

STARDUST

by
NEIL GAIMAN

Dramatised in two 60'00" parts
by
DIRK MAGGS

Studio Script
05-08-16

Plus two optional insert scenes

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here, high in the fastnesses of Faerie's Mount Huon, a fortress is carved, like a hole in a rotten tooth. Inside, my father, the eighty-first Lord of Stormhold, lies dying in his bedchamber. He is not alone; his living sons Primus, Tertius and Septimus wait by the right side of his deathbed. And those unmoving grey figures on the other side are my dead brothers, Secundus, Quintus, Quartus and Sextus.

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 with us ... father ?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*This particular thread of our tapestry
will keep, for a little. There are others
to pull at. Come ...*

5 **EXT. SKY OVER FAERIE - DAY**

5

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Look at the richness of the world of
Faerie. Here there be Dragons, gryphons,
wyverns, hippogriffs, basilisks, and
hydras. Also more familiar animals: cats,
dogs, wolves and foxes, eagles and bears.
But there are places where other, more
fell, creatures lurk, away from the
light.*

CROSSFADE TO:

6 **EXT. COTTAGE OF THE LILIM - DAY**

6

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.)

*... I had forgotten how dark it is here,
this wood is so thick and deep. The
clearing in which this cottage lies is so
dank and fetid, one cannot imagine it was
ever a pleasant, sun-dappled glade. But
once upon a time it was, until the Lilim,
the witch-queens, came to dwell in this
place, and turned it to darkness.*

7 **INT. COTTAGE OF THE LILIM - DAY**

7

FX: FIRE QUIETLY SMOULDERS. A CAULDRON BUBBLES.

THE SNORING OF THREE HAGS, ASLEEP IN THEIR BEDS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Shh. Tread quietly now. These three
sleeping hags are the witch-queens, and
our presence may be detected.
You nod. Your eyes have settled now?
Good. Mark what you see.
The cottage is one room, undivided. A
peat fire burns in the large fireplace.*

(MORE)

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

*There are three raised beds upon which
the witches sleep.
Here, near the cauldron are cooking
implements, and this large wooden cage.
It is empty, so we are spared the piteous
whimperings of a child meant for the pot.*

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Ah, your eye has been drawn to the only
thing in the house that is not covered in
dust and soot. The mirror of black glass,
as high as a tall man, as wide as a
church door. This is what I wanted you to
see. Move closer. Look into it at the
reflection of the room behind you - the
beds, the hags ... Yes! Your eyes open in
wonder.*

*In the mirror you see the three other
women in this little house. They are
slim, and dark. The hall they inhabit is
many times the size of this cottage; the
floor is of onyx, and the pillars are of
obsidian. There is a courtyard behind
them, open to the sky above. The three
women in the mirror are also the Lilim:
but whether they are the successors to
these old women, or their shadow-selves,
none but the Lilim can say - Shh!*

MORWANNEG

(as Hag, disturbed in sleep)

Zzz ... Hmph. Cut its living heart out...

FX: SHE ROLLS OVER AND GOES BACK TO SLEEP

MORWANNEG (CONT'D)

... zzzzzz

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Hm. I do not think this is the place to
begin our journey either. The first
thread we must pick up lies deeper in the
past ... in the world of humans.*

CROSSFADE TO:

FX: BREEZE. BIRDSONG. VOICES, HORSES, CARTS ETC.,
APPROPRIATE FX, RUNNING UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(voice over throughout)

It is the evening of April 29th, 1837. Young Queen Victoria is on the throne of Great Britain, and the evening sun shines over the English village of Wall, which has stood on this jut of granite for the last six hundred years. There to the north is the Inn, The Seventh Magpie. Immediately to the east is a high grey rock wall, from which the town takes its name. Built of hewn granite, this wall emerges from the woods and goes back into the woods, with just one break in it; an opening about six feet in width. For hundreds of years, the villagers have posted guards at the opening - like the two lads you see here - to stop anyone from going through, and otherwise have done their best to put it out of their minds.

DUNSTAN

Tommy.

TOMMY

What?

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.)

But tonight is the eve of May Day. And once every nine years, on May Day, the guard is relaxed. Tomorrow the great Fairy Market comes to the meadow. For on the other side of the wall lies the World of Faerie, and there is, for one day and one night, commerce between the nations, which packs the village with visitors of all hues, from many countries.

TOMMY

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- The lad with the black eye is Tommy Forester -

DUNSTAN

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- The lad with the nut-brown hair and freckles is Dunstan Thorn. He is eighteen years old, works on his father's farm and owns nothing, save a small cottage in a far field his parents have given him.

TOMMY

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

(groans)

Oh, my noggin hurts.

DUNSTAN

It will do that, if you put it in the way of a stranger's fist.

TOMMY

Filthy furriner in the Seventh Magpie. Trying to steal a kiss from my Bridget.

DUNSTAN

You can't expect the pot wench at the Inn not to attract attention. Not on Market Day Eve.

TOMMY

She's the loveliest girl in Wall.

DUNSTAN

Gah, not a patch on my Daisy.

TOMMY

Daisy Hempstock'll be an old maid by the time you pluck up courage to wed her.

DUNSTAN

You want a matching pair of black eyes?

THE FOLLOWING LINES DELIVERED UNDER UNA'S NARRATION:

TOMMY

Look out, another stranger's looking to trespass early.

FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH ON DIRT TRACK.

VISITOR
(ornately bad English)
Good evening fine gentlemen, execute me please. I am curiously wondering if it might be permittable to convey myself through the wall this fine evening, to preambulate the adjoining meadow and dally among the charming Faerie folk?

OLDER UNA (V.O.)
Dunstan is not a romantic, though he professes a wish to gain his Heart's Desire - a wish that will lead to consequences far beyond his imagining. However, today he feels important: he has been given a wooden cudgel, and if any stranger comes up to the break in the wall, has instructions to say -

DUNSTAN
(to VISITOR)
Tomorrow, tomorrow. No one's coming through today, good sir.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
- Whilst holding the cudgel at a somewhat ... ambivalent, angle -

VISITOR
(retreating, nervously)
I - I am infinitely obliged, fine fellow...

CROSSFADE TO:

9

INT. THE SEVENTH MAGPIE INN - EVENING.

9

FX: BUSY ALE-ROOM. CHATTER OF LOCALS AND 'FURRINERS'...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
At the end of the shift, another two able-bodied young men of the village arrive, carrying a lantern each, Tommy and Dunstan walk down to the Inn where Mr. Bromios the landlord gives each of them a mug of his best ale - which is very fine indeed - as their reward for doing guard duty.

MR. BROMIOS
There you are, boys.

FX: POTS OF ALE PUT DOWN. DUNSTAN AND TOMMY DRINK DEEP.

DUNSTAN
(smacks lips)
Ohhh, that ale is the stuff of life.

FX: TOMMY RISES

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.

STRANGER IN BLACK SILK TOP HAT APPROACHES.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

(moving in)
This seat free?

DUNSTAN

That it is, sir.

DUNSTAN PULLS AT HIS PINT.

FX: BOWL SET DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

My friend was called away on business and
left his pudden. Will you eat it?

DUNSTAN

With a ready will, sir.
(starts to eat - mouth full)
And may I say what a very fine black silk
top hat that is.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Why thank you. Actually, I'm trying to
find a place to set it for the night.
Every room in the village that can be
let, has already been let.

DUNSTAN

(mouth full; unsurprised)
Is that so?

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Would you know of a house that might have
a room?

DUNSTAN

(eating)
Mm. Well, then. I have a cottage, on the
edge of my father's land. It was our
shepherd's cottage, until he died, two
years ago last lammastide, and they gave
it to me.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

Will you take me to it?

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

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

10

EXT. DUNSTAN'S COTTAGE - NIGHT.

10

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.

FX: DUNSTAN'S FOOTSTEPS ON SODDEN PATH. COWS MOOING, GROWING NEARER.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Dunstan walks to the cow byre, in the pelting rain.

11

INT. COW BYRE - NIGHT.

11

FX: RAIN OUTSIDE. MOOING OF COWS FROM BELOW. CREAKY LADDER, DUNSTAN ROLLING HIMSELF UP IN STRAW, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He climbs into the hayloft and is soon asleep.

DUNSTAN
(snores)
Zzzzzzz ...

FX: MORE THUNDER OUTSIDE, AND A SCRABBLING, THUMPING IN THE HAYLOFT WITH DUNSTAN.

NARRATOR
In the small hours of the morning, Dunstan is woken by somebody treading on his feet ...

DUNSTAN
(not really awake)
What - get off!

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
'Scuse me.

DUNSTAN
Who's that? Who is it?

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

(disturbed)

You aren't.

FX: THUNDER, LIGHTNING.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Strap up! That was bright.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A flash of lightning illuminates the byre and for just a moment, Dunstan sees something small and hairy laying down on the straw, wearing a large floppy hat.

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 ... Zzzzzzzzz ...

DUNSTAN

(settling back down)

Charming.

12 **EXT. COW BYRE - DAY**

12

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*The day of the Fair dawns, bright and
sunny. Dunstan wakes late, to find the
cow byre empty. He walks up to the
farmhouse, washes his face, puts on his
very best jacket, and walks up to the
village.*

13 **EXT. FAIRGROUND MEADOW - DAY.**

13

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.)

At the stroke of midday Dunstan strides up to the wall and nervously walks through. After just a few paces, he feels a hand on his shoulder.

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.)

Dunstan walks on through the throng, passing all manner of stalls, jingling his money, thinking what present he might take back to give Daisy Hempstock.

FX: BUSTLE CONTINUES, HURDY GURDY MUSIC WITH HEAVY BOOTS CLOMPING INTO BACKGROUND, WITH NEWS CRIER YELLING, UNDER:

OLDER UNA (V.O.)
Dunstan walks past where Mr. Bromios has set up a tent to sell wines and pasties to the village folk, who, though tempted by the foods being sold by the folk from Beyond the Wall have been told by their grandparents that it is deeply, utterly wrong to eat fairy food—or sip fairy wine. Dunstan begins to think he will never find a present for Daisy. But then he hears something ...

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 and more stories expanded upon for a coin ... !

FX: MUSICAL TINKLY CHIMING, GROWING CLOSER

DUNSTAN
Hallo ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Dunstan sees a painted caravan with a brightly coloured bird chained to it. Nearby is a stall covered with flowers - bluebells and foxgloves and harebells and daffodils and a profusion of others. Each flower is made of glass or crystal, and they chime and jingle. He is enchanted, and examines them. There does not seem to be anyone attending the stall.

DUNSTAN
(calls)
Hello?

FX: YOUNGER UNA DESCENDS CARAVAN STEPS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Dunstan does not notice the brightly coloured bird is no longer on its perch. He is transfixed by the person who descends from the caravan. It is a girl with deep violet eyes. Her ears, visible beneath her curly black hair, are those of a cat: curved, and dusted with a fine, dark fur.

YOUNG UNA
Can I help you, young sir?

FX: TINKLING SOUND AS HE PICKS UP A GLASS FLOWER.

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?

YOUNG UNA

(amused)

Oh, the cost is never discussed at the
outset. It might be a great deal more
than you are prepared to pay; and then
you would leave, and we would both be the
poorer for it. Let us discuss the
merchandise in a more general way.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

(passing)

Ah, there you are.

DUNSTAN

Oh, you again, sir.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT

(going)

There. My debt to you is settled, and my
rent is paid in full.

BLACK SILK TOP HAT MAN DEPARTS, CHUCKLING.

YOUNG UNA

What on earth did he mean?

DUNSTAN

Truly I have no idea.

YOUNG UNA

You were interested in the flowers. They
can be given to a loved one as a token of
affection, and the sound they make is
pleasing to the ear. Also, they catch
the light most delightfully. See? This
bluebell?

FX: FLOWER PICKED UP; TINKLES

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)

A beautiful colour, don't you think?

DUNSTAN

(smitten)

I think ... the colour of your eyes puts
it to shame. Um. I can't help noticing -

YOUNG UNA

What?

DUNSTAN

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

YOUNG UNA

My silver chain? It binds me here. I am
the personal slave of Madame Semele, the
witch-woman who owns this caravan. She
caught me many years ago, as I played by
the waterfalls in my father's lands, high
in the mountains. She lured me in the
form of a pretty frog, always but a
moment out of my reach, until I had left
my father's lands, whereupon she resumed
her true shape and popped me into a sack.

DUNSTAN

And you are her slave forever?

YOUNG UNA

Not forever. I gain my freedom on the day
the moon loses her daughter, if that
occurs in a week when two Mondays come
together. In the meantime I do as I am
bid. Will you buy a flower from me now,
young master?

DUNSTAN

My name is Dunstan.

YOUNG UNA

And an honest name it is, too.

DUNSTAN

What is yours?

YOUNG UNA

I am a slave, and the name I had was
taken from me.

FX: DUNSTAN PULLS OUT HANKY FILLED WITH MONEY, UNDER:

DUNSTAN

Oh. Um, let's see how much I've brought -
I think I might like to buy that snowdrop
there.

YOUNG UNA

Oh - we do not take money at this stall.

DUNSTAN

No? What will you take?

YOUNG UNA

I could take a kiss from you. One kiss,
here on my cheek.

DUNSTAN

That I'll pay with goodwill ...

FX: JINGLING AND TINKLING OF GLASS FLOWERS AS HE LEANS
ACROSS THE STALL TO KISS HER ON THE CHEEK.

YOUNG UNA

There now. And here's your snowdrop.

FX: TINKLING OF GLASS FLOWER HANDED OVER.

DUNSTAN

(admiring it)

My, my ... it's perfect.

YOUNG UNA

And I'll see you back here tonight,
Dunstan Thorn, when the moon goes down.
Come here and hoot like a little owl.
Can you do that?

DUNSTAN

(stumbling away)

Yes ... yes I can ... thank you ...

FX: CARAVAN DOOR OPENS

MADAME SEMELE

(muttering)

Good for nothing, leaving me to sleep
when customers are about.

(to YOUNG UNA)

Girl, where are you?

YOUNG UNA

Here, Madame Semele.

MADAME SEMELE

Well go, make me a posset while I polish
the stock.

YOUNG UNA

(going off into caravan)

Yes, Madame Semele.

MADAME SEMELE

(muttering)

Wastrel. Now, where's me pretty ruby rose
... oh! The snowdrop's not here. Girl!
Where's the snow-drop?

FX: TINKLING OF FLOWERS AS SHE SEARCHES.

YOUNG UNA

(off)

The snowdrop? Was there a snowdrop?

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:

14

EXT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

14

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

That night, the sun sets, and a huge spring moon appears. A chill breeze blows. Dunstan Thorn slips through the gap in the wall, and into the meadow raises his hands to his mouth, and hoots.

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 sniffles)
Mft.

DUNSTAN

Why, you are crying. Come here ...

FX: HE PULLS HER TO HIM

YOUNG UNA

Hmmm ... hold me.

FX: A RUSTLE OF CLOTHING

DUNSTAN

(giving in)
Mmmm. Oh ... oh my stars ...

MUSIC SWELL

CROSSFADE TO:

15

EXT. WALL - DAWN.

15

FX: DAWN CHORUS, AIR, HORSES SNORT, FOOTSTEPS ON GRASS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*They lie together till dawn's grey light
breaks. Then the girl arises, and
straightens her dress, and Dunstan
arises, and fastens his best britches.*

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.)

*And with that, she walks back into the
gypsy caravan behind the stall.*

16 **EXT. COW BYRE - DAY**

16

FX: MOOING, BIRDSONG, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Dunstan returns to the cow byre, takes
off his boots, and sleeps until he wakes,
when the sun is high in the sky.*

17 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

17

FX: GENERAL ATMOS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*On the following day the market finishes,
and the foreigners leave the village and
life in Wall returns to normal.
Two weeks after the market, Tommy
Forester proposes marriage to Bridget
Comfrey, and she accepts.*

18 **EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

18

FX: WEDDING BELLS, CHEERING LOCALS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*And that June Dunstan Thorn is married to
Daisy Hempstock. And if the groom still
seems a little distracted, well, the
bride is as glowing and lovely as ever
any bride has been.*

19 **EXT. SOUNDSCAPE - CHANGING SEASONS - SEE FX NOTES:**

19

FX: COUNTRYSIDE ATMOS. DISTANT HAMMERING & SAWING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They live in Dunstan's cottage, while their own little farmhouse is erected, and they are certainly happy enough.

FX: COLD WIND, RAIN, SHEEP BAA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

First autumn comes, then winter; and it is at the end of February that a wicker basket is pushed through the gap in the wall.

FX: GUARDS SNORING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The guards, on each side of the gap, do not notice the basket at first.

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: NOTE UNFOLDED.

SETH (CONT'D)

It's a name.

SETH (CONT'D)

"Tristran Thorn".

MUSIC CLIMAX.

20

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

20

FX: BREEZE. BIRDSONG. DISTANT HORSES SNORT, ETC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

When the next Faerie Market is held, Tristran Thorn, who is eight years old, does not attend, finding himself packed off to stay with extremely distant relations in a village a day's ride away. His little sister, Louisa, six months his junior, is allowed to go, and this is a source of ranklement to the boy.

(MORE)

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

His mother says nothing to him about the matter, as she says little to him on any subject.

21 **EXT. SOUNDSCAPE**

21

FX: AMBIENT, ABSTRACT

NARRATOR (V.O.)

So the days go by, and the weeks go by, and the years go by also. When he is fifteen Tristran hurts his arm falling from the apple tree outside Mr. Thomas Forester's house: more specifically, outside Miss Victoria Forester's bedroom window. She is, without any doubt, the most beautiful girl for miles around. Victoria is seventeen, she is pale, and utterly delightful, and used to getting her own way.

22 **EXT. ORCHARD - DAY.**

22

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, they make the sweetest pie.

VICTORIA FORESTER

I shouldn't judge on looks.

LOUISA THORN

Says Victoria Forester.

VICTORIA FORESTER

What does that mean?

LOUISA THORN

Every boy in the village is in love with you, and many a sedate gentleman with grey in his beard stares at you in the street, walking off with a spring in his step. They say that Mister Robert Monday himself is counted amongst your admirers.

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!

23

INT. VILLAGE SHOP - EVENING

23

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)

"I met a fair maiden a going to the fair"
... or was it the market? "I met a fair
maiden going to the market" ... no that
doesn't scan ... " I met a young - " No,
the porridge oats should be here. Oh dash
it, these are currants ... (etc.)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tristran Thorn, at the age of seventeen, is half the way between a boy and a man. He seems to be composed chiefly of elbows and Adam's apples, and is painfully shy. Tristran's daydreams are strange, guilty fantasies, muddled and odd, of journeys through forests, to rescue Princesses from palaces, dreams of knights and trolls and mermaids. He is a gangling creature of potential, a barrel of dynamite waiting for someone or something to light his fuse; but no one does, so he works at Monday and Brown's, the Village Shop, as a clerk.

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

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

TRISTRAN
(muffled)
- oh help -

FX: MUFFLED CRASH FROM REAR OF SHOP.

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

VICTORIA FORESTER
(unimpressed)
Tristran Thorn. Is Mister Monday not in?

TRISTRAN
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: TRISTRAN LOOKING FOR PENCIL AND PAPER

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

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

TRISTRAN
(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?

TRISTRAN
Yes. Yes, of course.

FX: LIST HANDED OVER.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(looks at it)

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

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes, Tristran.

TRISTRAN

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 -

TRISTRAN

- 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.

TRISTRAN

I - I'll just tell Mr Brown -

FX: HE SCURRIES OUT THE BACK.

VICTORIA FORESTER

(gazing around, hums to self)

Hm hmm hmmm ...

MUFFLED VOICES, UNDER HER HUMMING.

TRISTRAN

I'll be finishing up now Mr. Brown.

MR. BROWN

*When I were a lad I had to stay, close up
the shop and sleep under the counter with
my coat for a pillow.*

TRISTRAN

*Yes. I'm indeed a very lucky young man,
sir, and I wish you a very good night.*

FX: TRISTRAN REAPPEARS, PULLING ON HIS COAT.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

Ready.

24

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

24

FX: NIGHT AIR, OWL, ETC.

FX: TRISTRAN AND VICTORIAN WALK TOGETHER UNDER THE STARS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The autumn twilight turns into deep and early night as they walk. The crescent moon hangs white in the sky and the stars burn in the darkness above.

TRISTRAN

Victoria.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes, Tristran.

TRISTRAN

Would you think it forward of me to kiss you?

VICTORIA FORESTER

(cold)

Yes. Very forward.

TRISTRAN

Will you kiss me?

VICTORIA FORESTER

No.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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, Tristran Thorn.

TRISTRAN

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

TRISTRAN

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

A BEAT

VICTORIA FORESTER

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

TRISTRAN

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?

TRISTRAN

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

VICTORIA FORESTER

(amused)

Anything you desire.

TRISTRAN

You swear it?

VICTORIA FORESTER

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

TRISTRAN

(moving off)

I shall leave you here, my lady. For I
have urgent business.

(off, dramatically)

To the East!

25 EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

25

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Tristran Thorn runs all the way home.
Brambles snag at his clothes as he runs
and a branch knocks his hat from his
head.*

TRISTRAN

(breathless)

Oh, bother ...

26 INT. KITCHEN, WESTWARD MEADOWS.

26

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

DAISY HEMPSTOCK

Goodness me.

TRISTRAN

(breathless)

Mother, father.

DAISY HEMPSTOCK

Look at the state of you!

FX: TRISTRAN TAKES HIS COAT OFF, UNDER:

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Here.

FX: DAISY BUSTLES OUT

DUNSTAN

Where are you going?

TRISTRAN

East, through the wall.

DUNSTAN

And - and will you be coming back?

TRISTRAN

Of course.

DUNSTAN

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

TRISTRAN

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.

27

EXT. WALL - NIGHT

27

FX: NIGHT AIR. DISTANT STREAM.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tristran tells his father his plan, packs a bag, and his mother brings him apples, a cottage loaf, and a round of cheese. He kisses her cheek and bids her farewell. Then he walks into the village with his father. On wall duty that evening are Harold Crutchbeck and Mr. Bromios, the Innkeeper.

DUNSTAN

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

MR. BROMIOS

Indeed. Good evening, Tristan.

HAROLD

Oh, aye.

TRISTRAN

Hallo 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. BROMIOS

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.

TRISTRAN

What is it?

FX: MUFFLED TINKLING OF GLASS SNOWDROP.

DUNSTAN

A snowdrop, all made of glass.

TRISTRAN

It's beautiful.

DUNSTAN

Be gentle with it.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Thank you, father.

THEY EMBRACE.

DUNSTAN

(fighting tears)

Go on, you fool.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tristran walks through the gate, into the meadow on the other side of the wall. Then, his bag swinging in one hand, the glass snowdrop in the other, Tristran Thorn sets off towards the woods.

28

EXT. FAERIE WOOD - NIGHT.

28

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As he walks, the chill of the night grows less, and he is surprised to realize the moon is shining brightly down on him: surprised because the moon set an hour ago, a slim, sharp silver crescent, but the moon that shines down on him now is a huge, golden Harvest moon. He places the crystal snowdrop in the top buttonhole of his coat, and, too ignorant to be scared, Tristran Thorn passes beyond the fields we know, and into Faerie.

MUSIC CLIMAX

29

EXT. MOUNTAIN SCENERY

29

FX: ICY WIND BLOWING

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now Tristran would perhaps have never crossed the wall into Faerie if it had not been for the events which you will recall took place just hours earlier - the gathering at my father's deathbed.

30

INT. LORD STORMHOLD'S BEDCHAMBER - NIGHT.

30

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

LORD STORMHOLD

(dying)

Hrrhhhhh Hrrhhhh ...

PRIMUS

Father. We are here. What would you with us?

LORD STORMHOLD

(wheezy but cogent)

What I have to say concerns Primus, Tertius and Septimus, the living.

SECUNDUS

(dead)

We, the dead, attend out of respect, Father.

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
Ah. 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)

LORD STORMHOLD (CONT'D)

Est! Quia! Omnes! Appetunt!
(*'Power Is All I Crave'- Latin*)
And then -
(effort)
Flings this stone into the sky - !

FX: TINKLY SWISH OF CHAIN BEING FLUNG ALOFT (KEEPS GOING,
UNDER:)

SEPTIMUS PRIMUS
- No - ! - What - ?

TERTIUS
- But - !

FX: SOARING SOUND OF THE TOPAZ GETTING HIGHER AND HIGHER,
UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*The brothers watch as their father flings
the stone into the air. It arcs up over
the clouds, and then, defying all reason,
it continues to rise into the air,
towards the very stars overhead, until it
is lost to sight ...*

LORD STORMHOLD

To him who retrieves the stone, which is
the Power of Stormhold, I leave my
blessing, and the Mastership of Stormhold
and all its dominions.

TERTIUS

And should we capture eagles, and harness
them, to drag us into the heavens?

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

PRIMUS

(still watching the sky)
No. Look. A star is falling.

TERTIUS

The first star of the evening.

SEPTIMUS

It's dropping somewhere to the south and
the west of us.

LORD STORMHOLD

(dying)
There. It is done ...

FX: BODY FALL.

PRIMUS

He's gone.

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.)

The four dead brothers watch Septimus as he continues to gaze out of the window.

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 ...

31

EXT. COTTAGE OF THE LILIM - DAY

31

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.)

Ah! You say. So that is how the star came to fall, which Tristran has promised to fetch for Victoria Forester.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*But it is not only Tristran and Victoria
and Lord Septimus who mark its descent.
In the dark cottage in the dark woods,
where the three sisters dwell, their
eldest, Morwanned, who has just retrieved
a stoat from a snare, and slit its
throat, looks up and sees it too ...*

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

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

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

LILIM 1
(approach)
What, sister?

LILIM 2
(approach)
What is it?

MORWANNED
Look ...

THEY LOOK AS THE STAR BLAZES OVERHEAD.

LILIM 1
At last ...

LILIM 2
About time.

LILIM 1
Which of us, then, to find it?

MORWANNED
I'll open the stoat.

FX: STOAT SKINNED IN ONE DEFT MOVE. GUTS SQUIDGING,
UNDER:

MORWANNED (CONT'D)
Now each take her knife, close her eyes,
and stab.

FX: THREE STABS INTO FLESH

MORWANNED (CONT'D)
Eyes open.

LILIM 1
I've the kidney.

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.

32

INT. COTTAGE OF THE LILIM - DAY

32

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 through the looking-glass.

LILIM 2

Would that we were. The sisterhood of the Lilim, young again.

LILIM 1

We will be, if she succeeds.

MORWANNEG

When I return with her heart, there will be years aplenty for all of us.

LILIM 1

A star.

LILIM 2

A Fallen Star.

MORWANNEG

The first in two hundred years. And I'll bring it back to us.

FX: SHE SWEEPS OUT OF THE COTTAGE. DOOR SHUTS.

33

EXT. POOL GLADE, FAERIE - NIGHT.

33

FX: QUIET NIGHT AIR. WATER TRICKLING. POOL LAPPING. CRICKETS & TREE FROGS CHIRRUP. A FIELD MOUSE SQUEAKS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And what of that Fallen Star? You must understand that in the World Of Faerie, a fiery fallen star from the heavens is no more 'just' a piece of rock than this little creature before us, gnawing at a hazel nut, is 'just' a field mouse. In fact this mouse is a prince under an enchantment, who cannot regain his outer form until he eats the Nut of Wisdom -

FX: OWL SWOOP. LITTLE PLOP! IN WATER. MOUSE SCREAMS AND IS CARRIED AWAY.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*- oh. He has been taken by that owl, and
dropped the nut in the stream -*

FX: WATER DISTURBED, ANOTHER PLOP!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Ah. A salmon has eaten the nut.

FX: OWL SCREECH. FALLING STAR, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*And the owl is disconsolate, herself
being under a curse, and only able to
resume her rightful shape if she consumes
a mouse who has eaten the Nut of Wisdom.
Or perhaps a small bear ... Where was I?
Oh, yes. The light in the glade by this
pool grows in brightness to the point
that each of these fireflies is convinced
that this at last is love, but instead -*

YVAINE

(falling)

Waaaaaaaah!

FX: A CRASH OF FOLIAGE AND UNDERGROWTH AS YVAINE HITS THE
GROUND AT SPEED.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

- Oof!

A MOMENT, AS THE DUST SETTLES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*It is a Fallen Star, in the World of
Faerie.*

YVAINE

Ow. Fuck. Ow.

34

EXT. FOOTPATH, FAERIE - NIGHT

34

FX: NIGHT AIR. CRICKETS. TRISTAN'S FOOTSTEPS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Now it is hours since the star fell, and
Tristran Thorn has left October in
England behind and is surrounded by a
soft Summer's night, the stars glittering
and a Harvest Moon shining golden yellow
overhead.*

FX: TRISTRAN STOPS, PUTS DOWN HIS GLADSTONE BAG AS A
PILLOW AND LIES DOWN, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He is sleepy, and lays with his head on his bag, and covers himself with his coat. And as he begins to dream of his schooldays in the village of Wall, and tries to remember the dates of the Kings and Queens of England, he drifts off ...

TRISTRAN

Zzzz ...
(sleepy)
Whah - ?

FX: HE IS POKED, HARD

LITTLE HAIRY 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.

TRISTRAN

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You will recognise at once the little hairy man who once shared a hayloft with Tristran's father ...

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

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

TRISTRAN

Sorry ... Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz.

35

EXT. FOOTPATH, FAERIE - MORNING

35

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

TRISTRAN

Zzzzz ...

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Breakfast.

TRISTRAN

Eh?

FX: TRISTRAN SITS UP.

TRISTRAN (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

You says that now, but wait an hour. I knowed a man in Paphlagonia who'd swallow a live snake every morning, when he got up. He used to say, he was certain of one thing, that nothing worse would happen to him all day. 'Course they made him eat a bowl-full of hairy centipedes before they hung him, so he was a bit presumptive.

TRISTRAN

My name is Tristran Thorn.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Charmed. If not enchanted, ensorcelled and confusticated.

TRISTRAN

I beg your pardon?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Well, I used to be confusticated, but you know how these things go. Ready to move on? Good.

36

INT. WOODLAND, FAERIE - DAY

36

FX: WIND IN TREES. NO BIRDSONG. TRISTRAN AND LITTLE HAIRY MAN WALKING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And so Tristran and the Little Hairy Man walk forward into a patch of woodland, and Tristran tells his companion of his quest.

TRISTRAN

I come from the village of Wall, Where
there lives a young lady named Victoria
Forester, who is without peer among
women. Her face is -

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Usual complement of bits? Eyes? Nose?
Teeth? All the usual?

TRISTRAN

Yes -

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Well then, you can skip that stuff. So
what damn-fool silly thing has this young
lady got you a-doin' of?

TRISTRAN

I saw this falling star, and I promised
to bring it to her. And it fell over
there, towards that mountain range.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

(sighs)

Look. I'd not mention why you're here if
I were you. There's those as would be
unhealthily interested in such
information. Best keep mum. But never
lie.

TRISTRAN

So what should I say?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

If they ask where you've come from, you
say 'Behind me,' and if they asked where
you're going, you'd say 'in front of me.'

TRISTRAN

I see. Do you think it will be far? To
the star?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

(rhetorically)

How many miles to Babylon?

TRISTRAN

(recites)

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.
Yes, if your feet are nimble and light,
You can get there by candlelight.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

That's the one.

TRISTRAN

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. TRISTRAN STOPS TOO.

TRISTRAN

What?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Where's the path gone?

TRISTRAN

Eh?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Look around you. Can you see the path?

TRISTRAN

Not any more.

A BEAT.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Now we're for it.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

There's a bird. A dove?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Hand me a pebble.

FX: PEBBLE PICKED UP

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN
Oh. It wasn't a dove.

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

TRISTRAN
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 ...

TRISTRAN
Should we arm ourselves?

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

TRISTRAN
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 - TRISTRAN JUMPS

TRISTRAN
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.

TRISTRAN

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

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

How do you know?

TRISTRAN

I - I just - know.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

Well, come on then, run!

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

TRISTRAN

(breathless)

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

LITTLE HAIRY MAN

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

TRISTRAN

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.

37

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING, FAERIE - CONTINUOUS

37

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

TRISTRAN

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 needs 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.

TRISTAN SWIGS.

TRISTRAN
(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?

TRISTRAN
Wall. I told you.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Who's your father and mother?

TRISTRAN
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?

TRISTRAN
None that I know of.

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

TRISTRAN
(points)
There.

THE FOLLOWING Q&A IS QUITE BRISK:

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Where are the Debatable Hills?

TRISTRAN
There.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
The Catavarian Isles?

TRISTRAN
That way.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
His Vastness the Freemartin Muskish?

TRISTRAN
There.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
His Vastness the Freemartin Muskish's
Transluminary Citadel?

TRISTRAN
(doubt)
Um ... a shade more that way?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
And where's this star you're lookin' for?

TRISTRAN
(confident, points)
It's that way.

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
Good. How far, d'ye think?

TRISTRAN
Six months' walk ... How did I know that?

LITTLE HAIRY MAN
You just knows., it seems. And I'll wager
you're not the only one'll be lookin' 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 HAIRY MAN (CONT'D)
You remember what I told you before? 'How
many miles to Babylon'?

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

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

FX: HE PULLS OUT CANDLE STUB.

TRISTRAN
There's not much of a candle left. What
do I do with 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: HE TAKES A STEP, IN THE GRASS

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

FX: HE TAKES ANOTHER STEP IN THE GRASS.

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

YVAINE IS SNIFFLING, OFF.

TRISTRAN (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:

TRISTRAN
(off)
I won't hurt you.

YVAINE
(close)
Go away.
(effort)
Unh!

FX: ANOTHER CLOD THROWN AT TRISTRAN

TRISTRAN
(off; approach)
Hey - Please don't throw any more mud at
me.

YVAINE
Just go away and leave me alone.

TRISTRAN
(words tumbling out)
Look. I didn't mean to disturb you. It's
just there's a star, fallen somewhere
around here, and -
(stops)
Why are you sitting there like that?

YVAINE
I broke my leg.

TRISTRAN

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

YVAINE

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

TRISTRAN

Oh. You're the star?

YVAINE

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

TRISTRAN

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

FX: SILVER CHAIN BOUND ROUND HER WRIST

YVAINE

What's this?

TRISTRAN

A chain, slipped round your wrist.

YVAINE

(fury)

What do you think you are doing?

TRISTRAN

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?

TRISTRAN

(shrug)

Love.

YVAINE

Well I hope you choke on it.

FX: FMPT! CANDLE GOES OUT

TRISTRAN

Oh. The candle's gone out.

YVAINE

So?

TRISTRAN

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

YVAINE

Oh shut up.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Um - can you walk?

YVAINE

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

A BEAT.

TRISTRAN

(sighs)

Do your kind sleep?

YVAINE

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

FX: TRISTRAN LIES DOWN ON GRASS.

TRISTRAN

(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

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

.... Zzzzz.

YVAINE

(sighs)

Dunderhead. Bumpkin. Dolt.

FX: SILVER CHAIN TUGGED AT FRUITLESSLY, UNDER:

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

43 **EXT. FOOTHILLS, STORMHOLD - NIGHT**

43

FX: COLD WIND. A COACH AND HORSES TRUNDLES ALONG.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Many leagues away, the three Lords of Stormhold ride in a coach pulled by six black horses. Each of the lords is dressed in mourning. They say nothing. There is nothing to be said; no alliances can be made.

FX: HORSES SLOW, UNDER:

COACHMAN
(calling back inside)
Nottaway Inn, my Lords. Whoaaa.

FX: COACH HALTS. DOOR OPENS. THE THREE LORDS DESCEND.

INNKEEPER
(coming out of door)
My Lords, this is an honour. Come in, come in.

44 **INT. NOTTAWAY INN - EVENING**

44

FX: FIRE BURNING, SOUNDS OF DINING FOLLOWED BY FEET ASCENDING WOODEN STAIRS AND DOORS BEING BOLTED, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The chambermaids are instructed to prepare three beds for the night, even though Letitia swears she thought she saw seven Lords alight from the coach.

45 **INT. TERTIUS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

45

FX: QUIET ATMOS. A HORSE HEARD DISTANTLY GALLOPING OFF.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Tertius has slipped a silver coin to Letitia, so he is not surprised at all when, shortly before midnight, when all is still, there comes a tap-tapping on his door.

FX: TAP-TAPPING. DOOR OPENS

LETITIA
I'm here to warm yer bed, m'Lord Tertius.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)
She holds a bottle of wine in her hand.

FX: CORK OUT OF WINE BOTTLE. POURED.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Tertius leads the girl to the bed, and, after undressing her, extinguishes the candle. After some time, he grunts, and is still.

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

LETITIA
(disappointed)
Why, sir, are you finished already? Sir?
Sir!

46 **INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING, NOTTAWAY INN - EVENING**

46

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.

47 **INT. TERTIUS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

47

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

PRIMUS
Compose yourself, girl.

LETITIA SUBSIDES INTO SOBS.

LETITIA
He's dead, my Lord Primus ...

PRIMUS
What's this bottle?

LETITIA
Your other brother gave it me. Said it was a fine stiffener, and would provide me with a night I would never forget.

PRIMUS
(gazing on the scene)
Ahh, Septimus.
(MORE)

PRIMUS (CONT'D)
(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.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next morning Lord Primus orders Letitia to accompany Tertius's body back to the castle of Stormhold. Then, alone in the coach, he leaves the village of Nottaway, in a significantly worse temper than when he arrived.

49

EXT. CROSSROADS, FAERIE

49

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.)

Some considerable distance from the Inn stands a crossroads. Approaching it is a dull-eyed boy dragging his unwilling goat to market. Waiting at the crossroads is a tall woman. Recognise her? It is the witch-queen, the elder of the three sisters of the Lilim, who has used the last of the heart they cut many years ago from a living star to become young again. Now she is in search of a fresh supply. She is cold, beautiful and terrifying. Beside her is a goat cart, its shafts empty.

BREVIS

Oh ... hallo.

MORWANNEG

What do they call you, boy?

BREVIS

(a bit overawed)

Brevis, 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.

50

EXT. MEADOW, FAERIE

50

FX: BIRDSONG, WIND IN LONG GRASS. YVAINE STRUGGLING ALONG
ON A MAKESHIFT CRUTCH, GRUMBLING.

YVAINE

I can't walk far on this leg.

TRISTRAN

I've made you a splint, and a crutch.
We'll get you to a proper doctor at the
next town.

FX: THEY STRUGGLE ON, UNDER

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Tristan and the Star have struggled out
of the dell and find themselves walking
towards a broad open meadow.*

TRISTRAN

So why did you fall? Did you trip over
something?

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.)

They move forward to a meadow between two banks of trees.

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.)

On the meadow lies an ornate golden crown, studded with red and blue stones. Fighting over it are two enormous beasts - a white horse and a huge lion. Tristran realises that the horse has a long, ivory horn jutting from the centre of its forehead.

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

TRISTRAN

(in wonder)

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the crown. The Lion beat the Unicorn all about the town ..."

YVAINE

Please, do something. The unicorn is hurt. The lion will kill it.

TRISTRAN

And let him kill me, too?

YVAINE

Quickly, while they are getting their breath back.

TRISTRAN

(sigh)

Stay there, then.

(he walks out into the meadow)

Here, kitty. Here. Look, here's your nice crown ...

FX: CROWN PICKED UP FROM GRASS.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

Fetch!

(effort)

Unh!

FX: CROWN FRISBEEES AWAY INTO DISTANT UNDERGROWTH.

FX: THE LION ROARS AND RUNS OFF AFTER IT. DISTANT ROAR OF TRIUMPH.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

(to UNICORN)

How about you, old fellow?

FX: UNICORN SNORTS, WHINNIES.

YVAINE

(approaching)

Poor creature. We can't leave it.

TRISTRAN

His wounds aren't too deep. You could probably ride him. That would speed us up, and help your leg heal more quickly.

YVAINE

Ride a Unicorn?

FX: UNICORN HARRUMPHS, STAMPS ITS HOOF.

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

FX: UNICORN SNORTS, KNEELS.

YVAINE
My, my.

TRISTRAN
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.

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

YVAINE
What's wrong with you?

TRISTRAN
I'm hungry. Aren't you hungry?

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

TRISTRAN
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?

TRISTRAN
Oh - give me your hand.

FX: CHAIN TINKLES, UNDER:

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

TRISTRAN
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.

51

EXT. FOREST PATH, FAERIE - EVENING

51

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.)

Do you recognise Madame Semele, with her brightly painted gypsy caravan and the brightly coloured bird she keeps tethered on a silver chain? Of course you do. It is some nineteen years since that bird - in human form - sold a certain Dunstan Thorn a glass snowdrop at the Faerie Market, and nine months later bore him a son. Madame Semele has stopped to eat, and her spell-enslaved servant - robbed of speech in her feathered state - spies someone approaching, in a cart drawn by two fine billy-goats.

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 CHIRrup 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)

A little basil, a little mountain thyme -
my own receipt.

FX: HERBS SPRINKLED ON. MORWANNEG EATS A LITTLE.

MORWANNEG

Mm.

MADAME SEMELE

How is it, my dear?

MORWANNEG

Perfectly palatable. I can taste the
basil and the thyme, but there is another
taste I find harder to place. A most
uncommon taste.

MADAME SEMELE

That it is. It's a herb that grows only
in Garamond, on an island in the midst of
a wide lake. It is most pleasant with
all manner of meats and fishes. It is
good for wind and the ague, and has the
curious property of causing one who
tastes of it to speak nothing but the
truth for several hours.

FX: PLATE DROPPED, HALF HARE ROLLS AWAY INTO GRASS.

MORWANNEG

Limbus grass ... You dare to feed me
limbus grass?

MADAME SEMELE

(cackling)

That's how it would seem, dearie. So,
tell me now, Mistress Morwanneg, if
that's your name, where are you a going-
of, in your fine chariot?

MORWANNEG

I am on my way to find a star, which fell
in the great woods on the other side of
Mount Belly. And when I find her, I shall
take my great knife and cut out her
heart, while she lives, and while her
heart is her own. For the heart of a
living star is a sovereign remedy against
all the snares of age and time. My
sisters wait for me to return.

MADAME SEMELE

The heart of a star, is it? Hee! Hee!
Such a prize it will make for me. I shall
taste enough of it that my youth will
come back.

(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 CHIRRUPS.

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 there, you know. It'll just grow into another oak tree ...

FX: SQUIRREL STOPS DIGGING, SQUEAKS, SCAMPERS OFF.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)

Hey ho. Let's be on our way before I forgets where we are a-going.

***** INSERT SCENE 'A' GOES HERE IF TIME PERMITS *****

52

EXT. MEADOW, FAERIE

52

FX: BIRDSONG, WIND IN LONG GRASS. HOOFBEATS DISAPPEARING IN DISTANCE.

FX: TRISTRAN'S FOOTSTEPS IN GRASS, RETURNING FROM VILLAGE, EATING AN APPLE.

TRISTRAN

(distant, mouth full)

Hallo? I have hay for the unicorn. Do they eat hay?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tristan returns, well fed, from the Village.

TRISTRAN

(approach us)

Hallo? ... Star?

HE STOPS.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

Oh.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At first, he thinks that he must have made a mistake. But this is the same oak tree, the one beneath which he had left the Star on the Unicorn. Then, leagues away, across the valley, he sees a light, moving rapidly away.

TRISTRAN

But ... she promised ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The star is to the southwest of him, travelling faster than he can ever run.

TRISTRAN

She was right. I am a numbskull. A clodpoll. I have let the Fallen Star escape. I am lost, and alone, in the land of Faerie.

53

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS

53

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But in the distant mountains, as the sun sets on their southernmost slopes, the witch-queen reins in her goat-drawn chariot and sniffs the chilly air. Her red, red lips curve into a smile of such beauty, such pure and perfect happiness that it would freeze your blood to see it.

MORWANNEG

I smell it on the wind ... The Star travels West ... and it is coming here - to me.

SHE LAUGHS, CHILLINGLY.

END OF PART ONE.

MUSIC & CREDITS

-- PART TWO --

54 EXT. FOREST ROAD, FAERIE

54

FX: NIGHT AIR. OWL SCREECH.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On a forest road, deep in the world of Faerie, the Lord Primus, having halted his coach to sup on baked dormouse and hard cheese, casts the rune stones that will tell him where to find the Topaz which will make him Lord of his father's kingdom - if his surviving brother, Septimus, does not find and murder him first.

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 ...

55 EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS

55

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

High above him, the witch-queen Morwanneq pursues the same quarry - but not for a precious stone. She wants to cut out the living heart of a freshly Fallen Star, and take it back to her sisters, so all three will once more be young.

MORWANNEG

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

56 EXT. MEADOW, FAERIE

56

FX: GALLOPING UNICORN HOOVES

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Fallen Star herself, with the Topaz which is The Power of Stormhold about her neck and within her breast the golden heart that makes witches young again, is riding away upon a Unicorn, having escaped her erstwhile captor.

YVAINE, BREATHING HARD, SOBBING A LITTLE ...

57 **EXT. WOODLAND, FAERIE**

57

FX: WIND IN TREES, BIRDSONG

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Is the Star fleeing some mighty prince,
some dread warlock?*

TRISTRAN

(snores loudly)

Zzzzzz ...

(burps)

Beg pudden.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*No. It is a lad from the world of humans,
Tristran Thorn, fast asleep.*

58 **EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS**

58

FX: WIND. DISTANT THUNDER.

FX: KNIVES ON A WHETSTONE, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Morwanneg the witch-queen sharpens her
knives, knives with hilts of bone and
blades of volcanic glass. The smaller
knife is a cleaver, for cutting through
the rib-cage; the other a dagger-like
blade, for cutting out the heart.*

FX: SHARPENING STOPS.

MORWANNEG

(inspecting knives)

Sharp enough for my guest. Now to prepare
a welcome, with what little I have to
hand ... You goats. You will become an
innkeeper and a pot maid.

FX: BLEATING, THEN - FOOM!

INNKEEPER

(bleating voice)

Your servant, ma'am.

BREVISSE

(maid; bleating voice)

But where is our Inn?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Morwanneg moves to the goat cart, and for
a while, she gestures at it, without
result.*

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.)

The little chariot has gone, and she stands in front of a small inn, with a stable to one side, at the edge of the mountain pass.

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.

59

EXT. COPPER BEECH GLADE - MORNING

59

**** INSERT 'B' AVAILABLE - LONGER SUBSTITUTE SCENE ****

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

TRISTRAN

Zzzzz ...

(wakes up)

Uhhh -

FX: HE SITS UP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The next morning, Tristran awakes under a beautiful copper beech tree, which has been glad to shelter him for the night.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Thinking of a way he might make up the miles between himself and the escaped star, he hears something in the distance.

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.

**** INSERT 'B' SUBSTITUTE SCENE ENDS HERE ****

60

EXT. FOREST ROAD - CONTINUOUS

60

FX: CARRIAGE AND HORSES APPROACHING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The coach, of course, belongs to the Lord Primus, travelling hard. But the copper beech tree has whispered to its neighbours, and Tristran will have his chance to catch up with it ...

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) TRISTRAN
(effort) (effort)
Urgghhh ... 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: TRISTAN CLIMBS UP BESIDE HIM.

TRISTRAN
(effort)
Thank you.

FX: HORSES SLAPPED WITH REINS, UNDER:

PRIMUS
Yah!

FX: THE COACH MOVES OFF.

61

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS

61

FX: THUNDER, RAIN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Up in the mountains above, the star, cold, wet and tired, finds herself unable to go on.

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.)

Out of the Inn comes her supposed husband, the innkeeper.

INNKEEPER

(bleating voice)

Where shall we put the beast?

MORWANNEG

In the stable with the Unicorn, Billy, then carry our young guest into the Inn.
(moving off)
I'll draw her a lovely bath, so I will.

YVAINE

Thank you, kind lady ...

62

INT. INN - CONTINUOUS

62

FX: FIRE CRACKLING. MUFFLED RAIN OUTSIDE. JUG OF WATER POURED INTO TIN BATH AND SWIRLED ABOUT. DOOR O/C.

INNKEEPER

(entering, effort)

Where shall I put the young lady?

MORWANNEG

(swirling bathwater)

Just here, Billy, by the fire.

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.

(MORE)

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)

Ahhhhh.

63

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

63

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Lord Primus's coach is now approaching
the Inn. But Tristran has been diverted
by something curious.*

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.

64

INT. COACH - CONTINUOUS

64

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!

65

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

65

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

Tristran. Tristran 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.

66

INT. INN - CONTINUOUS

66

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. Brevisse?

BREVISSE

(entering; bleating voice)

Yes, mum?

MORWANNEG

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

BREVISSE

Yes mum.

67

INT. STABLES - CONTINUOUS

67

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Out in the fetid stable, Tristran grooms the horses.

TRISTRAN BRUSHING DOWN THE HORSES.

TRISTRAN

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

FX: BREVISSE ENTERS

BREVISSE

Burnt ale, sir?

TRISTRAN

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

FX: THE UNICORN WHINNIES, OFF. HE PAUSES.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

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

BREVISSE

(going out)

Funny looking horse if you ask me.

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES AND KICKS, OFF.

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

CHANGE ANGLE.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Tristan is about to receive two
surprises. One is pleasant.*

FX: UNICORN NOW IN FOREGROUND

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

FX: UNICORN SNORTS

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)
Unicorn - !

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES, MOVES TO BLOCK HIS EXIT.

TRISTRAN (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.)
*The Unicorn blocks his way, sniffing at
the pot he carries.*

TRISTRAN
What is it? Is something wrong?

FX: UNICORN SNORTS

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Tristan's second surprise would be
deadly, save for the Unicorn's presence.*

TRISTRAN
No, that's my ale - no -

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*The Unicorn puts the tip of his horn into
the ale pot.*

FX: SIZZLING.

TRISTRAN
No - ... Oh, that's a waste.

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES. SIZZLING.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As he watches the ale foam and turn a sickly green, Tristran remembers one of the tales his mother told him as a child ...

DAISY HEMPSTOCK

(reverb)

'The horn of a Unicorn is sovereign against poison ...'

TRISTRAN

Poison ... my drink was poisoned ... and Lord Primus - and the Star - are inside the Inn -

**** INSERT 'C' HERE, IF INSERT 'B' USED ****

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

Let me through - please.

FX: UNICORN SHIFTS. TRISTRAN MOVES PAST IT.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At this moment of betrayal, Tristran remembers what he carries in his pocket.

FX: HE RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS

TRISTRAN

Where is it ... Ah. Yes. I had forgotten this gift ...

68

INT. INN - CONTINUOUS

68

FX: FIRE CRACKLING. WINE UNCORKED AND Poured.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At the Inn's fireside, the Lord Primus warms himself ...

MORWANNEG

Your wine, m'lord.

PRIMUS

Thank you. Oh - I see you have another guest. Well met, milady.

YVAINE

How do you do, sir.

PRIMUS

Very well ... but ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Primus has now seen the glittering stone upon the Star's breast.

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.)

A desperate surmise arises in Primus's mind. He and his young companions are in great danger.

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.)

Tristan and the Unicorn are in the doorway, wild-eyed. Primus turns on the witch-queen - his hand flying to his belt and finding nothing.

PRIMUS

My sword - it's in the coach -

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Without hesitation, the witch reaches for one of her knives -

FX: MORWANNEG PICKS UP AN OBSIDIAN KNIFE

MORWANNEG

Here's an edge for you, meddler -

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- and slices his throat in one swift movement.

PRIMUS

(wetly)

Arrrrggghhhhh!

YVAINE

You cut this throat!

MORWANNEG

Your turn next, girl. Billy, get the brat!

YVAINE

Unicorn! Help us!

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES, CHARGES INTO THE INN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The unicorn charges. As the innkeeper was a goat only an hour ago, instinct makes him lower his head and charge back -

MORWANNEG

No -

FX: UNICORN SPEARS BILLY WITH ITS HORN

INNKEEPER

Argh!

FX: BODY FALL

NARRATOR (V.O.)

- And the Innkeeper falls, his skull riven by an ivory horn.

MORWANNEG

Stupid goat - !

FX: UNICORN WHINNY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The Unicorn turns to face the witch. Tristran runs to the fireplace, kneading what looks like a dirty ball of wax in his hand.

TRISTRAN

Star - get to me - to the fire -

FX: UNICORN SNORT

YVAINE

I'm trying -

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*The maid attempts to shield the witch
from the Unicorn's horn.*

BREVISSE

(off)

Look out for the horse thing, mum -

MORWANNEG

Get out of its' way, you fool -

FX BREVISSE STABBED

BREVISSE

(scream)

Aaaah!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The maid dies instantly.

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.

TRISTRAN
(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

TRISTRAN
(foreground)
Stand up.

YVAINE
(foreground)
I cannot.

TRISTRAN
(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.)
*The fire is now burning Tristran's hand
grievously, but the bootlace wick is at
last alight ...*

TRISTRAN
(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.)

The Unicorn spears the witch's shoulder as she attempts to dash past. But in doing so its upturned eye is too easy a target -

MORWANNEG

Ahhh! - but I can stab too - unh!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The witch stabs deep into its eye, and the creature is mortally wounded -

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

MORWANNEG

Die, cursed beast - !

FX: UNICORN BODY FALL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The witch turns to Tristran and the Star. It is now or never.

TRISTRAN

(foreground)

Can you take a step?

YVAINE

(foreground)

Just a step?

MORWANNEG

(approach)

You're mine ...

TRISTRAN

(foreground)

Yes -

MORWANNEG

(charging towards them)

No!

TRISTRAN

Go - !

FX: WHOOSH.

FX: MORWANNEG STAGGERS FORWARD INTO THE EMPTY SPACE WHERE THEY WERE JUST STANDING. JUST THE CRACKLING FIRE IS HEARD, AND THE RAIN BEATING OUTSIDE.

MORWANNEG

No - No ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*With the departure of her prey, the
witch's powers crumble. Around her the
Inn becomes a humble cart again ...*

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

69

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

69

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

MORWANNEG
... Nooooooooo!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*And Morwanneg, the witch-queen, eldest of
the Lilim, her hair grey once more, her
face lined, her clothes bloodied and
torn, stands on a mountain pass, in the
rain, bent and aged. She is alone, bar
some horses, a coach, and the corpses of
a man, a boy, a goat and a Unicorn.*

MORWANNEG
(sobbing)
No ... no ... uhhhhh ...

FX: RAIN EASES, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*At her feet a pool of rainwater has mixed
with the blood of the Unicorn. Within it,
the faces of her two sisters look up at
her with contempt.*

LILIM 1
(in mirror)
Where is the Star?

LILIM 2
(in mirror)
What have you done with her?

MORWANNEG
I came so close ...

LILIM 1
(in mirror)
You failed?

LILIM 2
Look at you! You took the last of the
youth we had saved - you've squandered
it.

MORWANNEG
(casting around)
I cannot find her in my mind. It is as if
she were no longer in Faerie.

LILIM 1
(in mirror)
Hmmm ... No. She is still in Faerie. But
she is going to the Market at Wall.

LILIM 2
(in mirror)
Were the star to cross the wall and to
enter the world of things as they are,
she will become, in an instant, cold and
dead and of no more use to us.

A BEAT.

MORWANNEG
Hm. Then I shall go to Diggory's Dyke and
wait there, for all who pass on the way
to Wall must go by way of Diggory's Dyke.

LILIM 1
(in mirror)
Then what are you waiting for?

70

EXT. RIVER'S EDGE

70

FX: RUSHING WATER

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*While the sisters argue, Tristran and the
Star travel by candlelight, one step at a
time.*

FX: FOOMP! TRISTRAN AND THE STAR APPEAR

YVAINE
Where are we?

TRISTRAN
Hopefully miles and miles away from that
woman, but let's be sure and take another
step -

FX: WHOOSH

71

EXT. DESERT

71

FX: HOWLING WIND

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

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

FX: WHOOSH

72

EXT. CLOUD

72

FX: AIR

YVAINE
And this place is dark, damp and foggy.

TRISTRAN
One more step?

YVAINE
Yes -

FX: FLPPT.

TRISTRAN
Too late. The candle's exhausted.

YVAINE
(sigh)
As am I.

TRISTRAN
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.

73

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATER

73

FX: WIND GUSTS. FOOTSTEPS

SEPTIMUS
(arriving)
What is this ... ?

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Back on the mountain road where the witch-queen stood not long ago, a tall, dark, angular man stops and surveys the bloodstained ground. To one side is a small, battered goat-cart, tipped onto its side. Nearby it lie the bodies of the goat and the young man.

SEPTIMUS

Curious ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Some yards away is the corpse of a man in his middle years, face down, dressed in dark clothes.

SEPTIMUS

Ah. Primus ... your throat expertly cut.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The ghost of Primus, standing with his five grey and transparent brothers, watches grimly, with no satisfaction.

PRIMUS

(dead)

I was ready for you, Septimus, but not for the witch.

SEPTIMUS

So I am to be the eighty-second Lord of the Stormhold, and all the rest of it.

QUINTUS

(dead)

Not without the Power of Stormhold about your neck he's not.

PRIMUS

(dead)

And then there's the matter of revenge. he must take revenge upon my killer before anything else, now. It's blood-law.

SEPTIMUS

Primus, Secundus, Tertius, Quartus, Quintus and Sextus - your spirits no doubt surround me now. I know I must revenge this sad carcass, and all for the honour of our blood and the Stormhold. But then I shall assume the title I now legally inherit. And you will still be dead.

QUINTUS

(dead)

Septimus would do well to remember the proverb which warns against relying upon the numerical value of unhatched chicks.

PRIMUS

(dead)

Popinjay.

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

74

EXT. CLOUD - DAY

74

FX: AIR

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*As dawn breaks over the World of Faerie,
Tristran and the Star awake to find their
last stop - foggy, soft and damp - is in
fact a thick, white cumulus cloud.
Tristran pushes his burned hand as far as
he could down into it. The cloud cools a
little of the pain.*

TRISTRAN

Ahhh

YVAINE

What now?

TRISTRAN

Well. I'm afraid I've made rather a mess
of everything.

YVAINE

I hate you. I hated you for everything
already, but now I hate you most of all.

TRISTRAN

(resigned)

Mm-hm. Any particular reason?

YVAINE

Because now that you have saved my life,
you are, by the law of my people,
responsible for me, and I for you. Where
you go, I must also go.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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:

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

You could be the first.

YVAINE

It will never happen. What is that sound?

TRISTRAN

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

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(off)

Ahoy there!

TRISTRAN

(calls)

Ahoy! Hello!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

Parties in need of assistance?

TRISTRAN

Yes! In need of assistance!

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

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

FX: ROPE LADDER UNROLLS, SWOOSHES DOWN.

TRISTRAN

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 TRISTRAN AND YVAINE GRAB
HOLD.

TRISTRAN

Got it?

YVAINE

Yes.

TRISTRAN

(calls)

Ready.

BOSUN

(off)

Haul, bullies! Haul!

SAILORS

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

SAILORS HEAVING CONTINUES UNDER:

FX: TRISTRAN AND YVAINE BORNE ALOFT

TRISTRAN
Hold tight!

YVAINE
I am!

75

EXT. FREE SHIP PERDITA, DECK - CONTINUOUS

75

FX: WIND THROUGH RIGGING. CREAKING TIMBERS. TRISTRAN 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.

TRISTRAN
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'll
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 ...

76

EXT. DIGGORY'S DYKE

76

FX: MOORLAND, ROOKS, AIR.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Diggory's Dyke is a deep cut between two grassy Downs, like a white chalk gash on green velvet. The road to Wall leads through it, and in the middle of the Dyke, beside the path, is a hut, built of sticks and twigs, which Lord Septimus is closely examining, from the slope above, through a spyglass.

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

SEPTIMUS

(peering, to self)

It is her dwelling place. Smoke rises from the chimney. And there she is again.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Out of the hut limps a woman of advanced years. During the last few hours Septimus has noted how she stops every traveller that passes through the Dyke, to pass the time of day.

SEPTIMUS

She seems harmless enough, but I have not become the only surviving male member of my family by trusting appearances. This woman slit Primus's throat, I am certain of it. And the obligations of revenge demand a life for a life.

NARRATOR

Septimus is one of nature's poisoners. Unfortunately the old woman seems to take no food she does not gather or trap herself, and while he contemplates leaving a steaming pie at the door to her house, made of ripe apples and lethal baneberries, he soon dismissed this as impractical.

SEPTIMUS

No oven. But I do have a box of lucifers, and a flask of brandy.

CROSSFADE TO:

77

EXT. DIGGORY'S DYKE - NIGHT

77

FX: NIGHT AIR. DISTANT OWL. SEPTIMUS'S QUIET FOOTSTEPS ON GRASS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Time passes, and it is past the mid-hour of the night, moonless and dark. Septimus creeps up to the hut.

SEPTIMUS

(to self)

Steady, steady ...

NARRATOR

Hanging from his belt is a club of oak-wood, its head studded with brass nails. He listens at the door.

MORWANNEG

(in hut, asleep)

Zzzzzzzz ...

SEPTIMUS

(close to us)

Ah ha.

FX: BRANDY UNCORKED AND POURED; MATCH STRUCK, AS REQUIRED, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He uncorks the brandy, pours it onto a wall of the hut, strikes a lucifer, and in moments the the hut is flickering with the ghost-blue light of brandy-flame.

FX: WHOOMF! FIRE CRACKLES FIERCELY, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Septimus returns to the door of the hut, hefting his wooden club on high.

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.)

Some way off, in the leaping shadows thrown by the fire, Septimus's dead brothers watch with interest.

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.)

Soon the little hut is an inferno. Septimus lowers the club, a smile upon his face.

SEPTIMUS

Burn, witch ... oof ...

FX: FOOTSTEPS BACK, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is now so warm that he has to step backward, away from the heat. Then he feels a sharp, stabbing pain to the heel of his foot.

SEPTIMUS

Ah! Ahhhh damn it!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He turns, and sees a small bright-eyed snake, crimson in the fire's glow, its fangs sunk deep into the back of his boot.

SEPTIMUS

(agony)

Blast you!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The little creature pulls back and loops, at great speed, away behind one of the while chalk boulders.

SEPTIMUS

(agony, getting paralysed)

Ahh ... uhhh ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

As the poison sweeps through his system, Septimus's muscles clench and he is immobile. And it is now that the old woman emerges from behind the boulder where the snake went, and walks to him.

MORWANNEG

So. You thought that you would warm yourself at the burning of my little cottage.

SEPTIMUS

(unable to talk)

Uhh ... Urrhhh ...

FX: FIRE DISSIPATES UNDER THESE LINES ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Septimus would answer her, but his jaw-muscles are clenched, his teeth gritted hard together.

MORWANNEG

You should be ashamed of yourself. Attempting arson and violence upon a poor old lady living upon her own.

FX: SHE WALKS AWAY

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She walks back into the hut - miraculously unburned, or restored, Septimus does not know which, and does not care. His heart judders inside his chest, and if he could scream, he would.

SEPTIMUS

Urrhhhh
.....

FX: BIRDSONG AS SUN RISES. MORNING BREEZE BLOWS. BODY FALL.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*It is dawn before the pain ends and the
older brothers welcome Septimus to their
ranks.*

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.)

*There is a breath of wind through
Diggory's Dyke, and the seven brothers
are gone.*

78

EXT. FREE SHIP PERDITA - DAWN

78

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

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

YVAINE

Laa ... la la (etc)

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In future years Tristran will look back on his time on the Free Ship Perdita as one of the happiest periods of his journey through Faerie. His hand is healing, Yvaine's leg is growing stronger, and she seems happier. He wakes one morning to the sound of singing, and comes up on deck to find Yvaine, alone at the quarterdeck rail.

YVAINE FINISHES SINGING.

TRISTRAN

(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.

TRISTRAN

I have never heard anything like it.

YVAINE

Some nights my sisters and I would sing songs like that, all about the lady our mother, and the joys of shining and of loneliness.

TRISTRAN

I'm sorry.

YVAINE

Don't be. I am still alive. I was lucky to have fallen in Faerie. And I think I was probably lucky to have met you.

TRISTRAN

Thank you.

YVAINE

You are welcome ...

FX: DISTANT BOOTS ON DECK

CAPTAIN ALBERIC

(calls)

Ah, Tristran, young Miss.

TRISTRAN

Hallo?

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.

TRISTRAN

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!

SAILORS

Aye Aye, Cap'n ... etc.

79

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, FAERIE - DAY

79

FX: AIR, BIRDS, TRISTRAN AND YVAINE'S FOOTSTEPS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It is many days of walking for Tristran and the Star before the harbour-tree disappears over the horizon. They travel West, toward the sunset, along a wide and dusty road. They sleep beside hedgerows. Tristran eats fruit and nuts from bushes and trees and he drinks from clear streams. When they can, they stop at small farms, where Tristran works in exchange for food and some straw in the barn to sleep in. Once, thanks to Yvaine's quick-thinking and sharp tongue they evade a Goblin Press Gang, and in Berinshed's Forest Tristran outfaces one of the Great Tawny Eagles, who would otherwise have carried them both back to its nest to feed its young. Finally they are on the road that leads to the village of Wall, through Diggory's Dyke, and something bright catches Yvaine's eye.

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

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

YVAINE

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

TRISTRAN

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

(MORE)

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

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 CHIRRUPS, STOPS FLUTTERING.

TRISTRAN

There you go. Fly away home.

FX: BIRD CHIRRUPS.

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

There is no need to belabour your point,
old woman. I did not steal your bird. Its
chain was snagged upon a root, and I had
just freed it.

MADAME SEMELE

Give it to me.

FX: A COUPLE OF WING FLUTTERS AS THE BIRD CHANGES HANDS.

TRISTRAN

There. I don't want it.

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 sells 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.

TRISTRAN

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?

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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!

TRISTRAN

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 CHIRRUPING FROM BIRD.

YVAINE

Tristan look - the bird recognises the
flower ...

TRISTRAN

(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.

TRISTRAN
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.

TRISTRAN
(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

TRISTRAN
There.

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

TRISTRAN
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:

80

INT. CARAVAN - CONTINUOUS

80

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 CHIRRUPS, 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 CHIRRUPS

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

FX: BIRD MAKES A WISTFUL SOUND.

81

EXT. DIGGORY'S DYKE

81

FX: MOORLAND, DISTANT BIRDS. TRUNDLING CARAVAN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*Presently Madame Semele's Caravan lumbers
through the chalk cut of Diggory's Dyke.*
(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They halt beside a soot-blackened wooden hovel where a bent old woman waves them to a halt. The woman's hair is white as snow, her skin is wrinkled, and one eye is blind.

FX: CARAVAN TRUNDLES TO A HALT. MULES SNORT. HARNESS JINGLES.

MADAME SEMELE
Good day, sister. What happened to your house?

MORWANNEG
Young people today. One of them thought it would be good sport to fire the house of a poor old woman, who has never harmed a soul. Well, he learned his lesson soon enough.

MADAME SEMELE
Aye. They always learn. And are never grateful to us for the lesson.

MORWANNEG
There's truth for you. Now, tell me, dear. Who rides with you this day?

MADAME SEMELE
That is none of your never-mind, and I shall thank you to keep yourself to yourself.

MORWANNEG
I know you, Ditchwater Sal. None of your damned lip. Who travels with you? For the spell of honesty you placed upon me when we last met I now place upon you.

MADAME SEMELE
I - Uhh - There are the two mules who pull my caravan, myself, a maid-servant I keep in the form of a large bird, and a young man in the form of a dormouse.

MORWANNEG
Anyone else? Any thing else?

MADAME SEMELE
No-one and nothing. I swear it upon the sisterhood.

A BEAT.

MORWANNEG
Then get away with you, and get along with you.

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

FX: CARAVAN TRUNDLES OFF.

CHANGE ANGLE? - CARAVAN IN DISTANCE TRUNDLING ACROSS
LANDSCAPE:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*And inside the caravan Yvaine the star
sleeps on, unaware how close she has come
to her doom, nor by how slim a margin she
has escaped it.*

FX: CARAVAN TRUNDLES OFF.

82

EXT. FAIRGROUND MEADOW - EVENING.

82

FX: CONVERSATIONS. MALLETS BANGING IN STAKES. BACKGROUND
BUILDING ACTIVITY AS MARKET IS PREPARED. CARAVAN TRUNDLES
ACROSS FRAME.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*The sun is low in the western sky as they
arrive in the market meadow by the town
of Wall.*

FX: CARAVAN STOPS, MULES SNORT, HARNESS JINGLES.

MADAME SEMELE
(background)
Whoa now ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*As the market-folk set up their stalls
all over the meadow, Madame Semele
fetches the mouse cage from the caravan,
opens the door and picks out the
sleeping dormouse with bony fingers.*

MADAME SEMELE
Out you come.

FX: MOUSE SQUEAK. MADAME SEMELE FUMBLING IN HER POCKETS.

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
Where's that snowdrop - ah -

FX: GLASS FLOWER TINKLES

MADAME SEMELE (CONT'D)
Just a touch, and -

FX: GLASS TINKLE. FOOMF! TRISTRAN IS RESTORED.

TRISTRAN

(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!

TRISTRAN

(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 CHIRRUPS AND FLUTTERS, OFF

YVAINE

(approaching)

Tristran?

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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!

TRISTRAN

A woman ... ?

YOUNG UNA

(off)
Oh, at last.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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?

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

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

YVAINE

Really?

TRISTRAN

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

YVAINE

Oh.

FX: THEY START WALKING AGAIN.

TRISTRAN

Never mind, I'll soon see her.

YVAINE

Tristran. Do you really want this? For I have misgivings.

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 schoolfellow Wystan Pippin, and Mr. Brown, my old employer, on guard duty.

YVAINE

(quietly, ruefully)

Whither 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 Tristran 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 pixie.

YVAINE

Tristran. 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.

83

EXT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

83

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Together they walk back up the slope of the meadow, while around them a hodgepodge of creatures and people erect their stalls, and it comes to Tristran in a wave of something that resembles homesickness that these might as well be his own people, for he feels more in common with them than with the pallid folk of Wall in their worsted jackets and their hobnailed boots. Tristan is tired, and he falls asleep, with Yvaine sitting nearby watching her sisters shining high overhead.

TRISTRAN

(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.

TRISTRAN

(stirs in sleep)

Murmb ... 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.

84

EXT. FAIRGROUND - DAWN

84

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Dawn breaks, and Tristran is awoken by a snuffling, wheezing sound.

TRISTRAN
(waking)
Eh? Wha - ?

BADGER
Begging your pardon, sir.

TRISTRAN
Ah!

NARRATOR (V.O.)
It is a Badger, walking upon its hind legs and wearing a heliotrope silk dressing gown.

BADGER
Party name of Thorn? Tristran of that set?

TRISTRAN
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 with yer.

FX: HE AMBLES OFF.

TRISTRAN
Thank you ... Yvaine? Wake up.

YVAINE
Oh ... I nodded off. Most unlike me.

TRISTRAN
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.

85

EXT. WALL, DAWN.

85

FX: AIR, BIRDSONG, DISTANT HUBBUB. TRISTRAN'S FEET ON GRASS APPROACH.

TRISTRAN
Victoria ... ?

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 raggle-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.

86 **EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

86

FX: SOME HORSEDRAWN TRAFFIC, VOICES ETC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

They walk to the Inn, where Louisa shows Tristran up the narrow stairs behind the bar to the landing.

87 **INT. INN, LANDING - DAY**

87

FX: CREAKY CLOSE SPACE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Louisa's lip trembles; she hugs Tristran.

LOUISA THORN

Through there.

FX: SHE DESCENDS STAIRS, UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then, with not another word, she flees down the wooden stairs.

FX: TRISTRAN KNOCKS ON DOOR.

VICTORIA FORESTER

(inside)

Come in ...

88 **INT. SITTING ROOM, INN - CONTINUOUS**

88

FX: DOOR OPENS. CLOCK TICKING. TRISTRAN ENTERS.

TRISTRAN

Victoria ... I kneel before you -

HE KNEELS

VICTORIA FORESTER
Oh, please don't. Please get up.

HE GETS UP.

VICTORIA FORESTER (CONT'D)
Look at you. You became a man. And your
hand. What happened to your hand?

TRISTRAN
I burnt it. In a fire.

A PAUSE.

VICTORIA FORESTER
(clears her throat)
Ah'hm ...

TRISTRAN
Yes?

VICTORIA FORESTER
There are a number of things I must say,
Tristran: Firstly, I must apologise to
you. It was my foolishness, that sent you
off on your journeyings. I thought you
were joking, that you were too much of a
boy, ever to follow up on any of your
fine, silly words. It was only when you
had gone, and the days passed, that I
realised that you had been in earnest,
and by then it was much too late.

TRISTRAN
Too late.

VICTORIA FORESTER
(having rehearsed this many
times)
I have had to live each day with the
possibility that I had sent you to your
death. And I did not play you fair, since
I thought that your quest was just
foolishness. Ask me why I would not kiss
you that night, Tristran Thorn.

TRISTRAN
It was your right not to kiss me. I did
not come here to make you sad, Vicky. I
did not find you your star to make you
miserable.

VICTORIA FORESTER
So you did find the star we saw that
night?

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Robert?

VICTORIA FORESTER

Robert Monday. You worked in his shop.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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?

TRISTRAN

No. You promised me Anything I Desired.

VICTORIA FORESTER

Yes ...

TRISTRAN

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

VICTORIA FORESTER

Oh.

TRISTRAN

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?

TRISTRAN

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

89

INT. BAR, SEVENTH MAGPIE - LATER

89

FX: HUBBUB OF DRINKERS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On a normal day it would be unheard of for the Seventh Magpie to be so crowded before breakfast, but this is market day. As Tristran descends the staircase he finds his father, Dunstan Thorn, waiting in the bar.

TRISTRAN

Hello, father.

FX: THEY EMBRACE

DUNSTAN

(laughs)

So you made it back without hurt.

TRISTRAN

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 ...

90 **EXT. VILLAGE, DAY**

90

AS BEFORE

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*Tristran goes home to breakfast with his
mother and father, and on the way relates
his adventures and raises a matter that
has been vexing him, which is the
question of his birth. His father answers
him as honestly as he is able.*

91 **INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN**

91

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

*And then they are at Tristran's old
home, where his sister waits for him, and
there is a steaming breakfast on the
stove and on the table, prepared for him,
lovingly, by the woman he had always
believed to be his mother, and Tristran
spends a happy morning with them.*

92 **EXT. FAIRGROUND MEADOW - DAY.**

92

FX: FAIRGROUND HUBBUB. MUSIC, CHILDREN LAUGHING.

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

OLDER UNA (V.O.)

*In the Market Fair meadow,
Madame Semele eyes the
field in dismay as she
arranges her glass flowers
to attract a buyer.*

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.

93

EXT. FAIRGROUND - LATER

93

FX: STEAM CALLIOPE PLAYING. HUBBUB & LAUGHTER

NARRATOR (V.O.)
*It is three in the afternoon. The star
sits upon the meadow-grass beside Mr
Bromios's wine-and-ale-and-food stall,
and stares across at the gap in the wall
to the village beyond it where Tristran
went and has not returned.*

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 Tristran 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?

TRISTRAN

Are you having a nice time?

YVAINE

Er - Not particularly.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

(hrrified)

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

So was I.

YVAINE

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

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.)

Tristran and Yvaine kiss, and their troth is plighted. And, beside Madame Semele's stall of glass flowers, the young woman with the cat-like ears and violet eyes finds her silver chain is now nothing but smoke and vapour, and a sharp gust of wind blows it away into nothing at all.

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.

YOUNG UNA

You cannot refuse me. The debt must be paid.

MADAME SEMELE

Grrr! Damn you. Here.

FX: TINKLY GLASS FLOWER HANDED OVER.

CHANGE ANGLE: MUSIC LOUDER

TRISTRAN

So, where shall we go, once market is done?

YVAINE

I do not know. But I have one obligation still to discharge.

TRISTRAN

You do?

YVAINE

Yes. The thing I showed you. The topaz stone that caused me to fall when it hit me. I have to give it to the right person. The last time the right person came along, that innkeeper woman cut his throat, so I have it still. But I wish it were gone.

FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, IN GRASS

YOUNG UNA

(approach)

Ask her for what she carries, Tristran Thorn.

TRISTRAN

Oh - hello, um -

YOUNG UNA

Yes. Who exactly am I, do you suppose?

TRISTRAN

You were the bird, in the witch's caravan, when I was -

YOUNG UNA

When you were the dormouse, my son. Yes. But now I have my own form again, like you, and my time of servitude is over. Ask Yvaine for what she carries. You have the right.

TRISTRAN

I do?

YOUNG UNA
Go on.

TRISTRAN
Yvaine?

YVAINE
Yes.

TRISTRAN
Yvaine, will you give me what you are carrying?

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

YVAINE
Here, I gladly give it.

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

TRISTRAN
But he was a farmer.

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

FX: TRISTRAN DOES SO.

TRISTRAN
There ... It's ... very nice.

YOUNG UNA
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.

A BEAT

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)
Well?

TRISTRAN
But I have no wish to be a lord of anywhere or of anything, except perhaps my lady's heart. This lady's heart.

YOUNG UNA
Since you were born, Tristran Thorn, I have not demanded one thing of you. And now, the first simple request that I make, you say me no?

(MORE)

YOUNG UNA (CONT'D)

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

YVAINE GASPS

TRISTRAN

Mu - mu - mu ...

YOUNG UNA

Well? Is it?

TRISTRAN

(agape)

... No, mother.

YOUNG UNA

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

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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 -

TRISTRAN

No, mother.

YOUNG UNA

No?

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Oh. Good. We can go.

YVAINE

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

TRISTRAN

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

YVAINE

Yes please. Where?

TRISTRAN

Well ... East.

YVAINE

I'd like that.

FX: THEY WALK OFF, LAUGHING.

94

EXT. STORMHOLD - LATER

94

FX: CHEERING CROWDS, RUNS UNDER:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And here, at the end of our tale, I must make a confession. I have always been partial to a palanquin. In all the years of my abduction by the witch, when she trapped me in the body of a brightly coloured bird, and made me serve her, I dreamed nightly of returning to Stormhold, restored as the Lady Una, long-lost and believed to be dead, riding in a palanquin, with bearers, and outriders, and an elephant in the procession through cheering crowds. And so it came to pass.

FX: ELEPHANT TRUMPETS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And when I announced that, in my time away, I had given birth to a son, who was the next heir to the throne and wore the Power of Stormhold about his neck - the celebrations went on for a week.

FX: FIREWORKS, CHEERS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was eight more years before two travel-stained wanderers arrived in the lower reaches of the Stormhold proper, dusty and tired; and it was not until the man displayed the topaz stone that hung about his neck that he was recognised as the true Heir.

FX: FANFARES, CHEERING, ETC.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

After the investiture and celebrations, the young Eighty-second Lord of Stormhold got on with the business of ruling. He made as few decisions as possible, but those he made were wise ones. He and his wife, the Lady Yvaine were happy - not forever-after, but for a long while. And when Death came in the night, and whispered her secret into his ear, he nodded his grey head and said nothing more, and his people took his remains to the Hall of Ancestors where they lie, alongside mine, to this day. Yvaine became the Lady of Stormhold, and proved a better monarch, in peace and in war, than any would have dared to hope. She does not age as her husband aged, and her eyes remain as blue, her hair as golden-white, and she walks with a limp to this day. Each night, when the duties of state permit, she climbs, alone, to the highest peak of the palace, where she stands and stares upward into the dark sky and watches, with sad eyes, the slow dance of the infinite stars.

MUSIC & CREDITS.

THE END

*ADDITIONAL SCENES
OVERLEAF:*

***** INSERT 'A', PAGE 67 *****

95

EXT. HARBOUR, SCAITHE'S EBB - GENERAL

95

FX: SEAWASH, SHIPS CREAKING AT ANCHOR, SEAGULLS

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Scaithe's Ebb, a small seaport town of chandlers and carpenters and sailmakers.

FX: HORSE AND CARRIAGE PASSES, FOREGROUND

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You recognise the black carriage drawn by four black horses which is arriving in the town. And you will see that it bears Lord Primus on his quest to make the Topaz which will make him Lord Of Stormhold his own. He takes lodgings in the top-most room in the Seaman's Rest, drinks with the sea-captains with ships in port, making great show of inspecting their ships. Soon it is made known that he will be sailing on the morning tide aboard the 'Heart Of A Dream' Primus also bribes the locals to watch out for a tall, angular, dark-haired visitor. For a man who is tired of looking over his shoulder for Septimus is tired of life
...

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.)

Primus walks down to the quay, dispensing small coins to the urchins.

(MORE)

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

He enters his cabin on the Heart of a Dream and gives strict orders that none is to disturb him until they are at least a week out of port.

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.)

That evening an unfortunate accident befalls an able seaman who crews the rigging in the Heart of a Dream. He falls, when drunk, off the quay at dead of night.

SEPTIMUS

Whoops a daisy.

DRUNKEN SAILOR

(slips)

Urp - !

FX: SPLOSH. BUBBLES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Luckily there is a replacement at the ready: the very sailor with whom the unfortunate man has been drinking this evening.

SEPTIMUS

So easy ...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And this sailor, tall, dark and crow-like, is on deck at dawn when the ship sails out of the harbour, in the morning mist. The Heart of a Dream sails east.

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

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And Lord Primus of Stormhold, his beard freshly trimmed, watches it sail from the cliff-top until it is lost to view. Then he rides off, on the coast road, in a dark coach pulled by four black horses.

***** INSERT (SUBSTITUTE SCENE) 'B', PAGE 72 *****

96

EXT. COPPER BEECH GLADE - MORNING

96

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

TRISTRAN

Zzzzzz ...

(wakes up)

Uhhh -

FX: HE SITS UP.

COPPER BEECH

You were dreaming.

TRISTRAN

(sleepy)

I was in an apple tree, watching Victoria Forester undressing, but the bough broke ... Yes, I was dreaming. Oh!

FX: HE JUMPS UP WITH A START.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)

Who am I talking to - ?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Tristan is alone, under the Copper Beech tree ...

COPPER BEECH

You are talking to me.

TRISTRAN

You are the tree?

COPPER BEECH

I didn't always used to be a tree. A magician made me a tree. I was a wood-nymph.

TRISTRAN

Well, I do not know what you were like as a wood-nymph, madam, but you are a magnificent tree.

A BEAT

COPPER BEECH

I was pretty cute as a nymph, too.

TRISTRAN

I'm sure.

COPPER BEECH

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

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Me?

COPPER BEECH

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

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

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.

TRISTRAN

Right.

COPPER BEECH

And thirdly, hold out your hands.

FX: LEAF FLUTTERS DOWN INTO HIS HANDS.

TRISTRAN

A leaf?

COPPER BEECH

Keep it safe. And listen to it, when you need it most.

FX: DISTANT COACH AND HORSES.

PRIMUS

(distantly)

Yah!

TRISTRAN

I can hear the carriage!

COPPER BEECH

Run! Run!

FX: TRISTRAN RUNS OFF A LITTLE, RUNS BACK.

TRISTRAN

Thank you - !

FX: HE RUNS OFF AGAIN.

**** INSERT 'C' - ONLY IF INSERT 'B' USED - PAGE 82 ****

FX: UNICORN WHINNIES.

TRISTRAN (CONT'D)
Let me through - please.

FX: UNICORN SHIFTS. TRISTRAN MOVES PAST IT.

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

TRISTRAN
Wait Tristran. Look in your pocket ...

FX: HE RUMMAGES IN HIS POCKETS

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

FX: LEAF, HANDLED, UNDER:

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