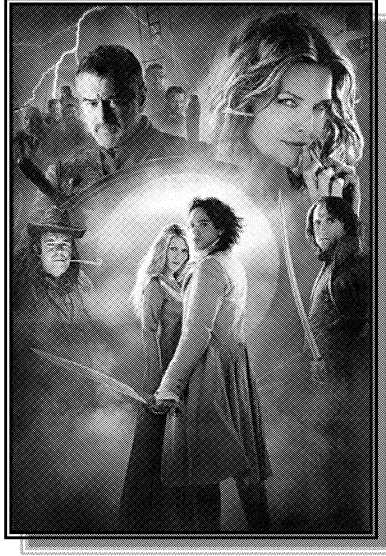


NEIL GAIMAN'S STARDUST



STARDUST

by

Matthew Vaughn and Jane Goldman

**Based on the novel Stardust
by
Neil Gaiman**

September 28, 2005

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1

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

1

Fade up from black to reveal a beautiful STAR in the heavens. The camera tracks past the star as we hear:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A philosopher once asked: are we human because we gaze at the stars or do we gaze at them because we are human? Pointless really. Do the stars gaze back? Now that's a question.

Suddenly, a SHOOTING STAR rushes past, like a flaming meteorite. We follow it to see: EARTH.

Overtaking, we hurtle rapidly down, closing in on England and into...

2

EXT. VICTORIAN LONDON - MOVING SHOT - DUSK.

2

We plunge through a veil of smog to see BIG BEN and The HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, the THAMES thronged with clanking TRADE VESSELS. SMOKE belching from factory CHIMNEYS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But it's the kind of question that the people of Queen Victoria's England frowned upon.

We hurtle through London's streets and alleys, crowded with horse-drawn COACHES, heaving with PEOPLE.

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

This was the age of invention. And the heart of the British empire was full to bursting with the wonders of science.

The camera swoops in through a window of a factory - flying past hulking MACHINES, wheels and cogs perpetually turning - and out through another window.

Back out on the street, an early electric STREET LAMP buzzes alight. A MAN wobbles past on a PENNY FARTHING. PEOPLE swarm into an UNDERGROUND STATION.

Through wide double doors, we swoop into a COMMUNITY HALL where a large CROWD sit in the darkness watching PHOTOGRAPHIC SLIDES projected on a screen from a "magic lantern" projector. We fly out through the back door...

...And find ourselves now behind a STEAM TRAIN. We pull back into an aerial shot and follow the train into the countryside, over BRIDGES and VIADUCTS, pulling back further, overtaking it and finally arriving at...

3 EXT. WALL VILLAGE - AERIAL/MOVING SHOT - CONTINUOUS. 3

A small rural village, beside which runs a strange drystone wall of indeterminate length.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The village of Wall may have been a little behind the times. But it hid a secret that would have confounded even the greatest minds of the day.

We push in to the village - quiet and pretty, but austere. A FARMHAND herds SHEEP. A weather-vane SQUEAKS and spins in the wind. Through the window of an INN, we spy VILLAGERS. Stark contrast to the bustle of London.

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

Ah. The village of Wall. Nice logical name, nice logical place. Apart from the tricky business of what lies on the other side. But they built the wall to keep the two worlds apart, and everyone agreed that it was for the best. Well, almost everyone.

We push in towards the stone wall itself and find...

4 EXT. WALL VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS. 4

DUNSTAN THORNE, 18, crawling through long grass, toward the wall. Beside a gap in the wall stands a GUARD - an old man, staring straight ahead.

GUARD

I can see you perfectly well you know, Dunstan. You may as well get up.

Dunstan scrambles to his feet. He brings fresh meaning to the word 'awkward'. The guard stifles a laugh.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Off you go home, now. Let's not go through all this again.

DUNSTAN

You still haven't ever managed to tell me what could possibly happen that's so bad. I mean, what? I'm going to get kicked to death by fairies? I'll bet you don't even know.

GUARD

Hundreds of years, this wall's been here. Hundreds of years, this gap's been under 24 hour guard.

(MORE)

GUARD (CONT'D)

You think they'd go to all that bother if it was safe for humans to enter Stormhold?

DUNSTAN

(suddenly chastened)

Well that's... When you put it that way... Better just go home, I suppose.

GUARD

(surprised and delighted)

Right, then. Night, Dunstan. Give my best to your father.

Dunstan walks away. Suddenly, he turns and bolts back, rushing past the guard, through the gap in the wall.

He vanishes into the forest beyond. The guard is torn: wanting to give chase, too scared to cross the gap.

5 EXT. STORMHOLD FOREST EDGE - NIGHT.

5

Dunstan scrambles through the trees. He stops in awe: beyond the forest is an utterly BIZARRE LANDSCAPE and, at it's centre, an OTHERWORLDLY MARKET TOWN.

Stalls line the main street and alleyways. STREET CALLS and lugubrious HURDY-GURDY music. Lights in every window. Lanterns and FIREFLIES and coloured SMOKE.

Even from here we can tell that in crossing the wall, Dunstan has not just left his village: he's left the human world altogether and entered an enchanted realm.

6 EXT. STORMHOLD MARKET TOWN - CONTINUOUS.

6

A magical place like nothing we've ever seen before: a festival of weirdness. Spellbound, Dunstan wanders from stall to stall, each selling wares more astonishing than the last - EYEBALLS in jars; CLOTHES that seem to be made of the night sky; tiny CRYSTAL ANIMALS that turn out - when Dunstan inspects them - to be ALIVE.

Finally he stops, captivated, by a stall selling an array of amazing GLASS FLOWERS. An ugly old lady, DITCH-WATER SAL, attends the stall. Behind, a stunning SLAVE GIRL lounges on the steps of a YELLOW GYPSY CARAVAN.

Dunstan picks up a glass BLUEBELL. It CHIMES.

SAL

I don't deal with time wasters.

(to Slave Girl)

Get over here. Tend the stall while I get my dinner.

And she's off. The girl, just a few years older than Dunstan, slips into Sal's place, smiling seductively.

SLAVE GIRL

See anything you like?

DUNSTAN

(grinning)

Um... Definitely.

(then, nervous)

I mean... I didn't mean... Well, I did, but... What I meant was... That one. The blue one. How much is that?

SLAVE GIRL

I can't recall. I think it might be the color of your hair. Or it might be all of your memories before you were three. I can check, if you like.

Confused, and unable to take his eyes off her, Dunstan rifles in his pocket and brings out three coins.

DUNSTAN

This is all I have. Do you have anything I could buy for this?

SLAVE GIRL

Hmmm. Let's see...

She strokes her finger round Dunstan's palm, pretending to count the coins, deliberately taking ages. It's a charged moment. She breaks it with comical abruptness.

SLAVE GIRL (CONT'D)

No. We don't take money at this stall. Sorry.

She smiles at her little game. Dunstan releases his breath, which he's been holding, and laughs nervously. She picks up a glass SNOWDROP.

SLAVE GIRL (CONT'D)

Anyway, you shouldn't buy the bluebells. Buy this one instead. Snowdrop. It'll bring you luck.

DUNSTAN

But... you won't accept money.

SLAVE GIRL

This one costs a kiss.

She tucks the snowdrop into Dunstan's pocket and leans over for her payment. He is fearful, but can't resist. It's quite a kiss. He pulls away, dizzy, intoxicated.

Checking that the coast is clear, she takes his hand and leads him to the caravan. He babbles nervously.

DUNSTAN

You know, I didn't used to believe it was true. About your world. The gap in the wall. I thought it was all just a fairy-tale. I -

Dunstan stops in his tracks. It's only now that he notices a thin silver CHAIN, attached at the girl's ankle and wrist, snaking away into the caravan.

SLAVE GIRL

This? Oh. Yes. I'm a princess tricked into being a witch's slave. Will you liberate me?

She sits on the step as Dunstan studies it. It looks delicate. He yanks it. It turns to iron, unbreakable.

With his POCKET KNIFE, he cuts through the chain like butter. To his dismay, it repairs itself immediately.

Exasperated, he pulls a large loop into his hand, cuts, and jerks it quickly away. He's left with the length of chain in his hand, but the missing section regenerates as we watch, broken ends running together like mercury.

DUNSTAN

Wait a minute, is this another one of your jokes?

The girl nods sheepishly.

DUNSTAN (CONT'D)

You're not really a princess.

SLAVE GIRL

I am!

DUNSTAN

That old woman isn't really a witch?

SLAVE GIRL

No, no. She is. Horrible.

DUNSTAN

So what's the joke?

SLAVE GIRL

Just the part about liberating me. You can't. It's an enchanted chain. I'll only be free when she dies. Sorry. It wasn't that funny. I don't get out much. As you can imagine.

Dunstan is unsettled.

DUNSTAN

If I can't liberate you, what do you
want of me?

She smiles coquettishly. Dazed, Dunstan goes to kiss her. She pulls him into the caravan, closes the door.

7 EXT. STORMHOLD/WALL - MOVING SHOT - NIGHT. 7

The camera rises off the door and floats through the forest, across the wall and through the village...

8 EXT. THORNE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 8

...until we come to a door step. A MOSES BASKET is placed on it, a hand knocks on the door. The door opens to reveal Dunstan. He looks around. No one.

He looks down to see: a BABY. And beside it, a small PACKAGE marked "TRISTAN THORNE". He picks up the basket, and the camera tilts to the starry night sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

What a difference nine months can
make.

9 CREDITS. 9

Imagine an Eminem version of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star". This plays as the sky explodes out towards us and into a sequence of astronomy-lesson visuals; the history of the heavens. Ending on the image we saw at the start: the night sky with the single unique star in the middle. (Hereafter known as 'the iconic shot').

We tilt down from the stars, back to the door. Caption reads: TWENTY YEARS LATER. And once more, we are at...

EXT. DUNSTAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT. 10

The door opens to reveal Dunstan's son, TRISTAN, 20. He has his father's awkwardness. Also his mother's good looks, but he hasn't yet figured out how to show them off. He's holding a small bunch of wildflowers.

EXT. WALL VILLAGE - MOMENTS LATER. 11

Tristan walks through the village. It's deserted.

12

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

12

He arrives at a rather nice cottage. Through an upper window, we see a pretty girl, VICTORIA FORESTER, 20, holding court among a group of girls.

Tristan throws a stone at the window. They twitter.

GIRLS (O.S.)

It's him! It's him!

Victoria comes to the window.

VICTORIA

Humphrey?

TRISTAN

No, it's Tristan.

VICTORIA

Tristan? Oh. Did I leave something at the shop?

TRISTAN

No, no, I -

A SILVER CANE taps Tristan's shoulder. It belongs to HUMPHREY, 25 - lantern-jawed, expensively-dressed, oozing confidence. Huge bunch of flowers. Every boy's nightmare. He continues to prod Tristan with his cane as he speaks.

HUMPHREY

Tristan Thorne. Well I never. A peeping tom as well as a bastard. That's quite a curriculum vitae you've got there. Is there no end to your charms?

Now Victoria has been joined at the window by all her girlfriends. Some giggle at Humphrey's remark.

VICTORIA

Humphrey, there's no need to be like that. Be nice to the poor boy.

Goaded by the poking - and a growing sense of humiliation - Tristan picks up a stick and knocks Humphrey's cane out of the way. Humphrey goes into Errol Flynn mode.

A cane/stick fight begins. It doesn't last long. With a few deft strokes, Humphrey has the stick out of Tristan's hand in seconds.

HUMPHREY

You were always useless at fencing at school, Tristan. In fact, I'm having trouble remembering if there's anything you were good at.

And for his piece de resistance, Humphrey gives a final swipe with his cane and - THWACK! - all the heads are off Tristan's flowers. He's left holding the stems.

HUMPHREY (CONT'D)

Ah. Are those for Victoria?

The girls burst out laughing. Mortified, Tristan flees.

13

INT. THORNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY.

13

The perfect cosy cottage kitchen. Around the table Dunstan sits breakfasting with MRS THORNE and Tristan's younger siblings, LOUISA and BENEDICT. Domestic bliss. Tristan enters to a chorus of good mornings.

DUNSTAN

You'd better hurry, Tristan, you'll be late for work.

TRISTAN

Dad, why did Humphrey call me a bastard?

It's almost as if we can see Mrs. Thorne turning pale.

BENEDICT

What's a bastard?

MRS THORNE

Come along children, time to get ready for school.

She gets up and starts clearing the dishes. Tristan stares at his father, still waiting for an answer.

DUNSTAN

My guess is that it might be because you were competing over some girl.

TRISTAN

He didn't say it like that. Anyway, she's not some girl. She's Victoria Forester.

Mrs Thorne, about to leave the room, chips in.

MRS THORNE

Victoria can take her pick of the village boys, and she's going to pick a rich one. It's about time you stopped wasting your energy. I saw that nice Mary Murdoch the other day - she's started working at the butcher's. Why don't you try courting her instead?

DUNSTAN

The one with the club foot??

TRISTAN

It's not a club foot. She just has one leg longer than the other.

MRS. THORNE

Exactly. Nowt that a special shoe can't fix.

TRISTAN

She's very nice, Ma. But I'm in love with Victoria. It's not as if I can just choose who to fall in love with.

Mrs. Thorne shrugs, blows a kiss and hustles her other children out. When she's gone, Dunstan hugs Tristan.

DUNSTAN

Victoria would be lucky to have you.

14 EXT. WALL VILLAGE STREET - DAY. 14

The radiant Victoria glides toward a small grocery store. A sign reads: "MONDAY AND SONS GROCERS"

15 INT. VILLAGE GROCERY SHOP - DAY 15

The grocer, MR. MONDAY, bustles. Tristan, in an apron, helps a customer. Victoria enters and, ignoring the long queue, walks to the counter, smiling winsomely.

VICTORIA

Hello Tristan. Pound of sugar, please?

Tristan abandons his customer and runs to fetch the sugar. Mr. Monday, not happy, steps in to attend to the increasingly irritated customer. Tristan returns.

TRISTAN

Victoria, I -

VICTORIA

Let's see... Bag of flour. Dozen eggs.

She keeps talking while he assembles her goods.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about last night.
Humphrey was very rude. I also need
two sacks of potatoes and pound of
butter.

Tristan heaves the sacks of potatoes onto the counter.

TRISTAN

May I see you without Humphrey, then?
Tonight perhaps?

She looks at the incredibly heavy groceries.

VICTORIA

No. But you may walk me home.

In a love-struck daze, Tristan leaves, proudly hefting
the bags. Mr. Monday and the queue watch, open mouthed.

16

INT. THORNE HOUSE - DUSK.

16

Tristan uses a large hanging copper pan as a mirror, in
which he is practicing various poses and demeanors.

TRISTAN

(cheerful)

Dad! I lost my job!

(casual)

Oh dad. Yeah. Hi. Lost my job. Anyway.

(sobbing hysterically)

Dad! I l-l-lost my jo-ho-ho-hob!

Gaahhh!

(serious)

Dad, look -

He is interrupted by Dunstan clearing his throat. It
would seem he's been here for some time.

DUNSTAN

You lost your job. Yes. So I heard.

Tristan leans his head against the wall, downcast.

TRISTAN

Well at least that saves me having to
choose which way to tell you.

DUNSTAN

Yes, that would have been hard. They
were all so good.

Relieved that his dad's sarcasm suggests he's not too
angry, Tristan hugs him, and his emotions flood out.

TRISTAN

Oh Dad. Mr. Monday was just awful. Firing me was fair enough, but he didn't have to say such horrible things. About me. And Victoria. Said I was deluding myself. I'd never be good enough for her. And it hurt because it was true. I'm not like Humphrey, I'm not like any of them. I try to be, but I'm not.

DUNSTAN

Tristan, with the benefit of my years, I can tell you that all the men I ever envied as a boy have lived unremarkable lives. So you don't fit with the popular crowd? I'd take that as a very good omen.

The camera floats through the window and tilts up to the starry sky - our iconic shot. Over this, we hear the voices of a young woman, YVAINE, and a little girl, CELESTE. We're not sure where they are coming from.

CELESTE (V.O.)

Yvaine! Not again! You're too close! Go back.

YVAINE (V.O.)

Oh, come on Celeste. It's just getting good.

17 EXT. STARS' POV SEQUENCE - CONTINUOUS. 17

From space, we see Earth. We then pull focus into...

18 EXT. A TREE TRUNK - DUSK. 18

In C.U, we see a MOUSE shinning up a tree, painfully slowly.

CELESTE (V.O.)

Where? What? The mouse? You're risking mother's wrath to watch a mouse?

YVAINE (V.O.)

He's not really a mouse. He's a goblin lord. Under a curse by a jealous warlock who coveted his bride. The only way he can turn back is by eating a nut grown in the shadow of the palace of Stormhold.

We pull back to reveal vast, strange royal gardens. Yvaine hams it up softly, bedtime-story style.

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

For fifty years he's searched. Took him a decade just to scale Mount Huon. And now, at last, he's arrived at the Stormhold palace and spied a wondrous tree. On it, a single nut. His quest is at an end.

In c.u. we see the mouse continue his arduous climb.

CELESTE (V.O.)

Will he get to be a lord again?

YVAINE (V.O.)

Uh-huh. He'll eat the nut, and he'll be transformed. Watch. Then he'll go back to his own kingdom, and reclaim his goblin bride and live happily ever after.

We pan up to see a single golden NUT. The mouse's tiny hand reaches out for the nut, fingers wriggling.

Suddenly an OWL swoops down and snatches the mouse in it's beak. CRUNCH. He flies off, the mouse's tail flapping freely in the wind. Celeste bursts into tears.

CELESTE (V.O.)

I hate you! I hate your horrid stories!

YVAINE (V.O.)

I'm sorry! I didn't know that would happen! Let's watch something else? The king of all of Stormhold is about to die and all his sons want the throne?

CELESTE (V.O.)

Forget it! I'm telling mother!

YVAINE (V.O.)

Fine, tell her! I'm sick of being told what to do. For god's sake. I'm 30 million years old.

EXT. STORMHOLD PALACE GARDENS - DUSK.

19

By the nut tree, SEPTIMUS, a smug and evil-looking prince, watches a carriage arrive. Absent mindedly, he plucks the nut from the tree and eats it.

His brother, PRIMUS, climbs from the carriage. He looks alarmingly like Septimus, though less self-assured.

PRIMUS

Am I the last to arrive? I came
swiftly as I could. What news of our
father?

SEPTIMUS

(smiling)

They tell me he is fading fast.

As they walk towards the palace, we notice the owl,
circling above. Suddenly - SQUIT - owl droppings
splatter onto Primus' head. Septimus smirks.

PRIMUS

A good omen, they say in some parts.

SEPTIMUS

But in these parts, my dear brother,
merely further proof that of we seven,
you were always the unluckiest.

They arrive at the palace gates. A FOOTMAN greets them.

FOOTMAN

Your highnesses. Your father awaits. I
must warn you, the royal physicians
say he has precious little time left.

20

EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

20

A stone hits Victoria's window. She opens it.

VICTORIA

Tristan? I clearly said -

TRISTAN

I know you told me not to come. But I
have something for you. A surprise.

She goes back in, leaving Tristan deflated. Moments
later, however, she appears at the front door.

VICTORIA

My birthday's not for another two
weeks, you know.

21

EXT. A FIELD NEAR THE WALL - MINUTES LATER.

21

Tristan leads Victoria, her eyes closed. He halts and
she opens them to see: a beautiful PICNIC. Candles
flicker, a cornucopia of food on display. It takes her
breath away.

He opens a bottle of champagne and pours two glasses.

VICTORIA
I've never had champagne before.

TRISTAN
Me neither.

They drink, smiling at one another. A shared moment.

VICTORIA
God, this is delicious.

They laugh, delighted. He goes to kiss her, but she pulls away, her face clouding over with concern.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
Wait, how can you afford this?

TRISTAN
Let's just call it severance pay.

VICTORIA
Tristan! You'll lose your job!

TRISTAN
No, I already lost my job. Severance pay: that's what you get when you lose your job. At least, if you're not fired. I was making a joke.

VICTORIA
I knew that. So what will you do now?

TRISTAN
That's what I wanted to tell you. I know you think of me as just a shop boy, but I'm... There's a big world out there. I don't intend to stay in Wall all my life.

VICTORIA
You sound just like Humphrey! He's quite a traveller. I've heard he's going all the way to Ipswich just to buy me a ring.

TRISTAN
Ipswich? Victoria, I'm talking about London! Or Paris! Or, or... Wait a minute - a ring? What kind of ring?

VICTORIA
(happy and conspiratorial)
Word is, he's planning to propose to me on my birthday.

TRISTAN
He's... And you're going to say "yes"?

VICTORIA

Well I can't very well say no after he's gone all the way to Ipswich!

TRISTAN

All the...? Ipswich?! Victoria, For your hand in marriage, I'd cross oceans. Continents.

VICTORIA

Really?

TRISTAN

For your hand? I'd go to the gold fields of San Francisco and bring back your weight in gold.

She laughs and gives him a little kiss on the cheek.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I'd go to Africa and bring you back a diamond as big as your fist!

She kisses him again, this time nearer his lips.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I'd go to India and bring you ivory, and pearls, and, and... rubies the size of wren's eggs!

This kiss is even closer to being a proper one.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I'd go to the arctic and I'd, I'd... Slaughter a polar bear! And bring you back it's head!

Victoria rears away in alarm.

VICTORIA

A polar bear's head??

Tristan curses under his breath. An awkward silence.

TRISTAN

I'm serious you know.

VICTORIA

About the polar bear's head?

TRISTAN

No. About marrying you.

VICTORIA

(affectionately)

You're funny, Tristan. But people like you and people like me, we're just not-

She is interrupted by a loud RUMBLING noise. They watch as a SHOOTING STAR streaks across the sky and falls way beyond the wall in the distance. An astonishing sight.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
A shooting star! Oh Tristan, how beautiful!

TRISTAN
More beautiful than a fancy ring from Ipswich?

Victoria giggles.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
(suddenly serious)
For your hand in marriage, I'd go to Stormhold and bring you back that fallen star.

VICTORIA
Tristan, you're drunk.

TRISTAN
Yes I am. And so are you.

VICTORIA
Hmmm. My very own star. It seems that we have ourselves an agreement.

She raises her glass. He clicks his against it.

22 EXT. WITCHES' LAIR - NIGHT.

22

The glasses morph into a wooden cup. Pull back to find LAMIA, EMPUSA and MORMO: the most elegant - yet deeply scary - old witches we have ever seen. Huddled together outside a cave, they look up to see the star hurtle past. They leap up in sheer excitement and dash inside.

23 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - NIGHT.

23

Inside, counter-intuitively, the witches lair is vast and stately. Pillars and vaulted ceilings. Every surface made of eerily smooth, glittering black stone.

Lamia gleefully flings open a cupboard. It's empty.

LAMIA
Where are the Babylon candles?!

MORMO
You used the last one, Lamia. Two hundred years ago. Do you not recall?

Lamia cries out in fury.

EMPUSA

Perhaps we can obtain another?

LAMIA

You speak as if such things are freely available, Empusa! Would you have us hunting for a Babylon candle while some other witch finds our star? Fool! There's no time to waste. If we must retrieve it on foot, then we shall. Mormo! We need information!

From a large bank of CAGES containing various animals, Mormo grabs a STOAT, and hurries away again.

She joins her sisters at a table. As they crowd around, we see the glint of a BLACK BLADE. When finally we get a clear view, they're analyzing the stoat's ENTRAILS.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

If these divinations are correct, the fallen star lies 100 miles away.

EMPUSA

Four centuries, we've waited for this! What hardship a few more days?

MORMO

Which of us, then, shall go out to seek it and bring it back?

They all shut their eyes and rummage, as in a lucky dip, before disgustingly holding stoat organs aloft.

MORMO (CONT'D)

I've his kidney.

EMPUSA

I've his liver.

LAMIA

(great - the short straw)
And I've his Heart.

EMPUSA

You'll be needing some years.

They walk to a rusted IRON BOX bound by three cords, each with a distinct knot. Each witch touches one, and the cords untie themselves and fall away. They open the box. Inside, something golden SHINES brightly.

LAMIA

There's not much left. It is as well that we have found a new one.

MORMO

Soon there will be plenty for us all.

The golden-something seems to avoid Lamia's hand as she reaches in. Finally she grasps it. Then, she eats it.

All three witches gaze into a large black mirror while Lamia chews. As we watch, she TRANSFORMS into a beautiful woman in her thirties. All three admire her splendid new body as she tears off her ragged clothes.

LAMIA

When I return with our prize, all of us shall stand here restored. Never fear, my sisters. I will not fail.

Empusa presents Lamia with a beautiful DRESS. Mormo gives her a ring with a large, square SAPPHIRE. The camera tracks into the sapphire and pulls out again...

24

INT. KING'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

24

...To reveal an even bigger SAPPHIRE, spherical, on a scepter in the lap of the KING OF STORMHOLD, who lies on his death bed.

By his side stand Primus and Septimus with two more brothers, TERTIUS and SECUNDUS. Beside their clothes, hair-styles and facial hair, all look very similar.

Behind the king, ignored, are THREE SHADOWY FIGURES.

KING

I trust you have prepared the hall of ancestors for the arrival of my remains?

(off their nodding)

Good. And so to the matter of succession. Not so well prepared there, were you? Of my seven sons, I see four of you here beside me today, still standing. This is quite a break with tradition. I had twelve brothers and -

SEPTIMUS

You had killed all of them for your throne long before your father the king even started to feel poorly. We know. You are strong, father. And courageous.

KING

And cunning. Most importantly, cunning. Secundus. Look out of the window. Tell me what you see.

Secundus does as he is asked.

SECUNDUS
I see the kingdom. All of Stormhold.

KING
And?

SECUNDUS
(hopefully)
My kingdom?

KING
No. Look up.

He does, and we see his POV: the iconic shot of the sky. As he tries to figure out what he's supposed to be looking at, the King grins at Septimus, who calmly walks over and pushes Secundus out of the window.

25 EXT. STORMHOLD CASTLE - CONTINUOUS. 25

We are now with Secundus as he plummets to his death, and we now see just how huge the castle really is. Just as he is about to hit the ground, we cut back to:

26 INT. KING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS. 26

Beside the shadowy figures, Secundus suddenly appears, disheveled and grey, with a slightly flat face.

We now clearly see that the shadowy figures are actually DECOMPOSING GHOSTS. They are, in fact, the King's other sons: QUINTUS, QUARTUS and SEXTUS. Sextus looks wet and is covered in pond weed, Quartus appears frozen and Quintus has a huge hatchet buried in his head. Where we see dry blood, it is a deep royal blue.

QUINTUS
Can't believe you fell for that!

QUARTUS
Sucker!

Secundus shoots them an irritated look. He snaps at Quartus, who we note again looks blue and frost-bitten.

SECUNDUS
Gullible, am I? That's pretty rich coming from you, Mr-Go-and-fetch-you-some-ice-from-the-storerroom-for-your-bad-foot?-Oh certainly-brother-no-problem-oops-I'm-locked-in.

QUARTUS

And what a great deal of good it did you, didn't it, Secundus? Now you're the king of all Stormhold. Oh no wait, you're not. You're dead. My mistake.

QUINTUS

Yeah, I wouldn't go boasting, Secundus. It's hardly like the minstrels are going to be telling of your dastardly deeds for generations to come.

(sings)

Oh pray did you hear the one about the fearsome prince who locked his brother in a cupboard.

The other ghosts snicker.

SEXTUS

Oh come on, all of you. We're all stuck like this until a new King is crowned. Can we please just cool down.

(realizing unfortunate pun)

Sorry Quartus.

(beat)

But can we please settle down? I have the worst headache.

Quintus gestures at the hatchet in his head.

QUINTUS

Can I just say, I beg to differ.

Taking the King's rather hazy POV, we are reminded of how seriously ill he is. The vague figures of Primus, Tertius and Septimus drift in and out of focus. The King reaches out to the figure closest to him.

KING

Una? Is that you?

TERTIUS

Um... no, Father. It's me. Tertius.

KING

(disappointed)

Oh. Then where is your sister?

PRIMUS

(gently)

I'm sorry father. No one has seen Una for years now.

KING
 ("who's a naughty boy
 then?")
 Septimus?

SEPTIMUS
 (indignant)
 What?!

KING
 Tradition dictates that the throne
 must pass to a male heir.

SEPTIMUS
 Exactly! Why would I waste my time
 killing my sister when so many of my
 cretinous brothers are still alive?!

KING
 Indeed. Which is why we shall resolve
 the situation in a nontraditional
 manner.

The King takes the giant sapphire from his scepter. In his hands, it turns even bluer, glowing. He lets it go: to everyone's amazement, it FLOATS before him, losing its color and turning moonstone-white as he speaks.

KING (CONT'D)
 Only he of royal blood can restore the
 sapphire. And the one of you who does
 so shall be the new king of Stormhold.

The king lies back and closes his eyes. The three living brothers look anxiously at one another, all about to lunge and snatch the stone from the air. But as they go to move, the stone JOLTS into motion and HURTLES out of the window, high into the sky.

27

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS.

27

We follow the stone as it gathers pace, until we are at such a speed that it takes no time to reach space.

Here in the star-peppered blackness, there's a huge EXPLOSION. This is the shot we saw before: the burning, meteoric shooting star. But this time, we don't overtake it - instead, we follow it down towards earth, across Wall, over the wall itself and into Stormhold.

On the way, we see its POV: Tristan and Victoria's midnight picnic; the witches by their cave, looking up in excitement; the princes, dead and alive, watching from the castle; and finally, miles and miles of curious Stormhold landscape, where we end at:

28 EXT. STORMHOLD FOREST - CONTINUOUS.

28

Another massive EXPLOSION as the star hits the ground, creating a huge crater in the middle of the forest.

All is quiet as we track towards the epicenter to reveal: YVAINE. Ethereal, heart-stoppingly beautiful, wearing a strangely shimmering white gown. She seems to twinkle in the darkness. She looks as startled as the WOODLAND ANIMALS around her.

Beside her, the King's moonstone bounces to the ground.

29 EXT. WALL VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT.

29

Tristan sneaks towards the gap in the wall, just as we saw his father do. It is guarded by the same old man - now even older. The guard stares ahead as he speaks.

GUARD

I can see you perfectly well you know,
Dunstan.

Tristan stands up.

TRISTAN

Erm, its Tristan, actually.

GUARD

Oh. You do look a bit like your
father. And I suppose you intend to
enter Stormhold as well, do you? Well
you can forget it. Go home.

TRISTAN

Enter Stormhold as well as who?

GUARD

(flustered)

No one. Nobody. Nobody crosses the
wall. You know that. Everyone knows
that.

TRISTAN

Oh no, no. Of course. Nobody. I'd
better just head for the old
homestead, then.

He turns and begins to walk away, just as Dunstan did.

GUARD

Right, then. Night, Tristan. Give my
best to your father.

And just as we expect, Tristan turns and bolts back, towards the guard. But, to his amazement, the feeble old guard leaps into action and kicks the living daylights out of him. He falls to the ground, groaning.

30

MONTAGE - TRISTAN TRIES TO CLIMB THE WALL.

30

-- At another section of wall, a bruised Tristan begins to climb. He stops, puzzled at his lack of progress. Pull back to see: the wall GROWING higher and higher.

-- Next try, all the stones RETRACT, leaving a perfectly smooth surface. He claws desperately for purchase, then drops heavily to the ground.

-- Tristan is relieved when the stones stay put, but gradually they start to GLOW red hot, forcing him to let go. He hits the ground hard again.

-- He gingerly touches the wall. It's cool. He touches it again. Huge, lethal metal SPIKES shoot out- WHOOMP! - missing him by inches. He slopes off, defeated.

31

EXT. STORMHOLD COUNTRYSIDE - DAY.

31

Outside a small farmhouse, BERNARD, 17, sullen and ginger haired, is trying to harness an obstinate GOAT. From inside, we hear the fish-wife tones of his MOTHER.

MOTHER (O.S.)

And don't take less than a florin for him, Bernard, you understand?

BERNARD

Yes mother.

MOTHER (O.S.)

And I want you back with a hen. A good hen and some corn. And some turnips.

Bernard rolls his eyes as only a teenager can, and silently mimics her yakking. Blah blah blah.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And bring back the change. No dilly dallying. No wenches. And don't even think of stopping at the tavern, Bernard, or you'll be sorry.

BERNARD

Yes mother.

He turns to begin his journey and is startled to find, standing a directly behind him, the beautiful LAMIA. She holds a coin aloft. Beside her is a small cart.

LAMIA

A florin for your goat, boy?

He is thrown by her beauty as well as by the coincidence. Even a dim-bulb like Bernard suspects something fishy.

BERNARD

I'm supposed to go to market.

Lamia presses the coin into his hand.

LAMIA

Give me the goat.

BERNARD

(hesitant)

He's a bit small to pull your cart.

They both look at the cart. Lamia considers this.

LAMIA

Hmmm. You're quite right.

She reaches out a long finger and touches Bernard between the eyes. He stares at her, confused, frozen in panic, before he slowly begins to shrink out of frame.

We cut to Bernard's POV: he is now at eye-level with the goat. The florin coin, dropped, tinkles to a stop.

We pull back to reveal: two goats, one white, one ginger, like Bernard's hair. Harnessed to the cart.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

That's much better.

She bends to pick up the coin. As she stands, she looks at her hands, and wrinkles her nose in distaste as she notes new veins and liver spots. It seems that using magic has aged her a little. She pockets the coin, climbs into the cart and cracks her whip. Hard. And they're off.

A vast burial chamber where an infinite number of kings have been laid to rest. Septimus, Primus and Tertius stand solemnly beside their father's casket, as a BISHOP mutters a liturgy. Their ghostly brothers, Quartus, Quintus, Sextus and Secundus, fidget nearby.

SECUNDUS

With all due respect to Father, that window thing was a rotten trick.

QUINTUS

Excuse me? At least you had a chance.
Quartus murdered me while I was
asleep!

QUARTUS

I never! It was Septimus!

SEXTUS

Silence, all of you! I wish to hear
our father's liturgy.

(to himself, despairing)

God, the sooner a new king is crowned
and we can all leave this dimension,
the better.

QUINTUS

Amen to that.

SEXTUS

Shhhhh!

BISHOP

...to this hallowed place. And in
peace and glory repose for evermore.

ALL

Amen.

Respectful silence falls as the king's tomb is closed.

QUARTUS

(clapping his hands
together)

Right, that's that, then. And now: let
the quest for the stone begin in
earnest.

TERTIUS

Should we pop back to the palace for a
quick wake, do you think?

Septimus, Primus and the Bishop express their
agreement. The ghostly brothers groan in exasperation.

33

INT. THORNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY.

33

Tristan is sitting at the table with a raw steak on his
eye. His father enters, bleary-eyed, in his nightgown.

DUNSTAN

I thought I heard you come in. What
happened? Are you hurt?

TRISTAN

No, nothing. I'm fine.

DUNSTAN

Then it would seem I have much to teach you about how to prepare a steak.

TRISTAN

If you must know, it was the guard. The guard at the wall.

Dunstan notes Tristan's cuts, bruises, shredded clothes.

DUNSTAN

Tristan, he's ninety seven.

TRISTAN

Well, that's given him plenty of time to practice, I suppose. Anyway, it wasn't just him. It was... No, forget it. You wouldn't believe me anyway.

DUNSTAN

Try me.

TRISTAN

It was the wall.

DUNSTAN

And may I ask why you were trying to enter Stormhold?

Tristan removes the steak, fixes him with a look.

TRISTAN

I might ask you the same thing.
(off Dunstan's reaction)
The guard let slip. So. Is it true?

DUNSTAN

I suppose I knew this day would arrive eventually. Tristan, follow me. I've something to show you.

34

EXT. SAL'S CARAVAN - DAY.

34

Parked in a field, the yellow caravan in which Tristan was conceived, and, snaking away from it, the silver chain that held his mother captive. We track along it to reveal: a glorious, exotic BIRD on a perch.

Ditch-water Sal cooks a hare over a fire. A clatter of HOOVES: Lamia's cart approaches, pulled by her goats.

SAL

Who goes there? What do you want with me, a poor old flower seller? A harmless old biddy. A sweet old -

LAMIA

Oh do shut up. I know what you are. And I swear by the ordinances of the sisterhood to which we belong that I mean you no harm. I wish to share your meal.

SAL

Oh. Well. One can never be too careful. Sit down. I'll get us a pot of tea.

Sal clicks her fingers at the bird, who TRANSFORMS back into the slave girl. The girl glares miserably at her and disappears into the caravan.

Sal reaches for a sharp stick, spears it into the crispy hare and holds it unceremoniously aloft.

SAL (CONT'D)

So, stranger. What's it to be? Heads or tails?

35

EXT. PALACE TERRACE - DAY.

35

The impromptu wake seems to have been going on for a while. Septimus, Tertius and Primus stand around looking bored as the bishop rambles on. Septimus looks especially agitated.

BISHOP

...And I said: that's nothing, you should have seen what he did with the tabernacle!

The Princes force an unconvincing laugh. The Bishop spies a fresh round of wine on the balustrade beside Septimus.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Ah-ha! May I propose another toast? To his highness, the new king of Stormhold. Whichever of you fine fellows it might be. And may the best man be triumphant.

They all raise their chalices.

ALL

The new King of Stormhold!

They place the empty chalices back down on the ledge. Silence. Presently, the bishop clutches his throat in panic. He starts convulsing. And then - bang - he's down.

The princes look at one another with a mixture of anxiety and suspicion. A pregnant pause. Then - huurgh! - Tertius goes down too.

PRIMUS

You killed the bishop!

SEPTIMUS

I'd heard that story about a hundred times. Anyway, I think you'll find, Primus, that you killed the bishop. By drinking out of the wrong cup. And when you've finished wrestling with your conscience, may I suggest that if you'd care to be the first Prince of Stormhold fortunate enough to live to see his brother crowned, you'll return to your chambers and leave the quest for the stone to me.

Septimus steps over the bodies of Tertius and the bishop and heads towards the palace.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Footman! Ready my carriage!

36 EXT. CRATER - DAY.

36

Even in the light, Yvaine seems to glitter and twinkle.

She struggles as she tries to get up, collapsing back down, clutching her leg, clearly in pain. She curses underneath her breath.

Now she notices the King's moonstone lying beside her. As she leans closer to inspect it, it begins to move towards her, as if drawn by a magnet. It picks up speed until - WHOOMP! - it is sucked onto the belt of her gown. She tugs at it to no avail. It's stuck.

Hopeless, confused and weary from her efforts, Yvaine lies down, curls up and closes her eyes.

37 EXT. SAL'S CARAVAN - DAY.

37

Sal and Lamia eat the barbecued hare. The slave girl pours out two mugs of tea and places the pot beside them. Sal snaps her fingers and the girl is TRANSFORMED into a bird once more. Sal goes back to eating.

SAL

A woman after my own heart, you are. I always choose heads. Luscious eyes and brains. Nice crispy ears. Don't mind me, though, nothing but dull rump meat to chew on. I'm fine. A little herbal seasoning livens it up a treat. Care for a sprinkle?

Sal proffers a small glass jar. Lamia takes it and shakes some onto her food. She starts to eat.

SAL (CONT'D)

How is it?

LAMIA

Perfectly palatable.

SAL

My very own recipe.

Lamia pauses, concentrating as she chews.

LAMIA

Basil... Mountain thyme... There's something else. Can't quite place it.

SAL

So, stranger, where are you headed to on this fine night?

LAMIA

(casually, eating)

I seek a fallen star. She fell not far from here. And when I find her I shall take my great knife and cut out her heart while she still lives. And with my sisters I shall dine upon it... and the glory of our youth... shall be restored.

Lamia looks increasingly confused by her own words and we can see her trying to work out what the hell possessed her to share her precious information with Sal. Sal claps her hands together in delight.

SAL

A fallen star? Why that's the finest news I've had in a while. I could do with losing a few years myself. And what I don't eat will fetch a fortune at the market. So, whereabouts do you reckon -

Fury spreads across Lamia's face. She rises to her feet, her plate falling to the ground and shattering.

LAMIA

Limbus grass? You dared to feed me
 Limbus grass?! You, a lowly harridan?
 A money-grubbing peddler? You dare to
 subject ME to your tuppeny
 enchantments? To steal truth from my
 lips by feeding me limbus grass? Do
 you have any inkling of the magnitude
 of your error, Ditch-water Sal?

SAL

How do you know my... who... Who are
 you?

LAMIA

Look again and you shall know who I
 am.

Lamia's face is calm now. Suddenly, for a terrifying
 split second, we see a FLASH of her ghastly true form.

After recovering from this shock, Sal bows, trembling.

SAL

I shall not seek the star, your dark
 majesty, I swear. By the rules of the
 sisterhood. Your rules. Please be -

LAMIA

Seek all you wish. You shall be unable
 to see the star, to touch it, smell,
 or hear it. You will not perceive it,
 even if I were to put its heart in
 your palm.

Lamia touches her fingertip to Sal's forehead. The
 clouds darken. The fire goes out, the rest of the
 crockery smashes. And Lamia ages a little more.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

You shall forget you ever saw me. Yet
 the memory will be like an itch on an
 amputated limb. An itch that will vex
 and irritate you.

SAL

But that's all, your majesty? You...
 took an oath. I, I shared my supper
 with you. You won't harm me?

LAMIA

I swore not to harm you today. Pray
 you never meet me again, Ditch-water
 Sal.

The sky lightens and we focus on the bird, witness to the whole event. We hear GOAT HOOVES as Lamia leaves. A baffled Sal surveys the carnage left behind.

38

INT. THORNE HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY

38

Dunstan and Tristan sit together. Before them is the Moses basket we saw earlier.

DUNSTAN

Are you alright?

TRISTAN

It's a lot to take in.

DUNSTAN

The most important thing to know is that your mother loves you. Always has. We'd only been courting one Summer when you arrived, but she vowed to raise you as her own, and the hell with the gossip. She loves you. I love you. And your birth mother loved you too.

Tristan nods. He's still reeling, but he understands. Dunstan pushes the Moses basket towards him. Tristan reaches in and brings out the length of CHAIN that we saw Dunstan cut and the GLASS FLOWER he bought.

TRISTAN

(in wonderment)

The chain you cut... Just as you told me. And the flower! The glass flower she sold to you.

DUNSTAN

She said it would bring me luck. I know she'd want you to have it.

Next, Tristan finds the package we saw earlier. Dunstan nods to him to unwrap it. Inside: a CANDLE, and a NOTE.

39

EXT. SAL'S CARAVAN - TWENTY YEARS AGO.

39

The slave girl sits scribbling the note, occasionally stopping to wipe away a tear or glance lovingly at the basket by her feet. Ditch-water Sal potters nearby, now and again casting a cold eye on her.

SLAVE GIRL (V.O.)

My dearest Tristan, please know that I only ever wanted the best for you. Had my circumstances been different, I would have kept you in a heartbeat.

(MORE)

SLAVE GIRL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I hope you will understand and forgive me. My dearest wish is that we will meet someday, but I urge you to understand that Stormhold is a dangerous place, and more dangerous still for a boy of your bloodline. The safest way to travel is by candlelight.

She looks around furtively and, seeing Sal looking away, she pops open a secret compartment. Inside are CANDLES. She quickly sneaks one out and slips it into a package, along with the note, and pops this into the basket.

40 INT. THORNE HOUSE - ATTIC - DAY.

40

Tristan, reading the letter, clearly moved. Instinctively, he reaches out to touch the candle.

SLAVE GIRL (V.O.)

Guard this candle well. To use it, think of me and only me... But believe me darling when I say that even if you choose never to use it, I will think of you every day, for always... Your Mother.

TRISTAN

Well, do you have a light?

Dunstan strikes a match and Tristan stares into his eyes, clutching the candle. They exchange grins and Dunstan lights it. There is a loud rush of air - WHOOSH! - and Tristan vanishes. Dunstan stands alone, his grin melting into slack-jawed shock as what's just happened sinks in.

41 EXT. CRATER - DUSK.

41

Slowly, painfully, Yvaine struggles to her feet. Her leg clearly hurts a lot and she seems stiff. Gingerly, she straightens up, drained but pleased with her efforts.

Suddenly, a loud NOISE. Yvaine looks up to see a bright light - almost like another shooting star - falling from above. Her smile turns to a scream as it hurtles towards her, and finally smashes into her, sending her rolling across the ground.

The light fades to reveal an extremely shocked Tristan.

TRISTAN

Mother?

YVAINE

Oh. My. God. You total, utter moron. I've got a bloody broken leg! And you come and smash into me! Knock me over?! Bravo. Good work. Just brilliant.

Tristan can't believe his reunion with his birth mother has got off to quite such an appalling start.

TRISTAN

Oh no! I'm sorry. I am so, so sorry! I used the candle you gave me, you see, and, oh mother, are you alright? Are you badly hurt?

YVAINE

Will you stop calling me mother? No, you know, better than that: stop talking altogether. Or ideally, just go away. That would be perfect. I would love that.

TRISTAN

You're not my mother, are you.

YVAINE

And there I was thinking you really were as stupid as you looked. But you're spot on: I'm not your mother. And now we've established that, will you please, please go away before you fracture any more of my limbs or I can no longer resist the urge to fracture one of yours. Thank you.

Tristan wanders away, surveying the vast crater. Something hits him and he begins to mutter excitedly.

TRISTAN

Oh my god, this must be where...
"Light the candle and think of me..."
I was thinking of mother... But then, Victoria, the star, just popped... I'm such a -

But he can't berate himself for long - this is where he really wanted to be. He runs back to Yvaine.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me, miss, this may seem odd, but: have you seen a fallen star?

YVAINE

Oh, you're funny.

TRISTAN

No, really. The crater... This must be where it fell.

The angrier Yvaine gets, the more she appears to shimmer.

YVAINE

Yeah, this is where it fell. Or if you want to be really specific, up there is where a big bloody moonstone came out of nowhere and knocked it out of the heavens when it was minding its own business. Over there is where it landed. Very heavily. Breaking it's right leg. And right here? This is where it got hit by a magical flying moron.

Tristan is so surprised by the oddness of the revelation, and glad to have found her, he barely notices her fury.

TRISTAN

You're a...? Well, well. Seems Stormhold is full of surprises. And I apologize for any inconvenience, but you, my little star, are coming with me. Back to my village, on the other side of the wall! The human side! You're going to be a birthday gift for my true love! Or should I say, my wife-to-be!

Tristan offers her a hand up. Yvaine stares at it incredulously. Impatient, he takes her hands and tries to pull her to her feet. She stays firmly on the ground. Now he tries to lift her under her arms, but she makes herself as heavy as possible. He gives up, frustrated.

YVAINE

Seems like you'd better start looking for another birthday present.

Tristan frowns and fishes around in his pocket.

TRISTAN

May I just say in advance, that I'm very sorry.

YVAINE

Sorry for what?

TRISTAN

For this.

With uncharacteristic deftness, Tristan ties the silver chain around Yvaine's wrist. She glares at him, aghast.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

If I'm not very much mistaken, this means you have to come with me, wherever I want, until I set you free. Or die.

Yvaine

Don't tempt me.

Tristan ties the other end to his own wrist. Yvaine struggles away from him. As when we saw it before, the chain turns from it's fluid-looking state to iron.

TRISTAN

See? I'm sorry, but you've no choice but to return with me to my Victoria.

YVAINE

Ah. But of course. Nothing says romance like the gift of a kidnapped, injured woman.

TRISTAN

Come on, get up.

YVAINE

I've got a broken leg!

Tristan stares furiously at Yvaine. Finally he picks her up. She scratches his face. Shocked, he drops her.

He slumps down beside her and they sit in stony silence. This is going to be much, much harder than he thought.

42

EXT. PALACE STABLES - DAWN.

42

Primus stands by a magnificent black carriage and four black horses. A GROOM holding a feed bag tries to see what he's doing. The camera has a peek: he's consulting some RUNES. Apparently satisfied, he puts them away.

PRIMUS

Did you happen to see which way my brother Septimus went?

GROOM

Indeed your highness. He went North West.

PRIMUS

Thank you. That information is most useful.

The groom nods. Unexpectedly, Primus swipes the feed bag from his hands. The groom stares at him, shocked.

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

I shan't be needing you to accompany me on my journey. My runes tell me that Septimus went south. Though by a funny coincidence, they say the moonstone is North West. So you would actually have done me a favour with your lies. Count yourself lucky that I am not my brother. He'd have had you eating those oats.

GROOM

I'm not lying, your highness, truly. Your brother went North West.

Primus thrusts the feed bag towards him, sighing.

PRIMUS

Then eat them. Eat the oats you were about to feed my horses.

The groom shakes his head fearfully. Primus grabs a handful and lifts them towards the groom's mouth.

GROOM

No! Your majesty! Spare me, I beg of you!

Primus drops the oats and bag and climbs up onto the drivers' seat of the carriage, muttering to himself.

PRIMUS

Septimus, Septimus. Always with the poisoning.

And he's off, leaving the shaken groom standing alone.

43

EXT. CRATER - DAWN.

43

Tristan sleeps while Yvaine hobbles around, stomping on the chain, trying to break free of it. Her efforts wake Tristan, and not, we deduce, for the first time.

TRISTAN

Don't you ever sleep?

YVAINE

Not at night. It may have escaped your notice, genius, but that's when stars have rather better things to do. Coming out. Shining. That kind of thing.

TRISTAN

And it may have escaped yours, but you're not in the sky any more. Coming out is off the agenda. Shining has been suspended until further notice. And sleeping during the day is O-U-T, unless you have some kind of magical ability to sleep while you're walking.

YVAINE

Have you not got it into your thick head yet? I'm not walking anywhere.

Tristan thinks for a moment. He grabs her wrist and tackles the chain, apparently trying to undo it.

TRISTAN

Fine. Sit in a crater. Enjoy.

YVAINE

You're letting me go?

TRISTAN

Yep. I was going to put you back in the sky after I'd brought you to my Victoria. But clearly you'd rather stay on your own in the middle of a field forever.

Yvaine yanks her hand away and eyes him suspiciously.

YVAINE

And just how were you planning to get me back to the sky? You can't. You're lying.

TRISTAN

(smug; she's taken the bait)

I find the fastest way to travel is by candlelight.

Yvaine's eyes widen.

YVAINE

You've got a Babylon candle?

TRISTAN

(bluffing that he already knew what it was called)

Yeah, I've got a bubbling candle. Takes you right where you most want to go. How do you think I got here?

YVAINE

A Babylon candle.

TRISTAN

That's what I said.

YVAINE

You said "bubbling".

TRISTAN

Did not. Anyway. I was going to give what's left of it to you.

He takes the candle from his pocket, his bravado dented somewhat by the fact that it's now scarcely a stub.

YVAINE

That barely has one use left.

TRISTAN

So be grateful that I'm not using it up right now to get the two of us back to Wall. Unless you can think of another way to get yourself home, in which case you can be as ungrateful as you like. In a crater. On your own.

Yvaine thinks. Then thrusts her hand out angrily. Tristan helps her up, trying not to smirk. Resentfully, she holds him for support, limping as they set off. He puts his arm around her. She smacks it away. Their journey has begun.

44 EXT. CRATER - DAY.

44

Standing in the now deserted crater, Lamia removes her sapphire ring and rubs it. Her eyes roll back in her head as she goes into a trance.

45 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - DAY.

45

Mormo and Empusa stand before a mirror, in which Lamia now appears, looking out at them.

EMPUSA

Be careful how much magic you use, sister. It's beginning to show.

LAMIA

The star eludes me. I need information.

Mormo scuttles over to the animal cages we saw earlier. A stoat looks out nervously. Mormo passes it by and unlocks another cage.

Empusa waits at the table we saw earlier and Mormo joins her, hefting a large PIG.

In the mirror, Lamia waits impatiently. There is a horrible PIG SCREAM.

Back at the table, Mormo and Empusa study the entrails.

EMPUSA

The star is on the move. And she is not alone. Someone is with her now.

LAMIA

A witch? A warlock?

Mormo pokes around in the pig guts and laughs, pleased.

MORMO

Fear not, sister. This individual poses no threat. He is as innocent as the star herself. Go West from where you stand. Your paths will soon cross.

46

EXT. FOREST/CLEARING - DAY.

46

Tristan and Yvaine make slow progress.

YVAINE

So let me get this straight: you think you know we're going the right way because - and I quote - "I just do".

TRISTAN

I do, though. Maybe it's my love for Victoria guiding me back home.

YVAINE

Oh please.

TRISTAN

Anyway, we're going North. Look, if you look up in the sky, even in the day, you can see the evening star and - wait, that's odd... Where...?

Yvaine has stopped and is shooting him a death look.

YVAINE

Funny. Hilarious. My sides are splitting.

TRISTAN

I'm not... What, that was you? Seriously?

They are interrupted by a huge ROAR. They freeze in fear. A horse's NEIGH. More roaring.

Tristan parts some bushes to reveal a meadow where a LION is squaring up to a white HORSE. Yvaine pushes past him and cries out in dismay. The horse turns to look at her.

Suddenly, A HORN extends from its forehead: it's a UNICORN. The lion lunges and they begin to fight.

YVAINE

Stop them! Stop them! Please! They'll kill each other!

TRISTAN

Stop them? Are you mad? They'll kill me.

The fight intensifies. It's horrible to watch these beautiful creatures tearing at one another and we see Tristan's distress mounting too. He steels himself.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Help me find a stick.

Urgently, they scabble in the undergrowth. As Tristan wrestles with a branch, Yvaine finds a beautiful CROWN.

YVAINE

Tristan.

Tristan looks up to see Yvaine holding the crown. The lion sees it too. With an almighty roar, it bounds towards her.

The unicorn weaves ahead of the lion, butting feverishly at it. Panicking, Yvaine throws the crown to Tristan. A hostile pass. Now the two beasts gallop at him.

Just as the lion overtakes, Tristan runs forward and kneels, holding the crown aloft. The lion slows down as it approaches him. Tristan places the crown on it's head. It gives a triumphant roar and stalks away.

Tristan and Yvaine run to the injured unicorn.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

What the hell did you -

TRISTAN

The lion and the unicorn. It's a... Look. See this?

Tristan takes a coin from his pocket, hands it to her.

YVAINE

See what? This weird woman?

TRISTAN

That's not... That's Queen Victoria!
No, look: the other side.

Yvaine looks at the image of the prancing lion and unicorn, then back to Tristan, decidedly unimpressed.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

It's from the royal coat of arms...
There's a nursery rhyme about it. The lion and the unicorn, fighting for the crown. The lion beat the unicorn, something something town. Seeing them fight reminded me of that. I suppose I thought maybe if the lion got the crown, that'd be all he wanted.

Yvaine smiles and we sense that she feels respect for Tristan for the first time. She opts not to show it.

YVAINE

"The lion beat the unicorn, something something town."? The village children must be queuing up for you to babysit.

TRISTAN

I know! My little sister says I'm hopeless at bedtime stories.

Yvaine looks away sharply; a pang of homesickness, we suspect. She pats the unicorn, changing the subject.

YVAINE

Good news is, he'll be right as rain soon. Unicorns heal amazingly fast.

TRISTAN

Great. Perhaps you could have told me that before I risked my neck for one.

47

EXT. FOREST - DAY.

47

Yvaine rides the unicorn, led by Tristan.

YVAINE

I'm just saying, I don't get how you can say that it doesn't make sense. You're hungry, I'm tired. By the time you've gone back to that village, had some food and come back, I'll have -

TRISTAN

And I'm just saying that since I'm hungry and you're tired, what we should -

YVAINE

Oh come on Tristan, it's mid-day. I never stay up this late. Please. Let me sleep.

TRISTAN

But you must be hungry.

YVAINE

I'm NOT hungry. Ok? I'm a star. I eat darkness. I drink light. I'm not hungry.

(shouting, getting louder)

I'm lonely, scared, cold, angry, homesick, miserable and tired. Really, really tired. But I'm. Not. Hungry!

Yvaine bursts into tears. Tristan fidgets awkwardly.

TRISTAN

Look, don't... Alright, fine. You sleep here. I'll come back when I've eaten. Just... Just stop crying. Okay?

He helps her down from the unicorn and starts trying to remove the chain from his wrist as he talks.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

You promise not to run away?

YVAINE

Run away? I've got a broken leg!

TRISTAN

You've also got a unicorn. So.

He stops fiddling with the chain and looks up at her.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

But actually it might be a moot point. I may not be going anywhere.

He tugs at the chain. It tightens and becomes iron-hard and rigid, as we saw before.

YVAINE

Perhaps there's a magic word.

TRISTAN

I don't know any magic words.

He holds up the chain. It glistens in the sun.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

"Please?"

The chain UNTIES itself. They share a fleeting moment of jubilation before falling back into uneasy distrust.

Yvaine curls up and prepares to sleep. Tristan walks away, looking back at her repeatedly.

48

EXT. THE FOOT OF A MOUNTAIN - DAY.

48

Septimus has set up camp with his large entourage. He does not look happy. A fire roars. Two lackeys march a worried-looking elderly SOOTHSAYER over to him.

LACKEY

Your Highness: the soothsayer. As you requested.

SEPTIMUS

South you said. And South we went. And yet still no stone. And if it's not up this mountain, then what? All that's left on other side is the ocean! Will you then propose we start swimming?

SOOTHSAYER

Sire, I've merely relayed to you what the runes have told me. I can do no more.

SEPTIMUS

Consult them again. Now. Here.

Clearly, refusal is not an option. The soothsayer takes his runes from their bag and shakes them in his hand.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Wait. Before we seek the stone, another question. Am I the seventh son?

The soothsayer looks uneasy. The runes are thrown. All land blank side up. The Soothsayer nods decisively.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Is my favorite colour blue?

Once again, all the runes land blank side up.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Do I swim?

This time, all the runes land with symbols showing.

SOOTHSAYER

No. You do not swim.

SEPTIMUS

Throw the runes again.

They are thrown. As they are about to hit the ground:

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Do you work for my brother?

The runes land blank side up. Before the soothsayer has a chance to protest, Septimus draws his sword, casually fells him, and sheaths it again. He picks up the runes.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Right. Do we continue West?

He throws the runes in the air. He's back on the trail.

49 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

49

The runes transform in the air, and as they fall we see that they are now Lamia's runes. She looks at them and, content in what she sees, whips the goats onwards.

50 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

50

Tristan returns, carrying a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine. Yvaine is gone. How could he have been so naive?

TRISTAN

(rapping his forehead)

Idiot.

Defeated, exhausted, he slumps against a tree and shuts his eyes. We tilt up to see our iconic shot and pan over to reveal the moon. We track in to it and fade to:

51 EXT. DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT.

51

-- Tristan awakes on the moon; a Victorian astronaut in a Jules Verne/HG Wells fantasyscape. He jumps up in alarm. To his astonishment, he floats. Then, softly, sinks down.

THE MOON (V.O.)

Please protect my daughter, Tristan. I sent the unicorn but I can do no more. Yvaine is in grave danger. No daughter of mine is safe in Stormhold.

-- A meteoric fireball rushes past and falls to earth.

-- a beautiful young brunette sits, stunned, in a crater. She shimmers like Yvaine, clearly another star.

-- Lamia, Mormo and Empusa - all much younger - drag her screaming soundlessly into their cave.

-- The witches surround their table. We see the star's fearful face, a glint of a blade. Then, triumphantly, Lamia holds the star's glowing, golden heart aloft.

-- From their hands, the witches gobble something and seal the glowing remainder in the box we saw earlier.

THE MOON (CONT'D)

There's no time to waste. I beg you:
wake up.

52

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

52

A CONKER falls onto Tristan's head, waking him abruptly. He hears a VOICE, like rustling leaves.

TREE (V.O.)

Did you not hear her? Wake up.

He looks around, perplexed.

TRISTAN

Oh please, not a talking tree.

TREE (V.O.)

I'm not really a tree. I used to be a wood-sprite. But there was this witch... Long story. And it's true: you really don't have any time to waste.

TRISTAN

I think I preferred the part of this dream where the moon was talking to me. You've got a really annoying voice.

TREE (V.O.)

That's exactly what the witch said before she turned me into a tree. But please understand, this is no dream. Forgive me for eavesdropping, but the moon spoke the truth. Listen well: You must hurry. If you go on foot, you'll never reach her in time. Run to the road one mile West of here: there's a coach. By any means possible, you must get on it. Go!

Perplexed, Tristan doesn't move. Suddenly the forest ERUPTS into a mass of movement. Conkers rain down. It's ALIVE. The mood has changed completely: this is scary.

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

I said: RUN!

Terrified, Tristan leaps to his feet and begins to run.

53 INT/EXT. PRIMUS' COACH - NIGHT.

53

Primus is driving his magnificent coach down a dark road that runs alongside the forest.

Inside the coach sit his ghostly brothers: Quintus, Quartus, Sextus, Secundus and Tertius.

TERTIUS

Road.

QUINTUS

Nope. You said that already.

QUARTUS

Reins.

Quintus shakes his head.

SECUNDUS

Rib cage.

QUARTUS

Don't be stupid, it has to be something he can actually see. Otherwise it wouldn't be called I Spy. It'd be called "I can randomly think of something."

SECUNDUS

Excuse me, I can see a rib cage. I can see Sextus's rib cage.

They all look. Indeed, it is showing through Sextus' decomposing skin and moldy, shredded clothes.

54 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT.

54

Tristan runs blindly through the madly rustling forest. It's almost as if the trees are parting to a path.

55 INT. PRIMUS' COACH - NIGHT.

55

In contrast to Tristan's panic, the ghosts' urgently unexciting I-spy game continues.

QUINTUS

Good guess. But wrong.

SECUNDUS

It's not rib cage?

QUINTUS

No. Next guess?

QUARTUS

I'm so bored of this. I actually don't even care.

56 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT. 56

A breathless Tristan continues his scary sprint.

57 INT. PRIMUS' COACH - NIGHT. 57

And still it goes on...

QUINTUS

Give up?

SECUNDUS

Yes.

QUINTUS

It was "rample"

TERTIUS

What the hell is rample?

QUINTUS

It's the bit you put between the horse's teeth.

QUARTUS

That's called a "bit".

QUINTUS

Is it?

SEXTUS

Will you all shut up! I don't know how you can sit playing stupid games when the runes say that Septimus is back on track. I thought we were backing Primus to win.

58 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT. 58

Tristan keeps running as the forest thunders around him. In the distance, he sees the lights of the coach.

59 INT. PRIMUS' COACH - NIGHT.

59

...And on.

SECUNDUS

Okay, my go. I spy with my little eye...

Sextus sighs deeply.

60 EXT. PRIMUS'S COACH - NIGHT.

60

Finally, Tristan bursts out on to the road, just as the coach approaches. Frantically, he flags Primus down.

Primus sees him, but instead of stopping, he whips the horses - SNAP! They speed past, a thunder of HOOVES.

Tristan stands deflated, when suddenly there is an almighty noise - CRACK! - and a huge BRANCH falls from a tree, blocking the road. Primus is forced to stop. Tristan mouths 'thank you' to the tree as he runs over.

Primus looks doubtfully at this odd young fellow but accepts his help in moving the fallen branch. That done, he climbs back into the driver's seat of the coach and throws Tristan a COIN.

PRIMUS

Thank you.

TRISTAN

I don't need money. I need a lift.

PRIMUS

I'm afraid I can't take passengers.

TRISTAN

But you already have five! Surely just one more won't make any difference?

Inside, the ghosts react with shock to being seen.

Primus stares at Tristan as if he is mad.

PRIMUS

Riiight. But unfortunately I am on a quest of enormous importance, and -

TRISTAN

Then all the more reason to take me! There may come a time when you need another pair of hands. Maybe providence sent me to you just as it sent you to me.

Primus considers this. He brings out his bag of runes.

PRIMUS

Pick three.

Tristan does so. Primus studies them approvingly.

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

Get in.

Tristan gets inside. To his astonishment, he finds the coach empty. Freaked out, he gets out again and climbs up to sit beside Primus instead.

61 EXT. A DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT.

61

Yvaine rides the unicorn, obviously lost, scared and doubtful. And trying to talk herself out of it.

YVAINE

I mean, who's to say he'd have even kept his promise about the candle? I refuse to believe he was the only person in Stormhold who could have helped me. And going on and on and on... Victoria this, Victoria that.

A fork in the road. Yvaine slows and rubs her temples.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Now where the hell are we?
(rapping her forehead)
Idiot.

She rides on. We pull back. From afar she cuts an even lonelier figure. And the further we go, the more she looks like a twinkling star.

62 EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT.

62

Lamia stares at her runes, confused. She takes off her ring, pauses to admire her reflection in a puddle, and reluctantly goes into her communication trance again.

63 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - NIGHT.

63

With some difficulty, Mormo carries an enormous, flapping ALLIGATOR from the familiar bank of cages to the table. Lamia is in the mirror, aging as we watch.

LAMIA

Mormo! Empusa! Which way? The runes tell me gibberish. And be quick!
(MORE)

LAMIA (CONT'D)

I can't afford to squander any more of my powers than I have to.

She waits impatiently as we hear a terrible commotion O.S. Finally Mormo and Empusa return dishevelled.

EMPUSA

It is because you must stay where you are, my sister. She is coming to you.

MORMO

Be warned, Lamia: delicacy is needed. Misery has drained her. She is barely shining.

EMPUSA

And be ready. You have little time.

64

EXT. COACH - NIGHT.

64

Tristan rides alongside Primus. Holding the reins in one hand, Primus briefly consults his runes.

TRISTAN

If it's not too forward of me: what sort of a quest is it that you're on?

PRIMUS

My destiny. My right to rule.
(holding out his hand)
Prince Primus of Stormhold.

Tristan takes it and bows too, unsure of the etiquette.

TRISTAN

Your highness. Tristan Thorne. I'm -

They round a corner and Tristan is silenced by the view: an incredible mountain range. He gasps.

PRIMUS

If this view pleases you, I insist that one day you visit my castle on Mount Huon. Now that's what I call a mountain. Her foothills alone are bigger than this.

TRISTAN

And you're most welcome to visit me in my village. We have an annual cheese-rolling competition. And our duck-pond was voted the cleanest in all Suffolk.

PRIMUS

You are most kind.

They ride on in silence.

65 EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT.

65

Lamia gazes at the horizon to see a STORM approaching. Decisively, she walks over to where her goats graze.

She whispers into the ear of the white one and he TRANSFORMS into BILLY, a 40ish man with a white goatee.

She whispers in the ear of the goat-formerly-known-as-Bernard. He becomes a boyish, yet sexy, red-haired girl. GIRL BERNARD reels back, as if dizzy, or drunk.

LAMIA

You'll feel a little groggy for a few hours. It's the transformation.

Girl Bernard nods, dull-eyed and zombie-like.

From her chariot, Lamia fetches a HATCHET and a filleting KNIFE, both of black glass. Setting them aside, she whispers to her chariot. Nothing happens.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

I am getting old.

She raises her hand. Blue FLAMES flicker at her fingers. She touches the chariot and it is engulfed in blue FIRE. The fire subsides to reveal an old INN. Its sign swings in the gathering wind, a picture of the chariot on it.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

(to Billy and Bernard)

You are Billy the inn-keeper. I am your wife. And you're our daughter. Now get inside and make everything ready. Our special guest will be here soon.

66 INT/EXT. PRIMUS'S COACH - NIGHT.

66

The coach drives on through the pelting rain.

Inside, Quartus is imitating Tristan to the amusement of the other ghosts.

QUARTUS

And did I mention my Victoria's lovely blonde hair? I did? Are you quite sure? Well in that case let me tell you about the time she blew her nose.

TERTIUS

Just Primus's luck, eh?

67 EXT. PRIMUS'S COACH - CONTINUOUS.

67

Sitting beside Primus, seemingly oblivious to the pouring rain, Tristan has clearly been waffling for a while.

TRISTAN

...And wouldn't you know it, that was the year that Victoria got to be Queen of the Spring Festival for the eighth year running!

PRIMUS

("please, please shut up")
Tristan, do go inside. There's no sense in us both getting soaked.

TRISTAN

It would be hard for me to get any wetter without first leaping into a river. In any case, a second pair of eyes could come in handy right now.

PRIMUS

(damn)
I suppose so.
(and then)
In that case may I suggest you look out for my brother Septimus. He also seeks the throne. He looks much like me, but he's the most dangerous man you'll ever meet. He won't hesitate to kill anyone who stands in his path. Or nearby. To be frank, I fear you may not be safe in my company. In fact, I feel I should not allow you to remain at risk for too much longer.

TRISTAN

Hmmm. Problem is, I think I'm supposed to stay with you. I think you're going where I need to be.

68 EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT.

68

Yvaine, drenched and forlorn, rides through the rain. In the distance, she spies the inn. Joy and relief. She spurs the unicorn to a gallop and they race towards it.

69 EXT. LAMIA'S INN - NIGHT.

69

As Yvaine approaches the inn, the PATTERN of the rain seems to form words of warning. The unicorn refuses to go any closer. Yvaine dismounts and limps to the door.

Lamia opens it, looking like an average inn-keeper.

LAMIA

Goodness me, come in out of this wretched rain, my dear. We have food and drink. A warm bed. Plenty of hot water for a bath.

YVAINE

A bath? I've never had one of those.

LAMIA

Never had a bath!? Why it's a treat you'll enjoy, my love, on a cold night like this. It'll make your heart glow.

Lamia puts an arm around Yvaine and steers her in. She notices Yvaine's limp and supports her more.

70

INT. LAMIA'S INN - CONTINUOUS.

70

A TIN TUB stands beside a blazing fireplace. Lamia sits Yvaine down on a seat beside it.

LAMIA

Why your poor leg! I'll have my husband take your horse to the stables. Billy!

Lamia claps her hands. We see the ex-goat standing behind the bar. He is chewing slowly on a tea-towel.

She claps again, and glares at him as he shuffles out.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

How do you like your bath? Warm, hot or boil-a-lobster?

YVAINE

I honestly don't know.

LAMIA

Then let me choose for you. Let's get you out of your wet things.

Lamia takes a pan of water from the fire and pours it in to the tub.

She helps Yvaine to undress, but they hit a problem with her chain belt: the moonstone is holding it fast.

YVAINE

I don't think this will come off.

LAMIA

No matter. It won't be in the way.

71 INT. LAMIA'S INN - MINUTES LATER.

71

Yvaine lies happily in the steaming bath.

LAMIA
Feeling better?

YVAINE
Much. Thank you. The warm water has actually done my leg a world of good.

LAMIA
Ah, you see? The powers of a nice hot bath! You seem happier in yourself, too.

YVAINE
I do feel happier. Less troubled.

LAMIA
Wonderful! Nothing like a nice soak to wash your cares away. Warm the cockles of your heart. Now. Let's get it burning really bright inside of you, shall we?

Yvaine climbs from the bath and dries off as Lamia brings her a beautiful robe and a glass of wine.

YVAINE
Well I must say, under your care my heart has never felt so good. Thanks.

Yvaine slips into the robe, and we glimpse the moonstone on her belt. Lamia leads her upstairs.

72 INT. LAMIA'S INN - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

72

A small room containing an inviting-looking bed.

LAMIA
Now I'm only a simple inn-keepers wife, but I've been told I have a healers hands. I'd be glad to give you a massage.

YVAINE
What's a massage?

LAMIA
You've never...? Well, bless my soul. Nothing like a massage to send you off for the finest and deepest night's sleep.

YVAINE

I do have trouble sleeping at night...

Lamia leads a curious Yvaine to the bed and gestures for her to lie down. She climbs up, and the camera jibs down under the bed to reveal the knives.

LAMIA

Lie on your back, dear. And why not close your eyes? Drift off better that way.

Yvaine lies down and Lamia begins to open Yvaine's robe. She is interrupted by shouting from outside

PRIMUS (O.S.)

Service! Food! Wine! Hello!?

73

EXT. LAMIA'S INN - NIGHT.

73

Primus paces angrily, cross at being left in the rain.

TRISTAN

Maybe we should try the next inn. Carry on a little longer. If your Moonstone really is as close as the runes say.

Before Primus can reply, the door is opened by Billy.

PRIMUS

At last! We require accommodation. Help my friend take the horses to your stable.

Primus heads inside as Tristan hands Billy a set of reins and they begin to walk.

Billy, walking slightly behind Tristan, unexpectedly dips down and nips at the hem of Tristan's jacket. Tristan wheels round in surprise. Billy just stares at him blankly. Confused, Tristan walks on.

74

INT. LAMIA'S INN - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

74

LAMIA

Relax here, my love. I'll be back just as soon as I've taken care of this customer.

75

INT. LAMIA'S INN - MOMENTS LATER.

75

A frustrated Primus - followed by his ghostly brothers - wanders in to find the inn empty.

PRIMUS

Hello? Hello??

Spotting the tempting, steaming bath he decides not to wait. He strips off his wet clothes and climbs right in. The ghosts avert their eyes in revulsion.

Yvaine hobbles down the stairs and is shocked to see Primus sitting in the bath. She turns away quickly.

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

I'm accustomed to better service. But you're awake now, and that's what counts. A hot meal would be in order. What can you offer me?

Before Yvaine can protest, she is interrupted by Lamia, returning from a back room with two glasses of WINE.

LAMIA

I'll thank you not to bother my guests, sir. I am the lady of this Inn. I've a pot of stew on the stove. A drink while you wait?

PRIMUS

Until my brother is dead, I've vowed to drink only my own wine. But my friend in the stables would be glad of a drop, I'm sure.

Lamia nods and walks out with the wine, irritated. Alone with her now, Primus eyes Yvaine up lasciviously.

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

Travelling alone, young lady? I might say that you -

He tails off, eyes fixed on the stone on her belt, peeking out from her robe. The ghosts have seen it too. They nudge one another in breathless excitement.

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

That stone! It can't be... Come here, let me see it.

Yvaine rolls her eyes. Nice try. There's absolutely no way she's getting any closer to a naked guy in a bath.

PRIMUS (CONT'D)

Please... I believe it to be mine.

Lamia bursts in and gets the knives from under the bed.

77 INT. STABLES - NIGHT.

77

A row of horse boxes with solid doors, all closed. We follow zombie-girl-Bernard, carrying a glass of wine. She opens one of the doors to reveal Tristan, drying a horse. She puts the wine on the floor and turns to go.

TRISTAN

Thanks, that is just what I needed. My name's Tristan. Glad to meet you, Miss-

GIRL-BERNARD

Bernard.

Tristan, perplexed, watches her shuffle out. He takes the wine, but freezes when there's an almighty RUCKUS from the horsebox opposite. He looks up to see the door flying off its hinges.

78 INT. LAMIA'S INN - NIGHT.

78

Yvaine is staring at Primus in disbelief.

YVAINE

It's not that! I'd gladly be rid of it. I just can't physically get the thing off!

PRIMUS

That's what I'm saying - I can.

YVAINE

And I'm saying: if you wish to touch it, you're going to have to get out of that bath. And put some clothes on.

PRIMUS

You don't seem to have understood me young lady. I am a Prince, and I command you to come over here so I -

Before he can finish, he's interrupted by the loud NOISE from the stables. Both look around in concern.

ON THE STAIRCASE

Lamia, armed and halfway down the stairs, HEARS it too.

79 INT. STABLES - NIGHT.

79

As we cut back, the door flies off its hinges and the unicorn comes CRASHING through, charging at Tristan.

It knocks the wine from Tristan's hand. Where the wine has splashed, the hay on the ground is smoking and charred, as if burned by acid. Tristan looks to the unicorn, back at the ground, and runs out.

80 INT. LAMIA'S INN - NIGHT.

80

Just as Lamia runs in to investigate the noise, the front door flies open and Tristan bursts in, shouting.

TRISTAN

Prince Primus! Don't touch anything they give you! They tried to poison me!

The camera jibs down under the water and we hear a muffled commotion. The water turns deep blue.

A SLOW PAN AROUND THE ROOM

On the shocked reactions, in turn, of Tristan, Yvaine, Bernard, Secundus, Tertius, Quintus, Quartus, Sextus and finally, a ghostly Primus - naked, but politely framed, and more shocked than anyone to see:

IN THE BATH

Primus is slumped down, a slash of blue blood at his throat. And standing behind him, Lamia, holding her horrible knife, stained blue.

TRISTAN AND YVAINE

Spot one another. Both are stunned, but neither has time to speak, as Lamia darts over and grabs Yvaine.

LAMIA

Billy! Get him!

DEAD-EYED BILLY

We've barely noticed him, standing silently behind the bar, but now he runs at Tristan with his head down. Tristan sidesteps him, but he backs up, charges again.

THE UNICORN

Races in through the front entrance of the inn. He cuts in front of Tristan to run at Billy. Heads lowered, Billy and the unicorn rush at one another at full tilt.

HORN VERSUS FOREHEAD.

At speed. Guess which wins.

LAMIA

Turns on the unicorn as it shakes its head to disengage the impaled Billy - in death, a goat once more. The unicorn rears up at Lamia, knocking her to the ground.

TRISTAN

Runs to Yvaine. He picks her up and begins to run again. She points in horror to the unicorn and, swats at Tristan urgently as he flees.

YVAINE

No! Put me down! We have to help him!

TRISTAN

Forget it, we have to go, these people are insane, they'll kill us!

LAMIA

The unicorn is about to make another attack as she lies on the ground, but with one sweeping arm movement, she creates a wall of blue fire that shuts out the unicorn and encircles Tristan, Yvaine, Bernard and herself.

She gets up and strides towards the pair, a witchy Terminator.

TRISTAN AND YVAINE

Back away until - against the roaring wall of blue fire - they can go no further. They're trapped.

Tristan puts Yvaine down and stands protectively in front of her.

Lamia keeps on coming.

LAMIA

The burning golden heart of a star at peace is so much better than your now frightened little heart. But even so, better than no heart at all.

With unthinkable menace, she displays her terrifying knives. Suddenly, girl-Bernard moves between them.

GIRL BERNARD

Stop.

LAMIA

Oh please.

She clicks her fingers and he is no longer a girl, but BERNARD once more.

He opens his mouth to speak, but before he can, Lamia clicks her fingers again and he becomes a COCKROACH.

Without any apparent sign of intent, Lamia SQUISHES him under her shoe as she walks on, knives drawn.

TRISTAN AND YVAINE

Cower. Lamia is almost upon them now. Tristan fumbles in his pocket and pulls out the tiny stub of Babylon candle.

TRISTAN

Hold on to me tight and think of home.

Lamia raises her knife to strike.

Tristan wraps one arm around Yvaine and plunges the other, holding the stub, into the fire. He screams. Lamia, realizing what he is doing, screams too. There's a WHOOSH, and they disappear, leaving Lamia alone, her knife slicing through the empty space where they stood.

81 EXT. CANDLE JOURNEY SEQUENCE - NIGHT.

81

Tristan and Yvaine's POV as they fly at astonishing speed out of the inn and into the dark, stormy sky. The inn, the road and the twinkling lights of Stormhold get smaller and smaller until we stop in a cloud.

82 EXT. CLOUD - NIGHT.

82

Tristan and Yvaine stand on a grey cloud. Thunder rumbles, lightning forks flash, and black rain sheets down violently. They have to scream to be heard.

TRISTAN

What the hell did you do?!

YVAINE

What did I do? What did you do?

(mocking voice)

"hold me tight and think of home".
Great plan. You thought of your home
and I thought of mine and now we're
halfway between the two.

TRISTAN

You stupid cow! What did you think of
your home for!?

YVAINE

You just said "home"! When someone
says "home", I think of my home! I
don't think of your home! Why would I
think of your home? If you wanted me
to think of your home, you should have
said!

TRISTAN

A crazy lady was about to cut your heart out and you wanted me to give more specific instructions? I'll bear that in mind next time. What would you like? Do you want it in writing? A diagram, maybe?

The magnitude of what just happened hits Yvaine, and she starts to cry. Angry tears of fear and frustration.

YVAINE

Don't come on like the big selfless hero, Tristan! It's not like I was any use to you dead! I mean, happy birthday Victoria darling, I hope you'll accept this blood soaked carcass as a token of my -

Suddenly - out of nowhere - a COPPER NET falls onto them and they're dragged down through the clouds, out of shot.

83

EXT. SKY VESSEL - NIGHT.

83

Lying on a deck, trapped in the copper net, Tristan and Yvaine look up to see a dozen PIRATES staring down.

Behind them, other PIRATES haul in copper nets, full of glowing LIGHTNING. Muscling his way through is CAPTAIN SHAKESPEARE. Mid 40s, slickly dressed, built like a fridge. Definitely the daddy. A SKINNY PIRATE sneers.

SKINNY PIRATE

Look, Captain. Little bonus. Caught ourselves a couple of marshals.

CAPTAIN

Don't look like marshals to me.

SKINNY PIRATE

But they were right in the middle of the storm, Captain! Why else would anyone be up here during a storm?

CAPTAIN

Hmmm. Why would anyone be up here in a storm... Let's think.

(shouting)

Maybe for the same reason we are?

The pirates cower. The Captain prods Tristan with his foot.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Tristan and Yvaine cling together, too scared to speak. The skinny pirate, copying, prods Tristan with his foot too.

SKINNY PIRATE

Cat got yer tongue?

CAPTAIN

Fortunately for the birds, I ain't ever seen such a thing as a flying cat. Any of you seen any flying cats?

The other pirates shake their heads, clearly afraid of the captain. One VERY OLD PIRATE raises his hand. Several others elbow him nervously til he puts it down.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I reckon we can assume their tongues are still in place. For now. Let's see if a night in the brig will loosen their lips.

84

INT. THE BRIG - MINUTES LATER

84

In C.U., an old iron key. A hand removes it, leaving an open keyhole through which we spy: Tristan and Yvaine, tied together, back to back. We move through the hole.

YVAINE

They're going to kill us aren't they.

TRISTAN

Yvaine, I have to tell you something. I had a dream. A nightmare. Your mother... It was like she was showing me something. A terrible thing.

YVAINE

My mother?

TRISTAN

There was a girl. Long, dark hair. She fell. Just like you did. But they got her. The woman from the inn. Two others. And they, they...Cut her heart out. And ate it. It made them young.

Yvaine slumps forward and begins to sob.

YVAINE

My sister. She went missing 400 years ago. We never saw her again. Oh god... Mother... Hating earth... Always so afraid for us... Always so... And I never knew why. I never understood.

(smiling wanly)

(MORE)

YVAINE (CONT'D)

She used to chastise me for even looking at earth. I used to watch. Watch people having adventures. I envied them.

TRISTAN

Are you familiar with the saying: be careful what you wish for?

YVAINE

What, so ending up with my heart cut out, that'll serve me right, will it? Thanks.

TRISTAN

No! No. I didn't mean that at all. I admire you for dreaming. I'm ashamed to say I could never have imagined an adventure this big in order to wish for it. I just thought I'd find this lump of celestial rock, take it home, and that would be it.

YVAINE

And you got me. I am sorry, you know.

TRISTAN

Don't be. How else would a shop boy like me ever have had an adventure like this?

YVAINE

If there's one thing I learned in all my years watching earth, it's that people aren't what they may seem. There are shop boys, and there are boys who just happen to work in shops for the time being. And trust me, Tristan, you're no shop boy. You saved my life. Thank you.

She squeezes his hand. We see it is charred black from where he thrust it into the fire. Not wanting to spoil his newly heroic image, he silently grimaces in pain.

85

INT/EXT. PRIMUS'S COACH - NIGHT.

85

Primus's magnificent black carriage sweeps past the camera, apparently out of control, with no one driving.

Inside we find Lamia. Much older, and furious at being thwarted. She looks at her reflection in the window and looks away in disgust. Reluctantly, she uses her ring.

86 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - NIGHT.

86

We sweep past the animal cages, many empty. Mormo and Empusa stand by the mirror, talking to an angry Lamia.

EMPUSA

We have asked again. And the answer is the same: she is airborne.

LAMIA

Well she can't remain so forever. Inform me as soon as she touches ground. Immediately - do you understand?

MORMO

Watch your tongue, sister. It is you and not we who have lost her.

87 INT. THE BRIG - NIGHT.

87

Tristan and Yvaine are right where we left them.

YVAINE

Do you think someone is trying to tell us something?

TRISTAN

Like what?

YVAINE

I mean one way or another, we always seem to end up stuck together.

TRISTAN

What are you talking about, "someone"? What, cosmic messages? Destiny or fate or something? I don't believe in all that.

YVAINE

Really? Most people on earth do. It used to amuse me, how they look to the stars for answers about the future. Like we have any idea what will happen next! Imagine how boring it'd be for us to watch you if we did.

TRISTAN

People who want to know the future are usually ones who desperately want something they fear they'll never have.

YVAINE

And you claim not to be one of them?!
 (off his lack of response)
 Tell me about Victoria, then.

TRISTAN

There's not much more to tell you.

YVAINE

Because... The little I know about
 love is that it's unconditional. Not
 something you can buy.

TRISTAN

This wasn't about buying her love. It
 was a way to prove how I felt.

YVAINE

Ah... And what's she doing to prove
 how she feels about you?

Tristan puzzles this over for a moment.

TRISTAN

Look, Yvaine... You'll understand when
 you meet her. Providing we don't get
 murdered by pirates first.

YVAINE

Hmmm. Murdered by pirates. Heart torn
 out and eaten. Meet Victoria. Can't
 quite decide which sounds more fun.

88

EXT. CROSSROADS - DAWN.

88

Septimus arrives at the site where the inn stood to
 find Lamia's chariot, a dead goat, and the corpses of
 Bernard and Primus. It's pretty gruesome.

He kneels by Primus' body and shouts to his entourage.

SEPTIMUS

My brother is dead. It would seem that
 I am king.

The ghosts appear behind him.

PRIMUS

Not yet, brother.

SEPTIMUS

Ready the carriage. All that remains
 now is to find the stone.

LACKEY

Your brother does not have it?

Septimus shakes his head and starts back.

LACKEY (CONT'D)

You have checked thoroughly?

Septimus looks at the naked corpse and then - quizzical and irritated - back to the lackey.

The ghosts exchange looks of distaste. Eew.

Septimus steps over the body of Bernard - human and male again, and grotesquely squashed. He doesn't appear to have any legs.

As Septimus passes, Bernard's eyes SNAP open and his hand shoots out and grabs Septimus' ankle.

BERNARD

The man... your brother? I heard him speak of a stone. The girl had it.

A flash of shock and revulsion, and then Septimus reaches down and grabs the squashed boy by the collar.

SEPTIMUS

What girl?

BERNARD

I don't know. A girl. She got away. All of this - it was a trap set for her. Your brother just strayed into it, I swear.

SEPTIMUS

A trap set by who?

BERNARD

A woman you should pray you'll never meet.

SEPTIMUS

And this woman wanted my stone?

BERNARD

What? No. She wanted the girl's heart. She said the girl was a star. She wanted to cut out her heart and...

As Bernard trails off in disgust, a look of dawning comprehension spreads over Septimus' face, turning to sheer gleeful greed. He ends the sentence with relish.

SEPTIMUS

...Eat it.

He drops Bernard, thinks briefly, then grabs his collar again and begins dragging him towards the coach.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

You're coming with me. It's imperative
that I find her.

89 INT/EXT. PRIMUS' COACH - DAY. 89

Lamia's rides anxiously onwards.

The carriage drives along and the camera pulls further
and further back until we can see miles of road. And,
gaining on her in hot pursuit: Septimus' carriage.

90 INT/EXT. SEPTIMUS' CARRIAGE -- CONTINUOUS. 90

The carriage barrels through the countryside.

Inside, sitting with his lackeys and Bernard, Septimus
is delirious.

SEPTIMUS

(shouting up to the
driver)

Don't lose sight of those tracks!

(to himself)

Thank you, dear lady, whoever you may
be. Not only have you killed my
brother, but in pursuing the girl,
your coach tracks will lead me right
to her!

(to the lackeys)

Can you even begin to comprehend what
this means? Everlasting life! I will
be King forever! The last King of
Stormhold.

The ghosts react in abject disgust.

91 INT. BRIG - THE NEXT MORNING. 91

The Captain looms over his captives. He really is
scary.

CAPTAIN

Much as I'd like to make a day of it,
it's probably fair to tell you that
you could avoid a whole world of
nastiness by just telling me who you
are.

TRISTAN

I'm Tristan Thorne and this is my wife
Yvaine, and -

CAPTAIN

Your wife? Dear me. Far too young and pretty to belong to just one man. And how about telling me what you were doing on the mighty Captain Shakespeare's patch?

YVAINE

We didn't know it was your patch!

TRISTAN

We were lost!

CAPTAIN

Lost? The only people up here are people who want to catch lightning, or people who want to catch the people who catch it. If you like your facial features arranged the way they are currently, I suggest you start telling the truth.

TRISTAN

We are! We don't want your lightning, we don't want to arrest you, all we want is to go home to my village of Wall and -

CHING! The captain draws his CUTLASS.

CAPTAIN

Wall? That's one lie too many, my son.

TRISTAN

But, but, it's true! I was born there.

CAPTAIN

So if you're really from Wall, tell me this: who is Victoria's consort?

TRISTAN

(taken aback)

You... know Victoria?

(clearly the jig is up)

Okay. Point made. Me and Yvaine aren't really married. And yes, if I ever get home, I do hope to make Victoria my wife.

CAPTAIN

You hope to marry Queen Victoria?

TRISTAN

Ah, ah, Queen Victoria? In that case I mean... Prince Albert?

92 INT. BRIG - MINUTES LATER 92

Captain Shakespeare is holding Tristan by the ankles out of a porthole. We can hear Yvaine screaming.

CAPTAIN

No one tangles with Captain Shakespeare and lives! Prepare to meet your death!

93 EXT. DECK - CONTINUOUS. 93

The crew, ear-wiggling at the brig entrance, rush to the side of the deck.

We take a pirate's POV in this mad dash, arriving just in time to see the Captain's hands let go of Tristan's ankles, dropping him through the clouds to his doom.

Moments later, the Captain bursts onto the deck, dragging a struggling, shouting Yvaine behind him.

YVAINE

Brute! Murderer! Pig!

CAPTAIN

I'm taking the girl to my cabin. And mark my words: anyone who disturbs me for the next few hours will get the same treatment.

SKINNY PIRATE

(aghast)

What, you'll...?!

CAPTAIN

No! Idiot! I'll drop you to your doom.

SKINNY PIRATE

Oh, I see.

The captain hauls Yvaine to his cabin, throws her in.

94 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS. 94

Yvaine is thrown to the ground, still screaming. The door SLAMS behind her. She falls silent and gets up.

Sitting here is Tristan, wearing only his underpants.

The Captain fetches WINE and THREE GLASSES as he talks. His voice is now well-spoken and lighter - almost fey.

CAPTAIN

So that went well, I thought. There'll be a few pants in the wash tonight, I'll wager! Now, sit down and tell me news of my beloved England. I want to hear absolutely everything.

YVAINE

Just a second - I can't believe your crew fell for that. That dummy you made was abysmal.

CAPTAIN

(shrugging)

Works every time. An ounce of bargaining, a pinch of trickery and a soupcon of intimidation et voila - the recipe for a towering reputation without ever having to spill a drop of blood.

TRISTAN

And I can't understand how they're not going to recognize me among their number.

CAPTAIN

Tristan my boy, when I'm done, your own mother won't recognize you. Now, there's no time to waste, we have only two hours before we make port. First and foremost, we must find you some new clothes.

He throws open a pair of double doors to reveal a WALK-IN WARDROBE full of pirate-y FINERY, some displayed on dressmakers' mannequins. He rifles through a rail, selects an outrageous outfit and flings it at Tristan.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(to Yvaine)

Now you, darling. I have some lovely dresses. Take your pick.

He gestures to another rail, indeed full of GOWNS.

YVAINE

Why do I need a disguise?

CAPTAIN

Oh, you don't. I just love a makeover. Now, England, England. I want all the gossip. It's been so long.

The Captain helps Tristan with his shirt buttons.

TRISTAN

If you liked England so much, why come to Stormhold?

CAPTAIN

The qualities valued in Wall are not ones I had. No money. No looks. No skills... They used to tell me the pen was mightier than the sword. But honestly: which one would you rather have in a sword-fight? Wait, before you dress: Hair.

He steers Tristan - now in just shirt and pants - over to a chair and whisks out SCISSORS. He starts snipping.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I was nobody. A clerk. An office boy. Here I could become the man I wanted to be. Dress as I wished. Create a new identity. Learn new skills. It was a bit like going to university, but without all those dull lectures. And I emerged the infamous Captain Shakespeare. I even made the name up specially. Shake. Spear.

He makes scary throttling and stabbing motions. Tristan and Yvaine exchange doubtful looks.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

And mark my words: we shall do the same for you.

95 EXT. CLIFF-TOP PORT TOWN - DAY.

95

The sky-vessel has 'docked'. It floats in the air beside a high cliff-top, gangplank down. Nearby we see other docked sky-vessels and we hear the SHOUTS and bustle of typical rowdy port town activity.

Near the docks, we find an artfully camouflaged HUT.

96 INT. FERDINAND THE FENCE'S DODGY DEN - DAY.

96

A heavy wooden crate, blinding light bursting out from within as several of Captain Shakespeare's men struggle to nail the lid on it. The Captain and Yvaine look on, with another shady character, FERDINAND THE FENCE.

Behind them we see myriad stocks of magical objects, some of which we might recognize from the Market.

FERDY THE FENCE

And this is fresh?

Before the Captain can answer, who should walk in but Ditch-water Sal. Here for some shady wares, no doubt.

SAL

I wouldn't count on it.

CAPTAIN

Sal, you old hag! This lightning's far too good for the likes of those cheapskates at the Wall market.

They all laugh. Ferdy hands over a bag of COINS and the Captain leads his crew away.

97 EXT. SKY VESSEL DECK - MOMENTS LATER. 97

The crew pour up the gang plank behind the Captain and stop in surprise: A stranger in pirate gear lounges on deck, his feet up. He looks damn fine. He draws on a pipe and tries not to cough. He is, of course, Tristan.

TRISTAN

Ah, Captain Shakespeare. I've been expecting you.

A hearty handshake, then the Captain turns to his crew.

CAPTAIN

Meet my nephew: the fearsome buccaneer Tristan Thorne. He'll be joining us for the final week of our journey home.

(to Tristan, grinning)

I have the perfect gift to keep you amused on the way.

He pushes Yvaine towards Tristan and the crew laugh.

98 MONTAGE - ABOARD THE SKY VESSEL. 98

-- stunning views over Stormhold as the Captain teaches Tristan to sail the ship.

-- Dining with the crew, Tristan feeds Yvaine a mouthful of food, the first she's tasted. A joyful revelation.

-- The Captain coaches Tristan in sword-fighting.

-- The Captain teaches Yvaine to play the piano.

-- Tristan and Yvaine help trawl for lightning. In their first net: a fine, glowing haul. The crew applaud.

-- Tristan's sword fighting improves a little.

-- Yvaine stretches her leg: it seems to be healing.

-- Tristan helps Yvaine climb high into the rigging and they enjoy the wind rushing past and the glorious view.

-- Yvaine, helping the cook, secretly dips her finger into some stew, having found a liking for food.

99 INT. FERDINAND THE FENCE'S DODGY DEN - NIGHT. 99

Lamia menaces Ferdinand the Fence. We can't hear, but he's clearly giving clues to the ship's whereabouts.

100 EXT. SKY VESSEL DECK - DAY. 100

The Captain is coaching Tristan in sword-fighting.

CAPTAIN

Much better! Almost had me there.

TRISTAN

Captain, may I ask you something? This vessel... How high can it go? I mean, could you fly to, I don't know, the stars?

CAPTAIN

Why would anyone want to do that?

TRISTAN

Some people dream of travelling to space, don't they?

CAPTAIN

I do know one way you can get there. Well kept secret. Get a submission out of me now and I'll tell you it.

Eyes blazing with determination, Tristan launches into a sequence of artful attacks and parries, finally getting the better of the Captain.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Touche. I'm impressed. Okay...

(leaning in, whispering)

There's something called... A Babylon Candle.

TRISTAN

That was it?! I know THAT! How do you think we got onto a bloody cloud in the first place?!

CAPTAIN

You had a Babylon Candle? How on earth...? Do you have any idea how rare they are?

TRISTAN

I, I... No. It was a gift.

CAPTAIN

Really? Gosh. Incredibly hard to find. Very few ever made, you see. Wish we'd had this conversation earlier - the chap I just sold to, Ferdy the Fence? Once in a blue moon, he'll see one. Most of his clients trade at Scaithe's Ebb or the market near Wall. So you could ask around when you get there. But don't get your hopes up too high.

101 INT. FERDINAND THE FENCE'S DODGY DEN - DAY. 101

C.U. On Ferdy, who looks a bit glazed. Actually, he's dead. Septimus stands behind him, holding his bloodied sword at arms length toward one of his lackeys.

SEPTIMUS

Clean this for me.

He regards the late Ferdy with distaste.

SEPTIMUS (CONT'D)

Thoroughly.

102 MONTAGE - CONTINUED. 102

-- The vessel cruises through the sky.

-- A drunken night on deck. The pirates dance. The very old pirate tries to dance with Yvaine but Tristan picks him up and moves him aside and dances with her himself. Yvaine shimmers more brightly than ever.

-- Tristan watches the sun set, a new man. The vessel makes it's descent to land. Yvaine joins him and they share an almost-wistful smile.

103 EXT. A LAKE IN STORMHOLD - SUNSET. 103

The lake glitters. The airship makes splashdown. It's a spectacular sight.

104

EXT. GANGPLANK - CONTINUOUS.

104

The Captain hugs Yvaine. He hands Tristan a coin purse.

CAPTAIN

(pointing)

So there's the road you'll need for Wall. Good luck on your journey home, Yvaine, wherever that may be. And good luck to you, Tristan. With your Victoria.

TRISTAN

How can we ever thank you enough for your kindness?

CAPTAIN

Never mentioning my kindness in public ever again would be a good start. Oh, and Tristan...

He whispers something in Tristan's ear.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Just think about it.

(beat)

Well, give my regards to England. It was a pleasure to meet you both.

(shouting, in tough voice)

Mind you don't wear that wench out, Captain Tristan!

Tristan and Yvaine walk a little way down the dock.

YVAINE

What did he say to you?

TRISTAN

What did he say when?

YVAINE

Just then. When he whispered to you.

TRISTAN

Whispered? Oh. Uh... He just - He said I should use the money he gave me to buy you a new Babylon candle.

105

INT/EXT. PRIMUS' COACH - DAY.

105

The coach drives on. In the far distance, we see the lake, the sky-ship docked on it.

Inside, Lamia squirms anxiously. Only a little of her youth remains. SHOUTING from her ring makes her jump.

106 INT. WITCHES LAIR - DAY.

106

Lamia is in the mirror. Her sisters jostle excitedly.

EMPUSA

She has returned!

LAMIA

I know, damn it! I couldn't reach the lake in time.

MORMO

No matter - we have found her. She's on the road to the village of Wall.

LAMIA

(horrified)

And you speak as if this is good news?

MORMO

If you change course for Wall, you should arrive in time to intercept her.

LAMIA

And if I don't? Do I have to remind you that Wall is not part of Stormhold? Once she crosses that threshold into the human world, our star will become nothing more than a pitted lump of metallic rock.

EMPUSA

Then I suggest that you hurry up.

107 EXT. PRIMUS' COACH - DAY.

107

An invisible whip cracks. The horses speed to a gallop.

108 EXT. STORMHOLD COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

108

Tristan and Yvaine walk cautiously between a ditch and a hedgerow. From somewhere, we hear VOICES, getting louder.

With astounding speed, Tristan pushes Yvaine into the ditch, leaps in on top of her and pulls a bough from the hedgerow down over them.

They breathe loudly in the darkness, suddenly awkward at finding themselves in 'spoons' position, faces close. An unexpected electricity. Yvaine tries to diffuse it.

YVAINE

(whispering)

Are you trying to break my leg again?
It might be nice to have full mobility
for a bit longer, if that's okay by
you.

TRISTAN

(whispering)

I'm sorry. I just... We can't risk
people seeing you. I don't trust
anyone.

The voices remain distant but they continue to whisper.

YVAINE

But at this rate, if we keep
stopping... I mean, we've only got two
more days 'til Victoria's birthday.

TRISTAN

We'll make it. We're making good time.

As Yvaine goes to speak, the voices get louder. Tristan
touches a finger to her lips. They lie in silence as
the voices pass right above them, then begin to fade.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Leave it a minute.

They lie in silence a while longer. Then:

YVAINE

Aren't you tempted?

TRISTAN

Tempted by what?

YVAINE

Immortality. Say it wasn't my heart.
Not me. Just a star you didn't know.

TRISTAN

Do you seriously think I could kill
anybody? But even then. Everlasting
life? I imagine it would be sort of...
lonely.

There's a long silence. Tristan can't see the tears
welling in Yvaine's eyes. He's right. It is lonely.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Unless you had someone to share it
with. Someone you loved. I suppose
that would be different.

Silence. The voices nowhere to be heard.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

I think we're safe now. Shall we?

Tristan lets go of the branch and the daylight floods in. He climbs from the ditch and offers Yvaine his hand. She takes it.

109 EXT. SKY VESSEL - DECK - DAY. 109

The pirates are readying the vessel to leave again when they are ambushed by Septimus's men. A huge fight breaks out: the royal entourage versus the pirates.

110 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER. 110

Oblivious, the Captain emerges from his walk-in closet in a nice new outfit.

He is admiring himself in the mirror when the door is kicked open by Septimus, who slams it behind him and barrels over, pinning the Captain to the ground, a sword to his throat. The Captain's eyes widen in fear.

SEPTIMUS

My name is Prince Septimus. And you're going to tell me where I can find the girl I'm looking for.

111 EXT. A HILLTOP - DAY 111

Tristan and Yvaine stop at a road sign. It reads: WALL 60 MILES.

TRISTAN

Another three days, by my reckoning.

YVAINE

But we don't have three days. Victoria's birthday is the day after tomorrow.

TRISTAN

Well remembered.

They start to walk again, subdued.

112 EXT. SKY VESSEL - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY. 112

Septimus kneels over a battered-looking Captain, sword raised for the killer blow. The door flies open and the full pirate crew pile in.

Septimus runs for it, diving out through the porthole.

113 EXT. SKY VESSEL - DAY. 113

All of Septimus' men lie dead on deck.

By the gangplank, Bernard waits in the driver's seat of the carriage. A soaking Septimus leaps up beside him.

SEPTIMUS

Drive!

114 EXT. A DITCH - DAY. 114

Tristan and Yvaine are lying in another ditch, a branch drawn over them. We hear hooves approaching.

From their POV, we see Ditchwater Sal's yellow caravan. Yvaine squints curiously at it. Then something clicks.

YVAINE

Oh my god, Tristan! I recognize that woman! From when I went with the captain?

Tristan "Shhh"es her.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

(whispering urgently)

When he went to sell lightning to... what was his name? Ferdy the Fence? He said she traded at the market near Wall! We could hitch a lift!

TRISTAN

(forgetting to whisper)

Ferdy the Fence? Ferdy the Fence?!

He throws the branch aside, leaps up and shouts to Sal.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Stop!!!

Sal reacts in surprise, but stops the caravan. Tristan sprints over, closely followed by Yvaine.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me madam, but my name is Tristan Thorne, and -

As Tristan speaks, Sal's face clouds over with fury, and she leaps from her seat and points at his lapel.

SAL

Thief!

Sal's bird flies from it's perch and begins' to flap wildly, adding to the chaos as Sal screams.

SAL (CONT'D)

That's my flower! Eighteen years, I've been looking for that. Give it to me now!

TRISTAN

Give it to you? Never!

YVAINE

How dare you? That was a gift from his mother! Be gone, you foul old hag.

Sal blanks Yvaine and makes a grab for the flower. Tristan draws his sword, and she backs away, shocked.

SAL

Perhaps I was mistaken.

TRISTAN

It's obviously very valuable to you. And you can have it. In exchange for what I need: a Babylon candle.

YVAINE

And safe passage to wall.

SAL

What?! A Babylon candle? How dare you!? I don't deal in black magic!

TRISTAN

I think Ferdy the Fence might have something different to say about that.

SAL

He may do. And he may also be able to recommend someone else at the market who can sell you one.

TRISTAN

What about giving us a lift to wall, then?

SAL

Well why didn't you say so in the first place? For that flower I can offer you passage. Food and lodging on the way.

TRISTAN

Safe passage.

SAL

I swear you shall arrive at Wall in the same condition you are in now.

She spits in the dust and gestures for Tristan to do the same. He obliges. Sal mixes it with her bare foot.

YVAINE

That's disgusting.

Ignoring her, Sal holds out her hand for the flower. Tristan takes one last look and hands it over.

SAL

Do you have any idea what manner of thing it was that you had?

TRISTAN

Some kind of lucky charm?

SAL

A very lucky charm indeed. Protection. In fact, the exact thing that would have prevented me from doing this:

She touches Tristan's forehead and he turns into a MOUSE. Sal scoops him up into her hands.

Yvaine screams and runs at her, but it's as if a force-field prevents them from touching - thanks to Lamia's spell, Sal can't perceive her presence.

SAL (CONT'D)

Much better. My little caravan is far too small for regular passengers. But I'll keep my word: you shall not be harmed.

115

INT. CARAVAN - MOMENTS LATER.

115

Sal drops Tristan-the-mouse into a little cage. She throws in a handful of nuts after him.

SAL

Your food and lodging, just as I vowed.

She chuckles at her little joke and locks the cage with a key. Yvaine stands at the door, watching aghast.

YVAINE

Would I be correct in thinking that you can neither see nor hear me?

There is no reply as Sal walks towards her.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Then I'd like to tell you that you smell of pee. You look like the wrong end of a dog. And I swear that if I don't get my Tristan back, you'll regret it forever.

Sal passes her, smiling and oblivious.

116 INT. SKY VESSEL - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY.

116

The pirates are still in the doorway looking at the Captain, now standing up, though somewhat wobbly.

CAPTAIN

Get out! All of you!

SKINNY PIRATE

Did he hurt you Captain?

The Captain buries his head in his hands and shakes it in despair.

SKINNY PIRATE (CONT'D)

I'm sure your nephew and the girl will forgive you. I mean, you had no choice. He was going to -

CAPTAIN

(looking up, distraught)

It's not that. It's my... My... Reputation!

SKINNY PIRATE

No, no! Nonsense!

The other pirates join in, with sympathetic noises of protest.

VERY OLD PIRATE

It's alright Cap'n. We always knew you was a whoopsie.

The other pirates shhh him and elbow him sharply out of the way. They all beam at the Captain affectionately.

SKINNY PIRATE

You'll always be our Captain, Captain.

ALL PIRATES

Aye!

117

INT. CARAVAN - DAY.

117

Yvaine pokes her finger through the bars of the cage.
Tristan-the-mouse sniffs it and walks off.

YVAINE

Tristan. Tristan! If you can
understand me, look at me now.

He doesn't respond. She puts her head in her hands.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

I can't bear seeing you like this. I
mean, I know it's probably worse for
you. But I... Look, she's a witch, and
a witch's promise can't be broken. And
if she welshes on the deal, I'll
become her personal poltergeist until
she changes you back.

The mouse returns to the bars and stands. Yvaine smiles
until she realizes that he is actually looking past
her. Disappointed, she notes the real object of his
interest: a large wheel of CHEESE on a shelf.

He scuttles off and Yvaine slumps back, depressed.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

You really are a mouse now, aren't
you.

She breaks off a lump of cheese and begins to feed him.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

You know when I said I knew little
about love? That wasn't true. I know a
lot about love. I've seen it,
centuries and centuries of it, and it
was the only thing that made watching
your world bearable. All those wars.
Pain, lies, hate... It made me want to
turn away and never look down again.
But when I see the way that mankind
loves... You could search to the
furthest reaches of the universe and
never find anything more beautiful. So
yes, I know that love is
unconditional. But I also know that it
can be unpredictable, unexpected,
uncontrollable, unbearable and
strangely easy to mistake for
loathing, and... What I'm trying to
say, Tristan is... I think I love you.

The cheese has run out. The mouse sniffs Yvaine's
fingers. He pauses briefly and scuttles off.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Is this love, Tristan? I never imagined I'd know it for myself. My heart... It feels like my chest can barely contain it. Like it's trying to escape because it doesn't belong to me any more. It belongs to you. And if you wanted it, I'd wish for nothing in exchange - no gifts. No goods. No demonstrations of devotion. Nothing but knowing you loved me too. Just your heart, in exchange for mine.

The mouse scratches around, completely uninterested. Finally he scampers back to the bars to stare at the cheese. We track into the cheese and hear SNORING...

118 INT/EXT. CARAVAN - NIGHT. 118

...Pull back to reveal that Yvaine has gone and night has fallen. The mouse is asleep, as is a snoring Sal.

We jib up to see Yvaine lying awake, the bird asleep on her stomach. She stares up at the sky.

Our iconic shot, just blackness where she once was.

119 MONTAGE - JOURNEY THROUGH STORMHOLD 119

-- The yellow caravan travels through Stormhold.

-- Primus' Carriage - Lamia inside - barrels along.

-- Septimus rides his carriage, driven by Bernard.

120 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - NIGHT. 120

Mormo and Empusa talk excitedly to Lamia in the mirror.

MORMO

She's right on track.

LAMIA

And so am I, sister. So am I.

121 EXT. STORMHOLD MARKET TOWN - CARAVAN - DUSK. 121

The caravan has finally arrived. Sal is on the step with the cage. She unlocks it and frees the mouse.

SAL

The wall is one mile away. Though the walk may take you a little longer than normal. Transformation can leave your brain scrambled for a while, I'm told.

She touches her finger to the mouse's head and Tristan returns to his human form. Dazed, he falls down the steps. Yvaine rushes over, kneels protectively by him.

SAL (CONT'D)

There: safe and unharmed. Never let it be said that Ditch-water Sal is anything but true to her word.

TRISTAN

You wretched old...

Tristan stands unsteadily and goes to draw his sword, but falls over again. Sal chuckles some more.

SAL

I warned you. Save your strength.

He stands again and Sal blows him a kiss that seems literally to knock him backwards. Then she gets back on the caravan and drives away. Yvaine helps Tristan up.

YVAINE

I've been so worried about you.

She gives him a huge hug. He looks disoriented, weak.

TRISTAN

Victoria?

She lets go of him.

YVAINE

I think I preferred mother.

TRISTAN

Sorry. I'm feeling a little bit...

He falls down again. With a sigh of resignation, she places his arm around her shoulder and hoists him up.

YVAINE

Come on. There's an inn over there. Victoria's birthday's not 'til tomorrow. I think you need a bath and a good night's sleep before you present me to her.

They head for the Inn, with all the grace of parents competing in the three-legged race at sports day.

122 INT. INN - RECEPTION - NIGHT.

122

A RECEPTIONIST, elderly and grumpy, mans the desk. A fierce looking DOG sits beside him, growling.

YVAINE
Does your dog bite?

RECEPTIONIST
Only when I ask him to.

YVAINE
I see. We need a room for the night.
And a bath.

He rounds the desk and motions for them to follow, looking suspiciously at the staggering Tristan.

RECEPTIONIST
I'll bring the bath up. Though if it was me in that state, I'd favour a cold shower. And plenty of coffee.

123 INT/EXT. SEPTIMUS' CARRIAGE - NIGHT.

123

Septimus, riding beside Bernard, surveys the view. In the remote distance: the lights of the market town.

SEPTIMUS
My last night as a Prince. For tomorrow I shall be king. Forevermore.

Inside, sit the ghosts, weary but elated.

SECUNDUS
Unjust. But still. We'll be free.

QUARTUS
Liberated from these wretched bodies.

SEXTUS
Resting in eternal quietude.

QUINTUS
Anyone for a game of rock-paper-scissors?

124 INT. INN - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

124

Tristan lies snoring on the bed. Yvaine kneels beside him and whispers softly in his ear.

YVAINE
Tristan. Your bath's ready.

No response. He's comatose. She speaks louder.

YVAINE (CONT'D)
Lovely hot bath. All ready for you.

Still nothing. She shakes him gently. Then harder.

YVAINE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Tristan!
(off the total silence)
I'm getting used to these one sided
conversations. Come on, let's get you
in the bath.

Businesslike, she starts to undo his shirt, but stops, suddenly overwhelmed by a feeling unfamiliar to her. She blushes. Then she kisses him lightly on the lips. He sleeps on.

YVAINE (CONT'D)
Well, there's only one thing to be
done.

125 INT. INN - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

125

We cut to Yvaine disrobing. Then getting into the bath. She sighs happily and sinks into the steaming water.

TRISTAN
Excuse me, but I think you're in my
bath?

Yvaine wheels around to see Tristan. She screams.

YVAINE
Why, you - avert your eyes!

TRISTAN
I'm not looking! I'm not looking!

He covers his eyes and shuffles over with a towel.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
I feel like one of the blind mice.

She grabs the towel, climbs out and wraps it around her.

YVAINE
I promise you'll never be a mouse
again. Okay, you can open them now.

He opens his eyes. She looks beautiful.

TRISTAN

Did you really mean what you said in
the caravan?

YVAINE

What I... But, but you were a mouse!
You wanted cheese! You didn't... I
asked you to give me a sign if you
understood me!

TRISTAN

And risk you being too embarrassed to
keep saying all those nice things?

Yvaine covers her face, mortified.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to know what the Captain
really whispered to me?

She keeps her face covered but nods vigorously.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

He said my true love was in front of
my eyes... And he was right.

Yvaine brings her hands down, her face betraying that
she can hardly believe what she's hearing. Tristan
kisses her. And what a kiss it is.

Outside the window, we see the bright, full MOON in the
sky. Suddenly, a huge grey CLOUD drifts across it - and
the whole sky - like a curtain being drawn.

126 INT. INN - BEDROOM - DAWN.

126

Yvaine sleeps in Tristan's arms. He is awake, staring
at her with palpable disbelief at the situation.
Decisively, he gets up, dresses.

He looks at Yvaine, asleep. He draws his sword... and
cuts a lock of her hair. Wrapping it carefully in his
lace handkerchief, he hurries out.

127 INT. INN - RECEPTION - DAWN.

127

The receptionist is sprawled on a sofa, asleep with his
dog. Tristan clears his throat. The dog growls.

RECEPTIONIST

(eyes still shut)
What? What do you want?

TRISTAN

I'm so sorry, but I need a pen and paper.

RECEPTIONIST

Ask me again at a more reasonable hour.

TRISTAN

I can't. I must go. Look, if my friend wakes before I return please can you give her a message?

Reluctantly, the receptionist opens his eyes. He nods.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. The message is: I've gone to see Victoria to tell her that I'm sorry, but I've found my true love and I want to spend the rest of my life with her.

RECEPTIONIST

(shutting his eyes again)
Congratulations.

128 EXT. STORMHOLD MARKET TOWN - DAWN. 128

Tristan walks past the deserted stalls, past the yellow caravan - he nods to the bird - and into the forest.

129 EXT. THE WALL - MINUTES LATER. 129

Finally he reaches the wall. Tristan strides through the gap and pauses to take in the enormity of the moment: he's back in England. The old guard sits, asleep.

Tristan begins to make his way through the long grass.

GUARD

Tristan Thorne again. I can see you perfectly well, you know. I thought I'd made it rather clear that I won't have you sneaking past me.

Tristan turns back to face the guard. No longer an awkward boy; now a dashing and somewhat intimidating man.

TRISTAN

And you're doing a fine job.

And he walks away as the guard watches, slack-jawed.

130 EXT. WALL VILLAGE/THORNE HOUSE - DAWN. 130

Tristan walks through the deserted village to his house. Reaching his front door, he hesitates. Then he opens it.

131 INT. THORNE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS. 131

Mrs Thorne cooks breakfast. Tristan enters and she drops everything, runs over and hugs him joyfully.

MRS. THORNE
Tristan! You're alive! My goodness,
you're more than alive.

Indeed he is: he's a man. And he looks amazing.

MRS. THORNE (CONT'D)
I was so afraid that if you met your
mother, I'd never see you again.

He hugs her close again.

TRISTAN
I didn't meet her. But you're my
mother. And you always will be.

She starts to cry. Dunstan runs downstairs followed by Louisa and Benedict. They all join the hug.

DUNSTAN
Oh Tristan, I cursed myself for
lighting that damn thing. I never
dared to dream of this day.

Tristan pulls gently away from them.

TRISTAN
I have to go and see Victoria.

132 INT. INN - BEDROOM - DAY. 132

Yvaine stirs from her slumber. She turns over sleepily.

YVAINE
You know, that was the first time I've
ever slept at night. I can't believe
it.

She stretches happily until she feels that there is no one beside her. She sits up abruptly.

YVAINE (CONT'D)
Tristan?

133 INT. INN - RECEPTION - DAY. 133

The receptionist is drinking coffee. Yvaine runs in.

YVAINE

Have you seen my friend?

RECEPTIONIST

He left. Absurdly early. If it was me in that state, I'd favour a lie in.

YVAINE

He left?

RECEPTIONIST

Told me to tell you he's gone to see Victoria because he's sorry but he's found his true love and he wants to spend the rest of his life with her.

YVAINE

What? Are you sure?

RECEPTIONIST

Positive. I asked him to write it down, but he was in too much of a hurry.

134 EXT. STORMHOLD MARKET TOWN - MOMENTS LATER. 134

Yvaine dashes tearfully through the market on her way to Wall. A hive of activity as stall-holders set up their stalls for the day.

Yvaine passes the flower stall in front of the yellow caravan. The slave girl, released from her bird form for a day's work, looks up from arranging the glass flowers.

SLAVE GIRL

Hey... Hey! You! Stop! Wait!

Yvaine, not recognizing her in her human form, just smiles wanly. Tears stream down her face as she marches on to her unintentional suicide.

Concerned, the girl runs from behind the stall in pursuit. The chain stops her before she can catch up.

135 EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - DAY. 135

Tristan picks up a pebble to throw at the window, then drops it. Instead, he knocks boldly at the door.

136 INT/EXT. CARAVAN - DAY 136

The slave girl peeks in to see Sal, sound asleep.

She shuts the door and padlocks it before climbing into the driving position, and spurring the horses to go.

Inside, Ditchwater Sal falls from the bed to the floor.

137 EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - DAY. 137

Victoria opens the door and reacts in shock. She barely recognizes this handsome and confident young man.

TRISTAN
Happy birthday.

VICTORIA
Tristan?! What happened to you?

TRISTAN
I found the star.

VICTORIA
You found the star?!

138 EXT. THE WALL - DAY. 138

Yvaine gets closer and closer to the gap in the wall.

139 INT/EXT. SAL'S CARAVAN - DAY. 139

The slave girl thunders along in pursuit, as fast as the horse and caravan will go.

Inside, a furious Sal, in her nightgown, wrestles with the locked door and is repeatedly flung to the ground.

140 EXT. VICTORIA'S HOUSE - DAY. 140

Victoria excitedly grabs Tristan's hand.

VICTORIA
Oh Tristan, I can't believe you did it! Where's my star? Can I see it? Is it beautiful?

TRISTAN
The most beautiful thing in the world.

He takes the folded lace handkerchief from his pocket and hands it over. She stares at it, disappointed.

VICTORIA
It's awfully small.

TRISTAN
This is just a little piece. A token.
For your birthday. The rest of it I
love too much to part with.

VICTORIA
You...? But what about our agreement?

TRISTAN
Love isn't something you barter for,
Victoria. It doesn't have a price tag.
It isn't something to be bought or
traded.

Victoria is frantic. Tristan looks unbelievably hot,
has done the impossible for her and is now unavailable.
What girl could resist?

VICTORIA
So forget the star. Keep it. It's not
the star I want. You know what I want.

She gives him her most seductive look. It's a good one.
Getting no response, she drapes her arms around him.

TRISTAN
Yes. I do.

To our horror Tristan puts his arms around her too. He
leans her back in true romantic hero style, his lips
only inches from hers, seconds away from the moment
he'd so dearly wished for. Victoria closes her eyes.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
You want to grow up and get over
yourself.

Her eyes snap open and Tristan drops her.

Humphrey has arrived and has observed who knows how
much of this.

HUMPHREY
What on earth...?

TRISTAN
(to Humphrey)
All yours. You really do make a
perfect couple. The best of luck to
you both.

Even in the midst of this humiliating state of affairs,
Victoria can't resist the lure of material treasures.

Still sitting on the floor, she tears open the handkerchief and looks into it. Annoyed and tearful, she screws it up and tosses it to the ground.

VICTORIA

Why would I want that? Just a measly handful of Stardust.

Tristan regards her quizzically and picks up the handkerchief. He opens it slowly and stares inside to see... Dust. His triumphant mood turns to panic.

TRISTAN

Oh my god, Yvaine! I have to make sure she doesn't come into Wall!

And, leaving a confused Humphrey and Victoria behind, he bolts away, running as fast as he possibly can.

141 EXT. THE WALL - DAY.

141

Yvaine pauses by the gap in the wall, then walks on into England. While she is still in the gap itself, hands grab her from behind. She wheels round to find the Slave Girl.

SLAVE GIRL

Stop! If you go through, you'll die.

YVAINE

What? Who are you?

SLAVE GIRL

You knew me as Ditch-water Sal's bird. This is my true form. But please, listen: if you set foot on human soil, you'll turn to rock. You must believe me.

YVAINE

Perhaps that wouldn't be so bad. At least if my heart were made of rock it wouldn't hurt the way it does now.

Before the girl can respond, she is thrown to the ground.

A livid Sal smashes through the locked door of the caravan and is tugging on the chain. She tugs some more, dragging the girl across the grass towards her.

SAL

Wretched slattern! Where have you taken me? What do you mean by leaving the stall unattended? You'll pay dearly for this!

Yvaine runs over and grabs the girl's hands.

YVAINE
Leave her alone!

The old guard peeks over the wall, watching. Horrified.

142 EXT. FIELD NEAR THE WALL - DAY. 142

Tristan runs. Faster than he's ever run before.

TRISTAN
Yvaine!

143 EXT. THE WALL - DAY. 143

A CLATTER OF HOOVES interrupts the tug-of-war. Primus' carriage arrives, mysteriously without a driver. The door opens and Lamia climbs out. Sal drops the chain in shock.

LAMIA
(to Yvaine)
Planning to enter Wall, were you? If death is what you wish, my dear, I'd be more than happy to assist you.

SAL
Are you talking to me?

LAMIA
Ah. You. Small world. You don't recall our meeting of course. Anyhow, no, I wasn't. I was talking to the star.

SAL
What star? My slave girl is no star - any fool can see that. If she was, I'd have had the heart out of her chest a long time ago, trust me.

The witch smiles.

LAMIA
Trust you? Not a mistake I'd be likely to make again. What's it to be, Ditch-water Sal. Heads or tails?

SAL
Pardon?

LAMIA
I think I remember you always liked "heads".

Lamia seems almost to grow in size as she squares up to Sal. She clicks her fingers and suddenly, Sal's head VANISHES. No blood - it's just gone.

A pause and then, like the proverbial chicken, headless Sal starts to run around madly, banging into the caravan and several trees. Finally, she stumbles and doesn't get up. Then, a puff of SMOKE. And she's gone.

Instantaneously, the chain leading from the Slave Girl to the caravan turns to a mercury-like liquid, splashing onto the ground. Free at last. But perhaps not for long.

Yvaine and the girl cling together.

LAMIA (CONT'D)
 (to Yvaine)
 Time to go.

SLAVE GIRL
 She's not going anywhere!

LAMIA
 I think you'll find she is. It's alright, you can come too. Looks like you're out of a job, and my sisters could use some domestic help.

She points her bony fingers at them and two lengths of the now-familiar mercury CHAIN fly from her hand, wrapping themselves around the women's wrists.

They scream as Lamia ties the loose ends to the carriage and climbs into driving position.

LAMIA (CONT'D)
 You can travel in the carriage, or be dragged behind it. Your choice.

Whimpering, the pair climb in and shut the door. A crack of Lamia's whip and they're off.

But there's another thunder of HOOVES: as Septimus arrives at a gallop, too late. He slows, cries out in frustration and protest, and charges off in pursuit.

144 EXT. WALL - WALL SIDE - DAY.

144

Tristan, panting, arrives at the wall. Besides him he now notices, cowering, the very confused old Guard. The guard motions for him to enter the gap.

GUARD

Be my guest. I quit. Eighty years I stopped you people going out and I didn't even know what was over there. Never crossed my mind that what I should have been worrying about was those Stormhold people coming in.

TRISTAN

What happened?

145 EXT. WALL - STORMHOLD SIDE - MOMENTS LATER. 145

The former scene of the drama, deserted. The yellow caravan stands alone. We hear an anguished cry.

TRISTAN (O.S.)

NO!

Moments later, Tristan runs through the gap. Desperate, he scrabbles to unhitch Sal's horse. And with the greatest urgency of his life, he rides away.

146 EXT. WITCHES LAIR - DAY. 146

The carriage pulls up. Mormo and Empusa hobble out excitedly. Lamia drags her two grim-faced captives from the carriage, still clinging together.

EMPUSA

The star!

MORMO

And who else?

LAMIA

A slave for us. It'll be nice to have someone to help mop up when we've finished with our little guest.

EMPUSA

Good work, sister. And just in time too, I see: you look awful!

They all laugh. Soon they'll be young and lovely again.

147 EXT. STORMHOLD LANDSCAPE - DAY. 147

Tristan - riding for his life. Or rather, Yvaine's.

148 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - DAY. 148

Mormo pushes the fearful Slave Girl towards the filthy stove and thrusts an old dish rag into her hand.

Empusa ties a stoic Yvaine to their now-familiar table. We may notice that even in the dim light here, Yvaine seems not be shimmering at all any more.

149 EXT. NEAR THE WITCHES' LAIR - DAY. 149

With relief, Tristan spots the cave mouth, no more than 800 metres away. But he is nearly thrown from his horse when it goes from full gallop to an obstinate stop.

He recovers and urges it on, but, ominously, the horse refuses to go any closer. Tristan dismounts and, breathless, begins to make the remainder of his journey on foot, as fast as he can run.

150 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - DAY. 150

Lamia sharpens her horrible knives.

151 EXT. WITCHES' LAIR - DAY. 151

Spotting a window, Tristan crawls through some bushes to get a better vantage point into the lair.

He is interrupted by a DAGGER at his neck. He turns to find Septimus.

SEPTIMUS

Who are you? What business do you have here?

TRISTAN

(a flash of recognition)
Septimus. I knew your brother, Primus.

SEPTIMUS

And unless you wish to renew your acquaintance with him in the afterlife, I suggest you answer my question. What are you doing here?

The camera jibs down to reveal: Tristan's sword is drawn, and he's holding it to Septimus' belly.

TRISTAN

I might ask you the same thing.

152 INT/EXT. WITCHES' LAIR - DAY. 152

THROUGH A WINDOW

Mormo watches the Slave Girl sweep.

Empusa and Lamia gesture over Yvaine, clearly arguing.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Septimus and Tristan duck down. They begin to creep away from the window and closer to the entrance.

SEPTIMUS

Just as I said: four of them. Do as I say and we may stand a chance.

TRISTAN

How do I know you can be trusted?

SEPTIMUS

You don't. But what other hope do you have? Now listen:

153 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - SEPTIMUS'S FANTASY PLAN 153

As Septimus talks through his plan, we see an idealized reality in which it takes place, executed to perfection.

SEPTIMUS (V.O.)

We enter, taking them by surprise. I go to the left...

Septimus and Tristan burst heroically in, swords aloft.

In the kitchen area, he fells Mormo and the Slave Girl with two neat swipes of his sword.

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

...And you go to the right.

By the table, Tristan spears Empusa immediately. Lamia comes at him with her knife, but he takes her down, too.

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

Then you get your little star...

Tristan releases Yvaine. She hugs him happily.

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

...And I get my stone.

Yvaine offers up the stone on her belt and Septimus takes it. The belt breaks magically, and Septimus holds the stone nobly aloft. In his hand it TURNS BLUE once more, glowing brightly. Tristan and Yvaine bow to him.

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

Got it? Good.

154

INT/EXT. WITCHES' LAIR - DAY.

154

Tristan and Septimus stand either side of the entrance, swords drawn. Septimus's is far larger and more impressive than Tristan's. He gestures at Tristan's.

SEPTIMUS

I hope you can use that thing.

TRISTAN

So do I.

Septimus gives the nod. With a battle cry, they run in.

SEPTIMUS

Running left, towards Mormo and the Slave Girl.

TRISTAN

Still at the entrance, standing frozen. Overcome by fear.

THE GHOSTLY BROTHERS

Are here, watching the proceedings with baited breath, as they do throughout. Looking not unlike decomposing spectators at a sporting event.

SEPTIMUS' SWORD

Poised to strike the Slave Girl, whose back is to him. She turns, arms raised protectively. Their eyes meet. Septimus lowers his sword, bewildered.

SEPTIMUS

Una? It can't be...

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

Septimus?!

A FLAMETHROWER

Aimed at Septimus. Or that's what it looks like. Though the fire is, in fact, coming from Mormo's fingertips.

Septimus strikes Mormo with his sword. She doesn't seem particularly troubled by it. Battle commences.

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

Terrified, makes a break for it, running for the exit.

OVER BY THE TABLE

Yvaine struggles to see what is going on. Empusa and Lamia seem oddly unbothered. Lamia moves calmly to the corner and begins doing something. We can't see what.

TRISTAN

Stands by the entrance, still frozen, watching in horror.

MORMO'S HAND

Strikes Septimus's face. It SIZZLES and SMOKES, and he crumples, dropping his sword to clutch his burnt cheek.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE LAIR

The Slave Girl/Una sees Tristan and stops running.

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)
(CONT'D)

Tristan?

Afraid that she's a witch, Tristan shields himself. Una grabs his hands and gently lowers them.

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)
(CONT'D)

Tristan, I'm your mother.

He knows she is telling the truth. They hug fiercely.

BACK IN THE KITCHEN AREA

Septimus runs at Mormo and tackles her, grabbing her around the middle. He leaps away abruptly, in pain.

He stumbles back, staring at his burnt hands. He pats frantically at his shirtsleeves, which are ON FIRE.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE LAIR

Tristan and his mother hold one another by the arms in urgent debate.

TRISTAN

I can't! I thought I could, but I can't!

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

You can! And you must! My brother is
no match for these women! If you truly
love her, go!

SEPTIMUS

Picks up his sword again, his shirt still smoking.

OVER BY THE TABLE

Empusa moves to intervene. Lamia looks up from her
secret preparations and gestures for her not to.

A RUSH OF FLAMES

From Mormo's fingers. And Septimus is alight again.

BACK OUTSIDE

Tristan and his mother watch in dismay.

TRISTAN

I love her more than anything!

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

Then you have to get in there! Now!

SEPTIMUS

His shirt alight again, rushes at Mormo with his sword
drawn. So swiftly that we barely see it, he SKEWERS her
through the middle. She falls to the ground.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE LAIR.

A spark of hope for Tristan and his mother, but her
sense of urgency does not diminish. She shakes him.

SLAVE GIRL (CONT'D)

I know my brother: he won't save her,
Tristan. He cares only for the stone.
And believe me, if he had the first
inkling of what she is, he'd eat her
heart in a moment.

A panic-stricken look on Tristan's face as he
recalls...

155 INT. WITCHES' LAIR - SEPTIMUS'S FANTASY PLAN REDUX

155

The final, joyful scene from the plan replays, with
Yvaine and Tristan hugging as Septimus holds his stone.

SEPTIMUS (V.O.)

Then you get your little star...

Abruptly, the mood changes. An evil grin crosses the imaginary Septimus's lips as he turns on the pair, pushing Yvaine to the ground, raising a dagger high and bringing it down towards her chest...

156

INT/EXT. WITCHES' LAIR - NIGHT.

156

Back to reality, as a haunted-looking Tristan turns to his mother. Realizing that he must summon his courage.

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

Be the man that I know you are.

Tristan hugs his mother. Then he holds his sword high and charges in. Nobody notices. He stops, surveys the scene.

THE GHOSTS

Have seen something. As one, their eyes move away from Septimus and the fallen Mormo... To Lamia.

LAMIA

Smiles calmly, her preparations made. She takes a few steps towards Septimus. There's something in her hand.

SEPTIMUS

Patting down his still-smoking shirt. A few small flames still dance on it. Then he holds his sword high, ready for her. And walks on.

A CLAY DOLL

In Lamia's hand. Swiftly, she snaps its right arm.

SEPTIMUS

His sword CLANGS to the ground. He looks down in dismay at his arm: hanging by his side, useless and limp.

A CHANNEL OF WATER THAT RUNS THROUGH THE LAIR

With a sly look, Lamia holds the doll over the water.

LAMIA

Let's put those flames out, shall we?

SEPTIMUS

No! Not water! I beg of you! No!

THE DOLL

Drops from Lamia's fingers and into the flowing channel. It vanishes beneath the surface.

THE REACTIONS OF THOSE ASSEMBLED

The ghosts, Yvaine, Tristan and his mother - wide-eyed.

Lamia and Empusa, amused.

SEPTIMUS

Rising a couple of feet off the floor. Floating, in fact. Panic in his eyes, his mouth silently opening and closing like a fish, clothes dark and wet, and his hair drifting eerily. He struggles, his limbs moving slowly, heavily, as if underwater. And then no more.

THE GHOSTS

Look at one another. Suddenly, Septimus appears beside them. Coughing and dripping wet. His brothers guffaw.

LAMIA AND EMPUSA

Finally notice Tristan. They laugh at the sight of this foolhardy boy. Is he kidding? Lamia nods for Empusa to deal with him.

YVAINE

Her eyes light up and we see her begin to shimmer again - weakly - tiny, fizzling sparks glowing around her.

SEPTIMUS' COOL SWORD

Lies discarded, where it skittered away, by the animal cages. Tristan picks it up and watches Empusa approach.

THE ANIMAL CAGES

Ill-fated beasts peer from behind the bars.

TRISTAN

Doesn't take his eyes off the approaching Empusa as he skillfully uses his sword to break the locks. CHING CHING CHING CHING.

A thunderous stampede: dozens of sharp-toothed STOATS, a vast monitor LIZARD, several nasty-looking WILD BOARS and various other fierce, doomed creatures swarm on to Empusa. She is knocked from her feet and vanishes from view, screaming, beneath a whirl of claws and teeth.

LAMIA

Reacts with muted fury. She points her finger at the heap of animals and - POOF - they're gone, fried, along with the late Empusa. Leaving only a wisp of smoke and an unpleasant stain on the floor.

A HIDEOUS BATTLE

Commences between Tristan and Empusa - swordsmanship versus magic. We can't help but wonder why she doesn't just fry him, and maybe she will - perhaps she just wants to put him through the wringer first.

Yvaine screams in protest throughout. Tristan fights bravely but he's no match for Lamia - not even close.

Just as it looks like the end, with Tristan on the floor, beaten to exhaustion, Lamia stops. Her demeanor suggests a sudden hopelessness. She steps away.

LAMIA

Youth, beauty... It all seems meaningless now. My sisters are dead. Everything I cared about, gone.

Tristan, the ghosts, Una and Yvaine watch, stunned, as she walks to the table and SLICES through Yvaine ropes.

Yvaine leaps from the table and runs into Tristan's arms. Her shimmering grows stronger, brighter, as they embrace.

LAMIA (CONT'D)

I owe you thanks, boy... What use was her heart to me when it was broken?

Lamia outstretches her arms and points at the windows.

BLACK GLASS SHUTTERS OVER THE WINDOWS AND ENTRANCE

Slam shut. BANG BANG BANG. The lair darkens ominously.

LAMIA

Fetches her fearsome knife and walks towards them.

YVAINE

Close your eyes and hold me tight.

TRISTAN

What are you going to do?

YVAINE

What is it a star does better than anyone else?

TRISTAN

Complain? Argue?

YVAINE

Shine.

Yvaine smiles. Closes her eyes. And then, she SHINES. Glowing at first, then burning white, radiating heat and light until the white corona coming from her fills the room, light bouncing off every black glass surface.

Lamia shrieks, frozen in the blinding light. She is INCINERATED. One minute she's there, the next, vaporized.

Tristan and Yvaine blink as the light fades. They kiss.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

I couldn't have done that without you.
No star can shine with a broken heart.
I thought I'd lost you. But you came
back.

TRISTAN

Of course I did. I love you.

They kiss again. Tristan notices, lying by their feet, Yvaine's BELT, melted in the heat. And beside it, THE MOONSTONE. He bends to pick it up.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)

Don't forget this.

As Tristan holds it in his hand, it turns BLUE. Becomes a Sapphire once more. They stare at it in wonderment.

Una has walked closer to them. She is the only one not looking surprised.

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

The last surviving male heir of the
Stormhold bloodline. It's you,
Tristan.

THE GHOSTS

Exchange looks.

QUARTUS

But if he's the new king of Stormhold,
then surely -

Before he can finish, all seven of them are suddenly engulfed in a shaft of soft white light, lifted from where they stand by unseen forces, and whisked upwards - WHOOMP - with expressions of total surprise. Gone.

THE SAPPHIRE

Sparkles in Tristan's hand as we track in...

157

EXT. STORMHOLD PALACE - NIGHT.

157

...And out again. The Sapphire is back in it's rightful place: on the royal scepter. Tristan sits on a throne beside Yvaine. A NEW BISHOP holds a grand crown.

Una, Dunstan, Mrs. Thorne and Tristan's brother and sister watch proudly.

IN THE CROWD

Victoria and Humphrey crane to see, jostled uncomfortably by the unicorn and crowds of odd-looking Stormhold folk, including the pirates, a proudly beaming Captain and limbless Bernard in a special wheeled contraption that accidentally runs over Humphrey's foot.

THE MOST AMAZING NIGHT SKY WE'VE EVER SEEN

Twinkles above them. It's as if all the stars have come out to watch the coronation.

YVAINE

That'll give the astronomers something to worry about.

The Bishop steps closer: it's time.

BISHOP

I crown thee, King Tristan of Stormhold!

He places the crown on Tristan's head. Tristan stands. The crowd go wild. He sits back down and kisses Yvaine.

Una leans in to hand Yvaine a beautiful LACQUERED BOX.

SLAVE GIRL (UNA)

My gift to you. To you both.

Yvaine opens the box and peeks in. We can't see what's inside, but it makes her smile.

YVAINE

Thank you.

We close in on the box as we hear:

TRISTAN (V.O.)

So you see, you may be of the royal Stormhold bloodline, my children, but your heritage is an unconventional one.

158 EXT. KING'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

158

Tristan is now an old man, lying in his death bed. Yvaine, who has not aged at all, holds his hand. He is surrounded by five handsome men and two pretty women - his children - listening in rapt attention.

When he speaks, we realise that he was the narrator we heard at the beginning of the film.

OLD TRISTAN

The blood of humans, and of the moon herself, runs in your veins. And you have done every one of your ancestors proud by discontinuing the, uh, traditions associated with succession to the throne.

YVAINE

What your dad is trying to say is: well done for not killing each other.

OLD TRISTAN

I'm very proud. Now, this time, we're going to try it my way. Whichever of you is the next to hold the Stormhold sapphire shall be the next King -

YVAINE

Or queen.

OLD TRISTAN

Or queen. Of Stormhold. Good luck.

He takes the sapphire from the scepter and it floats in front of him. This time, it turns into a PEARL.

YVAINE

Low. Low. Aim low.

Tristan nods his accord. And - WHOOSH - the pearl flies out of the window.

159 EXT. STORMHOLD LANDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

159

We follow the pearl's trajectory as it flies low over the countryside... and plunges into the OCEAN.

160 INT/EXT. KING'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

160

The light in Tristan's eyes fades, and he smiles.

OLD TRISTAN

I love you all so much.

He closes his eyes and then - still smiling - he's gone. Some of Tristan's sons and daughters hold back tears and give one another comforting hugs.

YVAINE

You mustn't be sad. Never be sad.
We'll watch over you, always.

Yvaine climbs onto the bed beside Tristan and reaches for THE LACQUERED BOX. She opens it and brings out Una's gift: a BABYLON CANDLE.

YVAINE (CONT'D)

Does anyone have a light?

One of their children brings out a box of matches. A match is struck. Yvaine takes it, holds tightly to Tristan, and touches it to the candle.

A huge WHOOSH. And they're gone.

BEYOND THE WINDOW

We see our iconic shot of the night sky. Where there used to be one unique star, now there are two.

TRISTAN (V.O.)

And we really did live happily ever
after.

FADE TO BLACK.