

The Legend of Aramelle

written by

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1 INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

1

F/X: CLOCK TICKING, FIRE CRACKLING, BIRD SQUAWKING.

ARAMELLE: Alright. I want one squawk for yes. Two squawks for no. Got it?

F/X: CAPTAIN SQUAWKS.

ARAMELLE: Was it your intention to take me back to my father's kingdom against my wishes?

F/X: BIRD SQUAWKS ONCE.

ARAMELLE: Was it your intention to break the peace treaty with the giants with me onboard?

F/X: CAPTAIN HESITATES THEN SQUAWKS ONCE.

ARAMELLE: Was it your intention to steal the Witch Princess's jewels and use the map to do a prison break?

F/X: CAPTAIN SQUAWKS ONCE.

ARAMELLE: Who are you trying to break out of prison! Who's in the mountain prison!

F/X: CAPTAIN SQUAWKS ANGRILY.

ARAMELLE: Ah, yeah. Not really a yes or no question that is it.

PERSEPHONE: As you can see, The Princess has recently been questioning a bird...I think the stress of command may be getting to her. Still, she was nearly at the Potion Man's door now. And being taught to defend herself in a fight.

2 EXT. SHIP DECK - DAY

2

F/X: SEAGULLS, WAVES CRASHING, SHIP CREAKING.

ORSON: I think it is best for an acting captain of a pirate ship to at least know how to hold a sword. You know, look threatening, even if I'm the one who's going to be doing all the attacking. So, I have asked the crew to line up and attack you. They will not try hard.

ARAMELLE: And what am I to do?

ORSON: Defend yourself, Princess. (BEAT) Here, have this sword.

F/X: ORSON THROWS SWORD TO ARAMELLE.

ORSON: Good catch. Now, you probably don't want to hold it in both hands though.

ARAMELLE: But it's really heavy!

ORSON: Your other arm is for your shield.

ARAMELLE: Oh. right.

ORSON: Very good. The more you practice, the better you'll get at using it. (BEAT) Are you really left handed?

ARAMELLE: Um...yes...

ORSON: That will serve you well in battle, not many people are.

ARAMELLE: You are. I've seen you hold a sword enough times.

ORSON: Yes, and it serves me well in battle.

ARAMELLE: I thought everyone was left handed.

ORSON: Barely anyone in the world is. Have you not noticed?

ARAMELLE: I haven't seen a lot of the world.../

4.

F/X: CLIVE ATTACKS.

ORSON: F/X: SWORD ON SWORD, /Anyway, Clive! You're up! Attack the princess!

ARAMELLE: (Screams)

ORSON: Very good! Now if this were an actual battle, Clive here would be able to stab you in the stomach. Always protect your stomach. It's where nearly everything is.

ARAMELLE: How do you protect the stomach?

ORSON: Well, I wear armour. But if you don't have armour you just want to keep your other free arm - For you that's the right - low across your body, like this.

ORSON DEMONSTRATES.

ARAMELLE: But doesn't that make the defending myself with the sword harder?

ORSON: Yes. Which is where training comes in.

ARAMELLE: Isn't that what we're already doing?

ORSON: So far all I've done is teach you to hold a sword.

ARAMELLE: Is that not part of the training?

ORSON: No. That's just holding things.

ARAMELLE: Right.

ORSON: Now. I'm not going to teach you much about attacking, just defending.

ARAMELLE: Why can't I learn to attack?

ORSON: Because attacking isn't as important as defending. You have to learn to defend yourself first.

ARAMELLE: But don't I have you to defend me?

ORSON: Yes, but if I'm not around, you need to defend yourself, don't you.

ARAMELLE: I suppose.

ORSON: Clive?

CLIVE: Yes sir?

ORSON: Run towards her again, charge.

6.

CLIVE: Yes, sir.

F/X: CLIVE ATTACKS.

F/X: SWORD ON SWORD.

ORSON: Much better, Princess! Now, I want you to try instead of just holding your sword against Clive's. Instead try and force him backwards.

ARAMELLE: Like this?

F/X: CLIVE FALLS BACKWARDS.

ORSON: Exactly right! We can probably stop there for the day.

ARAMELLE: I've only learnt one thing!

ORSON: And I want to see if you can remember it tomorrow.

ARAMELLE: Orson...

ORSON: Yes, Princess? Clive, thank you. You're dismissed.

CLIVE: Right you are.

F/X: CLIVE LEAVES.

ARAMELLE: I'm just wondering...

ORSON: What are you wondering?

ARAMELLE: Wouldn't I need to know how to attack? Say I was being chased by a horde of soldiers or something? I'd need to attack some of them wouldn't I?

ORSON: Ye-es...When do you think you might be attacked by a horde of soldiers? And have no-one else around who can help?

ARAMELLE: Well, my father's guards are after me. They might be a horde.

ORSON: Yes, but if they attack, you have the entire ship's crew to help you. Plus me. You don't need to know how to attack. Knowing how to attack before you can defend, can lead to deadly accidents.

CREW MEMBER: (Shouts) Land Ahoy!

ORSON: It's time to meet the Potion Man.

DRUMMER: Roll up! Roll up! Come and visit the Marvellous  
Potion Salesman! The only person in the market who  
gets his own roof and walls!

SELLER: Hey! I've got a roof!

DRUMMER: But no walls! That's right folks. He's that  
prestigious! He's got love potions, hate potions,  
indifference potions and more!

ARAMELLE: What's an indifference potion?

ORSON: Just something to make people ignore you, I guess.  
Come on, here's the door.

F/X: THEY ENTER THE DOOR.

4      **INT. POTION SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

4

F/X: POTIONS BUBBLING AND POTION MAN TINKERING  
WITH POWDERS ETC.

F/X: ORSON AND ARAMELLE ENTER.

POTION MAN: Let me see, two of you. Young. Are you here for a  
love potion for your crushes?

ORSON: No. We don't have crushes. We just need Wool of  
Bat and then we'll be gone.

POTION MAN: Wool of Bat? So you want to change a form or put someone under your command?

ARAMELLE: Yes. Wool of Bat, please.

POTION MAN: Shape shifting's hard for the amateur. It needs a spell and the spell needs to be said exactly.

ARAMELLE: I have the spell written down. Given to me by the Witch Princess herself, so that shouldn't be a problem.

POTION MAN: The Witch Princess gave you one of her own spells? Out of goodwill?

ORSON: (LOW) Maybe don't speak anymore, Aramelle.

POTION MAN: Aramelle! Like the princess? Of course, we don't get the wanted posters this far into the mountains, but I have heard the news she's missing.

ARAMELLE: Well, good to know you're not behind on the times. So. The Wool of Bat?

POTION MAN: I need to know what you're using it for.

ORSON: Someone got stuck as a bird.

POTION MAN: What kind of bird?

ARAMELLE: We're not sure exactly...Something colourful.  
Might be a parrot, but he only squawks.

POTION MAN: Something colourful is usually the Witch  
Princess's fingerprint on spells, did you fall  
foul of the protection spells she has in place?

ARAMELLE: Yes, we did. But it's been sorted. Hence her  
giving us the spell to change them back. So the  
Wool of Bat, please.

POTION MAN: You should need 8 grams.

F/X: ORSON TAKES OUT PURSE OF MONEY.

POTION MAN: You've got doubloons.

ARAMELLE: Yes, don't you take them?

POTION MAN: I take any money available, because I am a  
profitable business man.

ORSON: Profitable doesn't mean honest, does it.

POTION MAN: I wouldn't worry too much about honesty seeing as you're pirates. (BEAT) Pass me the money.

F/X: MONEY HANDED OVER.

POTION MAN: The missing Princess is on a pirate ship.

ARAMELLE: Is she now? I wouldn't know.

POTION MAN: You're a rival pirate then I take it?

ARAMELLE: Well, look I can't be a princess can I? I'm wearing a pirate captain's hat. Princesses don't be pirates.

POTION MAN: No, but being on a pirate ship...You may have seen the missing Princess.

ARAMELLE: I can assure you. I have never met the missing Princess.

ORSON: Haven't you?

ARAMELLE: (LOW) Think about it.

ORSON: Oh (BEAT) Clever.

POTION MAN: So it is you then. Princess.

ARAMELLE: What? No! What gave you that idea?

POTION MAN: You just said you'd never met her and he went "oh, clever". I'm not an idiot!

ARAMELLE: well what can we do to buy your silence?

POTION MAN: Now, we're talking! Come through here.

F/X: HE OPENS THE STOCK ROOM DOOR. THEY ENTER.

ORSON: Wow! I've never seen so many potions!

ARAMELLE: Have you made all these?

POTION MAN: Well, some of them are delivered in. Does he have to come with us? I'd rather speak to you in private, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Orson? Yes. Yes, he does. He protects me. Anything you say to me, you can say to him.

POTION MAN: One of the palace guards, are you?

ORSON: Er..yes sir.

POTION MAN: I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when you get recaptured.

ARAMELLE: What do you mean when?

POTION MAN: Close that door. It's sound proof.

F/X: STOCK ROOM DOOR CLOSES.

POTION MAN: I had heard you'd be travelling with a pirate captain. Not being one.

ARAMELLE: Hang on, you knew we were coming this way?

ORSON: And you knew we'd be with a pirate captain? Have you been spying on us?

POTION MAN: No. I just know Liam. He's kept me informed.

ARAMELLE: You know Liam? But...You're not trying to help me at all, are you?

ORSON: Get behind me, Princess. I can fight him.

F/X: ORSON DRAWS SWORD.

POTION MAN: Put that sword away! Do you not know Liam's plan?  
He hasn't explained it to you?

ARAMELLE: Well he made me take an oath of loyalty at sword point and then we went straight into the Witch Princess's kingdom and he got turned into a bird. He's the one who's stuck as a bird, so we can't really ask him any questions at the moment.

POTION MAN: His plan is not for you, Princess.

ARAMELLE: Not for me? It certainly seems to involve me. Who else can it be for?

POTION MAN: His plan is for your father. Did you not wonder why you went through Giant Country on your way here?

ORSON: We thought he just wanted to restart the war to be honest.

POTION MAN: Well he did, but not to fight against you. To fight against your father. Did you manage to restart the war by any chance?

ARAMELLE: No. We managed to negotiate. The giants answer to me now. And I have a giants' drum on the ship, just to let you know. So don't you try anything!

POTION MAN: Wouldn't dream of it. If anything, that's better than Liam's plan.

ORSON: What I don't understand is, why is Liam against Aramelle's father?

POTION MAN: He was banished. The why is for him to tell.

ARAMELLE: How do I know I can trust you? You might be making all of this up.

POTION MAN: You don't know you can trust me. You'll just have to. Or not, and I can inform your father's guards of your whereabouts.

ORSON: No-one needs to do that.

POTION MAN: Do you trust me?

ORSON: We have a way of verifying what you're saying.

POTION MAN: What's that?

ORSON: Give us the Wool of Bat to turn the captain back.  
If what you say is true, he'll match your story,  
won't he?

ARAMELLE: Corroborate.

ORSON: What?

ARAMELLE: Means matching stories.

ORSON: Ah. Right. Yes, he'll corroborate, won't he?

POTION MAN: Alright. Take the Wool of Bat. I want you back  
here at sunset, or I'm sending the guards to you.

ARAMELLE: Why?

POTION MAN: I do what's profitable to me, remember? And the  
price on your head far outweighs anything you can  
offer me. I'm giving you time because I have a  
debt to Liam. I won't wait past sunset.

END.