

INT. YLLODYK'S CHAMBERS - EVENING

Inside a wealthy house in the White Forest, a small hearth fire crackles presently.

Footsteps approach the threshold.

YLLLOWYYN

Sister? Will you not join us for the feast?

YLLLODYK

I refuse. Not so long as our parents insist on trying to pawn me off on D'ay-vaad.

YLLLOWYYN

I see.

YLLLODYK

You don't take it personally, do you?

YLLLOWYYN

It's just...the title I've sought since I was a boy has at last been bestowed upon me. Will you not join in the celebrations for at least a little while?

YLLLODYK

We can celebrate, just not downstairs. Come, sit a moment, will you?

Yllowyyn walks into the room.

YLLLODYK

Want a hit of root?

YLLLOWYYN

No, I...must not. I'm to be exemplary in all my behavior as I represent our people among the Memyet.

YLLLODYK

*(Chews on something sticky)*  
Mm, suit yourself.

A beat.

YLLLOWYYN

What do you think it will be like at Castle Guernatal?

YLLLODYK

Well I imagine the food will be worse, the water will be dirtier, and the furniture less comfortable.

YLLLOWYYN

*(a little taken aback)*

Well, yes, but...our ancestors ate nothing but salted fish and pickled turnips for five years as they crossed the sea. Surely it will be better than that. To say nothing of the honor and opportunity I've been afforded.

YLLODYK

*(dry)*

Yes, who could forget that?

YLLLOWYYN

Sister, I'm coming to suspect you aren't very happy for me after all.

YLLODYK

...I'm happy you're happy. Truly I am. I just wonder if this is really what you want. Thirty years of service?

YLLLOWYYN

It's not so long, is it? And when it's done I'll be of age to seek a seat on the council. With quite an accomplishment under my belt.

YLLODYK

It's not so long for us. It's a whole generation of the Memyet. Gunther Guernatal is old for his kind already, and without an heir.

YLLLOWYYN

Yet. He has taken a young wife, and there are rumors that she is with child even now.

YLLODYK

Memyet babies die all the time, Yllowwyn, and what if-- agh, it's not even the point. I don't care about the political what-have-yous. I just worry whether this is truly what you want *for you*.

YLLLOWYYN

Who else would it be for?

YLLODYK

Really, baybruh?

YLLLOWYYN

What? Our parents?

YLLODYK

They have a way of taking for granted that their wishes are your wishes. And if you so much as suggest otherwise, they make you feel like the fool. Believe

(MORE)

YLLODYK (cont'd)

me. It took a long time for me to notice, and I still have to resist. That's why I won't go downstairs. More than a few minutes and I'm scared I will end up marrying that insufferable bore.

YLLOWYYN

Well then I suppose I'm just better at thinking for myself than you are.

YLLODYK

*(scoffs)*  
Better at fooling yourself, more like.

YLLOWYYN

I think you're jealous of me.

YLLODYK

*Jealous?*

YLLOWYYN

Because you haven't achieved anything yet, and I have.

YLLODYK

Oh, will you get out of my room?

YLLOWYYN

Will you come downstairs or not?

YLLODYK

For the last time, no!

YLLOWYYN

Fine!

*He storms off.*

YLLODYK

Have fun talking to D'ayv!

*His footsteps slow and then stop.*

*And then he steals back in.*

YLLOWYYN

*(sighs)*  
Fine. Maybe just a little canib root.

SAME - LATER

BOTH OF THEM ARE GIGGLING.

YLLODYK

Have you ever noticed that the Memyet have...fuzzy faces? That is, that they grow hair? On their faces.

YLLOWYYN

*(deep in thought)*  
I suppose they do. Makes you think.

YLLODYK

*(hushed, conspiratorial)*  
Do you know what I call King Gunther?

YLLOWYYN

*(matches her)*  
What's that?

YLLODYK

King Fuzzy Face.

THEY BOTH FIND THIS **UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY.**

After they settle down...

YLLODYK

Really, baybruh, I *will* miss you. And, truth be told... though I do not regret making my own choices, I am sometimes sad that our parents will never think well of me, the way they do of you.  
*(a weed anxiety spiral)*  
And then sometimes I think...what if everyone thinks about me the way our parents do, but they're all too polite to say so. What if everyone hates me? Galadon's mercy, does everyone hate me, Yllowwyn?

YLLODYK STARTS **HYPERVENTILATING.**

YLLOWYYN

No! No no no no. No one hates you. Here. Look, look, look. Here's your blankie. Hold onto your blankie. No one hates you.

HER **BREATHING SLOWS.**

YLLOWYYN

In truth. I have always envied you your sharpness of mind. You're always looking for solutions outside of what is accepted as truth by our elders. In fact, if you would only chew that root of yours a little less, I've no doubt you could take the council by storm.

YLLODYK

Mmm. But. If you chewed the root a little more, you could think outside the box more as well! Have you ever  
(MORE)

YLLODYK (cont'd)

thought much of that saying? Outside the box? What box? In any case, once I realized our parents had lied to me about the root rotting my brain, I started to wonder what else they'd lied about. It's what led me to let Ba'alophyyl come calling, and to seeking out Western music...all sorts of new ideas.

(beat)

Why would one ever think inside a box? I mean literally. Are we meant to imagine someone sitting inside a box to think, like a cat? It's a very foolish metaphor. What was I saying?

YLLOWYYN

Ba'alophyyl

YLLODYK

Ah, yes. What a dreamboat.

YLLOWYYN

If I recall, it was not very long ago he was Kalth'yr to Ironhertz.

YLLODYK

Indeed. He's the one who told me how corrupt the whole system is. We don't advise the Memyet. We boss them around.

YLLOWYYN

Well, we are better suited to rule than they.

YLLODYK

So say our parents.

YLLOWYYN

I suppose I'll see for myself.

A beat.

YLLODYK

When do you leave?

(giggles)

For the keep of King Fuzzy Face.

YLLOWYYN

First light.

YLLODYK

Would you like some root to take with you?

YLLOWYYN

No. I cannot be caught with it there.

YLLODYK  
Very well.

Another beat.

YLLODYK  
*(whiny, plaintive voice)*  
Yllowyyyyyn?

YLLOWYYN  
Yes?

YLLODYK  
Can you bring me up some foood? I'm so hungry.

YLLOWYYN  
*(sighs)*  
Yes, I'll bring you some food.

*He stands and walks out. As he goes...*

YLLODYK  
Have I ever told you how blessed I am to have such a kind and considerate baby brother?

YLLOWYYN  
*(halfway down the hall)*  
Mm hmm.

YLLODYK  
And you say bye before you leave now!

*There's a momentary pause. And then...*

YLLOWYYN  
*(shouting, even further down the hall)*  
*You want the fatted goose or the veal?!*

YLLODYK  
*(shouting back)*  
*Yes please!*

**END OF MINISODE.**