

The Legend of Aramelle

written by

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PERSEPHONE: And so it was that the Princess ran away from the wrath of the birds...

WITCH PRINCESS: I don't think the glass can take much more weight...

F/X: GLASS SMASHES, BIRDS FLY IN.

ARAMELLE: They're in! RUN!

F/X: THE THREE OF THEM RUN OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR, CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND THEM, BIRDS CAN STILL BE HEARD THROUGH THE DOOR.

WITCH PRINCESS: (out of breath) Maybe I should just turn them back.

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS CLAPS HER HANDS TWICE.

F/X: THE SOUND OF BIRDS GETS QUIETER.

WITCH PRINCESS: We should be able to go back in to the vault now.

F/X: THEY OPEN THE DOOR.

F/X: SHOUTS OF CREW AND THE REMAINING REAL BIRDS.

WITCH PRINCESS: Ah. I forgot about the real birds.

2 INT. THRONE ROOM - KING GIDEON'S LANDS

2

PERSEPHONE: While the Princess wrangled birds by the ocean, in the landlocked kingdom she had ran from, plans were being made.

KING GIDEON: So we know where she didn't go. Can anyone tell me where she did go?

BARRY: My lord, she went to sea. The Western sea.

KING GIDEON: And you can't track her there because...?

BARRY: Well, my lord, it's...the sea...it's really big.

KING GIDEON: So you can't track her?

BARRY: We may be able to if we get help from a seafaring kingdom. Such as Giant Country, my lord.

KING GIDEON: Why would the giants help us?

BARRY: Well, helping a royal of a neighbouring kingdom is the only way they are able to revoke the act of Shayla and gain more land without another war.
Sir.

3 INT. WITCH PRINCESS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

3

WITCH PRINCESS: Right, I think your crew can handle loosing the real birds, now. Shall we go on through?

ARAMELLE: Yes, of course. Clive!

CLIVE: Captain?

ARAMELLE: Why are you calling me Captain?

CLIVE: You have the hat. Captain Princess. And I can't find Captain Liam.

ARAMELLE: Ah, right. I'm sure he's here somewhere. Maybe he's...hidden under birds...Loose the real birds back out the windows please.

CLIVE: Aye!

F/X: VAULT DOOR OPENING.

WITCH PRINCESS: In here!

4 INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

4

F/X: BIRDS AND CLANKING OF ARMOUR IN DISTANCE.

WITCH PRINCESS: Now (BEAT) behold!

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS PULLS CURTAIN ASIDE.

WITCH PRINCESS: My Crown Jewels!

F/X: SUITS OF ARMOUR FOOTSTEPS GETTING LOUDER AND CLOSER.

ARAMELLE: Oh. (BEAT) They look just like the ones in my father's castle. That's rather disappointing.

WITCH PRINCESS: Yes, one crown is much like the other. You probably don't have this though.

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS PICKS UP JEWEL.

ARAMELLE: No. What is that?

ORSON: And how is it so blue?

WITCH PRINCESS: This, I believe, is what your crew want to take. It's what everyone wants to take. Catch it.

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS THROWS JEWEL TO ARAMELLE WHO CATCHES IT.

ORSON: Can anyone else hear that clanking?

WITCH PRINCESS: That's just my advanced guard. Here, I'll stop them.

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS CLAPS HANDS TWICE. CLANKING CONTINUES.

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS TRIES AGAIN. CLANKING CONTINUES.

ORSON: They're coming round that corner.

WITCH PRINCESS: Why aren't they stopping?

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS CLAPS HANDS TWICE ONE MORE TIME.

ORSON: I don't suppose you've got a sword do you? I could defend us with a sword, only mine got confiscated.

ARAMELLE: They're surrounding us!

WITCH PRINCESS: Here, move back against the wall!

F/X: CLANKING GETS LOUDER THEN STOPS.

ARAMELLE: Why have they stopped?

F/X: ARMOUR UNSHEATHING SWORDS.

WITCH PRINCESS: They're getting their swords out! (BEAT) Oh no! I know what happened! (BEAT) DUCK!

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE. ARMOUR TURNING AND STRIKING AGAIN.

WITCH PRINCESS: Stay low. Crawl over here. Where's my guard with the wool of bat!?

ARAMELLE: Why aren't they obeying you?

WITCH PRINCESS: The spell you read out. It was a turncoat spell. You set them against us and I have no Wool of bat left to change it back. You used up the last!

F/X: ORSON IS FIGHTING ARMOUR TO TRY AND GET A SWORD.

ARAMELLE: Orson! What are you doing? Get down!

ORSON: If..I can just...get...this armour...to let go of the sword....then I have a sword again!

ARAMELLE: Orson, don't fight the magic armour for a sword!

F/X: ORSON GRABS SWORD FROM ARMOUR.

ORSON: I've got it!

ARAMELLE: Good! Now, get down!

F/X: ORSON GETS DOWN ON THE FLOOR.

ORSON: I feel much safer with a sword.

WITCH PRINCESS: What happened to yours? Not much of a knight without a sword, are you?

ARAMELLE: The captain hid it somewhere on the ship. We can't find where.

F/X: SUITS OF ARMOUR TURNING.

WITCH PRINCESS: Stay low! They can't really bend because their knees are made of metal.

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE, TURNING OF ARMOUR.

WITCH PRINCESS: I should probably tell you what the jewel is for. Why your captain wants it.

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE, TURNING OF ARMOUR.

ARAMELLE: Are you going to? Or are you just going to tell us that you should?

WITCH PRINCESS: It's a map.

ORSON: How is a jewel a map?

WITCH PRINCESS: Well, (BEAT) I don't actually know. I just know it is a map. It's a puzzle, you see.

(MORE)

You have to unlock it and it will show you the Cobalt Mountains. (BEAT) I spent ages trying to work out the puzzle when I was younger.

ARAMELLE: But you never did?

ORSON: Who needs a map of the Cobalt Mountains? There's nothing up there!

WITCH PRINCESS: More importantly, why does your captain want one?

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE, TURNING OF ARMOUR.

WITCH PRINCESS: The only thing that I know of up there is the Mountain prison. He could be planning a jailbreak?

ORSON: Or he could be planning to put someone in there?

WITCH PRINCESS: Either way he doesn't sound trustworthy.

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE, TURNING OF ARMOUR.

ORSON: Princess! Look out!

F/X: ORSON HITS SWORD AT ARMOUR.

ARAMELLE: Thanks, Orson. That nearly hit me.

WITCH PRINCESS: If I could just get some wool of bat!

F/X: GUARD ENTERS.

GUARD: My lady? Why are you crawling on the floor?

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE, TURNING OF ARMOUR.

WITCH PRINCESS: Because of the advanced guard! Get down!

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS PULLS GUARD TO THE FLOOR.

F/X: SWORD HITTING STONE, TURNING OF ARMOUR.

GUARD: I got the wool of bat you wanted.

ARAMELLE: Oh, so that's why you're bleeding.

GUARD: Yes.

WITCH PRINCESS: Perfect. Give it to me. Did it bite you?

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS CLAPS HANDS TWICE. ARMOUR STOPS.

GUARD: No, it just scratched me and screeched in my ears.
I can't really hear.

WITCH PRINCESS: I'll make you an ointment.

GUARD: A what?

WITCH PRINCESS: An ointment! (BEAT) Come on, let's get your crew, Aramelle.

F/X: THEY LEAVE THE VAULT.

5 **INT. WITCH PRINCESS'S CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS**

5

F/X: LAST FEW BIRDS SQUAWKING. CREW LOOSING THEM OUT THE WINDOWS.

ARAMELLE: Clive, where is the captain? I need to give him the hat back.

CLIVE: The captain? Well Captain Liam didn't turn back...

F/X: CAPTAIN SQUAWKS.

ARAMELLE: That's the captain?

F/X: CAPTAIN SQUAWKS.

WITCH PRINCESS: Really? There's no reason why he shouldn't have done. Ah! Wait! I did the spell with the remnants of the wool of bat, rather than this wool of bat. I'll turn him back now.

ORSON: Wait, no!

ARAMELLE: Why not?

ORSON: Remember what was said in the vault? About why he might want a map?

ARAMELLE: Right! We keep him as a bird, until we know the plan. Good thinking.

WITCH PRINCESS: I'll just give you this.

F/X: WITCH PRINCESS RIPS PAGE OUT OF BOOK.

ARAMELLE: What did you rip the page for?

WITCH PRINCESS: This is the spell you need to turn your captain back from a bird. I advise that when you do, Aramelle, you restrain him first. There's a reason he wants this jewel and I don't think it's in your best interests.

ARAMELLE: He can still understand us, you know. We figured that out.

WITCH PRINCESS: Yes, but for now, he's just a bird, so who cares? Turn him back when you need answers. I would strongly advise you don't do it before. And maybe keep him in a cage. Oh, and one more thing.

(MORE)

You want Wool of Bat to turn him back. I'd give you mine, but it's mine. Best place to get it if you can't get it from the bat itself, is the Potion Man.

ARAMELLE: Thank you.

CLIVE: Well, that's the last of the birds freed. The real birds I mean. What shall I do with Captain Liam, Princess?

F/X: CAPTAIN SQUAWKS.

ARAMELLE: Um, I saw an old birdcage on the ship. We'll put him in there?

CLIVE: Yes, princess.

WITCH PRINCESS: Oh, Aramelle? Just before you go. I am duty bound to warn you that if you continue north, you will reach Giant Country.

ARAMELLE: Ah.

WITCH PRINCESS: Of course, whether you listen is up to you, but there's the peace treaty...

ARAMELLE: And if I step foot in Giant Country I break it, yes.

ORSON: I've been through Giant Country before and I didn't break the peace treaty.

ARAMELLE: You're not royal, Orson. If anyone royal enters Giant Country, the treaty is broken and the giants would be allowed to restart the war..

ORSON: Could we just go in the other direction?

ARAMELLE: That's back towards my father's kingdom.

WITCH PRINCESS: Technically, the peace treaty is only broken if we step on the land, so sail past the coast in your ship and you can avoid war on that technicality. I've tried it a couple of times and the giants will listen. Just don't go on land.

6 EXT. GIANT COUNTRY - DAY

6

BARRY: (Sarcastic) Yes, of course, sir. I'll walk to Giant Country. It can't be far! I'll ask them for aid on your behalf so you don't break the treaty. I'm sure it won't take me long!

F/X: BARRY HITS HIS FOOT ON A ROCK.

BARRY: Ow!

F/X: HE HOPS ABOUT ON ONE FOOT. WE CAN HEAR HIS FOOTSTEPS.

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

GIANT GUNTHER: What's this here?

BARRY: Oh...no...(gulps)

7 EXT. SHIP - DAY

7

F/X: WAVES, SHIP CREAKING.

ORSON: Once we round this corner...

F/X: SHIP ROUNDS CORNER

ORSON: We're in Giant Country, Princess.

ARAMELLE: We just have to sail past. There's calm seas. No reason why we can't.

F/X: PERSEPHONE ARRIVES.

ARAMELLE: Not now! I'm not dying! Go...Oh! You're not Death.

PERSEPHONE: No. Hello!

ARAMELLE: Who are you?

PERSEPHONE: Persephone.

ARAMELLE: And you're what? Death's assistant?

PERSEPHONE: I'm their wife.

ARAMELLE: Oh. (BEAT) I didn't know Death had a wife.

PERSEPHONE: Well they do, and it's me. Hello.

ARAMELLE: Yes. Why are you here?

PERSEPHONE: Grim had to go and take the soul of Canute Cornell. Seeing as you have refused to do the decent thing and injure yourself the last umpteen times it's been available to you, we didn't hold out much hope this time. So..This is your semi-regular reminder that...(Clears throat)

F/X: UNROLLS PIECE OF PAPER. STARTS READING.

PERSEPHONE: "You were meant to die 3 days ago.

16.

(MORE)

Blah blah blah...Pathways are in flux...Catastrophic...Is there any chance you want to behead yourself now with Orson's sword and make your way to the underworld, as fate did decree?

ARAMELLE: No. No, there isn't.

PERSEPHONE: Well, at least I tried.

F/X: ROLLS PAPER BACK UP.

ORSON: Death only shows up when one of us is in peril.

PERSEPHONE: Who says you're not in peril?

ARAMELLE: Well, I can't see anything dangerous.

PERSEPHONE: You're in Giant Country. And a royal. It's not the safest place to be.

ARAMELLE: But it's calm seas and we're going to sail right past.

PERSEPHONE: Do you remember what Grim told you, Princess? About the possibility of a changing pathway?

ORSON: What's this about a pathway?

ARAMELLE: Nothing important. (BEAT) They were just talking about different options that could happen in the world if I don't die.

PERSEPHONE: You haven't told him.

ORSON: Told me what?

ARAMELLE: Nothing! There's nothing to tell! We're all safe. Let's keep on going.

PERSEPHONE: I can feel them shifting, Princess. It's like someone pulling up roots. I know you want to try and forestall this decision, but time is marching on. Events will happen. Prophecies will prevail.

ARAMELLE: If I can change my fate, I can change his! Now go away!

ORSON: My fate? What's my fate?

PERSEPHONE: Right now? It's in flux. You have two pathways before you and she is rapidly pushing you down the one she wishes to. I fear neither of you can foresee the end. Still! I'm just the messenger!

ORSON: What pathway is she pushing me down?

PERSEPHONE: What do you think?

ARAMELLE: I'm not pushing him down any pathway. He's making all his own decisions and his decision is to protect me!

PERSEPHONE: And yet...You're still in mortal peril.

CLIVE: Princess? We should probably change course...

ARAMELLE: Change course, Clive? Why? We're following Captain Liam's course.

CLIVE: Yes. And following his course in these calm seas won't get us through Giant Country so much as...

F/X: SHIP RUNS AGROUND.

CLIVE: Ah. Too late.

ARAMELLE: What was that? What happened?

CLIVE: We've run aground.

PERSEPHONE: In Giant Country. (BEAT) Any chance you want to reassess that you're not in mortal peril and come willingly?

ORSON: No! She's not going to get caught!

F/X: GIANT FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

PERSEPHONE: You sure about that?

END.