

Setting: An abandoned cottage. A map and a single candle sit on the dining table centred in the room.

At Rise: HEATHER stands over the map. FIG leans against the mantle behind her. Siblings BORIS and ALO sit on makeshift chairs. Heather's wolf companion ALFIE lies asleep in the shadows.

BORIS

Those men need t' rush her now.

HEATHER

I won't send people into something without consideration for the risks, Boris. I can't.

BORIS

(slams fists on the table)

Fuck that. Your inactivity is a fucking risk to the lot o' us.

Silence stretches. Boris throws a brief look at Alo as she wrings her hands in the seat next to his.

ALO

My brother may lack grace but he's right... How much more catastrophe will you let your sister and her rebels wreak.

FIG

I could go.

Heather snaps to face Fig leaning against the mantle.

BORIS

You, lad, are no more use than her mongrel lapdog.

Alfie's growl vibrates the stone floor. Fig looks towards Boris and Boris' growls begin to echo Alfie's. Fig smiles.

HEATHER

Not alone. Take no more than five of our best stalkers. You are to assess and report. No one gets heroic here, understood?

Fig gives a brief salute to Heather.

ALO

(nods appreciatively)

You know where to find us when you
have news.

Boris grunts his approval without looking at Heather.

Heather deftly gathers the maps scattered across the
makeshift table before handing them to Fig and turning to
leave.

Alfie stands, shakes the sleep off and saunters after her.

Fig opens the door and waits for Heather to exit.

HEATHER

(over her shoulder)

I feel each loss and the pain of their
absence.

Fig closes the door behind them leaving Alo and Boris in
the glow of the candle.