. STORMWIND CITY - DEEPRUN TRAM TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

COMMUTERS waiting at the platform see the tram approaching. But something is wrong - it's coming in way too fast. The rush of air from the tunnel blasting them. The commuters back up... then TURN AND FLEE as Lo'Gosh's tram BARRELS INTO THE STATION AND CRASHES INTO THE BUFFERS.

COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING is heard through the steam venting into the buckled tram cabin. Electrical sparks shower from overhead. Lo'Gosh emerges from the cloud of steam, staggering onto the platform. As it dissipates behind him, we see the buckled-in passengers dazed but unharmed.

Proudmoore's tram glides into the station on the other rail. Stormpike leaping onto the platform before it even comes to a halt and bolting to chase Lo'Gosh down.

STORMPIKE

Stop that man!

A pair of ALLIANCE SOLDIERS at the station exit rush to intercept Lo'Gosh, swords drawn. Lo'Gosh effortlessly takes them both out - but before he can reach the stairs, Stormpike TACKLES HIM FROM BEHIND. Pulling him to the ground like an attack dog as more Alliance soldiers rush to help.

Lo'Gosh struggles wildly, but there are too many guards on him now. As he's finally subdued, Proudmoore approaches.

PROUDMOORE

I can see you still have a lot to learn about being Human. When we give our word, we keep it. So be assured of my sincerity when I promise you this - if you try to escape again I will consider it an act of treason against the Alliance and see you hang for it.

(beat)

You want your freedom. And you'll have it - when I'm finished with you.

(to Stormpike)

Colonel, please see to it that he gives us no further trouble between here and Ironforge.

STORMPIKE

With pleasure, sir.

LO'GOSH'S POV - looking up at Stormpike as the Dwarf takes his rifle with both hands and DRIVES THE BUTT INTO HIS FACE. Filling the frame with a THUD as we CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BEDCHAMBER - DAY

Lo'Gosh wakes from a nightmare. Sweating feverishly. He climbs out of bed, trying to get his bearings. Still smarting from the rifle-butt welt on his forehead.

This stone-walled bedroom has strangely low ceilings and UNFAMILIAR RUNES carved into the walls. Lo'Gosh looks at the heavy oak door. Wide and low - he'd need to hunch over to get through it. He tries the handle; locked.

Daylight streams through a window arch leading to a BALCONY. Like the door, wide and low. No bars to prevent escape. Lo'Gosh stoops to pass through the arch and emerge onto:

BALCONY

And now we see why there is no need for bars. The balcony protrudes from the side of a ROCKY MOUNTAIN FACE. Sheer and unscalable. Lo'Gosh stands THOUSANDS OF FEET FROM THE GROUND, close to the mountain's snow-capped peaks. STONE BATTLEMENTS jut out from within the mountain, built into the living rock.

This is IRONFORGE. An entire city carved out from inside the mountain. Breathtaking. And utterly impregnable.

Far below, a COLUMN OF ALLIANCE TROOPS marches out from within the torch-lit belly of the mountain through a pair of gigantic iron doors. The troops head down a lowland path toward a distant coastline - where a FLEET OF ALLIANCE SHIPS is anchored, waiting to receive them.

INT. IRONFORGE - MILITARY WARD - DAY

The interior of Ironforge is a vast network of cavernous vaulted halls. No windows for daylight to penetrate, only the flickering of torchlight chandeliers. Broadways connected by bridges that span RIVERS OF MOLTEN IRON. The deep rumbling of the subterranean earth ever-present.

DWARF BLACKSMITHS work at forges and anvils, hammering white-hot metal into swords and other bladed weapons. Welding sparks fly as a small army of GNOME ENGINEERS work on a variety of LARGE MACHINES of iron and wood. Only partially assembled, their purpose unclear - but they appear to be different varieties of ARMORED VEHICLES.

Stormpike stands at the center of the activity, arguing with an oil-spattered, goggle-wearing GNOME FOREMAN.

STORMPIKE

Don't give me any excuses, I want
this lot finished today!

The foreman shouts something back at Stormpike in GNOMISH, waving a wrench around, agitated, as Proudmoore arrives.

PROUDMOORE
Problem, Colonel?

STORMPIKE
Now they're saying there's a Thorium shortage - most of the mechanized armor won't be finished for another two days.

PROUDMOORE
I don't want to delay my arrival in Theramore. I'll sail with the Lightbringer today as scheduled. You'll follow with the rest of the fleet as soon as the armor's ready.

Stormpike nods, turns to watch MORE COLUMNS OF ALLIANCE TROOPS filing past, toward the Ironforge gates.

STORMPIKE
Sure we're bringing enough men?

PROUDMOORE
I'm not taking any chances. We won't know how strong these Orcs really are until we get out there. And if it comes to battle, I'd sooner have too many sword arms at my side than too few.

Proudmoore looks admiringly at the high-tech machines being assembled by the Gnomish engineer corps.

PROUDMOORE
Besides, it won't be swords that will win the day. It'll be this. Technology, the way of the future. A new age of warfare. The Orcs won't even know what hit them.

STORMPIKE
If it comes to battle...

PROUDMOORE
You lost a brother in the last war, didn't you Colonel?

STORMPIKE
Aye, sir. At Khaz Modan.

PROUDMOORE

Then you should understand better than most my commitment to preventing another. I'd thank you not to question it again.

(beat)

Nobody wants a war less than I. But if war it must be, I want it over and done with. A quick, decisive victory.

STORMPIKE

Couldn't agree more, sir.

Proudmoore moves off.

STORMPIKE

Sir. I never knew your sons. But I know they both died heroes. And I know they'd be proud of what you're trying to do.

BEAT. Proudmoore gives Stormpike a nod of acknowledgement then moves off, cloak trailing behind him as we DISSOLVE TO:

AZEROTH - MAP VIEW

The world of Warcraft laid out on a classical parchment-style map. The Eastern Kingdoms and Kalimdor separated by the Great Sea and the whirling maelstrom at its center.

We chart a SNAKING RED LINE as it departs from the Eastern Kingdoms and heads across the Great Sea, arcing south around the maelstrom as it heads toward an ISLAND connected by a narrow sliver of land to the Kalimdor coast. DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - DAY

The Alliance flagship RSS LIGHTBRINGER - a mighty man-o'-war bristling with heavy cannons - ploughs across the ocean.

LIGHTBRINGER DECK

Proudmoore stands at the ship's bow. Gazing not out to sea, but at an OLD SILVER LOCKET in his hand. He opens it to reveal two faded sepia-toned portraits of a pair of BRIGHT, FRESH-FACED YOUNG ALLIANCE SOLDIERS. Their similarity to each other - and to Proudmoore - is noticeable.

Proudmoore looks at the faces of his two sons with immeasurable sadness. Interrupted by the bellowing voice of:

CROW'S NEST LOOKOUT (O.S.)

Land ho!

Proudmoore looks up to see an ISLAND COASTLINE emerging through the fog-shrouded horizon. He snaps the locket closed.

PROUDMOORE
Prepare to make port!

The Lightbringer's small army of deckhands spring into action, running out rigging, adjusting sails.

Proudmoore turns to see LO'GOSH standing on the foredeck behind him. As always, shackled and flanked by his guard detail. He motions for the guards to bring Lo'Gosh forward.

PROUDMOORE
I'm going to unshackle you. Don't make me regret it. Theramore is an island city, walled and guarded on all sides. There's nowhere to run. Remember what I told you, and we'll get along just fine. Is there an understanding between us?

Lo'Gosh nods. Proudmoore's guards unlock his shackles.

PROUDMOORE
Chief of the Watch, run up the colors if you please! I'd prefer not to have to bring this ship into port under cannon fire!

The ALLIANCE FLAG is run up the mainmast. It unfurls, flapping in the breeze as we move ahead of the Lightbringer, past its bow and through the fog that lies ahead to reveal:

KALIMDOR

Our first glimpse of this vast new frontier. Coastal marshlands giving way to rolling savannahs and mist-shrouded mountain ranges. a mysterious, untamed land. If the Eastern Kingdoms are Europe, Kalimdor is more like darkest Africa.

Protruding prominently from Kalimdor's coastline is:

THERAMORE ISLE

A thriving coastal city surrounded by a HIGH PERIMETER WALL punctuated with guard towers and battlements. A BRIDGE WITH PORTCULLIS GATE connects the island city to the mainland.

Many ships are docked at a BUSY HARBOR, loading and off-loading every kind of exotic merchandise. A DOCKYARD MARKET buzzes with activity as TRADERS sell everything from fresh fish to animal furs.

CHILDREN run through the cobblestone streets. A CHOIR performs outside a church for donations. GUARDSMEN patrol the perimeter walls, vigilant. In the town center, a combined MILITARY BARRACKS/TOWN HALL capped with a breathtaking spire.

ALARM BELLS SOUND from the watchtowers. As GUARDS muster in response, concerned TOWNSFOLK congregate and gossip.

Through the commotion we find LADY JAINA PROUDMOORE (30s), striding purposefully toward the harbor. Beautiful and graceful but possessed of a powerful inner strength.

She is flanked by a pair of THERAMORE GUARDS and accompanied by her personal aide BUTTONWILLOW - a FEMALE GNOME. As they enter the HARBOR, Jaina approaches the DOCKMASTER.

JAINA

Who are they?

THERAMORE DOCKMASTER

We don't know, ma'am. I don't have any arrivals scheduled for today.

THERAMORE GUARD

Bloodsails?

JAINA

There's no pirate alive foolish enough to attack this city.

(beat; cautious)

Have the perimeter cannons stand ready just in case.

The guard dashes off to see to her orders. In a watchtower above a LOOKOUT lowers his spyglass and shouts down:

THERAMORE LOOKOUT

They're flying Alliance colors!

JAINA

How many masts?

THERAMORE LOOKOUT

Four masts, ma'am!

On hearing this, Jaina appears wary.

BUTTONWILLOW

My Lady?

JAINA

The Grand Admiral's flagship. It's my father...

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - HARBOR - DAY

The Lightbringer heaves into port and weighs anchor. CREWMEN rope off the ship as Proudmoore strides down the gangplank. Lo'Gosh and his guard detail a few paces behind.

Proudmoore beams when he sees Jaina waiting for him at the end of the dock. A smile she only half-heartedly returns. He approaches, arms outstretched.

PROUDMOORE

Jaina. It warms my heart to see you again. It's been too long.

They embrace. Again, Jaina not entirely comfortable in her father's presence. There is history between these two.

JAINA

Father. What are you doing here?

PROUDMOORE

Must I have a reason to visit my own daughter?

Jaina just looks at him, cynical. He relents.

PROUDMOORE

You know why I'm here. This situation with the Orcs is of great concern to the Alliance. The King sent me to see that it's resolved.

JAINA

You mean Prestor sent you. Since when did the King make his own decisions about anything?

Jaina looks behind Proudmoore, at the arriving Lo'Gosh.

PROUDMOORE

This is Lo'Gosh, my advisor on Orcish affairs. Lady Jaina Proudmoore, magistrate of Theramore and ambassador to Kalimdor.

Lo'Gosh and Jaina exchange looks. Jaina clearly unsure of what to make of this man. Lo'Gosh, for the first time, seems a little disarmed in the presence of this woman.

JAINA

Lo'Gosh... "Ghost Wolf"?

PROUDMOORE

You speak Orcish now?

JAINA
I'm learning. How else are we to
engage them in discourse, rather
than battle?

PROUDMOORE
So there has been diplomatic
contact? You've spoken with them?

JAINA
There's been some progress. Perhaps
we could discuss it later, over
dinner?

PROUDMOORE
I'd like nothing more.

Jaina's eyes linger on Lo'Gosh for an extra moment before she
turns and walks away. He watches her go, intrigued.

BUTTONWILLOW
Gentlemen. Welcome to Theramore.
I'm Counselor Buttonwillow, senior
aide to Lady Proudmoore. If you
follow me I'll show you to your
quarters.

As Buttonwillow leads them away, toward town:

LO'GOSH
"Buttonwillow"?

PROUDMOORE
(shakes his head)
Gnomes...

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - JAINA'S CHAMBERS - EVENING

Dimly lit by flickering candlelight. Tables cluttered with
ARCANE SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS AND ANCIENT BOOKS OF MAGIC.
Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh take in the room as Jaina looks on.
Proudmoore picks up a book, examines the spine.

PROUDMOORE
You kept up your studies?

JAINA
Are you so surprised?

PROUDMOORE
When you were a child, it seemed
that each week you had a new hobby.
I'd always assumed magic was just
another of your passing fancies.

Proudmoore turns his attention to a PORTRAIT on the wall. A WHITE-HAIRED HUMAN FEMALE in majestic robes that seem to glimmer with magical energy. Holding an ornate staff as she stands in a regal pose. Clearly a person of great import.

PROUDMOORE

And you still paint, I see. Your brushwork's improved. Who is this?

JAINA

Archmage Aegwynn. Last of the Guardians of Tirisfal. Charged with defending Azeroth against the agents of the Burning Legion. Like all the guardians before her, her identity kept a closely-guarded secret until the day she died.

PROUDMOORE

(a dismissive smile)

I see you've lost none of your childhood fondness for bedtime stories either.

JAINA

Father, magic is not a hobby. And they're not bedtime stories. They-

She's cut short by the sound of a THROAT BEING CLEARED. Turns to see BUTTONWILLOW standing in the entryway.

BUTTONWILLOW

Forgive me for interrupting, my lady. Dinner is served.

A pair of THERAMORE PAGES bring food to the dining table. As Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh are seated there's a brief moment of unspoken tension between Jaina and Buttonwillow.

JAINA

Thank you, counselor. That will be all.

Buttonwillow holds Jaina's gaze for a moment longer - scowling at her disapprovingly - before she bows and exits.

Jaina sits with Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh.

PROUDMOORE

This all looks wonderful, Jaina. Thank you.

Proudmoore looks to Lo'Gosh.

LO'GOSH
Yes... thank you.

The civility of this situation is totally alien to Lo'Gosh. He watches as Proudmoore and Jaina unfold their napkins and does as they do, mimicking. He watches Jaina as she takes her knife and fork and cuts into her roast chicken.

LO'GOSH
Why do you need a knife? It's already dead.

PROUDMOORE
Just eat.

Lo'Gosh picks up his own knife and fork. But the utensils are foreign and unwieldy to him. He gives up and tears into the chicken with his bare hands. Jaina watches him, amused.

PROUDMOORE
So, Jaina... tell us of this progress you've made with the Orcs.

JAINA
We've been communicating through messengers. It's not easy with the language barrier, but we've begun negotiating a territorial border to prevent any more skirmishes.

PROUDMOORE
That's it? No direct contact? No agreement on anything?

JAINA
We have generations of hatred and mistrust to overcome. And our cultural differences are vast. Peace isn't going to happen overnight. But I'm hopeful. Their leader, Thrall, isn't like any of the old tribal chieftains.

PROUDMOORE
How much do you know about him?

JAINA
He's highly respected by his people. The Orcs have always been a divided race, but Thrall's achieved something no leader before him ever could. He united the clans, brought them together under one banner. He's created a nation.

PROUDMOORE

That's what worries me. In the old wars, fighting a divided enemy worked to our advantage. But as a single, unified force, they could be a far more dangerous adversary.

JAINA

I still believe they needn't be an adversary at all.

PROUDMOORE

What about the patrol they ambushed, the men they killed?

JAINA

That was no ambush. The patrol got lost in a storm and wandered into an Orcish village. The Orcs thought it was a raid and defended themselves. Thrall's acknowledged that it was all a mistake.

PROUDMOORE

Is that what I'm supposed to tell their families? It was a mistake?

JAINA

Simply by being here we're encroaching upon Orcish land and by their custom that is a grave affront. Thrall has built a city to the north that rivals Stormwind - with their numbers they could crush us easily. But they haven't. Instead they're talking to us. Surely that means something.

Lo'Gosh, who has been quietly devouring his roast chicken, gives an amused snort that gets their attention.

JAINA

Is there something you'd like to contribute?

Lo'Gosh drops the chicken carcass to his plate, licks the grease from his fingers.

LO'GOSH

Humans are so arrogant. Assuming that other races could be more like you, if only given the chance.

(beat)

(MORE)

LO'GOSH (CONT'D)

In all my years among Orcs I never met one who even understood peace, much less desired it. They're a warrior race, it's in their blood. To think you can change that is the kind of naivety that separates predator and prey.

Jaina looks hard at Lo'Gosh, scrutinizing him.

JAINA

I knew your name was familiar. You're the one who was raised by Orcs. Who fights in the arenas.

PROUDMOORE

He understands how Orcs think better than any of us. You'd do well to listen to him.

Lo'Gosh looks Jaina in the eye.

LO'GOSH

You're right about Orcish custom. They consider their homeland sacred. And now you're here. Building on their ancient lands, treading on the graves of their ancestors. If they haven't attacked yet, it's only because they're preparing one appropriate to the scale of the insult you've caused.

BEAT. Proudmoore clearly troubled by this. Lo'Gosh keeps his gaze fixed on Jaina. It unnerves her. There's something so engaging and yet so... dangerous about him.

JAINA

I won't allow a belief in peace to be dismissed as naivety. King Varian believed in peace. He saw his parents murdered and his city burned by Orcs, and still he believed. Time and again he came here to meet with the tribal leaders in the hope of preventing another war.

PROUDMOORE

Yes he did. And look what it got him. Murdered at sea by Orcs who would do anything to destroy any chance of peace.

JAINA

It was never proved that Orcs were responsible for that attack. Thrall himself has denied his people had anything to do with it.

Proudmoore sighs, takes a sip of his wine.

PROUDMOORE

Jaina, the faith you've placed in this Thrall is touching. But you should know we have quite a file on him. Interned at Durnholde with other Orcish POWs after the Second War, he led a revolt in which he and dozens of others escaped. The entire place put to the torch, guards slaughtered to the last man. The head of the commanding officer impaled on a spike atop the keep's walls as it burned. So you'll forgive me if I don't share your optimism about him.

JAINA

If you're so skeptical, what are you doing here?

PROUDMOORE

Six of our men are dead at Orcish hands. The first since the end of the last war. And I will not let them be the first of a new one.

(beat)

There'll be no more tip-toeing around. I want to look this Thrall in the eye. Then we'll see if there's a real peace to be made here. You can arrange this?

JAINA

I can try. When?

PROUDMOORE

Three days. Once the rest of the fleet has arrived.

JAINA

The rest of the fleet?

PROUDMOORE

For the protection of Theramore, should diplomacy fail.

JAINA

I've been trying to convince Thrall that our intentions here are not hostile. The arrival here of even a single warship is provocative enough - what message do you think an entire armada will send?

PROUDMOORE

Exactly the message I wish to send - that the Alliance is not to be trifled with. We must negotiate from a position of strength.

Jaina glowers at her father, clearly not happy about this. BEAT... and then Lo'Gosh BOLTS UP OUT OF HIS CHAIR. Senses suddenly on alert. Aware of something beyond our perception.

PROUDMOORE

What's wrong?

LO'GOSH

Tauren...

And now comes the sound of a CITY ALARM BELL being rung.

EXT. THERAMORE - CONTINUOUS

The main gate is raised and a PATROL of a dozen Theramore soldiers crosses the bridge into town - bringing with them a chain gang of TAUREN PRISONERS manacled in leg-irons.

Theramore citizens watch as the Tauren are paraded through the streets. Jaina rushes from the town hall, Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh behind. The crowd parts as she approaches.

JAINA

Who's in command here?

THERAMORE SCOUT

Ma'am. We were on patrol when we found these Tauren lying in wait near Swamplight Cove. We assumed it to be an ambush so we-

JAINA

Release them.

THERAMORE SCOUT

Ma'am?

JAINA

They weren't trying to ambush you. Swamplight is Murloc territory.

Jaina approaches one of the others - who is holding the Tauren weapons, mostly spears - and grabs a CRUDE NET.

JAINA

This is for catching Murlocs. They were hunting for food! Find someone here who speaks Taurahe, have them apologize and then escort them back to Swamplight. Am I understood?

Jaina can see the patrol leader feels sheepish. She softens.

JAINA

It's all right. You weren't in error. Just see to their release.

Suddenly, one of the Tauren prisoners BREAKS FREE FROM HIS CHAINS. As the guards try to subdue him, the other Tauren GO WILD. CHAOS BREAKS OUT as the Tauren charge like wild bulls and several soldiers are SENT HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR.

A wild Tauren CHARGES AT JAINA. Lo'Gosh rushes forward and SHOULDER-CHARGES the Tauren, knocking them both to the ground. He and the Tauren GRAPPLE in the dirt. The horned beast bares its fangs and ROARS with a bestial rage.

Lo'Gosh struggles to hold the Tauren at bay while grasping for a FALLEN SWORD on the ground nearby. Fingers clawing in the dirt as the snarling Tauren tries to tear his throat out.

Finally Lo'Gosh grasps the sword's hilt and he DRIVES THE BLADE CLEAN THROUGH THE TAUREN. It slumps, dead. But as Lo'Gosh gets to his feet, ANOTHER TAUREN bears down on him. Wielding a MACE adorned with tribal markings. Lo'Gosh scrambles backward but is defenseless as the Tauren draws back the maul to deliver a crushing downward blow...

...just as it begins to GLOW. The mace's head LIQUEFYING INTO MOLTEN STONE as the handle BLACKENS AND INCINERATES. The Tauren cries out and drops the burning weapon. Astonished, Lo'Gosh looks up to see Jaina standing over him, hand outstretched - MAGICAL ENERGY crackling at her fingertips.

As more guards rush into the fray the remaining Tauren are finally subdued and re-shackled. But one young WOUNDED TAUREN CHARGES PAST THE GUARDS, making a break for freedom. The guards give chase, but the Tauren drops onto all fours and BREAKS INTO A GALLOP, too fast for anyone to follow.

The GUARDS manning the city gate rush to close it, but too late - the Tauren escapes over the bridge and disappears into the darkness of the marshlands beyond.

A group of ALLIANCE GUARDS surrounds Lo'Gosh, swords drawn.

ALLIANCE GUARD

Drop the weapon! Do it now!

Lo'Gosh lets the sword slip from his fingers into the dirt. As the guards haul him to his feet, Proudmoore steps in.

PROUDMOORE

Stand down.

They step back. Proudmoore gives Lo'Gosh a grateful nod.

PROUDMOORE

You saved my daughter. Thank you.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - JAINA'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Jaina enters the empty room. Pours a glass of water.

BUTTONWILLOW (O.S.)

Just couldn't resist, could you?

Jaina looks up to see Buttonwillow standing nearby. Strangely, not by the door but on the far side of the room. It's not clear exactly how she entered without us noticing.

JAINA

A man could have been killed. Am I to stand by and doing nothing?

BUTTONWILLOW

When we entered into this arrangement, it was on condition that it remain between us. You have a powerful gift - to reveal it before you are ready is dangerous.

JAINA

I know. I'm sorry. Forgive me.

Buttonwillow sighs, looks at Jaina sympathetically.

BUTTONWILLOW

You should get some rest. There will be difficult days ahead.

This strikes an ominous chord with Jaina.

JAINA

What have you seen?

Buttonwillow just looks back at her, revealing nothing.

BUTTONWILLOW

Get some rest.

EXT. DUSTWALLOW MARSH - DAY

The lights of Theramore Isle visible in the far distance. We follow the wounded Tauren as it gallops through the dark, overgrown marshlands, racing away from Theramore...

EXT. THE BARRENS - DUSK

...and across the vast, desolate savannahs of The Barrens...

EXT. DUROTAR - NIGHT

...and to the red-rock desert of Durotar. The Tauren pauses to catch its breath, exhausted. Winces as it clutches the BLOODY WOUND in its side. On it gallops, into the night.

CRANE UP to reveal the Tauren's destination on the horizon:

ORGRIMMAR. The Orcish city is breathtakingly formidable. Easily Stormwind's rival in terms of size and even more heavily fortified. Its high stone walls punctuated by battlements and spiked wooden barricades. BLOOD-RED BANNERS ADORNED WITH ORCISH RUNES fly above tented rooftops.

An ORC GUARD stationed in a perimeter watchtower spots the approaching Tauren. Blows on an oversized ALARM HORN.

Orgrimmar's huge gates of iron and oak open with a deep rumble. Closing again as soon as the Tauren is inside.

INT. ORGRIMMAR - MAIN GATE - CONTINUOUS

A group of ORC GUARDS rush to the wounded Tauren, who finally collapses, exhausted, at the feet of the SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.

ORC SERGEANT-AT-ARMS
Find Cairne. Quickly!

INT. ORGRIMMAR - TENTED CHAMBER - NIGHT

The wounded Tauren lies in a bed. Feverish, barely conscious. His wound has been cleaned and dressed. A FEMALE TAUREN PRIESTESS says a prayer over him in the Tauraha language.

CAIRNE BLOODHOOF enters. A tall, powerfully-built Tauren, there is a wise and dignified air to him. The Priestess bows.

CAIRNE
How is he?

TAUREN PRIESTESS
All that can be done has been done.
But I fear it will not be enough.

CAIRNE

Leave us.

The priestess leaves. Cairne sits at the bedside.

CAIRNE

Can you hear me, my brother?

Slowly, the Tauren's eyes open, focusing... and then open wide when he realizes who is sitting at his bedside. He tries to sit up but Cairne gently restrains him.

CAIRNE

Rest. Save your strength. You've traveled far. From Mulgore?

WOUNDED TAUREN

From Theramore... the Humans captured me. But I escaped them. Had to... tell you...

The Tauren's voice grows weaker, now barely a whisper. But Cairne can sense the urgency. He leans in close.

CAIRNE

Tell me what?

EXT. ORGRIMMAR - WINDING STREET - NIGHT

A pair of ORC OFFICERS wait outside the building. Cairne emerges from inside, a grave expression on his face.

CAIRNE

Convene the council immediately.

ORC OFFICER

At this hour?

CAIRNE

Do it! Wake Thrall if you have to!

Cairne strides down the road, into the night. The two Orc Officers look at each other.

ORC OFFICER

Well I'm not waking him.

INT. ORGRIMMAR - HORDE COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

A great circular forum lit by blazing torches and adorned with ritualistic tapestries. Tiered seating rises to the ceiling, looking down upon a central dirt-covered floor. The place is packed to the rafters with SENIOR ORCS AND TAUREN, currently engaged in a loud and unruly debate.

Cairne stands in the center of the chamber, along with GROMMASH, a powerful Orc dressed in battle regalia, jawline adorned with ELABORATE RUNIC TATTOOS. Permanent warpaint.

CAIRNE

Brothers, please! Let us have calm!

GROMMASH

The time for discussion is over!
Every moment we squander in debate
the Alliance musters its forces. We
must hit them before they hit us!

The assembled Orcs shake their fists and ROAR IN APPROVAL.

ORC VOICE (O.S.)

This council will come to order!

All voices are silenced as THRALL enters the chamber. An Orc of mighty physical stature, dressed in regal armor and robes, and NATIVE JEWELRY - necklaces of feathers and ancient runic totems. He carries with him a MIGHTY HAMMER that stands as tall as he does, its head carved with shamanistic markings.

Everybody genuflects in reverence as Thrall approaches.

GROMMASH

Warchief.

THRALL

What is it that could provoke such
heated debate at so late an hour?

CAIRNE

An Alliance warship has landed in
Theramore. Laden with troops and
armor.

THRALL

How do we know of this?

CAIRNE

A group of Tauren was captured by
Alliance troops. One escaped. He
saw the ship with his own eyes.

GROMMASH

And not just any ship. The Grand
Admiral's flagship - the spearhead
of the Alliance fleet! The rest
will not be far behind.

(to the crowd)

I warned of this.

(MORE)

GROMMASH (CONT'D)

The Humans have always been a race of deceivers, and here now is the proof. They speak of peace - while secretly preparing for war!

The Orcs ROAR LOUDLY AGAIN.

THRALL

There will be silence here!

Thrall bellows loudly - and at the sound of his booming voice THE ENTIRE CHAMBER SEEMS TO QUAKE A LITTLE. A hint that Thrall's power may extend beyond just his physical strength.

Everybody is silenced. Thrall's authority is absolute.

THRALL

What is your recommendation?

GROMMASH

Full pre-emptive attack. My army is ready. We must crush them before the rest of their forces arrive.

Thrall looks to Cairne for his opinion.

CAIRNE

I don't know why this ship is here. But I know this - if we attack Theramore, the Alliance will retaliate, perhaps with a full invasion of Kalimdor. We'd be plunged back into open war.

GROMMASH

I assure you, invasion is already their plan and Theramore the staging ground! Why else would they establish a foothold here?

BEAT as Thrall considers, weighing the conflicting advice.

THRALL

There will be no attack. Not yet.

The council murmurs. Grommash steps forward, confrontational.

GROMMASH

The very presence of these Humans insults us. We should have wiped them out when they first came. Now their true intentions are made plain and still you would have us do nothing?

(MORE)

GROMMASH (CONT'D)

(closer)

Perhaps you have spent too much
time among Humans... perhaps you
are still their slave!

A hushed silence from the assembled Orcs. The Warchief is rarely challenged like this. But Thrall remains clam.

THRALL

If you wish to challenge my
authority, Grommash, you know the
rules of this council. But remember
- all challenges are to the death.

Thrall glares at Grommash. His gaze fearsome, withering. Finally, Grommash backs down, his head bowed. Thrall looks up at the council seats surrounding the chamber.

THRALL

If anyone else here believes they
are better able to lead this nation
than I, let them be heard now!

A silent BEAT. Thrall turns back to Grommash, all business.

THRALL

Ready the army. March units into
the Barrens and deploy them along
the border. And make sure the
Alliance sees it. I want them to
know we're ready for them.

(beat)

This council is adjourned.

He turns and sweeps out of the room. Cairne watches him go. He appears troubled. And he can see Thrall does too.

EXT. DUROTAR CLIFFS - NIGHT

Jagged cliffs overlook the Great Sea. Thrall crouches at the edge, gazing out at the starlit night. Deep in contemplation. There is only the sound of the waves on the beach below.

CAIRNE (O.S.)

I thought I might find you here.

REVEAL CAIRNE standing behind Thrall.

THRALL

Grommash was right about the
Alliance fleet. More ships are
crossing the sea, coming here. I
can sense them on the wind.

CAIRNE

You think they really mean to invade? What of the peace talks?

THRALL

Perhaps peace was possible once, a long time ago. But now...

CAIRNE

If it comes to war, you know the Tauren will stand with you. But the Alliance has never been stronger. Can we really prevail?

Thrall stands. Looks back at the lights of Orgrimmar on the hilltop behind them.

THRALL

I will not let anything threaten all that we have built here. If the Alliance wants a war, then I will see that they get one. The like of which they have never seen.

Thrall picks up his mighty war hammer and starts heading down a rocky path that leads from the cliffs to the beach below.

CAIRNE

Where are you going?

THRALL

To tip the odds back in our favor.

EXT. DUROTAR - BLADEFIST BAY - NIGHT

Desolate beach stretches in both directions. The Durotar cliffs looming behind him, Thrall stands at the water's edge, looking out to sea, the tides lapping around his feet.

He sinks to one knee, holding his giant hammer before him. And begins CHANTING IN ORCISH. An ancient prayer. He repeats the mantra over and over, growing ever louder... and with each recitation the INCOMING TIDES GROW IN STRENGTH.

The sea - mirror-calm just moments ago - is BEGINNING TO CHURN. A STORM BREWING. Growing angrier and angrier...

As the sea churns more violently and the white-foamed waves CRASH OVER THRALL, he raises his hammer overhead... and with one mighty swing POUNDS IT INTO THE RAGING WATER. And a POWERFUL RIPPLE radiates out from the impact point, growing larger as it moves out to sea... becoming a RISING WAVE...

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - NIGHT

Moonlit and calm. A FLEET OF ALLIANCE WARSHIPS ploughs its way across the sea. The lead ship is the R.S.S. DEFIANT.

Stormpike stands near the bow, looking out to sea. A YOUNG ALLIANCE PRIVATE brings him a mug of hot tea.

STORMPIKE

Thank you, lad. Cold as a witch's tit out here tonight.

ALLIANCE PRIVATE

That it is, sir.

Stormpike looks at the private. Barely out of his teens.

STORMPIKE

What's your name, private?

JENKINS

Jenkins, sir.

STORMPIKE

Ever been in battle, Jenkins?

JENSEN

No, sir. I tried to sign up for the last campaign, but they said I was too young. Wouldn't let me fight.

There is an eager look to Jenkins. The kind of eagerness one only finds in a soldier who hasn't yet seen battle. Stormpike looks out across the sea, to the moonlit horizon.

STORMPIKE

Don't be too disappointed, son. I fear you may get your chance yet.

And then SOMETHING HAPPENS. A gust of wind? A slight shifting of the boat? Barely noticeable. But Stormpike senses it.

STORMPIKE

Did you feel that?

JENKINS

Feel what, sir?

Stormpike can't put his finger on it, but it's troubling. He steps up to the bow - and SPOTS SOMETHING in the distance.

A GIANT WAVE ON THE HORIZON. COMING RIGHT AT THEM.

STORMPIKE
Titans preserve us...

A HURRICANE-FORCE WIND RUSHES OVER THEM, buffeting the ship violently. Jenkins is KNOCKED OFF HIS FEET. Stormpike's mug SHATTERS ON THE GROUND. He stumbles across the listing deck and SOUNDS THE WARNING BELL.

STORMPIKE
All hands, general quarters!

The ship BURSTS TO LIFE, crewmen emerging from below decks in response. Some see the approaching wave and stop, paralyzed.

STORMPIKE
Hard to port! Hard to port!

The HELMSMAN (BISLEY) spins the wheel hard over. But the wave is so vast there is no avoiding it. It CRASHES OVER THEM, the force of its impact almost overturning the ship - suddenly at the center of a POWERFUL STORM.

Stormpike makes his way to the helmsman as the ship is tossed by the churning waters. SHOUTING over the deafening gale.

STORMPIKE
Why didn't we see this coming?

HELMSMAN BISLEY
Don't know, sir! Bloody thing came out of nowhere!

STORMPIKE
Can we get through it?

HELMSMAN BISLEY
Storm's too strong, could lose half the fleet trying! We've got to change course!

Bisley unfolds a CHART and points to the GIGANTIC WHIRLPOOL in the center of the Great Sea between the two continents.

HELMSMAN BISLEY
South'll take us right into the Maelstrom! Only choice is north!

Stormpike notices that the northerly course heads into an INCOMPLETE SECTION of the chart.

STORMPIKE
That takes us off the map!

HELMSMAN BISLEY

Got to do something, sir! We won't
last long in this weather!

BEAT as Stormpike makes a command decision.

STORMPIKE

Due north it is.

INT. ORGRIMMAR - GROMMASH'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The walls lined with animal skins, armor and weapons.
Grommash sits in the firelight, rocking back and forth. He
seems greatly troubled. Feverish. Muttering to himself...

GROMMASH

Out... get out! I do not hear
you... I do not hear you!

He hears someone approach. Quickly stands to see Thrall
standing in the doorway. Lit by the flickering firelight.

GROMMASH

Warchief. Your presence honors me.

Thrall enters the room, eyes locked on Grommash.

THRALL

You show me respect here, but not
in the council chamber?

GROMMASH

I said only what many of the
chieftains want to hear. There are
those who feel we have tolerated
these Humans long enough.

THRALL

And they may be right. But I will
decide when that time has come.

(beat; closer)

You know how difficult it was to
unite the clans. This is still a
young nation, still fragile. Open
dissent now could tear it apart.
The Humans' strength has always
lied in their unity. That's how
they defeated us before. If we are
to confront them again now, we must
have that same unity.

GROMMASH

Perhaps the idea of emulating
Humans appeals to you.

(MORE)

GROMMASH (CONT'D)
 But I'd rather die fighting than
 live like them. Without honor.

Thrall notices that Grommash appears agitated, on edge.

THRALL
 Grom... does something trouble you?

Grommash looks away, unwilling to engage. Hiding something?

THRALL
 Look me in the eye.

Grommash won't do it, turns away. Thrall steps forward and
 GRABS GROMMASH BY THE SHOULDERS.

THRALL
Look me in the eye!

Thrall looks deep into Grommash's eyes. As though searching
 for something. Only when he is satisfied does he release him.

THRALL
 You have the heart of a giant,
 Grom. And I look on you as a
 brother. But if you dare challenge
 me in open council again, it will
 be the last time. Am I understood?

GROMMASH
 Yes, Warchief.

Thrall heads toward the door.

GROMMASH
 Thrall. Whatever happens... we will
 always be brothers.

BEAT. And then Thrall leaves without another word.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - HARBOR - DAY

Buzzing with the newly-arrived Alliance troops. Proudmoore
 stands on the dock, looking out to sea as Lo'Gosh approaches.

PROUDMOORE
 The rest of the fleet should have
 arrived by now. Where are they?

BEAT as the two of them look out across the sea. Pensive.

LO'GOSH
 I was speaking with one of the
 locals earlier.
 (MORE)

LO'GOSH (CONT'D)

This Orc nation to the north, it's called Durotar. Does that name sound familiar to you?

PROUDMOORE

Should it?

LO'GOSH

Durotan is a giant in Orcish history. First Warchief of the Frostwolf clan. When I lived among the Orcs I'd hear his name often. Usually invoked as a battle cry.

The name sends a chill down Proudmoore's spine.

PROUDMOORE

Frostwolf... I remember fighting them. In the Second War. They were the last to surrender. They dug in at Alterac Valley for a year after the war ended, we lost an entire legion in finally breaking them.

LO'GOSH

I once fought a Frostwolf Orc in the arena. He had a bloodlust in him I'd never seen in another.

BEAT as Proudmoore reflects grimly on this.

PROUDMOORE

So, Thrall has named this new nation for one of his people's most barbarous warriors... what are we do deduce from that?

ALLIANCE SOLDIER (O.S.)

Admiral!

They turn to find an ALLIANCE SOLDIER rushing toward them.

PROUDMOORE

Slow down, man. Catch your breath.

ALLIANCE SOLDIER

Our patrol has returned. They've sighted Orcish heavy infantry massing along the border.

Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh exchange an ominous look.

LO'GOSH

I think you have your answer.

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - NIGHT

The storm is finally abating. The Alliance armada emerges from choppy seas into calmer waters. On the deck of the Defiant, Stormpike approaches the helm.

STORMPIKE
Mister Bisley! Report!

HELMSMAN BISLEY
I think we're through the worst of it, sir. Clear skies ahead.

STORMPIKE
Good work. Now the only question is... where the hell are we?

INT. ORGRIMMAR - HORDE COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Thrall sits upon his throne, an ALLIANCE SCROLL in his hand. Deep in thought. Cairne and Grommash stand before him.

GROMMASH
It's a trick. What else can it be?

THRALL
This message carries the seal of the Grand Admiral himself.

GROMMASH
A deception. They see us preparing for battle and seek to delay us. The Humans did not bring a shipload of diplomats to our shores - they came armed for war!

A long BEAT as Thrall considers this. He stands.

THRALL
I will meet with him.

GROMMASH
Warchief-

THRALL
Under my conditions. I want to look this Human in the eye. If he is lying, I will know. And we will settle this. One way or the other.

EXT. DUSTWALLOW MARSH - DAWN

As dawn breaks over the treetops, we catch a silhouette of a GIANT BIRD flying at us, out of the rising sun.

CLOSER ON THE BIRD - it's a GRYPHON, a majestic winged creature with the head of an eagle and the body of a lion. An ALLIANCE MESSENGER rides on its saddled back as it beats its great wings, headed toward THERAMORE ISLE on the horizon.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - GRYPHON ROOST - MORNING

The gryphon comes in for a landing at Theramore's gryphon roost, where more of the winged creatures nest in straw-laden berths. Theramore's GRYPHON MASTER takes the reins of the beast as the messenger leaps from the saddle and rushes toward the town hall, a SCROLL clutched in his hand.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - JAINA'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Jaina, Lo'Gosh and Proudmoore stand around a table upon which has been unrolled the messenger's scroll - written in ORCISH.

PROUDMOORE
What kind of conditions?

JAINA
He agrees to meet only at a neutral location. He proposes a site in the Barrens, halfway between here and Orgrimmar. He will come alone. No guards. We must to do the same.

Proudmoore doesn't like this. He looks at Lo'Gosh.

PROUDMOORE
What do you think?

LO'GOSH
I know the Barrens. It's open ground, flat, desolate... no way they could ambush you there.

PROUDMOORE
You think we should trust him?

Lo'Gosh glances at Jaina.

LO'GOSH
I think you should trust that your daughter knows what she's doing.

Jaina looks back at Lo'Gosh, surprised. And for the first time there is a glimmer of a smile in his direction.

PROUDMOORE
When?

JAINA
Tomorrow. At dawn.

Proudmoore mulls it over.

PROUDMOORE
Tomorrow at dawn it is.

JAINA
I'll make the arrangements.

Jaina turns and exits, leaving Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh alone.

PROUDMOORE
I don't like it. I'd intended to have this negotiation with the Alliance fleet at our back. Without it, what leverage do we have?
(pacing; worried)
Thrall is preparing for war as we speak. And by all accounts he is a formidable General. If we cannot turn back the tide at this meeting, Theramore is lost. And with it, all of Kalimdor.

A grim BEAT. And then a thought occurs to Lo'Gosh.

LO'GOSH
There may still be another way. To regain your advantage.

Off Proudmoore's intrigued look:

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - NIGHT

The waters now entirely calm. Stormpike and SECOND OFFICER GAINES study a sextant from the Defiant's deck.

SECOND OFFICER GAINES
This doesn't make any sense, sir. I can't get a fix on our position. I don't even recognize the stars.

STORMPIKE
You have no idea where we are?

SECOND OFFICER GAINES
No, sir. And that's not even the strangest part of it. Sunrise was supposed to be two hours ago. But there's no bloody sign of it. I think that storm blew us farther off course than we first thought.

CROW'S NEST (O.S.)

Land ho!

They rush to the bow to see a GREAT LAND MASS extending across the horizon. DIM LIGHTS FLICKERING along the shore.

STORMPIKE

I see lights. Some kind of town?

SECOND OFFICER GAINES

Whatever it is, it's not on any Alliance map.

BEAT as Stormpike thinks. This feels a little ominous.

STORMPIKE

Take us in.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - LO'GOSH'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Lo'Gosh sits at a table, crushing exotic WILD FLOWERS with a mortar and pestle. He adds the powder to a DARK LIQUID from a small bottle, mixing it to form a THICK PASTE.

JAINA (O.S.)

They tell me you're dangerous.

Lo'Gosh looks up to see Jaina standing in the doorway. He stands, covering the mixture with a cloth.

JAINA

Should I be afraid of you?

Lo'Gosh just stands there, mute.

JAINA

Well... I'll take my chances.

She glides gracefully into the room.

JAINA

I wanted to thank you. For helping my father agree to Thrall's conditions. I admit I was surprised after everything I'd heard.

LO'GOSH

And what is that?

JAINA

That you're a barbarian. That you have more in common with the Orcs than with us. But you're not at all what I'd expected of you.

LO'GOSH

Where I come from, what's expected of me is simple. Here, everything's more complicated. I'm trying to... adapt.

Jaina smiles politely as she hovers nearby the empty chair at Lo'Gosh's table. Clearly waiting for an invitation to sit.

LO'GOSH

Uh... sit, if you want to.

They both sit. It's all a little stilted and awkward, Lo'Gosh again fumbling his way through polite Human interaction.

JAINA

I can tell my father trusts you. You've done well to earn his favor. He's always been very sparing with it. Even with me.

LO'GOSH

The two of you aren't... close?

JAINA

I think he would have preferred another son. My two brothers, they were always his favorites. And they idolized him. As soon they were old enough they followed him into the military. All they ever wanted was to be just like him.

Lo'Gosh can sense a sadness in Jaina as she tells the tale.

LO'GOSH

What happened to them?

JAINA

Derek was killed in the First War, Tandred in the Second. I remember, after we buried Tandred alongside his brother, something in my father changed. He said he never again wanted to see another family suffer the kind of loss ours had.

Tears welling up. She fights them back, composes herself.

JAINA

We've had our differences over the years, but I believe he sincerely wants peace.

(MORE)

JAINA (CONT'D)

As his advisor, I thought it was important that you know that.

LO'GOSH

What makes you think I care?

BEAT. The response throws Jaina a little.

JAINA

How can you not? A lasting peace is something we've never had. We could be on the verge of history here.

LO'GOSH

I didn't come here to make history. I came here to earn my freedom, nothing more.

JAINA

What use will your freedom be, if the world is consumed by war?

LO'GOSH

I doubt I'd have much difficulty adjusting.

She just looks at him, dumbfounded.

LO'GOSH

There's a reason you've never had peace. Because it's a fantasy. It's our nature to destroy each other. And that will never change.

JAINA

Have you always been such a cynic?

LO'GOSH

(shrugs)

I am what the world made me.

JAINA

You mean what the arena made you. You're part of a larger world now. A world where anything is possible... yes, even peace.

LO'GOSH

Believe whatever you want. Your fate will unfold just the same.

BEAT. Jaina stands, looks at him with contempt.

JAINA

Maybe they were right about you.
Maybe you are just a barbarian.

Lo'Gosh stands and steps closer, looking into her eyes.

LO'GOSH

Maybe I am.

The way he's looking at Jaina unnerves her, but in a way she finds utterly disarming. A palpable sexual electricity between them. A white-hot BEAT - and then Lo'Gosh turns away.

JAINA

What's wrong?

LO'GOSH

I'm not accustomed to the company
of Human women. Your scent is...
distracting.

JAINA

I'm not wearing any scent.

LO'GOSH

You don't have to be.
(beat)
You should go.

Still a little flustered by their close encounter, Jaina composes herself and make for the door.

LO'GOSH

Jaina.

She turns back. He looks at her with sincerity.

LO'GOSH

It doesn't matter what I believe.
Your father came here to avoid a
war. And I'm going to help him.
That's the price of my freedom.

She nods, understanding. Then turns and leaves. Lo'Gosh goes back to his table, removes the cloth that was hiding the strange paste he'd been making. He stares at it, troubled.

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - TWILIGHT

The Alliance fleet sails toward the mysterious, mist-shrouded coastline. The sky is lighter now - but still no sign of sun. As though this world exists in a state of PERMANENT TWILIGHT.

The MOON hangs high in the sky, casting everything in its ethereal pale blue aura. It seems bigger, closer than usual.

Stormpike stands at the Defiant's bow, looking toward the coast as it approaches out of the mist. Close enough now to see the DESERTED TOWN that sprawls across the coastline.

SECOND OFFICER GAINES
I don't like this, sir.

STORMPIKE
Nor I, Mister Gaines.

Stormpike notices a DOCK extending from the shore.

STORMPIKE
Bring us into port. Have the other ships hold position off-shore.

EXT. DARKSHORE - DOCK - TWILIGHT

The Defiant is piloted into harbor. CREWMEN disembark and tie the ship to the dock's moorings. Stormpike disembarks, along with a DOZEN ARMED SOLDIERS. He leads them toward town.

EXT. DARKSHORE - AUBERDINE - TWILIGHT

Auberdine is shrouded in a LEAFY GLADE with a DARK, DENSE FOREST beyond. Its architecture is stunning - every building made of ELEGANTLY CARVED WOOD, as though each one rose directly from the earth itself.

Stormpike and his men move in. It's a ghost town, completely abandoned. Suddenly, a RUSTLING IN THE TREES. Everyone turns toward the forest. Nothing but darkness beyond.

SECOND OFFICER GAINES
Was that... just the wind?

STORMPIKE
Let's find out.

Stormpike draws his sword and leads his men toward the trees.

EXT. DARKSHORE - FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Stormpike and his men move along a narrow path that winds through the darkened forest. There's a STRANGE SOUND all around us. It sounds almost like... *breathing?*

SECOND OFFICER GAINES
If I didn't know better, I'd swear this whole damn forest was alive.

STORMPIKE

It's just your imagination, Mister
Gaines. Keep your wits about you.

But Stormpike senses it, too. And as his party moves deeper inside the forest, a LARGE TREE they pass seems to MOVE WITH THEM - CREAKING QUIETLY as it moves. FOLLOWING THEM.

EXT. DARKSHORE - FOREST CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Stormpike's party emerges into a LEAF-STREWN CLEARING. Empty and tranquil. Surrounded on all sides by the dense treeline. Everybody freezes when they hear a LOW, ANIMALISTIC GROWL from the trees up ahead. Bestial and terrifying.

STORMPIKE

That wasn't the wind...

Something up ahead is COMING THROUGH THE TREES. The GROWLING continues as it paces steadily toward them. Stormpike's men stand ready, their sword hands trembling.

A GREAT BEAR emerges into the clearing. Colored in such a way that the creature appears to sport ARCANERUNES on its fur. It stands before them, emitting its low growl. Salivating, it bares its fangs. Eyes GLOWING PALE BLUE.

STORMPIKE

Back away slowly. No sudden moves.

But as they back up they realize the forest has somehow CLOSED AROUND THEM, the path that led them here now blocked.

The bear prowls closer. Stormpike and his men are trapped. They raise their swords, ready to fight if they have to.

The bear stops just yards from them. And then TRANSFORMS... its body morphing into a HUMANOID FORM. Stormpike and the others watch transfixed, until the figure resolves into:

A NIGHT ELF. Female, tall and athletic with orchid-colored skin. Fiercely glowing eyes and elongated ears that extend to fine points. Clad in leather armor, dark hair cascading down her back. She is an awesome, disarmingly beautiful sight.

And then the forest COMES ALIVE. Many of the trees UPROOT AND TRANSFORM, branches morphing into limbs as they become...

MORE NIGHT ELVES. Both male and female. While some transmute from other forms, others seem simply to PHASE IN OUT OF THE SHADOWS as though a MAGICAL CAMOUFLAGE has been lowered.

The female Night Elf takes a step toward Stormpike.

NIGHT ELF FEMALE

You and your men will disarm. Now.

STORMPIKE

(to his men)

Do it.

Stormpike's men do as ordered. Night Elves move in and sweep the weapons away. The female still eyes Stormpike warily.

NIGHT ELF FEMALE

You're a Dwarf.

STORMPIKE

My name's Stormpike. And you...
you're a Night Elf.

NIGHT ELF FEMALE

I am Thirza. Why have you brought
warriors to our shores?

STORMPIKE

We mean no harm. We got lost in a
storm. We were headed for Kalimdor.
Our interests there are under
threat from the Orcs.

THIRZA

Orcs?

Thirza walks past him with a sense of urgency, toward the path leading back toward town, which has now re-opened.

THIRZA

Your men will return to your ship.
You will come with me.

EXT. DARKSHORE - THE VEILED SEA - TWILIGHT

Thirza and Stormpike stand in a SMALL BOAT that glides across the still, moonlit waters. As Darkshore's coast disappears behind them, a VEIL OF FOG creeps in over the waters.

STORMPIKE

Where are you taking me?

THIRZA

To *Teldrassil*.

STORMPIKE

Teldrassil?

Thirza smiles proudly as she sees something up ahead.

THIRZA
The Crown of the Earth. The World
Tree.

And now we see it too. Coming at us out of the fog. At first it appears to be a massive mountain or cliff's edge, but as we push through the fog it is revealed as:

A COLOSSAL TREE rising up out of the sea, so massive its width encompasses the ENTIRE HORIZON as it draws closer.

Teldrassil is literally THOUSANDS OF METERS ACROSS. Near impossible to comprehend its full scale. ENTIRE TOWNS AND VILLAGES have been built into its heaving boughs. The whole tree is ALIVE WITH NIGHT ELF CIVILIZATION.

Its highest boughs form a VAST ARBOREAL CRADLE within which is nestled a utopian landscape of forests, rivers, waterfalls, lakes - and the great city of DARNASSUS.

Stormpike gazes up at it in absolute awe. Never in his life has he seen anything even remotely like it.

EXT. TELDRASSIL - RUT'THERAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

A SMALL VILLAGE is nestled between the winding roots at the base of the great tree where it rises from the sea. The boat docks here and Thirza escorts Stormpike through the village.

NIGHT ELF VILLAGERS look curiously at Stormpike as he passes through a wooden arch that takes them INSIDE THE GREAT TREE.

INT. TELDRASSIL - CARVED HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A winding hallway covered in moss and creeping roots. Thirza shows Stormpike onto a WOODEN PLATFORM that stands inside a TALL SHAFT that extends up into darkness.

THIRZA
Where we go now, no Human or Dwarf
has ever set foot. Step lightly.
And hold onto something.

Thirza throws a wooden lever and the platform ROCKETS UPWARD at breakneck speed. Stormpike holds on for dear life.

EXT. DARNASSUS - TWILIGHT

The platform comes to a halt, arriving finally at:

DARNASSUS. The capital city at Teldrassil's monumental peak. The architecture is surreal - as though Ancient Greece had been designed by Salvador Dali. The whole city is shrouded within DENSE CANOPY FOREST.

Thirza escorts Stormpike past ornate temples and breathtaking statuary and up a grand marble stairway to a PALATIAL DOMED ROTUNDA supported by columns of extraordinary beauty.

EXT. DARNASSUS - TEMPLE OF THE MOON - TWILIGHT

A VIBRANT GROVE grows within, A WATERFALL cascading into a WELL which shimmers with a powerful life-force. The entire temple is BATHED IN MOONLIGHT which shafts through an opening in the domed ceiling. At this altitude it feels like you could reach up and pluck the moon right out of the sky.

Stormpike is led by Thirza to an ALTAR directly beneath the moon's radiant glow. There stands TYRANDE WHISPERWIND. Her costume and bearing suggest a woman of regal authority.

Without turning, Tyrande seems to sense their presence.

TYRANDE

Thirza. It would appear that you have brought home a stray.

THIRZA

Forgive me, High Priestess. An Alliance fleet has landed here.

She gazes up at the moonlight beaming down from above.

TYRANDE

I know. Elune sees everything.

She turns to regard Stormpike with interest.

TYRANDE

You are lost. Far from home. And there is fear in you. The apprehension that only a warrior feels before battle.

STORMPIKE

My people on Kalimdor may face a new war against the Orcs.

As before, the mention of Orcs unsettles the Night Elf.

TYRANDE

We must seek Malfurion's counsel. We must wake him from the Dream.

EXT. THE EMERALD DREAM

We are moving across a LUSH AND PRIMAL WILDERNESS - vaguely reminiscent of Azeroth but untouched by civilization. A sprawling prehistoric landscape of unparalleled beauty.

There is a SURREALISTIC, DREAMLIKE QUALITY to this place. Everything feels somehow unreal. Time is not a constant here. Everything is TINTED IN AN ETHEREAL GREENISH HUE.

A TALL, POWERFULLY-BUILT NIGHT ELF MALE strides through a WHISPERING WHEATFIELD. He sports a LONG GREEN BEARD and a THICK MANE from which protrude GREAT HORNED ANTLERS. Unlike the other Night Elves we have seen, his eyes glow with a POWERFUL GOLDEN LIGHT. His face painted with TRIBAL RUNES.

He is MALFURION STORMRAGE. And there is something majestic about him, a quiet aura of wisdom and righteousness.

A GIANT, GREEN-SKINNED DRAGON GLIDES OVERHEAD. Beating its huge wings with effortless grace as it sails across the sky. Malfurion looks up at it with great respect, and smiles.

But then something troubles him. A DARK SHADOW creeping across the land. Seeming to TAIN'T AND CORRUPT everything it touches. Malfurion moves across the plain until he reaches a GRASSY OUTCROPPING which looks out over a VAST OCEAN.

STORM CLOUDS are brewing on the horizon. Roiling with a dark malevolence. Malfurion furrows his brow, greatly troubled.

MALFURION

The gathering storm...

There is an OMINOUS CRACK OF LIGHTNING and Malfurion's vision BURNS OUT WITH A BLINDING FLASH OF GREEN LIGHT...

EXT. DARNASSUS - CENARION ENCLAVE - TWILIGHT

...and he awakens in a SPACIOUS, REGAL CHAMBER carved into the living wood of Teldrassil's boughs. Malfurion is SUSPENDED IN A MYSTICAL GREEN AURA. He opens his eyes to see Thirza, Tyrande and Stormpike bowed reverently before him.

MALFURION

Why have I been awakened?

His voice is so deep and resonant it raises the hairs on the backs of our necks. The voice of an impossibly ancient soul.

TYRANDE

Honored teacher. Forgive our intrusion. We humbly request your wisdom and your guidance.

The magical aura around Malfurion diminishes, lowering him to the ground. He approaches Tyrande, who remains bowed.

MALFURION

Rise... my beloved.

Tyrande rises before Malfurion - and the two become LOCKED IN A PASSIONATE EMBRACE. Their deep love for each other evident.

INT. DARNASSUS - TEMPLE GARDENS - TWILIGHT

Malfurion, Tyrande, Thirza and Stormpike walk the moonlit gardens. Darnassian citizens bow to Malfurion as he passes.

MALFURION

Speak to me of these Orcs.

STORMPIKE

A new Warchief has founded an Orcish nation north of Theramore. Its borders expand by the day.

MALFURION

Not long ago my own people had our own encounter with the Orcs. They tore down our sacred groves at Silverwing and converted them into a lumber camp. They showed no respect for the earth, offered no tribute. We fought many battles.

(beat)

It saddens me to tell you this. But I fear that there will be no peace. There will be only blood. Much more blood, before this is done. A time of great decision will soon be upon you. This much was revealed to me within the Emerald Dream.

STORMPIKE

How can you know all this?

TYRANDE

Time is meaningless inside the Dream. The past, present, future - all exist as one.

STORMPIKE

My people believe that the future is not set. That our destinies are what we make them.

TYRANDE

How quaint.

MALFURION

For ten thousand years I have been guided by the Dream. What I saw there, you will see for yourself soon enough.

A disquieting BEAT. Malfurion appears thoughtful.

MALFURION

We will provide you with a chart to your destination. And a detachment of our best Sentinels will accompany you there.

STORMPIKE

The chart is appreciated. But military assistance will not be necessary.

Malfurion's eyes burn with an ominous inner fire.

MALFURION

Yes... it will.

EXT. DARNASSUS - CENARION ENCLAVE - TWILIGHT

Later. Malfurion gazes up at the moon, contemplative. Tyrande approaches, embraces him from behind. He turns and smiles lovingly at her, but the smile is tempered by something else.

TYRANDE

Shan'do... something troubles you.

MALFURION

I want you to go to Theramore with the Alliance fleet. You will command our forces personally.

TYRANDE

Why?

MALFURION

I saw something else within the Dream. Something I have not seen in many ages.

(beat)

I saw the mark of the Legion.

The mere mention of the word horrifies Tyrande.

TYRANDE

Are you sure?

MALFURION

I could always sense Sargerass when he drew near. And I sense him now. His hand is in this, twisting events to his advantage from the shadows. Preparing the ground.

(beat)

(MORE)

MALFURION (CONT'D)

There is more to this crisis between the Orcs and Humans than they realize. Much more. That is why you must go.

TYRANDE

Why didn't you warn them of this?

MALFURION

No mortal race should know too much about their own future.

TYRANDE

If the Legion returns to Azeroth they won't have a future.

Malfurion looks back up at the moon, his expression grave.

MALFURION

Nor any of us.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - JAINA'S CHAMBERS - PRE-DAWN

Jaina is making preparations to leave. Buttonwillow watches nearby. She appears perturbed about something.

BUTTONWILLOW

I have a bad feeling about this.

JAINA

What's wrong?

BUTTONWILLOW

I don't know. But something is afoot. I've always had a keen nose for treachery.

JAINA

You're beginning to sound like my father. If there's to be peace, one side has to be the first to trust the other. I have to believe that Thrall won't betray us.

(beat)

I have to go. Wish us luck.

BUTTONWILLOW

Jaina, that's-

But it's too late, Jaina is already hurrying away.

BUTTONWILLOW

-not what I meant.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - PRE-DAWN

Jaina mounts up alongside Lo'Gosh and Proudmoore. They spur their steeds and head out from Theramore, into the marshlands as Buttonwillow watches gravely from the spiretop window.

EXT. THE BARRENS - CROSSROADS - DAWN

The flat, desolate landscape is bathed in the warm light of the rising sun. The Barrens is a dustbowl of dry, sun-baked clay, almost featureless, punctuated only by rocks and berms.

TWO DUSTY UNPAVED ROADS meet out here. Jaina, Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh wait at the crossroads, horses idling nearby.

PROUDMOORE

He's late.

JAINA

He'll be here.

PROUDMOORE

And if not? What if he doesn't show?

A LONG BEAT. Then Lo'Gosh SNIFFS THE AIR.

LO'GOSH

No... he's coming.

He looks out toward the horizon. And then we see it too. At first just a hazy silhouette in the shimmering heat, almost like a mirage. But becoming clearer as it approaches...

THRALL. Riding in on a SNARLING, OVERSIZED WOLF MOUNT. In FULL ARMORED REGALIA, his great hammer slung across his back.

Proudmoore watches apprehensively as Thrall dismounts just yards away. Even Jaina looks nervous. Moment of truth.

PROUDMOORE

I've never been this close to one before. Outside of battle.

Thrall approaches. As the Humans go to meet him:

PROUDMOORE

(aside, to Jaina)

Let me do the talking.

Proudmoore never takes his eyes off Thrall as the two leaders come, finally, face to face. A tense BEAT as they size each other up. If there were tumbleweeds in the Barrens, one would blow across the screen right about now.

PROUDMOORE
 Warchief Thrall. I'm Grand Admiral
 Proudmoore of the Alliance.

Proudmoore glances back at Lo'Gosh, who clears his throat and translates the greeting into perfect Orcish.

PROUDMOORE
 This is my daughter Jaina,
 magistrate of Theramore.

Jaina speaks in practiced but stilted Orcish:

JAINA
 (subtitled)
It's an honor to finally meet you.

But Thrall seems less interested in either of them than he is with Lo'Gosh. All his attention is directed at him.

THRALL
Who is this?

LO'GOSH
I'm... the interpreter.

Thrall scrutinizes him closely. As though there is more to this Human than meets the eye, something he can't quite put his finger on. He leans in close and SMELLS HIM. Lo'Gosh doesn't flinch, familiar with the custom.

PROUDMOORE
 In the spirit of goodwill between
 our two peoples, I present you with
 this.

Lo'Gosh translates as Proudmoore produces a SMALL CLOTH PACKAGE wrapped in twine, offers it to Thrall. Thrall regards the package warily before reaching out and taking it.

He unwraps it to reveal a DAGGER. The blade has been SNAPPED OFF at the mid-point. Thrall regards it curiously.

PROUDMOORE
 A symbol of peace.

Thrall takes the knife in his hand to examine it. The broken blade glimmering in the sun as he turns it.

He furrows his brow. There's something wrong about the knife. The handle has been coated with a DARK, STICKY SUBSTANCE. It stains Thrall's fingers like wet paint. It's the SAME PASTE we saw Lo'Gosh making earlier.

THRALL
What is this...?

He smells the residue on his fingertips. His eyes widen in alarm, nostrils flaring as he realizes what it is.

THRALL
Swift-thistle... I am betrayed!

Thrall stumbles backward drowsily as the effects of the drug take hold. The dagger slips from his hand into the dirt.

PROUDMOORE
 Now!

Suddenly the landscape around us seems to COME ALIVE. A TEAM OF ALLIANCE COMMANDOS throws off the DESERT CAMOUFLAGE concealing them as they rise from pits dug in the earth.

The Alliance commandos RAISE CROSSBOWS, level them at Thrall. The arrowheads glisten, coated with more of Lo'Gosh's drug.

JAINA
 No!

Jaina rushes toward Thrall but Proudmoore restrains her as the Alliance archers OPEN FIRE. Thrall ROARS IN PAIN as the crossbow bolts strike him. He slumps to one knee, the poison weakening him further. The Alliance commandos close in.

Thrall's wolf snarls angrily and POUNCES TO HIS DEFENSE, MAULING an Alliance commando before it is SHOT WITH ARROWS and goes down. The commandos surround the weakened Thrall.

Thrall's strength is ebbing away. The Alliance troops prepare nets and ropes. It would appear to be over... but then Thrall's eyes FLICKER OPEN. Defiance coursing through him.

He begins to CHANT IN ORCISH, a prayer similar to the one we heard on the beach. THE WIND RISES, kicking up dust. And then the EARTH ITSELF BEGINS TO SHAKE. The Alliance commandos look around anxiously as the ground trembles beneath them.

With a mighty warcry Thrall SURGES BACK TO HIS FEET, throwing off the Alliance forces. He grabs his hammer and SMASHES IT INTO THE EARTH, creating a DEEP RIFT that snakes across the ground. Several Alliance soldiers PLUMMET INTO THE FISSURE.

Proudmoore and Jaina are KNOCKED OFF THEIR FEET by the quaking earth beneath them. Jaina HITS HER HEAD AGAINST A ROCK as she falls, knocking her out cold.

The other soldiers rush again at Thrall. He knocks several away with a SWEEPING BLOW of his hammer.

The WIND HOWLS, growing ever stronger. Whipping up DUST DEVILS that whirl aggressively around Thrall, PROTECTING HIM. As the Alliance troops try to approach Thrall, they are CAUGHT UP IN THE WHIRLWINDS and sent spinning into the air.

Dazed, looks around to see Jaina lying unconscious nearby. Head bleeding. He scrambles frantically to her side.

PROUDMOORE

Jaina... Jaina!

She doesn't respond. Furious, Proudmoore draws his sword and rushes at Thrall, who sees him coming and KNOCKS HIM OFF HIS FEET with a swipe of his hammer. As Proudmoore crawls away, Thrall bears down on him, his fury rising, poised to strike.

Suddenly LO'GOSH APPEARS BEHIND THRALL. Leaping onto his back and PLUNGING A FISTFUL OF POISONED ARROWS into his shoulder.

Thrall CRIES OUT and slumps to the ground. Struggling to his last breath but slipping finally into unconsciousness. And at last the elemental forces subside, dust settling around them.

Proudmoore hauls himself to his feet, brushes himself off.

PROUDMOORE

Shackle him. Get him ready to move.

The Alliance commandos clap the unconscious Thrall's hands and feet in irons. Lo'Gosh watches uneasily. Hands playing across the old shackle marks still visible on his own wrists.

A TARPAULIN is unfurled on the ground and hitched to the back of Proudmoore's horse. The soldiers roll Thrall's limp body onto the tarp and lash it around him like a body bag.

Proudmoore checks on Jaina. She moans, semi-conscious. He lifts her onto his shoulder and drapes her over his saddle.

Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh mount up and turn their horses back toward Theramore. Proudmoore dragging Thrall behind him as the Alliance commandos get to work cleaning up the mess.

EXT. THERAMORE - DAY

Citizens and guards look on excitedly as Proudmoore and Lo'Gosh ride back into town. Proudmoore has a triumphant look about him. Lo'Gosh is more difficult to read.

Curious townsfolk congregate around as Proudmoore unties the tarp behind his horse. They step back with a GASP as he unfurls it to reveal the unconscious Orc inside.

PROUDMOORE

Get him to the stockade quickly!

Alliance soldiers move in and drag Thrall away as a pair of Theramore guards assist Jaina down from Proudmoore's horse. She's beginning to come around, groaning.

PROUDMOORE

Jaina. Are you all right?

Jaina blinks her eyes. Still woozy. The sight of her father focuses her. She SLAPS HIM HARD IN THE FACE.

JAINA

Why? Just tell me why?

PROUDMOORE

I will not allow this city to fall.
But let's see the Orcs attack us
now, without their great Warchief
to lead them. You cut off the head,
and the body dies.

JAINA

You arrogant ass. Thrall was the
only thing keeping them from
attacking us. You should have
trusted him. You should have
trusted me.

Jaina trembles with anger. A tear rolls down her cheek.

JAINA

Everything I've worked for here...
you've undone it all. You are not
my father.

BEAT. That stung Proudmoore. He tries to conceal it.

PROUDMOORE

We should get that wound looked at.
Here, let me-

He goes to take her by the arm, but she pulls away.

JAINA

Don't touch me.

She storms off. Lo'Gosh watches her go. He appears conflicted - guilty, perhaps? Proudmoore turns to him, all business.

PROUDMOORE

I want you to handle the
interrogation. Get to work.

EXT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - DAY

Dark, dank stone walls. Thrall sits in a shadowy corner, shackled to the wall. His head hangs low. Stripped of his armor. It's saddening to see him so humbled.

The GUARDS outside the cell unlock the iron gate and admit Lo'Gosh. They step inside with him, but he motions them back.

DUNGEON GUARD
He's more dangerous than he looks.

LO'GOSH
I know exactly how dangerous he is.

Lo'Gosh looks at Thrall, shackled in the darkness. Similar to how he himself looked at the beginning of our story.

The following exchange is in SUBTITLED ORCISH.

LO'GOSH
You're a shaman, yes?

Thrall raises his head, his eyes two bright pin-points in the darkness. He says nothing; we hear only his slow breathing.

LO'GOSH
Master of the elements. I've heard of your kind. But I thought you were all extinct.

BEAT. And then the CLINKING OF CHAINS as Thrall begins to move. Rising to his feet. Stepping now out of the shadows.

THRALL
No creature is master of the elements. A shaman strives only to become one with them. But when that state of being is achieved, nothing can confine its power.

Thrall STOPS as his chains pull taut. Just inches from Lo'Gosh. And speaks now in PERFECT ENGLISH.

THRALL
In short, Human - you really have no idea how dangerous I am.

Lo'Gosh's eyes widen with astonishment.

LO'GOSH
You speak-

THRALL

Common is the perception among Humans that my people are mindless savages. And so it was, for many years. But no longer.

LO'GOSH

Good. That will make this easier. I need to know about your army. Force strengths, armaments, tactics.

THRALL

You wish to know the strength of my army? You will, soon enough - when it comes to burn this city to the ground.

LO'GOSH

You think they'll come for you.

THRALL

For me? No. They will come only to spill blood. For years I have labored to lift my people out of the darkness. But there are those among them who will always be mired in the old ways. The dark ways. And in my absence they will rise again. For you have given them precisely the excuse they need.

Thrall moves back into the shadows, sorrowful. Lo'Gosh is confounded by Thrall's demeanor. He heads back to the gate.

THRALL

You don't remember... do you?

LO'GOSH

Remember what?

THRALL

Hmm. It must not yet be time.

Lo'Gosh rounds on Thrall angrily. Something about that comment really pushed his buttons.

LO'GOSH

Remember what?

Thrall says nothing. Again, he is just a dark shape lurking in the shadows. Greatly perturbed, Lo'Gosh turns and leaves.

INT. ORGRIMMAR - MILITARY HALL - NIGHT

The walls adorned with weapons and armor. SENIOR ORCISH OFFICERS look on as TWO ORC SCOUTS stand before Grommash. A BLOODIED SCRAP OF THRALL'S ARMOR on the table between them.

ORCISH SCOUT
(subtitled Orcish)
*That's all we found. And some
traces of Human blood.*

Grommash examines the bloody armor. Bows his head in sorrow.

GROMMASH
The Warchief is dead...

A grim BEAT. And then an ORCISH OFFICER pipes up:

ORCISH OFFICER
Long live the Warchief!

Grommash looks up to realize that all eyes are on him.

ORCISH OFFICER #2
Long live the Warchief!

More and more officers pick up the cry, chanting it in unison. Grommash's chest swells, a fiercely determined look in his eye. The chanting rising to a crescendo as we CUT TO:

EXT. THERAMORE KEEP - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lo'Gosh walks toward his quarters. Still troubled.

JAINA (O.S.)
Whose idea was it?

He stops. Turns back to see Jaina emerging from the shadows. She's been waiting for him. Her head wound has been dressed.

LO'GOSH
How's your head?

JAINA
I asked you a question.

LO'GOSH
I told you I'd do whatever was
necessary to help your father avoid
a war.

JAINA
And do you believe that's what
you've done?

BEAT. Lo'Gosh does not appear entirely sure of himself.

LO'GOSH
...I don't know.

JAINA
What did Thrall say to you? My
father won't allow me to see him.

LO'GOSH
I've lived among Orcs for many
years. But he's not like any I've
known. He's almost... civil.

JAINA
Did he tell you about Durnholde?
What really happened when he was a
prisoner there?
(off Lo'Gosh's look)
You should ask him to tell you the
story. It's the reason he was
willing to trust us.

A sad look comes over Jaina. She turns and walks away,
leaving Lo'Gosh to think about what she's said.

INT. ORGRIMMAR - HORDE COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

Filled to the rafters. At the center of the chamber stands
Grommash - now adorned in the armor of the WARCHIEF.

GROMMASH
Countless times I warned of Human
treachery! Well, now we have seen
their true nature laid bare. And
our great Warchief has paid the
price - in blood!

Grommash's heated rhetoric is stirring the Orcs into a
violent fervor. Cairne stands in the shadows, concerned.

GROMMASH
My first act as your new Warchief
will be in honor of our fallen
leader. We will take bloody revenge
in his name. The Humans will pay so
dearly their ancestors will feel
their suffering!

The assembled Orcs ROAR IN AGGRESSIVE SUPPORT. Cairne can't
take any more. He steps into the center of the chamber.

CAIRNE
Enough!

The Orcs quieten. Cairne stares down Grommash.

CAIRNE

I cannot allow this to happen.

Cairne turns away from Grommash to address the chamber.

CAIRNE

Thrall brought your race back from the brink of extinction. He gave you a future. Turning our back on the old hatreds was the foundation of everything he built here.

GROMMASH

Cairne, you've been a fine ally in time of peace. But now war is upon us. Either you stand with the Horde in battle, or not at all.

CAIRNE

This is a desecration of everything Thrall believed in. I will not have any part in it, nor will any of my people.

GROMMASH

Perhaps we should settle this in the old fashion, Cairne. You wish to lead the Horde? Then challenge me for the right.

All eyes are on he and Cairne, the atmosphere is tense.

GROMMASH

Challenge me in unarmed combat, or lead your people from this city. And leave this war to those with the courage to fight it.

You could hear a pin drop. And then Cairne STEPS FORWARD AND CASTS OFF HIS CLOAK. Ready to fight.

Grommash grins, cracks his knuckles. Unbuckles his scabbard and lets his sword fall to the ground. The assembled Horde watch, rapt, as the two great warriors circle each other...

...AND CLASH! The watching Horde surge forward on the tiered balconies, jostling for a view of the action.

This is not an elegant fight. It is a bestial brawl, defined entirely by power and fury. After a desperate grapple, Cairne hurls Grommash against the chamber wall, SMASHING IT.

Cairne ROARS and charges at the dazed Grommash, who evades with inches to spare before flooring Cairne with a VICIOUS HOOK TO THE JAW. Grommash pounces and they grapple again.

Cairne gets the upper hand. He has Grommash pinned, choking the life from him. But unseen by spectators, Grommash DRAWS A HIDDEN DAGGER and slashes Cairne across the arm. As Cairne CRIES OUT and falls backward, Grommash conceals the blade.

Grommash charges the reeling Cairne. FLOORS HIM with a powerful punch. Cairne CRASHES TO THE FLOOR. Grommash picks up his sword, unsheathes it as he stands over Cairne.

GROMMASH

All challenges are to the death.

Grommash draws back his sword, but several OUTRAGED TAUREN rush to stop him. ORC GUARDS move to intercept them and a BRAWL breaks out as the Tauren drag Cairne to safety.

GROMMASH

The Tauren have now shown their cowardice for all to see! They are hereby exiled from the Horde!

He raises his fist, victorious.

GROMMASH

The army marches at dawn!

The assembled Orcs ROAR in approval.

EXT. ORGRIMMAR - DAWN

Cairne, limping from his injuries, leads a grim procession of the Tauren people out of Orgrimmar and across the plains.

Grommash watches from the ramparts as the exiled Tauren depart. He turns to his senior aide, COLONEL GAR'THOK.

GROMMASH

The army is ready?

GAR'THOK

I've never seen them thirstier for blood, sire.

GROMMASH

Good.

He turns and looks out to the horizon, toward Theramore.

GROMMASH

Today they will drink deep.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - DAWN

Lo'Gosh stands with a tray of food before the manacled Thrall, who sits in a dark corner, eyes closed. Meditative.

LO'GOSH

I brought you something to eat.

Thrall doesn't respond. Lo'Gosh puts the tray on the floor between them, shoves it toward Thrall with his foot.

LO'GOSH

What happened at Durnholde?

That gets Thrall's attention. His eyes open. He reaches out and takes an apple from the tray of food, examines it.

THRALL

I heard one of the guards speak your name. Ghost Wolf. You're the Human who lived among Orcs. We have more in common than you realize.

LO'GOSH

What do you mean?

THRALL

We were both renamed by our captors. My birth-name is "Go-El." It's an ancient word, little used any more. Do you know what it means?

LO'GOSH

"Redeemer"...

THRALL

Now you know my true name. Perhaps you could tell me yours.

BEAT. Not a comfortable subject for Lo'Gosh.

LO'GOSH

What happened at Durnholde?

Thrall takes a bite of his apple.

THRALL

After the Second War, the Alliance raided every Orcish settlement they could find, determined to purge us from their lands. I was captured and taken to Durnholde with other prisoners of war.

(MORE)

THRALL (CONT'D)

The commandant there, a Human named Blackmoore, saw that I was unlike the others - a shaman, not a warrior - and decided to torment me. He forced me to fight. Pitted me against my Orc brothers in gladiatorial games to amuse him. He named me Thrall, to remind me that I would always be his slave.

Thrall speaks with great sorrow as he relays these painful memories. Lo'Gosh listens, trying to remain detached.

THRALL

Everything about Humans that Orcs have been taught to hate was manifest in that man. But there was another. A servant girl who took pity on me. She snuck me food from the kitchens, tended my wounds. Taught me your language. She was my friend.

(beat)

Then one day Blackmoore discovered her. He had her executed for treason and raised her head on a spike over the keep's walls as an example to others.

Lo'Gosh is stunned to see a TEAR ROLL DOWN THRALL'S CHEEK.

THRALL

Since then, I've been fascinated by the duality of Humankind. You are a curious people. Capable of such hideous cruelty and, at once, such great kindness and charity. A species at war with your own nature - much like my own.

LO'GOSH

Why do you still keep the name the Humans gave you?

THRALL

It is a reminder to me that I spent much of my life as their prisoner. I have sworn to devote the rest of it to ensuring that no Orc will ever do so again.

LO'GOSH

Then why haven't you driven out the Humans here?

(MORE)

LO'GOSH (CONT'D)

You have the superior army. Orcish tradition demands that you-

THRALL

I am a student of history. And history teaches us that either we heed the mistakes of our past - or else relive them in an endless cycle. Orcs and Humans are locked in a cycle of hatred, each generation's prejudices handed down to the next. If either of our peoples are to survive, it has to end. You need something to tell Proudmoore? Tell him that.

BEAT. Lo'Gosh clearly affected by all that he has heard. He turns to exit... then stops at the cell door. Turns back.

LO'GOSH

Taretha...

(beat)

The girl who helped you. Her name was Taretha...

THRALL

(eyes widen)

You remember...

Lo'Gosh marches angrily back toward Thrall.

LO'GOSH

How do I know that? How could I possibly know that?

THRALL

The answers will come. Fate has brought you this far. And you must trust that it will take you the rest of the way.

THERAMORE'S ALARM BELLS SOUND O.S. Followed quickly by the sounds of PANIC AND SHOUTING on the streets above.

Lo'Gosh turns and rushes for the door. Thrall gazes up at the dank dungeon ceiling, listening to the muted sounds of panic above. He knows what it means. Hangs his head low in sorrow.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - CONTINUOUS

CHAOS. Panicked citizens rush in every direction. Soldiers usher townsfolk from the farmland outside the city walls through the main gate, preparing to seal it behind them.

Lo'Gosh rushes across the square and up a flight of stone steps leading to Theramore's battlements. Proudmoore is already there. Looking out grimly onto the plains beyond...

...where GROMMASH'S ARMY IS ASSEMBLING. LEGIONS OF ORCS already in formation, COUNTLESS MORE arriving out of the marshlands. HUGE SIEGE ENGINES being moved into position.

Proudmoore shows no fear. He's utterly calm and composed.

PROUDMOORE

Well... it would appear that we've misjudged our enemy.

An ALLIANCE OFFICER rushes to Proudmoore to report.

ALLIANCE OFFICER

Sir, all gun crews at the ready. We're mustering what infantry we have at the main gate.

LO'GOSH

What are you doing?

PROUDMOORE

They may have us outnumbered, but if they think they're going to take this city without a bloody good fight they're very much mistaken.

LO'GOSH

Are you insane? You can't repel that army. Look at it!

PROUDMOORE

What other options are there? Surrender? I'll die first.

LO'GOSH

Thrall is still their true leader. I don't believe he wants a war any more than we do. If we let him-

Proudmoore wheels on Lo'Gosh cutting him off.

PROUDMOORE

Either you stand with us, or you stand out there with them. I think it's time you decided whose side you're really on.

BEAT - then Lo'Gosh turns and hurries back down the wall steps toward the center of town.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - JAINA'S CHAMBERS - MORNING

As the sounds of chaos continue outside, Jaina calmly gives orders to one of her GUARD CAPTAINS as Buttonwillow looks on.

JAINA

I want you to start evacuating the city. Commandeer every ship in the harbor, have them take as many as they can carry. Children first.

THERAMORE GUARD CAPTAIN

We won't get many out that way.

JAINA

I know. But we must save all that we can. Go now, hurry!

The guard nods and rushes off.

BUTTONWILLOW

I knew it would come to this.

JAINA

If you don't have anything helpful to say, I'd just as soon you said nothing at all.

BEAT. Jaina instantly regrets having said that.

JAINA

I'm sorry. Forgive me. Perhaps you and I together, we can-

BUTTONWILLOW

That is not why we were empowered. It's not why I trained you.

JAINA

I know... I know! But I can't just stand idle and watch these people die. I swore an oath to protect them.

BUTTONWILLOW

You swore an oath even greater than that one. Or do you not remember?

JAINA

I remember. I still must do whatever else I can.

BUTTONWILLOW

I know. I'll help you.

INT. THERAMORE - SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

Jaina and Buttonwillow help teachers to usher schoolchildren into underground shelters. Hatches in the floor open to reveal stone steps leading down into darkened bunkers.

JAINA

Come on, children! That's it. As fast as you can.

Jaina notices one of the teachers is having trouble with a CRYING CHILD who refuses to go down into the shelter.

JAINA

Kevin, what's the matter?

KEVIN

Why can't we go on the ships with the others?

JAINA

All the ships are full. You'll be just as safe down there, I promise.

KEVIN

I don't like it down there. It's dark.

JAINA

It's just for a little while. Mrs Davenport will be with you, so will all your friends. It's very important - will you do it for me?

She smiles warmly. Kevin wipes away a tear and nods.

JAINA

Good boy, come on.

As Kevin heads down into the shelter Lo'Gosh appears in the doorway. He spots Jaina and rushes to her. She glances at him dismissively as she carries on with her work.

JAINA

Don't you have a battle to fight?

LO'GOSH

Come on. I'm getting you out of here. I'm putting you on a ship.

He tries to take her by the arm, but she shakes him off.

JAINA
This is my city. These are my
people. I stand with them.

LO'GOSH
If you stay here, you're going to
die with them.

JAINA
And you?

LO'GOSH
I helped set all this in motion.
It's only right that I stay and
face the consequences.

Jaina is surprised by that. It's the first genuinely noble,
selfless thing she's heard him say.

LO'GOSH
It doesn't matter what happens to
me. It's too late to stop this now.
And what begins here could consume
all of Azeroth. But when this war
is over, the world is going to need
people who have the faith and the
courage to rebuild it.

BEAT. Jaina clearly affected by those words.

JAINA
You think quoting the words of a
dead king is going to persuade me?

Lo'Gosh looks puzzled; no idea what she's talking about.
Jaina grabs a pile of blankets and shoves them at Lo'Gosh.

JAINA
I was sent here to protect the
people of this city. And that's
what I'm going to do. If you're
staying then make yourself useful.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - CONTINUOUS

GROMMASH is mounted on a wolf at the head of the Orcish
battle formations. He smells the air as Gar'Thok approaches.

GROMMASH
A good day for a war, wouldn't you
say, Colonel?

GAR'THOK
Yes, sire.

GROMMASH
Artillery at the ready?

GAR'THOK
At your command.

BEAT. Grommash savoring the moment before he gives the order:

GROMMASH
Open fire.

Gar'Thok shouts an order to the artillerymen. They LIGHT THE OIL-SOAKED BOULDERS in their giant catapults and LOOSE THEM.

Theramore soldiers dive for cover as the flaming boulders SMASH INTO THE CITY WALLS. Others fly overhead and CRASH INTO BUILDINGS, destroying them in FIERY EXPLOSIONS.

PROUDMOORE
Return fire!

The ALLIANCE CANNONEERS on the city battlements OPEN FIRE. The cannonballs PLOUGH INTO THE ORCISH FORMATIONS, sending soldiers hurtling through the air in all directions.

Grommash looks at Theramore's walls - damaged and smoking from the first catapult attack, but still intact.

GROMMASH
Give me another volley! I want
those walls destroyed!

The Orc artillerymen reload, as a VOLLEY OF ARROWS is loosed from archers along Theramore's walls. The Orcs duck behind their shields as the ARROWS RAIN DOWN UPON THEM. Most are deflected but many Orcs are felled.

The Orcish catapults FIRE AGAIN. MORE FIERY BOULDERS CRASH DOWN WITHIN THE CITY WALLS. Two boulders hit the wall directly and BLOW APART A PARAPET, obliterating a gun crew.

Grommash sees a GROWING CRACK in Theramore's wall.

GROMMASH
Again! Target that wall!

The artillerymen hurry to reload once again. All the while INCOMING CANNON FIRE blasting the Orc formations.

THERAMORE - MAIN GATE INTERIOR

Alliance troops move into position by the main gate. A sizable force, but not nearly as many as the Orcish numbers.

Proudmoore stands at the spearhead of the Alliance forces, addressing the men. Sword drawn and at the ready.

PROUDMOORE
On my signal, advance and meet
their charge at the breach point!
Do not let them inside the city!

ORCISH BATTLE LINES

The catapults OPEN FIRE. The concentrated volley SMASHING INTO THERAMORE'S WALL. As the smoke clears, it reveals A JAGGED GAP IN THE WALL. Wide enough to lead a charge through.

GROMMASH
For the Horde! *Lok'tar Ogar!*

Victory or Death. The battle cry is ECHOED BY THE ENTIRE ORC ARMY. A deafening roar that sends a chill down Human spines.

The Orc army SURGES FORWARD, Grommash the tip of the spear.

THERAMORE - MAIN GATE INTERIOR

Proudmoore's forces stand behind the breached wall, watching as the Horde army bears down on them. A couple of the local Theramore soldiers DROP THEIR WEAPONS and run away, panic-stricken. Proudmoore stands firm.

PROUDMOORE
You will hold this line!

Grommash brandishes his double-bladed axe as he reaches the wall... and LEAPS ON HIS WOLF MOUNT OVER THE HEADS OF THE HUMAN FRONT LINE, LANDING AMONG THE ALLIANCE TROOPS.

He leaps from his mount, swinging his axe, SLAYING ALLIANCE SOLDIERS LEFT AND RIGHT. The riderless wolf tears into the Alliance lines, MAULING TROOPS with its fangs. CHAOS.

And then the full force of the Orc army PILES INTO THE HUMAN LINES. The two armies CLASH in a whirlwind of blood and fury.

Theramore's defenders fight valiantly, but the Orcs are just too many. The Alliance line weakens... and then COLLAPSES TOTALLY. Countless Orcs now TEEMING THROUGH THE WALL.

Proudmoore is at the center of the fray, fighting like a bulldog with sword and shield. Teeth clenched as he clashes with the Orcs, a warrior totally in his element.

Lo'Gosh, Jaina and Buttonwillow emerge from the schoolhouse to see townsfolk fleeing in all directions as the Orcs stampede through the city, slaying anyone in their path.

JAINA
Light preserve us...

LO'GOSH
I need a weapon.

An ORC WARRIOR rushes at them, brandishing a sword. As the Orc swings at Lo'Gosh, he feints at the last moment - just like in the arena - then grabs the Orc's sword arm and twists it inward, DRIVING HIS OWN SWORD CLEAN THROUGH HIM. The Orc topples backward and crashes to the ground, dead.

Lo'Gosh takes the Orc's sword and hefts it, the bloody steel glistening in the sunlight. It feels good.

LO'GOSH
That's better.

JAINA
We have to get to the armory.

Jaina leads them away down the street as chaos continues all around. But as they round a corner, Jaina is dismayed to see:

THERAMORE ARMORY IN FLAMES. Already sacked by the Orcs, who now swarm around it, slaying the last of its defenders.

LO'GOSH
That's it. I'm getting you out of here, now.

JAINA
I won't leave these people to perish!

LO'GOSH
Look around you! A warrior knows when to fight and when to run!
(beat)
There are going to be more people who need you - you can't help them if you're dead!

Jaina reluctantly nods agreement. And they race off toward:

THERAMORE HARBOR

Ships teeming with citizens hurriedly departing. Others still being boarded. Lo'Gosh heads for the closest ship...

...just as a PARTY OF ORCISH RAIDERS rushes headlong into the harbor ahead of them. Clashing swords with Theramore guards, the furious melee blocking any escape route to the ships.

A GROUP OF ORCS spot our heroes and start toward them.

BUTTONWILLOW

I think this is one of those times
when you run.

LO'GOSH

I think you're right.

They turn and run. Headed toward the nearby LIGHTHOUSE.

THERAMORE LIGHTHOUSE STEPS

Lo'Gosh and Jaina race up the spiral steps. Buttonwillow dashes to keep up - the steps are steep for a Gnome.

The Orcs pursue, only moments behind.

TOP OF LIGHTHOUSE

They arrive at the top. They're trapped, nowhere else to run.

LO'GOSH

Okay, now what?

JAINA

I was following you!

LO'GOSH

What made you think I had a plan?

The Orcs arrive at the top of the stairs. Four of them, heavily armed and thirsty for blood.

LO'GOSH

Stay back.

Lo'Gosh flourishes his sword as the Orcs ATTACK. He quickly slays the first one, and as the second charges at him he turns his body and flips the Orc over his shoulder - THROUGH THE LIGHTHOUSE GLASS, sending him plummeting to his death.

The third Orc SLASHES LO'GOSH ACROSS HIS SWORD ARM. Lo'Gosh drops his sword, wounded. The Orcs move in for the kill...

...and then Buttonwillow steps forward, BLOCKING THEM.

BUTTONWILLOW

Why don't you try picking on
somebody your own size?

The Orcs exchange bemused looks - and SNORT WITH LAUGHTER. They raise their swords to cut down the Gnome.

Buttonwillow's hands CRACKLE WITH MAGICAL ENERGY... and in a flash both Orcs are TRANSFORMED INTO SHEEP.

BUTTONWILLOW
Hmmm. I must be a little rusty.
They were supposed to be chickens.

Lo'Gosh looks in astonishment at the two harmless sheep, which BLEAT as they wander around, confused.

LO'GOSH
...how did you...?

JAINA
She's not my advisor. I'm her
apprentice. She's Archmage Aegywnn.
Last Guardian of Tirisfal.

AEGWYNN
Second-to-last. Technically, I'm
retired.

Lo'Gosh's mind reels as he tries to catch up.

LO'GOSH
You don't look like your portrait.

AEGWYNN
Yes, that would be the point.
Harder for your enemies to kill you
if they think you're already dead.

INT. THERAMORE ISLE - CONTINUOUS

Proudmoores is at the center of what remains of the Alliance defense forces, still fighting valiantly.

ALLIANCE CAPTAIN
Sir! You have to signal the
retreat!

PROUDMOORE
Retreat? I'll have none of it!

ALLIANCE CAPTAIN
Theramore is lost! Would you see us
slaughtered to the last man?

Proudmoores looks around. And it's clear that their cause is lost - the last of his forces on the verge of being routed. He's about to give an order when we hear a DEEP SOUND PASSING OVERHEAD. Almost like a SONIC BOOM...

...as a CANNONBALL PLOUGHS INTO THE ORCISH LINES, sending bodies flying. Proudmoore looks up to see MORE CANNONBALLS SOARING OVERHEAD. CRASHING INTO ANOTHER ORCISH FORMATION.

PROUDMOORE

Where's that fire coming from?

THERAMORE LIGHTHOUSE

Lo'Gosh and Jaina look out from the lighthouse toward the sea. From this high vantage point they can see what it is.

LO'GOSH

It's the rest of the fleet!

And now we see it too. Sailing out of the sun is the DEFIANT. Headed full-tilt toward Theramore at the head of the ALLIANCE ARMADA. A flotilla of NIGHT ELF SHIPS sailing alongside.

DEFIANT FOREDECK

Stormpike lowers his spyglass with a smile. Behind him, smoke wisps from the muzzles of a dozen ALLIANCE CANNONS.

STORMPIKE

Excellent shot, Mister Chinnery!
Another volley at the same range,
if you please!

(to helmsman)

Bend every sail you've got, Mister
Bisley! Let's try to get into this
fight before it's over!

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - CONTINUOUS

ANOTHER CANNON VOLLEY smashes into the Orcish lines. The Alliance troops are spurred on, morale surging. Though still outnumbered they now fight with an increased ferocity.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - HARBOR - CONTINUOUS

The Defiant sails into Theramore at speed, practically RAMMING THE WHARF as it pulls into the dock. HUNDREDS OF ALLIANCE TROOPS rush from the ship and onto the dock.

STORMPIKE

Infantry hold position! Rifle
battery, two lines, now!

The infantrymen hold position as a brigade of DWARF RIFLEMEN armed with wide-barreled flintlocks forms up on the harbor.

PRIVATE JENKINS stands with the infantry behind the riflemen, clenching his sword. Restless, eager to join the battle.

He watches as a Theramore guard clashes with an Orc on the harbor nearby and BREAKS RANKS, rushing forward to help, flourishing his sword with a zealous BATTLE CRY.

STORMPIKE

Jenkins! Get your arse back here!

Jenkins clashes swords with an Orc, parrying a few blows before he is CUT DOWN. Stormpike curses under his breath as Jenkins slumps to the ground, dead.

STORMPIKE

Front rank, fire!

The riflemen OPEN FIRE. A deafening cacophony of gunfire that fells multiple Orcs. As the front rank reloads:

STORMPIKE

Second rank, fire!

ANOTHER RIFLE VOLLEY fells more Orcs.

STORMPIKE

Fire and advance by rank!

As the second rank reloads, it dashes forward to become the new front rank and the riflemen behind them FIRE AGAIN. More Orcs are cut down - and now they begin to fall back.

STORMPIKE

All right lads, let's show these bastards what we're made of! For the Alliance!

Stormpike's men ROAR and follow him into battle, CLASHING WITH THE ORCS. Suddenly the complexion of the battle changes - much more evenly matched now, with more Alliance troops spilling onto the dock as more ships arrive in the harbor.

THE FIRST NIGHT ELF SHIP arrives, NIGHT ELF WARRIORS rushing into battle. The Elves move with an unparalleled speed and agility, sprinting ahead of their Human counterparts and fighting with a martial prowess that is simply astonishing. Whirling and leaping with staggering agility. Just a handful of them creating panic and disarray among hundreds of Orcs.

As they fight, the Night Elves seem to PHASE IN AND OUT like shadows, becoming formless and semi-visible and then re-appearing. It makes them almost impossible to hit back at.

TYRANDE is among her Night Elves, commanding them in battle. A pair of Orcs round on her - the only Elf not carrying a weapon, she appears an easy target. But as they close in she MORPHS INTO A GIANT BEAR, fangs bared and snarling.

The Orcs try to turn tail and run, but Tyrande is too fast - she POUNCES FORWARD and brings them down, mauling them.

Grommash can see the tide of the battle turning, the newly-reinforced Alliance forces pushing his troops back.

GAR'THOK
Warchief! We must withdraw!

GROMMASH
Never!

GAR'THOK
We must! The Alliance are too many!
And the Night Elves have joined
them! We are undone!

Grommash surveys the scene of battle before him. The Alliance surging forward, his forces falling back. Gar'Thok is right.

GROMMASH
Sound the retreat. And Gar'Thok - I
want everything burned!

WIDE CRANE SHOT from above the field of battle shows the waves of reinforced Alliance troops pushing the Orc army back toward Theramore's perimeter (this angle reminiscent of the well-known top-down POV from the Warcraft strategy games).

As Grommash's troops retreat, they STRIKE TORCHES and set fire to everything they pass - thatched roofs, hay bales, wooden stockpiles. Soon Theramore is in a FIRESTORM as the Orc troops retreat back through the breached wall.

Lo'Gosh, Jaina and Buttonwillow emerge from the lighthouse. Jaina in dismay at the sight of her city in flames. She grabs a THERAMORE GUARD CAPTAIN as he rushes past.

JAINA
Captain!

THERAMORE CAPTAIN
We've got these buggers on the run
now, ma'am!

JAINA
Forget the Orcs! We've got to get
these fires out! The city could yet
be lost! Come on!

Jaina leads the Captain away. Lo'Gosh scans the chaos around him, clutching his sword. Spots a fleeing Orc approaching a building with a burning torch and rushes to intercept him.

As the Orc is about to fire the building, Lo'Gosh SLICES OFF THE BURNING END OF HIS TORCH WITH HIS SWORD. The Orc raises his sword to attack but Lo'Gosh expertly cuts him down.

Nearby, Grommash's anger rises as he watches his men flee, his plans in ruins. Through the flames he sees Lo'Gosh slay the torch-carrying Orc and RUSHES AT HIM IN A BLIND FURY.

Lo'Gosh's blood is up from the thrill of combat. He rushes to meet Grommash head-on and they CLASH. Grommash swipes at Lo'Gosh with his axe. Lo'Gosh blocks it, the blow pushing him backward. Grommash attacks again and again. With each strike he seems to grow stronger, fueled by a burning fury.

Lo'Gosh has never fought an Orc this powerful, this enraged. It's all he can do to fend off his relentless attacks. An overhead axe blow knocks him clean off his feet, sword skittering away across the cobblestones.

Grommash moves in for the killer blow but Lo'Gosh counters, kicking his legs away and knocking him to the ground. Now the two warriors GRAPPLE, Grommash's hands at Lo'Gosh's throat. Lo'Gosh claws desperately at Grommash as he chokes him with all his might, driven entirely by raw hatred and rage...

...and his eyes begin to GLOW, burning with a DEMONIC FIRE - the twisted, writhing forms of GIANT HORNED DEMONS within. Windows into a world of pure evil. It horrifies Lo'Gosh.

Lo'Gosh continues to struggle, but he's losing consciousness. It's almost lights-out - when a GUNSHOT STRIKES GROMMASH IN THE SHOULDER. Grommash cries out and falls backward. Lo'Gosh leaps to his feet and grabs up his sword, looking for Grommash - but he is gone, disappeared into the flames.

Stormpike appears behind Lo'Gosh, reloading his musket.

STORMPIKE

Looks like you owe me one, lad.

Lo'Gosh spots something - shoves Stormpike aside just as ANOTHER ORC COMES AT HIM FROM BEHIND, SWORD FLAILING. Another second and Stormpike would have been cleaved in two. Lo'Gosh RUNS THE ORC THROUGH WITH HIS SWORD. Stormpike watches as the Orc slumps dead at his feet.

STORMPIKE

Well, that didn't last long.

EXT. THERAMORE TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The "Fox and Anchor" is engulfed in flames. Jaina stands at the head of a BUCKET BRIGADE comprised of Theramore guards and townsfolk, trying desperately to fight the fires.

Bucket after bucket of water is hurled onto the fires - but it's not enough. They're raging out of control.

Across the street, Theramore's CHURCH is also ablaze. Reduced to a skeleton of charred timbers. The wooden framework CREAKS as the fires weaken it further, beginning to give way...

Jaina hears the GROANING of wood, turns to see the church steeple TOPPLING RIGHT TOWARD THEM.

JAINA
Move! Move!

She tries to usher people away, but there's no time - the burning church steeple is going to collapse right on top of them. She looks up in horror, facing certain death.

And then suddenly the COLLAPSING STEEPLE FREEZES IN MID-AIR. Held in suspension just a few feet over Jaina and the others.

REVEAL BUTTONWILLOW/AEGWYNN standing beneath the collapsing structure, holding it up with a MAGICAL ENERGY FIELD.

AEGWYNN
Go! Get them out of here!

It's a struggle for Aegwynn to keep the steeple suspended. She gives it everything she's got, but her magical field is weakening. Jaina hesitates... then grabs the nearest citizen and pulls him along as she moves clear of the steeple.

JAINA
Come on! Everybody move!

As the townsfolk get clear, Jaina looks back to see Aegwynn's power weakening. She's about to rush back to help - but it's too late. The burning steeple COLLAPSES DOWN ON AEGWYNN.

JAINA
Aegwynn! NO!

She runs toward the burning wreckage but Lo'Gosh appears and restrains her.

LO'GOSH
Jaina, stop! There's nothing-

Jaina pushes Lo'Gosh away, rushes back to the wreckage of the collapsed steeple. Kneels at its edge and raises her hands, palms upturned. Eyes closed, focusing...

...and a BURNING TIMBER LEVITATES FROM THE WRECKAGE. Then another. And another. Soon Jaina is MAGICALLY LIFTING THE ENTIRE STEEPLE WRECKAGE, STILL ABLAZE, OFF THE GROUND.

Lo'Gosh rushes in beneath the wreckage. Aegwynn lies amid the debris, her body broken and burned. As Jaina strains to keep the wreckage aloft Lo'Gosh hauls Aegwynn into the clear.

Jaina releases the wreckage, letting it crash back down and rushing to Aegwynn's side. She's barely alive.

JAINA

Master...

Aegwynn's eyes flicker open, find Jaina. She reaches up and touches her face tenderly.

AEGWYNN

You were always... a good student.

A tear rolls down Jaina's cheek. She tries to smile.

JAINA

You broke your own rule. You used magic in plain sight.

AEGWYNN

If I hadn't, you'd be dead. And Azeroth needs you now.

Aegwynn's voice is weakening, her life ebbing away.

AEGWYNN

The time I've trained you for is upon us. The Legion will come. I've seen it. And you must stand against them... as Guardian of Tirisfal.

JAINA

No... I'm not ready. I need you. I can't do this alone.

Aegwynn grips Jaina's hand tightly.

AEGWYNN

You're ready. And you won't be alone.

Aegwynn's voice is barely a whisper now. Jaina leans closer. Aegwynn's eyes glance toward Lo'Gosh, standing nearby.

BUTTONWILLOW

Trust him. He is more than he appears to be.

(beat)

Much... more...

And with that, AEGWYNN DIES in Jaina's arms.

Jaina looks around her, filled with grief. Though the Orcs are now in full retreat, her city burns all around her, beyond saving. She lowers her head and begins to quietly weep. Lo'Gosh looks on grimly, unable to comfort her.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - CONTINUOUS

Thrall gazes up at the ceiling. He can hear the muted sounds of burning buildings and the cries of Theramore's townsfolk.

He kneels, bows his head low. And begins MEDITATING. His concentration absolute, summoning his Shamanistic powers...

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - CONTINUOUS

Lo'Gosh and the others react as they hear something overhead. A GREAT RUMBLING. They look up to see:

DARK THUNDERCLOUDS forming in the sky overhead. A STORM GATHERING. Too large and too fast to be a natural occurrence.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - CONTINUOUS

Thrall continues chanting, his eyes closed, a picture of deep concentration. Praying ever more urgently.

INT. THERAMORE ISLE - CONTINUOUS

The storm clouds roll as they gather and darken overhead, casting all of Theramore in their shadow...

...and it begins to RAIN. A TORRENTIAL MONSOON that drenches everything within Theramore's walls. DOUSING THE FIRES.

Within moments, every fire in the city has been extinguished. As the last one dies out, the STORMCLOUDS PART, the sun breaking through to shine down on Theramore once more.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - CONTINUOUS

Thrall's eyes SNAP OPEN. He slumps to the floor, gasping, as he relinquishes control of the elements. Totally spent.

EXT. THERAMORE/DUSTWALLOW MARSH - CONTINUOUS

The last of the Orcs are chased out of Theramore, in full retreat. As Grommash's army withdraws along the marshlands, an encampment of MURLOCS - diminutive amphibious humanoids - are sent scattering, their village trampled underfoot.

The Alliance and Theramore forces CHEER TRIUMPHANTLY as they watch the Orcs flee en masse toward the horizon.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - DAY

Lo'Gosh enters, adrenaline still pumping from battle. His face and armor stained with blood. Thrall sits in the corner, head hung low. He looks exhausted.

LO'GOSH
Your army's been defeated. They're retreating as we speak.

THRALL
Your city. It no longer burns?

Lo'Gosh steps further inside, as he realizes:

LO'GOSH
That was you?

THRALL
The army that attacked you does not fight in my name. This is not what I wanted.

LO'GOSH
Then what do you want? Peace? It's not possible. I've lived among Orcs, I've seen their true nature. And I saw it again today.

THRALL
What I want is a new beginning. For my people to return to their true selves. Before the darkness came.

LO'GOSH
What darkness?

THRALL
It's true, for as long as you have known us, the Orcs have been warriors. But it was not always so.

EXT. ANCESTRAL ORCISH HOMELANDS (FLASHBACK) - DAY

GREAT ORC VILLAGES sprawl across a land of lush rolling hills, a primitive but peaceful civilization.

THRALL (V.O.)
For five thousand years we lived in peace. We existed in harmony with the land and other races. And then came the demon lords. From what hellfire realm, we did not yet understand.

The skies TURN RED. FIERY STORMCLOUDS above. DEMONIC SHAPES taking form within. ORCS emerge from their tents and huts to stare up at the sky.

THRALL (V.O.)

They corrupted my people, sewing paranoia and fear. They convinced them that the other races they had always lived with in peace were conspiring to destroy them. And they struck a bargain.

EXT. THE BARRENS (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

AN ORC ARMY on the move. Seen only in SILHOUETTE, they attack a nearby village of peaceful TROLLS. The defenseless villagers BRUTALLY CUT DOWN by the rampaging Orcs.

In the fiery skies overhead, the clouds twist and roil, subtly taking on the form of a HORNED DEMON LORD. Smiling.

THRALL (V.O.)

Power such as no mortal race had ever dreamed. Power to crush our enemies, to conquer all of Azeroth. And all the demons asked in return was our eternal allegiance. That we become their slaves.

The demon now stands among the Orcs. A giant four-legged beast with ram-like horns and eyes burning with green fire. An ORC CHIEFTAIN stands before him, drinking a thick, dark liquid from a goblet. His eyes burn red. The demon smiles.

THRALL (V.O.)

My people drank the blood of the demon general Mannoroth and were consumed by it. They became pawns of the Burning Legion.

In the distance, a LONE ORC walks across the plain, away from the assembled Orcs. In his arms he carries an INFANT ORC.

THRALL (V.O.)

Only my father refused. He tried to reason with his people, to turn them away from the corruption, but their lust for power was already too great. He was banished from his own clan for his defiance. So he left to walk his own path. To raise his son in the true ways of the Orcs. In the hopes that one day I might return to free them.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - RETURN TO SCENE

ON LO'GOSH as he listens intently. Thrall's story clearly having a profound effect on him.

LO'GOSH

I fought an Orc today. Unlike any I've seen. His eyes... I could have sworn I saw a demon within them.

THRALL

His face marked with black runes?

Lo'Gosh nods. Thrall sighs knowingly.

THRALL

After our defeat in the Second War, the Legion abandoned my people and their hold over them weakened. But still there are many among us who never truly found their way home.

(immensely sad)

I tried to keep my promise to my father. I've done all I can to save my people, to show them who they once were, and can be again. But perhaps it was not enough.

He looks up at Lo'Gosh.

THRALL

Perhaps I could not do it alone.

Lo'Gosh's mind is reeling.

LO'GOSH

Durotan... your father was Durotan. I know this story. I've heard it before. How can that be?

THRALL

Ask yourself, why are you here? Do you think it's by mere accident? Or do you believe as I do that destiny has brought you here to this place. Now, at this time.

Lo'Gosh clutches his head. He feels like he's going crazy, like his head is primed to explode.

LO'GOSH

These aren't my memories. I know these things but they aren't my memories!

He looks at Thrall in desperation.

LO'GOSH
Who am I? Who am I?

Thrall extends his hand.

THRALL
If you trust me, I can show you.

BEAT. And then Lo'Gosh reaches out and clasps Thrall's hand.

THRALL PULLS HIM CLOSE. Places his other hand over Lo'Gosh's forehead and stares deep into his eyes.

THRALL
Remember... and become who you were
born to be.

Lo'Gosh's eyes glaze over, as though in a hypnotic state.
PUSH IN CLOSE ON LO'GOSH as we enter...

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

AN ALLIANCE FLAGSHIP ploughs across the stormy sea. The lions-head flag flapping in the wind and rain atop the mainmast. The crew battles to keep the ship on course. Lashing down the deck, running up rigging as waves crash over the bow.

A MAN strides across the storm-tossed deck. Dressed in shining armor and a flowing cloak affixed with the royal insignia. This is KING VARIAN WRYNN. A young man (20) but with a resolute, authoritative air about him.

And there's something familiar about him too. It takes us a moment to recognize it. VARIAN IS ALSO LO'GOSH. Fifteen years younger, well-groomed, clean-shaven, unscarred.

Varian approaches the helm, hunched against the driving rain.

VARIAN
How much longer until we're through
this storm?

HELMSMAN
Don't know, sire! Bloody thing
won't quit! If I didn't know better-

The helmsman trails off as he notices something up ahead. AN OMINOUS GREEN GLOW in the clouds above. Growing brighter.

And we realize now that it's COMING RIGHT AT US. A FLAMING GREEN METEOR, the size of a boulder.

Varian grabs the helmsman and throws him to the deck, shielding him as the meteor SMASHES INTO THE HELM, shredding the ship's wheel into flaming splinters.

Panic breaks out on the deck as ANOTHER METEOR STREAKS FROM THE SKY. AND ANOTHER. Like a hellish firestorm. They CRASH INTO THE DECK, smashing great holes through the timbers.

ALLIANCE SOLDIERS form a protective detail around the King. Varian gazes in awe at the smoking holes in his ship's deck.

And then THE ENTIRE SHIP RUMBLES. AS SOMETHING EMERGES FROM ONE OF THE HOLES.

AN INFERNAL. A creature of living demonic fire. The stuff of nightmares. The Alliance soldiers are frozen in horror.

ANOTHER INFERNAL climbs up from below deck. AND ANOTHER. They move forward as one, feet scorching the deck as they walk.

The soldiers draw their weapons and rush to confront them, swords flailing. But they are no match for the infernals, who rampage across the deck, casting soldiers and crewmen overboard. Unstoppable. TORCHING THE SHIP as they go.

Varian finds himself backed against the stern. Rolls to avoid a BURNING MAST as it crashes down onto the deck.

The infernals close in on Varian. He has nowhere to run. The ship now beginning to go down by the head. Doomed to sink.

In the sky above, the dark storm clouds twist and roil to take on the form a HORNED DEMONIC FACE. Grinning. And it's almost as though the wind and thunder is LAUGHING.

Enraged, Varian brandishes his sword and with a mighty roar CHARGES THE INFERNALS. Fighting to the last.

The lead infernal CRASHES ITS FIST INTO THE DECK, RUPTURING IT. Varian is THROWN OVERBOARD IN A FIERY EXPLOSION.

Varian splashes down into the churning sea, unconscious. Sinking beneath the waves as his ship burns above him.

His EYES SNAP OPEN. Feels himself sinking deeper. His cloak and armor weighing him down. He struggles to free himself. Unclasps his royal insignia and lets his cloak fall away. Unstraps his armor and pulls it from his body. His regal trappings disappearing into the murky depths below.

Varian swims for his life, headed up toward the light from the burning ship above.

Varian hits the surface, gasping for air. He grabs onto a hunk of timber to stay afloat, and watches as the stern of his ship sinks beneath the waves and is gone.

EXT. KALIMDOR BEACH - DAWN (FLASHBACK)

Bordered by wild tropical jungle. Untamed country.

Varian lies washed up on the beach. Face down in the sand, unconscious. Dressed only in a tattered jerkin and pants.

AN ORCISH HAND ENTERS FRAME and rolls him over onto his back. Varian is battered and bruised, a NASTY WELT on his forehead.

His eyes flicker open. The faces of the two ORC HUNTERS standing over him coming slowly into focus. His eyes widen in fear at the sight of them. And we MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL - RETURN TO SCENE

The eyes of Lo'Gosh - the eyes of KING VARIAN WRYNN - wide in revelation as he finally realizes who he truly is. Thrall releases him and he staggers backward a step, in shock.

Varian's heart is pounding, his mind racing as he begins to piece together the fractured memories.

VARIAN

I was returning home from
Kalimdor... when we were attacked.
I had just met with you... to
discuss a treaty. An armistice.

THRALL

I remember it well. I was just a
young chieftain, and you a very
young king. But we both saw what
was possible. A chance for peace.

(beat)

The Burning Legion saw Azeroth's
future turning against them. They
saw harmony between Orcs and
Humans. All their plans undone. And
so they intervened. And set us back
on the course to war. To where we
find ourselves now.

VARIAN

How... how did you know?

THRALL

Much about you has changed since we
last met. But your scent has not.
An Orc's sense of smell never lies.

A resolute look comes over Varian. He makes for the door.

THRALL

Where are you going?

VARIAN

To put an end to this.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - CHAPEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Small and intimate. Waning daylight shafts through the stained-glass windows. Jaina kneels at the altar, on which lies the body of Aegwynn, draped in funeral robes.

Varian appears in the doorway behind her.

VARIAN

I'm sorry.

Jaina doesn't turn, wipes away a tear.

JAINA

Maybe I was foolish to believe that there could ever be peace. Maybe it was always going to end like this.

VARIAN

I'm the one who was wrong. I wouldn't let myself see what you saw here. But now I do.

Jaina stands, turns to face him.

JAINA

See what?

VARIAN

Hope. My father once said to me, once you choose hope, anything is possible. And I choose it now.

JAINA

Why should I believe you? After everything you've done?

VARIAN

I'm not the man I used to be. Or rather, I am.

(beat)

The attack today wasn't the end, it's just the beginning. We have to stop this thing before it's too late. I need your help. I need you to trust me.

He moves closer, looks her deep in the eye. And once again, there is that same electricity between them.

VARIAN
Do you trust me?

BEAT. Jaina looks back at Aegwynn's body resting on the altar. Then back at Varian. As she makes a decision.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - PROUDMOORE'S QUARTERS - EVENING

Proudmoore looks over a map of Kalimdor, surrounded by senior officers, including STORMPIKE. Tyrande is also here.

Varian and Jaina enter. Proudmoore sees them but does not acknowledge them, his attention focused on the map.

PROUDMOORE
The Tauren were nowhere to be seen today. Clearly there's division within the Horde. Now we've got them on the run, it's time to press our advantage. And counter-attack.

Stormpike and the other officers exchange uneasy looks.

STORMPIKE
Sir... perhaps we ought to take a moment to consider our-

PROUDMOORE
Every moment we waste allows them time to regroup. No, we hit them hard and we hit them now!

Proudmoore indicates toward Durotar on the map.

PROUDMOORE
Thrall gathered all the Orcish clans under one banner. In one location. He thought it would make them strong. But it's going to be their undoing.
(beat)
We're going to destroy Orgrimmar. We're going to kill every last one of them. Wipe them out once and for all.

More uncertain looks. Jaina in particular is horrified.

JAINA
You're talking about genocide.

PROUDMOORE

I'm talking about securing a future for the peaceful races of this world. We didn't go far enough in the last war. We drove the Orcs out but we didn't finish them off. And look where it got us. Well, we won't make the same mistake again.

STORMPIKE

Sir, repelling today's attack was one thing. But laying siege to their capital...

PROUDMOORE

This army is more than up to the task. And with the help of our new allies, how can we fail?

TYRANDE

My people will have no further hand in this. And you must call off this attack.

PROUDMOORE

What?

TYRANDE

Things are not as they seem. Both sides in this conflict are being manipulated.

PROUDMOORE

Manipulated? By whom?

TYRANDE

The Burning Legion.

Proudmoore rolls his eyes, incredulous.

PROUDMOORE

This nonsense again?

STORMPIKE

My grandfather was an archeologist. He uncovered some of the earliest Titan relics. He always believed the Legion was real.

TYRANDE

For my people it is not a matter of belief. We've seen them. We've fought them before.

PROUDMOORE

If this "Legion" is real, why don't they show themselves? Why not simply attack us?

JAINA

The Legion doesn't do its own dirty work. They sew hatred and discord among others then watch as they bring about their own destruction.

TYRANDE

The Legion has destroyed countless worlds in this way. Make no mistake - if you persist in this war, you will be paving the way for the destruction of all Azeroth.

PROUDMOORE

I'm surrounded by lunatics!
(to Tyrande)

I thank you and your people for your assistance today, but if you have nothing further to offer than ghost stories, may I suggest you get on your ships and return to wherever you came from.

TYRANDE

As you wish. We will leave you to your fate.

(to Jaina)
I'm sorry.

And with that, she turns and sweeps out of the room.

JAINA

Father, listen to her. Listen to-

PROUDMOORE

No, I've heard enough! I won't let this campaign be dictated by some fairy tale! I'm in command here!

And now Varian steps forward.

VARIAN

Not any more.

And suddenly every eye in the room is on him.

PROUDMOORE

What did you say?

VARIAN
I'm relieving you of command.
Effective immediately.

Silence. Everybody flummoxed by this. To Proudmoore it appears so surreal that he can't help but be amused.

PROUDMOORE
May I ask on whose authority?

VARIAN
My own. I am Varian Wrynn. Rightful
King of Stormwind and High
Protector of the Alliance. And
there will be no war under my rule.

A tense BEAT. Varian serious as a heart attack. Nobody knows how to react. Jaina looks at Varian with astonishment. And then... Proudmoore LAUGHS.

PROUDMOORE
Have you lost your mind?

VARIAN
No. I've regained it.

PROUDMOORE
Varian Wrynn is dead. And taking
his name in vain is punishable by
death. I could have you hanged.

VARIAN
I remember you. You advised my
father when I was a boy. Look me in
the eyes and tell me you don't see
his son.

Proudmoore looks hard into Varian's eyes. Searching. And for the briefest moment there is a flicker of recognition...

...but he CONCEALS IT. Shakes his head.

PROUDMOORE
I see nothing.

Proudmoore motions to the ALLIANCE GUARDS who have been quietly taking up position behind Varian. They SEIZE HIM.

JAINA
Father. You can't do this.

PROUDMOORE
Don't tell me you actually believe
him.

Jaina looks at Varian, unsure.

JAINA

I don't know. But I know he's right. This war will be the end of us all. If you're going to lock him up for saying it then you may as well lock me up too.

She glares at him defiantly. Proudmoore considers.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL #2 - DAY

Varian and Jaina are tossed inside together. Proudmoore stands in the doorway.

PROUDMOORE

I'm sorry it had to come to this. But I never imagined I'd be betrayed by my own blood.

JAINA

Is this how you honor Derek and Tandred? By sending more brothers and sons to their deaths?

That touched a raw nerve with Proudmoore.

PROUDMOORE

I'll honor them by keeping the promise I made them. After this there'll be no-one left to fight. One final sacrifice and then it is done. I don't expect you to understand that, but they would have.

JAINA

No. They'd be begging you not to do this. And you'd be breaking their hearts as well as mine.

BEAT. Proudmoore looks at Jaina with sadness.

PROUDMOORE

I'm sorry.

He motions to the GUARD, who slams the door closed.

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - PROUDMOORE'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Proudmoore is back at his map table, surrounded by Stormpike and his other senior officers. The officers adjust the positions of miniatures representing ALLIANCE UNITS.

ALLIANCE OFFICER

The first waves of infantry will make landfall here... and here, to establish a beach-head and clear a path for the armor to come ashore.

PROUDMOORE

Air support?

ALLIANCE OFFICER

The carriers Turalyon and Prince Arthas will launch simultaneous bombing sorties against the Orcish artillery positions. We estimate-

Proudmoore nods as the briefing continues. Stormpike watches and listens in silence, deeply troubled.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - CELL #2 - NIGHT

Jaina paces, agitated. Varian scopes the cell for any sign of possible escape. But aside from the door the only exit is a narrow barred window high above, out of reach.

JAINA

So that was your grand plan?
Pretending to be a dead king?

VARIAN

It's not a pretense.

JAINA

Varian Wrynn's ship went down with all hands! He was lost!

VARIAN

Yes. Until now.

There's something powerfully sincere in Varian's eyes that Jaina can't ignore. She's utterly vulnerable to it.

VARIAN

My memory is returning slowly, in fragments. But I remember you. We went to school together in Stormwind. Sometimes we'd sneak out of class and go to the park.
(beat; closer)
That's where we first kissed.

Jaina flushes red. Still barely able to believe it.

JAINA

I was a child, I don't remember...

VARIAN

Then perhaps you'll remember this.

He pulls her close and KISSES HER. Long, deep and passionate. When he releases her she's weak at the knees - and it's as though a spell has been lifted. She looks at him now with new eyes, as though really seeing him for the first time.

We hear the CELL DOOR UNLOCKING. Varian and Jaina separate, self-conscious, as Stormpike enters.

STORMPIKE

The Alliance fleet hits the Durotar coast at dawn. Proudmoore put me in charge of the Seventh Expeditionary Battalion. They'll be the first to land on the beach, first into Orgrimmar. That's the unit that'll get all the glory.

(beat)

I told him to shove his glory up his arse. Resigned my commission.

Varian and Jaina exchange a hopeful look.

VARIAN

You'll help us.

STORMPIKE

I didn't say that. It's one thing to refuse an order from Proudmoore, quite another to go up against him. I could be executed for high treason. I'd need a bloody good reason to take that kind of risk.

Stormpike seems to be scrutinizing Varian. He approaches him, gesturing to one of many MEDALS on his breastplate.

STORMPIKE

This is the Alliance Cross. Awarded to those wounded in combat. I won it at the Battle of Alterac. Varian Wrynn presented it to me himself. The only time I ever met him.

(beat)

When he gave it to me, he told me something that I've never shared with anyone. Something only the King would remember.

VARIAN

It's... difficult. I don't remember everything, not yet.

STORMPIKE
 You're gonna have to do better than
 that, lad.

Stormpike heads back toward the door. As suddenly Varian has
 a sudden FLASH OF RECALL.

VARIAN
 As much pride as it gives me to
 present you with this medal...

Stormpike STOPS. Looks back.

VARIAN
 ...I pray that it's the last I'll
 ever have to.

BEAT. Stormpike walks back to Varian... AND DROPS TO ONE KNEE
 BEFORE HIM. Head bowed.

STORMPIKE
 Long live the King.

Varian looks a little awkward. Though he knows he is King,
 it's been a long time since anyone treated him like one.

VARIAN
 Rise.

Stormpike rises to his feet.

STORMPIKE
 How is this possible?

VARIAN
 There'll be time for that later.
 Right now, we need your help. We've
 got to stop Proudmoore.

STORMPIKE
 Proudmoore's already left. The bulk
 of the fleet with him.

VARIAN
 Can you get us out of here?

STORMPIKE
 Aye- uh... what do I call ye? Your
 majesty?

VARIAN
 Let's worry about that if I still
 have a kingdom when this is over.

EXT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The cell door swings open. The two posted guards react when they see Varian and Jaina following Stormpike out.

DUNGEON GUARD #1

Sir, you can't take these-

The first guard challenges Varian with the point of his sword. Varian effortlessly grabs his wrist and twists it into a crippling armlock, then fells him with a right hook.

The second guard goes for his sword but Stormpike is on him like a bulldog. He PUNCHES HIM IN THE CODPIECE. The guard winces in pain and sinks to his knees - bringing him to eye-level with Stormpike, who finishes him off with a HEADBUTT.

STORMPIKE

Used to be a bouncer at a Human bar before I enlisted. You learn a few tricks. C'mon.

VARIAN

Wait! This isn't all of us.

It takes a moment for Stormpike to realize who he means.

STORMPIKE

Oh, please tell me yer jokin'.

INT. THERAMORE DUNGEON - THRALL'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Thrall down on his knees in the moonlit darkness. Gathering up small pieces of earth and straw from the dungeon floor. When he has enough he cups it in his hands and mutters a SHAMANISTIC PRAYER under his breath.

The dusty earth BEGINS TO GLOW. Thrall blows on his hands and the glowing particles float upward toward the narrow barred window high above, carried on an unseen current. He watches as they drift through the bars into the open air... and gone.

The cell door opens and Varian, Jaina and Stormpike enter.

VARIAN

Proudmoore took the fleet, he's laying siege to Orgrimmar at dawn.

A dark look comes over Thrall as he stands.

THRALL

He sails to his own destruction. Orgrimmar's defenses are far greater than he thinks.

VARIAN
Can you stop it?

THRALL
I don't know. Perhaps. If my people
can see me alive...

VARIAN
We have to try. Colonel.

Varian motions to the heavy iron chains and manacles securing Thrall to the cell wall. Stormpike looks uncertain.

STORMPIKE
I must be going out of my bloody
mind in my old age.

Thrall holds his hands out before him. And with a blow from his sword Stormpike CUTS CLEAN THROUGH THE IRON CHAIN.

Varian hands Thrall his mighty WAR MACE.

VARIAN
This belongs to you.

Thrall takes the hammer. Looks at Varian with great respect.

THRALL
Thank you.

EXT. THERAMORE KEEP - NIGHT

Varian, Jaina, Thrall and Stormpike emerge onto the street. At the sight of Thrall, many townsfolk busy cleaning up after the battle FLEE IN PANIC. Thrall takes it in stride.

VARIAN
This isn't the work of one man.

STORMPIKE
What isn't?

VARIAN
This war. Twisted as they are, I understand Proudmoore's reasons for wanting this. But I was at the council in Stormwind. Prestor, Jonathan, Jes-Tereth, they were all pushing Anduin down the same path.

STORMPIKE
Prestor wants to be Queen. It's no secret at court - everyone knows it, save the King himself.

Stormpike stops, looks at Varian gravely.

STORMPIKE

Sire, your son has tried his best to rule in your absence. But there are many who perceive him as weak. He knows the Alliance can't go to war under a boy-king with no experience of fighting one. He'd be forced to step aside. By law of succession Prestor would take the throne. And once she has it, she'll never give it up. That's why she sent Proudmoore here - she knew there could only be one outcome.

JAINA

These people would plunge us all into war... just to seize power?

STORMPIKE

With respect, M'lady, I can see ye haven't spent much time around politicians.

Varian's face flushes with anger.

VARIAN

When I get back there...

THRALL

We need transport to Orgrimmar. We must get there before the dawn.

JAINA

What about the Night Elves?

STORMPIKE

Their ships left before ours did.
Back to Teldrassil.
(looks around)
But I know just the thing.

We follow Stormpike over to the GRYPHON ROOST, where several of the winged beasts are nesting. To the GRYPHON MASTER:

STORMPIKE

Alliance business, I'm commandeering these animals.

Stormpike mounts up. Varian looks apprehensive.

VARIAN

Is there no other way?

STORMPIKE

You wouldn't be afraid of a little flyin', would ye? Ach, don't be such a big girl's blouse. Statistically speaking, it's the safest way to travel.

As Stormpike's gryphon spreads its wings with a loud CAW:

EXT. MULGORE - NIGHT

A land of vast, verdant grass plains and rolling hills. A place of outstanding, untouched natural beauty. As we pass over the land, we crest a hilltop to discover:

THUNDER BLUFF

A great elevated city built atop a sprawling network of TOWERING MESAS, interconnected by a series of rope bridges. Animal-skin huts, totemic statues, temples and water wheels.

We move in closer to one of the high mesas, where we find CAIRNE seated at its edge. Meditating. The great vista of Mulgore's rolling grasslands laid out before him.

His eyes SNAP OPEN. Suddenly acutely aware of something.

The air before him seems to be alive with dimly glowing particles, carried toward him on the wind. Fascinated, he reaches out and grabs a handful of them out of the air.

He looks at the glowing particles in his hand. Growing dimmer by the moment, like dying embers. But Cairne is able to divine the message within. His eyes widen, amazed.

CAIRNE

Thrall...

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - DAWN

Proudmoore's flagship moves across the sea, shrouded in fog.

LIGHTBRINGER DECK

Proudmoore paces anxiously at the flagship's bow.

CROW'S NEST (O.S.)

Land ho!

Proudmoore raises his spyglass to look out toward shore.

PROUDMOORE'S POV: The beaches of Durotar come into view through the coastal fog. And just visible beyond, Orgrimmar.

PROUDMOORE
All hands, general quarters!

The ship's deck bursts into activity as we PULL OUT...

...to reveal the GREAT FLEET OF ALLIANCE WARSHIPS following the Lightbringer into battle. An awesome invasion force.

INT. ORGRIMMAR - VALLEY OF STRENGTH - DAWN

Orgrimmar's central plaza. ORCISH WOUNDED from the Theramore battle are laid out in the streets, attended to by overworked MEDICS. Grommash walks among them, still fuming with anger.

A HORN IS SOUNDED O.S. An alarm.

ORGRIMMAR RAMPARTS

Grommash charges up the steps to the top of the wall, where COLONEL GAR'THOK looks urgently out toward the coast.

GROMMASH
What is it?

GAR'THOK
The Alliance fleet.

Grommash grabs Gar'Thok's spyglass, points it out to sea.

GROMMASH'S POV: The Alliance fleet headed right for them.

Grommash lowers the spyglass, jaw firm with resolve.

GROMMASH
Bring them on...

GAR'THOK
My Lord?

GROMMASH
Double the wall guard, ready the artillery. I want every Orc who can carry a weapon assembled in full armor at the main gate in five minutes. This ends today!

EXT. THE GREAT SEA - LIGHTBRINGER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Proudmoore watches as the ships's HEAVY CANNONS are brought to bear on deck. Gun crews loading, adjusting elevation. An ALLIANCE COMMANDER approaches to report:

ALLIANCE COMMANDER
Sir, our carriers are within range.

PROUDMOORE
 Excellent. Let's start softening
 them up, shall we?

The Commander nods to a SIGNALMAN who signals the trailing
 fleet with a pair of SEMAPHORE FLAGS.

AT THE REAR OF THE FLEET

As we move along the fleet we discover that not all the ships
 are traditional mast-and-sail vessels. To the rear there is a
 pair of STEAM-POWERED AIRCRAFT CARRIERS of Gnomish design.
 They are the RSS TURALYON AND RSS PRINCE ARTHAS.

PRINCE ARTHAS - FLIGHT DECK

Several GNOMISH ATTACK AIRCRAFT are assembled on deck. Iron-
 clad TWIN-ENGINE TURBOPROPS laden with bombs under the wings.

A GNOMISH FLIGHT OPERATIONS OFFICER in a life-vest and
 protective goggles directs a pair of bombers into launch
 position with hand paddles.

The Gnomish bomber pilots give a thumbs-up. They CATAPULT
 DOWN THE RUNWAY AND TAKE OFF TOWARD ORGRIMMAR.

EXT. ORGRIMMAR - CONTINUOUS

Alive with activity as troops are mustered and ARTILLERYMEN
 AND ARCHERS move into position on the city walls. An ORC
 SPOTTER sees the Gnomish bombers approaching.

ORC SPOTTER
 Incoming!

ORCS SCATTER as the Gnomish bombers fly over the city,
 engines droning - and LOOSE THEIR BOMBS. Whistling through
 the air, they EXPLODE INSIDE THE CITY, flattening buildings.

GROMMASH
 Scramble the air cavalry!

EXT. DUROTAR COASTAL WATERS - LIGHTBRINGER DECK - CONTINUOUS

The Alliance flagship now close enough for a clear view of
 the approaching beaches and Orgrimmar beyond.

PROUDMOORE
 Artillery, open fire!

The Lightbringer's cannons OPEN FIRE WITH A DEAFENING BOOM!

ORGRIMMAR RAMPARTS

Cannon fire EXPLODES INTO ORGRIMMAR'S WALLS, showering rubble onto fleeing Orcish civilians below.

GROMMASH
Return fire! And where's my air
support?

As he bellows the order, a DARK SHADOW passes overhead. Accompanied by the FLAPPING OF GREAT LEATHERY WINGS.

LIGHTBRINGER DECK

Proudmoore watches with satisfaction as the Alliance cannon fire pummels Orgrimmar's walls.

PROUDMOORE
I don't think they like it when the
boot's on the other foot, eh?

ALLIANCE COMMANDER
Quite right, sir.

ALLIANCE SPOTTER (O.S.)
Incoming at twelve o'clock!

Proudmoore looks up - to see DARK SHAPES pushing through he clouds ahead. Emerging to reveal:

WYVERNS. Great flying beasts saddled by ORCISH RIDERS. HIGH EXPLOSIVES strapped to the Wyverns' bellies. They emit BLOOD-CURDLING SCREECHES as they close on the Alliance fleet.

PROUDMOORE
Target those beasts!

Alliance gun crews crank the elevation on their cannons and OPEN FIRE on the incoming Wyverns. One takes a direct hit and EXPLODES. A second is WINGED and careens out of control...

...SPIRALING DIRECTLY TOWARD AN ALLIANCE CARRIER. Crewmen scatter and leap overboard as the bomb-strapped Wyvern CRASHES INTO THE DECK AND EXPLODES LIKE A KAMIKAZE PILOT.

Proudmoore watches aghast as the crippled and burning carrier astern begins to sink beneath the waves.

ALLIANCE COMMANDER
Sir, we didn't anticipate aerial
bombardment. Perhaps we should-

PROUDMOORE
Full ahead! Get me on that beach!

ORGRIMMAR GATES

AN ORCISH ARMY marshals outside the main gates. GROMMASH patrols before them on his ARMORED WOLF MOUNT, holding a BLOOD-RED WAR BANNER aloft as he addresses his troops.

GROMMASH

Are any of you a coward? Does anyone among you fear death?

The assembled Orcs reply with a defiant ROAR.

GROMMASH

Are you going to let these Human maggots destroy your homes? Make slaves of your women and children?

Another blood-curdling ROAR OF DEFIANCE.

GROMMASH

Then do as your blood commands you - and fight! Victory or death!

Grommash raises his war banner and RIDES TOWARD THE BEACH. An entire army charging behind him.

On the ramparts above, ORCISH ARTILLERYMEN load OIL-SOAKED BOULDERS INTO BALLISTAS. They are lit ablaze and LOOSED.

DUROTAR COAST

The Lightbringer now just a hundred yards from the beach. Proudmoore stands firm as a FLAMING ORCISH BOULDER SOARS OVERHEAD... SMASHING INTO A NEARBY ALLIANCE SHIP.

Dozens of Alliance infantrymen are massed on the foredeck, ready to hit the beach. Proudmoore readies his sword. There's an eager look in his eye. He's waited a long time for this day. And there's nowhere in the world he would rather be.

PROUDMOORE

Prepare for landing! Advance up the beach by twos, standard formation!

More artillery fire zips past and splashes down nearby. Up ahead the beach is fast approaching. And atop the sloping cliffs beyond, Orgrimmar looms ominously, a fortress.

Proudmoore glances behind him at the men he commands. Their faces reminiscent of those men who hit the Normandy beaches on D-Day. Terrified - and very, very young.

PROUDMOORE

Stand firm and we will take this ground! For the Alliance!

EXT. DUROTAR BEACH - CONTINUOUS

The Lightbringer is JOLTED AS IT HITS THE BEACH, dredging up sand around its bow. AN ALLIANCE COMMANDER BLOWS HIS WHISTLE and the infantrymen launch themselves over the bow and onto land, charging the beach.

Further up the beach, THE ORC ARMY CHARGES TO MEET THE ALLIANCE ADVANCE.

ORGRIMMAR RAMPARTS

Gar'Thok sees the Alliance infantry surging toward Orgrimmar.

GAR'THOK
Concentrate your fire on the lower
beach! Smash that infantry!

The Orc artillerymen dial down the range on their ballistas, re-load and FIRE.

LOWER BEACH

The Alliance infantry scatters as the Orc boulders SMASH INTO THEIR LINES. As a SQUIRE brings Proudmoore his horse:

ALLIANCE OFFICER
Sir, we weren't expecting this much
artillery fire. We can't sustain-

PROUDMOORE
Then knock out those bloody
catapults!

ORGRIMMAR RAMPARTS

A GNOMISH BOMBER buzzes overhead. Dropping its payload onto an Orcish catapult which EXPLODES, decimating its crew.

As the bomber swings around, another gun crew frantically swivels their turret-mounted ballista to target it.... and FIRES. The boulder SHEARING OFF THE AIRPLANE'S WING. The plane plummets into a death spiral and CRASHES INTO AN ORCISH MUNITIONS DUMP, EXPLODING IN A SPECTACULAR FIREBALL.

LOWER BEACH

The two armies are now just yards apart, charging hell-bent for each other. They close the final few yards...

...and CLASH with a force that shakes the very ground. Irresistible force meeting immovable object. The front lines hacking and slashing at one another in a bloody fury.

Further back, MORE ALLIANCE SHIPS are making landfall, spilling more Alliance troops onto the beach and into battle.

AMPHIBIOUS LANDING CRAFT hit the beach, BOWS OPENING INTO RAMPS from which are deployed TANKS of Gnomish design. Belching steam from their exhausts as they chug up the beach, DWARF COMMANDERS barking orders from the roof hatch.

The armored vehicles OPEN FIRE, ploughing great craters out of the earth and sending Orcs flying in all directions.

The tanks continue to advance - until they reach ORCISH ANTI-ARMOR OBSTACLES placed strategically along the beach.

DWARF TANK COMMANDER

Get these bloody obstacles cleared!

DWARF ENGINEERS race forward, armed with satchel charges to clear the obstacles. As they work, DARK SHADOWS appear overhead... a familiar shape... MORE ORCISH WYVERN-RIDERS.

The wyverns swoop low over the battlefield, RAINING FIRE DOWN ONTO THE DWARF ENGINEERS. A tank takes a direct hit and EXPLODES into a shower of burning shrapnel.

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING DUROTAR BEACH - CONTINUOUS

FOUR GRYPHONS soar across the hillside toward the beach. Touching down on the crest of a hill overlooking the battle.

Varian, Jaina, Thrall and Stormpike dismount. Their hearts sinking as they look down at the battle raging below.

STORMPIKE

We're too late...

Varian studies the battlefield with the eye of a General.

VARIAN

There will be no victor here.
They'll fight to the last man...
and destroy each other.

JAINA

Just as the Legion has planned.

Jaina looks to the sky. There's something darkly unnatural about its color, as though it's been slicked with oil. Black clouds cast a gloomy pall over the battlefield below.

THRALL

It's not over yet. I can still put
a stop to this.

STORMPIKE

Are you mad? You and whose army?

BEAT. And then they hear a DEEP, DISTANT RUMBLING. Barely perceptible at first... but growing louder, stronger... as the EARTH BEGINS TO TREMBLE AND SHAKE BENEATH THEIR FEET.

Everyone turns to see a MASSIVE HERD OF TAUREN STAMPEDING OVER THE HORIZON TOWARD THEM, a great cloud of dust pluming in their wake. CAIRNE AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY, LEADING THEM.

The Tauren army comes to a halt before Thrall. They're in FULL BATTLE ARMOR, carrying MIGHTY SPEARS AND SHIELDS.

Cairne and Thrall meet and embrace, old brothers re-united.

CAIRNE

The Earth Mother be praised. I thought you were dead.

Cairne spots the Humans and glares at them, suspicious.

THRALL

There's no time to explain. I must call upon your people now.

CAIRNE

Ask me for anything and you shall have it.

EXT. DUROTAR BEACH - BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The two armies continue to have at each other. At the center of the fray is GROMMASH, swinging his war axe furiously, cleaving Alliance troops with bloody abandon.

BEHIND THE ALLIANCE LINES

Proudmoore sees the carnage Grommash is causing, the Warchief's frenzy firing up the Orcish troops around him and threatening to break through the Alliance lines.

Proudmoore draws his sword and RIDES INTO BATTLE. The Alliance lines parting before him to let him through.

Grommash sees Proudmoore charging toward him at full gallop. Raises his axe and prepares to meet him - bring it on! Proudmoore draws back his sword and as he closes the distance the two adversaries ROAR IN A BLOOD-FUELED RAGE.

As Proudmoore's horse rides past they CLASH WEAPONS in a shower of steel sparks. The force of the impact KNOCKING GROMMASH TO THE GROUND AND DISMOUNTING PROUDMOORE.

Proudmoore and Grommash get to their feet and face off, circling each other as the battle rages around them. Eyes burning with generations of hatred as they close in...

..and FIGHT. Sword against axe in a jaw-dropping flurry of violence. Both men experienced, expert fighters. They clash weapons again and again, neither one giving any quarter.

But it's Grommash who has the advantage in size and strength. As the relentless melee continues, Proudmoore begins to weaken. Forced to fight more and more defensively until a final axe blow KNOCKS THE SWORD FROM HIS HANDS.

Proudmoore staggers backward, off-balance. Grommash CHARGES. As Proudmoore scrambles to evade, Grommash raises his axe and is about to deliver the killing blow...

...when THE GROUND SHUDDERS UNDERFOOT. An earthquake? Grommash glances to the horizon to see:

THE TAUREN ARMY STAMPEDING DOWN THE HILLSIDE TOWARD THEM.

GROMMASH

What...?

The Tauren warriors raise their shields and NARROW INTO AN ARROWHEAD PHALANX as they charge toward the two armies.

The Tauren phalanx PLOUGHS INTO THE MELEE at the point where the two front lines meet - DRIVING BETWEEN THE TWO OPPOSING ARMIES LIKE A WEDGE. Using their shields to form an IMPENETRABLE WALL that splits the two armies apart.

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING DUROTAR BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Thrall and the others watch as below the Tauren army surges through the center of the battle, creating a buffer zone that prevents the Orcs and Humans from engaging each other.

VARIAN

Now?

THRALL

Now.

Thrall, Varian, Jaina and Stormpike mount up and ride off down the hillside toward the battlefield.

ORGRIMMAR RAMPARTS

Gar'Thok's eyes go wide with disbelief as he recognizes:

GAR'THOK
 Thrall...?
 (beat)
 Cease fire! Cease fire!

The Orcish ballista crews STAND DOWN.

LOWER BEACH

The ALLIANCE COMMANDER looks through his spyglass. In HIS POV we see Orgrimmar's artillery cease firing. PAN ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD to find our heroes riding down the hillside.

ALLIANCE COMMANDER
 What the hell...?
 (beat)
 All guns, cease fire!

The Alliance fleet's cannons FALL SILENT.

BATTLEFIELD FRONT LINE

As the shelling on both sides comes to an end, an eerie calm settles over the battlefield. The two opposing armies rendered neutral by the Tauren shield wall dividing them.

AN ORC WARRIOR sees Thrall and the others riding toward them. Can barely believe what he sees. But it's unmistakable.

ORC WARRIOR
 Thrall lives...

Another Orc spots it. Then another. And another. Soon "Thrall lives" is spreading through the Orcish ranks like a virus. Orcs straining for a view of their resurrected Warchief.

The four riders arrive before the assembled mass of Orcs and Humans. Thrall pacing on his mount as he addresses them.

THRALL
 I am Thrall, son of Durotan!
 Warchief of the Horde! And I
 command this army to stand down!

BEAT. The masses of Orcs exchange uncertain looks. Thrall motions to Varian and Jaina, who are mounted at his side.

THRALL
 These Humans risked their own lives
 to save mine. To show us that there
 is a path other than bloodshed for
 our peoples.

Grommash breaks through the Orcish ranks to address them.

GROMMASH

Do not listen to him! He was a slave to the Humans before and now he is once again! He would lead us all into subjugation and dishonor - and I will not follow.

Thrall dismounts to confront Grommash face-to-face.

THRALL

Is that a challenge?

BEAT. Grommash and Thrall square off, bristling. Thrall looks deep into Grommash's eyes.

THRALL

The Legion still holds you captive. I see it in your eyes. They allow you to see only hatred and fear. But I know you, Grom. You're stronger than that. Break free of them! And stand with me, brother.

Thrall extends his hand. Grommash struggles in anguish, at war with himself, his soul in mortal agony.

Grom hefts his axe and ATTACKS THRALL. Thrall raises his mace in defense, WEAPONS CLASHING as Grommash surges forward in a blind rage. But Thrall is the better fighter - after parrying several axe swings he DISARMS GROMMASH AND KNOCKS HIM DOWN with a single devastating blow of his mace.

Thrall stands over the defeated Grommash. Looking down at him not with anger or resentment but pity.

The assembled Orcs watch in wide-eyed anticipation. They know what must come next. Grommash looks up at Thrall.

GROMMASH

All challenges are to the death.

There is a sadness to the way in which he says it, almost as though he would welcome the release that death would bring.

Thrall looks up at the expectant Orcs.

THRALL

With our choices we make the world. Shape it into what we would have it be.

Thrall TOSSES HIS WAR MACE INTO THE EARTH AT HIS FEET.

THRALL

I make my choice here, now. And I
ask you to make yours.

BEAT... and then an ORC INFANTRYMAN steps forward and PLANTS
HIS SWORD INTO THE GROUND. Others follow, DROPPING THEIR
WEAPONS before Thrall. THE ENTIRE ORC ARMY IS DISARMING.

The Alliance troops cannot believe what they are seeing.
Stunned by this unprecedented display. Proudmoore pushes
through to the front of their ranks.

PROUDMOORE

What are you all waiting for?
They're unarmed!

VARIAN

You heard what he said. There'll be
no more blood spilled here today.

PROUDMOORE

I'm giving you men a direct order!

But no-one moves. Stormpike marches forward and CONFISCATES
PROUDMOORE'S SWORD.

PROUDMOORE

What do you think you're doing?

STORMPIKE

Daelin Proudmoore, under article
nine of the Alliance Code of
Military Conduct, I hereby relieve
you of your command.

(to the troops)

Start loading the ships, lads.
We're going home.

PROUDMOORE

I'll see you hang for this.

STORMPIKE

We'll let the council decide that.
Along with the charges you'll face
of gross dereliction of duty and
reckless endangerment of the troops
under your command. Now get yer
sorry arse off this beach.

TWO ALLIANCE SOLDIERS take Proudmoore by the arms and escort
him away. Varian slaps Stormpike on the back.

VARIAN

When we get home, remind me to
promote you.

STORMPIKE

Oh don't worry, I will.

Varian looks back and smiles at Jaina. She smiles back,
relieved. Triumphant. But then the SKIES ABOVE DARKEN.

All look up to see the clouds overhead seethe and roil,
crackling with a strange energy, like a malevolent lightning
storm. Something unnatural about it. Something sinister. Is
it just us or can we almost see a DEMONIC FACE within them?

VARIAN

Now what?

STORMPIKE

I think somebody up there doesn't
like us.

LIGHTNING ARCS DOWN FROM THE SKY AND STRIKES THE EARTH. Bolts
of powerful energy scorching the ground, killing men where
they stand. PANIC BREAKS OUT as Human and Orc alike flee.

A lightning strike creates a SNAKING FISSURE ALONG THE BEACH.
The earth quaking as it widens into a IMPASSABLE RIFT.
Soldiers unable to avoid its path TUMBLE INTO THE CHASM.

By the time the earth settles, the fissure has effectively
SPLIT THE BEACH IN TWO, separating Varian, Jaina and Thrall
from the Alliance and Horde armies.

And now something is coming at us out of the sky, breaking
through the clouds... burning with green fire...

A GIANT METEOR. Varian pulls Jaina clear as it PLOUGHS INTO
THE EARTH, throwing up tons of sand and rock and knocking
everyone clean off their feet.

An ominous BEAT. And then SOMETHING EMERGES from the huge
impact crater gouged from the beach.

A GIANT DEMON LORD. Rising to FIFTY FEET, sporting the horns
of a ram, leathery, bat-like wings and the tail of a lizard.
An abomination, it towers over the battlefield carrying a
GREAT IRON SPEAR, its tip burning with demonic fire.

The Alliance and Horde forces FLEE IN TERROR at the sight of
this nightmarish leviathan.

Varian, Thrall and Jaina stand in the demon's shadow.

THRALL
Mannoroth...

VARIAN
You know him?

THRALL
Arch-Lieutenant of the Legion. Sent
only when all else fails.

Thrall picks up his war mace from the ground.

THRALL
He's mine.

JAINA
This is what I was trained for.

THRALL
Then we'll do it together.

They go forward as one. Mannoroth looks down at them, eyes ablaze with hellfire. When he speaks, his booming voice echoes across the battlefield, rattling our spines.

MANNOROTH
*PITIFUL MORTALS. DO YOU THINK...
YOU HAVE DEFEATED US?*

THRALL
Look around you, demon. You've
failed. Leave this world, or die.

Mannoroth LAUGHS. Terrible, blood-curdling. And DRIVES THE HEAD OF HIS SPEAR INTO THE GROUND. Charging the earth with glowing demonic energy. The earth RUMBLES, soil churning...

...as BURNING MONSTROSITIES RISE UP FROM WITHIN. Featureless, mindless golems of earth and rock bound together by Mannoroth's demonic magic. INFERNALS.

Varian draws his sword. Stands side by side with Thrall.

VARIAN
Lok'tar Ogar.

THRALL
Victory or death.

And with that, THEY CHARGE INTO BATTLE.

Thrall swings his hammer, SHATTERING THE FIRST INFERNAL INTO LUMPS OF SMOULDERING ROCK. Varian fights at his side, slicing through the burning monsters with his sword.

Behind them, Jaina clenches her fists... which CRACKLE WITH MAGIC. As an infernal stomps toward her she unleashes an ICY BOLT OF FROST THAT SLICES THROUGH ITS BURNING CORE LIKE AN ARROW. It crumbles into a pile of stone and earth.

Our three heroes cut their way through the infernals with steel and magic. But there are simply too many. As Jaina destroys an infernal with a frostbolt, ANOTHER LOOMS BEHIND HER. Poised to strike. Varian sees it before she does.

VARIAN

Jaina!

Jaina turns as the infernal comes down with its great earthen fist. With only a split-second to react Jaina casts a spell ENCASING HERSELF WITHIN A PROTECTIVE BLOCK OF ICE.

The infernal pounds against the ice, gouging great shards from it. Varian rushes to help, but before he can get there a MAGICAL ARROW PIERCES THE INFERNAL'S CORE FROM BEHIND. A BEAT... and then the INFERNAL EXPLODES into lifeless rock.

TYRANDE SHIMMERS INTO VIEW FROM OUT OF THIN AIR, "UN-STEALTHING", clutching her bow.

Jaina's ice block DISSIPATES, leaving her shivering in a puddle of water. Varian helps her to her feet.

TYRANDE

I do so hate it when I'm right.

JAINA

...you stayed.

TYRANDE

We could not allow one man's arrogance to doom this world.

VARIAN

We?

THE NIGHT ELF FORCES "UN-STEALTH" INTO VIEW BEHIND TYRANDE. Dozens of elite warriors, armed and ready for battle.

TYRANDE

We will handle the infernals. Take the demon! Go, now!

ON THRALL as he battles the infernals. Swinging with his mace, smashing one after another. But still they come. He's tiring, the infernals threatening to overwhelm him...

...when the NIGHT ELVES SWARM INTO THE FRAY. Smashing their way through the infernals with jaw-dropping agility and skill. Mannoroth's face falls as he sees the battle turning.

MANNOROTH
KALDOREI...?

Mannoroth goes into a rage! Storming forward as Thrall, Varian and Jaina rush to meet him head-on. Jaina lets loose with a DEVASTATING VOLLEY OF MAGIC, forcing him back.

JAINA
Aim for its heart!

Varian whirls like a discus thrower and HURLS HIS SWORD AT MANNOROTH'S CHEST. Mannoroth deflects it with a swipe of his hand, the sword pinwheeling harmlessly away.

But the distraction creates an opening for Thrall, who charges up a rockpile of shattered infernals and LEAPS AT MANNOROTH, HAMMER POISED OVERHEAD TO STRIKE. Thrall bellows a WAR CRY and Mannoroth turns, wide-eyed with alarm as Thrall brings down his hammer toward the demon's chest.

A BLINDING SHOCKWAVE KNOCKS VARIAN AND JAINA OFF THEIR FEET. Thrall lies on the ground before Mannoroth. Looks up to see:

HIS MACE EMBEDDED IN ONE OF MANNOROTH'S WINGS. Enveloped protectively around him.

Mannoroth opens his wings, shaking them to free Thrall's mace, which falls to the ground. DEMONIC BLOOD oozes from the wound. But to Mannoroth it's just a scratch. He smiles.

MANNOROTH
A WORTHY EFFORT... BUT FUTILE.

Mannoroth closes in on our helpless heroes. His shadow looming over them, the demon SPREADS HIS WINGS WIDE IN TRIUMPH, grinning archly as he goes in for the kill...

...and then SUDDENLY STOPS. A look of surprise on his face. He looks down...

...to see a WAR AXE IMBEDDED IN HIS EXPOSED CHEST. Thrall and the others look behind them to see:

GROMMASH. Glaring at the demon with defiance.

Mannoroth sinks to his knees, mortally wounded. Blood seeping from the axe wound. He grasps at his chest, trying to pull it out. But Grommash CHARGES FORWARD, BARRELING INTO MANNOROTH AND SENDING HIM CRASHING ONTO HIS BACK.

As Mannoroth flounders helplessly, Grommash climbs up onto his chest, glaring into the wounded demon's eyes. Mannoroth looks back at him with pure, unbridled hatred. Spitting:

MANNOROTH

*YOU... DARE DEFY US, MAGGOT? YOUR
LIFE, YOUR VERY BLOOD... BELONGS TO
US. AS DOES... YOUR WHOLE...
MISBEGOTTEN RACE!*

GROMMASH

Not any more.

And with that he grabs the axe handle with both hands and PLUNGES IT DEEP INTO MANNOROTH'S HEART.

As Mannoroth emits a SICKENING, SHRILL DEATH RATTLE he ERUPTS IN DEMONIC FLAME. His entire body IMMOLATING. Grommash makes one final plunge with the axe as the searing fire consumes both him and Mannoroth.

THRALL

Grom!

As the Night Elf warriors finish off the last of the infernals, Thrall, Varian and Jaina rush to Mannoroth's burning corpse. The fire already burning out, leaving behind only the demon's charred and crumbling skeleton.

And at its center lies Grommash. Horrifically burned, skin charred black. But still alive. And still clutching his axe.

Thrall rushes to his side. Grom's eyes flicker open.

GROMMASH

Is... is it done?

Thrall nods. Overwhelmed with emotion.

THRALL

Yes.

GROMMASH

You were right. You were right
about me. About all of us.

A tear rolls down Thrall's cheek. Grommash reaches up and clasps Thrall's hand in his. A warrior's bond.

GROMMASH

You will always... be my brother.

Grom's axe slips out of his hand and to the ground. And with that, he dies. Thrall lowers his head, and quietly weeps.

PULL OUT over the devastated battlefield as we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STORMWIND CITY - DAY

The Alliance fleet docked in the harbor.

INT. STORMWIND KEEP - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Varian stands alone in the grand chamber. Examining the PAINTING of himself as a young King that hangs on the wall. The likeness barely recognizable as the man he now is.

His eyes turn to the throne. Empty. As though it has been waiting for him to return all this time.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN (O.S.)
Colonel Stormpike said you wanted
to see me.

Varian turns to see Anduin Wrynn enter and cross the chamber toward him. He looks at him with different eyes now. No longer just the King of Stormwind. His son.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN
You'll have to forgive me. It's...
Lo'Gosh, isn't it?

VARIAN
Your Highness, there's something I
have to tell you.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN
If it's about what happened in
Kalimdor, I've already received
full reports from Colonel Stormpike
and Lady Proudmoore.

VARIAN
They didn't tell you everything.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN
Oh?

BEAT. Varian steps closer and looks into his son's eyes. Struggling with how to tell him. Wondering if he even can.

VARIAN
You are your father's son. His
strength is in you. And though you
may not know it, he still watches
over you. And he wants you to make
him proud.
(beat)
(MORE)

VARIAN (CONT'D)

I just thought you should know that.

Varian turns and walks away, leaving Anduin to think about that. The young King looks puzzled as he watches Varian leave... then looks up at his father's portrait on the wall.

INT. STORMWIND KEEP - WAR ROOM - DAY

The Alliance council is assembled here. Among them Lady Katrana Prestor, Jonathan Marcus, Admiral Jes-Tereth. Stormpike and Varian look on.

Anduin Wrynn enters, accompanied by the usual fanfare. Everyone stands and genuflects, as per normal procedure.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

Your majesty.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Remain standing.

Prestor and the others are a little surprised by this. This is not normal procedure.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

I apologize for the short notice. I've convened this meeting to discuss the recent events in Kalimdor.

ADMIRAL JES-TERETH

A most unpleasant business, sire. Rest assured Admiral Proudmoore will stand trial for his crimes.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Well, I'm sure it will be of some comfort to him to know that when he does, he won't be alone.

MARCUS JONATHAN

...your majesty?

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

I've received evidence which strongly suggests that certain senior council members conspired to engineer this war for their own ends. I regret that I was weak enough to allow them to manipulate me against my own judgment. Stormwind has been without a King for too long. That ends today.

(MORE)

KING ANDUIN WRYNN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Lady Prestor, you are hereby charged with conspiracy and high treason against the crown. Likewise Commander Jonathan and Admiral Jes-Tereth.

Anduin motions to his GUARDS, who take Prestor, Jonathan and Jes-Tereth by the arms to lead them away.

LADY KATRANA PRESTOR

This is an outrage! This is-

Anduin cuts her off with a withering glare.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Speak again and I swear I will forego the formality of a trial.

Everyone is stunned. This is not the Anduin Wrynn they knew. This is a King reborn. From the corner of the room, Varian looks at his son with immeasurable pride.

As Prestor and the others are hauled away:

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

Colonel Stormpike. In recognition of your unwavering courage in this affair you are hereby promoted and appointed my chief military advisor. Well done... General.

STORMPIKE

Thank you, yer majesty!

Stormpike glances back at Varian, who winks at him.

KING ANDUIN WRYNN

I'll make further pronouncements concerning replacements for Prestor and the others in due time. This council is adjourned.

The council breaks up. As Anduin exits, he takes a moment to look back at Varian. Varian nods at him with a smile.

STORMPIKE

You didn't tell him?

(beat)

So what're you gonna do?

INT. THERAMORE KEEP - JAINA'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Jaina and Thrall are in conference around a map showing Theramore, Durotar and the lands in between.

JAINA
Your people will accept this new border? These trade routes?

THRALL
(nods)
It's a beginning.

VARIAN (O.S.)
The first of many.

They turn to see Varian in the doorway. Jaina is stunned.

JAINA
What are you doing here? You're supposed to be in Stormwind.

VARIAN
I was. Now I'm back.

JAINA
I don't understand. You're the rightful King. You should be-

VARIAN
Stormwind already has a King. And a fine one he's going to make. His place is on that throne...

He looks at her lovingly.

VARIAN
...just as mine is here. With you.

THRALL
We have a lot work ahead of us.

VARIAN
Then let's begin.

EXT. THERAMORE ISLE - DAWN

Varian, Thrall and Jaina stand atop a hillside overlooking Theramore and the wild, untamed lands of Kalimdor beyond.

JAINA (V.O.)
And so begins a new age. An era of fragile truce between Orcs and Humans. An era of peace.

They watch together as the SUN RISES over the horizon.

JAINA (V.O.)

No-one can know when the Burning
Legion may return. So we watch. And
wait. For the Legion is eternal.
And so too must be our vigilance.

Varian's hand slips into Jaina's. She smiles.

JAINA (V.O.)

One day, the drums of war will
thunder once again. But for now,
the new dawn brings with it hope.

The three of them stand in silhouette against the rising sun
as it bathes the land in its glow. And as we FADE OUT:

JAINA (V.O.)

Always, hope.

THE END