

OF FAE & FIENDS

An original audio fiction story
by

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DRAFT 1.02
2019/7/29
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SIDES FOR LIZZIE

INT. ATTIC, FARMHOUSE, DAY

POV shift to LIZZIE, 10, who has been listening to this old recording of her grandfather in the attic of the 1800s family farmhouse in rural Maine. It's modern day (2019'ish).

CHERIE

(off) Lizzie! Lizzie sweetie we've got to go!

Lizzie starts frantically stuffing the box of tapes and cassette player away as her mom comes stomping up the stairs.

LIZZIE

Coming!

CHERIE

Where are -- Are you in the attic?!
Lizzie, come on!

FX - the door to the attic pushed open, mom enters.

CHERIE (CONT'D)

(a little winded) Lizzie? What are you doing up here?

LIZZIE

I was just --

CHERIE

You're in grandpa's stuff. Lizzie!
I told you to never. Ever! Play up here.

LIZZIE

I wasn't playing, I was looking for something --

CHERIE

(calms down) I'm sorry, honey.
Just. There are things in this house that can hurt you.

LIZZIE

It was just grandpa telling stories.

CHERIE

Stories are the most dangerous of all. Where did you even find those?
Nevermind.

(MORE)

CHERIE (CONT'D)

We've got to hurry, grandma just woke up, they don't know how long for.

MUSIC - Up opening THEME

INT. LIZZIE'S INNER WORLD

LIZZIE (V.O.)

I'm Lizzie, and this is a story about my friend Kyle, the unicorn that everyone thought was a goat. -- That was because he was missing a horn, and -- well, I'll tell you about all that later.

My mom and I lived in New York City until the night we got a phone call saying something bad happened to grandma. Then we left. We drove through the night, we came to Maine, to the big old house where my Mom grew up.

I never had been before, and Mom thought the house was weird. I thought the house was kind of magical. And as it turned out, we both were right.

// Another scene, Lizzie is talking to her sick grandma

LIZZIE

Hey gramma. I'm sorry you're feeling sick. They say maybe you're going to die. At least you'll be with grandpa then, right? That's what Mama says will happen. (pause) We came here last night, too, but you weren't awake. We drove all the way from New York. Mom got SO tired. She's really upset I guess. I couldn't sleep last night... she kept walking around, and the farmhouse goes creak creak creak. But I got to explore this morning, that was cool. There's all these rooms, and doors that you don't know what goes to what, and I even found a box of tapes in the attic.

SIDES FOR KYLE/GOAT

Lizzie and the Goat fly out of the faerie portal and crash land into the dusty, barren environs of the badlands.

LIZZIE/
Oof! Ow!! Unngffff

GOAT
(coughs) Ow, yeah. That hurt...

A moment. Dust settles. Goat groans and gets up. He surveys the landscape, which is dusty, barren badland abutting a twisted forest of undead trees.

GOAT (CONT'D)
Wow. So much damage in so few years... (sighs) Well. There's good news and bad news.

LIZZIE/
Yeah? Let's start with good news.

GOAT
Good News: Your Aunt won't be following us with her shotgun.

LIZZIE/
Great. And the bad news?

GOAT
Much of Fae has turned to badlands in the years since I was here. When I left, this was still part of the Great Forest, and now the Great Forest has receded to... (peers) I can't even see it from here.

LIZZIE/
Badlands? What's a -- (peers around) It kind of looks like New Mexico.

// A different scene, more thoughtful

GOAT
I always told your grandma, she didn't have to stay and look after me, that I could look after myself. But. She insisted. (gloomy) And now she's hurt.

LIZZIE/
Hey. Goat.

GOAT
Yeah?

LIZZIE/
What's your name?

GOAT
My (realizing) Oh, my goodness, I thought you were being rude by calling me -- (chuckles, then regains composure) I'm Kyllindrial the seventh of the line of Breathnach, but, you can just call me Kyle.

LIZZIE/
Hi. Nice to meet you Kyle.

GOAT
Nice to meet you too, Lizzie. I have the advantage of you, since your grandma talked about you all the time.

LIZZIE/
She did?!

GOAT
Of course. Every time she came to feed me, she'd say, "Lizzie's up to this grade now," or, "Lizzie just did this." She's very proud of you.

LIZZIE/
You know I'm ten years old, and this is the first time I've ever visited the family farmhouse? What's my mom's problem?!

GOAT
It's complicated, Lizzie. Your mom went through a lot when she was your age.

LIZZIE/
Does this have something to do with how you lost your horn?

GOAT
Yes. There was a night, when I crossed from my world into yours.
(MORE)

GOAT (CONT'D)

I responded to your mother.

Your mother, like you, comes from a long line of the Greenway family, a family who has been entrusted with protecting their enchanted woods with its doorways to Fae. So when a Greenway child makes a request to the denizens of Fae... Be they faeries, elves, dwarf or unicorn... They take their request seriously.

I was so young then, merely one-hundred-twenty, and I left my sisters to follow the call of your mother. I crept down into the hollow beneath the mother tree, and followed the snaking passage until I arrived at the bottom of the empty well, the very place where Carlow had sprung on the faerie queen all those years before.

SIDES FOR GARRETT the WEASEL

WEASEL

Uh-huh. They were in your territory. They look delicious. I understand all that. However --

Weasel pulls a blade -- Cockatrice SQUAWKS in alarm.

WEASEL (CONT'D)

I could still decorate my tree house with your head, it would look delightful next to the trophy of your cousin Basil, don't you think?

COCKATRICE/

(a little more subdued) Squakk!
Squaaaak!

WEASEL

Out of here! Go! Go! You're in my swamp!

COCKATRICE/

(hisses, but accepts)

The cockatrice reluctantly flaps away.

WEASEL

And stay out!!!

GOAT/

Thank you, Weasel.

WEASEL

Uh-huh. Let's have a look at you then. You're the de-horned unicorn everyone's been talking about. You've already run into the worgs, I hear? (whistles) I should have let Betsy have you. You're likely trouble. Then again, I'm a fan of trouble! So perhaps we're well-paired. And who'se this lass?

LIZZIE/

I'm Lizzie. Please, don't eat us.

WEASEL

(cackles) Eat you?! What? You don't look appetizing at all.

(MORE)

WEASEL (CONT'D)

All bone, and (steps forward, taps Betsy on the head) hmmm maybe a little of brain there in your noogin, but, let's be honest, not much of a decent meal for me, and I have a feeling you'll be of better use for me living. Let's get to dickering.

LIZZIE/

What?

WEASEL

Dickering - to bargain, negotiate, haggle, make a deal. You faced certain death, I saved your bacon, and now you owe me. What'll it be? (snaps fingers) Ah! I got it! You can help me capture the wyvern egg.

LIZZIE / GOAT

Wyvern?!

WEASEL

Oh don't make that face. It's a small dragon. Hardly more than a baby itself.

GOAT/

A wyvern that's old enough to lay eggs is hardly a baby.

WEASEL

How now! For folks nearly devoured by a cockatrice and on the hit list of the dark warlock, you seem quite risk averse. Look, it'll be done in a hop, skip, and a jiffy, and I'll consider your debt to me repaid.

GOAT/

Noble Weasel...

WEASEL

You can call me Garrett.

GOAT/

Garrett. I am Kyle. Seventh in the Line of Breathnach. Recall the aid the unicorns brought to the weaselkin in the flood of the ash beetles, in the time of Inira --

WEASEL

Blah blah blah, so SENTIMENTAL you
Unicorns are, always bringing up
history --

GOAT/

Our journey is of the utmost
importance, Garrett. We seek
protection from the Queen of Fae
herself --

WEASEL

Perfect! (hoots in delight) Oh!
What luck for us all! My quest is
none other than to visit the Queen
myself, once I take care of this
inconsequential errand to retrieve
the Wyvern Egg. Well then, we're
off!

SIDES FOR CARLOW THE WARLOCK

Our introduction to CARLOW, seat of the Goblin King and place where you plot nefarious underhanded things. All the creatures here are GOBLINS infected with the brainworm. An audience of supplicants approaches the throne, with various sad tales about the desperate conditions in goblin-land, which Carlow reacts to with great cruelty.

MUSIC - Sinister

CARLOW

(snorts) Take him away. Next!

A goblin supplicant HOWLS as they are hauled off for execution. Another supplicant staggers forward, falls to their knees and beseeches Carlow's mercy.

SUPPLICANT

Great Carlow, our village in the lower plains has had no water for ten years now, there is no food for the goblin people anymore and ...

CARLOW

Boring, boring, boring! Get to the point!

SUPPLICANT

(losing train of thought) We, Carlow. Great King. We beseech thee --

CARLOW

I Beseech *YOU*! To pay your fair share of duties to the Goblin Empire. Your lowly tribe of herders has given NOTHING. NOTHING To the kingdom this year!

SUPPLICANT

We have nothing to give, your greatness, our people starve... Please, show your greatness by giving mercy.

CARLOW

MERCY! He says! (laughs) Mercy is that I shall have the Imperial Guard take only one of your hands in lieu of your tribe's payments this year.

SUPPLICANT
 What. ? No, Great King!

CARLOW
 Keep talking and I'll take them
 both. Guards! Away with this fool!
 (cackles) Mercy... Mercy he says...
 Mercy is for the WEAK!

Guards come and take Supplicant away, crying:

SUPPLICANT
 We starve! We starve while you
 dance on that throne! You're a
 human! You are never meant to be
 there!

CARLOW
 (growls) On second thought, kill
 him! Somewhere away from here, we
 shan't have any blood staining the
 royal court.

GOBLIN GUARD/
 Yes, Great Carlow!

SUPPLICANT
 You'll never -- never!!!

Goblin guard smacks supplicant

GOBLIN GUARD/
 (growls) Quiet, you!

CARLOW
 (sitting down on the throne) Well
 that was tiresome. Next!

The WORGs, unsuccessful from their exploits chasing
 Lizzie/Goat, present to Carlow.

CARLOW (CONT'D)
 (raises eyes) Ah, the worgs. I
 trust you have good news.

CHARACTER VOICES SIDES

Read for as many of these as you care to!

// An undead evil tree

CURSED TREE

Welcome to the Dead-End forest,
little girl! Widdershins will be
most delighted to have you...
(smiling) just after he finishes
his goat appetizer!

// Wolves prepare to eat the characters

GOAT

(as brave as he can muster) You
back off. All of you! You hear me!
Lizzie here is a descendant of the
Greenway Clan!

WORG

(chuckles) Greenway? Their name has
no power here. The only one with
any power is CARLOW. You wish us to
fear you, you sad creature? What
are you, even?

LIZZIE

He's a goat! Listen to what he
said!

WORG

A goat? Were it only that. At least
if you were a goat, you'd be
content, complete in your form. But
you are nothing of the sort. You
are missing something, aren't you?
Just look at that stump on the
front of your face.

The worgs all cackle evilly.

GOAT

(snarls) I may be missing my horn,
but I still have magic...

WORG

Maybe what's left of you can be considered magic in the world of the humans, but over here, you are nothing but worg-food. Pack! It is time to eat!

// Now, **Widdershins**

It is WIDDERSHINS the Troll, a cranky steward, of sorts, of the undead-ent forest. He makes do eating bones of long-dead frogs, reanimated rabbit parts and other salvaged foods from the destitute forest. He is not about to be robbed of a decent meal. As he talks, Widdershins gnashes with the scissors.

WIDDERSHINS

How now! Who are you and what are you doing in my woods?

WORG/

(snarling) We come in service of his Lord Carlow.

WIDDERSHINS

(snarls back) I don't recall Carlow having any domain in the Dead-Ent Forest.

WORG/

If you are wise, you would respect the great warlock.

WIDDERSHINS

If Carlow were wise he wouldn't go sending goons along to collect my supper. Off with ya now.

WORG/

No! We will not leave without our prize.

WIDDERSHINS

I said, GIT!!!

With a braying WHOOOOOOOOOOOTTTT!! Widdershins plays again on the hunting horn, sending the worgs barrelling backwards, tails between their legs.

WIDDERSHINS (CONT'D)

Yep! Run away now! Just like I told you to! If Carlow wants something in my woods, you just send him up to collect it personally!

WORG\
 (yelling) We'll be back,
 Widdershins! I promise you!

// A snarling COCKATRICE -- a demonic rooster like creature
 that turns you to stone if you look at it

COCKATRICE
 (Hissssssss!!!)

LIZZIE\
 A weasel?! How is a weasel going to
 help us?!

GOAT\
 It's the cockatrice's only natural
 predator!

COCKATRICE
 (Hiiss! Snap! Snap!)

LIZZIE\
 Isn't a weasel a tiny little thing?

GOAT\
 Not over here!

COCKATRICE
 (Hissssssss!!! -- Sprays toxic breath
 on them)

LIZZIE\
 Ewww!!! I can feel it's breath!
 It's freezing!!!

GOAT\
 Plug your nose while you're at it!
 The smell of it can --

LIZZIE\
 Uuuuggggghhh!!! Make me puke I
 think!

GOAT\
 That's not the Cockatrice, that's
 the dismal swamp. Good! We're
 close!

LIZZIE\
 Close... To what?!

GOAT\
 To him!

COCKATRICE
 Hiiiiiaaaaaaakkk!!!

As the Cockatrice moves to attack the girl and goat, Weasel the rogue leaps forward. Instantly, cockatrice recoils and hisses frantically at Weasel.

WEASEL/
 Now, now, Betsy! Back you go!

COCKATRICE
 Haaaaaiiiiikk! Haaaik! Haaik
 Haaaik!

// INNERMOST FEARS

FEAR
 (hiss hiss hiss) You'll never get out... You mom doesn't really love you... You're a bad girl... You'll be stuck here forever... The dragon will come and eat you... Carlow will take over the whole world...

LIZZIE\
 I'm not afraid of you...

FEAR
 Yes... You are... (giggle, cackle, delighted) Gnaw you up, gnaw on you like a bone. Fear will eat you the farther you are from home... (giggling, cackling, then reverts to verbalizing her deepest fears)

It's your fault daddy left. You were not a good daughter. He took big sister because you were mean to her. You'll never see her again. You'll be forgotten about, alone, forever...

// GNOME miner

GNOME
 (off, evaluating his find) Hmmm... Nope... Not you... Keep working!

FX - Tink! Tink! Tink! Rip! The gnome knocks off chunks of ore and thumbs through, looking for something and not finding.

INT. DEEPER IN THE CAVERN, WYVERN MOUNTAIN

LIZZIE \

I follow the light from my palm down a windy passageway towards the sound of the miner. Whoever they are, they're quite determined to find... something...

GNOME

(annoyed) Not fit for adorning a skunk's tail! (chucks a block of stone)

LIZZIE\

Hello?!

GNOME

(completely shocked) Aaiiii!!!!

LIZZIE\

Oh, sorry!

GNOME

Beee jeee jeee jeee jeeee what the who the how the what you. YOU?! Who/what/where/when/why by Mother-Hubbard are you!!! ... (blinks) Can you put down that light?! You're blinding me!!!

LIZZIE\

Oh, sorry.

GNOME

Much better... Ow... my poor eyes... Now I can see what kind of rude creature goes about sneaking up on gnomes in the dark... Let me get a look at you... (surprised) No! My eyes must be fooling me, there's no way. There's absolutely no... (blinks) By golly my eyes must be fooling me... Because I'd say, sure as Gilgamesh's hammer, you sure do look like a human.

LIZZIE\

I am.

GNOME

(laughs heartily) No you're not! That's completely impossible!

(MORE)

GNOME (CONT'D)

Come on, now! Shapeshift back into whatever your real form is!

// WATER ELEMENTAL

LIZZIE\

The waterfall takes me, and I go into it with no idea which way is up, down, or sideways. The water is in total control, so powerful that it also seems alive. Or... perhaps it is!

WATER ELEMENTAL

Aren't you a curious thing?

LIZZIE\

Heeellp!!! Heeeellppp!!!

WATER ELEMENTAL

Don't you know how to swim?

LIZZIE\

Heeeellllppppp!!!

WATER ELEMENTAL

Oh, I'm coming on too strong. It's just been so lonely here.

LIZZIE\

Caannntttt brreeaaaaatttthhhh

WATER ELEMENTAL

Sorry, dear, I can't understand you.

LIZZIE\

Caaannnttttt breaaatttthhhhhhhhhh

LIZZIE \

I struggle to swim to the surface, but the water keeps pushing me back under - into the middle - into - I don't even know where, but not out! Fear starts to grab me again, but I shove it off. I wonder if I've got one more trick left... The dodge power that the unicorn left me. What if I just disappear?

WATER ELEMENTAL

Heellllloo? Hellllloo? Where'd you go? Heellooo? Oh no!

// WIND

I hear the wind itself speaking to us

WIND ELEMENTAL

Heeeeelllllllllllllooooooo

GOAT\

Greetings, Wind. (aside) It means us no harm, Lizzie. It's being, well, windlike. They're friendly.

WIND ELEMENTAL

Been a long time since I saw a unicorn up here.

GOAT\

You can... You know?

WIND ELEMENTAL

You don't need a horn to be a unicorn. You always are. (giggles) And a human child! I love children! They just seem to float away sometimes! Would you like to fly with me, little girl?

LIZZIE\

(ponders) I, uh, well, mayb--

GOAT\

Sorry we are in a terrific hurry right now, dear wind. We must get this child to the Queen of Faerie and we've had a number of ne'er do wells on our tail.

WIND ELEMENTAL

(disappointed) Very well. On with you now! Toodles!

// FAERIE GUARDS

Then, an entourage of faerie guards flutters to the ground in front of us, laying down an open seed pod, large enough to fit me, the goat, and weasel. And clearly this is the intention.

FAE LIEUTENANT

(miffed) These are the intruders?

FAE GUARD

Aye they are! Caught them (gasp)
Burning an ent!

All the faeries GASP.

FAE GUARD (CONT'D)

I put it out, no worries. There's
no lasting damage.

The faeries brief a sight of RELIEF.

FAE LIEUTENANT

(grave) I also understand they are
responsible for attracting worgs?

FAE GUARD

It seems so.

FAE LIEUTENANT

Then we must get them to our Queen,
tout-suite. (looks to the group)
Okay! Follow me! Don't try anything
funny!

GOAT\

We never would, noble Fae.

FAE LIEUTENANT

(finally takes a good look at the
group) Are you... You're...
(stunned) You're Kyllindrial.

GOAT\

I prefer to go by Kyle. But, yes.
That's me.

FAE LIEUTENANT

What happened to your... Oh... Oh
dear... You mean... Your horn. It's
the horn. You're cause of all
this trouble.

GOAT\

(sighs) Yes. I'm afraid that's how
you'd come to know of me back here.
Not as Kyle, but as the one who
started all this trouble.

FAE LIEUTENANT

You've been here before, eh?

GOAT\
 With my mother, a few centuries
 ago.

FAE LIEUTENANT
 The Fae Queen holds a soft spot in
 her heart for unicorns. Even for
 those... Damaged.

GOAT\
 (through gritted teeth) I am so
 relieved to hear that.

FAE LIEUTENANT
 I mean no offense. It's simply the
 truth of it.

// SOME GOBLINS

LIZZIE\
 e, and that worse thing got away.
 And now we're about to be killed by
 the Goblins. Except...

GOBLIN WIZARD
 It's gone.

LIZZIE / GOAT / WEASEL
 What?

GOBLIN WIZARD
 (laughing) Do you feel it? It's
 gone! Everyone! The thing in your
 head! Gone!

GOBLIN WARRIOR
 And who brought it here to begin
 with, Grand Vizier! Your schemes
 against the great Lllahadnath
 provided fertile ground for the
 fiend --

GOBLIN WIZARD
 Our past King had his faults, we
 only moved to --

GOBLIN WARRIOR
 He never sought to sell us out to a
 warlock, nor to turn the Fae into
 enemies! Warriors, join me with
 your blades --

GOBLIN WIZARD

If it must be so, then warlocks!
Stand beside me with your spells!
It will not be the first time we
have fought for a throne!

GOBLIN KID/

STOPPP!!!

Goblin kid's voice rings out, temporarily pausing the rift between goblin factions.

GOBLIN KID/ (CONT'D)

Carlow is gone, and the brain worm is out of all of your heads. What else does it matter? Plus, it escaped.

GOBLIN WIZARD

(snarls) What of it? Let that other world burn.

GOBLIN WARRIOR

For once, we agree.

GOBLIN KID/

Don't you see? Our worlds are connected. If we let the worm destroy their world, it'll come back to ours next. It needs to be stopped, for good.

GOBLIN WIZARD

Who are you to speak to the Grand Vizier and the King's Guard anyways?

GOBLIN WARRIOR

Indeed!

GOBLIN ELDER

My son!

Heads turn as one of the guards walks forward from among the crowd.

GOBLIN ELDER (CONT'D)

They speak the truth. Doesn't your mind feel clearer, without the worm inside of it? Can't you see what it's been doing to us?

GOBLIN WIZARD

We are gladly rid of the pest, but that does not mean we get involved in the affairs of these creatures.

FAE LIEUTENANT/

I would say you are all fairly involved.

GOBLIN ELDER

A Faerie...

GOBLIN WARRIOR

How did you get here --

GOBLIN WIZARD

Our warriors conquered --

FAE LIEUTENANT/

And were defeated. When the worm's power broke, the goblin legion in the Fae kingdom laid down their arms. The World Tree is ours again. I am the fastest fae traveler so I am here, on behalf of our Queen, in order to seek safe passage of her honored guests.

GOBLIN WARRIOR

(shrugs) They are yours.

GOBLIN WIZARD

Wait a minute! We suddenly forgive the Fae all?! Were we not just moments ago locked in combat?!

FAE LIEUTENANT/

(bristling) Your ill-advised attack on Fae was defeated, you best accept it.

GOBLIN WIZARD

I hope you're prepared to fight anew --

FAE LIEUTENANT/

I will raise an army here so fast that you goblin kind will never --

With a sudden, shifting groan, the room starts shaking

GOBLIN WARRIOR

What's that?

LIZZIE (V.O.)

I can't help myself, the pull of the magic is like a mighty current in the ocean, pulling me out to sea, away from the banks of the known and into a distant place, a place where I may not know my own name anymore. A place where my name is not important. A place where my sense of self is nothing more than a murmur of noise in roaring surf as the infinite particles of water crash upon the beach. A place where I don't bathe in the ocean. A place where I am part of it, and it is part of me.

FAE QUEEN

She is of the bloodline. I can tell. Come back to us, Elizabeth.

LIZZIE (V.O.)

Like grabbing life line when drowning, I snap awake. I'm back.

FAE QUEEN

Your mother never chose to develop her gift, but you... And is that a heartstone wand you carry? (considers) There is so much to ponder here. Kyle. You've returned.

GOAT

Yes, Queen.

FAE QUEEN

The axis of the worlds is tilted, just so, tonight. We approach the moment where the veil is thinnest. Those without sorcery gain the gifts and those already gifted use them for ill-gains.

GOAT

Queen. Might you answer a question?

FAE QUEEN

Go on.

GOAT

What of my family? Mother, my cousins --

FAE QUEEN

We should have a great feast tonight, Kyle. Music from the elves and the darkest ale from the dwarves. Fruits served from the world tree of every sort of sweetest you could imagine. Are you sure you wish to hear this tale now, Kyle?

GOAT

(anxious) What do you mean, Queen?

FAE QUEEN

(looks around at the guards) Leave us.

FAE GUARD

Queen, they were caught burning an enchanted tree --

FAE QUEEN

An accident. Go now. They are my guests.

FAE LIEUTENANT

Indeed. We shall join the elves in preparing the great feast.

FAE QUEEN

Do that. And take the weasel.

WEASEL

Take the -- (contains his outrage) Yes, my Queen.

FAE QUEEN

Bring him to the royal treasury, and allow him to take whatever treasure he wishes.

WEASEL

(lighting up) Truly?

FAE QUEEN

You have done Fae a great service by bringing us Elizabeth and our lost unicorn, Kyle. You deserve a reward for your efforts.

WEASEL

(elated) Yaaa-haaa!! What did I tell you?!

GOAT

Congratulations, Weasel. The Queen is right. You helped us a lot, thank you.

WEASEL

Well, peace y'all!

FAE LIEUTENANT

(grumpy about it) The Weasel gets the treasure. Uh-huh. Understood. Goodbye.

The faerie guard contingent leaves.

GOAT

My heart breaks already, Queen. Please, tell me --

FAE QUEEN

If you will not stay for the great banquet, take a bite of spirit root, to calm your nerves and recover your spirit after such a long journey.

GOAT

Queen -- it's my favorite! -- but, truly, I cannot deign to bite food when my heart weighs already knowing you have ill tidings.

FAE QUEEN

You turn away my gift?

GOAT

Ah, no. Of course not. For you, my Queen. (Goat munches on a spring of spirit root) Ahh... It is as splendid a root as I remember. I feel the weariness of the road leaving me already.

FAE QUEEN

Then you may more easily carry the weight of what you are about to hear.

Carlow has set the worgs upon your species.

GOAT

(gasps) No!

FAE QUEEN

Who has fallen, who is left, we Fae do not know this. We know that during that dark night, so many years ago, Carlow returned to this world with the horn of a unicorn - your horn - but not with the blood of a child. He could not create a tunnel to burrow through the worlds like he wished. Nor could he break the spell which banished him to the land of goblins. But his agents, the worgs, could traverse these lands. And so he sent them to punish the unicorns.

As you know, the horn of the unicorn is connected with its people, and with Carlow's dark eye the worgs hunted the unicorns mercilessly. The unicorns fought, but the worgs appeared so suddenly, and with such ferocity, that many were slain before they knew what was happening.

INT. CAR, MOMENTS LATER

DEBBIE

Lizzie, how old are you?

LIZZIE

Ten.

DEBBIE

Ten. Same age as when my brother went missing.

LIZZIE

What happened to him?

DEBBIE

He went playing in the woods, and never came back.

LIZZIE

Was his name Carlow?

DEBBIE

It was. How do you know that? Wait. I'll guess. *You* found some tapes hiding in the old box attic.

LIZZIE

Yeah.

DEBBIE

Be careful what you believe. Your granddad had quite the imagination.

LIZZIE

I never met him.

DEBBIE

My folks think he felt so bad about what happened, he made up all those crazy stories.

LIZZIE

What do you think?

DEBBIE

I don't think anyone can blame your grandpa for what happened. It was an accident.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

If you want to know what's really weird, is the goat showed up the day your grandpa died.

LIZZIE

Mom says grandpa had a heart attack.

DEBBIE

Yeah. She would say that.

LIZZIE

And what would you say?

DEBBIE

I'd say, there's our goat. Hey buddy!

The goat BRAYS again.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Grab some grain out of the bin over there.

LIZZIE

This one?

Lizzie puzzles over a trash can. Opens the lid.

DEBBIE

Yeah. One scoop. Can you figure that out, city girl?

LIZZIE

Yep! Got it.

Lizzie approaches with the grain. Debbie takes the container and offers it to the goat.

DEBBIE

(makes affectionate noises to the goat) Tsk tsk tsk, hey boy, hey boy.

Goat BRAYS, alarmed.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Now don't you be like that, y'ol goat. Come on and have yourself some grain.

Goat is even more upset.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(through gritted teeth) I thought you might feel that way. (calmly) Lizzie? You want to try and feed him?

LIZZIE

Okay! I've never fed a goat before.

DEBBIE

We'll make a country girl out of you yet. Just head up to the edge of the stall, like so.

LIZZIE

(whispers) Hello. Hi there.

GOAT

(now in Lizzie's head) Geeetttttt!

The goat smashes at Lizzie's hand, knocks the food flying.

LIZZIE

He knocked it out of my hand!

DEBBIE

You ungrateful goat!

LIZZIE

I don't know. This is so confusing.

DEBBIE

All he's done is give your grandma trouble, ever since the day your grandpa died. There's something wrong with this goat, and it's time we let him go free, don't you think?

LIZZIE

Okay.

DEBBIE

Well, go ahead. Open up the gate.

LIZZIE

I don't know how the gate works. You do it.

DEBBIE

It has to be you. Try the handle. I'll grab him by the collar, and put this leash on him, and then we'll figure out --

LIZZIE
Oh here we go --

With a magical CLINK! the gate latch opens and the goat busts forth, Maaaaahhh'ing loudly as it goes forward, knocking Debbie sprawling!

DEBBIE
Unngggfff!! You rotten bugger!

GOAT
Baaaaaaaahhh!!!

DEBBIE
Get back here! Lizzie - Help me catch him!

BOOM! Goat beats at one of the doors, desperate to escape the barn.

GOAT
Ffff0oolllllooowwww !!!
Ffff0oolllllooowwww !!!

DEBBIE
Lizzie! You don't know what he'll do if he gets loose!

GOAT
Quuuicccckkk!!!