

by
NEIL GAIMAN

Dramatised in two 60' 00" parts
by

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS

(shiver)

It's cold as the heart of an ice troll in here. Why doesn't the old man just die?

PRIMUS

Septimus, please.

TERTIUS

Try a selfless act, for once.

SEPTIMUS

And you're not here to find out who inherits the Power Of Stormhold, Primus? Tertius?

PRIMUS

Enough.

SECUNDUS

(dead)

Septimus, charming as ever. He probably poisoned our Father.

QUINTUS

(dead)

Very likely, Secundus. He poisoned me.

SECUNDUS

(dead)

We should have had our revenge, Quintus.

QUINTUS

(dead)

Well it's too late now. We're dead.

PRIMUS

(to Lord Stormhold)

Father. We are here. What would you wish us ... father?

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: WE DESCEND FROM THE ICY WINDS OF STORMHOLD TO THE
WARMER BREEZES OVER THE FORESTS OF FAERIE, WITH ITS
VARI ED BEASTS DIMLY AUDIBLE, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: BLEED IN ALTERNATIVE UNIVERSE SOUNDS HERE: NIGHT
BREEZE, A DISTANT FOUNTAIN, HARP MUSIC OR SOMESUCH.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

NARRATOR (V. O.)
(voice over throughout)

Tommy. DUNSTAN

What? TOMMY

DUNSTAN
Something moved, in the trees on the far
side of the meadow.

TOMMY
Lots of things move about in those trees.
Best not ask what they are.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TOMMY
It's the Furriners I can't stand. The
village is full of 'em.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

DUNSTAN

It's only every nine years. The village profits from it.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TOMMY

The Inn's packed out, so them furriers are taking rooms in farms and houses, paying with strange coins, even with herbs and spices. It's a diabolical and

TOMMY

I can see my Bridget at the bar.

(moves off)

I'm off to steal a kiss.

DUNSTAN

Don't start any more fights.

FX: DUNSTAN FINISHES WOLFING DOWN PUDDING, PUSHES BOWL AWAY.

DUNSTAN
(smacks lips)
Mm. Aye, why not.

FX: NIGHT AIR. OWL. DISTANT DOG BARKS.

DUNSTAN
Want to look inside?

BLACK SILK TOP HAT
I've no need. Come, Dunstan Thorn, I'll rent it from you for the next three days.

DUNSTAN
What'll you give me for it?

BLACK SILK TOP HAT
A golden sovereign. More than fair rent, when a farm-worker might hope to make fifteen pounds in a good year.

DUNSTAN
True enough. But ... if you're here for the market, then it's miracles and wonders you'll be trading in that meadow through the Wall tomorrow.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT
So, it would be miracles and wonders that you would be after. Your heart's desire? Would that be it?

DUNSTAN
Aye. My heart's desire. Sounds about right.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT
Hm.

FX: THUNDER. LIGHT RAIN BEGINS.

DUNSTAN
(eyebrow cocked)
'S raining.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT
Ye-es. Very well. A miracle, a wonder. Tomorrow, you shall attain your Heart's Desire. Here is your golden sovereign -

DUNSTAN

Hey - !

FX: A SWIFT GESTURE, COIN PULLED FROM BEHIND DUNSTAN'S EAR.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

- hiding behind your ear. And that's a true sovereign, not faerie gold. Till tomorrow.

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Just me. I'm here for the market. I was sleeping outside but the rain threatened to get into my baggage, and there's things in there must be kept dry as dust, so I was wondering if you'd mind me staying here under your roof. I'm not very big. I'd not disturb you or nothing.

DUNSTAN

Just don't tread on me.

FX: LITTLE HAIRY MAN GATHERS STRAW FOR BEDDING, UNDER:

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

I just hopes I'm not disturbing you.

~~DUNSTAN~~ small and hairy lying down Dramatic

(disturbed)

You aren't.

FX: THUNDER, LIGHTNING.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Strap up! That was bright.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

DUNSTAN

Goodness me, you're a very hairy little man.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Indeed, that I am sir. Good night to you.

DUNSTAN

Good night ... what's your name?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

(snores)

Zzzzzzz ...

FX: LITTLE HAIRY MAN FARTS IN HIS SLEEP.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN (CONT'D)

(wakes briefly)

Beg pudden ... Zzzzzzzz ...

DUNSTAN

(settling back down)

Charming.

FX: BREEZE, BIRDSONG. COWS MOOING. DUNSTAN WALKS DOWN
PATH, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: FAIRGROUND HUBBUB. STEAM CALLIOPES. PEOPLE TALKING,
CHILDREN LAUGHING.

FX: VARIOUS STALLHOLDERS (AS REQUIRED):

EYES WOMAN

Eyes, eyes! New eyes for
old! Trade in your tired
peepers for shiny new ones!

INSTRUMENT MAN

Instruments of music from a
hundred lands! Make
mysterious and exotic
tunes! Zithers, Citterns,
Serpents and Crumhorns!

MUSIC WOMAN

Penny whistles! Tuppenny
hums! Threepenny choral
anthems!

RIDDLE MAN

Try your luck! Step right
up! Answer a simple riddle
and win a wind-flower!

HERBAL LADY

Everlasting lavender!
Bluebell cloth! Chive, Mint
and Leek infusions!

DREAMS MAN

Bottled dreams, a shilling
a bottle! No more
nightmares, just sweet
sleepy nights!

COATS WOMAN

Coats of night! Coats of
twilight! Coats of dusk!

MAGIC MAN

Swords of fortune! Wands
of power! Rings of
eternity! Cards of grace!
Storm-filled eggshells,
step this way!

MEDICINE WOMAN

Salves and ointments, philtres and
nostrums! Cure it before you even know
you've got it!

ALL THIS AROUND & UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Ah. My landlord. Let us walk together.

DUNSTAN

Did you sleep well in my cottage, sir?

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

That I did, thank you. Are you looking forward to the market today?

DUNSTAN

In truth, I don't know. Last market I went to, I was only a boy.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Well, remember to be polite, and take no gifts. You're a guest here. And now, I shall give you the last part of the rent that I owe you. For I swore an oath. It is a gift for you, and your firstborn child, and its firstborn child ... a gift that will last as long as I live.

DUNSTAN

And what would that be, sir?

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Your Heart's Desire, remember? It is now granted.

DUNSTAN

Is it?

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Indeed. And now I must away to business.

(walks off)

Fare well, Dunstan Thorn.

DUNSTAN

(muttering)

Would help to know what it is ...

NARRATOR (V. O.)

OLDER UNA (V. O.)

NEWS CRIER

(background)

Oh yay oh yay! Enquire here
for the latest news from
Faerie! The Master of
Stormhold Suffers a
Mysterious Malady! "The
Hill of Fire Has Moved to
the Fastness of Dene! The
Squire of Garamond's Only
Heir is Transformed into a
Grunting Pig-wiggin! These

-

DUNSTAN

(gaping a bit)

Whu - uh - yes. Yes, these glass flowers
... say, this one, this snowdrop. Its um -
it's very lovely. How much is it?

DUNSTAN

The chain that runs from your wrist to
the ground, and into the Caravan.

YOUNG UNA

DUNSTAN

That I'll pay with goodwill ...

MADAME SEMELE

Was there - ?! What?! A precious piece
that is, gone! You ungrateful little good-
for-nothing! What times we live in, when
servants can't be trusted with the
simplest jobs. I knew I should never have
taken you on, you vex me at every turn...

CROSSFADE TO:

FX: BREEZE IN TREES. LOW HUBBUB OF VOICES. CRACKLE OF
DYING FIRE EMBERS.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

DUNSTAN

(imitating owl)

Hoo hoo! Hoo hoo!

A BEAT.

DUNSTAN (CONT'D)

Hoo hoo! Hoo hoo!

YOUNG UNA

(suddenly beside him)

That is nothing like a little owl.

DUNSTAN

(startled)

Wah!

YOUNG UNA

Come. Lie here on the grass with me,
where it's quiet.

FX: THEY LIE DOWN ON THE GRASS. (FOLEY GRASS, AS REQ'D:)

DUNSTAN

Oh ... you ... intoxicate me ...

YOUNG UNA

Do you think you are under a spell,
pretty Dunstan?

DUNSTAN

I do not know.

YOUNG UNA
You are under no spell, pretty boy. Lie
back and tell me about yourself.

FX: THEY LIE BACK ON GRASS.

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)
What do you want from life?

DUNSTAN
I don't know. You, I think.

YOUNG UNA
Well, I want my freedom from this chain.

FX: SILVER CHAIN TINKLES AS DUNSTAN TOUCHES IT

DUNSTAN
What is it made of?

YOUNG UNA
Cat's breath and fish-scales and
moonlight, all mixed in with the silver.
Unbreakable until the terms of the spell
are concluded.

DUNSTAN
Oh.

YOUNG UNA
I miss my father's land. And the witch-
woman is not the best of mistresses.
(she sniffs)
Mft.

DUNSTAN

NARRATOR (V. O.)

YOUNG UNA
Now, get along with you, pretty lad.
Here's a kiss to send you on your way.

FX: SHE KISSES HIM, THEN TURNS AND GOES.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: MOOING, BIRDSONG, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: GENERAL ATMOS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: WEDDING BELLS, CHEERING LOCALS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: COUNTRYSIDE ATMOS. DISTANT HAMMERING & SAWING

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: COLD WIND, RAIN, SHEEP BAA.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: GUARDS SNORING

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: BABY CRYING

TOMMY
(waking up)
Seth - Seth - wake up, man, somebody's
pushed a basket through the gap.

FX: BASKET AND BABY PICKED UP.

SETH
Lord love us ... poor little mite, he'll
freeze. Hang on, what's this say?

FX: AMBIENT, ABSTRACT

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: BREEZE IN TREES, BIRDS SING.

FX: VICTORIA TAKES A BITE OF AN APPLE.

VICTORIA FORESTER

(recoiling)

Ugh. Sour. Your father's apples look
juicy, Louisa, but they taste awful.

FX: SHE TOSSES AWAY THE APPLE.

LOUISA THORN

They're cookers. Boiled up with sugar,

VICTORIA FORESTER

Mister Monday is five and forty years of age if he is a day.

LOUISA THORN

He is a widower, besides. I would not wish to marry someone who had already been married. It is like someone else breaking in one's own pony.

VICTORIA FORESTER

I would imagine that the advantage of a widower is that by the age of five-and-forty, their lusts would long since have been sated, which would free one from a number of indignities.

THEY SHRIEK WITH LAUGHTER

LOUISA THORN

Oh, Victoria!

FX: CREAKY WOODEN INTERIOR. HISSING OF A LAMP. WIND OUTSIDE RATTLING THE SHUTTERS FROM TIME TO TIME.

FX: TRISTRAN TIDYING ODDS AND ENDS AT REAR OF SHOP

TRISTRAN

(off, singing and muttering to self, under narration)

)

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: SHOP DOOR OPENS. BELL. WINDY EVENING OUTSIDE.

VICTORIA FORESTER
(entering)
Shop?
(waits, then)
Shop!

TRI STRAN
(muffled)

FX: MUFFLED CRASH FROM REAR OF SHOP.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
(emerging, nervous)
V-Victoria . . . er - Good day, Miss
Forester.

VICTORIA FORESTER
(impressed)
Tristan Thorn. Is Mister Monday not in?

TRI STRAN
Er - no - he is away fetching supplies,
and Mr. Brown is doing accounts in the
back office.

VICTORIA FORESTER
I see. Well, then. I have my Mother's
weekly shopping list.

FX: TRI STRAN LOOKING FOR PENCIL AND PAPER

TRI STRAN
(flustered)
Good, right - er - just find my stub of
pencil -

VICTORIA FORESTER
You don't need a pencil, it's all on the
list.

TRI STRAN
(stops looking)
Right. Um - so. What es she need?

VICTORIA FORESTER
(at speed)
Half a pound of sago, ten cans of
sardines, one bottle of mushroom ketchup,
five pounds of rice - Why don't I just
give you the list?

TRI STRAN
Yes. Yes, of course.

FX: LIST HANDED OVER.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(looks at it)

Five pounds of rice. You'll be having
rice pudding, then, Miss Forester?

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes, Tristran.

TRI STRAN

Yes. Um - we can deliver most of the
provisions tomorrow morning, and the rest
of it will come back with Mister Monday,
on Thursday week.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes. I must go -

TRI STRAN

- You know, Miss Forester, I get off in a
few minutes. Perhaps I could walk you
home. It's not much out of my way.

A LONG BEAT.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Certainly.

TRI STRAN

I - I'll just tell Mr Brown -

FX: HE SCURRIES OUT THE BACK.

VICTORIA FORESTER

(gazing around, hums to self)

Hm hmm hmmm . . .

FX: TRI STRAN REAPPEARS, PULLING ON HIS COAT.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)

Ready.

FX: NIGHT AIR, OWL, ETC.

FX: TRI STRAN AND VICTORIAN WALK TOGETHER UNDER THE STARS.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN

Victoria.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes, Tristan.

TRI STRAN

Would you think it forward of me to kiss you?

VICTORIA FORESTER

(cold)

Yes. Very forward.

TRI STRAN

Will you kiss me?

VICTORIA FORESTER

No.

TRI STRAN

You kissed me when we were younger. Beneath the pledge-Oak, on your fifteenth birthday. And last May Day, behind your father's cowshed.

VICTORIA FORESTER

I was another person then.

TRI STRAN

If you will not kiss me, will you marry me?

A PAUSE.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Marry you? And why ever should I marry you, little shop-boy? I shall not kiss you; neither shall I marry you. Now, we should be getting along, or my father and mother will be wondering what has kept me, and they will leap to some entirely unjustified conclusions, for I have not kissed you, Tristan Thorn.

TRI STRAN

There is nothing I would not do for your
kiss, no mountain I would not scale, no
river I would not ford, no desert I would
not cross.

FX: DISTANTLY, SOMETHING RIPS ACROSS THE SKY OVERHEAD.
THEY STOP.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Oh. Did you see that falling star? I
believe they are not at all uncommon at
this time of year.

A BEAT

TRI STRAN

For a kiss, I would bring you that fallen
star.

A BEAT

VICTORIA FORESTER

Go on, then. And if you do, I will.

TRI STRAN

What?

VICTORIA FORESTER

If you bring me that star, the one that
just fell, then I'll kiss you. Who knows
what else I might do?

TRI STRAN

What else? A kiss? Your hand in
marriage? If I brought you the fallen
star?

VICTORIA FORESTER

(amused)
Anything you desire.

TRI STRAN

You swear it?

VICTORIA FORESTER

Of course. Silly shop-boy. Let me go
home.

TRI STRAN

(moving off)
I shall leave you here, my lady. For I
have urgent business.
(off, dramatically)
To the East!

FX: NIGHT AIR. TRI STRAN'S FEET RUN ON DIRT ROAD.
BRAMBLES, BRANCES ETC.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN
(breathless)
Oh, bother . . .

FX: POT BUBBLING ON HEARTH. CRACKLING EMBERS. DOOR BURSTS
OPEN.

DAISY HEMPSTOCK
Goodness me.

TRI STRAN
(breathless)
Mother, father.

DAISY HEMPSTOCK
Look at the state of you!

FX: TRI STRAN TAKES HIS COAT OFF, UNDER:

TRI STRAN
I beg your pardon, father, mother, but I
shall be leaving the village tonight. I
may be gone for some time.

DAISY HEMPSTOCK
Foolishness and silliness. Give me that
torn coat, so that I can sew it up.

TRI STRAN
Here.

FX: DAI SY BUSTLES OUT

DUNSTAN
Where are you going?

TRI STRAN
East, through the wall.

DUNSTAN
And - and will you be coming back?

TRI STRAN

Of course.

DUNSTAN

And have you given any thought to getting through the wall? Past the guards?

TRI STRAN

I'll fight them, if I have to.

DUNSTAN

You'll do no such thing. Go and pack a bag, and kiss your mother goodbye, and I'll walk you down to the village.

FX: NIGHT AIR. DISTANT STREAM.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

DUNSTAN

Evening, Mister Bromios. Evening, Harold. I believe you both know my son Tristran?

MR. BROMIOS

Indeed. Good evening, Tristran.

HAROLD

Oh, aye.

TRI STRAN

Hello Harold. Good evening, Mr. Bromios.

DUNSTAN

I suppose you both know about where Tristran came from.

HAROLD

Oh, aye.

MR. BROMIOS

They say he was found here, in the gap in the wall.

DUNSTAN

Well, now it's time for him to go back.

A BEAT.

MR. BROMI OS

Very well.

(low, to Harold)

Harold. We're letting Tristran through.

HAROLD

Oh, aye.

DUNSTAN

(low, to TRISTRAN)

That was easier than I expected. Now, Tristran. Before you go. Here's a little something that might come in useful.

TRI STRAN

What is it?

FX: MUFFLED TINKLING OF GLASS SNOWDROP.

DUNSTAN

A snowdrop, all made of glass.

TRI STRAN

It's beautiful.

DUNSTAN

Be gentle with it.

TRI STRAN

Yes, father.

DUNSTAN

Now. Go on with you, boy. Go, and bring back your star, and may God and all His angels go with you.

TRI STRAN

Thank you, father.

THEY EMBRACE.

DUNSTAN

(fighting tears)

Go on, you fool.

FX: TRI STRAN'S FOOTSTEPS WALK THROUGH GATE, AND ONWARD.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: WIND IN TREES. TRISTRAN'S FOOTSTEPS ON UNDERGROWTH.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MUSIC CLIMAX

FX: ICY WIND BLOWING

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: SAME ICY WIND HEARD THROUGH OPEN CASEMENTS. A ROARING FIRE. DISTANT KEENING OF WOMEN, AS IF IN MOURNING.

LORD STORMHOLD

SEXTUS

(dead)

And in the hope you might throttle
Septimus as your last living act.

QUARTUS

(dead)

He can't hear you, Sextus.

LORD STORMHOLD

Primus. Tertius. Septimus. This concerns
which of you will inherit my title.
Which, having been murdered one apiece by
you three, my dead sons cannot.

PRIMUS

That's not quite correct.

LORD STORMHOLD

What?

TERTIUS

Septimus killed both Quintus and Sextus.

PRIMUS

He poisoned Quintus with a dish of spiced
eels. He pushed Sextus off a precipice.

SEPTIMUS

Oh, really.

(mutters)

I simply rejected artifice in favour of
efficiency and gravity.

LORD STORMHOLD

Quiet!

A BEAT.

LORD STORMHOLD (CONT'D)

I am dying. Soon my time will be done,
and you will take my remains deep into
the mountain, to the Hall of Ancestors.

SEXTUS

(dead)

Lucky you. My bones are scattered in the
foothills.

SECUNDUS

(dead)

I was gobbled up by eagles.

QUARTUS

(dead)

Waterfall, me. Whoosh, gone.

LORD STORMHOLD
Primus.

PRIMUS
Yes sire.

LORD STORMHOLD
Go to the window.

PRIMUS
(crossing to window)
As you wish.

LORD STORMHOLD
What do you see?

PRIMUS
I see the evening sky above us, and
clouds below us.

LORD STORMHOLD
Tertius. What do you see?

TERTIUS
(crossing to window)
It is as Primus told you, Father. The
evening sky hangs above us, the colour of
a bruise, and clouds carpet the world
beneath us.

LORD STORMHOLD
Septimus. You.

SEPTIMUS
(sighs, crossing to window)
Window? Yes I'm going.
(mutters)
Pantomime.

LORD STORMHOLD
What do you see?

A BEAT

SEPTIMUS
I see a Star, father.

LORD STORMHOLD
Ahh. Now. Bring me to the window.

FX: THEY GO BACK TO THE BED, UNDER:

PRIMUS
(going back)
Come, Tertius.

SEPTIMUS
(mutter)
What a performance.

TERTIUS
Got him? Lift -

FX: THEY LIFT HIM, CARRY HIM TO THE WINDOW, UNDER:

PRIMUS
Steady now -

LORD STORMHOLD
Ow ... uhhh ...

LORD STORMHOLD (CONT'D)
Ahh. Primus, you know the talisman that
we call the Power Of Stormhold.

PRIMUS
It is the yellow topaz stone you wear
upon the chain around your neck, father.

LORD STORMHOLD
Tertius?

TERTIUS
He who wears that topaz is Stormhold's
Master, the eighty-second Lord.

LORD STORMHOLD
Septimus?

SEPTIMUS
(shrug)
I want it.

LORD STORMHOLD
Of course you do. But you forget.
(with a little of his old
power)
I am the Lord of Stormhold who had
defeated the Northern Goblins at the
battle of Cragland's Head; who fathered
eight children - seven of them boys - on
three wives; who killed each of his four
brothers in combat, before he was twenty
years old.

FX: LITTLE TINKLY 'SNAP!', UNDER:

LORD STORMHOLD (CONT'D)
It is that man who -
(effort)
- breaks this chain, holds up this Topaz
and utters the incantation -
(quavery shout into wind)
(MORE)

TERTIUS

Right. You take the head end.

PRIMUS

(effort)

Septimus, lend a hand, he's a dead weight.

SEPTIMUS

I'm busy.

FX: PRIMUS AND TERTIUS LABOURING TO CARRY THE BODY TO THE BED UNDER REST OF SCENE:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

QUINTUS

(dead)

What do you think he's thinking, Secundus?

SECUNDUS

(dead)

How to murder Primus and Tertius.

QUARTUS

(dead)

How to make it look like an accident.

SEXTUS

(dead)

You're all wrong. He's wondering where that stone fell, and how to reach it first.

LORD STORMHOLD

(dead)

I damned well hope so.

QUARTUS

(nervously)

Oh - hallo, father ...

FX: A FOREST SOUNDSCAPE, BUT CLAUSTROPHOBIC. A MOANING LOW WIND, THE SCREECHES OF CARRION BIRDS RATHER THAN BIRDSONG, THE SCURRYINGS OF VERMIN IN DANK UNDERGROWTH.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

(MORE)

FX: FALLING STAR EFFECT (AS IN EARLIER SCENE), UNDER:

MORWANNEG
(hag, calling)
Sisters! Sisters! Come quickly!

FX: DOOR IN COTTAGE OPENS. THE OTHER TWO BUSTLE OUT.

LILIM 1
(approach)
What, sister?

LILIM 2
I've his liver.

MORWANNEG
(triumphantly)
I've his heart.

A BEAT

LILIM 1
How will you travel?

MORWANNEG
In our old chariot, drawn by what I find
at the crossroads.

LILIM 2
You'll be needing some years. Come into
the cottage.

FX: FIRE QUIETLY SMOULDERS. A DRAWER PULLED OPEN. A METAL
BOX PULLED OUT, CARRIED TO KITCHEN TABLE.

LILIM 1
(setting it down)
Here is the box.

LILIM 2
Open it, then.

FX: LITTLE CREAK - LID OPENED. SLIGHT SQUIDGY NOISE.

MORWANNEG
How the tiny morsel shines and wriggles.

LILIM 1
Hmm. Not much left.

MORWANNEG
Then it's a good thing that we've found a
new one, isn't it. Here, let me have it.

FX: SHE REACHES IN, GRABS SQUIDGY THING, POPS IT IN HER
MOUTH, SWALLOWS.

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)
Mm. Mmmm . . .

FX: A SWIRLING SOUND, MAGICAL TRANSFORMATION AS MORWANNEG
BECOMES YOUNG AGAIN, UNDER:

LILIM 1
Oh my.

LILIM 2

Lucky thing.

EFFECT STOPS

MORWANNEG

(young, slightly breathless)
Ahhh. Ahhhhhhhh.

LILIM 1

You're young again, Morwanneg. As you are

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN

Zzzz ...
(sl eepy)
Whah - ?

FX: HE IS POKED, HARD

LITTLE HAI RY MAN

'Scuse me, but would you mind dreamin' a bit quieter, only your dreams is spillin' over into my dreams, and I can't be doin' with kings and such. William the Conker, that's as far as I go, and I'd swap that for a dancing mouse.

TRI STRAN

(not really awake, under:)
Mm ... I didn't ... I mean ... Eh?

NARRATOR (V. O.)

LITTLE HAI RY MAN

Just keep it down, if you don't mind.

TRI STRAN

Sorry ... Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

FX: BIRDSONG. BREEZE. BREAKFAST FRYING ON A CAMP FIRE.

TRI STRAN

Zzzzz ...

LITTLE HAI RY MAN

Breakfast.

TRI STRAN

Eh?

FX: TRI STRAN SITS UP.

TRI STRAN (CONT' D)

Who are you?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

A friend.

TRISTRAN

What is that delightful smell?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Breakfast, lad. It's mushrumps, fried in butter, with wild garlic. Here. Eat up while I tidy away.

FX: TIN PLATE PUT DOWN IN GRASS BY TRISTRAN.

TRISTRAN

Ooh. That looks good.

(eats)

Tastes good.

FX: LITTLE HAIRY MAN TIDIES COOKING IMPLEMENTS INTO HIS BAG, UNDER:

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
That's the one.

TRI STRAN
It's only a nursery-rhyme.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Only a nursery - ? Bless me, there's some
on this side of the Wall would give seven
year's hard toil for that little cantrip.
And back where you come from you mutter
'em to babes alongside of a rock-a-bye-
baby or a rub-a-dub-dub, without a second
thought - hang on.

FX: HE STOPS. TRI STRAN STOPS TOO.

TRI STRAN
What?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Where's the path gone?

TRI STRAN
Eh?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Look around you. Can you see the path?

TRI STRAN
Not any more.

A BEAT.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Now we're for it.

TRI STRAN
What? Should we run?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Not much point. We've walked into the
trap, and we'll still be in it even if we
runs. Look, up in the tree, here.

TRI STRAN
There's a bird. A dove?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Hand me a pebble.

FX: PEBBLE PICKED UP

TRI STRAN
Here.

FX: PEBBLE THROWN, UNDER

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
(effort)
Unf - !

FX: PEBBLE HITS BRANCH. WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A COLLECTION OF STICKS FALLS TO THE GROUND.

TRI STRAN
Oh. It wasn't a dove.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
It's the skellington of a bird.

TRI STRAN
Picked clean, while roosting?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
(figuring odds)
Tchah. There's no escape by flying, not judgin' by that thing. And your sort of people never could learn to burrow - not that that'd do us much good...

FX: THE SOUND OF WIND IN TREES BUILDS, WITH A SINISTER RUSTLING UNDERTONE ...

TRI STRAN
Should we arm ourselves?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Against the trees themselves? We're in a Serewood.

TRI STRAN
A Serewood?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Now you'll never get your star, and I'll never get my merchandise. One day some other poor bugger lost in the wood'll find our skellingtons picked clean as whistles and that'll be that.

FX: FLUTTERY LEAF - TRI STRAN JUMPS

TRI STRAN
Ow! A wasp stung me ... no - it was a falling leaf.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Now it begins. If only we knew where the true path was ... even a Serewood couldn't destroy the true path. Just hide it from us, lure us off of it.

TRI STRAN

I... I do know where the path is. It's down that way.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

How do you know?

TRI STRAN

I - I just - know.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Well, come on then, run!

FX: THEY RUN, BRAMBLES AND TANGLES CLUTCHING AT THEIR CLOTHES.

TRI STRAN

(breathless)

No not that way - ow! - over to the left!

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Blooming trees - ah! - they've arranged themselves into a wall - ow!

TRI STRAN

Buck up, we're nearly there - ooh!

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Yes I see it - quickly, before this gap closes -

FX: THEY CRASH THROUGH A THICKET AND INTO A CLEARING.

FX: RUSTLING AND SURGING OF TREES STOPS. BIRDSONG RETURNS. AIR. THEY RUN OUT INTO THE OPEN AND STOP, PANTING.

TRI STRAN

Are we safe now?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

As long as we stay on the path. We can stop here a moment, though. There's stuff we need to talk about. Sit down.

FX: THEY SIT. LHM RUMMAGES IN BAG. CORK OUT OF BOTTLE.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN (CONT'D)

Here, have a sip.

TRI STRAN SWIGS.

TRI STRAN
(coughs)
Ooh - strong ... but nice.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
It's a crime to drink something as rare
and good as this out of the bottle, but
needs must.

FX: HE RE-CORKS THE BOTTLE AND STOWS IT AWAY AGAIN,
UNDER:

LITTLE HAIRY MAN (CONT'D)
Now. There's something here I'm not
properly gettin'. Where are you from?

TRI STRAN
Wall. I told you.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Who's your father and mother?

TRI STRAN
My father's name is Dunstan Thorn. My
mother is Daisy Thorn.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Mmm. Dunstan Thorn. Mm. I met your father
once. He put me up for the night. Not a
bad chap. Still doesn't explain ... there
isn't anythin' unusual in your family, is
there? Enchantresses, or Warlocks?

TRI STRAN
None that I know of.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
All right. Which direction is the village
of Wall?

TRI STRAN
(points)
There.

THE FOLLOWING Q&A IS QUITE BRIEF:

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Where are the Debatable Hills?

TRI STRAN
There.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
The Catavarian Isles?

TRI STRAN
That way.

LITTLE HAI RY MAN
Hi s Vastness the Freemartin Muski sh?

TRI STRAN
There.

LITTLE HAI RY MAN
Hi s Vastness the Freemartin Muski sh' s
Translumi nary Ci tadel ?

TRI STRAN
(doubt)
Um ... a shade more that way?

LITTLE HAI RY MAN
And where' s thi s star you' re looki n' for?

TRI STRAN
(confident, poi nts)
It' s that way.

LITTLE HAI RY MAN
Good. How far, d' ye thi nk?

TRI STRAN
Si x months' walk ... How di d I know that?

LITTLE HAI RY MAN
You just knows. , it seems. And I' ll wager
you' re not the only one' ll be looki n' for
it. Now Look. You' ve saved my life,
laddie, back there in the Serewood, and
your father, he done me a good turn back
before you was born, and let it never be
said that I' m a cove what doesn' t pay his
debts. Now, where is it - ?

FX: LITTLE MAN RUMMAGES IN BAG

LITTLE HAI RY MAN (CONT' D)
You remember what I told you before? 'How
many miles to Babylon' ?

TRI STRAN
'Can I get back by candle light' , and so
on?

LITTLE HAI RY MAN
Exactly. It' s the candle-wax, you see.
Most candles won' t do it. This one took a
lot of findi n' .

FX: HE PULLS OUT CANDLE STUB.

TRI STRAN
There' s not much of a candl e left. What
do I do wi th it?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

All in good time. Take this silver chain,
too. You'll need it.

FX: LONG THIN SILVER CHAIN HANDED TO TRISTAN.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN (CONT'D)

You'll be needin' it to bring your star
back with you.

TRISTRAN

What do I do with it?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Take up the candle in your right hand.
I'll light it. Then you walk to your
star. Then tie it to the chain, and bring
it back here. There's not much wick left,
so you'd best step lively.

TRISTRAN

I suppose so, yes.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Did I see a box of Lucifers in yer pack?

TRISTRAN

Here.

FX: HE PULLS BOX OF MATCHES FROM PACK. MATCH STRUCK.
CANDLE LIT.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Candle's lit.

TRISTRAN

Won't it blow out?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Not unless you want it to. Or it runs
out, whichever's first. Ready?

TRISTRAN

I - I think so.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Off you go. Take one step at a time.

TRISTRAN

Just a step?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Go on.

FX: WHOOSH

FX: RUSHING WATER

TRI STRAN
Bye bye - oh, he's gone. No - I've gone -
miles and miles in one step ... So if I
take another -

FX: WHOOSH

FX: HOWLING WIND, CAMEL IN DISTANCE

TRI STRAN
- I'm in the Desert -

FX: WHOOSH

FX: SNOWY WIND, THUNDERSTORM

TRI STRAN
Mountains ...

FX: WHOOSH

FX: DRIPS; ECHOEY ACOUSTIC

TRI STRAN
Oo-er, it's night already. No ... this
must be a cave ...

FX: SOMETHING GROWLS IN THE DARKNESS

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
- best not stay here -

FX: WHOOSH

FX: QUIET NIGHT AIR. WATER TRICKLING. POOL LAPPING.
CRICKETS & TREE FROGS CHIRRP

TRI STRAN
Hm. Nice little glade. But I must press
on -

FX: HE TAKES A STEP, IN THE GRASS

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Didn't work. Try again.

FX: HE TAKES ANOTHER STEP IN THE GRASS.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
So ... the candle is still burning. I
must have reached my destination.
(calls)
Hello?

YVAINE IS SNIFFLING, OFF.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
Excuse me? I'm looking for a star - ouch!

FX: HE IS HIT WITH A CLUMP OF EARTH.

YVAINE
(off)
Go away.

CHANGE ANGLE:

TRI STRAN
(off)

TRI STRAN

I'm sorry. But there's a star -

YVAINE

I broke my leg, you idiot. When I fell.

TRI STRAN

Oh. You're the star?

YVAINE

And you're a clodpoll. And a ninny, a numbskull, a lackwit and a coxcomb!

TRI STRAN

Yes ... I suppose I am at that. Here.

FX: SILVER CHAIN BOUND ROUND HER WRIST

YVAINE

What's this?

TRI STRAN

A chain, slipped round your wrist.

YVAINE

(fury)

What do you think you are doing?

TRI STRAN

Taking you home with me. I made an oath. This is honestly nothing personal. I do it for love. Her name, that is, the name of my love, is Victoria. Victoria Forester. She promised me anything I desired were I to bring her the star that we saw fall the night before last. I was looking for a diamond or a rock. I certainly wasn't expecting a lady.

YVAINE

And, having found a lady, you have to drag her into your foolishness? For what?

TRI STRAN

(shrug)

Love.

YVAINE

Well I hope you choke on it.

FX: FMPT! CANDLE GOES OUT

TRI STRAN

Oh. The candle's gone out.

YVAINE

So?

TRI STRAN

"Can I get there by candlelight? There,
and back again".

YVAINE

Oh shut up.

TRI STRAN

Without candlelight, the village of Wall
is six months hard travel from here.

YVAINE

Listen. I want you to know, that whoever
you are, and whatever you intend with me,
I shall give you no aid of any kind, nor
shall I assist you, and I shall do
whatever is in my power to frustrate your
plans and devices.

TRI STRAN

Um - can you walk?

YVAINE

No, my leg is broken. Are you deaf, as
well as stupid?

A BEAT.

TRI STRAN

(sighs)

Do your kind sleep?

YVAINE

Of course. But not at night. At night, we
shine.

FX: TRI STRAN LIES DOWN ON GRASS.

TRI STRAN

(slight efforts)

Well, I can't think of anything else to
do. I'm going to try to get some sleep.
It's been a long day. Maybe you should
try to sleep, too. We've got a long way
to go. Goodnight ...

A BEAT

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)

.... Zzzzz.

YVAINE

(sighs)

Dunderhead. Bumpkin. Dolt.

FX: SILVER CHAIN TUGGED AT FRUITLESSLY, UNDER:

YVAINE (CONT' D)
Cretinous, verminous oaf ...

FX: BEDCLOTHES, ETC. AS SUITABLE - ! - UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: CORK OUT OF WINE BOTTLE. POURED.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: HIS BODY FLOPS BACK ON THE BED, DEAD.

LETITIA

(disappointed)

Why, sir, are you finished already? Sir?
Sir!

FX: FIRE BURNING DOWNSTAIRS. LETITIA SCREAMING. DOOR
OPENS.

PRIMUS

(emerging)

Landlord! Landlord, a light here!

FX: HE CROSSES TO TERTIUS' S ROOM AND OPENS THE DOOR.

FX: PRIMUS ENTERS. LETITIA' S SCREAMING NOW LOUD.

PRIMUS

Compose yourself, girl.

LETITIA SUBSIDES INTO SOBS.

LETITIA

LETITIA

(moves to door)
Where is he?

LETITIA
'E's gone, my Lord. Left an hour back.

SHE DISSOLVES INTO SOBS AGAIN.

PRIMUS
Damn him.

LETITIA
What about your other brothers, sir?

PRIMUS
What other brothers?

LETITIA
The grey, ones standing at the end of the bed.

PRIMUS
(leaving)
Don't be ridiculous. Where's that
Landlord - ?

HE EXITS. SHE REMAINS, SOBBING, BUT STOPS FOR:

QUINTUS
(dead)
I thought Septimus had more imagination.
That was the self-same preparation of
baneberries he slipped into my dish of
eels.

LETITIA
Oh my stars, they are ghosts - !

SHE FLEES THE ROOM, SCREAMING.

SECUNDUS
(dead)
What a thumpingly stupid girl.

SEXTUS
(dead)
Enthusiastic, though. Enjoy yourself,
Tertius?

TERTIUS
(dead)
Oh, shut up.

FX: COACH DRAWS AWAY, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: COLD WIND. CROWS IN DISTANCE. GOAT COMPLAINING.

BREVIS

Come on, Billy, stop your grumbling. I've got to fetch a florin for you and not a penny less, or we'll starve.

FX: GOAT COMPLAINING CONTINUES, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

BREVIS

Oh ... hallo.

MORWANNEG

What do they call you, boy?

BREVIS

(a bit overawed)

Brevi s, Ma' am.

MORWANNEG

Indeed. And will you sell me your goat, boy? As you see I have nothing to harness to my cart. I cannot go far like this.

BREVIS

My mother told me I was to take the goat to the market and to sell her for a hen, and some corn, and some turnips.

MORWANNEG

Why, I will give you a golden guinea.
Enough to buy a coop-full of hens, and a
hundred bushels of turnips. Will that do?

BREVIS

Y-Yes. Here is his halter.

FX: THE GOAT BLEATS.

MORWANNEG

Thank you. Hm. Now I consider this fine
beast you have sold me, I think that a
matched pair would be so much more
impressive than just one. Don't you?

BREVIS

I do not know what you mean, lady - I
baaa - baaaaa - baaaaa -

FX: HE IS TURNED INTO A GOAT. LEATHER AND BUCKLES, UNDER:

MORWANNEG

There. Two fine goats, to draw my cart.

FX: WOOD CREAKS AS SHE GETS IN THE CART.

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)

Forward!

FX: WHIP CRACK. THE GOATS BLEAT AND WALK FORWARD, THE
CART TRUNDLING BEHIND THEM. FADES.

YVAINE

I did not trip. I was hit. In the side.
By this.

FX: SHE PULLS OUT THE LORD OF STORMHOLD'S TOPAZ, ON ITS CHAIN.

TRISTRAN

That looks like a topaz. They're quite valuable.

YVAINE

And now I am obliged to carry it about with me.

TRISTRAN

Why?

YVAINE

Shhh. Listen.

FX: THE DISTANT ROARING OF A LION, AND WHINNYING OF A UNICORN.

TRISTRAN

(moving off)

That's coming from up ahead.

FX: CHAIN GOES TAUT.

YVAINE

Ow! Wait for me, the chain's not that long.

FX: THEY MOVE CAUTIOUSLY FORWARD, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: LION & UNICORN BATTLE, UNDER FOLLOWING NARRATION. SCUFFLING ON GRASS, GROWLS AND ROARS FROM LION, WITH SNORTS, WHINNIES AND NEIGHING FROM UNICORN, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: A PAUSE IN THE BATTLE. THE CREATURES PANTING, HARD.

TRI STRAN

(i n wonder)

"The Li on and the Uni corn were fi ghting
for the crown. The Li on beat the Uni corn
all about the town ..."

YVAINE

Pl ease, do something. The uni corn i s
hurt. The li on will kill i t.

TRI STRAN

And l et hi m kill me, oL35 72 1 Tf (0. 0. ypSC5901670000 Tc 12

TRI STRAN
(to UNICORN)
Will you carry the lady? Please.

FX: UNICORN SNORTS, KNEELS.

YVAINE
My, my.

TRI STRAN
It kneels before you. Climb up.

FX: YVAINE CLIMBS UP ON THE UNICORN'S BACK, WITH A LITTLE DIFFICULTY.

YVAINE
(groans)
Uhhh ... Ooh ... Almost ... Yes, I'm on.

FX: UNICORN SNORTS AGAIN.

TRI STRAN
There. I can walk beside you both.
(groans)
Ohhh. My stomach.

YVAINE
What's wrong with you?

TRI STRAN
I'm hungry. Aren't you hungry?

YVAINE
We stars eat only darkness, and we drink only light. So I'm not hungry.

TRI STRAN
Look. There's a village on the other side of that hill. I'll go and get some food. You wait here. The unicorn will protect you, if anyone comes.

FX: UNICORN SNORTS

YVAINE
Wait here? With this chain binding us?

TRI STRAN
Oh - give me your hand.

FX: CHAIN TINKLES, UNDER:

YVAINE
It's not coming off. Try your end.

TRI STRAN
Hm. No good.

YVAINE

Perhaps there's a magic word or something.

TRISTRAN

I don't know any magic words ... unless I just say "Please" - ?

FX: CHAIN TINKLES, RIPPLINGLY ...

YVAINE

Oh. That worked.

TRISTRAN

Here. Wrap it round your wrist till I return. I'll try not to be too long. I'll have to trust you, on your honour as a star, not to run away.

YVAINE

On this leg? I will do no running for quite some time.

TRISTRAN

(walking off)
I will be back presently.

FX: WIND IN TREES, CROWS CAWING. A CRACKLING FIRE, SPIT-ROASTING A HARE.

MADAME SEMELE

(sniffs, smacks lips)

Mm. Smells not too rank. Though I may have overdone the rosemary.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: CART DRAWN BY GOATS HEARD APPROACHING. BIRD SCREECHES

MADAME SEMELE
(low, to bird)
I sees her, I sees her, girl.

FX: THE CART PULLS UP. GOATS BLEAT. MORWANNEG ALIGHTS.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
(voice up, wheedling)
Before you says anything, I should tell
ye that I'm just a harmless old biddy
who's never done nothing to no-one, and
that the sight of a grand and terrifying
lady such as yourself fills me with dread
and fear.

MORWANNEG
(approach)
I will not harm you.

MADAME SEMELE
That's what you says. But how am I to
know that it's so?

MORWANNEG
I swear that, by the rules and
constraints of the sisterhood to which
you and I belong, that I mean you no
harm, and shall treat you as if you were
my own guest.

MADAME SEMELE
That's good enough for me, dearie-ducks.
Come and sit down beside me. Supper'll be
cooked in two shakes of a lamb's tail.

FX: WITCH-QUEEN SITS BY MADAME SEMELE.

MORWANNEG
With good will.

FX: GOATS GRAZING, OFF. A BLEAT OR TWO.

MADAME SEMELE
Now, my dear, would I be correct in
supposing that one of those fine goats
started life walking on two legs, not
four?

MORWANNEG
Such things have been heard of. That
splendid bird of yours, for example.

MADAME SEMELE
That bird gave away one of the prizes of
my stock to a good-for-nothing, near
twenty years ago.
(MORE)

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
So these days, she stays a bird, unless
there's work that needs doing.

FX: FORLORN CHIRRP FROM THE BIRD.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
They call me Madame Semele.

MORWANNEG
They called you Ditchwater Sal when you
were a young chit of a thing.

MADAME SEMELE
Now, now.

MORWANNEG
You may call me Morwanneg.

MADAME SEMELE
Yet now I feel you truly mock me, lady,
for 'Morwanneg' means wave of the sea.

MORWANNEG
Indeed. My true name was long since
drowned and lost beneath the cold ocean.

FX: PLATES PICKED UP, HARE REMOVED FROM SPIT AND CUT IN
HALF, UNDER:

MADAME SEMELE
Would you partake of a little roast hare
with me? I have a spare bowl.

MORWANNEG
That I will.

MADAME SEMELE
Heads or tails?

MORWANNEG
Let it be your choice.

MADAME SEMELE
Head, then, for you, with the luscious
eyes and brains. And I'll have the rump,
with nothing but dull meat to nibble.
Here.

FX: PLATED UP HALF HARE HANDED OVER.

MORWANNEG
I thank you. Salt?

MADAME SEMELE
Oh, there's no salt, my dear, but if you
shake this on it will do the trick.
(MORE)

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)

Then I shall take all the heart that's left to the Great Market at Wall. Hee!

MORWANNEG

(calmly)

You shall not do this thing.

MADAME SEMELE

No? You are my guest, my dear. You swore your oath. You've tasted of my food. There is nothing you can do to harm me.

FX: THUNDER IN DISTANCE

MORWANNEG

Oh, there are so many things I could do to harm you, Ditchwater Sal. For you have stolen knowledge you did not earn, but it shall not profit you. For you shall be unable to see the star, unable to perceive it, unable to touch it, to find it, to kill it.

MADAME SEMELE

(frightened)

Who are you?

MORWANNEG

When you knew me last, I ruled with my sisters in Carnadine, before it was lost.

MADAME SEMELE

You? But you are dead, long dead.

MORWANNEG

They have said that the Lilim were dead before now, but they have always lied. The squirrel has not yet found the acorn that will grow to the oak that will be cut to form the cradle of the babe that will grow to slay me.

FX: MORWANNEG RISES, UNDER:

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)

A moment after I leave, you shall forget that ever you saw me.

(walks away)

You shall forget all of this, even my curse, although the knowledge of it shall vex and irritate you.

FX: SHE CLIMBS INTO HER CART, WHIPS THE BLEATING GOATS, AND TRUNDLES AWAY.

MADAME SEMELE

(dazed)

My goodness. Whatever possessed me to cut that hare in two and then throw half away? Whatever was I a-thinking of?

FX: SHE RISES

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)

I must be getting old, bird.

FX: BIRD CHIRRRUPS.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)

And as stupid as that squirrel. Look at him.

FX: SQUIRREL SQUEAKS. RAPID LITTLE PAWS, DIGGING.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)

Digging that acorn he's found into this grassy bank. He'll forget he put it

Oh.

TRI STRAN (CONT' D)

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: NIGHT AIR. OWL SCREECH.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: RUNE STONES - LITTLE TILES - CAST, ON DIRT.

PRIMUS

Ah. Whomsoever carries Power Of Stormhold
is moving into these mountains. I can
intercept it there ...

FX: WIND. GOAT-DRAWN CART SLOWS TO A HALT. GOATS BLEAT,
UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MORWANNEG

Yes, I am right. The Star comes this way.

FX: GALLOPING UNICORN HOOVES

NARRATOR (V. O.)

YVAINE, BREATHING HARD, SOBBING A LITTLE ...

FX: WIND IN TREES, BIRDSONG

MORWANNEG
(efforts; mutters to self)
Mm! Unh! Tsk. I am getting old. Things inanimate have always been more difficult to change than things animate. Their souls are older and stupider and harder to persuade - Urhhh!

FX: FOOM! A WOOD-FRAMED BUILDING DROPPED BESIDE HER.

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)
(panting)
That's better.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

MORWANNEG
(breathless)
I am getting old again.

FX: THUNDER IN DISTANCE

INNKEEPER
What shall we do now. Mistress?

MORWANNEG
Get inside. My quarry is riding this way. We simply have to ensure that she will come inside. You are Billy, the owner of this Tavern. I shall be your wife, and this dull-eyed girl is Brevisse, the pot-
maid. Come.

FX: THUNDER. INN DOOR OPENS/CLOSES.

FX: WIND IN LEAVES. BIRDSONG, THUNDER, OFF.

TRISTRAN
Zzzzz . . .
(wakes up)
Uhhh -

FX: HE SITS UP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V. O.) (CONT' D)

FX: DISTANT COACH AND HORSES.

PRIMUS
(distantly)
Yah!

TRISTRAN
That's a coach and horses on the forest
road ...

FX: HE GETS UP, RUNS OFF.

FX: CARRIAGE AND HORSES APPROACHING.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: A HUGE CREAK AND CRASH AS A TREE FALLS. HORSES NEIGH.

PRIMUS
(driving the coach)
Whoaa, whoaa, there ...

FX: COACH GRINDS TO A HALT. PRIMUS JUMPS OFF THE DRIVING SEAT. FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP PATH.

PRIMUS (CONT' D)
Damndest thing ...

TRISTRAN
(breathless, runs up)
Hello? Hello, coachman?

PRIMUS
There was no wind, no storm. This branch
simply fell. Terrified the horses.

TRISTRAN
I will help you move it.

PRIMUS
Eh? Oh - Thank you.

FX: THEY MOVE THE BRANCH, WITH MUCH EFFORT.

PRIMUS (CONT' D)
(effort)
Urgghhh ...

TRISTRAN
(effort)
Unnh ...

FX: BRANCH CRASHES INTO HEDGEROW.

PRIMUS
(dusting off his hands)
There.

TRISTRAN
Sir. Would you give me a ride through the forest?

PRIMUS
I do not take passengers.

TRISTRAN
But without me you would still be stuck here.

PRIMUS
Hmmm ... Perhaps there will be more fallen branches to move.

FX: PRIMUS CLIMBS UP ONTO DRIVER'S SEAT.

PRIMUS (CONT' D)
(effort)
You can sit up front, on the driver's seat beside me, and keep me company.

FX: TRISTRAN CLIMBS UP BESIDE HIM.

TRISTRAN
(effort)
Thank you.

FX: HORSES SLAPPED WITH REINS, UNDER:

PRIMUS
Yah!

FX: THE COACH MOVES OFF.

FX: THUNDER, RAIN.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: UNICORN'S HOOVES ON DIRT ROAD SLOW TO A HALT.

YVAINE
(shivering)

I can ride no more, dear Unicorn; I'm soaked to the skin, freezing and tired, and you must be too. Ahead of us stands an Inn, with shelter and warmth. Will you approach no closer?

FX: UNICORN SNORTS AND STAMPS. DISTANT DOOR OPENS.

MORWANNEG
(distant)

Hello there, dearie. Will you be coming in? There's a fire blazing in the hearth, and enough hot water for a tub that'll melt the chill from your bones.

YVAINE
I ... I will need help coming in... My leg ...

MORWANNEG
You poor mite. I'll have my husband Billy carry you inside. There's hay and fresh water in the stables, for your beast.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

INNKEEPER
(bleating voice)
Where shall we put the beast?

MORWANNEG
In the stable with the Unicorn, Billy,
then carry our young one
a (shivering) (after) (moving off)
I'll draw her a lovely bath, so I will.

YVAINE
Thank you, kind lady ...

INNKEEPER
YPOURED NT. O INU BATHAND STWIRLED ABOUT DIOR OP/C

FX: BILLY DEPOSITS YVAINE BY THE FIRE. YVAINE DRIPPING.

INNKEEPER

(going off)

The Unicorn's a-laid down in the furthest stall in the stable.

MORWANNEG

Very good. Now, you poor dear. Let's have that dress off you and pop you in this nice tin bath.

FX: YVAINE'S DRESS TAKEN OFF AND WRUNG OUT, UNDER:

YVAINE

(efforts)

Ooh - yes - just mind my leg - ah, thank you.

MORWANNEG

There, and we'll wring it out good as new ... There. Goodness, look at this jewel around your neck, and the chain about your wrist. So pretty.

YVAINE

(embarrassed)

Um - thank you, um -

MORWANNEG

In you pop, now. Leave your bad leg hanging over the edge, so as to keep that splint dry.

FX: YVAINE STEPS INTO BATH, SITS.

YVAINE

(settling in)

Thank you.

MORWANNEG

There's a love. How're you feeling now?

YVAINE

Much much better, thank you.

MORWANNEG

And your heart? How does your heart feel?

YVAINE

My heart? Er - um - it feels ... happier. More easy. Less troubled.

MORWANNEG

Good. That's good. Let us get it burning high and hot within you, eh? Burning bright inside you.

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)

(goes off)

Just give us a shout when you want to hop out of the tub and I'll come and give you a hand.

FX: SHE GOES OUT TO KITCHEN

YVAINE

(starts to call after her)

It's all right, I really don't ... eat food.

(to self,)

Ahhh. There are good people in this benighted world.

FX: SHE LEANS BACK IN THE BATH

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh.

FX: DISTANT THUNDER. LIGHT RAIN. CARRIAGE AND HORSES ON ROCKY ROAD.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

TRISTRAN

Sir, who are the five grey gentlemen who sit and bicker inside your Coach?

PRIMUS

There is no-one sitting inside this coach.

TRISTRAN

(effort, as he turns to look)

Really - ?

(turns back, puzzled)

As you will.

FX: TRUNDLING WHEELS, UNDER:

SECUNDUS

(dead)

Primus, self-important as ever.

TERTIUS

He ignores his late brothers.

SEXTUS

(dead)

He won't when he joins us.

PRIMUS

(outside, to horses)

Yah!

FX: THUNDER, RAIN AS BEFORE. THE COACH TRUNDLES ON,
UNDER:

PRIMUS

The horses are reluctant to take this mountain road. But that is where I will find what I seek.

TRISTRAN

If it is not too forward of me to enquire, might I ask what it is that you are in search of?

PRIMUS

My destiny. My right to rule. And you?

TRISTRAN

There's a young lady that I have offended by my behaviour. I wish to make amends. She is a little way ahead of us, and I hope to catch her up.

PRIMUS

Hm.

TRISTRAN

(at the view)

Such mountains!

FX: THUNDER. HEAVY RAIN STARTS.

PRIMUS

Such rainfall. You could go inside the coach. No point us both getting wet.

TRISTRAN

I shall stay here. Two pairs of eyes and two pairs of hands may well be the saving of us.

PRIMUS

You're a fool, boy. But I appreciate it. I am known as Primus. The Lord Primus.

TRISTRAN

Tristan. Tristan Thorn.

PRIMUS

Listen, Tristan Thorn. There is a man. He looks a little like me, but thinner, more crow-like. He is called Septimus, for he was the seventh boy-child our father spawned. If ever you see him, run and hide. He will not hesitate to kill you if you stand in his way, or, perhaps, to make you his instrument with which to kill me.

TRISTRAN

He sounds a most dangerous man.

PRIMUS

He is the most dangerous man you will ever meet. Hm. If you ask me, there is something unnatural about this storm.

TRISTRAN

Is that a light ahead, on the road?

PRIMUS

Yes, you are right ...

TRISTRAN

Look, a sign - "the Chariot". It's an Inn.

PRIMUS

We're in luck. And there's a stable. I'll pay for a pair of rooms.

TRISTRAN

Then I'll stable and groom the horses. They'll catch a chill otherwise.

PRIMUS

You're a good lad. I'll send out some burnt ale for you.

FX: FIRE CRACKLING. YVAINE GETS OUT OF THE BATH, DRIPPING, UNDER:

YVAINE

That bath was so warming - thank you.

MORWANNEG

Let's have this robe snug about you, and sit you here and make you comfortable.

FX: YVAINE LIMPS TO A CHAIR.

YVAINE
(sitting)
Goodness, such sharp-looking knives. The blades look like glass.

MORWANNEG
Oh, nothing misses your eye, does it, dearie? These are very old, very old indeed, made of obsidian. Let me show you-

FX: BANGING ON DOOR.

PRIMUS
(outside)
Service! Food! Wine! Fire! Where is the stable boy?

MORWANNEG
Damn ... er ... the knives will keep, for a moment. After all, you are not going anywhere, my duck? Not until the rain lets up, eh?

YVAINE
(genuinely)
I appreciate your hospitality more than I can say.

FX: MORE BANGING ON DOOR

PRIMUS
Innkeeper! Open up!

MORWANNEG
Of course you do.
(moves off)
Plenty of time when these nuisances have gone, eh?

FX: SHE OPENS THE DOOR. RAIN SHEETING DOWN OUTSIDE. PRIMUS STEPS IN, DRIPPING.

PRIMUS
At last. Did you not hear me, woman?

MORWANNEG
So sorry, it's such a noisy night. Wine, milord?

PRIMUS
I am afraid not. Until the day I see my brother's corpse cold on the ground before me, I shall drink only my own wine, and eat only food I have prepared myself. So if I might trouble you to put this bottle of mine near the fire to take the chill from it?
(MORE)

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

Now, I have a companion on my journey, who is attending to the horses; he has sworn no such oath, and I am sure that if you could send him a mug of burnt ale it would help take the chill from his bones. I'll pay.

MORWANNEG

I'll send the pot-maid. Brevi sse?

BREVI SSE

(entering; bleating voice)

Yes, mum?

MORWANNEG

A burnt ale to the lad in the stable, and be quick about it

BREVI SSE

Yes mum.

FX: WIND & RAIN OUTSIDE. HORSES BREATHE AND STAMP. HISSING OF A LAMP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

TRI STRAN BRUSHING DOWN THE HORSES.

TRI STRAN

Hold still, you brute, I can't get you dry if you shift about so.

FX: BREVI SSE ENTERS

BREVI SSE

Burnt ale, sir?

TRI STRAN

Oh - thank you - here, I'll take it.

FX: THE UNICORN WHINNI ES, OFF. HE PAUSES.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)

You have another guest? I hear a fifth horse in here.

BREVI SSE

(going out)

Funny looking horse if you ask me.

FX: UNICORN WHINNI ES AND KICKS, OFF.

TRI STRAN
(moving off)
Hey now, lad. Let's be seeing what your
problem is.

CHANGE ANGLE.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: UNICORN NOW IN FOREGROUND

TRI STRAN
(approaches)
Settle down, fellow, I'll see if I cannot
find warm oats and bran for -

FX: UNICORN SNORTS

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
Unicorn - !

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES, MOVES TO BLOCK HIS EXIT.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
The Star is here. She is the other guest!
Let me back past, so I can go and speak
with her -

FX: UNICORN SNORTS

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN
What is it? Is something wrong?

FX: UNICORN SNORTS

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN
No, that's my ale - no -

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: SIZZLING.

TRI STRAN
No - ... Oh, that's a waste.

FX: UNI CORN WHI NNI ES. SI ZZLI NG.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

DAI SY HEMPSTOCK
(reverb)
'The horn of a Uni corn i s soverei gn
agai nst poi son ...'

TRI STRAN
Poi son ... my dri nk was poi soned ... and
Lord Pri mus - and the Star - are i nside
the Inn -

FX: UNI CORN WHI NNI ES.

TRI STRAN (CONT' D)
Let me through - please.

FX: UNI CORN SHI FTS. TRI STRAN MOVES PAST IT.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: HE RUMMAGES I N HI S POCKET S

TRI STRAN
Where i s i t ... Ah. Yes. I had forgotten
thi s gi ft ...

FX: FI RE CRACKLI NG. WI NE UNCORKED AND POURED.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MORWANNEG
Your wi ne, m' l ord.

PRI MUS
Thank you. Oh - I see you have another
guest. Wel l met, mi l ady.

YVAI NE
How do you do, si r.

PRIMUS
Very well ... but ...

NARRATOR (V. O.)

YVAINE
Yes?

PRIMUS
You have around your neck my Topaz. My father's stone. You carry the Power of Stormhold.

YVAINE
Well, then. Ask me for it, and I can have done with the stupid thing.

MORWANNEG
I'll not have you bothering the other guests now, milord.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

PRIMUS
I recognise other things here, too. Those knives on the table-top. There are tattered scrolls in the vaults of Stormhold in which those knives are pictured, and their names are given. They are from the first age of the world.

FX: DOOR BANGS OPEN, RAIN AUDIBLE OUTSIDE. UNICORN WHINNY FROM OUTSIDE. TRISTRAN RUNS IN.

TRISTRAN
Primus! They have tried to poison me!

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MORWANNEG

Here's an edge for you, meddler -

FX: SHE CUTS PRIMUS' S THROAT. SPRAY OF BLOOD

NARRATOR (V. O.)

PRIMUS

FX: UNICORN SNORT

YVAINE
I'm trying -

NARRATOR (V.O.)

BREVI SSE
(off)
Look out for the horse thing, mum -

MORWANNEG
Get out of its' way, you fool -

FX BREVI SSE STABBED

BREVI SSE
(scream)
Aaaah!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

CHANGE ANGLE TO:

FX: NEAR THE FIRE

MORWANNEG
(off)
You stand between me and my quarry, vile
beast -

FX: UNICORN SNORT, OFF

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)
That horn is long, but this knife is
sharp -

RUN BUSINESS OF MORWANNEG TRYING TO GET PAST UNICORN IN
BACKGROUND, UNDER

YVAINE
(foreground)
What's in your hand?

TRISTRAN
(foreground)
Our way out of here. A candle.

YVAINE
(foreground)
But there is nothing of it left.

TRI STRAN
(foreground; efforts)
There may be just enough, if I can -
squeeze it around this piece of bootlace
for a wick.

YVAINE
I'm frightened.

MORWANNEG
(off)
Even the heart of a star who is afraid
and scared is better by far than no heart
at all - uh! Get out of my way, beast -

FX: UNICORN WHINNY

TRI STRAN
(foreground)
Stand up.

YVAINE
(foreground)
I cannot.

TRI STRAN
(foreground)
Stand, or we die now.

YVAINE
(foreground, effort,
standing)
Uh .. Uhhhh ...

MORWANNEG
Oh, you die now, children, standing or
no. It is all the same to me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

TRI STRAN
(foreground, pain)
Ready? Aaaaah!

YVAINE
(foreground)
Your hand is burnt -

IN BACKGROUND, MORWANNEG MAKES A DECISIVE FEINT -

MORWANNEG
(off)
Hah! Now you're mine - !

FX: UNICORN SPEARS HER SHOULDER

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MORWANNEG

Ahhh! - but I can stab too - unh!

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: KNIFE THRUST IN UNICORN'S EYE - IT SCREAMS.

MORWANNEG

Die, cursed beast - !

FX: UNICORN BODY FALL.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN

(foreground)

Can you take a step?

YVAINE

(foreground)

Just a step?

MORWANNEG

(approach)

You're mine . . .

TRI STRAN

(foreground)

Yes -

MORWANNEG

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: THE INN SUDDENLY TURNS BACK INTO A CART, AND SHE IS
BACK OUTSIDE -

FX: - RAIN BEATING DOWN ON MORWANNEG, OUTSIDE, ALONE,
SURROUNDED BY CORPSES. HORSES SNORT IN BACKGROUND, UNDER:

MORWANNEG

... Nooooooooo!

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MORWANNEG

(sobbi ng)

No ... no ... uhhhhh ...

FX: RAIN EASES, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O)

LILIM 1

(i n mi rror)

Where is the Star?

LILIM 2

(i n mi rror)

What have you done wi th her?

MORWANNEG

I came so close ...

LILIM 1

(i n mi rror)

You fai led?

LILIM 2

Look at you! You took the last of the
youth we had saved - you've squandered
it.

YVAINE
(shouts over it)
We can't stay here. No shelter.

TRI STRAN
(shouts over it)
Quickly then, the candle is guttering -

FX: WHOOSH

FX: AIR

YVAINE
And this place is dark, damp and foggy.

TRI STRAN
One more step?

YVAINE
Yes -

FX: FLPPT.

TRI STRAN
Too late. The candle's exhausted.

YVAINE
(sigh)
As am I.

TRI STRAN
Let's rest for a bit. It feels like the ground here is soft to lie on. When the sun comes up we will see where we have ended up.

FX: WIND GUSTS. FOOTSTEPS

SEPTIMUS
(arriving)
What is this ... ?

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS

(chuckles)

I cannot hear your impotent curses,
Primus, but I can imagine them.

Oh. What's this in your pocket - ?

FX: BAG OF RUNE TILES HANDLED.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Ah. Thank you for the runestones, my
brother. They will help me find your
killer.

(walks off)

Best foot forward ...

FX: SEPTIMUS' S FOOTSTEPS LEAVE

TRI STRAN

I'm honestly not that bad, not when you get to know me. Look, I'm sorry about all that chaining you up business.

YVAINE

It is a mighty joke, is it not? Whither thou goest, there I must go, if it kills me.

TRI STRAN

Perhaps we could start all over again, just pretend it never happened. Here now, my name's Tristran Thorn, pleased to meet you.

YVAINE

(sighs)

Oh, very well. My sisters called me Yvaine. For I was an evening star.

FX: DISTANT THUNDER

TRI STRAN

We're a fine pair. You with your broken leg, me with my hand. There's no food, no water, we're half a mile or so above the world with no way of getting down, and no control over where this cloud is going. Did I leave out anything?

YVAINE

You forgot the bit about clouds vanishing into nothing. They do that. I could not survive another fall.

TRI STRAN

You know, I've been thinking. After we're got you back to Wall, to Victoria Forester - perhaps we could do what you need.

YVAINE

What I need?

FX: THUNDER, CLOSER. WIND IN SHIP'S RIGGING AND THE CREAKING OF TIMBERS BECOMES AUDIBLE, UNDER:

TRI STRAN

Well, you want to go back, don't you? Up into the sky. To shine again at night.

YVAINE

Stars fall. They don't go back up again.

TRI STRAN

You could be the first.

YVAINE

It will never happen. What is that sound?

TRI STRAN

Oh my goodness - overhead - and behind us
- it's a ship ... a ship of the air!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(off)

Ahoy there!

TRI STRAN

(calls)

Ahoy! Hello!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Parties in need of assistance?

TRI STRAN

Yes! In need of assistance!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Right-ho - get ready to grab the ladder -
handsomely now!

FX: ROPE LADDER UNROLLS, SWOOSHES DOWN.

TRI STRAN

Er - my friend has a broken leg and I've
hurt my hand.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Just get on and hold tight, we can pull
you up.

FX: CREAKING OF ROPE LADDER AS TRI STRAN AND YVAINE GRAB
HOLD.

TRI STRAN

Got it?

YVAINE

Yes.

TRI STRAN

(calls)

Ready.

BOSUN

(off)

Haul, bullies! Haul!

SAI LORS

Two-Six-Heave! Two-Six-Heave!

SAI LORS HEAVING CONTINUES UNDER:

FX: TRI STRAN AND YVAINE BORNE ALOFT

TRI STRAN
Hold tight!

YVAINE
I am!

FX: WIND THROUGH RIGGING. CREAKING TIMBERS. TRI STRAN AND YVAINE PULLED UP OVER GUNWHALE.

BOSUN
(off)
'Vast hauling, you lot. Let 'em down gentle now. And - belay.

FX: ROPES CREAK. BOSUNS WHISTLES. SAILOR HUBBUB, OFF.

TRI STRAN
Foof! That was wonderful.

YVAINE
Thank you.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC
Welcome aboard the Free Ship Perdita, out of the Northern Harbours on a lightning-hunting expedition. Captain Johannes Alberic, at your service.

YVAINE
We are very -

CAPTAIN ALBERIC
(yell)
Meggot! Meggot! Blast you, where are you? Over here! Passengers in need of attention.

MEGGOT
(arrives)
I'm coming, I'm coming. Keep your beard on.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC
There young lady, young lad, Meggot! I see to your leg, and your hand. We eat at six bells. You shall sit at my table, and tell me your stories, if you feel at liberty to do so.

FX: THUNDER AND LIGHTNING NEARBY

BOSUN

Lightning cloud on the port beam, Cap'n!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(moving away, yells)

Bring her into the wind! Break out the
mains'l conductivators! Wake up, you
lubbers, where do you think you are,
sitting in a dinghy, flying a ruddy kite?

BOSUN

Aye aye, Cap'n. Look lively there!

FX: BARE FEET RUN ABOUT. ROPES HAULED, YARD ARMS CREAK.

TRISTRAN

What's happening?

MEGGOT

Oh, there's a rare amount of lightning in
this cloud coming up. We're trawling for
lightning bolts.

FX: THUNDER CRASH, OTHER SIDE. CREAKING OF SHIP & RIGGING
THROUGHOUT:

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(off, yell)

Cloud's shifting south! Bring her about!

BOSUN

Bringin' her about, sir.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(off)

Steady with those conductivators there -
bring 'em a tad to the lee - steady - and
- clap on - hold hard!

FX: HUGE THUNDER CLAP. LIGHTNING STRIKES, A METALLIC
TWANG, A FIZZING, SHOOTING SOUND AND THEN A THOOM! AS IF
A GREAT CHEST BEING SLAMMED SHUT.

BOSUN

We got it sir! A beauty!

CHEERS FROM THE CREW

MEGGOT

Ooh, that was a good 'un -

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Good work, bullies! That'll be double
grog all round at sippers!

MORE CHEERS.

MEGGOT

The excitement's over for a bit. Let's
get you below and find you a bite to eat.

TRISTRAN

Oh, thank you. I'm famished.

YVAINE

(shivering)

H-Have you any warm clothes?

MEGGOT

Lord, you're freezing girl! Then it's the
slops chest we'll stop off at first.

(goes off)

This way ...

FX: MOORLAND, ROOKS, AIR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: SEPTIMUS LYING IN THE GRASS. A TELESCOPE SLID OPEN, bA TELESCOPE S

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
(muttering)
Either the hag will burn with her house,
in which case my task is done; or, she
will run from the house, whereupon I
shall beat her head with my club. Either
way I will be revenged.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

st.

FIRE FX DOWN A BIT

TERTIUS
(dead)
It is a reasonable plan. And once he has
killed her, he can go on to obtain the
Power of Stormhold.

PRIMUS
(dead)
We shall see. He has to find the girl who
is wearing the stone first.

FIRE FX BACK UP AGAIN

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
Burn, witch ... oof ...

FX: FOOTSTEPS BACK, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
Ah! Ahhhh damn it!

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
(agony)
Bl ast you!

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
(agony, getting paralysed)
Ahh ... uhhh ...

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MORWANNEG
So. You thought that you would warm
cottage. ~~your left shirt. The bushings. Too~~ my little
cottage.

SEPTIMUS
(unable to talk)
Uhh ... Urrhhh ...

FX: FIRE DISSIPATES UNDER THESE LINES ...

NARRATOR (V. O.)

NARRATOR (V. O.)

PRIMUS

(dead)

Septimus, you have paid for your deeds.

SECUNDUS

(dead)

None of us can bear you a grudge now.

TERTIUS

(dead)

Welcome, brother.

QUARTUS

(dead)

We have waited to be reunited.

QUINTUS

(dead)

Our time here is done.

SEXTUS

(dead)

You are the last.

SEPTIMUS

(dead)

Indeed, brothers. There are none left to
take revenge on her, and none will be
Lord of Stormhold.

SEXTUS

We are past the cares of the world.

SEPTIMUS

I'm not. Damn that bloody witch.

FX: A BREATH OF WIND.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: WIND, SAILS FLAPPING, SHIP CREAKING, UNDER:

YVAINE IS SINGING, A WORDLESS MELODY, BUT PRETTY ...

YVAINE

Laa ... la la (etc)

NARRATOR (V. O.)

YVAINE FINISHES SINGING.

TRI STRAN
(approach)
That was wonderful .

YVAINE
(startled)
Oh! It's you. I got up early to watch the
sunrise, and see my sisters to bed. I
suppose that I have not felt like singing
until now.

TRI STRAN
I have never heard anything like it.

YVAINE
Some nights my sisters and I would sing
songs like that, all about the lady our
mothej 2 18 (thej oyds ofsthi sing and of)Tj 0 Tc ET BT -0.0

YVAINE

Good morning, Captain Alberic.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(approaches)

We'll be weighing anchor shortly, to take provisions, and a little cargo. Might be best if we were to let you off.

TRISTRAN

Oh. Thank you.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

You'll be closer to Wall.

FX: MATCH STRIKE, PIPE LIT & PUFFED, UNDER:

CAPTAIN ALBERIC (CONT'D)

(puffing)

Hm. You know, it wasn't entirely fortune that we found you. Well, it was fortune that we found you, but I was keeping half an eye out for you. I, and a few others about the place.

TRISTRAN

Why? And how did you know about me?

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Oh, I'm a member of a - what shall I say - Fellowship?

TRISTRAN

Really. Oh! Do you know a little hairy man, with a hat and an enormous pack of goods?

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Aye, and he's not the only member of the fellowship with an interest in your return to Wall.

BOSUN

(off, hails)

Mooring Tree ahead, sir!

TRISTRAN

I can see it! It must be ten fathoms tall!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

That, and more, lad.

(calls back)

Thank you, Bosun.

(to Tristran and Yvaine)

Well, you two had best be getting ready to disembark, and with our blessing.

TRI STRAN
Thank you Captain Alberic.

YVAINE
We are much obliged.

CAPTAIN ALBERIC
(going off)
Oh, pshaw, get along with you.
(yell)
Look lively you lot! Stand by with the
mooring lines! Have yer hooks ready for
the aerial buoys!

SAI LORS
Aye Aye, Cap'n ... etc.

FX: AIR, BIRDS, TRI STRAN AND YVAINE'S FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: MADAME SEMELE'S BIRD, DISTRESSED, CHIRRUING &
FLUTTERING, UNDER SCENE.

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

YVAINE
What's that fluttering in the hedgerow?
It's very colourful.

TRI STRAN
It's a bird - it's trapped, or something
... oh.

(MORE)

It has a silver chain attached to its
foot, which has tangled in this briar.
Keep still, bird, I'll free you -

FX: BIRD SQUAWKS AND FLUTTERS. CHAIN TINKLING, ALL UNDER:

YVAINE

It looks very exotic. Perhaps it belongs
to that caravan. Over there, with two
mules.

FX: CHAIN UNTANGLED. BIRD CHI RRUPS, STOPS FLUTTERING.

TRISTRAN

There you go. Fly away home.

FX: BIRD CHI RRUPS.

YVAINE

I think it likes you.

TRISTRAN

Nonsense.

(to bird)

Go away. Someone will be worrying about
you.

FX: FOOTSTEPS, FROM OFF, HURRYING UP TO THEM.

MADAME SEMELE

Thief!

TRISTRAN

Eh?

MADAME SEMELE

I shall turn your bones to ice and roast
you in front of a fire! I shall pluck
your eyes out and tie one to a herring
and t'other to a seagull, so the twin
sights of sea and sky shall take you into
madness!

TRISTRAN

MADAME SEMELE

Mmmm. Perhaps what you say is not a complete pack of lies.

TRISTRAN

It's not pack of lies at all.

MADAME SEMELE

(going off)

Wait there.

MADAME SEMELE MUTTERING TO BIRD, OFF.

YVAINE

How do you get into these scrapes?

TRISTRAN

By trying to do the right thing, mostly.

MADAME SEMELE

(returning)

Seems I owe you an apology. Seems you were telling the truth.

TRISTRAN

Yes.

MADAME SEMELE

Let me look at you. Hmm. You look honest enough. I'm on my way to Wall, for the market. Now. I was thinking that I'd welcome a boy to work my little flower-stall - I sell glass flowers, you see, the prettiest things that ever you did see. What d'ye say?

TRISTRAN

What do I say?

YVAINE

Say you accept, and we can ride in her caravan, look.

FX: DISTANT MULE SNORT.

TRISTRAN

Oh, good idea.

MADAME SEMELE

You going to talk to yourself all day, boy?

YVAINE

We have discussed your offer, Madame, and we accept.

A BEAT.

MADAME SEMELE

Don't just stand there like a dumb thing.
Speak.

TRI STRAN

I have no desire to work for you at the market, for I have business of my own there. However, if we could ride with you, my companion and I are willing to pay for our passage.

MADAME SEMELE

Companion? What companion?

TRI STRAN

What companion?

YVAINE

Tristan - shhh. She can't see me or hear me.

MADAME SEMELE

Whatever. Passengers are no use to me, just more weight for Faithless and Hopeless to pull.

TRI STRAN

I would pay you. You sell glass flowers, you say. Would you be interested in this one?

FX: GLASS SNOWDROP PULLED FROM HIS POCKET.

A BEAT.

MADAME SEMELE

(gasp)

Where did you get that? Give it to me!
Give it to me this instant!

TRI STRAN

On the other hand ... it occurs to me now that I would be better off keeping the flower, and my companion and I can walk to Wall.

FX: DISTANT FLUTTERING AND CHIRRUPI NG FROM BIRD.

YVAINE

Tristan look - the bird recognises the flower ...

TRI STRAN

(low)

We have stumbled upon something here.

MADAME SEMELE
(fighting inwardly)
No need to be hasty. I am certain that a deal can be struck between us.

TRI STRAN
Oh, I doubt it. It would need to be a very fine deal, with guarantees of safe-conduct and that we shall arrive in Wall in the same manner and condition and state that we are in now, and that you will do us no harm, and give us board and lodging upon the way. Well?

MADAME SEMELE
I will transport you to Wall, and I swear upon my honour and my true name that I will take no action to harm you upon the journey.

(spits on her hand)
Spit on your hand.

TRI STRAN
(spits)
Eww.

MADAME SEMELE
Shake.

FX: THEY SHAKE HANDS ... WETLY.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
There. A bargain's a bargain. Give me the flower.

FX: GLASS FLOWER HANDED OVER

TRI STRAN
There.

MADAME SEMELE
Thank you ... Now, tell me young man, do you know what manner of thing you have been wearing in your buttonhole?

TRI STRAN
It is a flower. A glass flower.

MADAME SEMELE
(laughs)
It is a frozen charm. A thing of power. Keep still and I will show you. I touch it to your head, thus -

FX: TINKLE

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
And you become a mouse, thus.

FX: SHOOMP! A MOUSE, SQUEAKING.

YVAINE
What have you done! What have you done,
woman?!

MADAME SEMELE
(bends to pick up the mouse)
Let's pick you up before you get trod on.
'T'ain't the biggest of caravans. But I
shall keep to the letter of my oath, for
you shall not be harmed.

FX: MOUSE SQUEAKS

FX: MADAME SEMELE'S FEET UP WOODEN STEPS, INTO:

FX: OUTDOOR SOUNDS MUFFLED. CLOSE ACOUSTIC. CREAKY
STRUCTURE. MUFFLED TINKLING OF MANY GLASS FLOWERS IN
SHOWCASE.

MADAME SEMELE
(effort, climbing inside)
Here. I have a nice little drawer in my
sideboard all lined with thistledown for
the flower ...

FX: LITTLE DRAWER O/C.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
... and a little cage with food and water
for you, my lad. Board and lodging, as
promised.

FX: LITTLE CAGE OPENED. MOUSE SQUEAKS AS IT IS POPPED IN.
DOOR CLOSED.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
There, bird, see? I have kept my word -
to the letter.

FX: BIRD CHIRRUPS

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
And after we comes to Wall, and I have
turned the boy back into a human, I shall
do the same for you, for I still have to
find a better servant.

YVAINE
(climbing in the caravan)
And what do you propose to do to me?
Hallo?

MADAME SEMELE
(moving through to drivers
seat)
Come on, Faithless, Hopeless. Walk on.
Diggory's Dyke is just around the bend.

FX: MADAME SEMELE SITS OUT FRONT, SLAPS REINS ON MULES

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
(off)
Move, you good-for-nothings!

FX: MULES SNORT, CARAVAN STARTS TO TRUNDLE ALONG. YVAINE
SITS ON BED.

YVAINE
(calls forward)
Would I be correct in concluding that you
can neither see me nor hear me?

MADAME SEMELE
(off, cackling to self)
Oh, they have to get up pretty early in
the morning to put one past Madame
Semele. And I do believe that that flower
was even finer than the one that girl
lost to me, all those years ago. Oh la la
.....

FX: BIRD CHIRRRUPS, NEAR TO YVAINE

YVAINE
(close)
Brightly coloured bird. You are more than
you see. ? You are a human, under a curse,
or charm of enslavement?

FX: BIRD CHIRRRUPS

YVAINE (CONT'D)
Let us hope the old woman keeps her word.

FX: BIRD MAKES A WISTFUL SOUND.

FX: MOORLAND, DISTANT BIRDS. TRUNDLING CARAVAN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(MORE)

Dramatized by Dirk Maggs

MADAME SEMELE
(to horses)
Get along, you two.

FX: CARAVAN TRUNDLES OFF.

CHANGE ANGLE? - CARAVAN IN DISTANCE TRUNDLING ACROSS
LANDSCAPE:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN

(yawns)

Why, you evil old crone -

MADAME SEMELE

Hush your silly mouth. I gave you board
and lodging. I got you here, safely and
soundly, and in the same condition I
found you in. Now, be off with you, Shoo!
Shoo!

TRI STRAN

(walking away)

Hmph.

MADAME SEMELE

(wanders off, muttering)

Ungrateful little so and so.

CHANGE ANGLE

FX: STREAM RUNNING NEARBY. BUSY ATMOS NOW FARTHER OFF.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)

(off)

Where's that bird now? I need my servant.

FX: BIRD CHI RRUPS AND FLUTTERS, OFF

YVAINE

(approaching)

Tristan?

TRI STRAN

Yvaine - are you all right?

YVAINE

Yes, thank you. I do not believe that she
knew that I was there at all.

MADAME SEMELE

(off)

Keep still now, bird.

TRI STRAN

What is she doing now? That poor bird.

YVAINE

Watch. I do not think that is a bird, any
more than you were a mouse.

FX: DISTANT FOOMF!

TRI STRAN

A woman ... ?

YOUNG UNA

(off)
Oh, at last.

TRI STRAN

Her ears, like a cat ... and those violet eyes ... they seem familiar ...

MADAME SEMELE

(off, under T&Y)
Come along, girl, help me set up the stall.

YOUNG UNA

(off, under T&Y)
Yes, mistress ...

YVAINE

So, that is the bird's true form. But she still wears the chain that the bird wore. She is a prisoner of the old woman, as I was of you.

TRI STRAN

Yes, I can see. I'm just not sure there's much that we can do about it.

YVAINE

So. What now, that we have arrived at your village?

TRI STRAN

We shall go through the gap in the wall, and pay our visit to Victoria Forester. Come.

FX: FOOTSTEPS IN GRASS AS THEY WALK. THEN HE STOPS.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)

You know, something terrible has occurred to me ...

YVAINE

Really?

TRI STRAN

I was trying to remember the colour of Victoria's eyes, but I cannot.

YVAINE

Oh.

FX: THEY START WALKING AGAIN.

TRI STRAN

Never mind, I'll soon see her.

YVAINE

Tristan. Do you really want this? For I have mi sgi vi ngs.

TRISTRAN

Don't be nervous. You shall feel so much better when you are sitting in my mother's parlour, drinking her tea - well, not drinking tea, but there will be tea for you to sip. Now. Here is the gap, and there is my old school fellow Wystan Pippin, and Mr. Brown, my old employer, on guard duty.

YVAINE

(quietly, ruefully)

Whi ther thou goest ...

TRISTRAN

Good evening, Wystan. Good evening, Mr. Brown.

FX: THEY STOP AT THE GAP IN THE WALL AS THEY ARE CHALLENGED:

MR. BROWN

Stay where you are!

TRISTRAN

Do you not know me? It is Tristan Thorn.

WYSTAN

Naaah, can't be. He was just a squirt.

MR. BROWN

Whoever you are, you can't come through. No-one comes through from the Lands Beyond.

WYSTAN

(sniggers)

Off yer go, yer pi xi e.

YVAINE

Tristan. Let it go for now. If the fair is in this field tomorrow, no doubt this passageway can be used from either side.

TRISTRAN

(sigh)

Yes. All right.

(to Wystan & Brown)

I'll see you two tomorrow in the Seventh Magpie, and I won't be buying either of you a pint.

FX: HE WALKS OFF, WITH YVAINE.

FX: BUSY BUILDING ATMOS GIVES WAY TO NIGHT AIR. OWL.
DISTANT DOG BARKS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN
(asleep)
Zzzzzzz ...

FX: FOOTSTEPS IN GRASS

YOUNG UNA
Hello again.

YVAINE
It is you. You were the bird in the
caravan. Have you slipped your chain?

FX: CHAIN TINKLES

YOUNG UNA
Not yet. You become used to it, in time.

YVAINE
Do you really?

YOUNG UNA
No ... How is the lad?

YVAINE
Sleeping.

TRI STRAN
(stirs in sleep)
Murm ... Flrbl ...

YOUNG UNA
He seems good-hearted.

YVAINE
Yes, I suppose he is.

YOUNG UNA

I must warn you, that if you leave these lands for - through there ...

YVAINE

Through the wall?

YOUNG UNA

Yes. If you go through, then you will be, as I understand it, transformed into what you would be in that world: a cold, dead thing, sky-fallen.

YVAINE

(shivers)

Brrrr. You know, Tristran once caught me with a chain much like yours. Then he freed me, and I ran from him. But he found me and bound me with an obligation, which binds my kind more securely than any chain ever could.

YOUNG UNA

But you are under a prior obligation, are you not? You have something that does not belong to you, which you must deliver to its rightful owner.

YVAINE

Who are you?

YOUNG UNA

I know who seeks you and why she needs you. Also, I know the provenance of the topaz stone you wear upon a silver chain. It is the stone they call the Power Of Stormhold.

MADAME SEMELE

(off)

Girl! Where is she. Girl! Here!

YOUNG UNA

I must go.

(moves off)

Look after that boy. But cross into his world at your peril.

FX: YOUNG UNA WALKS AWAY.

FX: DAWN CHORUS. PEOPLE STIRRING IN BACKGROUND. BADGER APPROACHES TRI STRAN, SNUFFLING & WHEEZING.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN
(waki ng)
Eh? Wha - ?

BADGER
Beggi ng your pardon, si r.

TRI STRAN
Ah!

NARRATOR (V. O.)

BADGER
Party name of Thorn? Tri stran of that
set?

TRI STRAN
Ah - yes. That's me.

BADGER
They're arskin' for yer. Down by the gap
in the wall. Young lady wants to have a
word wi th yer.

FX: HE AMBLES OFF.

TRI STRAN
Thank you ... Yvaine? Wake up.

YVAINE
Oh ... I nodded off. Most unli ke me.

TRI STRAN
Victoria must be here. By the gap, asking
for me. I'm off to see her. Look. Well.
Probably best if you stay here. I
wouldn't want to confuse her or anything.

YVAINE
(sarcasm)
Oh no, that would never do.

FX: AIR, BIRDSONG, DI STANT HUBBUB. TRI STRAN'S FEET ON
GRASS APPROACH.

TRI STRAN
Vi ctori a ... ?

LOUISA THORN
Don't you recognise your own sister?

TRISTRAN
Louisa? You - you have grown ... into a fine young lady.

LOUISA THORN
And you have turned into a mop-haired raggie-taggle gypsy. We are going into the Seventh Magpie. Mr Bromios said that you could use his sitting room. There's somebody who needs to talk to you.

FX: THEY WALK OFF TOWARDS THE VILLAGE.

FX: SOME HORSEDRAWN TRAFFIC, VOICES ETC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: CREAKY CLOSE SPACE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

LOUISA THORN
Through there.

FX: SHE DESCENDS STAIRS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: TRISTRAN KNOCKS ON DOOR.

VICTORIA FORESTER
(inside)
Come in ...

FX: DOOR OPENS. CLOCK TICKING. TRISTRAN ENTERS.

TRISTRAN
Victoria ... I kneel before you -

HE KNEELS

TRI STRAN

Oh yes. I did what you asked me to do.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Then do something else for me now. Ask me why I would not kiss you that night.

TRI STRAN

Very well, Vicky. Why would you not kiss me, that night?

VICTORIA FORESTER

Because -

(deep breath)

- the day before we saw the shooting star, Robert had asked me to marry him. That evening, when I saw you, I had gone to the shop hoping to see him, and to talk to him, and to tell him that I accepted.

TRI STRAN

Robert?

VICTORIA FORESTER

Robert Monday. You worked in his shop.

TRI STRAN

Mister Monday? You and Mister Monday?

VICTORIA FORESTER

Exactly. And then you had to take me seriously and run off to bring me back a star, and I promised you my hand, if you returned with the star.

TRI STRAN

And you love Mister Monday?

VICTORIA FORESTER

I do. But I gave you my word, Tristran. And I will keep my word, and I have told Robert this. If you want me, then I am yours.

A BEAT.

TRI STRAN

Victoria. I am responsible for all that I have done, not you. And you did not promise me your hand if I came back with the star.

VICTORIA FORESTER

I didn't?

TRI STRAN

No. You promised me Anything I Desired.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes ...

TRI STRAN

Then ... Then, I desire that you should marry Mister Monday.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Oh.

TRI STRAN

I desire that you should be married as soon as possible - why, within this very week, if such a thing can be arranged. And I desire that you should be as happy together as ever a man and woman were.

A BEAT.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Do you mean it?

TRI STRAN

Marry him with my blessing, and we'll be quits and done. And the star will probably think so, too.

FX: HUBBUB OF DRINKERS

NARRATOR (V. O.)

TRI STRAN

Hello, father.

FX: THEY EMBRACE

DUNSTAN

(Laughs)

So you made it back without hurt.

TRI STRAN

I hurt my hand a bit.

DUNSTAN

Your mother has breakfast waiting for you, back at the farm.

TRISTRAN

Breakfast would be wonderful. And seeing mother again, of course. Also, we must talk.

DUNSTAN

Come along, then.

(going off)

You look taller ...

AS BEFORE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: TRISTRAN, DUNSTAN, DAISY & LOUISA EATING AND LAUGHING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: FAIRGROUND HUBBUB. MUSIC, CHILDREN LAUGHING.

VARIOUS STALLHOLDERS DRUMMING UP BUSINESS (see earlier scene), INCLUDING:

OLDER UNA (V.O.)

MADAME SEMELE

(yells)

Beautiful flowers made of finest crystal! Forget-Me-Nots, Buttercups, Daisies! Enchant your beloved with a token of your devotion!

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
(to YOUNG UNA, sighing)
Fewer of them and fewer of them, every
nine-year. Mark my words, slave, soon
enough this market will be just a memory.

YOUNG UNA
Perhaps. But it does not matter to me.
This is the last of these markets I shall
ever attend.

MADAME SEMELE
I thought I had long-since beaten all of
your insolence out of you.

YOUNG UNA
It is not insolence. Look.

FX: CHAIN TINKLES

MADAME SEMELE
What have you done? That chain is almost
dissolved to nothing!

YOUNG UNA
I have done nothing that I did not do
eighteen years ago. I was bound to you to
be your slave until the day that the moon
lost her daughter, if it occurred in a
week when two Mondays came together. And
so it is coming to pass. My time with you
is almost done.

MADAME SEMELE
Nonsense. Get back to work.

FX: STEAM CALLIOPE PLAYING. HUBBUB & LAUGHTER

NARRATOR (V. O.)

YVAINE
(sighs)
Hmmm.

VICTORIA FORESTER
(approach)
Are you waiting for someone, my dear?

YVAINE

I do not know. Perhaps. I am called Yvaine.

VICTORIA FORESTER

A young man, if I do not mistake my guess, Yvaine. I'm Victoria. Victoria Forester.

YVAINE

So. Victoria Forester. Your fame precedes you.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Oh, the wedding, you mean?

YVAINE

A wedding, is it? Oh.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Oh you poor thing! Why do you not go through, and look for your lad?

YVAINE

Perhaps I shall. I wish my mother were out, I would say goodbye to her, first.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Oh, there he is.

YVAINE

Who?

VICTORIA FORESTER

My husband-to-be.

(calls)

Robert!

YVAINE

(calls after her)

Then you are not marrying Tristan Thorn?

VICTORIA FORESTER

(off, laughing)

Oh, no, no.

YVAINE

(to self)

Oh ... Good.

TRISTRAN

(arrives, out of breath)

Oh, Yvaine. I've said my goodbyes.

YVAINE

Goodbyes?

TRI STRAN

Are you having a nice time?

YVAINE

Er - Not particularly.

TRI STRAN

I'm sorry. I should have taken you with me, into the village.

YVAINE

No. You shouldn't have. I live, as long as I am in Faerie. Were I to travel to your world, I would be nothing but a cold iron stone, pitted and pocked and fallen from the heavens.

TRI STRAN

(hrrri fi ed)

But ... I would have taken you through with me. I tried to, last night. And you would have let me?

YVAINE

Yes. Which goes to prove that you are indeed a ninny, a lackwit, and a - a clodpoll. And perhaps I am, too.

TRI STRAN

I'm sorry. And I won't leave you again.

YVAINE

No. You will not. To tell the truth, I was happy to discover that you are not marrying Victoria Forester.

TRI STRAN

So was I.

YVAINE

You know ... a star and a mortal man -

TRI STRAN

Only half-mortal, according to my father. Everything I ever thought about myself, who I was, what I am, has turned out to be a lie. Or sort of. You have no idea how astonishingly liberating that feels.

YVAINE

Whatever you are, I just wanted to point out that we can probably never have children. That's all.

TRI STRAN

Kiss me.

YVAINE
Just so you know, that's all.

TRISTRAN
Please.

THEY KISS.

CHANGE ANGLE. STREAM NOW A BIT LOUDER, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

FX: TINKLY SWOOSHLY WIND GUST ...

MADAME SEMELE
What!

YOUNG UNA
There. The terms of my servitude are fulfilled, and now you and I are done with each other.

MADAME SEMELE
You are an evil, foolish slattern, so to desert me like this.

YOUNG UNA
Your problems are of no concern to me. I shall never again be called a slattern, or a slave, or anything else that is not my own name. I am Lady Una, firstborn and only daughter of the Eighty-first Lord of Stormhold, and the spell you bound me with is over and done. Now, you will apologise to me, and pay me for my services. For these things have their rules.

MADAME SEMELE
And what do you choose in payment? The caravan? The mules? My liver?

YOUNG UNA
You will give me your most prized glass flower.

MADAME SEMELE
My ruby rose? Never.

Go on. YOUNG UNA

Yvaine? TRI STRAN

Yes. YVAINE

Yvaine, will you give me what you are carrying? TRI STRAN

FX: YVAINE TAKES TOPAZ ON CHAIN OFF AND GIVES IT TO TRI STRAN.

Here, I gladly give it. YVAINE

That stone was your grandfather's, Tristran. YOUNG UNA

But he was a farmer. TRI STRAN

Wrong parent. You are the last of the line of Stormhold, on your mother's side. Go on. Put it about your neck. YOUNG UNA

FX: TRI STRAN DOES SO.

There ... It's ... very nice. TRI STRAN

It is the Power of Stormhold. You are of the blood, and now all of your uncles are dead and gone, you will make a fine Lord of the Stormhold. YOUNG UNA

A BEAT

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)

Now, I ask of you Tristran, is that any way to treat your mother?

YVAINE GASPS

TRI STRAN

Mu - mu - mu ...

YOUNG UNA

Well? Is it?

TRI STRAN

(agape)
... No, mother.

YOUNG UNA

It will do you young people good to have a home of your own, and an occupation.

TRI STRAN

But - we were going to go travelling.

YOUNG UNA

Well, if it does not suit you, you may leave. There is no silver chain that will be holding you to the throne of Stormhold.

A BEAT

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)

You could say thank you.

TRI STRAN

Yes, um - thank you.

YVAINE

Might I have the honour of knowing what you are called, my lady?

YOUNG UNA

I am the Lady Una of Stormhold.

FX: SHE PULLS CRYSTAL ROSE FROM HER POCKET

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)

And this ruby rose was my payment for more than sixty years of servitude. I plan to barter it for a palanquin to take us back. We must arrive in style with bearers, and outriders, and perhaps an elephant - nothing says 'Get out of the way' quite like an elephant -

TRI STRAN

No, mother.

YOUNG UNA

No?

TRI STRAN

No. You may travel by palanquin, and elephant and all that, if you wish to. But Yvaine and I will make our own way, and travel at our own speed. Won't we, Yvaine - Yvaine?

CHANGE ANGLE

FX: MUSIC & HUBBUB SOFTER; STREAM LOUDER

MORWANNEG

(a hag, approaching)

How now dearie, what a pretty face to find at the Market Fair. Stop a while here under the trees, and talk.

YVAINE

About what?

MORWANNEG

I came here to fetch your heart back with me.

YVAINE

Is that so?

MORWANNEG

Aye. I nearly had it, at that, up in the mountain pass. D'ye remember?

YVAINE

That was you? You, with the knives?

MORWANNEG

Mm. That was me. But I squandered away all the youth I took for the journey. Every act of magic lost me a little of the youth I wore, and now I am older than I have ever been.

YVAINE

If you touch me lay but a finger on me, you will regret it forevermore.

MORWANNEG

No. I can no longer find you, in my mind, you see. Not long ago you burned - your heart burned - in my mind like silver fire. But after that night in the Inn it became patchy and dim, and now it is not there at all.

YVAINE

Could it be that the heart that you seek
is no longer my own?

MORWANNEG

In what way?

YVAINE

I have given my heart to another.

MORWANNEG

The boy? The one in the Inn? With the
unicorn?

YVAINE

Yes.

MORWANNEG

He will break it, or waste it, or lose
it. They all do.

YVAINE

Nonetheless, he has my heart. I hope that
your sisters will not be too hard on you,
when you return to them without your
prize.

MORWANNEG

My sisters will be harsh, but cruel.
However, I appreciate the sentiment. You
have a good heart, child.

(walking off)

A pity it will not be mine.

TRISTRAN

(approach)

All sorted out. Nothing to worry about. I
had to promise the Lady U - my mother -
that we'd get to the Stormhold sooner or
later, but we can take our time on the
way. There are so many places we have not
yet seen. So many people still to meet.
Not to mention all the wrongs to right,
villains to vanquish, sights to see ...

YVAINE

And she acceded to this?

TRISTRAN

In the end. Who was that old biddy? She
seemed a bit familiar. Was anything
wrong?

YVAINE

Whatever was wrong, everything is right,
now.

TRI STRAN

Oh. Good. We can go.

YVAINE

Don't you want to spend more time with
your family?

TRI STRAN

No. I've said my goodbyes to them all.
Including both my mothers. So. Shall we
walk together?

YVAINE

Yes please. Where?

TRI STRAN

Well ... East.

YVAINE

I'd like that.

FX: THEY WALK OFF, LAUGHING.

FX: CHEERING CROWDS, RUNS UNDER:

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: ELEPHANT TRUMPETS

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: FIREWORKS, CHEERS

STARDUST
by NEIL GAIMAN

134.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: FANFARES, CHEERING, ETC.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

MUSIC & CREDITS.

FX: SEAWASH, SHIPS CREAKING AT ANCHOR, SEAGULLS

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: HORSE AND CARRIAGE PASSES, FOREGROUND

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: VILLAGE ATMOS. SEAWASH BG.

BOY

Good master! There's a man in town as you described him, come by land. He lodges with Mistress Pettier. He is thin and crow-like, and I saw him in the Ocean's Roar, buying grog for every man in the room. He says he is a distressed seafaring man, seeking a berth.

FX: COINS INTO BOY'S HAND

PRIMUS

Here's two farthings for you, lad.

BOY

Cor, thank you sir.

FX: BOY SCAMPERS OFF.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

(MORE)

Dramatized by Dirk Maggs

NARRATOR (V. O.) (CONT' D)

FX: DISTANT MERRIMENT/HUBBUB

DRUNKEN SAILOR
(foreground)
S' very kind of you to show me back to me
berth, shipmate ...

SEPTIMUS
We Maintopmen must stick together, old
cha - chum.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
Whoops a daisy.

DRUNKEN SAILOR
(slips)
Urp - !

FX: SPLOSH. BUBBLES.

NARRATOR (V. O.)

SEPTIMUS
So easy ...

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: CARRIAGE AND HORSES IN OPPOSITE DIRECTION TO TOP OF
SCENE

NARRATOR (V. O.)

FX: WIND IN LEAVES. BIRDSONG, THUNDER, OFF.

TRI STRAN

Zzzzz . . .

(wakes up)

Uhhh -

COPPER BEECH

I had a dream last night, too. In my dream, Pan was walking through this forest. He owns all of this.

TRI STRAN

Pan owns the forest?

COPPER BEECH

Of course he does. It's not hard to own something, like he does. You just have to know that it's yours, and then be willing to let it go. And in my dream he came over to me and told me you had come on a quest, and that you had captured a star on a chain, and she was sad. And Pan told me to help you.

TRI STRAN

Me?

COPPER BEECH

And I woke up, and there you were, fast asleep with your head by my trunk, snoring like a piggingin.

TRI STRAN

What kind of help did Pan say you should give me? Not that I am grumbling. I mean, right now I need all the help I can get.

COPPER BEECH

Well, first I must make something clear.

TRI STRAN

Please do.

COPPER BEECH

If you kept that star chained, and she had escaped her chains, then there is no power on earth or sky could ever make me help you. But you unchained her, and for that I will help you.

TRI STRAN

Thank you.

COPPER BEECH

I will tell you three true things. Two of them I will tell you now, and the last is for when you need it most. You will have to judge for yourself when that will be.

TRI STRAN

Ye-es ...?

COPPER BEECH

First, the star is in great danger. What occurs in the midst of a wood is soon known at its furthest borders, and the trees talk to the wind, and the wind passes the word along. There are forces that mean her harm, and worse than harm. You must find her, and protect her.

TRI STRAN

I will.

COPPER BEECH

Secondly, there is a path through the forest, off past that fir-tree (and I could tell you things about that fir-tree that would make a boulder blush), and, in a few minutes a carriage will be coming down that path. Hurry, and you will not miss it.

TRI STRAN

Right.

COPPER BEECH

And thirdly, hold out your hands.

FX: LEAF FLUTTERS DOWN INTO HIS HANCO 3er. What TRI STRAN

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES.

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
Let me through - please.

FX: UNICORN SHIFTS. TRI STRAN MOVES PAST IT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
At this moment of betrayal, Tristran remembers The Copper Beech Tree's third gift.

TRI STRAN
Wait Tristran. Look in your pocket ...

FX: HE RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
Where is it ... Ah. Stuck to the candle stub ...

FX: LEAF, HANDLED, UNDER:

TRI STRAN (CONT'D)
Leaf, whisper in my ear - advise me in this hour of danger ...
